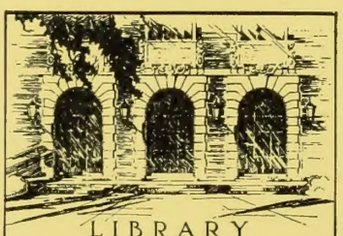
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"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

An Index to the Thirty-third Volume of Truth *will be forwarded, post-free, to any address on application to the Publishing Office, 10, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C. The half-yearly Volume can be obtained at the same address, price 25s.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE wedding, which was originally to have been "as small and as private as possible," has developed into a much bigger function than was ever intended, with the result that there have been daily alterations in the programme, and the "Ceremonial" has been printed four times. The arrangements at St. James's Palace have excited universal dissatisfaction, but the fact is that to attempt to squeeze a fourth of the people who expected to be present into the chapel would be as chimerical an undertaking as to try and put a quart of wine into a pint bottle. The Royal pew, the gallery which is usually occupied by Peeresses, and the small gallery opposite the organ, will be crowded with Diplomatists and members of suites, packed like figs in a drum. Very few members of suites can be accommodated anywhere in the Chapel, so most of these, when the processions arrive in the outer corridor, have been ordered to "form up," and, after the Royalties have entered the Chapel, they will occupy places outside during the service. "Her Majesty's guests," who have been invited to the State Rooms, will merely see the successive processions of guests, bridegroom, and bride pass to the Chapel. They will not get a glimpse of the Queen's procession; and as it has been decided (in order to save time) that the registry of the marriage is to be signed at Buckingham Palace before the déjeuner (and not in the Throne Room at St. James's, as was originally proposed), none of the processions will return through the State apartments.

It is quite untrue that the King and Queen of the Belgians are to be present at the wedding. The guests from abroad are the King and Queen of Denmark and Prince Waldemar, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Czarewitch, Prince Albert of Flanders, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Emperor of Austria is to be represented at the wedding by Count Deym.

Our Epithalamium:

July 6, 1893.

Prince and Princess! On this your wedding-day
We wish you happiness, with all sincerity.
May care and trouble never on you prey!
May your linked lives be joyous ones in verity!
May Fortune send you her best gifts alway,
Health, length of days, and riches and prosperity!
In short, we wish you all those pleasant things
That in its train a happy bridal brings.

And who does not? When marriage music swells,
On hope and joy men's thoughts perforce must tarry;
A touch of nature vibrates in the bells,
And to our hearts a message seems to carry,
Which strikes a chord, and kindly thoughts impels,
Alike when Princes mate or peasants marry:
So is it now, when in the summer's prime
We hear the jangle of your wedding chime.

Yet snobs, 'tis true, your wedding-day have made
A pretext for their snobbery surprising;
Toadies and tufts of every rank and grade
Projects, for their own ends, have been devising;
Gross sycophants have artfully essayed
To make their loyalty self-advertising;
But spite of what they've done, and what they'd do,
The land still turns with loving thoughts to you.

For you can't help the self-assertive aims
Of those who've sought to serve their own ambition;
You cannot help the way they've used your names
To link themselves with people of condition;
'Tis not your fault that they have urged your claims,
In order to enhance their own position,
And cankered with the blighting touch of gold
The sentiments that all should sacred hold.

But none the less you surely must have seen
How ostentation has been thus paraded;
What 'tis that all these fussy efforts mean
By which Society's been lately raided;
And what the actual motives must have been
Which all these Wedding-Present puffs have aided;
Yes, it has been your fate the lengths to know
To which this so-called loyalty can go.

And this is why we write these lines to-day—
To tell you there are many in the nation,
Who in a good old honest English way
Would greet your wedding with congratulation;
And frankly, unaffectedly convey
A message of sincere felicitation;
Hoping true love may in your hearts make growth,
And that true happiness may bless you both.

Considering that every inch of space in the Chapel Royal will be of priceless value on Thursday, it does seem in the highest degree absurd and foolish that it should be necessary for the Court officials to provide adequate accommodation for seven officiating clergymen, arrayed in their ecclesiastical garb, and especially as it has been settled that the whole service is to be

performed by the Primate. The Bishop of London, being the Dean of the Chapel, has a right to be present in his robes; but there is no reason whatever why the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Dalton, Canon Hersey, and Messrs. Glyn and Dalton should have been commanded to attend. Surely it might have sufficed to have invited these superfluous divines and their spouses to the luncheon at Buckingham Palace.

Many further communications have reached me during the past week from parties who have been squeezed for contributions to the Royal Wedding presents. In view of the fact, however, that we are now on the eve of the wedding, I have closed this account. It is a satisfaction to me to know that what has been said on the subject in TRUTH has had a good effect in numerous quarters, and that is enough. The only observation that can be appropriately made in connection with the Royal Wedding to-day is to wish joy and prosperity to the happy pair. This I do the more cordially, as both of them seem to be endowed with many gifts—notably modesty and amiability—which are rare in their station, and on that account the more precious. The effusive demonstrations on their wedding ought to teach them one useful lesson—namely, to beware of snobs and toadies, who are the worst enemies of all exalted personages.

I ought to mention that I have heard from a correspondent at Bedford that the fund raised at the Grammar School there has not been expended on a personal offering to the Duke of York and his bride, but has been given to a local fund for sending poor children to the seaside. In such a case, of course, the end goes some way towards justifying the means. But I remain of opinion that all touting for subscriptions among school boys and girls by those in authority over them is in the highest degree objectionable. In this view I feel sure that I shall have the support of all parents, regardless of rank or party.

A Public School boy of my acquaintance lately turned to good account a subscription-list floated in his school. With that knowledge of parental foibles which some children are so quick to acquire, he wrote to his father pointing out how desirable it was that his name should appear in the list with a handsome subscription attached to it. The father rose greedily to the bait, and sent a £5-note for his son to contribute. He subsequently discovered that after the receipt of the money the lad's views had undergone a change. The young hopeful was down in the list for 10s., and the remaining £4. 10s. was unaccounted for. The lesson to the father was hardly dear at the price.

None of those whose craving for notoriety has inspired them to participate in the Wedding Present movement, has been more successful than Mrs. Essery, wife of the Mayor of London, Ontario. Mrs. Essery gave but a modest 5 dols. to Lady Derby's Fund for a wedding gift from the Women of Canada, but, like the widow's mite, her contribution stands out above all other offerings; for, so far as London was concerned, it was the only one. Her 5 dols. not only headed the list, but filled it up entirely.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that under no circumstances can the Duke of York become Duke of Cornwall, and enjoy the use of the revenues of the Duchy, except as King. The direct heir to the Crown only becomes Duke of Cornwall if he is born when his parent is on the Throne. Where there is no such heir the title and the revenues go to the Sovereign.

Next Tuesday Lord Acton (who is now in attendance on the King of Denmark) and Lord Edward Pelham Clinton are to replace Lord Camoys and Sir Michael Biddulph as Lord and Groom in Waiting on the Queen. If Lord Acton is still in attendance on the King of Denmark, then his place will be taken by Lord Bridport. Lady Ampthill will go to Windsor next Tuesday as Lady-in-Waiting, in succession to Lady Downe, and she is to accompany the Queen to Osborne.

There was a tremendous crowd at the State Ball on Friday night, and the room was quite full long before the Royal procession came in. The opening dances of the Royalties are regulated by etiquette on these occasions, and they went off as usual, but most of the "exalted personages" appeared to be very tired, as well they might be after such a hard day. The supper procession was of unusual length, owing to the large number of Royalties, and the Diplomatic Corps had mustered in great force. The supper-room, which has been lately redecorated (and the fine parquet floor has been renovated) was arranged with a buffet round three sides. There was a magnificent display of gold plate from Windsor, both on the table and on scarlet shields which were fixed on the walls. The room was decorated with palms and flowering plants. The Royal party remained at the centre table, the side ones being available for the guests. The staircases were profusely decorated with plants and flowers, the beauties of which were enhanced by the electric light.

After attending the Levée last week, "a loyal but practical" subject went home and wrote to TRUTH to suggest that "this stupid function" should be turned to a useful purpose by allowing ladies (and others, if they are willing to pay) to gaze on the show for a small fee—say 5s. per head. My correspondent's idea is that the proceeds should be given to the hospitals or some other charitable purpose, and this would have the advantage of being good for everybody. It would afford pleasure to those who paid, profit to those who received, and comfort to the parties attending the Levée, who would know that they had an appreciative gallery to admire their splendours, and that they were doing something for the suffering and destitute, instead of feeling that they are making an exhibition of themselves for nothing. The idea is such an excellent one that I would suggest its immediate adoption, not only at Levées, but at Drawing Rooms and all Court functions.

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see pages 42, 43 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 41.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see pages 37, 50.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are going in a few days to Osborne Cottage, and will stay there until the end of August, when they are to proceed to Scotland, for a two months' residence at Abergeldie Castle, which the Queen has lent to them for the autumn.

Next week the Duke and Duchess of Fife are going to Scotland, and they will reside for a month at Duff House, their family place in Banffshire, before proceeding to New Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, for the shooting season.

Mr. Bayard obtains a considerable rise in the matter of precedence by being promoted from being a Minister of Legation to an Ambassador. Since 1840, the rule at our Court has been that Foreign Ministers take precedence before Marquises and after Dukes, while Ambassadors, who are supposed to represent the person of their Sovereigns, have precedence of everybody. Until 1840 the Foreign Ministers took precedence before Dukes, but in that year the Duke of Sutherland (grandfather of the present Duke) addressed a formal remonstrance to Lord Palmerston (then Foreign Secretary) against Foreign Ministers (not Ambassadors) having places given to them at the Court entertainments before himself *et suos pares*, and although he was snubbed in the first instance (being told that the Queen "would exercise her own pleasure in such matters in her own house"), yet after a few months he achieved his object, and the present arrangement (Dukes before Ministers) was settled by her Majesty and Prince Albert.

Even Viceregal duty can at times wear a stern aspect. The alternate experiences of undergoing gales at sea and the receiving and answering of addresses on land, which have been Lord Houghton's during the past fortnight, could hardly be looked on as pleasant by the most determined optimist. The weather did not favour the Viceregal tour of inspection and inquiry throughout Western and Southern Ireland, especially last week, when the *Enchantress* was storm-stayed off the coast of Kerry. Lord Houghton, with his private secretary, Colonel Jekyl, and attended by Mr. Dundas, A.D.C., was present on the opening day of the Limerick Horse Show. The weather was again rainy, as well as windy, which, however, did not prevent a large attendance. It is well that those who have a leading part in governing a country should visit all parts of it, and understand its needs. Prosperity, however, comes neither through official tours of inspection nor philanthropic effort. The royal way to it lies through a practical appreciation on the part of the people in the country of the fact that "Providence helps those who help themselves."

I am asked to state that the annual meeting in connection with the Countess of Dufferin's Fund for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India will be held by permission of Lord Brassey at 24, Park-lane, on Wednesday next (July 12), at 3.30 p.m.

Lord and Lady Derby are expected to leave Canada about the 18th on their return to England, and they intend to reside at Knowsley for several months.

Sir William Mackinnon, who has recently died, was, I believe, really actuated by higher motives than desire of gain in his connection with the British East African Chartered Company. He was a notable instance of the sagacity and perseverance which are the characteristics of Scotsmen. When a mere lad he went to India with no stock of capital beyond brains. On his arrival at Calcutta he perceived the advantages of substituting a steam service for the native craft engaged in the coast trade, and he laid the foundations of what ultimately became the British India Steam Navigation Company. This brought him into connection with East Africa, and when Sultan Seyd Burghash came to England in 1873, he formed a friendship with him, which led to the formation of the British East African Company. On this he, as well as other members of his family, spent large sums. Sir William Mackinnon's private charity was always on the largest scale.

There was not a better known man in Scotland than Mr. John Hope, of Edinburgh, who died last week at the age of eighty-seven. He was the son of a very famous Edinburgh solicitor, and became a Writer to the Signet in 1829, and he was the last remaining link with the old legal and social circles of Edinburgh. Mr. Hope, who possessed an enormous fortune, was an enthusiastic promoter of temperance and ultra-Protestant principles, and he spared neither trouble nor money in advocating his views. He was long a very prominent member of the Edinburgh Town Council. He gave very large sums for the benefit of the charitable and benevolent institutions in which he was interested, and when the Volunteer movement commenced he enrolled and equipped a company of 600 cadets entirely at his own expense. Three years ago Mr. Hope set apart £200,000 to endow the "Hope Trust," the object of which is to forward the "Anti-Popery" movement, and to promote total abstinence principles.

Mr. Hope inherited from his father one of the largest and finest private cellars of wine and spirits in Scotland. He gave away in the course of time a considerable quantity of the wine for the benefit of the sick poor. About three years ago, when Mr. Hope settled his affairs, he decided to get rid of the remainder of his cellar, in order to avoid any mention of its contents in his will. The various bins were accordingly overhauled, and several dozens of old wines were poured down the kitchen sink, and with them also went a number of kegs of brandy, rum, and whisky, which had been in wood since the beginning of the century, and which would have been absolutely priceless in the estimation of any connoisseur. That one of the most sagacious men of business in Scotland, and so shrewd a lawyer, should have acted so foolishly, not only in the small matter of

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Bournemouth.—Royal Bath Hotel. The only hotel on the East Cliff. Grounds of Five Acres. 1,000 feet sea-frontage. South aspect. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited.

the cellar, but also in the nonsensical trust to which he has left more than £200,000, only shows to what extravagant lengths a man will go when he once gets saturated with fads.

Mr. Edmund Sturge, who died last week at the age of eighty-five, was a brother of Joseph Sturge, the famous Abolitionist, and was himself a distinguished philanthropist. Mr. Sturge worked hard for many years in the anti-slavery cause, and he was mainly instrumental in carrying out many important reforms in the West Indies. He was for thirty years the guiding spirit of the Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Sturge was a Radical of the old Manchester school, and a "peace at any price" man. He was an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Bright at Birmingham.

The beautiful Aldermaston estate, in Berkshire (which includes about the finest woodland domain in England), was offered for sale last week, when a bid of £100,000, to include the timber, was refused. The property has since been sold for £80,000 to Mr. Charles Keyser, who is to buy the timber at a valuation.

The county of Cornwall is organising a Fisheries Exhibition on a large scale, to be held at Truro from July 25 to August 16. The show will comprise exhibits from all parts of the world, and it is to be made the starting point for a permanent Museum and School of Fishery.

Rarely has cricket been "played so low down" in a first-class match as in the encounter between Oxford and Cambridge on Monday, when the Oxford "tail," in order to secure a "follow on" before the wicket had been knocked to pieces, endeavoured to get out without making runs, and the Cambridge bowlers endeavoured to checkmate this sportsmanlike policy by bowling wides and no-balls. If the Oxford men really intended the tactics attributed to them, their conduct seems to have been worse than low, for it was stupid. It is difficult for a batsman to get out if the other side do not want to put him out; while it is absolutely impossible for him to prevent the other side bowling wides and no-balls. I have heard it said that University teams never do themselves justice at Lord's. This certainly seems to have been the case in 1893.

A correspondent complains of the charge for a dinner for eight persons at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor. I give the particulars below. The menu comprised spring soup, a piece of salmon, mutton cutlets, two ducklings, and currant and raspberry tart. I am always averse to express an opinion as to whether a dinner which I have not had an opportunity of tasting was or was not dear at the price. I have paid half-a-guinea for a dinner of eight courses which would have been dear at half-a-crown, and I have paid half-a-crown for a dinner of four courses for which I would not have grudged half-a-guinea. On the face of it, however, 8s. per head for the above-mentioned fare seems a large demand:—

	£.	s.	d.
Dinners	3	4	0
Dessert and ices	0	8	0
Wines	0	6	6
Brandy, &c.	0	1	0
Aërated waters	0	4	9
Attendance	0	4	0
	£4	8	3

A lady writes with reference to the complaints of "Fellows" against the management of the Imperial Institute:—

> Fellows may justly complain of the way in which their promised privilege of admission on two days when the public are excluded has been whittled down. But their friends have also cause for complaint. I and another friend were taken to the Institute one evening last week by a lady who is a Fellow. To our surprise, we were called upon to pay 1s. 6d. each for admission. We might have passed over this, if there had been anything to see for our money. But 1s. 6d. for looking over an unfinished building in an empty state, and wandering about with about a dozen other stragglers, struck us all as exorbitant. What the Imperial Institute may ultimately become I cannot say, but at present I would recommend intending visitors to select a sixpenny day, and they are not likely then to feel that they have had too much for their money.

Mr. F. W. Bain, Fellow of all Souls', Oxford, has called my attention to an extraordinary series of literary coincidences between his book "The Principles of Wealth-Creation," and the Duke of Argyll's work on "The Unseen Foundations of Society," with the praises of which the Press was lately ringing. Charges of plagiarism are thorny subjects, which I am averse to handle. Moreover, I have not read the Duke of Argyll's *magnum opus*, and I have only glanced at Mr. Bain's book. It is therefore not for me to express an opinion. It seems, however, beyond dispute that the two books teem with passages closely parallel, not only in thought, but in language. Here are a few samples:—

Mr. Bain.	The Duke of Argyll.
The economical system which rests upon a mathematical, statical, deductive, and hypothetical method, assumes throughout an economic man . . . . In direct opposition to this, a scientific analysis of Wealth-Creation sets man as he is, in society as it is, a weird and thousand-sided being . . . . ("The Principles of Wealth-Creation," p. 187.)	It has been a just complaint made against the older economists that they have set up a maimed image of humanity as their model, that they have created what has been called an "economic man," an artificial being which does not exist, because man, as he actually lives and acts, is an infinitely more complex being than they have represented him to be. ("The Unseen Foundations of Society," p. 28.)
Value springs from the relation between the valuing mind and the thing valued, and it is pure absurdity to suppose that value in use and value in exchange are two things that we can separate (p. 52).	In fact, exchangeability is merely one of the innumerable forms of use, so that value in exchange cannot be separated, generically, from value in use (p. 57).
But longing, however great, will not effect anything. Wish must become act, will (p. 81). [This is in relation to the question of demand.]	Vague aspirations, not leading to any effort, are not, in the full sense of the word, desires; still less do they constitute that which we all mean by the word demand. This word, in itself, has the force of a desire so strong and so definite as to lead to effort and to sacrifice. . . (p. 57).
It has often been pointed out that Adam Smith never gives a definition of wealth (p. 16).	It is a curious and a memorable fact that Adam Smith made no formal attempt to define the word or the thing which constituted the great subject of his inquiry (p. 34).

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to C.O.M. Whisky. every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., C.O.M. Whisky. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

It is obvious that it [Smith's definition of wealth] is no definition at all. It is a mere vague description. . . . Smith never meant the phrase to be a definition (p. 18—text and note).	The vagueness of the words does not serve the purpose of a definition at all; . . . indeed, they were not intended or thought out by the author as serving such a purpose (p. 67).
Till that question is decided, it is vain to imagine that you can decide what labour is productive, what unproductive (p. 191).	Till men are agreed upon what they understand or will accept as products, the use of the words productive and unproductive must be indeterminate and unintelligible.

The foregoing are merely samples taken at random from some ten MS. folios of similiar coincidences in argument or illustrations, or both. Among the champions of the rights of property the Duke of Argyll is a stalwart of the stalwarts. I do not suppose that he would convert to his own use the thoughts, arguments, and language of another man without owning the obligation. But if this is merely another of those accidental coincidences which from time to time startle the literary world, it is certainly one of the most extraordinary of its class.

Alexander Smith has been convicted at Edinburgh of fabricating historical and literary documents, and he appears to have carried on this trade for several years on a very large scale. From the evidence of the experts who had examined the documents which Smith sold, one would be justified in concluding that such collectors and their agents are congenital idiots; for they do not appear to have ever taken the slightest pains to verify the alleged relics of Burns, Scott, Oliver Cromwell, Charles Edward Stuart, and other literary and political celebrities, for which they were ready to pay large sums. The paper on which the Burns poems and letters were written did not in the least resemble that which was invariably used towards the close of the last century. The poems, indeed, were written on modern cartridge-paper. As to Scott's letters, a collection purporting to have been written in 1801, 1804, 1818, and 1820 were all indited on paper of the same size and watermark. The Jacobite documents were described as being palpable forgeries, defective not only in the handwriting and signatures, but also in the materials and in the contents, while the dates were outrageously wrong. All these fabrications, however, had deceived the intelligent collectors of such relics, who seem to have accepted anything which Smith brought to them without a glimmer of suspicion. Collectors were so gullible, indeed, that they went to Smith and told him precisely the sort of relics which they desired to purchase, and when they presently returned to find out whether he could comply with their wishes, lo and behold! the letter, or poem, or document which had been indicated was sure to be forthcoming.

The Minnehaha Minstrels of Manchester are again able to report a most satisfactory financial result for their last season (1892-3), no less than £1,055 having been distributed among various local charities, as the result of six performances. In all, the Minnnehaha Minstrels have now distributed £8,098. 19s. 10d. since 1880. Other amateur associations, please copy.

A subscription is being promoted among Old Wellingtonians for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. E. C. Wickham, who is vacating the Headmastership of Wellington at the end of the current term. The circular contains the familiar announcement that "it is proposed to publish the names of subscribers," though not the amounts. Is it always impossible to get up a testimonial without resorting to this expedient? I fear so. No doubt the system becomes less objectionable when the amounts given are not published, but I fear that the end in view may be defeated when a place in the list may be obtained for a paltry donation of a shilling or sixpence. In the case of a schoolmaster there is special danger of such a result. Many lads take away from school tender recollections of the Headmaster, but it is not always tenderness of the affections.

It was only the other day that I commented on the lamentable manner in which Wellington School has failed to fulfil the intentions with which it was founded. Mr. Wickham has doubtless been a successful Headmaster, judged by the usual standards, but he cannot be acquitted of a share of responsibility for this failure. His successor, whoever he is to be, will do well to bear this in mind.

The Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, have presented the Rev. W. F. Pryke, Headmaster of Lancaster School, to the living of Marwood, Devonshire, which is worth about £500 a year, with house. Mr. Pryke is a late scholar of St. John's, and he took high mathematical honours in 1866.

The Crown living of Bradworthy, North Devon, which is worth £400 a year, with house, has been placed at Mr. Gladstone's disposal by the death of the Rev. J. B. Clyde, who had been Vicar for forty-eight years, having been presented by Sir Robert Peel in 1845.

Bishop Sheepshanks is to be enthroned in Norwich Cathedral on Thursday, the 13th, and he will at once take up his residence at the Palace and commence his work in the diocese. Bishop Pelham, who has taken a place near Norwich, has refused to accept more than half of the retiring pension to which he is legally entitled, so his successor will commence with a stipend of about £3,400 a year.

The Bishop of Rochester is to be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday at the evening service in the nave.

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Mr. Gladstone has caused much satisfaction in Evangelical circles by presenting Canon Acheson, of Chester, to the important rectory of All Souls', Langham-place, which has always been a Low Church stronghold. Canon Acheson has been rector of St. Peter's, Chester, since 1873, when he was presented to that living by the late Bishop Jacobson.

An amusing correspondence has been published in some of the Scotch papers between the Rev. J. K. Cameron, Free Church Minister of Brodick, N.B., and Mr. Cassimo Latona, a boatman of the same place. The Minister, who has previously distinguished himself by his fanatical Sabbatarianism, wrote:—

Free Manse, Brodick, May 31, 1893.

My Dear Latona,—I am exceedingly sorry to hear it reported that you were out on Sabbath last in a rowing boat with some strangers. I hope it is not true. I should be sorry were it so, not only because of the violation of the Sabbath law involved in it, but also because it would necessitate our taking measures to put it down, and the people would rise very much in rebellion against you. I should be exceedingly sorry were anything of this to happen.

I would call upon you, but I leave to-day for a small holiday. —Believe me, yours very truly,

(Signed) J. K. Cameron.

For the proper understanding of this edifying document it should be explained that Mr. Latona was not a member of the Free Church flock, or in any other way amenable to the jurisdiction of its pastor. He accordingly wrote back, as he had every right to do, that the letter was a gratuitous impertinence, and demanded its withdrawal. In view of the threat used, he also informed the reverend gentleman that he had placed the matter in the hands of solicitors at Glasgow. As the "meenister" then took refuge in silence, Mr. Latona next wrote him a pretty stiff lecture on the error of his ways, and sent the correspondence to the Press as a proof of what religious bigotry would do if it could. It would have a most excellent effect if a few more exponents of Sabbatarian intolerance could be tackled with equal spirit.

A retired Sergeant-Major named Hathaway, of the Wesleyan Methodist persuasion, died the other day at Ewelme, Oxfordshire, and, the sexton having refused to toll the bell at his funeral, the matter was referred to the Rector. That worthy replied:—

The church bell is tolled for those funerals only which are conducted according to the Prayer Book service.

H. K. Simcox.

It is impossible to say what sectarian animosity is or is not capable of; but I should have thought that even a country Rector would have been ready to waive his professional prejudices in honour of an old soldier, who has served his Queen and country faithfully for the best part of his life.

I have received £1. 1s. from "Mr. Walls" (Truth Puzzle Prize, No. 742), towards the Toy Fund, and £5 from Paris towards Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund.

The Committee on soldiers' rations which Lord Roberts appointed before he left India has come to the conclusion that great improvements both in quality and quantity can be effected without the expenditure of a farthing beyond the present cost of messing. This is very much what has already been demonstrated in actual practice at Aldershot. There can therefore be no excuse for delay in carrying the recommendations into effect. The Committee seem, however, to have also expressed a very strong opinion that the unsatisfactory feeding of the soldier in India has been in a measure due to downright dishonesty. It is a pity that this should not be brought home to the right quarter.

An officer sends me the following, apropos to some recent lucubrations of a Service journal upon the treatment of Army Service Corps clerks at Aldershot:—

Everybody knows that not only the Officer Commanding the Army Service Corps at Aldershot, but also the second in command, are practical, able, and efficient officers, who fully sympathise with their men. It is therefore needless to drag them into the discussion. They are only Executive Officers, and if they have in any way failed in this matter, it is only in not calling attention by incessant remonstrance to (1) the fact that there are too many clerks, butchers, and bakers at Aldershot; (2) the injudicious and indefensible system of employing such men as *labourers*—not at, as the *Broad Arrow* ignorantly calls it, the Corps' "own fatigue work."

The establishment of the Supply Branch, A.S.C., is not supposed to be in excess of the number that can be legitimately employed in time of peace. Consequently, if from reduction of stations, redistribution of work, or alteration of system, the establishment becomes in excess of the requirements, the Headquarter Staff should bring the fact to notice. Under no circumstances should it permit men to be employed except for the duty for which they are, with the sanction of Parliament, enlisted.

Every man is tested as to trade proficiency prior to enlistment, and the supply of recruits for the A.S.C. has always been in excess of the demand. Consequently, if inefficient clerks, butchers, or bakers, are enlisted, the responsibility rests with the administration. Again, there is no difficulty in getting rid from the A.S.C. of "loafers," "skulkers," and "Queen's hard bargains," to adopt the favourite expressions of your contemporary, as all the men get continuous departmental pay irrespective of employment, the Adjutant-General never refuses approval for discharge of any incapable man. To enlist men who are not efficient clerks or tradesmen, or to retain "loafers," "skulkers," or "Queen's hard bargains," enlisted as clerks, in order to employ them as labourers, is a foolish policy, and unjust to the soldier and the taxpayer. To any one who knows the facts, this lame defence in the *Broad Arrow* would seem to have been inspired by the Headquarter administration.

With reference to the last paragraph in Truth about Hamilton Depot, I hear of several other Depots where there are Colour-sergeants who have passed the regulation limit of their tour of service at their Depots. At Beverley there seem to be two, if not more. So far as I can learn, these irregularities are the result of arrangement between the Officers commanding Battalions and the Officers commanding at the Depots; but it is a strange state of things that the Queen's Regulations should be systematically set aside in this way.

When will the "Spending Departments," as they are so well called, learn the folly of paying enormous sums for new inventions which have never been tested in war, and are certain to become speedily obsolete? The latest example of this fatuity — if it be not something worse—is the Watkin Range-finder. For this invention the helpless taxpayer, but a few years back, paid the inventor £25,000 down, supplemented by a permanent

Rational Dog Feeding.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, Spratt's Patent, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, Manager.

salary of £1,000 a year. Now we have the satisfaction of hearing from Colonel Richardson, Commandant of the School of Gunnery, a sweeping condemnation of the Watkin and all other Range-finders, even for the coast defence—the one purpose where their value was supposed to be indisputable. The story of the Brennan torpedo over again.

There are some points in connection with military administration which no one outside a Government office can hope to understand. Perhaps some one in authority can explain the meaning of the following communication. To the uninitiated, it appears a downright swindle :—

Probably few people are aware that fully one-fifth of the N.C.O.'s in some regiments in India receive no pay for their ranks. Every month brings to these unfortunates a charge in this form :—

"Pay Examiner's Office, Calcutta.

"Final disallowance of Pay for the month of ———. To be credited to Government by the end of the current month.

"Item: Difference of Pay between Lance-Sergeant and Sergeant [or Lance-Corporal and Corporal].

"Total Rs.———."

This goes on month after month without a word of explanation. The disallowance cannot be explained as back pay overdrawn. One man in this regiment has held rank since last August, and had drawn but three months back pay, yet the disallowance continues to come in. A Sergeant in this regiment has held his rank for a year, but has only drawn Corporal's pay as yet.

Mr. George P. Hogan, now residing at Auckland, New Zealand, enlisted in the 19th Regiment in November, 1852, at the age of eighteen. He served as an N.C.O. through the Crimean campaign and the Indian Mutiny, was wounded at the Alma and at the capture of the Redan, received a commission as Ensign in the 4th West India Regiment in 1867, and was gazetted out in 1890 at his own request. Being in straitened circumstances, with a family of six dependent upon him, and feeling the infirmities of age approaching, he wrote last year to apply for one of the pensions promised to the Crimean and Mutiny veterans. This was the reply from the War Office :—

Sir,—In reply to your letter of July 2 last, requesting that you may be granted a special pension in consideration of your services in the Crimea and in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, before you obtained a commission, I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acquaint you that a Chelsea Pension cannot be awarded to any one who retired from the Service as a commissioned officer, even although he may have been promoted from the ranks.

So that this gallant old warrior is denied a pension because he has served his country too well. His fatal mistake was that he won a commission. Some means ought to be found of putting this matter right. Failing that, Mr. Hogan remains an awful warning to young soldiers against *trop de zèle* in her Majesty's Service.

I have lately been hearing a good deal about Mrs. Atkins's wash-tub. The latest news on the subject comes from the Depot of the Medical Staff Corps at Aldershot, where the privates' ladies complain that the Staff-Sergeants' ladies get an unfair share of the Depot washing. I should have thought that a Staff-Sergeant's lady would have had a soul above taking in washing, and this seems to be the case; for Mrs. Atkins's great grievance is that Mrs. Staff Sergeant, having got the washing, hires a woman from the town to negotiate it—the sweating system again. I don't know that this is a case where I can do much; but I should have thought that it is just the sort of matter that some of the old women at headquarters would delight to deal with.

Sundry growls have reached me respecting the manner in which the profits of the annual Military Tournament, now amounting to a very considerable sum, have been applied. If there is any foundation for these complaints, several military charities have serious cause for dissatisfaction at the way they have been treated. This, however, I shall not assume, unless I have authority for doing so from the charities in question. If the governing authorities of any of these charities care to communicate with me on the subject, I shall be glad to hear what they have to say; if they do not, I can hardly be expected to take up the cudgels for them.

The military authorities at Gibraltar no longer notify beforehand the exact hour at which alarms will be sounded; but a margin is fixed within which the event is to come off. Thus the *Gazette* of June 15 announced :—

According to to-day's Fortress Orders an alarm will be fired at some time between 2nd Evening Gunfire to-night and 2nd Evening Gunfire on Wednesday, the 21st inst., with a view of testing the readiness of the troops.

This alteration follows immediately on a remark upon the subject in Truth, and, as it is a decided improvement, I venture to make the further remark that the alarm should be given next time at some other hour than 6 a.m. That was the time selected under the above order, and it strikes the unprofessional mind as being of all the twenty-four hours the one when the troops are most likely to be ready for a summons.

From Battalion orders of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, dated May 27 and May 30, I gather that recent remarks in Truth on the official price of khaki have had some effect. An order of the latter date announces that the monthly contribution of Rs. 10, paid to the regimental funds by the Master Tailor, will cease, and that, "owing to this concession," the price of khaki obtained from the tailor's shop will be Rs. 5. The strength of the battalion in question is, I understand, fully 1,000, which would mean for the tailor about 2,000 suits per annum. The reduction of 3 annas per suit, which has now been made, therefore represents about Rs. 500 beyond the Rs. 120 per annum which the tailor would have contributed to the regimental funds—a very substantial matter. The question still remains, however, why the men have to pay the regimental tailor Rs. 5 for a suit which can be bought in the bazaars at Rs. 4. 6a.

The following arithmetical puzzle appears among the Battalion Orders of the 5th V.B. The Cameronians :—

Bisley Competition.

The Commanding Officer will give £50 towards defraying the expenses of ten men, *but no one to receive more than £4.*

Unless the C.O. expects £10 change out of his £50, how

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—Phillips & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate-street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to atest fashion.

Mariani Wine is an aid to intellectual exertion, and is indispensable to brain-workers and others who suffer from mental depression, insomnia and dyspepsia. "A powerful rejuvenator."

is this to be managed? By the way, this £50 which the C.O. so kindly promises to "give," comes, I understand, out of the Battalion funds. A curious kind of gift!

The appointment of Sir Michael Culme Seymour to be Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean has given great and universal satisfaction in the Service, for he is a first-rate sailor, and is altogether a man of high capacity, and is very popular. The Admiralty have done well to select a really strong man for the important post at the present juncture.

Among the "pulpit references" to the loss of the *Victoria*, the Rev. C. Marson, Vicar of Clevedon, has particularly distinguished himself. His reverence said:—

> The calamity was not alone. Blow upon blow had come to the nation by the same hand. The recent death of the heir to the throne, the drought of this year, the appearance of cholera, *the state of men's minds*, the insane attempt to break up the union of our Empire, and, under the name of Home Rule, giving (*sic*) an undue influence to the Roman Catholic majority over the Protestant and industrious Irish—all these were evils direct from the hand of God.

In his allusion to the present "state of men's minds," the Rev. Mr. Marson is presumably alluding to his own mental condition. No doubt it is almost a national calamity that so many pulpits should be occupied by clerics in this afflicted state. Supposing, however, that this good man has any information tending to show that the loss of the ship is due to "the act of God," it is to be hoped that he will be called as a witness at the Court-martial—if it is not impiety to hold a Court-martial at all under such circumstances.

Mr. W. A. R. Hoare has expressed his willingness to take ten boys, sons of blue-jackets lost with H.M.S. *Victoria*, and to clothe, feed, and educate them on board his training-ship *Mercury*. I invite the attention of the Lord Mayor and others officially connected with the *Victoria* Relief Fund to this munificent offer, which is a good example of charity in the most practical shape. The offer is equivalent to a subscription of £1,000 to the Relief Fund, and if accepted it will insure to every one of the ten boys selected an efficient training for a naval career under the best possible conditions.

The first article in the Naval Uniform Regulations, which were recently issued, orders that "no deviations are to be authorised without special Admiralty sanction previously obtained." Nevertheless, Sir Algernon Heneage has just issued a special order at Sheerness (which has caused much grumbling on the station), that officers on certain occasions "are to wear white gloves." This order is a distinct violation of the Regulations, as it makes compulsory what the Admiralty decided to be optional.

A few years ago the *Jumna*, one of the Indian troop-ships, was condemned. An offer of £20,000 was made for the vessel, which, however, was refused by the Government authorities. The *Jumna*, having since remained in dock, was sold the other day for £6,500. It would be interesting to learn who are the officials whose fatuity has thus caused the country a loss of £13,500.

Following on the advice which I last week gave, apropos to the *La Plata* fiasco, I would advise all intending excursionists by the numerous yachting tours now advertised, to ascertain whether the vessel which is to carry them has a Board of Trade certificate, and flies the British flag. The practice is increasing to a dangerous extent of buying up worn-out ocean-liners and running them as public yachts, with the most hyperbolical advertisements of their accommodation and sea-going qualities. When, as in the *La Plata* case, the Board of Trade officials refuse to pass these craft, the law is occasionally evaded by transferring them to a foreign flag. My readers will probably agree with me that if one must be drowned, one may as well be drowned under the Union Jack—and there seem to be quite enough opportunities of perishing under those circumstances.

I have been asked to state that the Yacht Owners' Association, of 28, Albemarle-street, is in no way connected with the "Clubs Yachting Association," which is responsible for the proceedings in connection with the *La Plata*. It would certainly be unfortunate if any misapprehension should arise on that point; for the Yacht Owners' Association is formed for the benefit and protection of the yachting fraternity against the tricks of shippers, yachting agents, and the legion of harpies who prey upon the amateur shipowner. It would not be a bad thing if the Association could extend its operations for the benefit of the yachting excursionist as well as the yacht-owner.

As the present Government has accepted the principle that the State should aim at being a model employer of labour, it might with advantage to its reputation look into the case of Richard Holland, formerly foreman of the Royal Gardens, Hampton Court. Holland, after being employed with credit at Hampton Court for thirty-six years, was discharged owing to deafness; but as he did not hold a Civil Service certificate, and the Superannuation Act of 1887 had stopped "compassionate allowances," he got no pension. In lieu thereof he was awarded a gratuity of £33, which was hardly calculated to support him and his wife for the rest of their days, and they are now within measurable distance of the workhouse. In the last House of Commons Mr. Plunket stated in the most unanswerable way the legal obstacles which prevented Holland receiving a pension, but it seems to me that what is required is the removal of those legal obstacles. Apparently, if not removed, they can be very easily got round, for I hear that Holland's successor, who was in the same position, has somehow got a pension, although he had not been in the service so long.

It is, I believe, a fact that letters posted in London after 3.45 p.m., and on Saturdays after 2.45 p.m., are not delivered in Croydon till the following morning. Croydon is about ten miles from the Royal Exchange; trains are running there from London every few minutes. The borough has a population of over 100,000, and to all intents and purposes it is a London suburb. That in the matter of postal communication it should be as far off as

Fashionable Stationery.—Invitations for Weddings, Dinners, Dances; Ball Programmes, Menus, Visiting Cards, &c.—Parkins & Gotto, Court Stationers, Oxford-street, London. Patterns free.

Herefordshire Cider & Perry, six distinct varieties. Gold Medal, Paris, 1888. The Bishop of Ely writes, 1892, "Your Cider & Perry are excellent." List from H.P. Bulmer & Co., Rylands, Hereford.

Manchester or Plymouth is indeed a striking illustration of the inability of the Post-Office to move with the times—more especially as representations on this subject have been made again and again, and have been promised consideration.

It may be hoped that the Government will lose no more time in giving teachers in Board Schools legal security against wrongful dismissal; for hardly a week now passes without the papers reporting some case in which a certificated teacher has been very badly treated by his employers. The case of Mr. Copsen, the Master of the Board School at Bishop's Castle, is, of itself, sufficient to justify the decisive interference of the Whitehall authorities. One of the members of the Bishop's Castle Board is the Rev. Joshua Biggs. Mr. Biggs, at a Board meeting, brought a charge of immorality against Mr. Copsen, who placed his case in the hands of the National Union of Teachers. Mr. Biggs was required either to withdraw his charge and apologise for it, or to prove it in a court of law. This exemplary minister of religion could not prove the charge, and would not withdraw it, so Mr. Copsen brought an action for slander. Mr. Biggs then put in a plea of "privilege," and Mr. Justice Wright very reluctantly gave a verdict on the legal point for the defendant, observing, "It is very unfortunate for the plaintiff, but he has cleared his character. I would venture to hope that the reverend defendant will not find it necessary to insist on the costs." As was to be expected, however, the Rev. Mr. Biggs did "insist" upon costs, and at a meeting of the Bishop's Castle School Board, which was held a few days ago, Mr. Copsen received three months' notice of dismissal. It would appear, therefore, that a member of a School Board may bring charges of the most serious kind against a teacher, and when called upon to prove his statements he may wriggle out of the scrape by the plea of "privilege." Then if the teacher takes legal steps and clears his character, he is to be dismissed by his employers.

From a communication which has been addressed to me by a Dover gentleman, I learn that the Weights and Measures Act is still allowed to remain more or less a dead letter in that borough. At the meeting of a Corporation Committee a few days since, a report from an Inspector of the Board of Trade was read, complaining that proper administrative action had not been taken under the Act, and that the people of Dover were consequently not receiving the protection which it was the duty of the local authority to give them. No notice was taken of the letter from the Board of Trade, and, as I stated in TRUTH some time ago, the Corporation have similarly ignored previous reminders as to their duty. Why the Act is not satisfactorily enforced is more than I can say. Not for a moment do I suppose that it is because the Council comprises an Alderman who is a grocer, a Councillor who is a baker, and another Councillor who is a coal merchant. Nor do I care even if it is a fact, as I am informed, that the Inspector of Weights and Measures is a grocer's assistant. Possibly the explanation is that, in the opinion of the Town Council, Dover tradesmen are so superlatively honest that they do not stand in need of that constant watching and checking which is found desirable elsewhere. I shall be surprised, however, if their customers are of the same mind.

Mr. Thomas Weir, Clerk to the Trades House of Glasgow, writes as follows with reference to a paragraph in last week's TRUTH:—

> I beg you will allow me to state for the information of your readers that no part of the expenses of the Trades House excursion, which was held on the 30th ult., and to which presumably your paragraph refers, was paid out of the funds of the Trades House. The arrangements for the excursion were made by me, and the expenses in connection therewith have been met by the payments of past and present members of the House, who were present on the occasion, and, so far as these were insufficient, by the Deacon-Convener and Collector. The revenues of this ancient Corporation are strictly applied towards the maintenance of "decayed brethren," as originally intended.

I am delighted to give publicity to this statement, because up to quite recent times a very different state of things prevailed, and hence arose the misapprehension on which my paragraph was founded. I understand that for a long period £130—not £30 as erroneously stated in a local journal—was annually voted for the entertainment of office-bearers and their friends; and although this scandalous malversation of funds has been temporarily suspended, there seems to be no security but the force of public opinion against its being revived on the occasion of the next summer outing. During the long period that the funds were systematically misapplied in this manner, not a penny was ever spent on the entertainment of the "decayed brethren;" nor is there apparently any intention of calling upon those responsible for these breaches of trust to refund the amount so spent. Under these circumstances, I should say that the less this "ancient Corporation" boasts of the strictness with which its funds are devoted to the "decayed brethren" the better.

An amazing instance of landlord rapacity lately occurred at Burton-on-Trent. A plot of land was held of a body called the Burton Feoffees on a lease for lives at a yearly rent of three shillings. In 1861 it became vested in a tenant who built four cottages upon it, rented at a little under £50 a year. The net rental is worth £18 or £19. A few months back the last life fell in; the land thus reverted to the Feoffees, who have the audacity to demand £25 a year for the renewal of the tenancy. It may be said, of course, that the man who built the cottages knew the risk. But what does this come to? That he ought to have acted on the assumption that the landlord will rob him if he can? He might reasonably assume that the landlords would take a big

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, the *Hôtel de Luxe* of the North. Electric Light and Telephones in every room. Free Library for guests. Louis XV. Restaurant for highest class French Cooking. *No charge for attendance.*—WM. TOWLE, Manager. Note!—Midland Railway Company's Hotels at Bradford, Leeds, Derby, and London (St. Pancras). Excellent Cooking. Choice Wines.

HEALTH AND ELECTRICITY.—The Electropathic Belt should be worn by all sufferers from Nervous, Muscular, or Organic Weakness. It is beautifully designed, scientifically constructed, very comfortable to wear, and is recommended by the highest authorities. Pamphlet and consultation free on application to the MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD., 52, Oxford-street, London, W.

share of the proceeds of his investment; but he could hardly be expected to assume that they would endeavour to confiscate it all—or more than all.

The House of Lords' Committee, which has been considering the operation of the Debtors Act, recommends a modest instalment of reform by the reduction of the maximum term of imprisonment for contumacious debtors from six weeks to three. Beyond that, the Committee seems to have played the part of Balaam to the Act. So far as I see, however, from the published summaries of the report, their lordships devote little or no consideration to what has always seemed to me the strongest objection to the existing practice—namely, that the Act is used as a means of extorting money, not from debtors, but from their sympathising friends. The Committee parade some imposing statistics showing how many debtors pay on arrest. At Westminster in one year 604 debtors out of 848 committed paid on arrest, and only 25 remained in prison for the whole period of their commitment; but this does not go very far with me, unless it can be shown that all those who paid really paid out of their own means. It is admitted by this report that there is great diversity in the practice of different Judges. What I still think is required is a code of rules which will reconcile the procedures of the various small-debt courts, not only with one another, but with the principle of the Act, that a debtor shall only go to prison if he can pay and won't pay.

The Midsummer Quarter Sessions have produced an unusually prolific crop of charges of attempted suicide. In Somersetshire there must have been quite an epidemic, for no fewer than six persons—two women, four men—were brought before Sir R. Paget, M.P., for this so-called offence, and condemned to terms of hard labour ranging from three months to one month. In Monmouthshire Mr. S. C. Bosanquet sentenced a young man of twenty to three months', and an old man of seventy to one month's imprisonment; at Kesteven, the Rev. G. Carter committed Henry Phillips, aged nineteen, to gaol for one month; and in Gloucestershire Mr. Russell J. Kerr imposed fourteen days' hard labour on a charwoman who had taken some laudanum.

To inflict any punishment whatever in these cases is surely the height of judicial absurdity. If people who try to kill themselves and fail are temporarily or permanently insane, they ought to be placed under proper protection and treatment in an asylum. If, on the other hand, they are not of unsound mind, it is perfectly childish to suppose that they will be reconciled to life by a period of hard labour and prison discipline. The course so often adopted by purblind Chairmen of Quarter Sessions is precisely the one most likely to drive the would-be suicide to carry out his project in deadly earnest the moment he regains his liberty.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. It demonstrates once more that the administration of the law by the Magistracy is, if possible, more glaringly uneven and uncertain in Quarter Sessions than in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. The so-called justice dispensed in both spheres is vitiated by the same topsy-turvy notion of the relative sanctity of property and person. From this point of view the record of the Essex Sessions is exceptionally monstrous. I doubt, indeed, whether the Pillory has ever contained a more amazing contrast than that between the ferocious nature of the sentences passed by the Essex Bench for two trifling robberies, and the lightness of the punishment inflicted in the same Court for odious crimes against children. The cases given are only choice samples of the work of Mr. Andrew Johnston and his colleagues, for every third prisoner who came before these Dracos last week was sent into penal servitude. No doubt I shall be informed that these victims of Magisterial savagery were old offenders; but I hold that no number of previous convictions can justify such terrible sentences for such small offences — sentences which none of her Majesty's Judges would dream of passing. The cumulative sentence theory is unjust and irrational, and, moreover, it is not even worked out consistently. As the cases from Derby and Gloucester show, it is applied for repeated thefts but not for repeated assaults. Regarding the Police-court list, it may be observed that at Birmingham the Justices appear to distinctly disapprove of the chivalrous rescue of a wife who is being kicked to death. This, at least, I infer from the extraordinary lenity with which they treated the husband by whom such a rescuer had been maimed for life. And the Rhyl J.P.'s seem to be of very much the same mind:—

Essex Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Andrew Johnston, Colonel E. Morrell, Colonel F. Dawson, Canon Norman, and other Magistrates. William Smith (37) pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting two girls, both under 13. One month.

Thomas White (25) pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting Florence Whimp. One month.

George Pearson, indicted for unlawfully wounding Robert Bland, whose leg was broken. Convicted of common assault. Fined 40s.

Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions. Before Judge Gwilym Williams. John Campbell (64), convicted of indecently assaulting a child six years old. Three months.

Derby Borough Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. M. C. Buszard, Q.C., Recorder. George Raven, charged with inflicting grievous bodily harm upon Wm. Blurton, who, in consequence, was in the hospital for eight weeks. There were forty-five previous convictions against the accused, several for assaults. Three months.

Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions. George Cook (30), convicted of indecently assaulting Annie Fletcher. Several previous convictions for assault, including a similar one last year. Three months.

Essex Quarter Sessions. Before the same Bench. George Roberts (55) pleaded guilty to stealing 4 lb. of cake. Seven years' penal servitude.

Martha Wilson (62) pleaded guilty to stealing a handkerchief. Seven years.

Before Lord Rookwood, the Rev. E. F. Gepp, Mr. H. C. Wells, and Mr. F. Chancellor. Clara Atter 26), charged with being an incorrigible rogue. Her last offence was to break six panes of glass in West Ham workhouse. Twelve months.

Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. J. Coke Fowler. William Williams (64), convicted of stealing two pigs. Eight months.

Derby Borough Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. M. C. Buszard, Q.C., Recorder. Joseph Smith (40), charged with stealing a gun, and with obtaining a ham by false pretences. Previously convicted. The Recorder said he would give him another chance. Nine months.

Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions. George Ingram (21), pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of trousers and a waistcoat. Previously convicted. Six months' hard labour and two years' supervision.

The Burgundy of the season, Clos de la Grotte, vintage 1889 (Santenay), 21s. per dozen cash delivered. Sample Bottle, 2s. per post. A trial order will convince of its sterling quality and value. Arnold, Perrett, & Co., Ld., 7a, Lower Belgrave-street, S.W.

Fire Protection of Mansions.—Water Supply to Mansions and all Buildings. Practical pamphlets and designs, free, of Merryweathers', 63, Long-acre, London.

West Riding Quarter Sessions, Bradford. Before Colonel Brook and other Magistrates. Albert Senior, charged with unlawfully and maliciously wounding Richard Harper and Eliza Caveney. Fined 40s. and costs.

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. T. F. Twemlow, chairman. William Siddall (23), pleaded guilty to inflicting grievous bodily harm upon Abraham Arme. Twenty-one days.

Durham County Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P., and other magistrates. James Laing pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting Ann Howard. Six months.

Cardiff Police-court. Before Dr. Paine and other Magistrates. John Hankerd, charged with violently assaulting Catherine Casey. He inflicted a severe wound on her head. Fined 10s. and costs.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Messrs. Colmore (Stipendiary), Harding, Bolding, Smith, and Gilliver. John Bullmer (37), charged with doing grievous bodily harm to Albert Yates. The latter saw prisoner kicking his wife and threatening to kill her, and rescued the woman. Bullmer then attacked prosecutor, kicking him in the lower portion of the abdomen. A doctor said prosecutor, who had been in hospital over three weeks, would probably suffer all his life from the injuries inflicted. Dealt with as a common assault. Fined 40s. or one month.

Newbury Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor (Mr. A. Jackson), Alderman Hickman, S. Hemsted, and H. J. Midwinter. George Butt, charged with cruelty to a mare. Defendant, who was working the mare, admitted that she had a fractured knee, but said it did not give the slightest pain. Fined 1s. and 11s. costs.

Leicester Town-hall. Before Mr. J. Safford and other Magistrates. Mrs. Saul, charged with assaulting Mary Newell, domestic servant. Newell said her mistress struck her on the head with the blade of a carving-knife and in the eye with her fist. Fined 10s.

Bradford-on-Avon Police-court. Before Mr. E. Pinckney, Mr. A. Mackay, and the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Meade. Eli Bancroft, convicted of assaulting Harriet Kettley, aged 69. He hit her on the head, knocking her down, and when she got up knocked her down again. Fined £1.

Rhyl Police-court. Daniel Jones, charged with assaulting his wife. It was stated that defendant acted like a savage beast, and that his wife was unconscious for an hour, and had to be attended by a doctor. Fined £1 and costs. For assaulting a man who tried to rescue the wife, Jones was fined 13s. and costs.

West Riding Quarter Sessions, Bradford. Before the same Bench. Matthew Wainwright, convicted of stealing an overcoat. Three years.

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before the same Bench. Charles Barber (19) pleaded guilty to breaking into a shop and stealing wearing apparel. Twelve months.

Durham County Quarter Sessions. Before the same Bench. Thomas Ramsey and John Swallow, charged with stealing sixty deals. Three years each.

Cardiff Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. B. Francis-Williams, Q.C., Recorder. Albina Villis, convicted of obtaining a leg of mutton by false pretences. Her first offence. Fourteen days.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Mr. Colmore (Stipendiary), Sir James Sawyer, Messrs. Brame, Leech, Wright, Warden, and Bloor. Alfred Gilbert and Thomas Hobday, charged with causing an obstruction in the street for the purpose of betting. Each fined £5 and costs or one month.

Wiltshire Quarter Sessions. Before the Marquis of Bath and other Magistrates. William Willis (74), convicted of stealing two fowls. Twelve months.

Newbury Borough Police-court. Before the same Bench. Albert Dines, convicted of being drunk. Fined £1, including costs, or seven days.

Saffron Waldron Borough Sessions. Before Messrs. E. B. Gibbon, J. J. Robson, J. Bell, and J. G. Emson. John Francis, charged with destroying his clothes whilst a casual pauper. Fourteen days.

Leicester County Police-office. Before Captain Pochin, Messrs. E. R. Norman and H. C. Woodcock. James Pearson (16), charged with stealing two hen's eggs from a farmyard. Six weeks' hard labour.

Chesterfield Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Alderman Clayton, and Mr. J. Naylor. Thomas White, collier, convicted of an aggravated assault upon Mary Ann Riggott by kicking her. Fined 20s. and costs.

Derby County Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Boden and J. Bailey. Henry Hill and John Middleton, convicted of poaching. Two months each in default of paying £5 and costs.

Brierley Hill Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Smith and J. S. Williams. George Troman, charged with sleeping out. Two months.

Macclesfield County Police-court. Before Mr. F. D. Brocklehurst and other Magistrates. William Hunt, charged with cruelty to a dog. He said he cut off its tail because it had a fit, and also tried to kick it to death, but it recovered. The Chairman said it was a very bad case. Fined 10s. and costs.

Greenock Police-court. James Cairns, convicted of a brutal assault on his mother, an aged woman. Thirty days.

Croydon Police-court. Before Mr. R. V. Barrow, M.P., Mr. H. Chasemore, and Dr. Adams. George Smith, charged with brutally assaulting William Shonfield. Complainant was first attacked by three women of bad character, and prisoner then threw him down and punched and kicked him all over the body. Fourteen days.

Douglas, Isle of Man, Criminal Court. Before Deemster Drinkwater. William Hawley pleaded guilty to stealing five empty beer-bottles from a public-house yard. His first offence. Five weeks' hard labour.

Greenock Sheriff Court. Patrick Hickie pleaded guilty to the theft of one shilling. Sixty days.

Blackpool Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Fisher, H. Buckley, and J. Bowker. William Reeves, charged with trespassing at the railway-station and touting for luggage to carry. Twenty-one days.

Montgomery Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. R. M. White and Mr. N. W. Humphreys. Arthur Grimshaw, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Two more girls have "escaped" from the Hull Industrial School, and were brought before the Stipendiary the other day without any very definite result. Both of the girls had run away before, and one of them was charged with the offence at the Police-court only a few weeks ago. As on the last occasion, the "escape" was the simplest matter. The girls found a door open, and, there being no one to interfere with them, they walked out. The representative of the School Board attempted to exonerate his clients by the argument that it is impossible to imprison the girls, and that, if this were attempted, those who at present criticise the management of the school would be the first to protest. This is rubbish. There is no necessity to place any of the children under lock and key. All that is required is to keep some watch on girls who have shown themselves determined to run away if they can. For a School Board to be incessantly prosecuting children in the police-courts is an ignominious and unprecedented thing, and shows the Board to be radically unfit for its duties.

Cantwell, compositor, has remarkable views of the duties of a Government. This estimable Anarchist amused himself with a friend by placarding posters announcing that his fellow-workers must prepare for revolution, and upon being taken before a magistrate based his defence upon his intention to use bombs to bring about the changes in the Constitution that he deems desirable. He seems to have regarded the police as guilty of an improper interference with the rights of citizens, because they stopped the further dissemination of his placards by arresting him; and I have no doubt that he will equally consider himself unfairly treated, if the police venture to hinder him from making bombs. A Government may be a good or a bad one, but I can conceive no Government—good, bad, or indifferent—allowing a town to be placarded with an appeal to its inhabitants to "prepare for revolution."

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The betting agency gang calling themselves "Slingsby & Co.," to whom reference was made in TRUTH two or three weeks ago, were last week dealt with in a very prompt and satisfactory manner, the two Slingsbys being each fined £50 as the result of a police raid on their premises in Mill-street. The evidence threw some interesting light on the *modus operandi* of the touting fraternity. Among the rest of the stock-in-trade seized by the police were lists of "Sandhurst cadets waiting for commissions," cavalry officers, doctors at Netley Hospital, and so on, with memoranda respecting the movements of individual officers; and a Staff-Officer from Woolwich stated that as many as thirty circulars from "Slingsby & Co." had reached cadets there in a single day. Had he been required to do so, the same officer could doubtless have given similar information respecting the circulars of many other "firms." If the police can put a stop to one, why not all?

One of my readers has at last endeavoured to put a stopper on the irrepressible Ernest Day. Having received from Day one of his beautiful prints on approval, he invited him to call for the money. He named an hour for the purpose, and had a policeman in waiting. Day, however, did not keep his appointment—possibly smelling a rat. After a few weeks, Day wrote requesting payment. His customer replied thus:—

> Sorry you should have been so "anxiously awaiting payment." Would you call next week on any day you may appoint, and I will have a detective from Scotland-yard and a representative of TRUTH to meet you, as I had on a previous occasion. I have sent your letters on to TRUTH. How is your poor mother? I hear she is still dying very often.

Day did not avail himself of this kind invitation, and I take it that the customer will now be left in undisturbed possession of the precious work of art. Failing criminal prosecution, this method of scoring off Day may be recommended as both cheap and effective.

I would warn my readers against another clerical begging-letter writer—the Rev. David Davies, Vicar of Llanganten. Appended is a recent specimen of this reverend mendicant's form of appeal. He appears to have been supplementing his official income by begging appeals ever since his presentation to the living in 1877, when he appealed for funds to pay his railway fare to his new parish. Those who wish to know more of him should apply to the Bishop of St. Davids:—

> Llanganten, Builth, R.S.O., South Wales,
> June 13, 1893.
>
> DEAR SIR,—May I ask you the favour to take into your very kind and immediate consideration my present circumstances?
>
> More than thirty-three years have I been in Holy Orders.
>
> Now my whole annual net income is £76. 5s. 11d. Out of this I have to pay house-rent, £6. 15s. per quarter, and also rates and taxes. I need not say that it is with extreme difficulty we have to manage to maintain ourselves (my wife, myself, and four daughters), and that I am cruelly oppressed and almost sinking under severe pressure on account of depressed circumstances. I cast myself on your very kind sympathy and tender mercy.—I am, yours very faithfully,
>
> DAVID DAVIES, Vicar of Llanganten.

I have been favoured with a lengthy document from Pretoria, impugning the qualifications and conduct of some of the Transvaal Judges. It seems that TRUTH is selected for this purpose because the local Press lacks the courage or the independence to take up the matter. Unfortunately, it is not a subject on which I have any means of obtaining independent information. I therefore extract the following queries, which occur in the communication, hoping that some one who knows South Africa better than I do may be able to answer them:—

> Is it desirable that many of the Judges should be in debt, and use their position to evade payment?
>
> Is it consistent with the independence of the Bench that a Judge should meddle in politics, and stand as a candidate for the Presidential chair, when it is notorious that he has not a ghost of a chance of election?
>
> Does it look well for a Judge to get an official removed on account of his ignorance of law, and then solicit the Government to appoint that official as a Judge?
>
> Is it quite the thing for a Judge to dress up in character and dance Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay?

Whatever may be said to the rest, the last question must, I think, be answered in the negative. Can any of my readers picture to himself the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, or even the Master of the Rolls thus disporting himself?

The Report on the Mombasa Railroad Survey is not a very encouraging one. The railroad is estimated to cost £2,240,000, and as railroads invariably cost a great deal more than the estimate, this may be put down at three millions, all the more as it is proposed to build stations and offices of mud. Stations, it is suggestively stated, will have to be surrounded by a strong live thorn "boma," to render arrows harmless, whilst the tank house is to be made capable of becoming a place of refuge by armouring it with corrugated iron sheeting. How the passengers in the trains are to be sheltered from arrows is not stated.

The surveyors go on to explain how this remarkable railroad is to be made to pay, or, rather, only to incur a loss of £70,000 per annum. One train, they estimate, will be sufficient per diem. This, they say, would bring in a gross return of £61,000 per annum, and working expenses are put down at £65,000, to which must be added interest on capital. The estimate of gross receipts is a very exaggerated one. Probably one full train per week instead of one per diem would be nearer the mark, whilst the working expenses (including repairs, relaying rails which are taken up for their own uses by the natives, pensions to employés who are hit by poisoned arrows penetrating through the "boma," or who have not got speedily enough into the tank to avoid having their throats cut) would tot up to about double £65,000 per annum. I should say that probably the receipts would be about £30,000, against working expenses £130,000; interest on capital, £90,000; thus leaving the British taxpayer to make up each year a deficit of £190,000, in order to carry out about the wildest and silliest railway scheme that was ever submitted to sane human beings. A railroad to the Mountains of the Moon is but one degree different from a railroad to the moon itself.

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We understand that Pryce Jones, Limited, Newtown, North Wales, has had the honour of supplying some of its well-known specialties to Her Serene Highness Princess May.

This moon railroad is not to be up to the requirements of a heavy traffic. The surveyors explain that to make it comparable to an Indian railroad would cost an additional £1,445,100.

The following is an extract from a letter received by a friend of mine from a gentleman in Mashonaland, and gives an interesting account of how African railroads are built in "spheres of influence." The letter is dated May 9:—

Since writing to you last I have been down on the Beira Railway to see how that work was progressing. I found on my arrival that things were at a complete standstill. The work on the railway has been stopped for two months, with the exception of that carried on by a few men who are finishing up their contracts. The engine-drivers and carpenters have all left on account of the fever, and all the other white men as soon as their contracts are finished clear off as quickly as possible. The floods have swept away part of the line on the flats between the terminus on the Pungwé and the Siluva Hills, which are about thirty-five miles from the former place, and the bridge across the Menda River has also been swept away. Before the floods came the rails were laid as far as the Hills, but no progress has been made since, and, of course, the engines are not running now at all. The grading of the line is completed, with the exception of some few intervening bits, as far as the sixty-five mile peg, but the seventy-five mile peg, which is the end of Pauline's contract, is well within the "fly" belt, so the line will be of no use until it has been extended another thirty miles further, at least. I have seen "fly" myself thirty miles on the Umtali side of the seventy-five mile peg. Apart altogether from its length, I have a very poor opinion of the railway and its usefulness, even when completed to beyond the "fly" belt. It is only 2ft. gauge, and a regular tin-pot affair at that; not half as stable as a Dublin tramway. Another peculiarity of the line when the engines were running was that they were always getting off the rails, though the speed never exceeded eight or ten miles an hour.

There is a serious rift in the Tory lute at Exmouth, owing to the presumption of the Secretary of the Conservative Association in writing a letter to a half-pay officer and commencing it "Dear Colonel." The exalted warrior thus outraged wrote an excited letter to the Chairman of the Association in language suggesting that he regarded the offence as tantamount to the crime of *lèze majesté*. There are no limits to the inflated self-importance of the half-pay unemployed in Little Peddlingtons of the Exmouth type, and I recommend the Tory Executive, if it wishes to preserve the harmony of the party, to pass at once a resolution that the formula "May it please your Royal Highness" shall be used in addressing all retired officers, whatever their rank.

The decision of the House of Commons last Saturday on the Indian opium traffic shows that, whilst the House is ready to grapple with the question, it is not prepared to do so without full evidence. That a man is probably the better for not having acquired the habit of taking opium, I can easily believe, and that in some cases the habit leads to deplorable results I can equally credit. I have read pamphlets innumerable for and against prohibition, but I confess that I have not been able to form a definite conclusion whether prohibition ought as a moral obligation to be enforced by us on India. There has been—so far as I can make it out—exaggeration on both sides of the controversy. I somewhat distrust controversialists who endeavour to convince me by means of engravings of human skeletons reduced to that condition by a drug, for this is rather sensationalism than argument. In the Punjaub it is admitted that opium is consumed by all without harm, and the portrait of a stalwart opium-eater might be contrasted with the skeleton pictures. How is it proposed to deal with the Native States? Would the Chinese consume less opium if we ceased to import it? What is the feeling of India on the subject? Are there so many where health is ruined by the use of opium that prohibition becomes a duty? These and other questions can only be settled by independent inquiry, and consequently the House of Commons was right to decline taking action before there has been this inquiry.

On the face of it, there is a certain air of Pharisaism in our kindly prohibiting the Indians from cultivating poppies in order to obtain opium, some to be consumed in India, some to be exported to China, on the ground that its use is injurious to health, when we derive a huge revenue from the sale at home and abroad of spirituous liquor, which most unquestionably is productive of far more ill consequences than opium. I should prefer our removing the alcoholic beam from our own eye before we undertake to remove the opium mote from the Indian eye.

I have received from Egypt a translation of sundry articles from the native journal, *Ustaz*, which have caused that paper to be officially warned for its "violent attacks on the Government." In comparison with the "violent attacks on the Government" with which anti-Gladstonian editors delight their readers, these articles seem to me mild as milk in comparison with vitriol; indeed, the temperate and rational tone of this native critic might serve as a model to Opposition editors in Western Europe. The inference seems to be that if England were ruled on the principles which we apply to Egypt, Mr. Buckle and the majority of his Unionist contemporaries would now be languishing in dungeons. But it has always been part of the "Imperial Mission" of this country to apply to the countries we rule the political methods which we most resent when applied to ourselves.

This is the kind of "violence" which Anglo-Egyptian officialdom finds so prejudicial to the public interests:—

In the execution of public works the tenders of the native contractors are put aside, and the contracts passed to some favourite of the Inspector of Irrigation, at a figure very satisfactory to both parties, for the results have proved that the contractors make their fortunes and the inspectors have become rich.

One need not go as far as Egypt to find officials who do not like such pointed remarks as these, but one has to go quite as far as that—or as far as St. Petersburg—to find officials who have the power to silence such remarks at their own sweet wills. Grateful, indeed, am I to Providence, which has mercifully ordained that TRUTH shall be published in London and not in Cairo.

There is no greater mistake than to put the foot down, when it is certain that it will have to be taken up. This mistake was made last Thursday, when an attempt was made to carry in a late sitting the resolutions in regard to the procedure on the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Speaker had allowed it to be known that, being of opinion that the debate might if wished by the Opposition, last for

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two sittings, he would not agree to a motion for closure. This being so, and the Unionists being determined to hold out, it became impossible for the debate to be brought to an end; or, indeed, to progress so long as the Opposition moved alternate motions to adjourn the debate, and to adjourn the House. Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's departure, the leaders of the Opposition, in reply to an inquiry, stated that they never had contemplated carrying on the debate beyond the morning sitting on Friday, and were quite ready to give this assurance. But it is never very easy to get out of a false position, and, consequently, the House sat on until near 5 a.m., and then it was decided to accept the proffered assurance. The only other alternative possible was to divide again and again against the motions for adjournment, and if this had been done until 2 p.m. on Friday, the position would have been precisely the same as it was by adjourning until that hour, except that Mr. Speaker, who had taken the chair at 3 p.m. on Thursday, would have been knocked up; indeed, after having been in the chair already twelve hours, it is very doubtful whether, had the adjournment not been agreed to, he would have been able to sit much longer.

When a vessel has to battle with a storm in order to reach its destination, it is evident that the Captain must issue orders and the crew must obey them. If the vessel founders, or if it is run ashore, the Captain is responsible, and not the crew. In this way, the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* came into collision, although all, with the exception of the Admiral in command, seem to have known that this would be the inevitable result of the manœuvre. So it is with a Bill before the House of Commons. It can only be carried by united action, and this united action would be impossible without leaving all tactical questions of procedure to the Leader. It does not, however, follow that the particular tactical line of procedure adopted by the Leader meets with the unqualified approbation of all his followers. Ave Cæsar!

This is my feeling in regard to the official plan with respect to Home Rule. As I said last week, I think that it would have been better tactics to have made the campaign one of two years rather than of one. Very possibly I am in error, and I sincerely trust that events will prove that I am. These, however, are the reasons why I have fallen into this error, if error it be.

A Home Rule Bill means a fundamental change in all the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. A Bill to give effect to these changes is, in reality, twenty Bills in one. Between it and an ordinary Bill there is the difference that there is between the procreation of an elephant and a mouse. The Parliamentary year has only a certain number of days, and a considerable portion of these days is necessarily occupied by the current business of the year. At the General Election we won upon a programme embracing Home Rule and other needed reforms. Unless we give legislative effect to some of these other reforms before the next appeal to the country, it is probable that we shall fare badly. The problem, therefore, before us is to carry Home Rule and some of our other reforms before a General Election.

Now, most unquestionably, the Unionists have adopted obstructive tactics with a view to hinder our carrying out our programme. Still, fully admitting this, the fact remains that the Home Rule Bill is necessarily of such magnitude that, if it had been split up into its component parts, and each part had formed a separate Bill, very good work would have been done had they been carried within the Parliamentary year to the exclusion of all other new legislation. I would, therefore, have preferred to have seen the year divided into three compartments, one for current business, one for British Reforms, and one for Home Rule. But as this would not have secured in one year time enough for Home Rule, I would have devoted two years to it.

This plan would not have retarded Home Rule by one single day. Indeed, the Bill, if it passes the Lords this year, is not to come in force before September next year. But we know with absolute certainty that the Lords will throw out the Bill. We know, also, that it is not contemplated to meet this by an immediate appeal to the electorate, for it seems to be understood that, having carried the Bill through the Commons this year, we shall send it up again to the Lords next year, and that we shall defer the appeal to the country until it has been thrown out twice by the Lords. I have never yet comprehended the wisdom of, when the Lords smite us on one cheek, turning to them the other cheek and requesting them to smite us again. I think that, when we do appeal to the country, we should have a better case were we able to show that we have proceeded in this great constitutional change with excessive deliberation, whilst by doing so we secure to ourselves with absolute certainty time for British reforms.

The Government plan, on the other hand, involves a number of the clauses in the Bill being put and carried without debate, to the exclusion of all amendments. This in itself is one of those desperate measures which, whilst it may be enthusiastically cheered by strong partisans, may possibly not meet with the same enthusiasm from that section of the community which, without belonging to either party, turns elections. On July 27 the Bill is to be reported. Then comes the report stage, and the third reading. This will bring us nearly to the end of August. Small Bills will take about a fortnight—say, that they are passed by August 31. We have then practically the whole of the Civil Service Estimates and the Indian Budget to get through, and besides this, it is proposed to carry the Parish Councils Bill before the end of the year. If this be done, so much the better. But it seems to me that we are counting too much upon the Opposition wanting to shoot grouse and partridges. If they really are prepared to sacrifice these amusements

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and to hang on to the Estimates, our calculations are upset; for with a strong Opposition determined to dwell on Estimates, it is practically impossible to greatly expedite matters by the use of the closure.

The real fact is this: the House of Commons has so much work to get through that it can only do more than is usual in a Session, by scamping what is usually done. This an Opposition knows, and if it disapproves of the unusual, it declines to scamp the usual. The machine moves slowly on until about the end of July. Then it has been invariably the custom to make further business a matter of bargain between the Government and the Opposition. All this renders it very difficult to carry reforms, and it is because of this that I have always been in favour of Home Rule all round. If this be not speedily adopted, Parliament will sink under the weight imposed on it, and this means throwing power into the hands of those who have not been elected to rule by their fellow-citizens. The cause of democracy is absolutely involved in reducing the volume of the business now thrown on the Imperial Parliament by delegating much of it to local Assemblies.

What makes me somewhat lukewarm in the present Parliamentary struggle is, that we refuse to look in the face the fact that, so long as we have to obtain the assent of the Lords to all legislative changes, we are voluntarily grovelling at the feet of Toryism. It sickens me to think that day after day and week after week we are discussing a Bill which, when passed, will be contemptuously kicked out by the Lords in as many hours as it has cost us weeks to send it up to them; that this nonsense is to be repeated again next year; and that then we are to have the turmoil and trouble of a General Election in order to convince these Lords that the country is really with us. In Holland the country is protected by dikes against the inroads of the sea, and the danger comes from rats nibbling holes in the dikes. What would be thought of the Dutch if they cultivated a breed of rats with the particular object of enabling them to nibble holes in the dikes? What would be said of any nation employing itself to fill a tank with water, and treating rats who made holes in the bottom of the tank as sacred animals? Let Mr. Gladstone announce that, in the event of the Lords throwing out this or any other Bill submitted to Parliament by a Liberal Ministry, and sent up by the House of Commons to the Upper House, he will submit a list of 500 persons to the Queen to be created Lords, with the mission of voting the extinction of this pernicious nest of hereditary obstructives. Then, indeed, the country would be with him. It may be said that the Queen would not consent to this course. If so, then let Mr. Gladstone appeal to the country on the broad ground that the time has come, once and for all, to put an end to the House of Lords. The reply would be such that either the Lords as now constituted would have to vote their own extinction, or they would be crushed out of existence by new Peers being made in sufficient numbers to outvote all opposition.

Home Rule in Ireland means that in a country called free, people must rule, and not be ruled by others. This is the corner-stone of democracy, and democracy can only triumph by democrats throughout the United Kingdom standing shoulder to shoulder. We need reforms here, and Irishmen need reforms there. If we ignored Irish aspirations, we could hardly count on their aid, and if the Irish ignore British reforms they will hardly secure our aid. The majority at the next General Election can only be secured for the present Government by recognising the demands of all parts of the United Kingdom. This is why I have always believed that Home Rule is to be won for Ireland by giving legislative effect to the aspirations of Great Britain. Let the present Parliament send up to the Lords British Bills, and I am convinced that this will do more for the cause of Home Rule than sending up the Home Rule Bill to these hereditary obstructives a dozen times.

The Unionist newspapers are in wild elation at Mr. Dillon having made a mistake in a date, and seem to consider that this error conclusively proves that no Nationalist Irishman is to be credited. This is nonsense. Mr. Dillon was charged with making a speech in which he said that when Nationalists had the upper hand they would not retain the services of those who were acting with undue harshness towards his countrymen. He replied that he had been stung to madness by repeated instances of such cruelty, and instanced a widow and her child, and the Mitchelstown massacre. It appeared, however, that the massacre had taken place after, and not before, the speech. I can easily understand the error. I was with Mr. Dillon at Mitchelstown. I was listening to his observations in the House, I knew the date of the speech referred to, and yet I did not remember that the massacre had occurred after until this was pointed out by the triumphant Unionist. What Mr. Dillon meant was that he had been stung to madness by a long series of cruelties. The important fact was that these cruelties had occurred, and whether the particular one to which he referred produced this result on him, or whether it was produced by others, was a matter of the smallest detail.

SCRUTATOR.

BLIND EYES FOR NAVAL TELESCOPES.

ALTHOUGH I deprecated last week premature expressions of opinion respecting the responsibility for the *Victoria* disaster, neither I nor any one else can pretend ignorance of the effect of the official despatches. It is now practically beyond question that orders were given, the necessary result of which was to bring the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* into collision. It is equally certain that upon the deceased Admiral rests the whole responsibility for the issue of these orders. So far as Sir George Tryon is concerned, little more can be said. He has perished by the result of his own error. It is useless as well as ungenerous to accentuate

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

the plain facts by any word of reproach. There seems, indeed, to be reason for making excuse for the Admiral. He had been on the sick-list for some time before the fatal day, and it is a natural inference from the fact of a seaman of such exceptional ability making such an extraordinary blunder, that he was not fully himself at the time when he resumed command of the Fleet.

But all this raises most important questions. Observe the situation. A Commanding Officer, for some reason unexplained, loses his head or his judgment, and gives an order involving certain destruction to his own ship, or another, or both. His own officers, and those on the other ship which is equally imperilled, at once perceive the blunder and its inevitable consequences. What is their duty? One sees plainly enough from his own despatch how Rear-Admiral Markham answered this question. There was not, he says, in his opinion, room enough to perform the manœuvre ordered. He thought there must be a mistake, and was preparing to inquire whether he had the order correctly, when he was stopped by an inquiry from the Admiral as to why he did not obey. Thereupon he obeyed. He adds apologetically, "Having the fullest confidence in the ability of the Commander-in-Chief to manœuvre the squadron without even the risk of a collision, I ordered," &c., &c. There is something of the "*qui s'excuse*" about this. The Rear-Admiral first admits that he saw the risk of collision; and then, in order to justify himself for accepting the risk, he pleads that there was really no risk owing to Admiral Tryon's well-known ability. The attitude of the officers of the *Victoria* seems to have been very similar to that of the Rear-Admiral. They also saw the danger. They also knew something which the Rear-Admiral did not know, namely, that Admiral Tryon, in deference to the opinion of his Staff-Commander, had decided that the vessels should commence the manœuvre at eight cables' distance from one another; but had nevertheless given the order at the distance which he originally fixed, namely, six cables. The Staff-Commander called the Admiral's attention to this alteration, but the Admiral adhered to his signal. From this point the Admiral's orders were carried out without question or remonstrance, except that at the last moment, when the collision was imminent, Captain Bourke "reported to the Admiral that we should be too close, and asked permission to reverse the port screw," which was done. With these exceptions, though every responsible officer on both ships seems to have seen the danger, and though a minute or two after the ships began to turn it must have been seen that a collision was inevitable unless some one disobeyed orders, the instructions of the Commander-in-Chief were carried out as literally as if those charged with them had been machines moved by pressing a button, instead of beings endowed with independent wills and judgments. "Theirs not to reason why" seems to have been the rule which governed everybody concerned.

Now, is this all right? I am only a civilian, who is not supposed to have the right to form an opinion on such matters, much less to express it; but I decline to recognise that this is a proper state of things until the reason for it is more visible than it is at present. Discipline is one thing; purblind adherence to an order which is obviously an error of judgment, and must lead to inevitable disaster, is another, and a very different thing. The question is, whether, if an officer is ordered by the Commander of a Fleet to do something which he knows will lose his ship or another, he is bound to carry out the order to the bitter end. I say unhesitatingly No, and I say it all the more strongly in a case where there is no question of emergency, no enemy in sight, no object whatever to be gained by running the risk. A naval officer tells me that there is somewhere in existence a regulation, which does give an officer in command of a ship the right to exercise his own judgment in defiance of orders from a superior, which will in his judgment imperil the safety of the vessel. If there is, Admiral Markham will have to explain why he did not exercise his discretion to this extent. But if there is not, the first practical result of the loss of the *Victoria* ought to be the formulating of some instruction to commanding officers on this point. I have taken it that Admiral Tryon was not quite his usual self on this occasion. But suppose that he had been temporarily attacked with mental aberration, and had ordered the *Camperdown* to run aground, or to attack a Turkish fort, or to commit any other manifest absurdity. Does Naval discipline require implicit obedience in that case? What is the difference when the ship is ordered to take a course which must lead to her ramming or being rammed? Every one knows how Nelson put the blind eye to the telescope in the face of the enemy, and declined to see the signal of his chief when he was bent, not on avoiding, but on incurring a risk of the first magnitude. It strikes me that what Rear-Admiral Markham wanted on June 22 was Lord Nelson's blind eye.

HOAXING A USURER.

Not a week passes but what some military or other correspondent begs me to do something to stop the annoyance caused by moneylenders' circulars. These appeals are a compliment to my inventive powers, but an undeserved one, for up to the present date neither I nor anyone else has been able to suggest a remedy for this nuisance. It is possible, however, for those who are pestered in this way to revenge themselves on their tormenters, as the following narrative will show.

Some officers of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, in camp at Lydd, driven to desperation by the deluge of circulars poured upon them, opened correspondence with a few of the more persistent touts. Fry, Jackson, and Mason all rose to the bait. Mason, however, was the most eager to do business. In his anxiety for this end he posted off a promissory note of the usual description followed it up with a telegram to the effect that his clerk would be down the next morning with the cash, and

Birds of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

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followed up the telegram by appearing in person at Lydd in the character of his own clerk. Some of my readers may perhaps know Lydd. It is a desolate spot on the shingly waste stretching out to Dungeness. The only feature in the landscape is the lighthouse, five miles off. Mason arrived by the first train down, and inquired for his pigeon. He was informed that the guileless bird was on duty at the lighthouse. Away went Shylock over the shingly Sahara, the noon-day sun pouring down on his devoted head. He reached the lighthouse, only to find that he had got to march back again, and four hours after his departure he was observed tramping back into Lydd, in the last stage of exhaustion. The train service between Lydd and the metropolis leaves a good deal to be desired, and Mason got back to town at close upon midnight, after, probably, the most unremunerative day's work he ever did in his life. Like his Shakespearian prototype, this modern Shylock does not take disappointment kindly. When he found himself again in his office, he wrote demanding the return of his promissory note (with its precious 10s. stamp upon it), and further relieving his feelings in this strain :—

> You have chosen to act in a very mysterious way in corresponding with us. Your letters induced us to send our man with a thousand pounds in his pocket. You could easily have stopped same, as he did not go till Monday morning, had you wished, but you did not do so, but chose to let us run the risk, and, when down with you, we have reason to believe sent him by false representations on a long and lonely journey for nothing, with all that money on him, for what reason we are at a loss to conjecture. But we have just given an account of the whole matter to our solicitors to get council's [*sic*] opinion, and if we hear that there are any steps which we can take in any way, you can be sure that you have not heard the last of the matter as yet. In haste.—Yours respectfully,
>
> H. Mason & Co.

"Council's opinion," apparently, failed to advance matters very much. Mason got back his valuable promissory note—though not till be had sent a registered envelope for it; but beyond that his wrongs remain to the present unavenged. No one need pity him. The mischief done by these sharks in the Army every year is beyond calculation, and if a few experiences like the above would do anything to check their pestilent touting, practical joking could hardly be applied to a better end.

ANOTHER DEPOT SCANDAL.

In an article on irregularities at Regimental Depots which appeared in Truth of March 30 reference was made to one recent case in the following terms :—

> The Sergeant-Major of an important Depot has been found guilty—after an investigation of the accounts by a Committee of the Mess—of gross irregularities extending over a considerable period, although to the great indignation of his comrades, and in the face of the report of the Committee, he has been allowed to retire (apparently) "without a stain on his character."

This case occurred in the Depot of the Devonshire Regiment at Exeter. Not only was the Sergeant-Major referred to allowed to retire in the manner above described, but since his retirement he has been constantly on view in the neighbourhood in his uniform, which he retained the right to wear, and has actually been allowed to come into barracks once a week to drill telegraph boys. Now, I have in my possession a report of the proceedings of the Mess Committee which investigated the case against this man. They leave no room for doubt as to the character of the transactions which were brought home to him, and they show that in certain instances he had to refund substantial sums which, but for this inquiry, were never likely to have been accounted for. That under such circumstances the man should be allowed to figure in the neighbourhood, and even in the barracks, without any apparent stigma upon him, is not only an insult to his comrades, but is obviously calculated to encourage evil doers and undermine the morale of the establishment.

By a curious coincidence I had written a paragraph to this effect a week or two ago, when particulars reached me of another scandal of a similar character in the same Depot, which lends much additional significance to the facts. From further inquiries which I have made, it appears that a Colour-Sergeant has been detected in converting to his own use the money entrusted to him for payment of his company. In some instances he also appears to have falsified his books. In this case, again, it seems to be the intention to smuggle the offender out of the Regiment, practically without punishment, and after a very perfunctory inquiry into his misdeeds by the Colonel. I hear further that a second Colour-Sergeant has been found unable to account satisfactorily for the cash that has passed through his hands, and that in his case an arrangement has been come to that he shall make the defalcation good by the end of the year. It may be assumed, therefore, that in this case also there is to be no punishment.

These occurrences point, first, to an utterly rotten state of things in the Depot in question; secondly, to the folly, or worse, of the course adopted in the case of the Sergeant-Major, and followed again in the other cases. Transgressions of this kind on the part of a Sergeant-Major are the natural result of the autocratic position which he is able to assume in the Mess, and which I have already dealt with. The demoralisation of the men under him is in its turn a natural sequence of the wrong-doing of the Sergeant-Major. A certain number of N.C.O.'s are certain to have a pretty accurate idea of what is going on, and they are tempted to make something for themselves too. It is probably the interest of the Sergeant-Major to connive at their doing so, if not actually to assist them on the downward road. Human nature being what it is, it would be too much to suppose that what has occurred at Exeter has not been going on in many other places. To prevent such irregularities, while the Sergeant-Major is allowed to assume the position he does, is impossible; but, at least, the evil might be kept in check by measuring out exemplary punishment when offences are detected. Instead of that, precisely the opposite policy is pursued. Why? In the case of defalcations by Pay-Sergeants one obvious answer suggests itself. It is the duty of certain officers to examine and check the cash-books, and in Exeter, at any rate, this cannot have been properly done. In such a case an exposure of the whole facts would involve unpleasant consequences to individuals in a higher position; and in every case, I take it, the Depot authorities are desirous of avoiding a full exposure, if they can.

What is required is a searching and independent inquiry from headquarters into every incident of this kind. Commanding officers should be imperatively forbidden to condone or hush up in any way offences

such as those described above. As it is, even when inquiries are held, they usually take the form, as in the case of the Hythe scandal, of an inquiry by the local authorities, who are one and all interested in minimising unpleasant facts. The War Office should adopt the procedure of the Local Government Board, and send its own immediate representatives to investigate every incident reflecting upon the honest management of local military establishments. The Exeter Depot appears still to afford an excellent field at the present time for an investigation of this kind, for I have reason to believe that the full extent of the irregularities which have gone on has not yet been discovered. But Exeter is only one Depot in a dozen. The administration of all these establishments requires overhauling. I pressed that course strongly upon Mr. Campbell-Bannerman three months ago; and what I have stated above shows that it should be adopted without delay.

THE ADELPHI SESSIONS.

I have always wondered at the taste which makes of a trial for murder a fashionable function, and draws crowds of people to witness the anguish of a fellow-creature being tried for life. But whether one understands the taste or not, there can be no question that it is widely spread; so since business in the murder market is rather slack just now, the Messrs. Gatti are, no doubt, doing wisely in providing at the Adelphi an imitation *cause célèbre*, cleverly worked up in imitation of the real sensational article. The thing, such as it is, is really very well done in "A Woman's Revenge," which has evidently been constructed by its author, Mr. Henry Pettitt, simply with a view to the climax of its thrilling story at the Old Bailey. There is no nonsensical pretence of realism about Mr. Pettitt's dramatic methods, which are frankly conventional, and are content to achieve stage effects in the familiar stagey manner. If there is any difficulty in demonstrating the motive of a particular stroke of villainy, Mr Pettitt makes his villain think aloud for the benefit of his audience, whilst, in a similar manner, his hoodwinked victims explain as they go on the course of their unlikely misconceptions. The sternest of critics—if any one can be stern towards the innocent games of grown-up children—might find his heart softened by the ingenuous and defenceless simplicity of mechanical romance like that of "A Woman's Revenge." As for me, I am far too tender-hearted to watch without emotion the trial of Miss Elizabeth Robins, the typical exponent of Ibsen, for the murder of Mr. Herbert Flemming, and to listen to the husky pleading on her behalf of Mr. Charles Warner, surely the lustiest barrister who ever donned wig and gown at the Central Criminal Court. What makes the business doubly harassing is that Mr. Warner, who on Saturday night was struggling pluckily against the effect of a bad cold, has here a double rôle to fill, since he is not only the prisoner's counsel, but her long-estranged husband—a sensational arrangement much more novel than is the calling of the prisoner's child as the chief witness for the prosecution. The whole trial is, it will be seen, a strictly family affair, and I fully expected that before it was over the presiding judge would recognise in the real murderer his long-lost son. In this I was disappointed, but for the rest I found the legal proceedings at the Adelphi sessions altogether satisfactory, especially as the judicial summing-up was distinctly the shortest on record.

THE NEW THEATRE.

It is, on the whole, a desirable addition to our London playhouses which has been made by the joint enterprise of Mr. Augustin Daly and Mr. George Edwardes, though the handsomeness of the new theatre in Cranbourne-street has, I think, been somewhat overrated. To my own taste, the internal decoration of gold upon silver looks rather heavy, while the garishly-coloured curtain, on which Miss Ada Rehan, in airy attire, is seen disporting herself with Cupids, struck me as horribly vulgar alike in design and execution. On the other hand, the rich woodwork is decidedly pleasant to the eye, in spite of its suggestion of the inside of a Pulman car. The promenade-foyer, too, for ladies, is a good idea well carried out; but I do not see how it can be of much practical use until more space is allowed between the rows of stalls. Ladies would, no doubt, be glad enough to go there during the entr'actes, especially if these are long; but they will never do so unless they have room enough to move in and out of their places without crushing and being crushed in the process. If matters in this respect remain as they are at Daly's, I shall expect before long to see that promenade-foyer degraded to the use of the inferior creatures for whom a wait between the acts means the chance of a cigarette. For the rest, the theatre seems well constructed, both for seeing and hearing, and this, after all, is a good deal more important than the whole of its ornamental features put together. On the opening-night there was not very much upon the stage that was new to see, but there was something more or less new to hear in the singing of "The Star-spangled Banner" by the assembled company, and the delivery by Miss Rehan of an address from the ever-ready pen of Mr. Clement Scott. The former sounded, I thought, a very undignified jingle after our "God Save the Queen," but I did not show my national prejudice by sitting down in the middle of the ditty, as I was sorry to see that some of my neighbours did in their insular contempt for a patriotism not their own. As for Mr. Scott's verses, Miss Rehan spoke them with much feeling for their sentiment if not for their metre. To her subsequent rendering of the Shrew there is no praise to be given which has not been given already. To the present generation of playgoers, hers will be the Katherine by whom all other Katherines will be tested, just as other Shylocks and Beatrices will be measured by Mr. Irving's and Miss Ellen Terry's. I cannot say as much for Mr. George Clarke's Petruchio, which is far inferior to Mr. John Drew's, and is, indeed, like most of the subordinate impersonations here—a very commonplace affair. A Petruchio who fails to suggest that in his noisy braggadocio he is merely and deliberately playing a part seems to me to be missing at least half the character. By far the most artistic work, after Miss Rehan's, is that

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done as Tranio by Mr. Herbert Gresham, a young actor of whom I had never heard before, but of whom I quite expect to hear again. On the whole, the new theatre seems to want a new play, which it will certainly not get in "The Hunchback" on Tuesday next.

DUSE'S TARDY TRIUMPH.

At the Lyric Theatre, where Signora Duse's none-too-prosperous season ends this week, she has done at last what she ought to have done at first. Instead of wasting her time over efforts of tragedy, for which she is fitted neither by her individuality nor by her method, she came out the other night in comedy—the comedy, not of "La Locandiera," which had little significance for English playgoers, but of "Divorçons," which, in one way or another, was familiar to most of its London audience. The character of Cyprienne suits her to a nicety, and in it she took the half-filled house by storm. In her rendering of the wayward wife there was none of the wicked meaning given to the motive by Chaumont, but then, on the other hand, there was none of the vulgarity. What Duse did was to illustrate with charming freshness and utter plausibility the changing moods of a delightfully changeable creature, who always wants what she has not got, and never values what she has. She took the last scene rather too seriously, perhaps; but then the risky humours of a *cabinet particulier* are not much in her line. The whole of her second act, however, was a veritable triumph of the purest and most unaffected feminine art, and at its close it afforded the best illustration of petulant jealousy, merging into mischievous yet innocent audacity that I have ever seen upon the stage. For the first time, too, the Cavaliere Flavio Ando, who deigns to be the Duse's leading man, came out quite strong; and his quiet sense of fun as Des Prunelles caused one to forget his ineptitudes as Ipanoff and Antony. How Mr. Horace Sedger must wish that La Duse had given her enterprise a better chance by doing at the commencement of her season what she has post-poned to its close!

NOTES FROM PARIS.

PUSHING FOR FRONT SEATS.

A NEAT *mot* has just been repeated to me of the Prince de la Trémoille. Somebody said to him: "I am to have three Dukes to dine with me to-day." After mentioning who they were, he asked, "Which of them should take the *pas* of the other two?" "*Le plus malhonnête*," answered at once the Prince. Duchesses do not in general, it appears, understand the *malhonnêteté* of struggling for precedence. The unseemly struggles for the *pas* on others are now of frequent occurrence—the greatest confusion existing here on questions of precedence. The one clear rule is that a member of the Legion of Honour is entitled to precede any Frenchman who is undecorated, unless he be in a position to give away the red ribbon, or is the lion of the feast or gathering at which they both are. A short time ago three Duchesses were invited to a dinner-party here. As soon as they were asked, the difficult question arose of the order of their precedence. It was decided that the husband of one of them, being the personage in compliment of whom the dinner was to be given, was for that reason to be placed on the right of the host. Her step-daughter, whose Duchy only goes back to the time of Louis XIII., was placed on the left, and the third Duchesse two places below. Her Duchy is of older date, a fact with which the host was not acquainted. He may have thought that it was a creation of Louis XV., of whom one of their husband's great-great-grandmothers was a mistress *en titre*, an honour to which two of her sisters were also called. But she is old, and wears her white hair undyed. This should have secured, according to the French rule that age is most honourable, the second best place at least. She thinks herself aggrieved by having been placed third down. Before the daughters of the Frankfort Rothschild married—one the Duc de Gramont, and the other the Prince de Wagram—anti-Semitic grand ladies who wanted to have the wives of the Barons de Rothschild at their dinner parties, but shrank from giving them the best places, used to invite Duchesses to have an excuse for not marking the places of honour for the former. This course cannot be taken in the case of the Duchesse de Gramont, whose ducal coronet is an old one, but not so old as that of D'Uzès, whose wearer was certainly a generation ago the *premiere pairesse de France*. If the present Duchesse is not that, it is because she is the descendant on the maternal side of the Veuve Cliquot. The De Wagrams are altogether wrong in claiming a semi-royal status, the wife of Berthier, the first Prince de Wagram, not being so much as the morganatic daughter of a Prince of the House of Bavaria. The Princesse de Murat makes herself ridiculous by insisting on receiving the honours due to a royal status. If asked to a dinner party she must know before going to it who are to be at it and how they are to be placed. The children of Joachim Murat were Royal, they having existed when he was King of Naples. His kingship, it is true, was ephemeral. But, on the "once a King always a King" principle, that did not stand in the way of their pretensions to be treated as *Altesses Royales*. All his grand-children who were born before the fall of the Second Empire were Imperial Highnesses by a decree of the late Emperor. The Duchesse de Mouchy forfeited her Imperial standing, I remember, on her marriage with a subject. The great-grand-children of Joachim Murat are neither Royal, Imperial, nor noble in any degree. There is, however, nothing to prevent them calling themselves either or all three, the Department of the Grand Seal of France, which was founded by the Emperor to catch up persons usurping titles, having been recently abolished. A rather odd anomaly in Faubourg St. Germain Society has been called to my attention, and shows the power which current words and ideas have upon even those persons who hate them. It is everywhere agreed there to give the *pas* to the Duc de Larochefoucauld. Not

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MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

that his ducal brevet is nearly so old as a good many others. But he is President of a lot of things and the Jockey Club among the number. Whenever there are Jockey Club gentlemen at the same table he, as "M. le Président," walks before them. The senior Duc of all the De Larochefoucaulds is the son of a camp-laundress. According to the old orthodox ideas this would be a bar for a number of generations to Court honours. The daughters of noblemen were carefully protected in the matrimonial market from the competition of young ladies of less blue blood, by the rules that the wife must be as well born as the husband, and the aspirant to military distinction, as an officer, owes an equal amount of aristocratic ancestry to his mother as to his father. All sorts of devices used to be resorted to by the Kings of France to be able to show a little politeness to half-bred folks. Marly and its gaming-tables were invented for these social pariahs. Etiquette was practically thrown aside there and at Compiègne, the King's whim being his "good pleasure" in both places. At Versailles, etiquette was rigid as a dogma. Necker, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, could not present his daughter at Court. She had to be married first to the Ambassador of Sweden to be presentable, and then only in the Queen's bedroom. Rastaquouère heiresses, who come here to pick up noblemen, have no idea that marriage with themselves must attaint the blood, and would incapacitate future children from being received as of noble blood at Court, were there such a thing in France.

In serving his country as a mariner George Hugo has got sense. Those sharkish dressmakers, Pasquier & Co. (the "Co." being a wife), are finding the poet's grandson less verdant than he was when a few years ago he signed to their order a bill at eighteen months' sight for nearly £3,000. He had, when he signed it, just come of age, and now pleads, as well he may, that he was taken by surprise, the Pasquiers suddenly coming down on him to secure a minority "debt," and using undue influence. He was introduced to them by a certain Madame Dubois, a mature and very experienced person, who persuaded him that her mission was to form him according to the best pattern, as a young man of style. This education was a most expensive one. It greatly lay in cultivating a habit of mind which led him to order the most extravagantly dear mantles and dresses for his preceptress. If the lady did not pocket heavy commissions as well as wear these clothes she would have been ill-used by Pasquier & Co. He was introduced to another lady, Madame Braga, on whom he spent in two months £24,000, she persuading him that nothing so became a nobleman (a status to which he would be entitled were there a Monarchy in France) as lavishing money on the fair sex. The blue water, in which young Hugo has navigated on his way to some French settlement, absence from Paris, and the experience as a mariner of the hard realities of life, have sobered him. He is a singularly handsome man, and might with study become a great painter. When he discharges his military debt to France, he intends to apply himself seriously to painting. The tribunal before which his case was tried is nearly sure to give judgment against Pasquier & Co. Georges Hugo must have been plucked bare if his stepfather, M. Lockroy, had not defended him against the sharks that combined to prey on him.

Mynheer van Bosse, Railway Minister of the Netherlands, has remodelled the passenger first and second class carriages. One can now travel luxuriously in the latter, which on the Netherlands-Belgian main line go as far as Brussels, and will go farther in virtue of an international convention. The French lag behind most of the Continental countries in their railway carriages, stations, and termini. There is not in all France a railway buffet to be compared to that of Berne, or a terminus that approaches the Frankfort one, at which one can enjoy a warm bath and a delightful dressing-room between trains. Swedish railways are nearly perfect, and the guards are perfect, they being orderly, respectful, obliging, and bound not to accept tips. The State in the Netherlands having taken over all the railway lines from private Companies, Van Bosse's Ministry is anything but a sinecure. Anent the Netherlands, I hear that the German Emperor watches the young Queen with a paternal eye, and that the Dutch do not like it. They are more than satisfied with the sage and straightforward course followed by Queen Emma, and the good sense she shows in the education of the young Queen, who has just come home with her from Switzerland, whither she was taken last May, when the show places were not overrun with tourists.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE true philosopher, Dear Lady Betty, says little; but he thinks very much. By imitating this week this severe reticence, I propose to prove to you that I too am a philosopher. You may assume, therefore, that I am deeply absorbed in thought.

* * * * *

The town is marriage-mad. The West-end has been delivered up to the carpenters, and these hammer and saw incessantly until this neighbourhood has come to resemble a shipbuilder's yard, and one might almost suppose that we were constructing another Noah's Ark. For several days the air of Piccadilly has been vitiated with saw-dust, the pavement has been strewn with tin-tacks and with crooked nails, and the general din has been bewildering. Our shopkeepers have all deserted their legitimate trades, and the only article which these now sell is seats. The chemist, for the moment, no longer dispenses drugs and draughts—he traffics in seats. The fruiterer ignores fruit for—seats. The tobacconist has no further use for cigars, he speculates in—seats; and he who should seek for bread from the baker now would have to be satisfied, not with stones, but with—seats. Never was there before such a disarrangement of the trades!

Deal planks, gas jets and pipes, tin tacks, red baize, and gimcrack decorations abound. Harassed by this combination of abominations all my philosophy has evaporated.

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If an ordinary marriage may be a failure a Royal marriage is a downright revolution!

* * * * *

Kings, Queens, and Princes, Crown Princes, Half-Crown Princes, and Royal personages are now as numerous here as are the grains of sand upon the seashore. They drive about the town attired in picturesque uniforms, some with feathers and some without, some in blue and some in scarlet, all "highly coloured" and none of them "plain," until the simple folk who frequent the Row have become convinced that the wax effigies at Madame Tussaud's Museum are out upon an annual airing. And then the Life Guards are perpetually upon the move. First comes the advance-guard, composed of two soldiers. Their duty it is to reconnoitre the line of march, and to see that no enemy lurks either along Constitution Hill or in Hyde Park waiting to attack the approaching squadron. Some sixty yards in the rear of these there rides a solitary horseman, to whom is deputed the task of acting as a connecting file between the advance guard and the main body. It appears that unless this individual is careful the main body might possibly lose its way between Buckingham Palace and the Knightsbridge Barracks—an incident which would almost amount to a national disaster. Protected in this manner, there presently appears the main body itself. Every man wears a cuirass, and is armed with a carbine — a combination which is the more admirable since it is practically impossible to fire effectively the carbine with the butt resting upon a cuirass! Then follows a bold pioneer, to whom is entrusted a hatchet. He looks like a military executioner, and his office is the more interesting when it is understood that the hatchet is of no earthly use to him, as he happens to have no duties to perform in which a hatchet might possibly be serviceable. However, it all looks well, and what with the green foliage of the trees, the brilliant-hued dresses of the women, the blue sky, and the cloth-of-gold trumpeters, Hyde Park is just now aglow with vivid colouring.

A new proverb is my personal offering to Princess May upon the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of York: "Give, and you shall be received." Anyhow, diamonds, rubies, pearls, rings, brooches, bracelets, and knick-knacks of every conceivable kind have been pouring in upon the bride-elect for the past week—a veritable shower of precious gems. Sir Augustus Harris should take the hint for his next Christmas pantomime, when he might provide us with the brilliant scene of "The White Lodge, Princess Peerless and the Diamond Deluge." The Duke and the Duchess of Teck have not always been inordinately rich. I wonder if it ever occurred to them before that they were surrounded by so many disinterested and devoted friends, prepared to seize the first excuse to shower costly gifts upon them?

So far as the illuminations are concerned, the most elaborate will be found in the City, where the Bank of England in particular will be ablaze with light. As to the scaffoldings and balconies erected along the routes which the processions are to pass, it is to be hoped that these will be carefully tested beforehand, for otherwise several serious accidents may very probably occur. The heat and rain—if there is any of the latter—may affect the new wood, and a very little miscalculation may lead to a very great misfortune.

I see that M.P.'s alone are to be allowed to drive through the streets reserved for pedestrians. Mr. Asquith, on being asked how the police were to know that an M.P. is a member of the august Assembly that he adorns, replied that the police would take their word for it. But will the police take other people's word for it? If these sort of privileges are to be granted to our Legislators on national holidays, it will be necessary to invent some distinguishing dress, in order that they may be recognised. The Roman Senators wore a band of purple round their togas. I would suggest that our M.P.'s should have purple hats.

Although the newspapers announce that M. Albert Decrais is to succeed M. Waddington as French Ambassador in London, no official appointment to the post has as yet been made, nor has any official notification of any such appointment been sent to the provisional authorities at Albert Gate. Nevertheless, it is more than probable that M. Decrais is designed to be the new Ambassador. At his last post—Vienna—M. Decrais was extremely popular. He is wealthy and hospitable, and, which is more, together with Madame Decrais, he has the gift of doing things exceptionally well.

Mr. Martin Le Marchant Gosselin, C.B., First Secretary of Embassy at Madrid, has been appointed to be First Secretary of Embassy at Berlin in place of Mr. Henry Le Poer Trench. Mr. Gosselin, who is at present in London, will very shortly leave for Germany. Sir George Bonham, Secretary of Legation at the Hague, will succeed Mr. Gosselin as Secretary of Embassy at Madrid.

Mr. William Goschen, Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, has been appointed to be Secretary of Embassy at Washington, and Mr. George Greville, at present Secretary of Legation at Rio de Janeiro, is to succeed Mr. Goschen at Lisbon. These new appointments will be gazetted shortly.

After a distressing illness of several months' duration, Mr. Thomas Tindall died last week in London. The late Mr. Tindall was part proprietor and originator of the Isthmian Club, in Piccadilly, and part proprietor of the Wellington Club, at the corner of Grosvenor-place. His death will occasion sincere regret to a large number of friends.

In proof of the eager desire which there is to witness the forthcoming Royal processions, I may record that so much as fifteen guineas has been paid for a seat, whilst the Directors of the Security Company, in St. James's-street, have already obtained close upon £1,000 for the seats upon their premises.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

ISINGLASS, who is looking very well, is doing no work at Newmarket except easy canters, so it may be assumed that he will miss his engagement at Goodwood, and be reserved for the Leger. If anything happened to Isinglass, my own opinion is that Phocion would then win the Leger, as he is decidedly the most improved three-year-old in training. He is still coming on, and will not be seen at his best until the autumn. Phocion is a much better place investment (if people must be on the race) than Ravensbury. After Phocion, the best outsider is Medicis, who is rapidly improving, and he can both stay and go fast. Le Nicham can have no chance at Doncaster, as he lacks stamina for such a race, and 500 to 1 would be a short price to take about Raeburn.

The principal two-year-old races at Newmarket last week resulted in accordance with my predictions: Speed, Sempronius, and Sweet Duchess winning the July, Exeter, and Fulbourne Stakes respectively. Speed is a very nice colt, but I expect that we shall see the best of him during the present season. El Guacho, by Hermit, who finished second in the July Stakes, is capable of much improvement. He cost 1,400 gs. last season, and is sure to get back the money in the course of the next few weeks. Sempronius won the Exeter Stakes very cleverly, and behind him was La Nievre, own sister to Le Nord, who was heavily backed, having won a nice trial. The Duke of Devonshire won the Stud Stakes with Theseus, by Isonomy out of Hermia, a colt which was bred by Lord Dudley, who was by no means fancied, all the money being on Green Mint and Janetta. Sweet Duchess proved herself to be a really good thing for the Fulbourne Stakes, which the Duke of St. Albans expected to win with Grania. It will be remembered that Sweet Duchess was said at Ascot to be considerably in front of Wedding Bell.

MERRYWEATHER'S high-class Red, Grey, Non-kinkable Garden Hose. MERRYWEATHER'S high-class "Invicta" Grip Armoured Garden Hose.—Call at or write to 63, Long-acre, London, W.C.

Raeburn ought not to have been started for the Midsummer Plate, as it was only too evident at Ascot that he wants a long rest. How people could be so muddy-minded as to bet odds on a beast so palpably stale it is indeed difficult to understand. Medicis, who came out a fresh horse, beat him easily, although he is still backward. I fancy that Medicis will be a good animal to follow for some time to come. The favouritism of Orvieto for the Dullingham Plate was another exhibition of the most asinine fatuity on the part of the gullish herd. After the horse's race in the Ascot Cup nobody thought that he would be running again in a fortnight. Cabin Boy simply won in a canter. Prince Hampton is at last being kept in his proper course, and he won both the Bottisham Plate (beating Milford, who is now dreadfully stale) and the July Cup, for which Flodden Field ran so well that if he had been kept for Goodwood he would most assuredly have won the Stewards' Cup, but now he will have at least another stone on his back. It was a fantastical puerility to run the horse at Newmarket in such a race.

Even the Panglosses of the sporting papers must by this time have realised that the market for yearlings is now very far indeed from being in a satisfactory condition. While there is an apoplectic plethora in the catalogues there is a palpably increasing tendency to paralytic tenuity among the rings of purchasers. People will not even look at any yearlings which are not sired by "fashionable" horses, and, considering the exorbitant fees which have to be paid for such stallions, it is clear that breeding for sale cannot be profitable unless a very much higher average is regularly obtained than would have perfectly satisfied the vendors of twenty-five years ago. Mr. Rose, who is apparently intending to give up racing, obtained last week the excellent average of 748 gs. for five yearlings, the best price (2,000 gs.) being paid by Mr. J. A. Miller for a colt by Sheen out of Distant Shore, dam of Gulliver and St. Damien. The wretched average of 59 gs. could only be obtained for fifteen yearlings from the Yardley Stud, and 227 gs. was the average for twelve from the Heather Stud, four more being sent back. Lord Rosebery sent up nine from Mentmore, but could not find purchasers for four, while the other five made only 325 gs. altogether, which was a truly dismal collapse, considering that they were all sired by 100 gs. horses. Mr. Chaplin sold two out of eight for the paltry sum of 110 gs. On Wednesday only three yearlings ran into four figures. Lady Stamford's filly by Saraband out of Geheimniss, for which R. Peck paid 1,000 gs.; Mr. Brocklehurst's colt by Donovan out of Alone, by Hermit, which was bought for 1,150 gs. to go to Australia; and J. Porter's colt by Hampton out of Nettle, for which Mr. D. Cooper gave 1,150 gs. On Thursday four yearlings went into four figures—a filly by Hampton out of Merry Duchess, from Kineton, for which Mr. L. Brassey gave 1,100 gs.; a colt by Donovan out of Grandeur, in R. Peck's lot, which Captain E. Baird bought for 2,000 gs.; and Mr. J. S. Harrison's colt, by St. Simon out of Rosy Morn, for which M. Lebaudy gave 2,150 gs.; and a colt by Ayrshire out of St. Editha, which was sold to Sir James Miller for 1,350 gs. These were the only high prices during the week, and in many cases the yearlings failed to realise the amount of the stud fee.

The American breeder who paid 14,500 gs. for Meddler cannot be congratulated on having obtained a bargain, for the price was perfectly ridiculous, as the horse is not to be raced. Sir J. B. Maple paid only 15,000 gs. for Common after that horse had won the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger, while St. Gatien (sire of Meddler) was sold to the German Government for 14,000 gs. after he had been for several years a successful sire. There was a great desire manifested to get Meddler for the Hungarian Government, but the American commissioner was not to be beaten. Quite as well sold was the yearling filly by Saraband out of Busybody, dam of Meddler, for which Mr. H. Bass gave 2,500 gs., which was five times her intrinsic value. Lady Rosebery was sold for 1,400 gs. to Morbey, the ex jockey, who also gave 1,000 gs. for Shelley. Of the two-year-olds the highest priced was a pretty racing-like filly by Galopin out of Lady Chelmsford (purchased at Doncaster last September for 1,250 gs.), for which Jewitt gave 1,000 gs.

The Bedford Lodge people seem to have been exceedingly exasperated by the loss of Meddler, and as 13,000 gs. was bid (on behalf of Mrs. Langtry), it may be assumed that the horse retains his form. If his new owner has a grain of common sense, he will run Meddler for the Goodwood Cup, a race which the horse cannot lose, and he would leave the country with some *éclat*, after having carried off a classic stake, even although he had really beaten nothing. Meddler having no valuable engagements, it was thought certain that he would be kept at Bedford Lodge, and the expectations of the stable would have been realised but for the foreign competition. Meddler is the highest-priced horse that has ever been sold in Europe at a public auction. It was said at Newmarket on Tuesday that Mr. Weatherby had been instructed to go as far as 20,000 gs. Meddler will go to the stud in America next season.

Windgall did not change hands, being reserved at 6,000 gs. The hard ground at Epsom gave this horse a shaking, but I expect he will win a good handicap in the autumn if he goes on all right.

One of the daily papers, in a notice of the late Lord Calthorpe, states that his "alliance" with Captain Machell lasted for forty years. As a matter of fact, this "alliance" began in 1866. Lord Calthorpe was on the turf for more than thirty years, and, having abundance of money, he was most lavish in his outlay when he fancied a horse, but during this long period he owned only three animals of really high class—Knight of the Garter, who was bought as a yearling from the late Sir Henry de Vœux, who bred him, and Seabreeze and Satiety, both of which were included in the lot of yearlings which Lord Calthorpe purchased *en bloc* in 1886 from the Duchess of Montrose. Knight of the Garter was 12 lb. behind Hermit in May, 1867, so he was considerably removed from the very first class. Satiety had so few engagements that he never had a fair chance of showing how smart he was. Seabreeze was a very good mare, but she was most lucky when she won the Leger of 1888, which would unquestionably have fallen to Lord Bradford's Chillington but for an accident. Satiety would probably have won both the Derby and Leger in 1888 if he had been entered for those races, as he was known to be better than Seabreeze. Lord Calthorpe had a very fine breeding-stud at Lanwades, near Newmarket, where the sires are Petrarch (purchased from the late Lord Lonsdale), Satiety, and Crafton. Lord Calthorpe was a staunch supporter of Newmarket, and he never missed a meeting there until his health failed. He is a great and irreparable loss to Captain Machell.

There will be plenty of racing next week at Newmarket and at Sandown Park, the two meetings extending over five days, and some very interesting sport may be expected.

The Prince of Wales is to be at Newmarket on Tuesday and on Wednesday, and he will be at Sandown Park on both days, so that a very large attendance at these meetings may be anticipated.

There is a large entry for the Soltykoff Stakes at Newmarket, including Wedding Bell, the winner of the New Stakes at Ascot, and she will have to give 13 lb. to maidens, but the New T.Y.C. is a very easy course. Stowmarket will very likely be backed again in spite of his failure last week. Vitez, who won the Maiden Plate on Thursday, is engaged, and he has escaped a penalty, but, although he was very heavily backed last week on the strength of his having been well tried, he is a long way from being a flyer. Prince Soltykoff's Vulpecula may turn out to be the most dangerous opponent of Wedding Bell. The Chesterfield Stakes has Theseus, Galloping Dick, and Speed, of which lot I have the most fancy for Prince Soltykoff's colt, but Galloping Dick will win if he likes to do his best. The Zetland Plate of £500

To Overcom: Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

has Ravensbury among the entries, and he ought to win if he starts, as the others are dreadfully bad. The Summer Stakes will not be good enough for Childwick, and Wolf's Crag or Cornwall ought to win, as the Duke of Westminster's two maidens appear to be beneath contempt.

Chêne Royal has been scratched for the Eclipse Stakes, for which the probable starters are Silene, Marly, May Duke, La Flèche, Royal Harry or El Diablo, Raeburn, Orme, and one or two of General Owen Williams's. Orme will certainly run, and we saw at Ascot that he is in good form. As to La Flèche, she looks well and she goes well, but I do not believe that anything conclusive is known as to her present racing form. She has been very tenderly trained until within the last ten days, but she is now in strong work. The Eclipse Stakes distance is just a trifle beyond Orme's best course, and if La Flèche is now in her autumn form I expect she will beat him and win. Perhaps at the last moment the mare will be withdrawn, for if they were afraid to knock her about on the hard ground at Ascot, they may not care to run her at Sandown until a great deal more rain falls. If both animals are now in good form there should be a splendid race, and wise people will be content to look on at it.

On Saturday, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000 will be run, and this is one of the most valuable two-year-old stakes of the season. The last forfeit for this race was declared on March 28, and forty-six two-year-olds have been left in, on each of which a subscription of £42 will have to be paid, and as it is a case of p.p., there will probably be a large field. The Prince of Wales has left in St. Valerie, by Hampton out of Welfare. M. E. Blanc has two still in the list, Gouvernant, half-brother, by The Bard, to Gouverneur; and Risque Tout, half-sister, by Retreat, to Révérend. Mr. D. Cooper has both Glare and Jack the Dandy, by Satiety out of Satire. Mr. Gardner has left in that disappointing beast, Coldwell; and Sir R. Waldie Griffith has Wedding Bell, who was entered by her breeder, Mr. J. S. Harrison, who will get £300 out of the stakes if she wins. Sir J. B. Maple has left in two out of four—Dancing Bells and Royal Victoria, by Royal Hampton out of Hackness. The Duchess of Montrose has three left, out of which Janetta can have no chance on her recent running. Jocasta, by St. Simon out of Thebais, and Veneration, by St. Simon out of Devotion, are about the highest bred animals in the race. The Duke of Portland has Schoolbook and Cessnock, by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune. All Baron de Rothschild's three have been withdrawn. The Duke of Westminster will probably run Sanderling, by St. Simon out of Sandiway. I take it that Glare is decidedly the best of the public lot, and if she is beaten it will be by something really smart from the dark division. She has a penalty of 9 lb.

MAMMON.

CUMBERLAND GAP HOTEL AND PARK COMPANY.

WITH reference to the above Company, I have been favoured with the following communication in reply to the criticisms addressed to me by Mr. Allan McLane Hamilton, until lately the President of this Company:—

2, Tokenhouse-buildings, London, E.C.,
June 26, 1893.

Our attention having been called to your issue of June 22, we have referred to your issue of June 1, and in response to your invitation that we should take the trouble to enlighten your readers regarding the above Company, we desire to make the following observations:—

Mr. Allan McLane Hamilton was the President of the Cumberland Gap Park Company from the inception of the Company down to the month of March in this year. During that period two reports were issued by the Directors; both were signed by him as President, both contain an audited balance-sheet showing the capitalisation and expenditure incurred by the Company, both were circulated amongst all shareholders, both were duly received and adopted at the shareholders' meetings, and both are enclosed "for the information of your readers" if desired. In November in last year, Mr. Hamilton came to England at the expense of the Company to preside at a meeting of shareholders convened by his desire for November 7, 1892. He informed the agent of the Company here that his time would be very precious and limited; notwithstanding this he found it necessary to spend the greater portion of the period during which he was in Europe in a trip to the Continent, and finally returned to America without meeting the shareholders. As a consequence, Mr. H. F. Pollock was at the last moment called upon to preside at the meeting, which he did. The report and accounts containing the scheme of reconstruction proposed by Mr. Hamilton and his colleagues were then laid before the meeting. All questions arising upon the report and accounts were dealt with, and a resolution adopting the recommendation of the Directors was duly passed. This recommendation involved a reconstruction of the Company, which we are glad to state has been duly completed by Messrs. Cary & Whitridge, the Solicitors to the Company in New York. A print of the report of the proceedings at this meeting is also enclosed, and is also at the disposal of your readers.

The views taken by Mr. Hamilton as to his duties were unfortunately so much at variance with the expectations in that particular of a large group of the English shareholders that, in February last, Mr. Graham, an English gentleman, in whom they reposed confidence, was requested by a majority of the English shareholders to proceed to America to take a seat on the Board. As his policy, and that of Mr. Hamilton, were wholly at variance, Mr. Hamilton resigned, and Mr. Graham has taken his place as President of the Company. Since that event, the business of the Company has steadily increased, and although, for reasons with which we need not trouble you, it has been thought well that Mr. Graham should be appointed Receiver of the property, that step, according to his latest advices, will not interfere with the continuing progress of the business. We do not know what communication Mr. Hamilton has addressed to you, and to which you refer in your issue of the 1st. He did some time ago address a printed circular to the Agent and the Bankers of the Company, which they showed to us, and we then concurred in their opinion that it was best to take no notice of it.

We have no desire to say anything that may be disagreeable, but it is probably fair to add that we were no doubt foolish to entrust our money to the management of Mr. Hamilton, who, though a very cheery companion, is not a business man, whilst he was unwise to undertake work in this Company for which he had had no previous training. The following are important facts and speak for themselves:—

The capital of the reconstructed Company is (in English numerals)—

In bonds	£80,000	
In Preferred shares	160,000	and
In Deferred shares	80,000	

Of this amount we and our friends hold or are responsible for—

In bonds	£50,000	
In Preference stock	100,000,	and
In Deferred stock	35,090	

The bonds and Preferred stock represent a very serious cash investment by ourselves and our friends, and we are individually by far the largest shareholders in the Company. Per contra, Mr. Hamilton has never held any pecuniary interest in the Company, or any shares for which he has paid one farthing. Under all these circumstances it is not our intention to waste any further time or attention on any business communications from Mr. Hamilton.—We are, &c.,

COLEMAN & MAY.
H. F. POLLOCK.

I may inform Messrs. Coleman & May and Mr. Pollock that Mr. Hamilton had addressed to me, as enclosure to a letter giving further particulars, precisely the printed circular in question, which contained a number of allegations, from which I published a very temperate extract on June 7. It would, perhaps, have been preferable if a reply had at once been made to that circular, which Mr. Hamilton appears to have taken some trouble to distribute. As that gentleman made out a *primâ facie* case for himself in his first communication, and as he had been President of the Company, I had no hesitation in publishing the gist of this complaint, and I must leave him to dispose of the counter-statements now made.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—Two momentous decisions have marked the past week as one of the most eventful in the history of the Stock Exchange—the closing of the Indian Mints and the fixing of the rupee by the Indian Government, and—closely connected with this measure—the calling of Congress by President Cleveland for an August session with the avowed object of repealing the Sherman Silver Bill. The muddle which has been caused by the sudden action of the India Council was simply appalling, and gives rise to the reflection that if the report of Lord Herschell's Committee containing this startling

recommendation had been first discussed in Parliament, the force of the shock, which occasioned a sudden panic and consequently heavy loss to many, would have been greatly lessened.

The Silver Panic.

What has been resented most, however, is that the secret leaked out in certain quarters as early as three or four weeks ago, when large purchases of Rupee Paper were made from 65 upwards. Whether a report that a fair member of the weaker sex was entrusted with the contents of the report be true or not, it is certain that a little bird whispered it to some of the big houses, and if the dealings in Rupees and certain silver securities on the Stock Exchange during the past month could be analysed, some very curious discoveries would be made. The result has not altogether fulfilled the hopes of the "Bulls" of Rupee Paper, who anticipated a much sharper advance than that to 71, and most of whom are still sitting on their purchases. This disappointment was caused by the fact that the Indian Council are making allotments below 1s. 4d., at which the rupee was supposed to be fixed. In fact, the Indian authorities themselves appear to be very much at sea about the whole matter. Silver was severely depressed, falling to 30½d., but a recovery has since set in. A week ago I foreshadowed this decline which, I also stated, would be followed by the closing of a number of mines, after which the metal would find its natural level. This is precisely what is now happening. A meeting of mine owners at Denver has resolved upon the closing of all the silver mines in Colorado, and from Australia comes the news of the closing of the British Broken Hill Mine, while Peruvian and Chilian mines are also reported as being closed. I do not pretend to predict the future course of silver—it is one of the greatest problems of the day. But I hope that the quotation will not rebound too sharply, as delay in the shutting down of silver mines would only prolong the unsettled state of things. With regard to the heavy fall in silver securities, such as Mexican Government and Railway stocks, Perus, &c., it was, no doubt, greatly overdone, quickened as it was by heavy "Bear" pressure. The extent to which it will be recovered in subsequent market movements must, of course, depend upon the level at which the white metal may settle down, but if it should remain above 30d. there will be every prospect of Mexico passing successfully through the financial stress caused by this spasm with the assistance of powerful Continental houses. In the meantime, holders will do well not to give way to panic and to keep their investments, as a further fall seems most improbable, and a recovery is far more likely.

President Cleveland to the Rescue.

What I have so frequently predicted has at last come about. Having given a protracted object lesson to the silver men, and being assailed with petitions from all parts of the country, President Cleveland has called an August Session of Congress for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill and such other legislation as may be necessary to re-establish the finances of the United States on a solid basis. That the Bill will be repealed at once cannot be doubted, and although the silver experiment has been an expensive one for the United States, that country is so wealthy that it can well afford to bear the loss. An official Treasury statement gives the total amount of silver bullion purchased as 156,664,590 fine ounces, costing 147,138,375 dols. At the lowest price as yet touched—62 cents.—the value of this stock of silver is put at 92,132,046 dols., and the actual loss at 55,000,000 dols. For a country as wealthy as the United States, with a very small national debt, a loss of £11,000,000 is insignificant, and a reversal of the silver policy with adequate financial measures will no doubt greatly improve the position in that country. Ex-President Harrison is reported as having said that "he favoured the repeal of the Sherman Law, because it would be the means of restoring confidence, although in reality its beneficent effects existed more in the imagination of the public than in actual fact." I am at issue with Mr. Harrison on this point, and he no doubt puts the matter in this way as he has been instrumental in enacting this mischievous measure, but for all that there is a great deal in sentiment, and greater confidence in the future of American securities will henceforth be felt both in the United States and in Europe. All the talk about a possible gold premium in New York is thus knocked on the head, and investors need no longer fear this bogey, which has been utilised even to discourage purchases of sound American Railroad bonds. It is true that the last New York Bank statement is not favourable, neither was it expected to be so. But the drain of currency to Chicago and San Francisco—in fact, to the West generally—has now come to an end, and a return movement is probable, especially now that the calling of Congress will increase confidence in the financial situation. The New York Banks have alleviated the stringency of the Money Market materially at the end of the half-year, and with the disbursements of dividends and interests at the commencement of July an easier Money Market may be looked for. All these are points which must tell more and more in favour of American Railroad stocks as the August session approaches, and it may be assumed that the probable result of the latter will, as always is the custom of the Stock Exchange, be discounted long before August is reached.

The Course of Yankee Rails.

In view of the new departure taken by President Cleveland, and of the more favourable turn of affairs which it foreshadows in the United States, it will be useful to glance at the course of prices of Yankee Rails. The following table gives the comparison of present quotations with those of six months and eighteen months ago, and the highest and lowest points touched during the year 1892:—

	Dec., 1891.	In 1892. Highest.	In 1892. Lowest.	Dec., 1892.	July 1, 1893.
Atchison	45¾	47⅞	33¼	34	23¼
Do. "A"	68	69⅞	54¼	55¼	45
Milwaukee	83¾	86⅜	77⅜	78¼	71
Denver	18	19⅛	15⅞	16⅛	12
Do. Pref.	47	56¾	46¼	53½	40
Louisville	84⅞	87⅜	66⅞	71¾	68
Erie	33¾	35⅞	25⅛	24⅜	17¾
Norfolk Pref.	55	57½	38⅜	38¾	24
Ohio	22¼	24⅛	19½	22	16
Pennsylvania	58¾	59¼	54¼	55⅝	52½
Reading	20	32½	20	27	7½
Union Pacific	44⅜	51⅝	37¼	38⅜	27
Wabash Pref.	31⅓	34¼	23¼	24⅝	17
Canadian Pacific	93¼	97½	87½	91½	79⅛
Grand Trunk 1st Pref.	72	73⅛	56⅜	61⅛	53¾

It will be seen that in almost all cases prices are lower—and many a great deal lower—than they have been during last year. The recent rallies have lifted the level a little above the lowest, but quotations are still exceedingly low, thus showing the havoc which has been wrought by the currency troubles. When it is considered that such lines as the Atchinson, the Milwaukee, and the Louisville are at present more prosperous than they were a year ago, the heavy fall must appear altogether unfounded. The Louisville line is about to declare a dividend of 2 dols. for the six months, with some 800,000 dols. carried over, and on that basis the shares at 66 yield 6 per cent. per annum on the investment. The Milwaukee Company has earned 5 per cent. in eleven months, and will, no doubt, maintain its dividend of 4 per cent. with the chief benefits from the World's Fair yet to come. The talk about financial troubles of the Atchison seems to be altogether mythical, to judge from the following utterance of President Reinhart of that Company:—

> The Atchison Company, strictly speaking, has no floating debt. Its current liabilities are more than equalled by its current cash assets and cash on hand, and advances to auxiliary Companies are not treated by us as assets. The Atchison Company took up the floating debts of the St. Louis and San Francisco and Colorado Midland Railway Companies shortly after these properties were acquired, and, as is well known, changed the same into its own notes to be financed under the credit of the parent

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Company at a proper time. The amount of these notes—all of which are secured by first-class bonds—at this time is 5,900,000 dols., against 6,525,000 dols. last year, a decrease of 625,000 dols. The Atchison Company owns all the capital stocks of the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Colorado Midland Companies, as well as those of all other Companies comprising the railroad system of 9,346 miles, and the operations and financing of the entire system are done through the parent Company, so that there is no floating debt apart of the amount the Atchison Company shows. The 5,900,000 dols. is, therefore, the total floating debt of 9,346 miles of railroad, which is amply and satisfactorily secured, and which, when the financial atmosphere brightens, will be entirely eliminated.

Under these circumstances, the recent decline seems inexplicable, and there remains only the talk about the further issue of 5,000,000 dols. more of "B" Second Mortgage bonds. That, of course, had been part of the reorganisation programme from the outset, and there is absolutely no reason in this to excite alarm. The sharp rally in the "B" bonds to 49, and in the "A" bonds to 45, should, therefore, be only the commencement of a more important recovery, especially when it is considered that the "B" bonds at this price yield more than 8 per cent. on the investment. The last fall in Denvers was due to the silver scare and the talk of the shutting up of the silver mines, which is probable enough. But the movement is greatly exaggerated, as the mineral business of the line is only 13 per cent. of its entire traffic, and silver, again, forms merely a portion of this. Extremely cheap are Erie and Ohio, and any one putting them away now will doubtless see a 10-dol. profit in a comparatively short time. A new Reading reorganisation scheme is evidently on the tapis, to judge from the exceptional strength of Reading stocks during the last week; whenever the secret gets out, there will probably be a smart rise. Investors thus have an excellent chance of not only buying sound dividend-paying stocks to yield good returns, but also to obtain these and the more speculative shares at a level at which they can practically make sure of a substantial profit in a month or two, now that the currency trouble in the United States will be finally disposed of. Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks have experienced a heavy fall since 1892, a movement which I foreshadowed at an early stage. I also predicted the rally which has since set in, and which will probably make further progress now that the outlook for grain traffic of both lines is greatly improved.

Home Rails.

The Home Railway market has also suffered by the silver scare, but it has stood the ordeal better than any other department. On the outbreak of the panic, operators all over the "House" rushed to sell Brighton "A," with the result that this stock was at one time depressed to below 155. But a sharp recovery to 157¼ since set in, and it is difficult to see how any lower quotation can be justified, although a fresh relapse to 156 has occurred. On June 22 I published an estimate by a very sagacious member of the Brighton market, in which, on the basis of £208,639 of net earnings, including balance brought forward, a dividend of 4¾ per cent., with £17,750 carried forward on July 1, 1893, was worked out, as against 3¾ per cent., with £13,000 forward at the end of the first half-year of 1892, this making 3½ per cent. to the credit of Brighton "A" against 1½ per cent. last year. In this forecast the net earnings for May were estimated at £25,000, while, according to the statement just issued, they reached £28,991. This makes the prediction of an 8 per cent. dividend on Brighton "A" for the current year all the safer, and when it is considered that this stock would yield on this basis over 5$\frac{1}{16}$ per cent. at present price, it is evident that investors will not do badly in buying "Berthas" even now. Dover "A" have also been affected by the general slump, and they have shown greater difficulty in recovering, but any revival of speculation would quickly bring them to the front again. This also applies to "Saras," which are slowly recovering. The silver scare has cost the leading stocks of the Heavy lines, North-Western, Great Western, and Midlands, about a point, and the North-Eastern a little more. I have nothing to add to my dividend estimates. Whoever buys these stocks at present must be satisfied with a moderate yield, but general trade reports point to an improvement in the industries of the country, and the repeal of the McKinley tariff will, no doubt, also be hurried on now that Congress has been called for an early Session. The Scotch stocks have also declined slightly, and are gradually hardening again.

Foreigners and Argentines.

The renewed fall in Spanish to 60¾ ex div. lends force to the view which I have repeatedly expressed that the financial trouble in Spain was only put off, but not disposed of. The attempt to raise an internal loan in the shape of Five per Cent. Treasury bonds has miscarried, and although the difficulty concerning the Pagares due, but not taken up, on July 1 will probably be arranged, breakers are, undoubtedly, ahead. These are not times in which improvident countries obtain help easily, as was fully illustrated in the case of Greece, and without further assistance from Paris Spain may be brought up very soon. Italians have declined to 88½ on the report of a substantial gold premium in Rome. The talk about the possible disruption of the Latin Union through the silver muddle is doubtless exaggerated, but Italian finances are in a precarious state. Russians have been fairly maintained, but all the world knows that this is only possible by constant Government rigging, while Egyptian Unified have shown some weakness. Greeks, after a further heavy decline, show a moderate recovery. These stocks have again been heavily sold in Berlin, where operators are much interested in Silver securities, and had to throw other stocks overboard when the slump came. Passing to Argentine Government stocks, a decline of some two to four points has come about in sympathy with other securities, and on a sharp advance in the gold premium in Buenos Ayres, which is attributed to internal politics. The very fact that President Saenz Peña has appealed to Generals Roca and Mitre and to Dr. Pellegrini for advice would seem to show that some important change is necessary, and the resignation of the President, who is apparently not equal to his task, in favour of the Vice-president, would not be surprising. Pending a solution of the political crisis, however, I should advise holders of Argentine Government and Railway stocks to sit tight on their securities, which are certain to recover as soon as the political deadlock has come to an end. Some sharp fluctuations have taken place in Argentine Railway stock, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary, for instance, being knocked down to 100, and recovering to 105 in one day on small purchases. During the silver scare the jobbers were at their usual game of marking prices down, as soon as any stock was offered, but it is now shown that these declines were altogether nominal, and that there is hardly any stock to be got the moment a buying order comes into the market. Central Argentine were treated in the same way, and also recovered substantially. As regards the Argentine Railway guarantees, to which I again referred specially last week, I learn that considerable impression has been made in Buenos Ayres by the agitation now in progress on this side, and that some favourable advices may come to hand at any moment. Investors who are able to lock up such stocks for a month or two cannot do better than buy Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debenture stock at, say, 37; or Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. Debenture stock at from 57 to 58. They would see a substantial profit on such a purchase very shortly.

The Fall in Silver Securities.

The fall in silver affected Mexican Government stocks, Mexican Rails, and Peruvian Corporation stocks most severely. Mexican Six per Cent. bonds fell from 71 to 60 cum dividend, recovering to 62 ex-div. These bonds are very largely held in Berlin, and weak holders threw considerable blocks overboard. The slump is undoubtedly exaggerated, and I am told that the Berlin firm of Bleichroeder and their associates will give Mexico every assistance as long as a fall of silver to a much lower level does not render this useless. The July interest has been

duly paid, and it is understood that the interest is assured for the next six months, apart from negotiations which had been going on for securing it for the next eighteen months, but which were interrupted by the sudden action of the India Council. Severe fluctuations must still be looked for in silver, but if the metal does not dip below the present level Mexico will no doubt be enabled to meet all her engagements. Mexican Railway First Prefs. declined to 62 and recovered to 65, and will no doubt continue to fluctuate with silver. The spasm in the metal was a bad thing for Mr. Mackusick's little game in the Second Prefs., which dropped from 45 to 39, and this speculation of the Universal Stock Exchange does not at present look very hopeful. But I had expressed this view from the very first. Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds were knocked down from 60 to 52, recovering to 54 xd. This line is, of course, affected by the price of silver, but I am told that even if the Company earned no revenue at all the interest on the Four per Cent. Gold bonds would be assured for four years to come, for the reason that a large sum has been specially put aside from the bonds received from the Government in lieu of the subsidy. Peruvian Corporation Prefs. have declined from 25 to 20, the Debentures from 70 to 63½, and no doubt Peru will feel the blow struck at silver severely. Yet holders should hesitate before they throw away their stocks at anything like these prices. Costa Rica bonds, the interest on which has been punctually met, have also been put down, but the prosperity of Costa Rica is not bound up with silver to any extent, and there seems to be no reason to anticipate any trouble in this direction. Speaking generally, the first shock has brought about a sharp decline in a number of South and Central American securities not dependent upon the price of silver, and the inevitable rebound will come sooner or later. But the immediate future of the market so greatly depends upon the probable course of the white metal, that it is quite impossible to prophesy.

The Kaffir Circus.

As was to be expected, the collapse in silver has exercised a strong influence upon the mining market. In the first instance, of course, silver mining shares were affected, and my readers, whom I have so frequently advised to sell out their American Silver shares, such as Elkhorns, Yankee Girls, Montanas, &c., will now be able to realise the value of this advice. Gold mining shares have only been affected in sympathy with the general depression, and, as the change which has come over the scene is really in favour of gold, they should promptly recover from their temporary weakness and have, in fact, already commenced to do so. A good deal will depend upon the June crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines, which should be satisfactory, although the month has a day less than May. City and Suburban and other high-priced mines have naturally suffered most. New Primrose, with their excellent prospects, are steady at 4 7/16 cum dividend, Nigels at 3⅜, Salisbury at 3, New Crœsus at 1⅜, New Rietfontein, on which a 20 per cent. dividend has been declared, at 6¾. Moss Rose ought also to be picked up at their present price on amalgamation prospects, and so ought Buffelsdoorn and Kimberley Roodepoort. Land shares have also suffered, being thrown upon the market by holders who had made losses in other stocks, but they are now again recovering. A strong effort has been made to galvanise British Chartered of South Africa into life again, but the fact that the Beira Railway Company, which was promoted by the Chartered Company, has defaulted upon its Debenture interest on July 1 is not exactly encouraging. I hold to my view, that the most promising Transvaal Land shares are Oceana, and I have no doubt that they will advance as soon as the markets shake themselves together again. This is distinctly a good opportunity for buying Oceana shares at 3, Oceana Development shares at ⅝ premium, or the Oceana Coal shares at ⅛ premium. Since writing this the mail has come in with advices of a very favourable character. Not only is the news from the Silati Mine most satisfactory, but a discovery of gold and coal on one of the Pietersburg farms is reported, and another risk seam of coal has been traced on the property of the Oceana Coal Company. In Diamond shares De Beers have kept their price of 17⅝—¾ pretty well, and Jagersfontein, after reacting, have recovered again to 18½. In the latter case a dividend of 10s. has still to be deducted. The further dividend of 5 per cent. of the African Gold Recovery Company, which I foreshadowed last week, has now been declared as payable July 31. The result of the May returns of this undertaking of 24,000 oz. of gold was excellent, but a further increase is expected for June, though that month is one day shorter. The difference will probably be more than covered by results from the Langlaagte Block "B" Company's large plant, which was expected to start on June 1. Barrett's Gold Mining Company have also adopted the process, and are erecting plant, the directors, according to the chairman's speech at the meeting, relying upon the McArthur Forrest process to resuscitate their property. Low-priced Gold Mines have been in fair request, and in view of the great ascendency now obtained by gold over silver, a tendency is shown to buy such shares. Holcomb Valley shares should, under these circumstances, be a good purchase at about 1s. Cable advices to hand from the Manager of the Mine state that the new machinery is expected to be at work by about the 15th or 20th inst., and if the result is favourable, a very important rise may be expected. The Secretary of the Caratal Mining Company states that mail advices have been received to the effect that a new mining code on a very liberal scale came into force in Venezuela on March 29, under which, among other important advantages, the annual Government tax on the property is reduced to about one-twentieth of the amount hitherto paid. This is a very important point and likely to have a favourable influence upon this property, which it is expected, moreover, will derive great benefit from the McArthur Forrest Process in the treatment of tailings above referred to in connection with the Witwatersrand Mines. Mr. Bull, one of the Directors, accompanied by the engineers, is expected in Venezuela by the 5th inst., and he will no doubt set to work at once. These shares are quoted about 9d. Jackson Goldfield are another cheap share quoted at 1s. to 1s. 3d.

The Big Jagersfontein Find.

The curious freaks of Dame Fortune are proverbial, but rarely have they been illustrated so forcibly as in the case of the latest find on the Jagersfontein Mine. On Friday, June 30, the last day of the contract concluded with the Wernher Beit Syndicate, a splendid diamond weighing 987 carats, pure white, the largest and finest stone ever obtained, was found in this mine. Messrs. Wernher Beit are, of course, elated, and the new Syndicate, whose contract commences on July 1, are proportionately disappointed; but the Company, who have a right to half the value of such large stones, are all the same to be congratulated. When I say that the Imperial diamond, which was sold by a syndicate to an Indian Prince some time ago for a quarter of a million sterling, weighed only 200 carats, it will be evident that this new diamond, which beats the Koh-i-noor and all other ancient rivals hollow, is worth a princely fortune. It remains of course to be seen how much it may lose in the cutting, but the following weights of the best known historical stones will show that the latter cannot bear any comparison with it: Kohinoor 179 carats; Grand Mogul 270 carats; the Czar's diamond 193 carats. Then there was discovered in more recent times the Stewart diamond, a Cape stone of pure water of 288 carats. But the new find eclipses them all. I am told that its trade price is put at least at half a million sterling, but it is probable that it will realise a much larger sum. Assuming that it were to fetch only £500,000, the half-share coming to the Jagersfontein Company would on the capital of £1,000,000 work out to a bonus of 25 per cent., and this in addition to regular dividends now being paid at the rate of 20 per

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

cent. per annum, while there is just a chance that more big finds may be made shortly. Assuredly the Jagersfontein shareholders are in luck's way, and the £10 shares appear under the circumstances likely to advance to a much higher level.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

G. D. Nothing is settled yet with respect to the Santa Fé and Reconquista bonds, but negotiations are going on through the River Plate Trust Company, and it is hoped that some result may be come to. The matter is a difficult one, on account of the necessity of arranging with the French Company. *Grotius.*—I do not think that these bonds are a desirable investment, as they yield low interest, their chief attraction being the chances of the drawings. You will also find that they were bought at a high price. *Old Soldier.*—See under "The Fall in Silver Securities," and hold your Mexicans. *B. W.*—Same reply as to "Old Soldier." *W. B. S.*—I think you might hold the Australian Government bonds Nos. 1—3 for a further moderate recovery, and then sell. I do not like Nos. 5 and 6, but No. 4 is doing well. *Homburg.*—The fall in silver has depressed Costa Rica, Mexican Sixes, and Guatemala, and it might be as well to take advantage of it. Of course, you must make up your mind to the fact that these are speculative purchases. See under "The Fall in Silver Securities."

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Thankful.—I think that you should invest in some of the gilt-edged American Railroad bonds yielding about 4 per cent. on the investment, recommended to "R. B," under "American and Foreign Rails." *A. W.*—The three Australian Banks named are those which have successfully weathered the recent crisis, and should do well. But you should only put a small sum into such Bank shares with a large uncalled liability. No. 1 is the best of these Banks. *Doubtful.*—Matters have not improved since you wrote last, yet I should feel disinclined to throw these shares away at present prices. *W. M.*—Of the three Life offices I should prefer No. 3 as regards stability, but there are others which might suit as well or better, such as the Sun or the Provident Life Office. *Homestead.*—You ought to insist upon the return of your deposit. It is unworthy of any Bank to avail itself of such a quibble. The matter is dealt with under "Various Investments." *E. C. B.*—These kind of House Property Societies have seen their best days, and I should not recommend the investment.

Home Rails.

Dora.—Yes, you should hold your Brighton "A," this line is doing extremely well. See remarks in my letter. *T. R.*—Sheffield "A" will probably revive whenever the general market takes heart again. *Cramps, Geneva.*—No, I think this is too speculative a stock in your case.

American and Foreign Rails.

J. E. C.—Yes; you should hold Central Pacifics and Norfolk and Western for a recovery, which is assured, especially as Congress has been called together for next month for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill. *Perplexed.*—If there had been any danger to gilt-edged American Railway bonds from the silver question, the calling of Congress for August has removed it. But you must take your own decision. Far be it from me to persuade you. If you are too nervous, put the money into Consols. *Anxious Inquirer.*—The Grand Trunk Railway is doing better now, and you should hold the Debentures for a recovery, when you should exchange into sound American Railroad bonds. *G. M. S.*—You should hold the Mexican Railway, Grand Trunk, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario debentures. No reason to sell now. *Cynicht.*—You will see for yourself what the effect of the calling of Congress to repeal the Silver Bill has on American Rails and silver. The decline in Mexican securities has been greatly overdone, and an upward movement is only a question of time. *F. C. A.*—1. You should certainly hold your Atchison "B" bonds. The proposed issue of further 5,000,000 dols. had been arranged last year already. See remarks under "The Course of Yankee Rails." 2. Concerning Mexican Central, see under "The Fall of Silver Securities." I cannot reply by letter. *Anxious.*—Instead of May Consolidated I should buy Kimberley Roodepoorts or Buffelsdorn. *Enquirer, Southsea.*—You were too late with your application for Caratal shares, and have no claim. You will certainly do well to buy more, as prospects are promising. *Spec, Eastbourne.*—I greatly regret being unable, as a matter of principle, to recommend any individual stockbroker, but you should have no dealings with the outside broker in question. *Hard Up.*—Certainly hold Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres and Rosario debentures. *Magenta.*—You had better hold the Brazilian Railway stock for a recovery. See under "The Fall in Silver Securities" concerning Mexican Central. Instead of a mortgage you had better buy first-class American Railroad bonds as recommended to "R. B." in the following par. *R. B.*—The following are sound American Railroad bonds, yielding from 3¾ to 5 per cent. over which you might spread the investment of the £3,000:—New York Central and Hudson River Four per Cent. Gold debentures at 104, Illinois Central Cairo Bridge Four per Cent. bonds at 101, Manhattan Consolidated Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds at 97, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Four and a Half per Cent. Mortgage bonds at 103, Willmer and Sioux Falls First Mortgage Five per Cent. bonds, guaranteed by the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and Great Northern Railroads, at 107, New York, Ontario, and Western Refunding Mortgage Four per Cent. bonds at 87, South and North Alabama Consolidated Gold Five per Cent. bonds (guaranteed by Louisville and Nashville) at 103, Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé Four per Cent. General Mortgage bonds at 80, Chesapeake and Ohio Four and a-Half per Cent. General Mortgage bonds at 85. *Loanda.*—Hold Denvers and Missouris at these prices, prospects of American Rails are improving. *America Rails.*—Certainly hold Illinois Central, it is a good investment. *Desolata.*—As your broker is no doubt most respectable, I see no reason why you should not comply with his request, but you might in future register the shares with the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders, of Great Winchester-street, London, who would collect your dividends very promptly. *S. W.*—Hold the American Railroad bonds, also Mexican Central. See under "The Fall in Silver Securities." *Belfast.*—The fall in Denver Prefs. is greatly exaggerated. Hold. *Cambalu.*—It is an excellent time to buy American Railroad bonds, but you had better spread the £2,000 over some of the bonds above recommended to "R. B.," and add some Atchison Second Mortgage Four per Cent. "B" bonds to them. *Verdad.*—See under "The Fall in Silver Securities," and hold. *Old Sailor, Lymington.*—Hold the Norfolk and Western bonds. *A. B. D.*—I should not sell Mexican Railway First Prefs. or any Mexican securities at all just now. See under "The Fall in Silver Securities." Uruguay bonds are cheap. *A. B. C.*—I should certainly advise you to at once carry out your intention of buying and locking up Erie, Union Pacifics, and Wabash Prefs. for a good rise. The Silver Bill is now certain to be repealed. *Troubled.*—I cannot see that you have been badly treated, as you obtained the bonds at the opening price in both cases. The contracts are returned. By holding you will see higher prices.

Mining Shares.

Teg.—1. I am afraid it would be throwing good money after bad to join this reconstruction. 2. This Company will, no doubt, do well in time, but no immediate great success can be looked for. Matters in Mexico are, moreover, greatly depressed through the fall in silver. *An Irish Girl.*—You will do right to sell the Chartered of South Africa shares and re-invest in the two Mines named (which are on the eve of paying dividends), but you might hold Goldfields for an improvement. Certainly sell the Trust shares and re-invest in Atchison "B" Second Mortgage Bonds as you propose. *Phœbe.*—The Arauco Company is doing well, but the low rate of the Chilian exchange greatly interferes. Whenever that exchange rises again to a normal level, these shares will improve, and I will not fail to advise you when it is time to average. *Corinthian.*—You should hold Day Dawn P.C. Prospects are very good. *J. P. E., Reading.*—Quite so, you can for the moment buy cheaper in the market. *Gael, Glasgow.*—No, I do not care much for Bothas and Alexandra Estates. New Primrose are a good investment. They have just declared a dividend of 20 per cent. for the six months, and will go much higher. Sell Shebas on an improvement. *Scot.*—No, I do not consider Kaboonga as worth picking up. If you want to buy cheap Mining shares, you might select Caratal at about 9d., Holcomb Valley at about 1s. to 1s. 3d., and Jackson Goldfields at 1s. to 1s. 3d. *C. H., Fulham.*—If you buy New Primrose at once you will get the dividend. I do not recommend you to buy Nos. 1, 2, or 3, and, least of all, No. 4; but under No. 5 you might select Louisville and Milwaukees. *H. L., Grantham.*—You are quite right in your views, but I should think it would be preferable to join the reconstruction, and sell out on a recovery. *A. R. E.*—1. (*a*) No reason to sell Ooregums. (*b*) African Gold Recovery shares are a good purchase. 2. Better join the reconstruction and sell out on a recovery. 3. Hold for a moderate improvement. 4. Hold for the present. *F. O. B.*—Yes, Mysore Gold shares are a fair purchase. *T. S., Keighley.*—As a general rally is probable you had better hold. *G. M'C.*—I agree with your views as regards Sutherland Reefs, but fancy it would be wise to join the reconstruction all the same. *R. C.*—It is the result of the general decline in the Mining Market. By holding you will not only make no loss, but a profit. There is no possibility to resist the reconstruction in question.

Industrial Companies.

Ballymena.—You should hold the Brewery shares. The Company has apparently turned the corner. I cannot obtain any special information concerning the Dublin Company in question. The Secretary ought to be able to tell you. *Water.*—A fair investment, but no catch as long as affairs in Chili are so depressed. *Nemo.*—I should say that the Premiums on the Tyre Company shares would gradually disappear again, and under the circumstances it is improbable that a special settlement will be

First-Class Investment.—Advertiser, in urgent need of cash, will sell £337 10s. Securities, averaging for past four years over 8 per cent. Securities consist of first-class Mortgage Debenture Stock and first-class Industrials. An immediate purchaser would receive quarterly dividend due on 1st July.—Tradesman, care of C. Mitchell & Co., Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, E.C.

granted, but if that is granted the shares sold must, of course, be delivered or the difference paid. *Parchment.*—I think the reconstruction scheme of the Electric Construction Corporation will eventually benefit the undertaking. The Director in question has retired. The new Managing Director is an able man, who is likely to pull the Company round. Hold. *J. I., Newry.*—I am sorry that you took so many shares. Try to cancel your application. It is a great risk to run. *Optimist.*—You must have seen my adverse view to the Maharajah Mining Company. I am afraid that you have no option but to pay up the calls in question. You had better sell the shares at once. I am afraid you have gone into very venturesome and doubtful investments. I make no charge and accept no fee. *Ailcan.*—The Company has not yet recovered its lost ground, but I cannot advise a sale now. *R. D.*—The hot weather is against the Company, but I should not sell at present prices.

Mixed Investments.

Essex.—I should prefer to place the money into Natal Inscribed stock, or Caledonion Preferred Ordinary, which is a much safer stock than North British Preferred. *W. Y.*—A great deal of "Bear" talk is going on about these Breweries, which you should disregard and hold the shares Nos. 1-4 for a recovery. The silver trouble has affected Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds to an exaggerated extent, and they should be held. Argentine matters are at present under a political cloud. As soon as that is disposed of and the gold premium declines, the stocks Nos. 5-8 will, no doubt, improve again, and you should certainly not part with them at present. *Regent-road.*—You should hold all your investments Nos. 1-8. They will recover again, and the present time of exceptional depression is not suitable for selling. *F. W. R.*—A fair investment, but in these times of agitation for local option these Brewery shares are not tempting. *Fair Capped.*—1. (A) Yes, the dividend will no doubt be paid. (B) Yes. (C) The fall in silver. 2. (A) Certainly hold Cordoba Central (Central Northern section) Debenture stock. (B) Yes, as soon as the railway guarantees are settled. 3. Yes. 4. American Railroad bonds as recommended to "R. B." under American and Foreign Rails. *Belfast.*—Yes, these are fair investments of the kind.

More About the Mexican (Inguaran) Company.

I have received the following further communication from the "Two Impetuous Young Men" whose letter respecting the Mexican (Inguaran) Copper Company I published a fortnight ago:—

> Like yourself, we, the "Two Impetuous Young Men," think it strange that this Company, only registered in 1889, should in the space of four years have gone out of existence. We think that Messrs. Romano de Olano and John Merrylees should be asked to give an account of their proceedings and doings with respect to this Company. When we refer to our papers and record of the transactions in this little affair, the matter looks very black, and open to serious suspicions.
>
> One question we would like to ask these gentlemen is, "How it happens that a Company registered in 1889, should in March, 1890, see it shares (fully paid £1) on sale at 4s. 10d½. ?—that is at a discount of 75 per cent. after one year from registration, when copper was selling at £39 to £45 per ton." On looking in the Mining Manual (1888 edition), we find the "Mexican Mining Company," which we presume to be the Mexican (Inguaran) Copper Company, Limited, in course of formation, because Mr. Romano de Olano is a director, and it was there stated that this Company (the Mexican Copper Company) was promoted to take over some copper mines in Mexico in the Inguaran district, and that matters were then delayed owing to some legal points that required settling respecting some claims of property. It was further stated there that for some £60,000 or £70,000 (we are now quoting from memory as we have not the book before us) in cash the vendors would hand over their mines in Mexico, which it was stated had been worked with success since 1794 or thereabouts. The announcement then finished up with saying that it was estimated to turn out copper bullion at £8 per ton, and with carriage to Liverpool at £14 per ton net. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will just run over our figures, you will find that there should have been room for a large profit, seeing that copper at this time was nearly £40 per ton, which would give a profit of about 200 (two hundred) per cent., and, even allowing for a large discrepancy in their figures, profits might have been made. On the face of these few facts, we think these gentlemen should be called upon to explain their proceeding. As far as we know, there may not have been any mine or any selling at all. We should very much like to see the legal documents. If we are correct in our presumption, it appears to us as though the Directors had paid or received a large sum of money for some mines that have been worked out. A former Secretary informs us that "the Mexican Copper Company has, as far as he knows, gone out of existence except in name. It certainly has no offices, and it has not gone into liquidation."

My correspondents are quite correct in assuming a close connection between the Mexican Copper Company and the Mexican (Inguaran) Copper Company. It is stated in the "Mining Manual" that the Inguaran Copper Mines had been acquired on November 10, 1887, by the first-named Company, with a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, but that the promoters of the Company failed to carry out the contract with the vendor, and the property was never transferred to them. The property was, however, transferred to the Inguaran Company in November, 1889. As a former Secretary of the Company states that the Company has, as far as he knows, no longer any existence, but that it has not gone into liquidation, I now call upon Messrs. John Merrylees, Romane de Olano, and E. Figgess to state what has become of the Company. How is it possible that it should have vanished into mere nothing? What has become of the capital subscribed, and what has been done with the property? The Directors ought for their own sake to furnish an explanation.

Various Investments.

There has been some sliding back in Australian Government bonds, but these have, on the whole, passed through the scare remarkably well. A decline has taken place in the shares of some of the Eastern Banks, which are expected to make some losses through the action of the India Council concerning the rupee, but it is supposed that they will be indemnified for their loss on any silver which they may have had in transit at the time. A depositor in the City of Melbourne Bank writes to complain of the manner in which he has been treated. He had a deposit for three years with that Bank, and on the expiration of that period on May 15th last, the deposit receipt, duly endorsed, was presented to the Bank by his bankers, the Clydesdale Banking Company's London branch. Payment, was, however, refused on the ground that the depositor's signature did not correspond with the signature given when placing the deposit three years previously, and on the following day the City of Melbourne Bank suspended payment. There was, it appears, some change in the signature, as the depositor had lost part of his right hand in the meanwhile, through blood-poisoning, and was therefore under the necessity of writing with his left hand. But on two occasions—viz., May and November, 1892, interest receipts with the fresh signature were accepted by the Bank without demur. Under the circumstances, I consider that my correspondent has been very badly treated. On the matter being explained, at all events, the deposit ought to have been repaid, and, in fact, it ought to be repaid now on the reconstruction of the Bank. To get out of the repayment of deposits through an unworthy quibble, is not exactly the conduct one would expect of the London branch of a large institution; and there was all the less reason for the refusal as the receipt was tendered by a Bank of high standing. My correspondent should certainly return to the charge, and insist upon repayment by the liquidator. I hear that the Coal Brick Syndicate, which was formed some time ago to develop an invention for converting coal-dust into solid fuel, is meeting with great success. The rights for Great Britain and Belgium have already been disposed of, and negotiations have been entered into with large Colliery and Steamship Companies in the States for the rights of this invention in the U.S.A. These bricks, which contain 96 per cent. of coal-dust, either bituminous or anthracite, are ready for use within a short period of leaving the press. The Johannesberg Waterworks dividend of 6 per cent. for the year has now been actually declared. The Electric Construction Corporation has issued a report containing an important proposal for reconstruction of the Company, under the title, "The Electric Construction Company," the capital to be cut down from £879,260, at which it stands at present, to £519,260. The chief feature is the exchange of £100,000 in Income bonds for £40,000 in Ordinary shares, the cutting down of the Ordinary capital from £499,000 in £10 shares to £199,600 in £2 shares, and the extinction of the Founders' shares. Having thus applied the pruning-knife, and created a position in which the capital of the Company is

Family Washing only.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

fairly represented by assets, the Directors will be enabled to apply future profits to the payment of dividends, instead of making good the deficiency on capital account, and the new Managing Director, Mr. E. Garcke, should now be able to lead back the Electric Construction to the path of prosperity, as he has done in the past with the Brush Company.—Your affectionate Uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

TOO BAD!

"IT really does seem too bad," laughed Frank Harrowby, somewhat ruefully, "still, one must fight a man with his own weapons, and, if one has the chance of sharpening them up a bit beforehand, well, I don't see that any one can blame him."

And then, as he unlocked a drawer and took out a large registered envelope, and from it drew a plethoric purse and a letter, he hummed a verse of the last music-hall song that held the town:—

Primrose Hill with a girl to kiss!
Battersea lake in a boat is bliss!
Brighton sands with a girl and prawns!
Old Father Thames's riparian lawns!
Hampstead Heath or the Crystal Palace!
In fact, wherever you like with Alice!

[No, I mean, Daisy]

The moral of which is,
You needn't have riches,
Which often bring sorrow and sighs,
And the best of all scenery
'S that *soupçon* of greenery
You see in a pretty girl's eyes.

Now Frank Harrowby was, undoubtedly, no better than he should be. Indeed, he was probably a good deal worse, as we all are. Not that he had a particle of vice about him or ever really did anybody intentionally a wrong, but he was thoughtless and reckless and had a knack of always being discovered at the moment when any folly he was committing had the ugliest look about it. By profession a barrister and living *solus* in lodgings on an allowance of five hundred pounds a year, which he did not increase by any efforts of his own, he was not placed precisely in the best surroundings for a youth prone to self-indulgence. Nor, indeed, had he much to induce him to settle down to hard work, seeing that he was the adopted son of a rich and childless uncle, and was not possessed by ambition of any kind.

Now nothing is more likely than that an idle youth so environed will either take to vicious courses, or run the risk of spoiling his life by making a premature and ill-advised alliance, matrimonial or otherwise. Frank, as I have said, was not vicious. On the contrary, and I think the distinction should be very clearly drawn, he was a youth whose fancy lightly, very lightly, turned to thoughts of love. The result was that he had formed a clandestine acquaintanceship with a very charming little motherless girl, the daughter of a working watchmaker, who was allowed to do very much as she pleased, provided she was home betimes in the evenings. This Daisy Thomas, as she was called, was by nature good, pure, and wholesome; fond of a frolic, but as capable of taking care of herself, and as disposed to insist upon being treated with proper respect as any lady in the land who requires a chaperon and a formal introduction. She chose her friends in the way she preferred, and, probably, on the whole, had a circle of acquaintances as satisfactory as if they had been chosen for her. At any rate, she and Frank Harrowby had formed a friendship of the platonic kind, and it was not, we may be certain, the less attractive because it was not altogether regular and without risk.

A week before our story opens, the pair had tempted fate once too often, had been found out, and were threatened with the utmost disaster.

Frank had discovered a delightful little rendezvous in the shape of a quiet inn not a hundred miles from Richmond, where *tête à tête* dinners and *al fresco* flirtations were amongst the ordinary occurrences of the summer evenings. It was after one of several delightful expeditions to this enchanting spot that he and Daisy found themselves seated in a first-class carriage ready to start for town.

Frank was staring vacantly out of the window, and Daisy was unconsciously watching his face. Suddenly she became aware that his absent look had given place to alertness, and she knew, by a sudden gesture, that she must be on her guard. She promptly buried herself in *Punch*, which she luckily had at hand. A moment later she heard Frank accosted by name. The door opened, and, from the way in which her lover greeted the newcomer, she knew that a particularly strait-laced uncle of his, Mr. Felix Harrowby, Q.C., of whom he had often spoken, was to be their travelling companion.

"Hallo, Uncle Felix," said Frank, with mendacious cordiality, "I'm glad to get a comrade up to town."

"So am I, my boy," said Uncle Felix, glancing suspiciously for a moment at the other occupant of the carriage. He was soon convinced, however, by Frank's manner that his advent was not inopportune, and Victoria was reached without further misadventure. The next day Frank and Daisy laughed heartily over the affair, and arranged a similar trip for the following week. And it was on this occasion that they were found out.

Seated as before in the train ready to start for London, Frank had taken off his hat and put it for the moment on Daisy's lap, while he sat bareheaded to the air as it came in at the window, when who should present himself suddenly, as a bolt from the blue, but Uncle Felix again, just as before, with the exception that Frank had, as the Fates willed it, not noticed his approach.

Concealment this time was impossible, and Mr. Harrowby, seeing at a glance the state of the case, turned on his heel and sought another compartment.

The next evening Frank received the following letter:—

200, Elm-court, Temple, E.C.,
June 14, 1892.

DEAR FRANK,—I can hardly doubt, from what I witnessed yesterday, that you have reason to be ashamed of the companionship in which I discovered you, and that, when last week I travelled up from Richmond with you and the same young person, you not only deceived, but practically lied to me. You know very well the strong views which your Uncle Charles has upon morality of living, and how he has always begged you to be open and above-board, and I confess I think that you are making but poor return to him for the kindness he has hitherto shown you. I cannot disguise from myself the probable result of the facts coming to his knowledge, with which I feel bound to acquaint him. And you can have only yourself to thank if he considers, as I believe he will, that you are not worthy of being a further recipient of his bounty.

I shall not write to him until I have seen you, as I have no right to condemn you unheard; but let me beg of you to be quite candid with me in any communication you see fit to make.—I am, yours faithfully, FELIX HARROWBY.

Thus Frank found himself in a horrible predicament. Indeed, since the discovery he had contemplated seriously every possible way of escape, from suicide to emigration; but somehow none of them seemed a sufficiently attractive way out of his difficulty. For a couple of weeks there was, fortunately for him, a truce, his uncle having been appointed Commissioner to assist an Assize Judge in dealing with an inordinately long list the very day on which the letter was written. But that period had nearly elapsed before a spark of hope found its way into Frank's heart. Like the Clown in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he had "never laboured in his mind till now," but, during this miserable week, he had set his wits to work with all the energy he possessed. He had hardly smiled—certainly he had never laughed—since the catastrophe, until the moment when he made the remark with which this narrative opens. Whilst, as to humming a music-hall song, the most doleful of dirges had been much more in keeping with his melancholy temper. This evening, however, the prospect appeared a bit brighter, although the interview with his uncle, which he had to go through with on the morrow, was bound to prove distasteful in the extreme.

But there was no help for it. The thing had to be faced, and he carefully drew forth from the registered envelope the plethoric purse, and letter, and from the

former certain cheques and a card, over which he lingered with puckered brow, and regarded with a mixture of triumph and perplexity.

The following day he presented himself by appointment at the chambers of Mr. Felix Harrowby. It was a supreme and pregnant point in his existence, and his heart thumped audibly as he knocked at the time-stained door. In a few moments he found himself in his uncle's presence.

"Well, Frank," the Q.C. began, "you received my letter, and you understand from it what I consider to be clearly my duty towards your Uncle Charles. It may be, of course, that I have jumped too hastily to a conclusion about your conduct in this matter, and, if so, I am prepared to hear your explanations and make every apology. At the same time, I warn you that I shall require the most positive proofs of the accuracy of any exculpatory statements you may make. I may tell you, too, that I should have more readily hesitated to have put the construction upon the incident that I have done had I not had my suspicions aroused as to the life you have been leading from other sources. However, to at once deal with the matter on which I wrote to you. Were you or were you not already acquainted with the young person with whom I met you on the first occasion in the train, and was or was not your welcome to me on that occasion a piece of deceit from beginning to end?"

"I did know her, uncle," said Frank, with his head down.

"And, pray, who is she, and how did you make her acquaintance?"

"Who she is, uncle, I do not feel myself at liberty to say."

"Nor, I suppose, how you picked up her acquaintance?"

"No, uncle."

"And this is what you wish me to tell your Uncle Charles?"

"No, uncle, it isn't. Of course I don't want you to tell him anything. It would, as you know, be nothing less than ruin to me. Why should you go and tell tales about me? And, besides, it's nothing so very terrible, after all."

"If it's nothing so very terrible, Frank, I don't see why you should imagine that it will do you much harm for your Uncle Charles to learn it."

"Oh, you know, uncle, what strait-laced notions he has about things. Do you mean to say that you never carried on a little flirtation when you were young?"

"That's a very impertinent question, Frank, and, if that is the line you propose to take, I see no good in prolonging this interview. My course is now perfectly plain."

"You refuse, then, uncle, to keep your own counsel in this matter, and are determined to ruin me with Uncle Charles?" said Frank, with some heat.

"I certainly refuse to refrain from what I unquestionably see to be my duty, and as to ruining you, if that is incidental to it, you are alone to blame."

And, wheeling to his desk again, Mr. Harrowby began to turn over some papers, as much as to say there was no need for further discussion

But this was by no means Frank's view of the matter, and, pulling himself together, he prepared for the final struggle.

"Uncle," he said, "I am sorry you force me to take a course which is very repugnant to me, but I seem to have no alternative."

"You must do what you will," said his uncle. "I do not see how any action of yours can further concern me."

"Uncle Felix, I must ask you very seriously to attend to me. The course I propose to take does concern you most intimately."

"What do you mean, Frank?" said the lawyer, startled into attention by the tone of the young man's voice.

"What I mean is, uncle, that certain matters have come to my knowledge, which nothing should have induced me to mention, were it not that, by them, I am inclined to think, I may compel you to take a different course to that which you propose. It is very painful to me to have to do it, but you leave me no alternative."

"I am at a loss to understand you, Frank."

"Well, uncle, as you will have it, have you, or have you not, lost a purse lately?"

"Most certainly I have; but what of that? Have you found it?"

"I know in whose possession it is."

"And you think, I suppose," said Mr. Harrowby, now thoroughly angry, "that you can buy me off with my own property, do you? You, perhaps, do not know that you could be prosecuted for retaining chattels of which you know the ownership?"

"I should not be such a fool, even if I did not know that, to suppose that, with a few cheques and coins, I could induce you to forego denouncing me to Uncle Charles, when, by such a course, you expect to divert his money from me to your own children. Perhaps you thought that I was too much of an idiot to see that?"

"What do you mean by such insinuations, you young scoundrel?" shouted Mr. Harrowby. "Were it not for the scandal of the thing, I would kick you out of my chambers!"

"I don't think you'll do that when you've heard a little more," said Frank, growing cooler as his uncle got more enraged.

"Give me my purse and go!" shouted the other almost beside himself.

"You shall have your purse all in good time, uncle, if you will only keep calm. You had better listen to what I have to tell you first."

"Go on!" said Mr. Harrowby, fiercely.

"Well, uncle," said Frank, "I received, the other day, a note, which, if you will allow me, I will read to you. It runs as follows:—

11, FitzPeter's-avenue, St. John's Wood.

Sir,—I write to inform you that yesterday a purse was sent to me by some honest gentleman, who at the same time wrote a letter saying he had picked it up, and, finding in it my card and address, came to the inevitable conclusion that it was mine. He therefore sent it me, but did not give his name, desiring no reward as he was above want. Now, the purse is not mine, but, I presume, yours, and my card I suppose I must have given you on some occasion which I cannot recall. This, considering the large number of persons who obtain introductions to me behind the scenes, is not surprising, though I have no doubt I should recognise you again if I saw you. I shall be pleased to return the purse and its contents if you will send me £50, which I do not doubt you will prefer doing to having your name connected with mine, which must be the case if you take legal steps to recover it. To show you that I really have the purse, I give over-page a copy of one of the documents it contains, from which I got your name, and found your address in the Red-book.—I am, yours faithfully,

Dolly De Vere.

"The document runs thus:—

No. H. 20,733, London, June 12, 1892. Metropolitan and City Banking Company, Limited. Pay F. Harrowby, Esq., or order the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds (£150).—John Smith.

From this, uncle, you will see that, our initials being the same, Miss Dolly De Vere, who is a well-known dancer at the Jollity Theatre of Varieties, has jumped to the conclusion that the purse is mine instead of yours, has looked the name out in the Directory, and has written this letter to me instead of to you. I suppose she thought it improbable that an eminent Queen's Counsel was likely to have the honour of her acquaintance. But, of course, she was wrong."

"Wrong, sir!" shouted Mr. Harrowby. "Wrong! of course she was wrong. What do you mean? This is nothing more than some impudent attempt to blackmail me. This woman must have been imported into the matter by some one for the purpose, who knew of my respectability."

"Steady, uncle, steady," said Frank. "That, I think, can hardly be the case. If that were so, this letter would hardly have been sent to me. No, uncle, no! I have thought the thing over most carefully, and there seems to me only one conclusion possible."

"And that is?" asked Mr. Harrowby.

"That the woman is telling the truth, uncle," said Frank, looking him in the face.

"You mean to dare to say to me that you believe that

Brandauer's Circular-Pointed Pens. Neither scratch nor spurt. Glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. A 6d. assorted sample box of any stationer.

I am capable of such a thing as going behind the scenes of a music-hall and getting an introduction to a dancer?" shouted his uncle.

"I don't see any other explanation; and, besides, that's nothing very awful. I believe the lady is very respectable," said Frank.

"Frank, I declare to you it's a lie."

"I wish I could believe so, uncle."

"Who has the purse now?"

"Miss Dolly De Vere, I suppose."

"And what do you suppose she will do if no answer is returned?"

"I should think very likely she will come bothering me about it, and I should have to tell her she is mistaken in supposing that I was ever behind the scenes at the Jollity."

"You don't mean to say you would do this?"

"What else can you expect me to do?"

"How do I know that you haven't concocted the whole story?"

"Here's the letter. You are quite at liberty to put yourself in communication with the lady if you so please. The matter does not concern me in the least, except" and here Frank looked his uncle again straight in the face, "except that I know your secret, and have as much right to let Aunt Henrietta know of your little amusements as you have to let Uncle Charles know of mine."

"But I say, Frank, that the whole thing's a lie. It's an infamous attempt to blackmail."

"Unfortunately, that's a view I cannot take, uncle. That it is an attempt to blackmail I admit; but that you have nobody but yourself to thank for it seems to me only too evident."

In vain Mr. Harrowby protested, stormed, and raged. Frank had, luckily for himself, got the whip-hand, and he was determined not to forego the advantages it gave him. The long and short of it was that before the interview closed his uncle not only promised to hold his tongue about the Daisy episode, but offered Frank fifty pounds if he would square this terrible Miss Dolly De Vere, and recover the purse, without divulging the fact that he, not his nephew, was the owner. This Frank generously undertook to do, but only on condition that his uncle wrote him a letter, vaguely worded enough to be unintelligible to the uninitiated, but sufficiently inculpatory, in the event of its being read by the special light which Frank could bring to bear on it, to make it a terribly complete weapon in his hands.

Wholly at his nephew's mercy, Mr. Harrowby yielded, and Frank was enabled, before a week was over, to assure him that there was no further danger to be apprehended, and to hand him his purse with its contents intact.

* * * * * *

It was not until his Uncle Charles died, having made Frank his heir, and long after poor Daisy was forgotten, that Uncle Felix learned that Miss Dolly De Vere, who was respectability itself, had not written that terrible letter, and that his graceless nephew had actually purloined the purse and invented the whole story in self-defence.

ART NOTES.

I HAVE more than once been upbraided for the comprehensiveness of my taste, so let me say at once that it is not eclectic enough to include admiration for the works of Messrs. W. and A. W. Strutt. These gentlemen, both R.B.A.'s, are in the habit of exhibiting in Suffolk-street, but just now eleven of their pictures are to be seen at the Japanese Gallery in New Bond-street. Just as there are actors who play to the gallery, so, too, there are artists who paint for the print-shop window. It is, I suppose, only another phase of the eternal supply and demand question. So long as there is a public ready to enjoy pictures which tell a story in a direct, unimaginative, and prosaic fashion, so long will the Messrs. Strutt continue to produce paintings representing, in good old Adelphi style, mad bulls charging ladies in sedan chairs, little orange girls being rescued from the hoofs of hansom-cab horses, and costers' flower barrows being tumbled over by passing 'buses in Piccadilly. But, fortunately, these aggravating pictorial anecdotes, these chromo-lithographs in the making, only cover one wall at the Japanese Gallery; and what I may call an artistic *amende honorable* is made by the presence of two clever and characteristic landscape studies by Mr. J. L. Pickering, and some seascapes showing much promise from the brush of Mr. W. E. Norton, a young artist of whom more is likely to be heard.

Henley has an additional attraction for this year's Regatta Week. Messrs. Dickinson & Foster have moved to that riparian town four large oil-paintings which have been on exhibition at No. 114, New Bond-street; and as the pictures contain hundreds of portraits from life of leading rowing-men, past and present, they represent a kind of illustrated "Who's Who" of the celebrities of the boating world. Those of the likenesses which I was able to check by a personal knowledge of the originals seemed to me to be very good.

Old Masters are to the fore again at the Dowdeswell Galleries—a fact which may be taken as a significant sign that American picture-buyers are now developing what the *Times* calls "a dangerous admiration" for Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Constable, and the Old English School generally. On the Continent, too, the art of Turner and Cox, of "Old" Crome and of Morland, is now slowly finding appreciation, and there is every probability that such pictures as are now to be seen at 160, New Bond-street will become more and more difficult to obtain. The present collection is especially rich in Morlands. At the Fine Art Society's, Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings are still on view; and it is satisfactory to note that to considerably more than a half of the frames the eloquent monosyllable "Sold" is affixed. In the smaller room, at 148, New Bond-street, I was delighted to find another collection of drawings, principally of Egyptian scenes, by A. N. Roussoff, a brilliant colourist who is able to so successfully reproduce the polychromatic glow and ardour of the East. These drawings are supplemented by two excellent portraits of Signora Eleonora Duse, which could not be on view in London at a more appropriate time than this.

MUSIC.

THE STATE PERFORMANCE AND THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE sudden appearance of the Prince of Wales at Covent Garden last Thursday evening not a little surprised many of those in the house, for it was pretty certain that he was not at all likely to be attracted by a makeshift performance of that hopelessly rococo opera, "Rigoletto," with Signor de Lucia as the Duke, and I really forget which soprano as Gilda. It soon was found that the Prince had come down to Bow-street on important business, and, indeed, expressly in order to alter the date of the State performance. It was freely stated in the house that his Royal Highness's attention had been directed to the matter by the note in last Thursday's TRUTH; but, at any rate, a man of such common sense could not fail to perceive the utter impossibility of getting a diamond-bedecked and Court-liveried audience to and from the opera-house on illumination night. Therefore the suggestion that an evening should be chosen before the wedding, when the Duke of York and his bride could be present, was promptly adopted, Tuesday last being selected. In this question the Prince of Wales, I believe, acted entirely on his own responsibility. The Queen, who has not seen a London night crowd for upwards of a quarter of a century, and probably never witnessed an illumination crowd in her life, was obviously not in a position to judge, but what the police authorities thought

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. BENJAMIN, in cases of need to execute orders in 24 hours.

about the business may be gathered from the general order which has since been issued to close the entire city and the chief streets in the greater metropolis on Thursday to all wheeled traffic whatever after dusk. If the Royal wedding night had been persisted in for the gala representation, Covent Garden would certainly have been almost empty, while the attempt to keep open the Strand for the convenience of visitors to the opera would have led to a riot.

Three weeks ago I gave the musical programme of the wedding ceremony at St. James's Chapel to-day (Thursday). I need therefore only now add that while the guests are assembling, Dr. Creser will play on the organ a selection of music which I learn will include the march from Mendelssohn's "Athalie," Dr. Mackenzie's "Benedictus," Handel's popular "Largo," and a musicianly Marriage March from Dr. Creser's own pen. Besides the chanting of the Psalm and the responses the ceremonial music will likewise comprise the Wedding Chorals of Dr. Creser and Sir J. Barnby, and the German chorale (two and a half centuries old) "Nun Danket," while, of course, as the married couple pass down the chapel we shall hear Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Although the galleries were full, there was otherwise a thin house at the opening of the German opera season at Covent Garden last week. The truth seems to be that ladies, who are the chief supporters of the opera, will not pay for the expensive seats while the ridiculous system of darkening the theatre is persevered in. Sad as it may be to relate, ladies go to the opera-house to see and be seen far more than to listen to the music of Richard Wagner, and women by no means acknowledge the utility of dressing themselves in their smartest frocks and their most valuable jewels if the lights are to be extinguished in the auditorium. Furthermore, the whole idea is a sham—a mere "playing at Bayreuth," for unless the orchestra be concealed and its lights darkened, the sole reason of what our German friends would call the "out-gas-putting" disappears.

As to the performance of "Tristan und Isolde," considering the difficulties under which the artists laboured, it was a fairly good one. Herr Emil Steinbach, a conductor who manifestly knows his business, did the best he could after a couple of rehearsals, although his friends will wish him next year a better orchestra. The dramatic soprano, whose name some of the audience during the entr'actes somewhat ungallantly pronounced Frau Moran-Old'un, is an artist of experience, but she was not at all likely to cause opera-goers to forget either Lilli Lehmann or Frau Klafsky. Herr Alvary was again a boyish Tristan, but the defects of the stage management seemed to indicate that Sir A. Harris's stage-hands were imperfectly acquainted with the libretto. The eccentricities of the sun in "Lohengrin" and the absolute refusal of the ship of the Flying Dutchman to break up were as nothing to the predicament of Tristan and Isolde, who were compelled to deliver the famous address to the "Endless Night" in broad daylight. This was the more inexcusable inasmuch as even a cursory study of the stage directions would show how very particular Wagner was in pointing out that the "Morgendämmerung" should not commence until after the arrival of the injured husband, and, indeed, the next words of Tristan make special reference to the fact.

"I Rantzau" will be given for the first time in England on Friday, and during next week the stage version of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" will be presented. Little more than a week will then be left before the opera season closes on the 24th, and it is a significant fact that the promises of the revival of "Siegfried" and "Die Meistersinger," and of the production of De Lara's "Amy Robsart" and of Stanford's "Veiled Prophet" have now been withdrawn from the opera programmes. The former we shall probably hear, but the chance of producing the two new operas is now slender. Neither will be the worse for keeping, but to bring out either at the fag end of a heavy season would certainly not increase its chance of being permanently added to the repertory.

Some time ago I suggested, as an antidote to "bogus" diplomas and degrees, that the Government should itself take up musical examinations, and not permit any one else, save perhaps the Chartered Colleges, to issue diplomas at all. That the affair would be self-paying may be judged by the fact that during the past year something like £18,000 has been taken in examination fees by only four of the most straightforwardly conducted of these institutions. Two of them took *respectively*:—Trinity College, London, £8,995, and the Incorporated Society of Musicians, £1,789. The Royal Academy of Music took over £1,700, and the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music, £4,889. This was altogether apart from many thousands of pounds which must have been paid in fees to various institutions and individuals, who boast high-sounding names and go about the country holding examinations, which are sometimes perfectly fair and often are quite the contrary. Some speculations are maintained entirely out of the fees thus received for the holding of examinations and the issue of more or less valuable diplomas and certificates, and in all it is estimated that something like £50,000 a year is paid by unfortunate schoolgirls and their parents in this way. An extension of the Education Department would bring a good deal more than half this income into the Government hands without interfering with the bonâ-fide academies, and—which is a great deal more important—a Government endorsement would enable parents and guardians, who do not pretend to know anything about the matter, to discriminate between the genuine diplomas and the worthless.

Madame Patti on Saturday at the Albert Hall made her last appearance in London until after her return from the United States next year. She was announced to sing three songs, but before she was allowed finally to quit the platform she was obliged to sing seven, so that she had certainly no reason to complain of want of enthusiasm. On Monday she left for Craig-y-Nos with Mr. Percy Harrison and other friends. By the way, a ridiculous statement which has appeared in print, that La Diva "will never sing (at a private party) for less than £500," would hardly require contradiction were it not that it is calculated to cause annoyance. It is a fact that Madame Patti has not for many years accepted a paid engagement at a private party. A few weeks ago she sang at the Rothschilds but without any sort of fee, and merely as an invited guest. As to public performances, there is no secret that Messrs. Harrison, who have the sole right to her services for a term of years, pay her £500 for each provincial and 800 gs. for each London engagement, plus the cost of a special train from Craig-y-Nos. Messrs. Harrison personally prefer to manage the Patti concerts on their own account, but if any speculator desired her services, I assume that, as business men, her *entrepreneurs* would expect a profit on the transaction. The idea of a £500 London engagement would cause Mr. Harrison to laugh.

Signor Mascagni accompanied on the piano Beppe's song and other works at Mdlle. Belinfante's benefit at St. James's Hall on Friday. Madame Marx gave her final concert (playing no fewer than three pianoforte concertos) on Saturday, and concerts have also been given by Mr. John Thomas, Miss Ganz (who was too ill to personally appear), Dr. Richter (who reintroduced the love duet from "Die Walküre"), Mr. John Thomas, and others. The concert season is, however, now practically dead, and at some performances recently the receipts would hardly have afforded change for a £10 note. As to pianoforte recitals, not even a free ticket and a preliminary luncheon at the Bristol will tempt a thorough-paced deadhead. A few benefit and Academy concerts may drop in between now and the end of the month, but otherwise, with the exception of the Promenade Concerts, which, under the conductorship of Messrs. Cowen and Betjemann, will start at Covent Garden on the 12th prox., Londoners are unlikely to hear any serious concert music till the end of September.

Kinahan's LL Whisky.—"The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's Glenisle Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM:—In one or other of his books, the author of "John Bull and his Island," recurring to his experiences as teacher in St. Paul's, says that whenever he hears of English Missionaries, he remembers the little marmalade-manufacturer's boy, who, when asked to help himself to that preserve, replied, "No, thankee; we makes it." I am not sure if to help at the making of Missionaries is half as disillusioning as to see of what stuff a revivalist is made. Take the most famous of them all, Madame de Krudener, who, as the Egeria of Alexander I., held in the hollow of her hand the mind that guided Europe at the greatest crisis of the century—in 1815—and watch in Mr. Clarence Ford's admirable biography (1) her development from the most despicable of Magdalenes, who falls through mere vanity, to the most apocalyptic of prophetesses. Are you edified? All that is changed by her miraculous conversion is the channel of her overflowing vanity. The devouring vanity of the author of "Valérie" is sublimated into vanity *in excelsis* in the prophetess of the millennium. "The greatest impostor," says an Arab proverb, "is the unconscious impostor," and in her unregenerate days you can see what an incredibly unconscious impostor the future revivalist was by nature. After the publication of a poor book, of which, under the name of "Sidonie," she was herself the heroine, she quits Paris for Lyons, and from thence prepares thus for the appearance of her master-piece "Valérie":—

I have another request to make (she writes to a Parisian friend). Pray have some verses written by a good poet to our friend Sidonie. In these verses, which I need not describe to you, and which must be in perfect taste, there must be no other *envoi* but "To Sidonie." The poet will ask her why she resides in the provinces? why we are deprived of her wit and grace? Her triumphs call her to Paris. Her talents and charms will there be appreciated at their full value. Her enchanting dance has been described; but who can describe all that distinguishes her? *Mon ami*, I confide in your friendship. I am ashamed on behalf of Sidonie, for I know her modesty, and you know that she is not vain.

Having procured this puff preliminary after much shameless dunning, she hurries to Paris upon the publication of the book to do the rest of the dirty work herself:—

During several days she made the round of the fashionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for shawls, sometimes for hats, feathers, wreaths, or ribbons, all *à la Va'érie*. If the unfortunate shop-girls, taken aback by such unusual demands, looked puzzled, and denied all knowledge of the article, Madame de Krudener would smile graciously and pity them for their ignorance of the new novel, thus turning them all into eager readers of "Valérie."

But how does she write of a success so shamelessly and shamefully secured?

The success of "Valérie" is complete and unheard of, and some one remarked to me just the other day that there is something supernatural in such a success. Yes, my dear friend, it is the will of heaven that the ideas and the purer morality the book contains should be spread throughout France, where such thoughts are little known.

This, too, from the woman who deserted her husband to be the mistress in succession of a young officer and of a public singer. Yet all this is less nauseous than the cruel cant of the Prophetess's letters to the wife of the gallant Comte de Labedoyère and to himself after she had refused to utter the word that would have saved his life. In truth, most of the zeal of Madame de Krudener and her fellow-revivalists in "blowing the trumpet in Zion" is due to their appropriation of the instrument to the service of their own wretched vanity.

"No eye so cloudy as the wilful blind," says Nicholas Breton, in a dainty little volume I have just been reading, "A Bower of Delights" (2). I wish this quaint old poet, from whom Fuller, George Herbert, and even Shakespeare have borrowed, had had better fortune than an editor who thinks the interruption of the following inept note will be welcome to readers of the poems:—

I once saw on a lofty, indeed on the loftiest of the mysterious stones of Stonehenge, within a few inches (exacerbatingly printed "miles" in our edition of Breton's works *in loco*) of the summit, a common shell "snail."

Perhaps this momentous note is due to the editor's conscientious dread lest any reader of the larger volume of Breton might visit Stonehenge in the hope of seeing a common shell snail within a few miles of the summit of its loftiest stone. Do you admire Mr. George Gissing's bony realism? If you do I can commend to you "The Odd Women"(3) as the best thing he has yet done. The odd woman is about as cheering a subject as a drenched hen standing alone under an arch on a wet day, and Mr. Gissing is not exactly an exhilarating novelist; but he is as true, if as hard, as photography, and has here dealt in a masterly way with the subject of the surplusage of "the sex"—what the misogynist, St. Paul, might perhaps call "the superfluity of naughtiness."—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

(1) "The Life and Letters of Madame de Krudener." By Clarence Ford. (London: Adam & Charles Black.)
(2) "A Bower of Delights;" Being Interwoven Verse and Prose from the Works of Nicholas Breton: The Weaver, Alexander B. Grosart. (London: Elliot Stock.)
(3) "The Odd Women." By George Gissing. 3 Vols. (London; Lawrence & Bullen

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have done a number of interesting things since I wrote you last. On Tuesday morning, taking train to Richmond and our courage in both hands, we went to White Lodge, enjoying the delightful drive across the Park and the sight of the deer, which are so tame that they do not even raise their heads when vehicles pass quite closely by them. Arrived at White Lodge, we were welcomed by a most delightful dog, a wiry-haired animal, white and black, with the bonniest big brown eyes you can imagine. This friendly creature accompanied us to the door, picking up a large stone on the way, and distinctly asking us to join in a game of play with him. This, however, we firmly declined, explaining to him that it was from no lack of appreciation of his hospitable kindliness and courteous desire to minister to our amusement, but that we thought our action might be misunderstood if any of the inhabitants of the White Lodge were to see us indulging in outdoor sports upon their grounds. "What are we going to say?" asked Maud, and I replied that we must trust to the inspiration of the moment. Accordingly, when a tall footman opened the door, I scribbled on my card the name of your humble weekly correspondent, and sent it in with a request that we might be permitted to see the presents. Leave was given us, and we were shown into the long corridor where they were all arranged, and found some photographers busily producing pictures of the more important presents. There were also one or two artists at work sketching them. In these circumstances, we saw them to great advantage, without any crowd or hurry. I do not intend to inflict the list upon you, especially as you must have read all about them in the daily papers. I must, however, tell you about the exquisite clock that was the gift of Mrs. Montefiore. It is in the shape of a tall belfry tower, the workmanship of the gold filigree being of great beauty. There is a tiny golden bell hung in the tower, and a flag floats from the top, also four very small ones from the square platform on which the clock rests. The face is surrounded by aqua marines. A great sapphire is set in front of the balcony with its beautiful miniature rail, and a fine ruby occupies a similar position on the lower platform. Another most covetable possession is the small watch, given by Dr. Chittenden, which was once the property of the Empress Josephine. You would have greatly admired the fine workmanship of the slender gold chain to which it was attached. The parasol given

Vanity Fair, 10th December last, says:—"Myself I wore the Cynthia of the Minute in the shape of one of Busvine's newest habits, that makes a woman look wonderfully slim."

by Lord Wolverton is in pale blue moiré silk with a handle of agate, on the top of which is a peculiarly fine turquoise set in diamonds. A spray of may blossom, carried out in diamonds, crosses the handle a little below. The sunshade given by M. and Madame Waddington is in white Irish poplin, with a gold handle, and monogram in diamonds. A beautiful piece of dark tortoiseshell forms the handle of the sunshade given by the Earl of Chesterfield. Princess May's monogram and the Royal coronet appear upon it in gold. Another parasol was given by Colonel Burn, the cover being white silk, and the handle Indian silver. Few women could help coveting the twenty yards of wide and beautifully fine black lace flouncing given by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Twenty yards are such a pleasantly liberal length, are they not? In addition, the Grand Duke and Duchess gave a cheque and old silver bottles. A most lovely piece of old English point was given by Lady Campbell. It was made in the sixteenth century. The Countess of Shannon gave a fichu of beautiful old Irish point.

I fell very deeply in love with Mr. Henry Colnaghi's present of dark blue china coffee cups, each with its small outer case in Egyptian gold filigree. Sir Frederic Leighton's small tortoiseshell casket was another antique. One of the numerous handsome blotters was given by Madame Bricka, Princess May's companion. Others were given by the Marchioness of Headfort, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, and Colonel and Lady Adela Larking.

The cases of jewellery were kept locked, and a detective was stationed near them, a very necessary precaution in any case, but particularly needful when the house in which valuable presents are shown is in such an isolated position as the White Lodge. An imposing parure of big turquoises and diamonds was the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The Duke of York's five-row necklace was composed of pearls, beautifully matched and of fine quality. Another of his presents was a Tudor rose in brilliants, the correct heraldic White Rose of York, with five outer petals, five inner, and the centre in a large diamond.

You will see all about the other presents in the papers. We were so glad we had not waited till the afternoon when we read in the newspapers next morning that about 20,000 people had accepted the invitation to look at the presents. As we drove away about one o'clock we met crowds of people pouring up, on foot and in every kind of vehicle. It was then beginning to rain, and the discomfort and disappointment must have been very great, but it was no one's fault, as it was impossible to anticipate such an enormous crowd. We went to Goode's in South Audley-street, to see the beautiful dessert service that the people of Norwich are giving the Royal couple. It is a reproduction from the historical old Chelsea set that King George III. and Queen Charlotte gave to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, who was brother to one or other of them, I forget which. The present Grand Duchess had photographs taken of the different pieces of this fine old set, and across the base of each photograph she had a mètre measure depicted, so as to give the precise dimensions. Was it not clever of her? The plates and dishes are beautiful, the rim showing five medallions in Mazarin blue with a gold moth or butterfly on each. The centre, which in the original was occupied by a wonderful bird, at which peacocks and birds of paradise would gaze with astonished envy, shows the Duke's badge surrounded by a circle of roses and forget-me-nots. There are seventy-two plates in the set, four oval dishes, four round ones, four square, four raised, four still taller, and six jardinières. Beautiful as all these are, the cream bowls and stands are beyond and above them, both in form and colour. The people of Great Yarmouth are giving a tea service in the same design. On the cups, the Rose of York is on one side and the Duke's badge on the other.

We also saw some pieces of a dinner service that the Duke is having for every-day use, with his badge on every plate, and a breakfast service to match.

A new ornament for the dinner-table struck us as being very graceful and quite novel. It is a centrepiece with tall columns in cut glass and arches springing from them, connected by drooping chains, also in glass. Small vases for flowers are hung here and there upon the arches, which would look lovely with small, pointed ivy or smilax twined round them and the chains. The new amethyst glass, with design of maiden-hair in gold upon it, is charming, and lights up uncommonly well. A great deep dish was of the most superb violet tint, quite a treat to the eye to look at. We saw a breakfast-tray with china, all designed by the Duchess of Albany, and very neat and compact. The tray was almost a triangle, and was fitted with strong brass handles, as the weight of all the china was considerable. The two teapots, one smaller than the other for pouring the tea into when drawn, the dishes for hot food, and all the other things, fitted into small grooves in the wood, so that there might be no uncomfortable sliding or slipping about. The breakfast-cup was of lordly dimensions, and, like all the china, was in a very pretty design of blue harebells on a ground of delicate white.

One of the most interesting ceremonies we have ever attended was the unveiling of the Queen's statue on Wednesday afternoon. Princess Louise was the sculptor, and she has depicted her Royal mother as she was at the time of her accession to the Throne. The position chosen for the statue is exactly opposite the great cast window of Kensington Palace, and directly between it and the Round Pond. We arrived on the scene at least an hour too soon, and amused ourselves with listening to the conversation of those around us, for we did not like to take our seats alone and isolated when so many hundreds were standing so loyally waiting for the great event of the day. The people insisted on calling the Union Jack that draped the statue "tarpaulin," pronouncing it "tarpauling." The popular impression seemed to be that Princess Louise had executed the work in the open, on the spot where the statue now stands. One woman said: "She must 'a bin very quick about it, for I passed here a few days ago, and there was nothing to be seen." They had then a long talk about the Queen, one telling the other that her Majesty is the richest woman in the world, and the other replying that, even if she were, she is also the most worried. "Just to think of it," she remarked. "Think of what our worries is with our 'usbands, and 'ouse, and children; and the Queen has every one of us to worry over besides all her palaces and ships and army, and her foreign countries that she has to regulate." This seemed too vast and troublesome a thought for the younger woman to entertain, and she caused a lively diversion by asking: "Did you ever know that the Queen's 'orses has false tails? I know a lady," she added, "as knows the gentleman as fastens 'em on." She seemed anxious not to appear too proud of this acquaintance, adding, in a deprecating spirit of humility, "but I dessay you knowed it afore." To this the older woman civilly but decidedly intimated that she did not feel quite sure of it even now. "If ever a lady could be sure of 'avin' real tails to her 'osses, surely the Queen of England could," she said; and as she appeared to take it as a personal matter, and we did not know what might happen if the ladies became excited, we tore ourselves away from their vicinity, having immensely enjoyed their conversation.

We had excellent seats just opposite the statue, and were delighted with the tiny boys and girls whom Lord Kilmorey put so diligently through their paces. The boys were all lovely children, the girls, for once, being not nearly so unanimously beautiful. The latter were rather stiffly garbed in embroidered muslin frocks, and hats with ostrich feathers. One child in deep cream-tinted muslin and tan stockings served to prove how inartistically hard was the contrast of black stockings with dead white frock presented by the others. The boys had cream-coloured shirts with biscuit-coloured breeches and tightly-fitting gaiters of the same stuff, patent leather shoes with buckles, and white straw hats with cream-coloured ribbon, matching

Gowns for Goodwood and Cowes.—Messrs. Redfern beg to announce that they are now exhibiting, at their Salons, 27, New Bond-street, a number of exceedingly pretty designs especially suitable for wear at Goodwood and Cowes Regatta, to which an inspection is invited.

their ties. I noticed the Earl of Aberdeen's boys among them, and Lady Granby's beautiful little son.

The Duchess of Teck arrived without her daughter, which seemed to disappoint everybody very much. She was looking remarkably well in a dark-blue dress and gold bonnet. The Hon. Mary Thesiger was with her, looking as charming as she always does. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived soon after with the blind Duke. It was their golden wedding-day, and a bouquet of white and yellow roses was probably one of the wedding presents. Princess Christian, with her husband and daughter, were quietly received. The Princess wore a very trying gown of pale green and tan colour, with pink roses in a gold bonnet. Her daughter was charmingly dressed in deep cream colour and pale green. They warmly greeted the Duchess of Teck, and took places by her. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were the next arrivals, the Duchess wearing a drab-coloured gown with black lace trimmings, and a pretty little bonnet made of gold lace, with one deep red rose in front. Her daughters had very becoming pink hats, both alike, trimmed with black lace. Princess Victoria had a pink gown to match, and Princess Alexandra something different, but I cannot remember what. Thick clouds had been rolling up from the west meantime, and the sunshine went out, and soon down came the rain. In the midst of it a quiet figure crossed the gravelled space in front of the statue all alone, a lady in a simple black gown, with a little frill at the foot, and a black bonnet with tea roses in it. We at first thought it was the Princess of Wales, unlikely as it seemed that H.R.H. should arrive alone and on foot, but the animation of the lady's manner as she talked with the Royalties was so very unlike the repose of the Princess of Wales's demeanour that we soon abandoned that idea, and eventually discovered that it was Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, daughter and sculptrix to the Queen. She was looking remarkably young and handsome, and evidently realised that June 28, 1893, was a very great day in her life. She kept close throughout the proceedings to the patriarchal-looking Duke of Argyll, who appeared to be both proud and fond of his talented Royal daughter-in-law.

The Earl of Kilmorey now brought forward his detachment of children—the rain having stopped for a few minutes—and put them through their paces in rehearsal of their bow to the Queen. The idea was to bring them forward to the Royal carriage in a double file, boys on the left, girls on the right. The boys, after saluting the Queen, were to turn off to the left, and the girls to the right; but some of the tiny girls could not be brought to see this, and insisted on following the small boys. However, they had to retreat from the rain, which was pretty heavy when the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters arrived, the Princess looking young and lovely in a black silk gown trimmed down the front and across the bodice with cream-coloured guipure lace. Her bonnet was green, this being the first time we had seen her out of mourning. The Prince was very smart, with a blue scarf and a red rose in his buttonhole. Princesses Victoria and Maud were dressed alike in heliotrope, with flower bonnets to match, relieved by a creamy rose or two at the left side. We now found for whom the two Louis XV. tapestry-covered armchairs had been placed, with a tall heliotrope tree mounting guard on either side. The Princess of Wales occupied one, but the Prince gave his to the Duchess of Edinburgh, with whom the Princess of Wales talked, Princess Victoria of Wales and her namesake of Edinburgh sitting together and talking and laughing as girlish cousins love to do.

We were all now awaiting the arrival of the Queen, and the rain grew heavier and heavier until at last it became a perfect torrent. In the midst of it, but with signs of speedy clearing in a bright blue sky over Kensington Palace, a mounted policeman came on at a quick trot, then the escort, and then the Queen in a closed carriage, with her two Highlanders in grey tartan kilts and plaids at the back. We could just see, as the cavalcade drew up with its soaked postilions and drenched horses, that Princess Beatrice sat by the Queen, Prince Henry of Battenberg opposite his wife, and the Lady-in-Waiting, opposite the Queen. The gentlemen of the Committee all uncovered and remained hatless for at least half an hour, a good ten minutes of the time in a soaking downpour. I was very sorry for them. The Prince of Wales came up to the carriage, and he, too, uncovered, but held his hat so that it might in some measure protect his head. Princess Louise, having procured a long cloak and an umbrella, talked to the Queen at the carriage window, her beautiful brow and eyes being all that we could see. The rain abating a little, Prince Henry of Battenberg left the Queen's carriage, and his wife took his vacant place, leaving the Queen alone on the front seat. The order was then given to open the carriage, and great cheers were given when the Highland attendants proceeded to obey it. Princess Beatrice at once opened an umbrella and handed it to her mother, she herself with the Lady-in-Waiting remaining unprotected from the rain, which, though much lighter, was still falling briskly. The formal proceedings then began, but I sent you a paper with all these described in it. Princess Louise stood quite in the background during the ceremony, but when it was concluded the Queen looked round at her and she came to the carriage door again.

Do you know, Amy dear, it was a very touching moment when the statue was unveiled, showing the Queen as she was when she ascended the throne so long ago, radiant in youth and with the world at her feet. The white-haired lady who looked up at the counterfeit presentment of her own lost youth, close to the Palace in which she was born and passed much of her girlhood, must have felt that she had

> Wandered mony a weary foot
> Since Auld Lang Syne.

I forgot to tell you that immediately after "God Save the Queen" the band played "Home, Sweet Home" on her Majesty's arrival. Was it not a happy thought?

The children now came forward with their little bows and large garlands of flowers, and the Queen smiled indulgently as the tiny creatures looked up at her, some making the deepest reverence to their Sovereign, and others giving her a familiar little nod, as they might to their own grandmother had she been the occupant of the carriage. The little boys piled up the garlands at the foot of the statue, and the Queen then sent for the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian to come to her carriage. She talked to them for a long time, and to the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Cambridge, who had driven himself on the ground with a splendid pair of horses, also came to the carriage, and when the Queen held out her hand to him he kissed it. Princess Beatrice, when the rain stopped and the sun shone out, opened a lace parasol lined with grey silk, and handing it to the Queen, took away her dripping umbrella.

After the Queen had gone, the Princess of Wales and Princess Louise talked for some minutes with Sir Frederic Leighton, who, though wet through, must have felt a pleasant conviction that his costume was worthy of the occasion. He was garbed like a bridegroom, in grey trousers, white "spats," white waistcoat, white tie, with loose, fluttering ends, and light kid gloves. Lord Kilmorey wore one of the fashionable butter-coloured waistcoats and a big carnation in his buttonhole.

It was a tremendous business getting away after all the Royalties had departed, for there was a rush of the crowd to see the statue, and no carriages could come nearer than the gate in the Kensington road. We walked down the

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

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hill as best we could, and, having crossed over, stopped to watch the redcoats and greycoats march down the incline, accompanied and followed by a surging sea of heads—a really remarkable sight, and one which Charlie especially enjoyed. I really believe that a latent military instinct is born in the breast of every Englishman, and needs only favourable circumstances to be developed.

Do you not find it very difficult to eat in this hot weather? Make your cook try this little dish in order to vary the monotony into which weekly menus are apt to fall:—

Boil four very young chickens for ten minutes, drain them, and when they are cold, cut them into joints. Dip each piece into beaten egg, then into fine bread-crumbs, season them with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. When all are ready, fry them in good beef dripping over a moderate fire for fifteen minutes. Free the livers from gall, boil them in a little salted water for ten minutes, then mince them fine. Put a gill of gravy into a small saucepan, add two or three shreds of the peel of a lemon, and simmer until it becomes well flavoured with the lemon. Thicken them with an ounce of butter, rolled in a teaspoonful of flour, then add the minced livers, give the sauce another boil, squeeze in the juice of a lemon that has been doubed in cayenne. Pull the saucepan aside, let it stand for a couple of minutes, then stir in carefully two tablespoonfuls of cream. Place the joints on a dish, and pour the sauce over them. Garnish them with slices of lemon, with a sprig of parsley laid on each.

You will find the following mixture very nice for perfuming linen:—

Gather the rose-leaves that are about to fall, and dry them in the shade, or 3 ft from the fire or stove. To 1 lb. of rose-leaves add 1 oz. of each, cloves, caraway-seeds, and allspice; pound it in a mortar or grind in a mill. Mix all together with ¼ lb. of dried salt; put the compound into little Japanese silkbags, and place among the linen. This will not only take away the unpleasant smell of the laundry, but keep away the moths.

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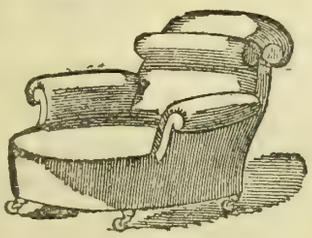

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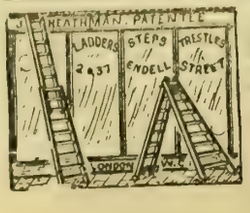

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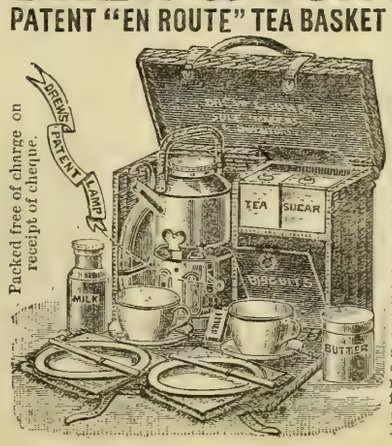

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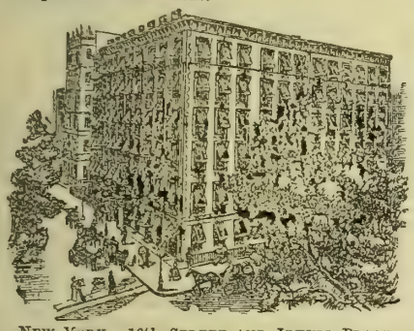

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8	0	by	7	0	...	0	18	6	12	0	by	10	6	...	2	2	0
9	0	by	7	0	...	1	1	0	12	9	by	9	9	...	2	2	0
9	0	by	7	6	...	1	2	6	12	9	by	11	3	...	2	8	0
9	3	by	8	3	...	1	5	6	12	0	by	12	0	...	2	8	0
10	0	by	7	6	...	1	5	0	13	3	by	11	3	...	2	10	0
10	3	by	8	3	...	1	8	0	13	6	by	10	6	...	2	7	0
10	0	by	9	0	...	1	10	0	13	6	by	12	0	...	2	14	0
10	9	by	9	9	...	1	16	0	14	3	by	11	3	...	2	14	0
11	0	by	9	0	...	1	13	0	15	0	by	10	6	...	2	12	6
11	3	by	8	3	...	1	14	6	15	6	by	10	6	...	2	14	0
11	9	by	9	9	...	1	18	0	15	0	by	12	0	...	3	0	0
12	0	by	9	0	...	1	16	0	16	0	by	12	0	...	3	10	0

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9	0	by	7	6	...	1	15	9	13	0	by	9	0	...	3	2	6
9	0	by	9	0	...	2	2	9	12	0	by	10	6	...	3	6	6
10	0	by	9	0	...	2	7	6	12	0	by	12	0	...	3	16	0
11	0	by	9	0	...	2	12	9	13	6	by	12	0	...	4	5	6
12	0	by	9	0	...	2	17	0	15	0	by	12	0	...	4	15	0

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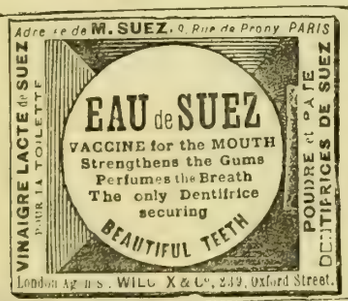

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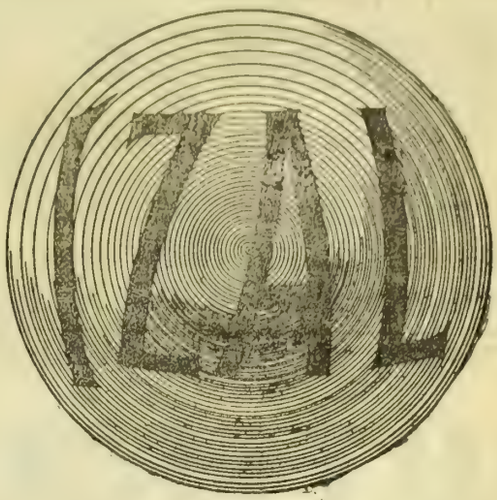

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The first coupon of £2 will be payable on the 1st January, 1894.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company was formed for the purpose of constructing, under a concession from the Government of Western Australia, a railway commencing at the southern terminus of the Geraldton and Greenough Railway and connecting at Guildford with the Government line to Perth and the port of Fremantle. The line will also form a connection with the Eastern and Great Southern Railways to Albany.

It is about 280 miles in length, of which 85 at the northern end and 69 miles at the southern end (making 154 miles in all) are completed and equipped. These completed portions are being worked by the contractor, and according to his statement, dated October last, show a profit. Of the remaining 126 miles, the earthworks of 40 to 50 miles are in a forward state, and the object of this issue is to complete and equip the whole line within 15 months.

The principal and interest of the Bonds have the unconditional guarantee of the Government of Western Australia. The Government, with the sanction of the holders of the existing Debentures of the Company, receives as a security for the guarantee a first and paramount charge upon the railway and its equipment, and upon 2,400,000 acres of land to be selected by the Government out of a total of about 3,360,000 acres, to which, under the concession, the Company will become entitled on the completion of the works.

Apart from the security of the completed railway and its revenue, powers have been taken under the agreement of guarantee for the gradual sale of the subsidy land to cover any liability which the Government may incur. The land includes some of the best agricultural property in the Colony (see statement and map enclosed with the prospectus).

The proceeds of the issue will be received by the Government, and by them applied, so far as may be necessary, in payment to the contractor for the completion of the line at an approved schedule of rates. The arrangements which the Company, by means of this issue, are enabled to conclude will not only provide the amount which, in the opinion of the Government Engineer, is sufficient for this purpose, but will also be applicable for the discharge of certain liabilities of the Company, the payment of which has been required by the Government.

The balance of the land receivable by the Company will, after satisfying their obligations to the vendor, contractor, and others, be available for the purpose of providing a fund to meet the fixed charges of the Company until the railway is opened and is in a position to earn a sufficient sum to meet them.

The issue of these Bonds at the present time has been rendered necessary in order that the works, which have been suspended, may be completed in accordance with the terms of the concession and the guarantee agreement mentioned below. The revenue of the Colony has been steadily progressive, and the low price at which these Bonds are offered has only been assented to by the Government of the Colony in order to assist the Company.

The guarantee agreement provides that in the event of default by the Company in payment of a certain portion of the moneys guaranteed, the Government is entitled to enter upon and appropriate the railway and mortgaged lands. The Government are thus amply covered for their obligation, and are in a position to specially protect the present issue.

The Bonds are redeemable at par in, or previous to, 1928, by means of annual drawings at the rate of £20,000 per annum, commencing in 1904. The Company is also entitled to redeem the whole issue at any time, at par, on three calendar months' notice, and to accelerate the drawings.

The Bonds of £100 each, countersigned by the Agent-General of the Colony, will be to bearer with option of registration, and will be issued with interest coupons attached, payable in London, at the banking house of Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., Lombard-street, E.C., on 1st January and 1st July in each year. Scrip certificates will in the first instance be issued, exchangeable for Definitive Bonds, after payment of the last instalment.

Copies (1) of an Agreement dated 29th June, 1893, between Sir Malcolm Fraser, K.C.M.G., Agent-General (acting on behalf of the Government of Western Australia and of the Colonial Treasurer of the Colony), and the Right Honble. Lord Sudeley and Major-General Sir William Crossman, K.C.M.G., of the other part, constituting the guarantee in favour of the holders of the Bonds of this issue; (2) of an Agreement dated 29th June, 1893, made between Sir Malcolm Fraser, K.C.M.G., acting in the same capacity, and other necessary parties, relating to the security to be given to the Government; (3) of the Midland Railway Loan Act, 1893, sanctioning the guarantee; and (4) of the Bond, may be seen at the offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Prospectuses, with forms of application, may be obtained at the Company's Offices, or at the Bankers, or of the Brokers, Messrs. E. Nivison & Co., Warnford-court, E.C.

London, 30th June, 1893.

The following shows the Share Capital created, the existing Debentures, and the Officers of the Company:—

Capital £1,240,000
In 200,000 Ordinary Shares of £6 each, and 40,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.
Debentures.—£1,000,000 Six per Cent. Debentures.

DIRECTORS.

JOSIAH TIMMIS SMITH, Chairman.

Maj.-Gen. Sir William Crossman, R.E., K.C.M.G.
Bonamy Dobree (Messrs. S. Dobree & Sons, E.C.).
Alexander Hubbard, Deputy Chairman, Great Western Railway Co.
Abraham Scott, 149, Leadenhall-street, E.C.
W. Mendel (Messrs. André, Mendel, & Co., E.C.).
Arthur B. Smith, Rhine Hill, Stratford-on-Avon.

MANAGING DIRECTOR.—Herbert W. Bond, Perth, Western Australia.

DIRECTORS APPOINTED ON BEHALF OF THE EXISTING DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

W. J. Alt, Chairman, Brazil Great Southern Railway Company, Limited.
A. L. Noel, Director, Securities Insurance Company, Limited.

BANKERS.—Glyn, Mills, Currie, & Co., Lombard-street, E.C.
SOLICITORS.—Paine, Son, & Pollock, 14, St. Helen's-place, E.C.
AUDITORS.—Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, & Co., 4, Lothbury, E.C.
CONSULTING ENGINEERS.—Hawkshaw & Hayter, 33, Great George-street, Westminster.
SECRETARY.—A. J. Barber.
OFFICES.—27, Winchester-house, E.C.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEN,
Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.
Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803, 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subd. Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total funds, £1,000,000.—E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited,
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £16,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER .. .. £21,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS .. .. £6,400,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.

Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.

A. MUNKITTRICK, Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.
(FIRE).

LONDON, EDINBURGH, and GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL..... £500,000.

CHIEF OFFICE:—Insurance Buildings, Farringdon-street, E.C.

PROGRESS.	Premium Income.	Increase in Three Years.
1882	£7,929	
1885	47,971	£40,042
1888	121,502	73,531
1891	248,970	127,468

Claims Paid exceed Half a Million Sterling.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES ARE INVITED.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY COMPANY AND THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO SOUTH WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

To the Holders of the First Mortgage Consolidated Seven per cent. Currency Bonds, the six per cent. Sterling Consolidated Bonds, the Second Mortgage Consolidated Seven per cent. Currency Bonds, and the First Mortgage Seven per cent. Springfield Division Currency Bonds of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway Company.

The London Joint Committee of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway Company have to request the holders of the above Bonds to deposit their Bonds with Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., Founders'-court, Lothbury, London, who will grant their certificates in exchange. On completion of the Consolidation, these certificates will be exchangeable for the new Four-and-a-half per cent. hundred year first Consolidated Mortgage Gold Bonds, the interest and principal of which will be guaranteed unconditionally by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

Holders of the First Mortgage Consolidated Seven per cent. Currency Bonds, and Six per cent. Sterling Consolidated Bonds, due in 1898, will receive for each $100 of principal of their Bonds $110 of the new Four-and-a-half per cent. Bonds.

Holders of the Second Mortgage Consolidated Seven per cent. Currency Bonds, maturing in 1911, will receive for each $100 of principal of their Bonds $120 in the new Four-and-a-half per cent. Bonds.

Holders of the First Mortgage Seven per cent. Springfield Division Currency Bonds, maturing in 1905, will receive for each $100 of principal of their Bonds $115 in the new Four-and-a-half per cent. Bonds.

The right to deposit will expire on the 21st July, 1893. Circulars to the Bondholders can be obtained of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., or of the Secretary.

By order of the Joint Committee,
T. LINDLEY, Secretary.

Offices of the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders, Limited, 5, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.
June 29th, 1893.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.
No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,
From £30 to £5,000,
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

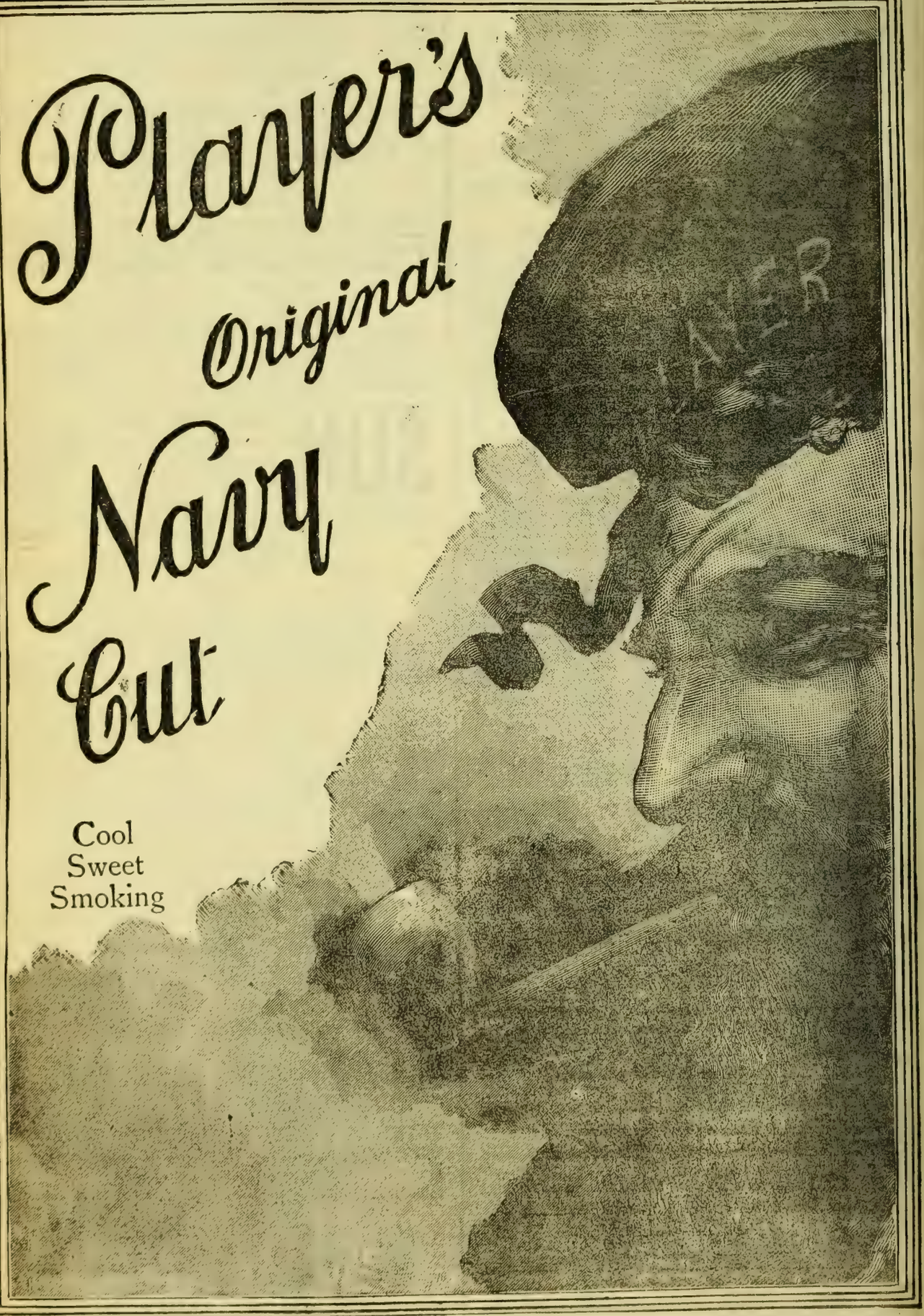
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. *Personal visit preferred.*
Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.
Apply to the SECRETARY.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES No "DISTANCES."

Player's Original Navy Cut



Cool
Sweet
Smoking

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-ounce and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and Take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets containing 12, and Tins of 24. 50, and 100.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 749.—ANAGRAM ON THE NAMES "PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES" AND "PRINCESS MAY OF TECK."

YOKO (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 751.

It has been suggested that the well-known line in one of Milton's Sonnets, "They also 'serve' who only stand and wait" may be taken to imply that the author of "Paradise Lost" must have had a prophetic knowledge of the four-handed game of Lawn Tennis, as it is at present played. Be this as it may, it is thought it will be interesting to see whether an even greater poet than Milton possessed an anticipatory knowledge of the game in question. The usual Prize of Two Guineas is therefore offered for

THE QUOTATION FROM SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS WHICH SEEMS TO SUGGEST MOST CLEARLY THAT THE BARD OF AVON MUST HAVE HAD AN ANTICIPATORY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE GAME OF LAWN TENNIS.

The quotations must be brief ones, in no case exceeding four lines in length; and a reference to the play or poem from which they are taken must be appended. All answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, July 17, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 750.

The Prize for the best Rhymed Alphabet on Life on a House-boat will be divided between GOGGLES and STARLING. I have also selected for commendation the Alphabets sent by Stanchion, Feloos, Lancastrian, M. Webb, Ellart, Albericus, Bee, and Almaviva.

THE PRIZE ALPHABETS.

A is our Awning, so ample and high,
B is the Blue of the midsummer sky;
C is our Chef—Cecil's man, he's a jem,
D is the Dive at 6.30 a.m.;
E's the *Euterpe*, our smart little craft,
F's for the Flowers that bloom fore and aft;
G's for the Girls, old Thames's fair daughters,
H stands for Henley, our home on the waters;
I is for Idleness, ease sans alloy,
J is for June and its riverside Joy;
K is sweet Kate, she can scull when she tries,
L is the Laughter that lurks in her eyes;
M must be Maud, our trim little cox,
N's for the Noodles who foul at the locks;
O is the Oars, with their rythmical swish,
P for the Punts, where the patient ones fish;
Q is the Quiet of backwater nooks,
R is the Rest with the latest of books;
S is the Stream with flotillas alive,
T is our Tea, always welcome at five;
U's the Umbrella, Japanese, stuck abaft,
V's Vixen, our doggie, who barks at all craft.
W's the Waterside, busy and glad,
X is the Xylophone, Hal's latest fad;
Y is for Youth, with its fleeting delight,
Z is the Zenith, star-sprinkled—Good-night!

GOGGLES.

A was the Awning, cool screen from the heat,
B was the Boat, and a bad one to beat;
C was the Cook, a most masterly hand,
D stands for Drinks which were much in demand;
E the Expletives that forcibly crowned
F the hard Fate which had run us aground;
G the Guitar that we thrummed in the twilight,
H for the Hornets which swarmed down the skylight;
I was the Ice which was left on the bank,
J was the Joke—a low, practical prank;
K was the Kitchen, a "fit" described "tight,"
L was the Lock which we went through by night;
M was the Moon, that suggested romance,
N was the Numbskull who wasted the chance;
O stands for Oxford, the goal of our dream,
P for the Punt, which would swing in mid-stream;
Q was the Query—"But, what if it rains?"
R the Regattas from Henley to Staines;
S was the Swim 'ere the ladies turned out;
T was the Time, which was open to doubt;
U the Upset, unaccountably strange;
V was the Victim, who hadn't "a change;"
W was the Weather, "Set Fair," we record,
X the Xenodochy practised on board;
Y for the Yarns of our holiday past,
Z for the Zest we enjoyed to the last.

STARLING.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of "ALMAVIVA" are Joseph Harry Fry, Esq., Harvey Villa, Church-road, Willesden, N.W.

IVY LEAVES AND COMTESSE OLGA.—Your explanations clear up quite satisfactorily what on the face of it seemed a somewhat mysterious coincidence.

BOLO.—The fact is that the number entering for the competitions in question was not sufficiently large to justify their continuance. A plan is under consideration, however, by which readers of TRUTH in the Colonies and abroad will, it is hoped, be able to take part again in the Puzzle Competition in this paper.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 751.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

AMUSING INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE GAME OF CRICKET.

1. During a match played between Bluebell Hill Rovers and Chatham United, the umpire of the former team, on being appealed to for "l.b.w.," said, "I don't know—I wasn't looking. Play on." 2. On another occasion, while looking on at a match, one of the umpires, on being appealed to for a catch at the wicket, asked, "How many runs has the bat-man made?" on learning he had not scored, the umpire, much to the surprise and amusement of everybody, shouted, "Not out." 3. The following fact happened during a match played between the Lower Bell Rangers and Luton. The umpire of the former team was appealed to for a catch at the wicket by the wicket-keeper of the Lutonites (who, of course, were "fielding"). Gaining no reply, the wicket-keeper asked the umpire why he hesitated in giving his decision. "Well," replied the umpire, "it's like this, I'd forgotten which side was batting, so I had to consider my verdict." He, then, much to the disgust of the Lutonites, shouted, "Not out." —Dorothea.

On a piece of waste ground in one of the populous suburbs of London, some u chins had rigged up an old tea-tray for a wicket, and were doing their best to play cricket with a splintered bat and an india-rubber ball. "You're out, Bill," called out the bowler, "I hit yer wicket." "No, I'm not," replied the batsman, "yer bowled a wide, and if it hadn't a hit a stone it wouldn't a gone nigh the wicket." "But that s out all the same." "No 'tisn't, a man can't be expected to look out for balls that come from Australey."—Stanchion.

Overheard in Grand Stand at Lord's during M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Australians. Small boy: "Oh, I say papa, I suppose if the captain of the side gets out the match is all over!'—C. F. Reid.

A good tale is going the round with reference to the well-known cricketer and secretary of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club—Dr. E. M. Grace. It is a matter of common knowledge that Dr. E. M. is Coroner for one part of the county, and recently, after playing in a first-class match in Bristol, he left to perform some duties appertaining to that office. As he was crossing an open space he saw a number of boys playing cricket, and, with his usual good nature, the Doctor told the youths that their wickets were not pitched properly. The Coroner's dismay can well be imagined when a pert youngster rejoined, "Look here, guv'nor, thee go on away. What dost thee know about cricket?"—Idler.

It was at a professional match in Yorkshire that an old North-countryman and his wife had "jest coom t'see t'geem." At a critical period, when play was being watched with breathless interest, the old man was heard to say: "Wal, Mariar, sich a sight o' leezy cheps in white breeks spreed aboot t' kitch t' baall, and ne'er a mon as ken dew it! That 'ere chep wi' t' timber, whoy doan't 'un chook 'is stick an' gie' t' others a chence. I guess as 'ow oor Jarge 'ud mak' em set oop a bit at gittin roond" Old woman: "Ould yer tongue, dew, d'ye think ye're coom t' see roonders? This be a creekit match." Old man (after a moment's thought): "Wal, I reck'n 's 'ow that 'ere creekit's more 'n a match for 'em, anyhow, it's a wonnerful strong 'un, Mariar!" —Georgina.

Some years ago I was bowling in a local (afternoon) cricket match, a left-handed batsman being at my end, and appealed to the umpire for a catch at the wicket. The umpire, being a practical man, gave his decision. "Out! Over! Left!" and it was with some little difficulty that the batsman was prevailed upon to retire, he evidently considering that the umpire had said he was "out," over the left.—Estrella

The scene was a village green in a remote part of Devonshire, and a match was being played, Village *versus* Farmers. "Don't 'ee go yet-a-while, Jim," said one of the bystanders. "Wait and see Farmer Windeat have his innings." "What for?" asked Jim, "he can't play a bit." "Us knows it," said the first speaker, "but Bill White's a-bowling, and he swears he'll pay out Farmer Windeat for pounding they two strayed pigs of his." "How can he pay 'un out?" "He says he don't care how many runs the farmers may make, but he means to bowl for Farmer Windeat's legs, and he'll cripple 'un if it takes 'un all day to do it."—Almaviva.

A short time ago, during a match at a well-known cricket ground, an artist connected with one of the illustrated papers made his appearance, with a view of sketching a celebrated fast bowler. Having completed his sketch, one of the team remarked, by way of a joke, "Why, you haven't got his pipe in his mouth." "Oh," said the arsist, with the utmost simplicity, "does he always bowl with a pipe in his mouth?" And on being answered in the affirmative, the pipe was at once added, and out came the sketch the following week with the crack player in the attitude of bowling with a pipe in his mouth.—Claremont.

The practice of giving colours at the University is sometimes rather overdone, and is apt to lead to misapprehensions. They were playing a cricket match, and the scene was not Town Malling. One of the visiting eleven was wearing the far-famed cap of light cerulean hue, and on his admitting that he had recently left Cambridge University there was no small trepidation when he went in to bat. The first ball he played into short slip's hands, who obligingly dropped it. Then there was a short interval, during which the other ten explained to the defaulter exactly how they would have caught it themselves. They made other remarks, too. They were fine, free, manly, outspoken Englishmen, and they didn't mince matters. The second ball was placed gently into point's hands, with the same result, and more recrimination followed. The third ball disturbed the stumps, and the former abuse was nothing to the lavish praise that was bestowed on the bowler. That village eleven are now a little ashamed of their excitement over the incident, and evade questions on the subject. They were not to blame, for it was only by the merest accident that they afterwards discovered that the gentleman they had dismissed for a duck had got his blue for chess. —Veracity.

Two country bumpkins were watching a cricket match, and were much puzzled by the umpires in their white coats, whose connection with the game they were unable to understand. Presently one said, "Oi sai, Bill! d'ye see them there coves in the white coats? Oi'm durned if they've stopped a bloomin' ball the 'ole bloomin' innen's!"—T. O. R.

I was bowling one day (August 11, 1879) for Somerset *v.* Gloucestershire, at Clifton, and with a straight ball struck Dr. E. M. Grace, who was batting, on the pads. The appeal for l.b.w. was given in my favour. "What!" exclaimed the doctor, with real or feigned surprise, "did you say I was out, umpire?" "Hout, sir," replied that official, one of the best umpires in England. Then turning to me, he added, *sotto voce*, with grave impressiveness, "and I never seen a *houter*."—Arundo.

A clergyman of the name of Bishop was batting one day in a local cricket match. On the bowler sending him a very wide ball, he called out, "Keep the ball in the parish, sir." The very next ball took his middle stump, whereon the bowler remarked, "I think that's about the diocese, my Lord!"—Malignant.

Ten years ago I was paying a visit at a country house in which were staying a lively party of young people of both sexes. After luncheon a game of cricket was extemporised, and took place in a field in which a favourite donkey was feeding. One of the players, a prim parson, carefully divested himself of his long coat and stiff clerical collar and reverentially placed them on the grass, a short distance off. During the course of the game my attention was called by a young lady, who was convulsed with laughter, to the movements of the donkey, which was quietly sniffing at the garments, and then proceeded leisurely to chump up the parson's collar before all the company. The mingled look of horror and amusement of the ecclesiastic, combined with the universal merriment of the young people, made the tableau as truly comic as it was unique.—W. E. K.

At a country match against a school which I witnessed many years ago in this country, one of the umpires was found missing when the second innings commenced. After a few minutes' delay a young gentleman, a scion of a well-known county family in the neighbourhood, was put on to fill the vacant place, and promptly "no-balled" the first delivery of the school bowler. As the bowler in question was of the medium underhand class, this occasioned some surprise, but the feeling was intensified a moment later when, with his eye warily fixed upon the position of the bowler's toe, another loud "no-ball" was shouted by the watchful umpire. The puzzled bowler looked at the crease and the umpire for a moment in bewilderment, and then, resolving to be safe next time, he delivered the third ball some two or three yards behind the crease. In vain. He was ruthlessly "no-balled" once more. Then loud cries for explanation burst from players and spectators. Thus appealed to, the umpire promptly pointed out with the most splendid air of confidence that the bowler "does not toe the line, at all at all." Mr. Umpire was thereupon relieved, amid shouts of laughter.—Mona.

The subjoined sequel to a very droll incident at cricket is both amusing and true. At a village in the Eastern Counties a ladies' cricket match, "Married *v.* Single," was arranged, and among the latter team an attractive young widow lady was included. However, before the game came off, a young spinster—said to be a rival of the widow in a love affair—objected to her playing with the "Singles" on the ground that she was a "Mrs.," not a "Miss!" After the Committee had duly considered this novel objection, the widow lady's name was struck off the list, and she did not play in either eleven. The sequel now comes. Last winter the young widow was led to the altar a second time by a certain gentleman referred to above, and, upon hearing the news, the lady "captain" of the married team is said to have remarked: "Well, although Mrs. —— did not play in our game, she has now bowled a maiden over, at all events."—Clarissima.

An old friend of mine, a late clergyman in Devonshire, and one of the best amateur cricketers of his day, related to me the two following stories connected with the game:—"When I was at Oxford," he said, "I was having a conversation with the professional coach, who used to bowl to me for practice, in the course of which something was said about heaven. I asked him what sort of a place he would like heaven to be. After thinking for a minute, he replied, 'Well, Mr. B., I think I should like to be bowling all day long to undergrads, with a half-crown on each stump for bails'—his meaning, of course, being obvious even to those who are unacquainted with the custom." In the second anecdote he says, "I was bowling in an amateur 'scratch' eleven at Tiverton, when a funny idea occurred to me, as a joke, which I carried out as follows:—I started to bowl at a considerable distance from the wicket, running at a very rapid pace; instead of delivering the ball at the bowling-crease, I ran swiftly down the whole length of the pitch, and knocked off the bails within a yard of the wicket. The umpire was so thunderstruck and taken off his guard at such a remarkable procedure, that he quite forgot to call the customary 'No ball' before the bails were off."—Hippo.

1. Mr. John Smith, an inhabitant of a certain country village which shall be nameless, is an enthusiastic cricketer, and often officiates as umpire at the local matches. One Sunday evening last summer an amusing incident occurred at the parish church. The Vicar was preaching, and, not being an eloquent man, and the weather being rather warm, two-thirds of the congregation, including Mr. John Smith, were fast asleep. This annoyed the Vicar, who made several attempts to rouse the guilty ones. "How is it," said he in a loud voice, and gazing sternly at the unconscious John, "that you cannot give me your attention even for one short hour—how is it, I ask?" "Not out, sir!" roared our friend, and sank back once more into a mental contemplation of the previous day's match. He has never slept in church since. 2. Scotch umpire at a village match to batsmen, who are disputing as to which was run out: "I'll no have any airgument about it. I'll ge ye both out, and then I canna make any mistake."—Mars.

At a cricket match in a country village a footman in the service of the Squire was one of the umpires. The Squire, a man well on in life, was, out of courtesy, chosen to play. On the fall of the eighth wicket he pompously walked in, and took "guard" from his footman. The first ball hit his leg, and an appeal was made for "leg before." "Out," shouted the footman. "William," said the Squire reproachfully, "I don't give awny half-sovereigns for nothing!"—Jic.

During a local match in Suffolk the umpire was appealed to as to stumping; he replied, "I dunno, I warn't a looking that time, but if he do it again I shall gie him out." (True.)—Suo Marte.

Some years ago, when I could bowl a bit, I was playing in a rustic match at North Currey, in "vamous Zummersetshire." After the fall of a wicket, the new-comer asked, as is usual, for guard. "Middle!" exclaimed the umpire, a jovial farmer, who knew more about cattle and crops than cricket. As the so-called "middle" was at least half a foot outside the leg stump, I ventured to suggest mildly that a little to the off would perhaps be an improvement. The umpire's odd reply was, "'Tis near 'nuff for he, zur; he won't bide more'n one ball."—Arundo.

A certain cricketer lately, just before his innings, being conscious of his inability to conduct his performance creditably to his club, owing to his temporary infirmity causing him to see things in a treble light, was, however, persuaded by a comrade to go in and take his luck, and be sure to strike at the middle ball, and all would be well. The first ball unfortunately got him out. When his friend upbraided him for not following his instructions, he explained, "It would have been all right only I hit the middle ball with the outside bat."—Rho.

*** Hope also sends the above anecdote.

At the local matches on the Forest at Nottingham, a policeman or two is usually "told off" to prevent the spectators from encroaching too far over the boundaries while a game is in progress. At a match a few Saturday afternoons ago, a young and bumptious member of "the force," who evidently could not have long lived in Nottingham, was very energetic in carrying out these instructions. Having persuaded, at the start of the innings, the onlookers to keep far enough from the field of play, he shouted peremptorily to the umpire—who happened to be a man who usually affects the garb of a rustic—to "Cum furrer back, mester, won't 'ou?" As the umpire disregarded, of course, the lusty appeal of "the man in blue," the latter made no more words, but hastened up to square leg, and seizing the man—who was none other than the père of a member of the Notts County Eleven—unexpectedly from behind, lifted him "neck and crop," and deposited him boldly on the fringe of the crowd, accompanied with the remark, "I've told you, hoffen enuf, to shift." The laughter at the unfortunate umpire, and the jeers and taunts hurled at "Bobby," rendered that spot a "tormenting groond,' and his office by no means a sinecure for the remainder of the afternoon, and would, it is to be hoped, teach him at least the most elementary rudiment of cricket.—Leumas.

Village cricket match. Best batter run out. Shouts of "Ows that Emperor?" (umpire). Umpire: "Not out," adding, in an undertone, "If it wain't been 'im would have been different, but I wasen't agoing to give 'em the match."—Moey.

Anecdotes have also been received from Kingstead, E. C. L., Jael, Eblana, Victor, Newnham, C. R., East Anglia

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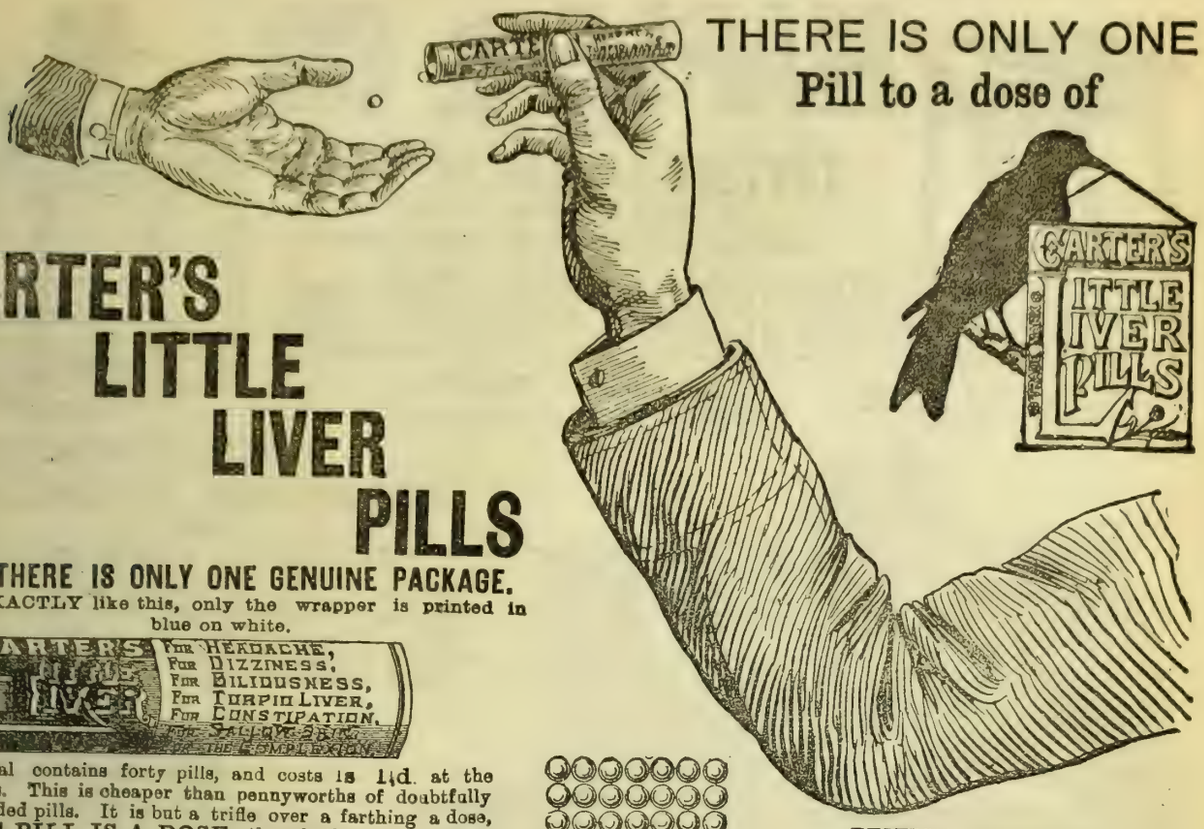

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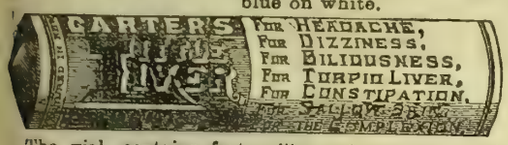

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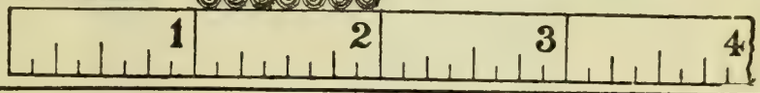

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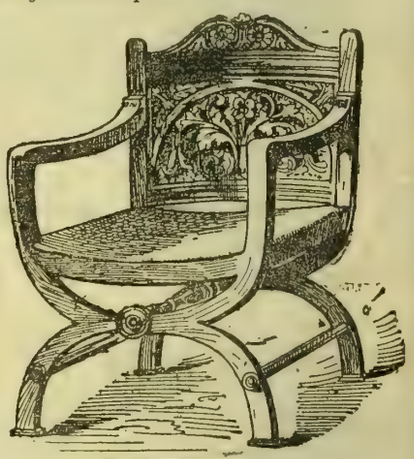

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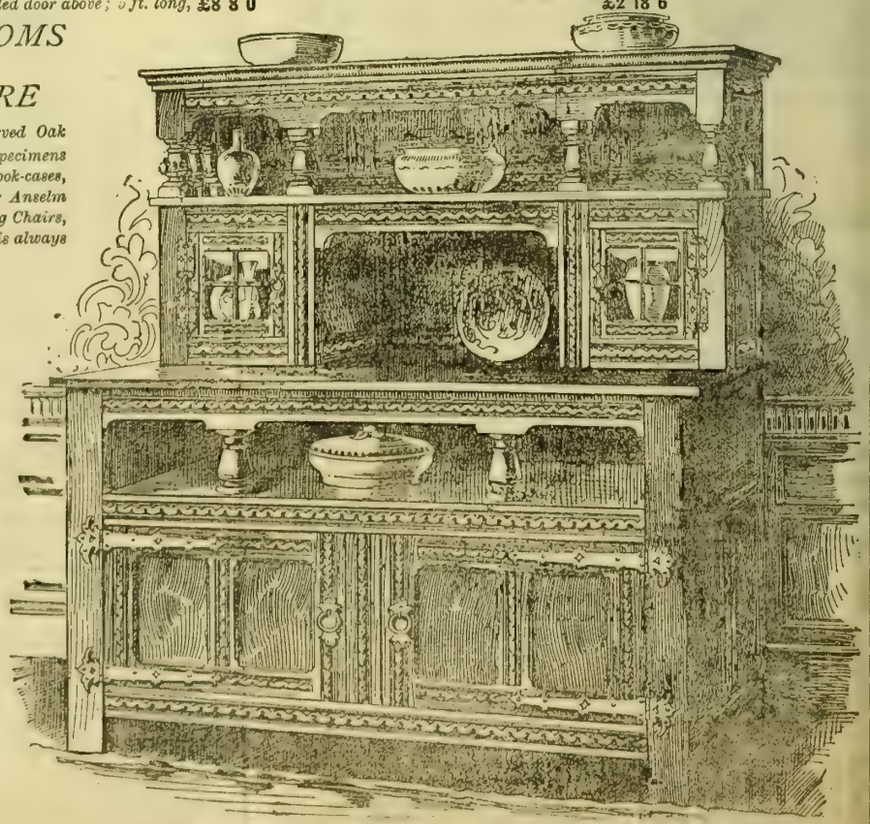

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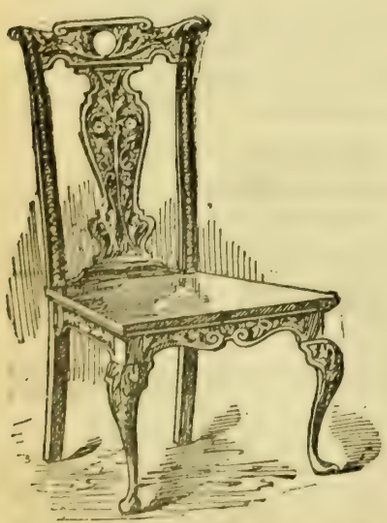

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici.—*Cicero.*"

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NOTICES.

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ENTRE NOUS.

THE arrangements at St. James's Palace on Thursday were hardly satisfactory in many respects, but any failure was really not the fault of the Court officials, who had been required to achieve impossibilities. Lord Carrington had spared neither time nor trouble in preparing for the ceremony, and every one was singing his praises. The company all arrived at the same time, and, what with the people going to the Chapel, others to the State Apartments, and others to the stands which had been erected within the precincts of the Palace, there was a scene of chaotic din and hurlyburly.

The internal decorations of the Chapel were far from effective, and the seats for the guests were merely wooden boards, covered with cloth, and mostly without backs. The heat was quite overpowering. The effect of the processions, too, was entirely spoilt by their being too crowded. The Princess of Wales walked with her father, and the Queen of Denmark was with the Czarewitch. The Duchess of Edinburgh quite blazed with jewels. The most splendid and stately figure was the Duchess of Teck, and of the men Prince Louis of Battenberg and the Duke of Edinburgh looked the best. The bride and bridegroom both seemed to be overcome with nervousness. There had been a grand bother about the order of the procession of the Royal family.

There was one dreadful blunder at the wedding. When the Queen's procession arrived at Ambassador's Court there was nobody there to receive her Majesty, and she had to sit waiting in her carriage until the officials rushed out, headed by Lord Carrington, who was in no way to blame for the hitch, as the Queen arrived shortly before the appointed time.

The clergy had a cruel time to wait at the altar, and why they should have been sent in so early it was difficult to understand. The Archbishop's manner of conducting the service was somewhat theatrical, and in parts rather absurd. He does not compare well with Archbishop Tait on such occasions. The music was good enough, but there was too much of it, and it made the service too long, and the Archbishop's final address (a novelty at Royal weddings) might as well have been omitted. The papers have been thrown into paroxysms of hysterical enthusiasm about "the intensely moving scene" at the end, when the newly-married couple embraced their relatives; but the fact is that all this kissing is a part of the ceremonial prescribed by etiquette at all Royal weddings, both at home and abroad.

Directly after the service the Royalties went back to Buckingham Palace, and were followed as fast as possible by all the people who had been in the Chapel. The first business was to sign the registry of the marriage, which was to be done in the bow drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, where the Royalties awaited the arrival of the Cabinet Ministers and "the dignitaries of the Church." The imaginative accounts in the papers of this transaction are a farrago of nonsense. The Duchess of York is described as signing first, and then the Duke, whereas the first signature was that of the Primate, who in the report is stated to have signed seventeenth.

If the crowd in the streets were hot, they will be comforted by the knowledge that the distinguished guests at the wedding were even hotter. After the ceremony they were all introduced into a corridor, where they stewed for about an hour and a half, until luncheon was served. The Royalties had a sitting-down lunch in one room, the other guests had a stand-up lunch in another. I hear that the Ambassadors were indignant at not being invited to the "sit-down" lunch, but as both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were only allowed to partake of the "stand-up," I hardly see how these eminent foreigners can complain.

The difficulties in the way of the Lord Chamberlain were enormous, owing to limitation in space, and the rules of etiquette. The manager of a theatre has usually much trouble to reconcile the rival jealousies of his actors and actresses. His task, however, is nothing in comparison with the rival jealousies of Royalties, of Ambassadors, and of "distinguished guests." These people ascribe an importance to questions of etiquette which, to less exalted beings, are of the most absolute indifference. The ribbons and the metal discs with which they decorate

their persons have for them a real value; the embroidery on their coats, and the various uniforms that they don are serious matters; and whom they precede out of a room is a question of life and death.

With the exception of Lord Carrington (who did very well indeed) the official actors in the ceremonial appeared to be very imperfect in their parts, and it is a wonder that no accident took place. It was odd, indeed, to see a number of aristocratic personages walking backwards with the appearance of being saturated with the most slavish servility, but even more grotesque and remarkable were the constant and profound bowings and scrapings of all the courtiers. Lord Palmerston once remarked to Lord Dalling (who repeated the saying to Charles Lever) that, "What a happy arrangement it is that in an age when our flunkeys aspire to be gentlemen there are gentlemen who ask nothing better than to be flunkeys," and he never said a better thing.

The profuse floral decorations at Buckingham Palace, in the halls, ball-room, and dining-room, and on the staircases, were most beautiful, and excited very great admiration. The Royal luncheon was served on eight round tables, which were charmingly decorated with orange trees (with bloom and fruit) and exotics. The superb sideboard in the dining-room was covered with gold plate, including the Indian trophies, and the splendid flagons and shields which were taken from the Spanish Armada.

There were three separate sets of guests: (1) Those invited to the chapel and to the breakfast; (2) those invited "to view the processions in the State Rooms, St. James's Palace, and to breakfast at Buckingham Palace," of whom there were 125. There were then a third lot, who were merely invited "to the State Rooms, St. James's Palace," and who, after the processions had passed, returned to their respective homes. There were about 110 of this last contingent, and among them were Lord and Lady de Grey, Lord and Lady Brooke, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Sir Henry Calcraft, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vyner, and several members of the Sassoon family.

The Duke and Duchess of York are to return to town early next week from Sandringham, and they will proceed to Cowes about the 25th. About the middle of August they are going to Denmark for a few weeks, and they will be conveyed to Copenhagen in the Royal yacht *Osborne*.

Jeames last week had a thoroughly "good time" of it. He expanded, he gushed, he grovelled. When the Royal marriage procession passed through the streets there was very little cheering. This, probably, was owing to the spectators being wedged together, and being so hot that they had to keep their lungs for breathing purposes. This, however, was not as Jeames would have had it, so he described the cheering as "tremendous." Of all the wondrous gush which has occupied column on column in my contemporaries, this particular "crammer," however, specially struck my fancy. It would seem that the Royalties came out on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. The Palace is separated from the Esplanade before it by a wide space. Now comes the gem: "The moment had come for leave-taking. The Royal party retired into the room, but not far in. They were still visible. Amid the silent sympathy of the crowd, and the tears of not a few ladies, the bride could be seen kissing her father and mother, the Queen, the Princess of Wales, her brothers, and, indeed, almost all, if not quite all, the Royal circle. It was a most touching spectacle." Very probably the bride did kiss her relatives; brides on going away usually do. But I defy any human being—even the eye-piercing Jeames, who, of course, sees through walls—to perceive what is going on in a room of Buckingham Palace, with a balcony before it, from the Esplanade. The ladies who wept with one eye must have had a telescope applied to the other, and even then they could not have seen what was going on.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the wedding party at St. James's Palace, it is reported that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was engaged in an animated conversation with the Silver Stick. An imaginative correspondent sends me an account of what that "animated conversation" may have been:—

Said the Silver Stick to Joseph,
"Pray excuse my marked surprise,
But, indeed, one hardly knows if
It is safe to trust one's eyes.
This some wanton freak of Fame's is,
If, in truth, 'tis you I see;
You! a guest here at St. James's?
No, no, no! it cannot be,
'Tis my powers of observation
That are playing me a trick;
You're a mere hallucination—
Are you not now?" said the Stick.

Answered, Joseph, "Courtly minion,
You're not fitted for your post;
Wholly wrong is your opinion,
I am certainly no ghost.
Side by side with Kings and Princes,
And the highest in the land,
As my presence here evinces,
I've been asked to take my stand:
Yes, the Brummagen dictator,
'Midst the country's very pick,
Shows it pays to be a traitor—"
"I believe you!" said the Stick.

"But," the Stick went on demurely,
"As a Radical, you must
View this courtly function, surely,
With disdain, if not disgust.
And my movements retrogressive
To a democrat like you,
Must seem folly most excessive,
That you're tempted to pooh-pooh!"

"Not at all; for let me tell you
I myself have learned the trick,
For six years I have walked backwards!"
Answered Joseph to the Stick.

For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 96, 97 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 95.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see pages 90, 106.

The last complaint to hand from the misguided "Fellows" of the Imperial Institute relates to the exhibition of the Royal Wedding presents. It appears that when Fellows and their friends arrived, in response to an official notice, to inspect the collection last week, they were kept waiting, to the number of 300 or 400, for upwards of an hour, while the Duke of Connaught and a small party of exalted individuals enjoyed a private inspection. The inference would seem to be that the Fellows of the Imperial Institute and their friends are not considered fit and proper persons to be admitted to the same corridor as a Royal Prince. Who is responsible for this view? The Duke of Connaught, or Sir Somers Vine and his colleagues?

Apropos to a recent remark of my correspondent, Madge, on the smallness of Kew Palace for the accommodation of a Court, one of my readers writes as follows:—

"The explanation may not be found in Fanny Burney's Diary, unless you are aware that the Royal Precinct at Kew consists of several distinct buildings. Of these I can only now name three: the Old Palace itself (the house of a London merchant in the reign of James I.); Cambridge Cottage, now belonging to the Duke of Cambridge; and Kew Cottage, lately inhabited by Sir Arthur Helps. Others there may have been of which I am not aware, but these three would suffice to accommodate the *entourage* of George III., who appears to have lived very quietly while at Kew.

Queen Caroline, wife of George II., lived at Richmond Lodge, a house more in the direction of the Old Deer Park and Monastery of Sheen, razed to the ground by command of George III., and converted into pasture-land—the present Old Deer Park.

I am indebted for these particulars principally to a most interesting work entitled "Richmond and its Inhabitants," by Richard Crisp, to which I may refer you for further information. The book is full of interesting anecdotes both as to Richmond and Kew.

The Prince of Wales, who is to arrive at Sandringham this evening from Newmarket, will entertain a large party to-morrow for his biennial sale of Southdown sheep and Shorthorn cattle, which have been bred on his Appleton, Babingley, and Wolferton farms. The Duke and Duchess of York are to be present at the sale, and the King of Denmark and Prince Waldemar are expected at Sandringham.

Prince and Princess Christian are to leave Windsor about the middle of next month for Germany, and they will remain abroad until the end of October. Princess Christian is going to Homburg, thence to Darmstadt, and later to Dessau. Prince Christian is going to visit his nephew, the Duke of Augustenburg, at Prinkenau, in Silesia.

Lord Bridport and Sir Edmund Commerell are to be in attendance on the Emperor William during his visit to Cowes, where he is expected to arrive on Sunday, the 30th.

The provisional programme of the German Emperor's visit to Cowes includes two State banquets, to be given by the Queen, in the new Indian Room at Osborne, and a dinner to be given in honour of his Majesty by the Prince of Wales on board the *Victoria and Albert*. The Emperor is to attend the house dinner of the Members of the R.Y.S. on August 1, and on another evening his Majesty will give a dinner-party on board his own yacht. The Emperor is expected to arrive at Cowes on the evening of the 30th, and he proposes to remain in the Solent for six days. He will sail his yacht, the *Meteor*, in the race for the Queen's Cup.

The Duke of Cambridge, who is to be among the guests of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood during the race week, will proceed to Germany about August 1, and H.R.H. intends to take a course of waters at Kissingen. The Duke has renewed his tenancy of the celebrated Six Mile Bottom shootings, between Newmarket and Cambridge, which belong to Mr. P. Hall, the heir of the late General Hall, who enjoyed the reputation of being the "hardest" game preserver in England.

Last week Lord Houghton's tour of inspection in Ireland was, for the first time, favoured with fine weather. The gales subsided, and the sun shone. The *Enchantress* ceased to afford the most disenchanting experiences to her luckless voyagers, who were given the opportunity of seeing the picturesque South of Ireland in peace—so far as regarded weather. The presentation of addresses, and speechmaking in reply thereto, continued with unabated virulence. Why the Lord-Lieutenant, who once acted wisely and well in refusing an address, should not have adhered to that line of conduct, it is hard to know. Had he established a precedent of refusing addresses, he would surely have earned the gratitude of his successors in years to come. To appeal to a Lord-Lieutenant on the subject of Irish needs is unnecessary, considering the number of Irish Members of Parliament who are quite capable of bringing the grievances and wants of their constituents under official notice.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have been entertaining large Saturday-to-Monday parties at Compton Place, Eastbourne, during the last month, and they will continue their hospitalities at that place until they go to Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, for the shooting season.

Lord and Lady Leconfield will entertain a large party at Petworth House during Goodwood race week.

I am asked to say that Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff will give a Concert, consisting of her compositions, on Thursday, July 13, at four o'clock, at 8, Prince's-gate, the residence of Mrs. Singleton, in which Mr. De Lara, M. Wolff, Mrs. Moncrieff, Mr. Oudin, and others will take part.

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co. C.O.M. Whisky. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand

Mr. John Fielden, who died last week, was a son of the Mr. Fielden who was a very well-known Member of the House of Commons during the first fifteen years after the Reform Bill, when he sat for Oldham. He was the last surviving member of the great firm of Fielden Brothers, which was converted some years ago into a limited liability company. Most of the Fieldens were Liberals, but Mr. John Fielden was a Tory, and, though brought up as a Unitarian, he subsequently joined the Church of England, after a Unitarian Chapel had been built by himself and his brothers at Todmorden at a cost of £40,000. Mr. Fielden took an active part in county and local business, and his family were great benefactors to the town of Todmorden. He owned large estates in Lancashire and Yorkshire. In 1872 he bought Grimstone Park, near Tadcaster, from Lord Londesborough for £250,000, but Dobroyd Castle, his beautiful place near Todmorden, was his favourite residence.

Mr. F. O. Pascoe, who died a few days ago, had been known to a limited circle for nearly half a century as one of the most eminent zoologists of the age. He was an intimate friend of Owen and Darwin, and their enthusiastic and valued fellow worker. Mr. Pascoe possessed one of the finest private zoological museums in the world, and he was always ready to display and explain his treasures. He was a very careful and thorough worker, and his writings are admirably lucid and exact. Mr. Pascoe was a Cornishman, and he passed the early part of his life in Cornwall, and owned a considerable property in that county.

Great indignation has been excited at Chepstow by the enclosing of the summit of the Wyndcliff, in order that a toll of sixpence may be levied on all who desire to enjoy the magnificent view from this spot. An attempt of this kind was, I fancy, made some years ago, but was abandoned in deference to strong local protests, and the Duke of Beaufort is ill-advised in allowing the attempt to be repeated. It can hardly have originated with the Duke himself, for he is not a man who would voluntarily indulge in the baser and more selfish manifestations of landlordism.

A still more impudent landlord encroachment is an attempt of Mr. C. J. Leyland to close that part of the Cheviot under his jurisdiction. The following notice has been inserted in the local papers:—

NOTICE.

ANY ONE FOUND TRESPASSING on the Farms of LANGLEFORD, GOLDSCLEUGH, or DUNSDALE, after this Notice will be prosecuted. The Fishing on this Estate is strictly preserved. Parties wishing to go to Cheviot must apply for permission to the Tenants of the Farms, or to the Game-watcher at Langleford.

WM. FORSTER,
Agent to C. J. Leyland, Esq.

Burradon, June 1, 1893.

The "farms" here referred to are merely mountain-side sheep runs, and there is hardly an acre of cultivated land in the whole district. The Cheviot has been open common-land from time immemorial, and I would recommend the inhabitants of the district to keep it so by systematically disregarding all such notices as the above. No one can be "prosecuted" for "trespass," and it is surprising that landlords should persist in setting up this flimsy bogey to guard the sanctity of their property. A trespasser only becomes subject to the criminal law if he does wilful damage. To pretend that a man had damaged a heather-clad mountain by walking over it would be too thin, I imagine, even for a Bench of landlord justices.

I am asked to mention, for the information of the many friends of Mr. Vincent Calmady, of Tetcott, Holsworthy, Devon, that a presentation to him is being promoted, in recognition of his generosity and sportsmanship in hunting the Tetcott country at his sole expense for many years. The presentation is to take the form of a group in silver, the central figure of which will represent the Squire on his favourite horse.

The official announcement that the epidemic at Worthing was at an end appears to have been decidedly premature. I understand that one day last week there were fifteen fresh cases, and that among them was a relative of the Mayor. A resident in the place also makes statements respecting the present condition of the water, which can hardly be explained by the curious theory recently put forward to account for the contamination of the supply. I am reluctant to say a word which may tend to injure Worthing or any other holiday resort. But, apart from the public interest in the matter, which is the supreme one, it is a fatuous and fatal policy to attempt to hush up ugly facts of this character. Nothing could injure the place more than to let it fill with visitors while there is any danger of an epidemic on a large scale. The truth ought to be made known, and I would suggest to the Mayor that he should further enlighten the public.

Perhaps I should mention that I have received another letter which begins by stating that the correspondent whose allegations I gave a fortnight back was guilty of "absolute untruth," and ends by characterising his statements as "wicked and false." Whatever may or may not be the truth about Worthing sanitation, I have no doubt that this vicious abuse of parties who find fault with the drainage is uncalled for, and for this reason I do not publish the letter. Either of my correspondents may be right in his opinion, but when it is a question whether there is or is not a smell, the evidence of A, who says he smells it, is worth more than that of B, who says he does not.

I want to know why some person does not seek to make a living for himself and to benefit his fellow-creatures by providing householders with servants, and—to use an Americanism—running the entire establishment? There is a fortune in the idea, and I make a present of it to any person in want of one. He would engage all servants, be responsible for them, and change them if they did not suit. He would pay all bills, and order all provisions. His first step to carry out the plan would be to find cooks of various capacities, but

all good in their way. Without the provisions costing more to the householder, he would make by his catering, for he would be doing it on a large scale. He might provide a plain cook for ordinary requirements, and send a first-rate cook for parade dinners. A householder would go to him, and, having exactly stated the number of servants that he required, would be told what the wages would be, and about what it would cost to feed them. He might explain how large his family is, and an approximative estimate would be given of the cost of catering for them. As it is, the difficulty in getting good servants is enormous. The cook almost invariably robs, is seldom even a tolerable artist, and is usually more or less drunk. The servants' agencies are mainly worthless, and it is a mere chance whether a servant obtained from one of them is good, bad, or indifferent. Middlemen are being squeezed out of most callings, but here is a profession in which such a person would be of advantage. We have gentlemen ready to arrange balls, and provide even guests. Why, then, does no one adopt my plan for a living? He would, of course, have to be respectable and intelligent, but it is difficult to suppose that all such persons have ceased to exist.

The water regatta at Richmond last Saturday evening was really a remarkably pretty sight; it outdid anything that I have ever seen of this description even at Venice. The river was alive with illuminated boats, whilst the banks and the bridge were one mass of light. The best view was from the garden of Buccleuch House, which was a few years ago purchased by Sir Whittaker Ellis, who gave a garden-party on the occasion. The reporter of the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* gives some observations of Sir Frederic Leighton, who was one of Sir Whittaker's guests:—

> Chatting about the scene before him, Sir Frederic described it as "a most beautiful and fairy-like spectacle." After again expressing the delight it gave him, he said he would hazard a criticism. "There is not a sufficient massing of the fireworks. Everybody has his own little bit of firework—a catherine wheel here and a rocket there. Then we have five or six fire-fountains in the water, as you saw just now—very pretty and effective, but if there had been fifty or sixty it would have been simply magical. I want to see it spring out in one mass. There might be a wall of fire along the water. The most beautiful fireworks I ever saw were at Cairo. What struck me most was half-a-mile of street made into a mass of fire and flame, a result produced simply with oil lamps. You have some very pretty things here, but they are somewhat isolated. You have an illumination all along there"—indicating the string of lanterns along the grounds of Cambridge House—"in festoons, and that is extremely pretty. If it were cut up into little bits it would not be nearly so pretty. If the whole bank for four or five hundred yards were throwing up those golden fountains that you saw just now, it would be a magnificent effect." Sir Frederic Leighton then went on to say how lovely the Terrace Gardens were looking just now, and then the announcement of supper put an end to the interview.

The most satisfactory feature in modern railway enterprise is the steady attempt to improve the accommodation provided for the third-class passenger. The Midland Railway have just set an excellent example in this direction by introducing third-class dining-cars on their express service to Scotland—a great boon to the "masses" of both kingdoms. In the same spirit the Great Eastern Company are putting a line of splendid steamers on their new Continental line between Harwich and the Hook of Holland. The Harwich route is, of course, patronised by all classes travelling to Holland and Northern Europe, but over and above this it is *par excellence* the democratic line to Germany and all the central parts of the Continent. As soon as the new steamers of the Great Eastern line are running, the Company will, doubtless, be rewarded by a further development of this traffic.

An esteemed correspondent has extracted for my benefit a number of literary eccentricities from the columns of the *Spectator*. These cause me no surprise, for I have always found that the journals which set up as literary purists and censors of the errors of others are themselves the most prone to solecism and affectation. As, however, I do not myself pose as a literary Pontiff, it would be out of place for me to teach my grandmother—the *Spectator*—her A B C.

The pretty rules and the finicking ideals of the literary stylist always seem to me precisely on a par with those of the tailor-made dandy. Language is only the clothes of thought, and the fashionable style of literary expression changes as incessantly as the cut of fashionable garments. One part of a University education is to teach a man the art of turning sentences in the mode for the moment fashionable. Another part is to teach him the particular cut of clothes which are for the moment "correct form." The young fop who has acquired the first of these fine arts looks down upon the uninitiated penman as contemptuously as does his brother, the tailor made fop, upon the "bounder," or whatever is the fashionable name for him, whose waistcoat is of last year's cut or whose hat brim takes an unorthodox curve. In process of time these young fops from the Universities are taken on to the staffs of journals like the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. There they occupy themselves, like dandies at Club windows, in laughing at the literary clothes of the men in the street. Well, what does it matter? The man in the street has much more to laugh at.

An American favours me with a characteristic argument on the subject of sensational head-lines. He complains not of the head-lines, but of the matter under them. For instance, a Glasgow paper proclaims in capitals, "Narrow Escape of the German Emperor," but when you go on to read the paragraph you find that what had the narrow escape was, not the German Emperor, but the pole of his carriage, which would have come into collision with another vehicle, *if* the coachman had not pulled up in time. An American journalist, says my informant, when he finds it advisable to lie, does not lie in the heading and then give himself away in the paragraph. I commend this practical view to the notice of my contemporaries.

THE RUSSIAN CHINA TEA COMPANY, who are under the patronage of Royalty and a very large number of the nobility and medical authorities, supply their Choice Teas as imported into Russia direct from their Head London Offices, 21, Mincing-lane. Carriage paid to any address. Write for price lists and leading medical and press opinions.

I am disposed to agree with Dr. Abbott that no one can take the Mathematical Professorship at Auckland, New Zealand, "without some forfeiture of self-respect." Mr. Aldis, the distinguished mathematician, who was Senior Wrangler in 1861, accepted this Auckland Professorship ten or eleven years ago. He has worked hard there and with eminent success. Now, he writes:—

> Last Monday X. succeeded in getting a majority of the University Council to give me six months' notice of the termination of my engagement, on the ground that the amount of work I did could be perfectly well performed by plenty of men who could be got for a much lower salary.

This University Council can allege only the huckstering and squalidly despicable reason that they can perhaps get the work done cheaper, utterly regardless of the fact that a Professorship is invariably accepted on the understanding that the holder is to retain it so long as he can perform his duties. Otherwise, how could any distinguished man take such a post? Mr. Aldis writes:—"No charge of incompetence or neglect of duty has been made against me, nor have I ever been asked to meet the Council, whose debates were held with closed doors." This is all very discreditable to the Council, who may advertise in vain for any competent successor to Mr. Aldis; for, apart from their "cheap" policy, who would accept such a place, if it is to be held merely at the pleasure of a Council of jolter-headed Colonials? It will be remembered that after Mr. Aldis became Senior Wrangler he was the object of much sympathy because he could not hold a Fellowship on account of his being a Nonconformist, all such posts being then limited to members of the Church of England.

A country School Board recently advertised for a head-teacher, with a salary of £100 a year, rising to £115. No fewer than one hundred and fifty applications were received. This shows that the outcry about the dearth of elementary teachers is all nonsense. There are plenty of excellent candidates for posts which are suitably remunerated, but it is preposterous to offer head teachers such salaries as from £40 to £70 a year, and it is discreditable that such places should be advertised.

Here, for instance, are two advertisements from a paper of Saturday which completely bear out all that I have said respecting the hopeless position of the assistant-master in a small grammar-school. The services of educated men are expected for a remuneration which would be contemptuously rejected by many domestic servants:—

> Country Grammar School; of 40 boys and two A.M.'s. Vacancy for ASSISTANT-MASTER, to teach English Subjects, good Arithmetic, French, and Elem. Latin. D Certificate, and ability to teach Algebra, Euclid, and Music a recommendation. Applicants must be good disciplinarians, have some experience, and take an active interest in Games. Teaching: 9-10.45, 11-12.45, 2-3.30. Supervision, 6.15-8.30 on alternate days. Salary £15 res. July 31.
>
> Town Grammar School of 42 boys. Vacancy for ASSISTANT MASTER in September to teach Mathematics for Cambridge Junior. Graduate, and must take active interest in Games. Help in general form work, Chemistry, or Drawing a recommendation. Teaching hours, 5 per day, with two half-holidays. Half the Supervision. £35 res. (June 29).

The Bishop of Bangor, having closed the Episcopal Palace, has let the extensive gardens to a market-gardener, and the spacious stables to a coach proprietor. Bishop Lloyd finds himself unable to maintain such a large establishment, as his official stipend of £4,200 a year is reduced to £2,200 during the life of his predecessor, Bishop Campbell, who takes £2,000 a year as a retiring pension, on which he enjoys "learned leisure" at Bournemouth. The fact is, that whereas a Bishop can practically retire on his own terms (which are usually, as in this case, exorbitant), the Primate's scandalous Church Patronage Bill would enable any Diocesan to evict a parish clergyman with a pension of not more than one-third of the net value of his living.

The Master of Balliol is to be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday at the evening service in the nave.

Much satisfaction has been given in the East Riding by the Archbishop of York presenting the Rev. M. C. F. Morris to the Vicarage of Nunburnholme, which was held for thirty-nine years by his father, the Rev. F. O. Morris, the eminent naturalist, and which is worth about £350 a year, with house. The Rev. M. C. F. Morris has been Vicar of Newton-on-Ouse during the last fourteen years, and he will be succeeded there by the Rev. E. Bryans, Vicar of Abbot Bramley, Staffordshire, who has been presented by Colonel Dawnay. Mr. Bryans was for eight years Chaplain to the Archbishop when he was Bishop of Lichfield. Newton-on-Ouse is a more valuable living than Nunburnholme (£400 a year, with house), but it is a much larger parish.

The important living of St. Margaret's, Anfield, which became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Sheepshanks to the See of Norwich, has been given by Mr. Gladstone to the Rev. John Wakeford, who has been for some years missioner in the Diocese of Chichester. This is a most excellent appointment, and it will give much satisfaction wherever Mr. Wakeford is known, for he is a very eloquent and a most impressive preacher, and a hard-working and highly successful clergyman.

The lamentations of the Free Church of Scotland over the death of Sir William Mackinnon, and the preparations of that sect to canonise him, have been abruptly terminated by the dreadful revelation that only two months before his death he wrote a codicil, "withdrawing and cancelling" all the bequests he had made in his will to the Free Church, which gifts amounted to nearly £50,000. Sir William explained in the codicil that he has revoked his bequest because the Free Church has departed in many ways "from the constitution and principles of the Disruption of 1843," and he very strongly objected to the Declaratory Act, about which there has been such a ferment in the North.

A lady correspondent draws a lamentable picture of the condition of a parish in the West of England, in the absence of the Vicar, who is away for a month's holiday. The absent Vicar has got a neighbour to come over and conduct one service for him on Sunday morning, and beyond that there is no spiritual ministration of any kind available, whether for the living, the dying, or the dead. This state of things will prevail in a good many parishes during the next three months. Parsons have a right to holidays, like the rest of us; but, like the rest of us, they ought to make provision for the proper discharge of their duties in their absence. How this is to be done I have not the slightest idea; but if I were a Bishop, of which I fear there is now little prospect, I should make a beginning by organising a staff of clergy who would undertake holiday duty, and arranging the holidays of the parochial clergy at such times as arrangements could be made for filling their places.

Another correspondent sends me the following sample of a lottery ticket apropos to Church lotteries in Ireland:—

TO BE RAFFLED,
ON SUNDAY, THE 10th SEPTEMBER, 1893,
AT NEWTOWN CHURCH,
£8.

Highest throw gets £5, and Lowest £3.

Receipts are to meet the Large Debt incurred by Recent Improvements in the above Church.

TICKETS . . . . THREEPENCE EACH.

This seems to be the simplest and most undiluted gambling. Money prizes are offered and are to be allowed by throws of the dice. Even the Anglican Divine who endeavoured the other day to prove to me that a charity lottery is not a lottery would find it hard to show that this is not what is known to the law as "gaming." Why clergy of any denomination are left free to carry on this business, while little boys are sent to prison for playing pitch-and-toss in the street, I am entirely unable to perceive.

I am placed in a rather difficult position by the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, who asks me to recommend his "Fresh Air Fund" to the kind attention of my charitable readers. I am pledged to recommend Lady Jeune's Fund, by means of which poor and sickly children are sent into the country for three weeks at a time, and I should not like to divert any money from that excellent object. In reality, however, there is little antagonism between the two movements, for Mr. Pearson only aims at giving day "treats," and he is able, with the assistance of the Ragged School Union, to send a child to Epping Forest for the day and give it plenty to eat for the nimble sum of ninepence. For £8. 2s. he undertakes to treat a party of two hundred. There is no reason, therefore, why those who have already sent children into the country by means of Lady Jeune, should not send a few ninepences to Mr. Pearson for the delectation of the youngsters inevitably left behind.

The following amounts have reached me towards Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund:—A. C., £2; A. E., £1; F. M. B., £3; Lady Albert M. Gower, £3; F. Wayne, £1; Iris, £2. 2s.

This letter will interest those who remember the controversy in TRUTH respecting the Chaplain-General a year or two ago. The writer has certainly good cause to complain, but he can hardly expect me to sympathise with him very keenly. It is only fair to him to state, however, that whatever else he may have contributed towards the whitewashing of the Chaplain-General, he is not one of those who went so far as to write to TRUTH in praise of their chief:—

SIR,—I was against you when you impeached the Chaplain-General's treatment of the men under him, and I joined at the time in repudiating any sympathy with the attack on Dr. Edghill, but I think that I and others who took up the same attitude have good cause to protest against the way we have been treated. You will remember that at the time to which I refer, Dr. Edghill—somewhat injudiciously, as it seemed to myself and many who sympathised with him—gave an intimation that unless the Chaplains backed him up, it would be impossible for him to recommend those improvements in pay and prospects to which he considered we were entitled. We were accordingly invited to express our "detestation" of the attacks made on the Chaplain-General, and at the same time a draft Warrant was circulated providing that the C.-G.'s salary should be raised to £1,000 a year; that three Deputy-Chaplains-General should be appointed at salaries rising from £1. 2s. 6d. to £1. 7s. 6d. per diem, with £1s. 5s. per diem retired pay; and that retired pay of all Chaplains of twenty years' service should be 17s. 6d. per diem.

A new Royal Warrant has recently been issued, but what does it provide? That the Chaplain-General shall have his £1,000 a year. But as far as the rest of the staff are concerned, they remain precisely where they were. I can guess your comment on this. You will say, perhaps, that we have been bought—and "sold." It may look like it, but it was not so. Speaking for myself, I said nothing but what I believed, and many of us would have been prepared to stand by the Chaplain-General without any thought of a *quid pro quo*. But it is, I think, undeniable that the Chaplain-General represented to his Juniors that it would be to their interest to support him, and that in the result no one has benefited but himself. Personally, therefore, I am not sorry to see that you are calling attention again to the administration of the Department. I do not think Dr. Edghill will find it easy to get another expression of sympathy and satisfaction from his Juniors.—Yours obediently,

AN EDGHILLITE CHAPLAIN.

The last remark is, doubtless, true. But I take it that Dr. Edghill has no further need of expressions of sympathy and satisfaction from his Juniors. He has got all he wants.

However I should like to know what is the present position of affairs in regard to the Tower Chaplaincy. The Chaplain-General still, I believe, holds that office—at any rate, he did so a few weeks back, and subsequently to the Royal Warrant raising his pay. The excuse originally offered for the absorption of the Tower Chaplaincy by the Chaplain-General was that there had been an understanding at the time of his appointment that his pay should be raised to £1,000 a year, and that the extra £200 for the purpose was found in this way, instead of by the taxpayer. Now, however, that Dr. Edghill is to have the extra £200 from the taxpayer, there is no reason why the Tower Chaplaincy should not be restored to its former footing.

I am told by one of their number that the Naval Chaplains have also their reasons for dissatisfaction with the administration of their Department, and I have before me some specific instances of "unfair treatment"

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, the *Hôtel de Luxe* of the North. Electric Light and Telephones in every room. Free Library for guests. Louis XV. Restaurant for highest class French Cooking. *No charge for attendance.*—WM. TOWLE, Manager. Note!—Midland Railway Company's Hotels at Bradford, Leeds, Derby, and London (St. Pancras). Excellent Cooking. Choice Wines.

which seem to justify this assertion. Before referring to the matter in detail, however, I should like to know something of the experience of other Chaplains, and if any of them care to communicate with me on the subject I shall be glad to hear what they have to say.

Lord Roberts has the refusal of the vacant Government of Gibraltar. There is no truth in the widely-circulated report that Lord Roberts is to succeed Sir Evelyn Wood at Aldershot, which would be a post far below his just pretensions. If Lord Roberts refuses Gibraltar, the place will probably be offered to Lord Wolseley.

A correspondent writes from the Rock :—

TRUTH has lately made some depreciatory remarks about Sir Lothian Nicholson, but I hope that, in view of the sudden and widely-lamented death of that gallant officer, you will give me space to put forward another version of the facts. I do not question the good faith of your informant, but I do dispute his accuracy, more especially in regard to the general feeling here towards the late Governor. He was looked up to by all classes as a man of a most kindly and genial disposition, as well as an able and energetic officer. From the copy of the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, which I enclose, you will see that on the announcement of his death all the shops were at once closed—a voluntary mark of respect which means a great deal. All entertainments and amusements have been suspended, and I can assure you that on all sides there are to be seen marks of genuine sorrow.

A tradesman at Gibraltar sends for my inspection sundry small accounts which he has been unable to collect from officers who have left there. I scarcely know what I can do to assist him; but as the accounts are small and have possibly been overlooked, I would suggest to the gallant officers in the King's Royal Rifles and the South Lancashire Regiment, whose names are on the bills, that they should attend to their Gibraltar liabilities. One officer has, I see, not yet paid for a set of bone counters which he purchased in March, 1892. Perhaps he has found them a bad investment.

Thursday last was officially proclaimed as a general holiday in the Army, and it might be supposed that in the Army, of all places, such an order would be loyally observed. That being so, I feel curious to know why two companies of a battalion at Shorncliffe should have been ordered to perform their usual quota of musketry practice on this day. The N.C.O.'s and men to whom this order applied were kept on the ranges from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m., which hardly comes up to the accepted idea of a holiday.

A Sergeant-Cook inquires of me whether anything is to be done to improve the position of the important body which he represents. So far as I know, nothing is in contemplation; but that something ought to be done I have already asserted. The cooks ought to share in the benefits recently extended to farriers. The Aldershot messing reforms have thrown on the Sergeant-Cook greatly increased work and responsibility—my present correspondent asserts that his work has actually doubled. At the same time "perquisites" have, no doubt, been very seriously reduced. Discontent under these circumstances is inevitable, and discontent and inefficiency go hand in hand.

The Regimental Cook now occupies, as he should, a position of great importance. He holds in his hands the happiness or the misery, the digestion and the morals, as well as the physique, of Tommy Atkins. He is, therefore, in a measure responsible for the soundness of the national defences. He may do, and he is doing now in a great many instances, a great deal to popularise the Service and stimulate recruiting. Such a functionary has supreme claims to consideration. No man who values his own peace and that of his household keeps a discontented cook. *A fortiori*, the Army cannot afford to.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman will, I understand, be invited to look further into the proceedings of a remarkable Court-martial, which was held at the Verne Barracks last week on Sergeant-Master-Tailor Martin Henry. Henry's offence was that he had failed to attend instruction drill with the recruits, as ordered by his Commanding Officer, who had recently removed him from the position of Master-Tailor. There seems to have been no material question as to the facts, but the prisoner, besides raising a point of military law, put in the following statements in his defence :—

He alleged that, having been reported last October for not completing three tunics which he had been ordered to braid, contrary to regulations, and severely reprimanded by his commanding officer, he had sent a written complaint, setting out as one of his reasons why the tunics were not braided that the officers of his regiment owed him over £30 for work done for them, and that he was consequently unable to obtain the braid, for which he had to pay ready money. This complaint his commanding officer refused to forward to head-quarters, and "from that day," said the prisoner, "I was a marked man, being continually reported for trivial offences, many of which were in respect of orders given to me contrary to regulations, until in April of this year I determined to send my complaint direct to the general officer commanding this district. The result of this was that another master tailor was appointed by my commanding officer, and I was invited to go upon the reserve. This I declined to do, when my commanding officer reverted me from my appointment and asked me to attend recruits' parade."

Henry, although a man of seven years' good character, has, I believe, been found guilty and reduced to the ranks. Before this sentence is confirmed, his statements should be investigated by independent authority, for, if they can be substantiated, somebody else should be put on his trial.

Reference in TRUTH to Depot irregularities has again brought me some communications from Carlow. Two Sergeants are serving on the Staff there who are on their Militia engagements, never having been in the Army. During the training, these men, one of whom has been acting as Officers' Mess Sergeant, and the other as Canteen Sergeant, were exempted from all drills for three months. This seems to be directly contrary to the Militia Regulation, which lays down that all the

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

BRUSSELS.—The GRAND HOTEL. Magnificent establishment. Central position. Latest English hygienic improvements. Post, telegraph, and ticket offices. Unrivalled *cave* and *cuisine*.—DUBONNET, Prop.

Permanent Staff must attend drill during training. I understand that the Canteen Sergeant here referred to is in his sixtieth year—another striking example of the vitality of the "old stager" element at the Depots.

The Sergeant Major at Carlow is understood to be the accredited representative of a firm of brewers. How far this is regular I do not know, but there are obvious objections to such a state of things—more especially in view of what I have been enabled to show lately respecting Depot irregularities, and the relation of Sergeants-Major to them.

On the question of Cavalry Officers' expenses, an ex-Dragoon tells me that expenses have gone up enormously since the abolition of purchase. Thirty years ago this gallant warrior subsisted in a fairly expensive regiment on an allowance of £350. Now, in the same regiment, £500 to £600 would be required. Add to the first-mentioned sum the interest on the price of a commission, and the total is still below the Cavalry Officer's expenses in 1893. What is the explanation of this? It is true the general scale of expenditure in civil life has also risen, but not in this proportion.

The following query has been addressed to me :—

SIR,—How many years must elapse before a Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel of the Army Medical Reserve of Officers attains to the rank of Surgeon-Colonel?—MONRO.

This is one of those professional conundrums which are entirely beyond the layman. Perhaps the editor of the *Broad Arrow* knows. I do not doubt that he will pretend he does.

Since I referred to the khaki question last week, I have received from Poona the extract given below from the last Battalion Orders of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers. This, I hope, finally disposes of the matter, and the only further remark that need be made is, that what is thus done at the beginning of June might just as well have been done at the beginning of April. I may here remark, however, that in regard to his white clothing, "Tommy" appears to have very much the same grievance as in regard to the khaki. Thus at Poona, the white clothing, which can be obtained in the bazaars at Rs.2, or Rs.2. 4a., is at present being supplied through the Regimental Tailor at Rs.2. 8a. Here again, if there is any difference between the regimental and the bazaar price, it ought to be in favour of the former :—

With the exception of—(*a*) men proceeding home during the ensuing trooping season; (*b*) men who arrived from home since September 1, 1892, the Battalion will receive one suit of khaki per man, free of charge.

Companies will be paraded at the Tailor's Shop as under, to receive this clothing, &c.

The following reaches me from Halifax (N.S.). From certain remarks appended, I gather that it has reference to some attempt of one of the "Service papers" (of which I was blissfully unconscious) to correct a previous statement in TRUTH respecting the working hours of the Royal Engineers at that place. As literal accuracy is so closely insisted upon, here are the exact working hours for the whole year :—

From March 15 to September 30, 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.; October 1 to 14, 7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.; October 15 to 31, 7 a.m. to 5 p.m.; November 1 to 30, 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.; December 1 to 14, 8 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.; December 15 to January 31, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.; February 1 to 28, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; March 1 to 14, 7.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

The average of this is, it is true, not 9½ hours, but 9 hours and a little more than 5 minutes. In the case, however, of one of the divisions, which is rather more than a mile from barracks, three-quarters of an hour only is allowed for dinner, in consequence of the men being granted half an hour to walk back to barracks in the evening; thus raising the number of hours for the greatest part of seven months—from leaving barracks to returning to 10¼.

The order for the whole of the hours herein mentioned has been in existence and unaltered since June 9, 1874.

It is almost superfluous, however, to devote further space to this matter, for I understand that soon after the appearance of the previous paragraph in TRUTH the men were given a weekly half-holiday on Thursdays. That furnishes a much better comment on my remarks than anything which is likely to appear in a Service paper.

A gallant warrior in the Royal Fusiliers writes to complain that during the two years the regiment was recently quartered at Woolwich no notice was officially taken of them by the authorities of their territorial centre, the City of London. None of the officers have been asked to the Mansion House, and no Lord Mayor has even thought it fitting to give the band of the City Regiment a place in his Show. All this, however, hardly surprises me. The territorial system is everywhere more or less of a farce, and in London it is specially so. I take it that the only regiments which the average Cockney looks upon as having any special connection with the metropolis are the Guards.

It will doubtless be within the recollection of some of my readers that the tenant of a desirable sea-side residence near Weymouth was one day last year the favoured recipient of a live shell, dropped into his garden by a gun-boat engaged in gun-practice. Although his remonstrances produced an official assurance that such a thing should not happen again, I hear that within as many days no less than six shells have recently burst in close proximity to the same house. Not long back I recorded a similar incident in Cornwall. Surely it is high time that stringent restrictions were placed upon all artillery practice within reach of inhabited regions.

Here are a few items from the canteen price-list of a regiment quartered at Bradford :—Jam, 6d. per lb. (same quality obtainable in the town at 2½d.); butter (or margarine), 1s. per lb. (in the town, 8d.); tea, 1s. 8d. per lb. (a better tea obtainable in the town at 1s. 6d.); Pears' shaving sticks, 8d. (in the town, 6d.). A regimental

Herefordshire Cider & Perry, six distinct varieties. Gold Medal, Paris, 1888. The Bishop of Ely writes, 1892, "Your Cider & Perry are excellent." List from H. P. BULMER & Co., Rylands, Hereford.

canteen ought to be managed on the principle of a co-operative store, and the profits given to the men in the shape of reduced prices. From the particulars, however, which are from time to time communicated to me, these establishments seem to be conducted as monopolies which can make what profits they like.

I take the following references to the *Victoria* disaster from a private letter from Malta:—

> All concerned in the disaster were well known here. As Malta is both small and sociable, every one gets to know every one else in a few weeks much more intimately than they would at home in England after years of acquaintance. Only five weeks before the disaster the fleet had sailed out of the harbour amidst great enthusiasm, all the inhabitants of Valletta assembling to bid farewell and wish God-speed to ships and men. Just before we arrived here, the *Edgar* and *Phaeton* had returned, bringing the surviving officers and men of the *Victoria*. Many of the men are ill, and suffering in many ways. Captain Bourke and Lord Gillford, the poor Admiral's Captain and Flag-Lieutenant, have both been greatly knocked up, but are now recovering. Captain Bourke, when thrown into the sea as the ship turned over, sank very deep—so deep he thought that he could never come up again. He did rise, and found himself in the sea with no one near him, nor could he see any one; he found, however, a life-buoy floating beside him. The stories of the hair-breadth escapes of most of the survivors are thrilling and fascinating. They end well, however, which makes all the difference in the world. It is awful in some cases to hear of those who were lost, yet one listens spellbound to these sad stories of human suffering. The fate of poor Lieutenant Munro was sad. He and another Lieutenant, Mr. Cayley (who was only temporarily doing duty on the *Victoria*, he belonging to the *Trafalgar*), were "forward," busy about the collision mat, when the Admiral called them "aft," out of the rising water. They left together to go to Sir George. Mr. Cayley crossed over the battery, whilst Mr. Munro went into it, to pass through. At the instant when Mr. Cayley was on top and Mr. Munro inside, the ship capsized. The former jumped clear of her into the sea, and poor Mr. Munro was carried away to destruction. Such are the curious chances of life and death! He was very popular here, and is deeply regretted. He died doing his duty to the last, poor fellow. Indeed, all the men seem to have acted splendidly, remaining calm and disciplined to the dreadful end. . . .
>
> Valletta is quite unlike itself at this season, except in being intensely hot. The approaching Court-martials excite every one. The *Camperdown* with Admiral Markham is expected every day; the next interesting arrival after that will be the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Michael Seymour. If the weather does not—as it threatens to-day—get too tropical, we shall stay here for some time longer. How hot it will be for a court of inquiry! Perhaps it may be moved from here if the heat becomes excessive.

I have to thank a host of naval and military correspondents who, apropos to the loss of the *Victoria*, have sent me technical disquisitions on naval architecture, tactics, and kindred matters. If I have not published these communications, it is not because I do not appreciate the brilliancy and originality of the views set forth in them, but solely because TRUTH is not big enough to hold them all, and I do not wish to create ill-feeling by making an invidious selection. I am, however, very glad to find that a large array of experts seems to be of my opinion, that it is very doubtful policy to spend as much money as we do on naval monsters, which can be destroyed with all on board them as easily as was the *Victoria*.

Apropos to the disaster and the consequent relief fund, an N.C.O. asks me why the Government cannot make special arrangements to enable soldiers and sailors to insure their lives. This query is worth the notice of the Secretary for War and the Lords of the Admiralty. There are two sides to the matter. In the first place Government has a special duty towards soldiers and sailors who perish in the discharge of their duty, which up to a point it already recognises. Apart from this, the State has already embarked in the Life Assurance business, and as nearly all other large employers of labour acknowledge a duty to assist their men in insuring against accidents and sickness, there seems to be special reason why the State should interest itself in the same way on behalf of its employés. In the case of soldiers and sailors it would be a peculiarly advantageous class of business, as the insured would all be picked men. It would be an easy thing to arrange for insurance premiums to be deducted from pay, and regular payment would then be assured.

Launceston has been favoured with a visit from Mr. C. A. Swift, a representative of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and on Sunday week he preached a sermon at the Wesleyan Chapel. In the course of an edifying discourse on the "blessed work" of his Society, Mr. Swift referred to his experience in the Royal Navy, and said that "almost his worst" was four years ago, when he was transferred from one ship to the ill-fated *Victoria*:—

> He did not think (he said) there were ten Christian men in the whole of her crew of several hundred, and he therefore did not wonder at her destruction; for, he said, the change was like going from Heaven into Hell, and he often wondered God didn't allow the sea to swallow up that ship.

Mr. Swift boasted that the Society has 138 men "such as himself" in different parts of the world. For the credit of the Society it is to be hoped that this is not true.

Not long since I said a word on behalf of the Sub-Assistant-Apothecaries in the service of the Presidential Governments of India. I have since heard from an Indian correspondent, who has had a good deal of experience in hospitals, that the integrity of the rank and file of the Service—especially the native apothecaries—leaves much to be desired. Adding what my informant says to what I already know, I should imagine the truth to be that these men are very ill-paid, and that they supplement their scanty means of subsistence out of the rations intended for the patients under their charge. But if some of my Indian readers could favour me with the result of their observations of the native apothecary, I might be better enabled to form an opinion.

Numerous communications received since my remarks on the capricious system of promotion prevailing in the Indian Telegraph Department reached India, bear witness to the keen resentment with which the present state of

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate-street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

THE IMPERIAL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—CHAS. A. REINGPACH, Manager.

things is viewed by the senior Telegraph Masters. One of these officials writes:—

> The first and second grades of Telegraph Masters are at present expected to live on Rs. 275 and Rs. 255. In each case the maximum is reached after fifteen years' service, and there is nothing more to hope for till retirement at 55. It is dreadfully hard, and crushes all the life out of a man of any energy to feel that at 33 or 35 the miserable pittance which he has then reached is the most he can ever hope for; but these feelings amount to despair when they see mere lads, little more than schoolboys, rising over their heads to the rank of Sub-Assistant-Superintendent. This state of things is due entirely to the whim of the present Director-General, who holds that a man of 45 is only fit to be shelved, and confines his selections to those under 30.

The proper way of meeting this grievance is to assign a certain number of Sub-Assistant-Superintendentships to the Telegraph Masters, and I hope that something of this kind will be done.

Experience has taught that nothing is more difficult than for the humbler employés of a great Company to gain the ear of the Directors in reference to the action of those placed in authority over them. No doubt this is why I have been asked to ventilate the grievances of the workmen in the "loco. joiners' shops" of the Great Northern Railway at Doncaster. The nature of their complaints may be gathered from a statement, already published in a railway journal, that "the tyranny and despotism practised there have become quite unbearable.' The particulars which I have received from Doncaster give the matter such a serious aspect that I certainly think the Directors should institute an inquiry. If they will do so, I shall be happy to assist them with the information in my possession.

I am glad to notice that the Liverpool Sunday Society has scored another victory over Sabbatarian bigotry. The City Council last week considered an offer of the Society to provide a band to play in Sefton or Wavertree Park on Sundays, and the Sabbatarians, of course, trotted out the old familiar nonsense about "the thin end of the wedge," the "secularisation" of the Lord's Day, and so forth. By a considerable majority, however, the Council accepted the generous proposal of the Society.

Those who take an interest in the "boarding-out" system, lately discussed in these columns, should see an account of the Shoreditch Vestry's Cottage Homes, which has appeared in *London*. The Shoreditch Vestry, which is by far the most enlightened in the Metropolis, has made a compromise between the "boarding-out" principle and the opposition system of monster workhouse schools. At Hornchurch it has established a model village of its own, where the pauper children are reared in cottage homes, as far as possible under the conditions of home life, but under the supervision of trained officials instead of cottagers. Efficient schools are attached to the village, as well as swimming baths, gymnasium, and workshops for technical instruction, but out of school as much freedom as practicable is given to the children. The experiment has been in the highest degree successful. There is only one improvement which I can suggest in it, and that is that in the management of these cottage homes the old people from the workhouses should be as far as possible employed. We should then be within measurable distance of the ideal to which I pointed in my article on the boarding out system—namely, that it should be applied to the old as well as to the young.

At a recent meeting of the Rugby Guardians, a letter was read from the Local Government Board asking for the names of all able-bodied paupers who are allowed to smoke, and also for particulars as to the quantity of tobacco they consume. This highly-important communication afforded much amusement to the Guardians. But really it is most interesting as an evidence of the unflagging industry of one branch at least of the public service. Who dare talk about an idle tribe of Tite Barnacles, when all the time they are busily engaged in gleaning such precious information as this respecting the pauper's pipe?

The Local Government Board will do well to give immediate attention to the conduct of the Bridgend and Cowbridge Rural Sanitary Authority—unless, of course, the Department considers it part of the business of such a body to bring about a serious epidemic of disease. This is what the authority in question seems to be aiming at in the village of St. Bride's Major, Glamorganshire. For nearly five years the villagers have been agitating for a proper water-supply, which could be obtained from an unfailing source two miles away. Two years ago a scheme was proposed under which Lord Dunraven was willing to defray the cost of the main, leaving only the expense of the branch pipes and the annual working charges to fall upon the rates. By raising all sorts of frivolous objections, however, the authority caused the offer to be withdrawn, with the result that St. Bride's is still without a water-supply. For months past now the inhabitants, especially those of the labouring class, have been driven to using for domestic purposes water from a horse-pond, reeking with impurities. And to crown its performances the authority has just issued a mandate to house-owners commanding them to provide a proper water-supply, "either by storing rain-water, or in some other way." How rain-water is to be stored when there is no rain, and what "some other way" may mean, this egregious body does not condescend to explain.

The gentleman who brings this St. Bride's scandal under my notice expresses the opinion that it is a strong illustration of the need for the Parish Councils Bill.

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is, 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

He also urges that if the Liberal Party are to retain the support of the agricultural labourers, the Bill must be passed this session. I entirely agree with him.

A Conservative correspondent has drawn my attention to the action which the Pontefract Corporation—a Liberal body—has taken against a local Tory journal. It appears that this print, smarting under the Tory defeat at the late election, relieved its bitter feeling by writing about "crafty and contemptible tricks, a corrupt and dishonourable caucus," and generally abusing its opponents. The Liberal Councillors have been so thin-skinned as to take notice of this vituperation, and last week they carried a resolution excluding the reporter of the paper in question from all Corporation meetings. What I should say of a Tory Corporation under the like circumstances, I say even more strongly of the Pontefract Liberals. Such action is always foolish and ill-advised, and Liberals ought to show that they so regard it.

An indignation meeting has been held at Stratford St. Mary to discuss the steps which are to be taken to contest the claim which has been set up by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Norton, to the exclusive right of fishing in the Stour for a considerable distance. The meeting was attended by representatives of the Anglers' Association, and from many London angling clubs, as the questions which have been raised have a bearing upon the fishing rights on all rivers. Funds are being raised for the defence of an angler, against whom an injunction has been applied for, to prevent him from any future fishing in this particular water.

A traveller, just returned from America, confides to me his humiliation in the eyes of his fellow-passengers from the States by the advertisement hoardings which they beheld displayed in the fields on the journey from Liverpool to London. I am not an æsthete myself, but I admit that an advertisement hoarding hardly lends an additional charm to any rural landscape, more especially when it celebrates the virtues of pills. But who is to blame? Advertisers cannot be blamed for desiring to lay out their money to the best advantage wherever the opportunity offers. Farmers certainly cannot be blamed, in the present state of agriculture, for planting anything in their fields which they can get a profit from, and I doubt if any crop will prove as remunerative just at present as a crop of advertisement hoardings. My friend, who is shocked at what he saw between Liverpool and Euston, had better avoid the journey to Brighton. Should the agricultural outlook not improve, I foresee that the whole of the Brighton line will eventually be fenced in with advertisements. In some parts of London there are houses which are completely covered with advertisements, windows and all. They are unoccupied, and they actually yield a higher rent as advertising-stations than they would as habitations. Our fields and hedges seem to be going the same way.

Something will, I trust, be done with reference to Mr. Justice Hawkins's complaint in regard to the slipshod character of the depositions from the Metropolitan Police Courts. Her Majesty's Judges have complained so often on this subject that I feel sincerely sorry for them; but no previous language used on the subject equals in intensity that of Sir Henry Hawkins last week. His lordship described the depositions sent to him from Southwark Court as "scandalous in the extreme," "no use whatever," and "worse than useless"; and if, he added, "Magistrates' clerks scamp their work in this way, the sooner they cease to be Magistrates' clerks the better." That is precisely the way in which the matter presents itself to me.

A correspondent writes to me to complain that the newspaper reports of lawsuits are often given in such a form that nobody can tell who the parties are. The other day, for instance, he was perplexed by the report of a breach of promise action in the *Times*, where only the surnames of the plaintiff and defendant were mentioned. He happens to know several men bearing the same patronymic as the defendant, and there was nothing to indicate whether the base deceiver was one of these or somebody else. Distressing as this confusion may be, I fear it is practically unavoidable. Sometimes the full names do not transpire, and sometimes reporters are careless. But even if the initials were invariably supplied, as my correspondent suggests, they would not be of much service in the case of the extensive families of Smiths, Joneses, Browns, Robinsons, and so on.

Take anything which you can get by arrangement with your debtor in preference to trusting to the tender mercies of the Bankruptcy Court. That is the advice which my experience of the Bankruptcy Laws leads me to tender to all creditors. Eighteen months ago one of the creditors of a large Suffolk farmer endeavoured to get his brother creditors to accept 10s. in the pound. His efforts were in vain, and the Bankruptcy Law took its course. After a dreary interval of silence, the same creditor above-mentioned has just been informed by the trustee that the assets realised have barely sufficed to pay the Official Receiver, rent, and labour. The solicitors and the trustee himself are still unpaid. What creditors have to bear in mind in these cases is that they come last.

It is to be hoped that Magistrates throughout the country will make a note of Baron Pollock's excellent remarks at Oxford Assizes the other day respecting the traffic in unwholesome meat. His Lordship passed the exemplary sentence of eight months' hard labour upon a butcher who sold some diseased beef which caused several persons to be taken ill and one to die. As the Judge said, it is of immense public importance that the poorer classes should be protected against unhealthy food. But there cannot be such protection so long as Magistrates are weak enough, as they generally are, to let off offending salesmen with fines, which are easily paid out of the week's profits.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. I observe that Mr. Addison, Q.C., Chairman of the Salford Hundred Sessions, is aggrieved at the appearance of two of his sentences in the Pillory last month. One man named Brierley was committed for six months' hard labour for stealing a spade, and another named M'Nab for three months for stealing a scythe, and these cases were contrasted with a third from a different Court, where a mere fine was considered sufficient punishment for a brutal assault which involved the dislocation of the prosecutor's arm. In his remarks to the Grand Jury last week Mr. Addison sought to justify his sentences on the ground that Brierley and M'Nab were old offenders. The fact that Brierley had undergone the outrageous punishment of seven years' penal servitude for the theft of a wheelbarrow is, to my mind, no reason whatever why he should get six months for stealing a spade. However, without again discussing a question which has been so often threshed out, I will frankly admit that in the two cases quoted, Mr. Addison, though too severe, was merciful in comparison with some Judges—the Recorder of the neighbouring city of Manchester, for example. But so much cannot be said in respect of the further cases from the same Sessions which head the second column of the appended list. Note the difference in the treatment of offences against property and offences against the person :—

Salford Hundred Sessions. Before Mr. Addison, Q.C., and other Magistrates. William Higson, charged with indecent assault. Fined £5.

Thomas Hughes, charged with indecent assault. Fined £2, and bound over.

Richard Cawley, charged with inflicting grievous bodily harm upon Adam Royles by stabbing him. Three months.

East Suffolk Quarter Sessions. Before Lord Rendelsham and other Magistrates. Charles Marsh pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting Agnes Runeckles, aged five. Three months.

Manchester City Police-court. Before Mr. Elliott and Mr. Estcourt. George Starkey and Patrick Gibbons, convicted of assaulting Ernest Burgess, aged 17. Gibbons held Burgess down whilst Starkey burnt him with a red-hot brass rule. Later on they repeated the assault. A doctor said the youth's injuries were very serious. Starkey, two months; Gibbons, one month.

Rugeley Petty Sessions. James Averon, charged with assaulting Martin Darmady, whom he struck on the head with a poker, inflicting a severe wound. Fined 10s. and 11s. 6d. costs.

Tendring Hundred Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. Canon Norman, Colonel Davis, Lieut.-Col. Morrell, Mr. A. Hempson, and Mr. J. Smith. Osmond Ormes, convicted of an aggravated assault on his wife. She was stunned by one of his blows. Fined 40s. and costs, and bound over.

Salford Hundred Sessions. Before the same Bench. Samuel Knott, charged with wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence. Twelve months.

Thomas Mullen, charged with stealing four trowels. Twelve months.

Robert Jeffcote, charged with stealing a suit of clothes and other articles. Three years.

East Suffolk Quarter Sessions. Before the same Bench. John Reeve pleaded guilty to stealing three fowls. Six months.

Worcester City Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. R. H. Amphlett, Recorder. William Wellington, charged with attempted burglary. He was seen tampering with the window of a house. Seven years.

Basingstoke County Bench. Before Messrs. F. M. E. Jervoise and A. Wallis. John Shaw, convicted of stealing gooseberries from a garden. One month.

Rugeley Petty Sessions. William Wyld, charged with trespassing on the railway. Fined 10s. and 14s. costs.

Needham Market Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. Fraser, General W. G. Martin, and Mr. W. W. Wells. Elijah Woods, charged with taking two rabbits by night. One month.

Braintree Petty Sessions. Before Mr. H. G. R. Marriott, General Thompson, and Messrs. S. Courtauld and C. H. W. Marriott. Henry Steward, Hy. Turner, and Thomas Grubb pleaded guilty to cruelly ill-treating a gelding. They tied one of the animal's forelegs up to its shoulder, threw it down, and beat it with sticks. Fined 10s. each and costs.

Welshpool Petty Sessions. Before Mr. D. H. Mytton and Mr. S. Powell. William Edwards, farmer, charged with assaulting John Andrew, farm-servant. Complainant was struck with a bill-hook, knocked down, and kicked, and had to have surgical attention. Fined £2. 6s. 6d., including costs.

Irvine J.P. Court. Before Bailie Jack and Mr. A. C. M'Jannet. William Martin, charged with a disgraceful assault on a girl. Fined 10s.

Belfast Summons-court. Before Mr. R. J. Eaton, R.M., Sir J. H. Haslett, Dr. O'Malley, Mr. T. H. Browne, and other Magistrates. William Richard Alcock, convicted of cruelty to his children. He had been previously cautioned by the S.P.C.C. Fourteen days.

Brierley Hill Police-court. Before Mr. Neville, Stipendiary. Joseph Balham, charged with assaulting Esther Hunt. She had to keep her bed for three days, and was attended by a doctor. Fined 20s. and costs.

Ipswich Police-court. Harry Vinyard, charged with assaulting his wife, who said he knocked her off a couch and then hit her on the body, mouth, and legs. Fined 10s. 6d. and costs.

Work-op Police court. Before Mr. Henry Mellish, Mr. Machin, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Eddison. Sixteen men charged with trespassing for game on lands of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. F. J. Savile Foljambe. Fourteen defendants fined £5 each and costs, or two months; two fined £3 each and costs, or one month.

Cranbrook Police-court. Before Major Atkin Roberts and Colonel Ready. George Wright, aged 17, and William Sharpless, aged 13, charged with stealing three hop-pockets and a guano bag. Wright, one month; Sharpless, fourteen days.

Irvine Burgh-court. Before Bailie Jack. Peter Javelin, charged with begging. Ten days.

Belfast Custody-court. Before Mr. F. J. M'Carthy, R.M., and Mr. J. Hollywood. Hugh M'Quillon, charged with stealing one shilling belonging to his father, and also with using obscene language. Three months.

John Gibson, charged with having failed to report his change of residence, he being under police supervision. Three months.

Armagh Petty Sessions. Before Mr. N. L. Townsend, R.M., and Messrs. J. Compton, R. G. M'Crum, J. Anderson, F. J. Best, and T. Brown. William Nolan, indentured apprentice of Thomas Dolan, charged with leaving his employment and refusing to return. Fourteen days' imprisonment.

William Goff, convicted of four charges of drunkenness. Four months.

Walsall Police-court. Charles Stockton and his wife, charged with cruelty to their adopted child, aged 13. It was stated that the cruelty had continued for two or three years. The man beat the child with a strap, which was studded with iron studs, and the woman used a stick or her fists. The woman was discharged. Charles Stockton fined £1 and costs.

Ayr Sheriff Court. John White, Alexander Henderson, John Henderson, and Robert Goudie, charged with indecently assaulting a servant girl. Goudie, fined £4; White, £5; John Henderson, £3; and Alexander Henderson, £2.

Worship-street Police court. Before Mr. Rose. Frederick Thomas Newman, convicted of a violent assault on his wife. Besides beating her with his fists, defendant, during one night, three times kicked her downstairs, threw a pail of water over her, flung her against a wall, and kicked her in the stomach. She was near her confinement, and at one time it was thought she was dying. One month, and separation order granted.

In reference to a "sleeping out case" reported from Montgomery Petty Sessions in last week's "Pillory," Mr. N. W. Humphreys, one of the Justices concerned, writes :—

Arthur Grimshaw was charged with sleeping in a building (not "sleeping out") attached to a farm-house, and containing hay, straw, &c. As men of his class—tramps—always carry matches and often smoke where they sleep, there is great danger of setting the place on fire. Recently a building in the same parish was set on fire by a tramp. As there is no fire-engine within four miles, and no water near, had the building in the present instance caught fire, it must have been, with the house, burned to the ground. . . .

All this is very familiar, but in principle it only comes to this, that in order to save landlords and farmers the trouble of locking up or otherwise protecting their out-

BIRDS of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer.

buildings, anybody crawling into such premises for a night's rest is to be dealt with as a criminal—which meant, in the case to which I referred, that he is to receive punishment on the same scale as a bully who wantonly attacks a man in the streets, knocks him down, and kicks him brutally. On principle I object to the Vagrancy Act. But, apart from principle, what evidence does Mr. Humphreys adduce that this tramp, Grimshaw, was the dangerous character he asserts? It is all very well to say that tramps "always carry matches." But were matches found on Grimshaw, or is the basis of Mr. Humphreys' argument a pure matter of assumption? May I take it that if a tramp throws away his matches before he crawls into an outhouse he will be in no danger of getting fourteen days at Montgomery Sessions?

Some singular proceedings were revealed at an inquest on the body of a child which was held at Crewe last week. The child died in a fit, and the doctor who had attended her for two or three weeks previously gave a certificate in the ordinary way, and the funeral took place on June 27. On Sunday, July 2, the body was exhumed at the instigation of the police, but when the Coroner and Jury assembled not a scrap of evidence was adduced to justify even a suspicion that death was not due to natural causes. When the Coroner commented upon this, Colonel Cope, the Deputy Chief Constable, could only say the Police "were under the impression" that the certificate was irregular. It seems to me that the police should be compelled to give some further explanation of their extraordinary action. That they would dare to disturb a grave merely because of a crazy "impression"—which could have been satisfied without such a step—is almost too outrageous for belief.

When a burial scandal occurs I find, nine times out of ten, that the "dear departed" was a pauper. No doubt Mr. Sowerberry's notions on the subject of such interments are still entertained. There was a case at Chislet, in Kent, the other day. According to the report made to the Blean Guardians on Friday, "an old man, incapable of performing his duty," was sent with a coffin for a deceased pauper. It was discovered that the coffin was too small, but, nevertheless, the body was forced into it, and then, it is alleged, "two men stood upon the lid while it was screwed down." As may be readily imagined, "the extreme pressure thus exerted had horrible results." The Guardians, it should be added, were so far shocked as to express their "extreme dissatisfaction" with the ghastly business.

Since my last reference to the matter, only a fortnight ago, I have received some further correspondence in connection with the "Spanish Prison Trick," which presents a new feature. The enterprising Spaniard who attempts the swindle in this case claims to be a Canon of the Catholic Church, and actually writes on paper bearing a stamp with the inscription "Iglesia Parroquial de San Pedro, Sagunto." The Canon signs himself "John Romero," and professes to have received his information concerning the buried treasure under the seal of the confessional. Whether there is such a church as the "Iglesia Parroquial de San Pedro" at Sagunto I have no means of ascertaining; but, if there be, the authorities of the church would do well to look into the disreputable use which is being made of their name and seal. Again I would ask, how much longer is this swindle to be suffered to go on unchecked?

A member of the Carlton Club writes to tell me that he and several members of his family have been "bothered by a man, Ernest Day by name, to buy an engraving of one of our ancestors." The portrait turns out to be of no value, and the frame is "suspiciously new," and so the Carlton Club gentleman writes to inquire if this is one of the rascals that I have shown up. The moral of this is obvious. Members of the Carlton Club evidently have not sufficient opportunities of studying TRUTH, or they would not be in the dark about a sharper who has been the subject of reference in these columns almost every week for the last year or two. The Committee should order a few more copies without delay. In a club where almost every member has ancestors it is specially desirable that all should be well informed about Ernest Day. In Liberal Clubs, where there are few ancestors to boast of, it may not be of so much consequence.

I have received from the Charity Organisation Society the latest edition of their "Cautionary Card." I would strongly recommend it to the notice of all subscribers to charities, and still more to those who are prone to part with their cash in response to casual circulars and appeals. The card contains a list of all the more prominent charity swindlers now before the public, and from my experience of the Charity Organisation Society, I have no hesitation in saying that absolute reliance may be placed upon all information in this direction issued from their office.

One of the minor annoyances which the postman brings upon us is the touting by clergymen on behalf of new churches which they are building. A number of such appeals have lately been forwarded to TRUTH office by the recipients, one of the most objectionable of them being from the Rector of Barthomley, Crewe, who has his appeal lithographed and surrounded by a border of deep mourning, and uses an envelope of the same character. Doubtless the mourning border has, and is designed to have, an emollient effect upon the hearts of those to whom the document is addressed, but it is also calculated to alarm nervous people in a way for which there is no excuse. Why a man, reverend or otherwise, should be allowed to beg in this way by post when he would not be allowed to beg by word of mouth in the street, I fail altogether to see.

The following letter has been forwarded to me by a gentleman at Carlisle to whom it was addressed. It is interesting for the light it throws upon the wonderful

SPA, BELGIUM (10 hours from London and Paris.) Racing, tennis, golf, pigeon-shooting, &c. Splendid Casino, with theatre, &c. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia and dyspepsia.

unanimity of Unionist meetings of which we sometimes hear. From the concluding words, it is evident that Mr. Ostell puts more faith in the strong arm of the "chucker out" than in the persuasive powers of Tory orators. I admire his sagacity :—

Carlisle Conservative Association,
14, Bank street, Carlisle,
July 4, 1893.

SIR,—It having come to my knowledge that you have in your possession a ticket for to morrow night's meeting, I write to warn you that you will not be allowed to use it. The meeting is one of Unionists, and for Unionists, and if you attempt to intrude you must take the consequences, which may be unpleasant.—
Yours faithfully, JOHN OSTELL.
Mr. ——.

The following is the menu of the State banquet given by the Transvaal Government to Sir Henry Loch on the occasion of his visit to Pretoria. It is an unusually interesting specimen of menu-language. Whether it is to be regarded as Anglo-Dutch French, or Anglo-French Dutch, I must leave the reader to decide :—

MENU.

Gala—Diner
ter eere van
Zijne Excellentie Harer Britsche Majesteits
Hoogen Commisaris voor Zuid-Afrika
Sir Henry Brougham Loch, K.G.M.G. [*sic*], K.C.B.,
Pretoria, 6 Juni, 1893.

Bouillon Soep. Soep à la Chasseur.
Zeetong met witte-wijnsaus.
Gelardeerd Wildbraad en Jelly.
Ganzenlever Paté.
Kalfskotelleten en Asperges.
Punch à la Romaine.
Gebraden Kalkoen. Schapen-leude.
Bloemkool au gratin.
Pudding Chandeau.
Vruchten.
Dessert.

I have often referred to the unblushing manner in which some Parliamentary constituencies are nursed by Members and would-be Members. The business seems to be carried on in a particularly brazen style in the Accrington Division of Lancashire. When Mr. Hermon Hodge, the late Member and, I believe, present Tory candidate, puts his hand in his pocket, his trumpeter in the local Press sees that he gets the fullest credit for his liberality. Thus, in a recent issue of the Tory organ, I read that "Mr. Hermon Hodge has presented the Church Pigeon Flyers with a Five Guinea Challenge Cup." In the next column there is a repetition of the same important announcement, with the additional information that the Cup is "handsome." And, in order that there may be no mistake about it, a third paragraph tells us that "it is almost incredible the amount of money Mr. Hermon Hodge subscribes to charitable and other objects in this Division."

The Isle of Wight Liberals have been fortunate in obtaining a most excellent candidate for the next election in the person of Mr. G. Baring, of Cowes, son of the late General Baring, who was for many years one of the most popular residents in the island, and a very well known member of the R.Y.S.

Lord Salisbury's argument that the Parliamentary majority was not given for Home Rule because other reforms were before the electorate is hardly correct, for this might be said of any important measure advocated by one Party or the other at a General Election. Some, no doubt, voted for the Liberal candidates, because they were in favour of Disestablishment or Local Veto, as well as of Home Rule. But might it not with equal truth be said that some voted against Home Rule because they were opposed to one or other of these two measures, as well as to Home Rule? I no more suppose that all who voted for the Liberal candidates were wildly enthusiastic for Home Rule than that every publican and parson in the country was desperately opposed to it The election, however, showed that more electors were prepared to give Home Rule to Ireland than to refuse it. The verdict of the country was consequently for Home Rule. Lord Salisbury himself perceives this, and he further perceives that for the Lords to throw out a Home Rule Bill that a Home Rule House of Commons passes, is to fly in the face of the popular verdict. He, therefore, suggests the Swiss plan of a *referendum*. To this Radicals have no sort of objection, provided that the *referendum* takes the place of the House of Lords. If his Lordship will carry a Bill through the Lords to this effect, I think that I can assure him that it will receive the support of all Radicals in the House of Commons. But will he?

Mr. Conybeare, in the episode of last week, hardly seemed to me to realise the point at issue. A Member of Parliament has the opportunity to call attention in Parliament to any action of the Speaker that he deems wanting in impartiality; and by the unwritten law of Parliament this is deemed to preclude him from calling attention to it elsewhere. This rule is based upon the fact that the Speaker cannot well reply in a newspaper to an attack made on him in one by a Member, and it seems to me that the rule is reasonable. Mr. Conybeare might have refused to accept the rule, and stood to his guns, or he might have expressed his regret for having violated it, but he took a medium course, and without clearly expressing his regret, sought to justify his action.

I do not know any Assembly more ready to accept an apology, provided that it be ample, than the House of Commons. If I had poisoned a dozen of my relatives, and, on being challenged with this by a colleague, I were frankly to tender an apology for this domestic incident, although I might get into trouble with the Public Prosecutor, the House would cheer me, and the Speaker would say that, after the frank and honest way in which I had expressed regret, any further allusion would be improper, for the House likes anything better than a half-and-half course.

As a matter of fact, the judgment of the Speaker was sound in refusing the Closure when moved by Mr. Conybeare on a previous evening. That, however, is beyond the question. The rules of the House leave it to him to grant or to refuse to put the Closure when moved by a member, and he can only act as he himself deems proper. Often many wish that the Closure should

be put, but it does not follow that they are right; sometimes, indeed, the majority want the Closure, and the Speaker becomes the guardian of the rights of the minority. In an Assembly where there are two parties differing on almost everything it is evident that it is an advantage that there should be some one who acts outside Party feeling.

Mr. Conybeare is one of the staunchest of Radicals, and when he has adopted an opinion he is apt to stand by it. Had he not tendered an apology no course was open but a penal one. But he did apologise, and for the House, after having declared that an apology would be accepted, to have refused it because there was something in his mien and manner that would not have elicited the approbation of Lord Chesterfield, would have been carrying matters too far. Mr. Conybeare, with many excellent and sterling qualities, is not Chesterfieldian. If this is a misfortune, it is not his fault, for he is as Providence fashioned him.

Events will prove whether I am right or wrong. I stand, however, to my opinion, that we shall suffer at the General Election by passing clauses in the Home Rule Bill without any discussion on them being allowed. If it had been determined to pass the Bill through the House of Commons in one Session, the time occupied in Committee ought to have been divided between the clauses, allowing a reasonable time for discussion on each. It is obvious that if the Bill is to be got through this year the guillotine will have to be applied to the discussions on Report, and, consequently, that there will be no opportunity for moving amendments on many of the clauses on Report. No doubt the Opposition has exhaustively discussed amendments of no real importance with a view to delay progress, but it is equally true that a good many of their amendments were legitimate and required full discussion.

But I look at the matter with an eye to the General Election, for in this matter of Home Rule the country will have the last word. We are practically submitting to it a Bill which alters all existing relations between Ireland and Great Britain. Our plea with the electors should be that this Bill is the outcome of the deliberate wisdom of the House of Commons, and that it has only failed in becoming law by the action of the House of Lords. The reply will be that a great portion of it was not even discussed in the House of Commons, and I cannot help thinking that this reply will strengthen the Unionists at the General Election.

I never gave a vote with more absolute belief in its propriety than I did against Clause 6. This clause creates an Upper House in Ireland. I have no objection to the Irish having two, or two dozen, Houses of Legislature, if it so pleases them. What I object to is that the Upper House is to be elected by persons having a £20 qualification. This practically deprives artisans and labourers of the franchise, and I should have considered that I was false to the principle of one man one vote, and to the vote belonging to the individual and not to the possession of property, had I not registered a protest against this outrageous negation of the most elementary principle of democracy. Had such a proposal been made by a Tory Government, every Radical would have been up in arms against it. What I should oppose were it proposed by a Tory Government, I shall always oppose when proposed by a Liberal Government. A high property electoral qualification does not become proper because it is introduced into a Bill by a Liberal Administration.

Hating as I do an hereditary Legislative Chamber, I prefer it to a Chamber brought into existence by excluding from the poll the majority of citizens. In the one case, we create privileged Legislators; in the other case, we not only do this, but we create privileged electors. If the two Irish Legislative Chambers disagree, they sit together. Why in this joint assembly should a man with a £20 qualification have two votes, and a man without this qualification only one? If we recognise this right in Ireland, how can we protest against plural voting in Great Britain?

I have seen it asserted that if Clause 6 had been lost the Bill would have been lost. What really would have occurred would have been that the Clause would have been re-inserted on Report, without the obnoxious property qualification. A Bill is lost when anything contrary to its principle is carried in Committee; and I hardly think that the most abject believer in the inspiration of the Bill would hold that the question of Home Rule is involved in Members of an Irish Upper House being elected by about one-fifth of the Irish electorate, in defiance of the very corner-stone of the democratic creed.

So, too, I disagree with many of the Liberal scribes, who weep over the shouts of the Unionists when the clauses were put at 10 p.m. without discussion. They made a good deal of noise, and repeated the words "gag" and "shame." This, I presume, relieved their feelings; but to guillotine a man, and to complain of his objecting loudly to his having his head cut off, is asking too much. Unless I am greatly mistaken, when, in the '80 and the '86 Parliaments, coercion was carried by the guillotine, the noise was even greater, and the outcries of the guillotined far louder. In all these cases the operation may have been necessary, but that action under similar circumstances should be deemed disgraceful when adopted by Tories, and legitimate when adopted by Liberals, is nonsense.

I greatly question, however, whether order is enhanced by members of either side of the House jumping up from their seats, waving their hats, and loudly cheering their respective leaders as they return from the division lobbies. That there should be a hearty cheer on the part of the victors after an important division is legitimate, and in accordance with usage; but the hat-waving reception of the respective leaders on the part of their followers is a new departure, and, to my thinking, one more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

SCRUTATOR.

MOB AND MONARCHY.

THREE ideas occurred to me in studying the scene in the streets last Thursday:—(1) That the show was confined to too small a space; (2) that the police acquitted themselves admirably of the unnecessarily heavy burden thus cast upon them; (3) that if I were a Constitutional Sovereign I should have a State Procession through the streets at least once a year. That the space available for the procession was too small must have been a self-evident proposition to any one who had a good view of the streets. At Hyde Park Corner and the top of St. James's-street the squeezing and struggling for a sight of the show was horrible and sickening. Throughout the route the congestion among the sightseers on the pavement was such that it must have deprived the sight of all real pleasure. On the occasion of the Jubilee procession, though the spectators must have been more than twice as numerous, the crowd was nothing like as dense. Why? Because it was spread over more than double the space. Not only was the line of route twice as long, but it traversed spaces like Charing Cross, Whitehall, and Parliament-square, capable of accommodating vast throngs while leaving them ample breathing space. This year, with the exception of Hyde Park Corner, there was no open "place" along the line of route. The whole course could not have measured much more than a mile and a half, and from end to end of this distance the loyal subjects who desired to gaze on their future rulers were packed like sardines between a line of police and soldiers on the one side and walls and railings on the other. This seems to me an inexcusable error on the part of those who fixed the route. The procession might have been a private or a public one. In the former case nothing could have been easier than to pass from Buckingham Palace to St. James's and back, and to admit only privileged spectators to the line of route. But by going a mile and a-half out of the way, the procession was made a public function, and it was recognised that the people should have an opportunity of seeing the bridal party. When conceding so much, it would have been just as easy to concede all. While you are about it, it is as easy to go three miles as a mile and a-half. By adopting this course, tens of thousands of people would have been admitted to a sight of the show who could not get near it on Thursday; and all would have seen it in some degree of comfort, which nobody could have done as it was. A large additional number of deserving householders and shopkeepers, who contribute substantially to the cost of the Monarchy, would also have been able to make a few pounds by letting seats. These points should be borne in mind when next a State pageant is held *coram populo*.

One consequence of this was to throw, as I have said, most unnecessary strain upon the police. That they acquitted themselves most admirably under this strain has already been officially acknowledged; but, as a disinterested spectator, I should like to add my testimony in the same direction. It was my privilege to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the proceedings from a window of the Hotel Albemarle, commanding the junctions of Albemarle-street, Bond-street, St. James's-street, and Piccadilly. By general confession this was, I believe, the warmest corner of the field. The pressure of the crowds converging eastwards and southwards upon St. James's-street was enormous, and by about 11.30 the whole width of Piccadilly was densely packed for a distance of a hundred yards eastward from St. James's-street. The whole weight of this mass of human beings—mobile as a stream of water—was kept back by a dozen or two of constables, backed up by a few mounted men. The mere bodily strain of this work is enormous. It means ceaseless pushing, struggling, and fighting—good-humoured fighting—under a broiling July sun for several hours. From time to time the constables in the thick of the fray had to retire to get breath and mop themselves down. I saw one gallant officer carried out in a fainting condition and revived with smelling salts. The trial to the temper is equally severe, for the crowd, when pushed, continually push back, and occasionally individuals resist forcibly, and have to be bodily removed. It is the fashion to criticise the policeman's temper, but I am bound to say that it is a mystery to me how any human being, put to such work on such a day, could refrain from hitting out right and left regardless of the consequences. The tenderness of the police for the crowd was indeed phenomenal, more especially in the care which they took of the fainting and injured—who were not a few. It struck me that under the circumstances a barrier of some kind should have been fixed across Piccadilly at the end of Bond-street as soon as it became evident that there was no room for more people along the line of route. This would have eased the strain on the police, and have saved the necessity for the rough handling of the people in the front rows. I also think that the police, when out on occasions like these, should be provided with military water-bottles. How they stuck to their work under the heat of last Thursday, without liquid refreshment of some kind, I am at a loss to imagine. Except, however, in these two points, I do not see any way in which the arrangements could have been improved.

But, when everything is said and done, what does it all mean? That is the question which must come uppermost in the mind of any level-headed observer looking at this extraordinary scene from an upper window. What went the masses out for to see? What impelled them to stand for hours under the mid-summer sun, with aching feet and craning necks, to be crushed by one another, to be mauled by policemen, to be trodden on and kicked by horses? One answer is ready at once. "A magnificent and unparalleled demonstration of loyalty," the classes and their organs call it. Unparalleled fiddlestick! You might as well say that love of horse-flesh takes the crowd to Epsom Downs on Derby Day, or that love of the higher education takes them to the river-side to see the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race. There were all sorts of motives at work in Thursday's crowd, of course, and personal devotion to the reigning dynasty among the rest, though you would find a good deal

more of the latter sentiment in the high-priced window-seats than on the pavement and in the gutter. But in the main what takes the crowd into the streets on an occasion like this is the chance of seeing a fine show for nothing; curiosity to catch a glimpse of the great personages who are so much talked about and so little seen; and, most of all, the pure gregariousness which prompts everybody to go and see what he or she thinks everybody else is going to see. Where the loyalty does come in, to my thinking, is as a sort of after-thought. No level-headed spectator can fail to see this, that when after the waiting, and the perspiring, and the squeezing, and the mauling, the grand personages eventually come along, the whole crowd cheers with one throat, and waves its hat or handkerchief like one man; and I don't doubt for a minute that the most lukewarm among them go away with genial feelings towards the "good old Queen," or "good old Wales," and the rest of their Royal Highnesses, and possibly even a feeling of indebtedness to those exalted personages for a real day's enjoyment. That is why I say that if I were a Constitutional Sovereign I would have a show of this kind at least once a year. The truth is, that such a function popularises every one of the exalted individuals who take part in it. What is it that has kept the effete and corrupt old Corporation of London in the land of the living so long after its last hour ought to have come? Why, the Lord Mayor's Show, and nothing else. The people don't go to see the Lord Mayor's Show because they love the Corporation of London; but they get a sort of liking for the Corporation of London through going to see the Lord Mayor's Show. And, after all, there is an element of reason in this. We have far too few open-air pageants and public spectacles, and the people feel a proportionate regard for any institution which ensures them an occasional gratification of this kind. Monarchy has become in England a purely ornamental institution. If it ceases to be ornamental, it will cease to exist; but if it continues to be ornamental, in a way that the people can understand, if its representatives will vouchsafe to exhibit themselves in State, and condescend to court the cheers of the crowd, it will last till the next political earthquake, and the next earthquake may be deferred for many years.

I sincerely trust that the marriage will prove a happy one, both to bride and bridegroom. The Duke of York had to marry some one, and it was far better that he should marry an English young lady than one of the German Princesses who are in the matrimonial market. It is true that Princess May is the daughter of a German Prince, but she has lived all her life in England, and this makes her more of an Englishwoman than if she had been the daughter of an Englishman and been brought up abroad, whilst there seems no reason to suppose that the marriage will not turn out a success in its domestic aspect. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven. This is poetic nonsense, for we know on the highest authority that in Heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. Royal marriages must be made with a due regard to the feelings of the two immediately concerned, and also to public exigencies, and both these conditions appear in this case to have been fulfilled.

THE CLOTH SCANDAL IN PARLIAMENT.

I concluded my last reference to the Army Cloth Scandal with a polite hint to the authorities concerned that a matter of such a nature could not be allowed to rest where it then stood. This intimation was justified last week, when Mr. A. C. Morton introduced the matter to the notice of the House of Commons. The reply given by the Secretary of State for War to Mr. Morton's question was a very singular one. He stated in the first place that Couper, the Canterbury Master-Tailor who is proved to have sold Government cloth to Messrs. Terry & Co., of Milk-street, has been suspended from his military duties; secondly, that a case with a view to a criminal prosecution has been laid before counsel, but that counsel's opinion was adverse to proceedings; thirdly, that arrangements have been, or are being made, in connection with regimental clothing which will render any repetition of the past irregularities impossible. The last assurance is so consoling, that I should like to accept it unreservedly and let bygones be bygones; but the other statements of the Secretary of State unavoidably provoke further comment.

The suspension of Couper had, I believe, been decided upon when I first called attention to the scandal. The remark which I made upon it then is equally to the point now. Couper either purloined cloth and made away with it, or he did not. If he did not, for what has he been punished? If he did, why has he not been prosecuted? Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, indeed, has cleared up one point. He informed Mr. Morton that Couper was merely a civilian attached to the Depot. That means, I presume, that he was not subject to military discipline, and it may explain why he was not Court-martialled and dealt with by the military power. But it explains nothing as to why, while being removed from his military appointment, he was not handed over to "the Civil arm." As regards the other tailor who is proved to have dealt with Terry & Co.—Stone, of Lucknow—Mr. Campbell-Bannerman takes refuge behind the Indian Government, who, it seems, are the authority to deal with that case. Concerning Stone, I happen to know, what I did not know in Couper's case, that he also is a civilian. The rank of "Sergeant-Major" which he assumes in his invoices is, I understand, merely an honorary rank. He, too, it must therefore be assumed, is amenable to the civil power or to none. The position of Messrs. Terry & Co. seems to be very similar to that of the Master-Tailors. As to the facts, there is no question. The cloth was sold by the tailors, and bought by Terry. The only question is, Was there guilty intent or knowledge on either side? The Secretary of War tells us that in the opinion of counsel there is not evidence on which a jury could be asked to decide that there was such knowledge. On the face of it, nothing could be more satisfactory to all parties. But, unfortunately, I know—as most of my readers will also know—that the value of counsel's opinion depends upon a variety of circumstances, and, among others, upon the materials which are laid before counsel. For this reason, I should like to know in this case who "counsel" was, and what facts were submitted to him. Would Mr. Campbell-

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Bannerman kindly enlighten Parliament and the public on this important point? The whole business, not excluding the action of the authorities, is of such a suspicious nature that nothing less than this will dispose of the suggestion that a gross Service scandal has been deliberately hushed up. The facts as I originally stated them, and as they can be proved by unimpeachable evidence, raise a strong *primâ facie* case of wrongful dealing with Government goods. The punishment of Couper implies that the War Office accept that view. If any answer can be made, it has not yet been forthcoming; on the contrary, the attempts of certain of the implicated parties to exculpate themselves have only plunged them deeper into the mire. In this state of things, there being no room for any third alternative between "guilty" and "not guilty," it is inexplicable how counsel, if properly instructed, can have come to the conclusion that there was no *primâ facie* case to go to a jury, or even to a Magistrate.

On Monday Mr. Asquith replied to a further question of Mr. Morton in regard to Messrs. Terry and the allegation that the City Police had been acting in opposition to Scotland Yard. Mr. Asquith said that "he had been informed that Messrs. Terry's solicitor made an official complaint to the City Police respecting an alleged theft of documents connected with their clients' business. Inspector Mitchell was instructed in the usual course to make inquiries. It is not the fact, as I understand, that Inspector Mitchell has demanded from any one the return of any documents connected with Messrs. Terry's business." What I assert, and what I am prepared to prove, is, that the Scotland Yard authorities had, in the interests of justice, procured certain invoices from Terry's employés, which had been delivered by Army Tailors with the Government cloth, showing the amount of the purchases, and that Mitchell went to the same employés, and threatened them with the terrors of the law if the invoices were not given up. I also assert that when Mitchell did this, he had already been to Scotland Yard, and was in possession of all the facts respecting these invoices. Mr. Asquith has, of course, no jurisdiction over the City Police, beyond the general right to dismiss the Chief Commissioner. But it certainly seems to me that the City Corporation owes it to itself to have an independent investigation into the matter, in which case I shall be prepared to submit the most convincing evidence of my accuracy.

"TRUTH" AND THE DEVIL.

A new experience has been afforded me this week. I have been "described and denounced" from the pulpit. A reverend gentleman, called De Kewer Williams, paid me this compliment at the Old Gravel Pit Chapel, Hackney, on Sunday, after advertising his intention previously in the local papers — for all the world as though he were a play-actor, or a concert-giver, or any other son of Belial. It seems that De Kewer Williams has been commissioned, like Balaam of old, to curse the editor of TRUTH on behalf of John James Jones of the London Samaritan Society. He is evidently the right man for the purpose, for he has received a special revelation as to the mode in which the exposure of John James Jones in these columns came about. Those of my readers who have seen the Jones articles will be interested in the following particulars, as supplied to the Old Gravel Pit congregation: —

> The Devil in the course of his visits to our watering-places, which he visits each in their proper season, came to Sandgate, and was attracted by the red brick building there. He was the only one of all the visitors who was not pleased. It was altogether too good for him. . . . He came to London. He went down to Pope's Villa, Twickenham, where he is a frequent visitor. He called, and after due salutation, he said, "Look here, Labouchere, I have come from Sandgate, and they are just about to open one of those Convalescent Homes there. I find it is founded by a man of the name of Jones. I also find, so far as I can tell about the scheme, that there is a lot of Christians. Can you spoil and stop the growth of that?" Labouchere answered, "Yes, perhaps I can accept your brief, and I will do my best to make a good case. I know that Jones. He's head of a band of men down in a decayed district called Homerton, and I should say a man of rather considerable ability and prodigious energy." Labouchere does things well for the Devil. He thinks men are bound to make mistakes, and that men have enemies, especially if they have filled public positions, and have relations who are jealous of their success. So he says, "I can find counts enough for indictment, and then there's my man Voules. He is a non-commissioned officer in the Devil's Own Regiment. He is very clever at facts, and still more clever at inventing them. We will put our heads together, and I think the thing will be done."

In this way was I briefed as the "Devil's Advocate" in the matter of John James Jones. What surprises me is that the Reverend Williams refrains from giving any particulars about the fees. This is a matter on which I think I should have bestowed some thought in a case of this magnitude, more especially in dealing with a client who is not to be trusted any further than you can see him. Does Mr. Williams think that I took up the case "on spec.," like Messrs. Dodson & Fogg? I fear that the prospect of getting the costs out of the other side would not be a promising one.

From the above extract the character of this curious vindication of John James may be pretty accurately judged. In the course of the service his reverence informed his audience, apropos of nothing in particular, that he was in his seventy-seventh year. He appears to be enjoying a singularly green old age, and to this greenness is doubtless due the simplicity of his method of exculpating Jones. To represent TRUTH as directly inspired by the Devil for the purpose of destroying a blameless Christian philanthropist is a very convenient way of getting round awkward facts, but if the Old Gravel Pittites can be hoodwinked in this way into supposing that the charges against Jones have been answered, they must be as green as their pastor.

I am by no means, however, certain that an advocate of the Devil would not be a useful functionary when the plea of being a philanthropist is put forward by any one, and the public are asked on this plea to furnish him with money. When a departed worthy is to be elevated to the rank of a Saint at Rome, a lawyer is always engaged to urge all that can be said against the proposed Saintship, and he is called the *Advocatus Diaboli*. Now it is clear that a hundred men dubbed saints after their death do not—even supposing that they obtain the grade under false pretences—do as much harm as one spurious philanthropist living at the expense of the charitable.

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

HERNANI PLAYING HAMLET.

The impersonations of M. Mounet-Sully have been the chief features of the closing week of the French plays at Drury Lane, and as a star on a London stage Mounet-Sully shines rather dimly after Sarah Bernhardt, the elder Coquelin, and Delaunay, or even by the side of Got and Jane Hading. His tragic style, with his rhythmical intonation of heroic verse, ending in his favourite roar of passion, is, I suppose, an acquired taste; and it is a taste which the average English playgoer has certainly not acquired yet. It is very sound, very artistic, and—to a French ear—very moving, no doubt. But it is not suited to Hamlet, nor to those most familiar with Hamlet upon the stage. It is, of course, only fair to admit that, play the part as admirably as he might from the standpoint afforded by the singular version of MM. Dumas and Meurice, the Parisian actor could not hope to satisfy those whose view of the drama is bounded by the limits of Shakespearean tradition. He was sure to be a good deal too French for that, just as we were certain to have been a good deal too insular in our prejudices to allow the possibility of such a result. But it did not seem to me that Mounet-Sully's execution gave his conception of the character a chance of making its mark. This conception, so far as I could gather, was of the commonplace melodramatic order, and suggested Hernani playing at being the Prince of Denmark. It reminded me most of the reading of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and it had absolutely nothing whereby to recall the princely gallantry of Fechter, the manly tenderness of Salvini, or the dignified philosophy of Irving. But it was Wilson Barrett suffering from an attack of hydrophobia, and uttering from time to time strange cries, half bark and half yell, in token of insanity. Stranger sounds than some of those emitted by Mounet-Sully after his play-scene I have never heard upon the stage, and it can only have been a stern sense of discipline which enabled the Horatio and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern of the occasion to keep their countenances while their Prince yelped out the triumph of his boisterous strategy. For some unexplained reason, M. Got handed over his rôle of Polonius to a feeble substitute—a poor compliment, I thought, to the audience, and the chief actor of the occasion. Mdlle. Reichenberg's Ophelia was prim and pretty in school-girlish fashion; but Miss Ellen Terry, to say nothing of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, has spoilt us for Ophelias who do not rise above the graceful mannerism of the *ingénue*.

After "Hamlet," "Hernani" came as a welcome relief, since the players, who were all abroad in Shakespeare, naturally seemed quite at home in Victor Hugo. It would be useless to pretend that the *voix d'or* of the divine Sarah was not missed in Doña Sol's last act, or that M. Le Bargy, clever actor though he is proving himself, can equal M. Worms in the long-winded rôle of Don Carlos. But on Saturday night the fiery impetuosity of Mounet-Sully's desperate Hernani may fairly be said to have carried all before it, and to have justified the storm of applause aroused by outbursts such as are within the physical means of very few actors indeed. I was agreeably surprised, too, with the dignified force of the Ruy Gomez of M. Sylvain, whom I have seldom seen to such advantage.

A FORTUNATE UNDERSTUDY.

The leading lady's indisposition is the understudy's opportunity, and it is an opportunity which seldom lasts long if it is employed to good advantage. There is no such remedy for the invalid actress as the report of a hit made by her temporary substitute. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, however, was really seriously ill the other day, and now, I am glad to hear, is really well again; and it must have been a great satisfaction to Mr. Alexander and Mr. Pinero to find her place filled in her unavoidable absence so capably as it was by Miss Granville, a young actress hitherto unknown to fame. I went to see Miss Granville's performance the other night, prepared to give it the few words of kindly appreciation customary in the case of a difficult task pluckily but indifferently fulfilled at very short notice. I found myself studying with interest an impersonation which had evidently been thought out and rehearsed as carefully as Mrs. Campbell's own, and which brought out many of the characteristics of the second Mrs. Tanqueray with really admirable precision and delicacy of effect. There were, as might be expected, some rough places in the young actress's work—she did not always catch the true note of hysterical discontent, and she missed the hint of commonness and vulgarity underlying some of the unhappy woman's manifestations of petulance and jealousy. But, on the whole, this fortunate understudy conveyed the spirit of the subtle creation with remarkable success, not only of conception, but of execution, and I was not surprised to see her efforts heartily approved by a crowded house. If she continues working in a good school, Miss Granville, who has many personal advantages in her favour, should go far.

SOME MATINÉES.

There have, I think, been fewer trial matinées than usual this season, and those that have taken place have hardly succeeded in unearthing any piece worthy of more formal presentation before the public. Miss Annie Rose, it is true, felt so encouraged by the result of her afternoon's doings with "St. Ronan's Well" the other day that she has taken the Royalty for the express purpose of giving Messrs. Davey and Pollock's adaptation the chance of a run. But Miss Rose's experience is the exception, and I have a shrewd suspicion that she enters upon the management of the dingy little house in Soho, with a view to her projected appearance there as Pauline Deschappelles. It would hardly do nowadays to announce that one had taken a theatre in cold blood for the revival of the rococo sentiment of the "Lady of Lyons," so, perhaps, "St. Ronan's Well" is only a stalking-horse after all. Even so, however, it has better luck than the average matinée production, of which "The Medical Student" of Messrs. Frances and Lasland, as tried the other afternoon at the Strand, may be considered a fair specimen. For some reason, which I have

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"The Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, W., have absorbed the whole of the business of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, of Cornhill, which has been established for over 150 years, and of which Sir Joseph Savory, Bart, M.P., (N. Westmoreland), was the Managing Director. We certainly know of no firm that has made such rapid progress as the Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Company, to whose show-rooms the above business has been transferred."

never been able satisfactorily to determine, the playgoer who in the evening would ostentatiously resent being aimlessly puzzled seems, in the morning, to find the process not only endurable, but actually entertaining. So "The Medical Student" was played, and very smartly played, too, before people who laughed consumedly over the purposeless falsehoods told by most of its *dramatis personæ*, and who did not seem irritated or even bored by the mechanical game of mistaken identity kept up by such desperate shifts through three whole acts. Of these happily-disposed folk I regret to say I was not one, and I could not honestly wish for the piece anything more than an ephemeral existence. At the same time, I could not but recognise in Mr. James Welch's performance of a prominent part several of the attributes of a good comedian who promises to be better still. Although sometimes a little noisy and self-assertive, Mr. Welch was able to show that he has genuine humour, and that this humour has an unusually distinct character of its own.

Three other afternoon productions, quite typical in their amateurish imbecility, were those given at the Avenue Theatre on Saturday, for the benefit of an excellent charity connected with Wellington College. These were a musical farce, a costume comedy, and an operetta. They were all from the pen of a Mr. Bartholeyns, who left me unable to decide which kind of piece he is least able to write. He meant well, of course, by his triple bill, but I could not help wishing that he had hit upon some other means for obtaining his benevolent object.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE FRENCH BRET HARTE.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S death has revived an interest in his works. He was admittedly the son of Flaubert, from whom he inherited his sanguine temperament, ruddy complexion, the full starting veins in his temples, the bull-neck, and the flaw in the nervous system. Flaubert was subject to epileptic fits, and Guy de Maupassant died of general paralysis preceded by madness before he had reached middle-age. As a writer, he was with ease what Flaubert tried to be by great efforts, and something more, he having a deeper insight into what seem the ordinary circumstances of life. He had also a sense of fun and a joyousness of manner and of heart, until the cloud of madness began to gather over him. If his *pace* had been less fast, he might not have fallen lower than the hypochondriacal state. But he was agog for sensations, and fancied that women could only be understood where off their guard, and therefore could only be advantageously studied in the intimacy of *demi monde* relations. All his lady friends did not belong to that sphere, but most of them acted as if they did. He felt shy and ill at ease in the company of ladies who did not show, in the lamp-black circles round their eyes and the paint and powder on their cheeks, that they were fair game. His income when he was actively engaged as an author was nearer to £3,000 than to £2,000 a year, and the royalties of his works brought in a handsome income when he was a lunatic. Bret Harte's early Californian stories afford the nearest parallel that I can think of, so far as manner goes, to Guy de Maupassant's contributions to the Médan tales which he published soon after the war. He had had for years before he published anything Flaubert for a literary professor. Flaubert held bookmaking in horror, and often drudged as much to prune as he beat his brains to find the closest fitting words for the idea he wanted to express. He did not understand, however, that to be able to express with force, clearness, and brevity one should have something first in one's head that is worth expressing. Maupassant did. But he thought that anything—no matter what—might if well observed be an interesting subject. His own life is given in "Pierre et Jean"; but he wraps up Flaubert so well as to disguise him. He wrote best about low, farmhouse, and squirarchical life in Normandy, his native province. There is not one of his short stories that is not classical. Nobody understood better when to leave off, and that a firm, sketchy stroke, if truthful, is better than the finest elaboration. He lived greatly in the open air and on the sea, had a villa at Etretat, another at Cannes, and a small bijou yacht, *Bel Ami*, in which he used to make trips to Africa and the Levant. There was a touch, but not more, of the satyr in his drollery. Nobody had a keener sense of the tragical element in human life, and yet he was not alive to the deeply serious one. He jumped into fame, but less suddenly than the world thought, he having undergone a long period of preparation under Flaubert. The war stimulated powerfully his brain, as it did that of Daudet. From the day he published "Boule de Suif," in 1872, until he brought out his last work, "Le Horla," he had a continued run of public favour. Every tale, novel, or play was a success. He was for several years my near neighbour in Paris, with which the Eiffel tower disgusted him. His rage and fury were uncontrollable whenever he saw that skeleton edifice, and he rushed to Algiers in summer to avoid seeing it. This was the beginning of his madness, which he accelerated by trying to restore his shattered system with drugs. In the closing period of his authorship he went with a rush from reality to phantasy. A great gulf lies between "Boule de Suif" and "Le Horla," which is the child of hallucination wrought by cerebral anæmia. Maupassant's novels "Une Vie," "Mont Oriol," "Fort comme la Mort" were written to make money and show he had sustaining power. They are admirable, but want the perfection of the small tales, which fell as if with careless grace from his pen, and had not a word too many, nor would be the better for the smallest change. They may be called small epics of a world that has no longer heroes, or that, at any rate, does not believe in heroism.

The quadrille, there being no Court here, is now almost antiquated. When there were an Emperor and Empress, the best way for showing them to the assembled guests in a ball-room was to have a quadrille of honour. It was a way of putting them, and the other illustrious personages present, through their paces. Of course, the quadrille of honour was formal as it could be. Still, a good deal of the personality of each dancer oozed out. The polka,

which came in during the reign of Louis Philippe, and was first danced in Paris at the Opera House by the Elssler sisters, is altogether out. Indeed, there is now no Society dance in vogue, unless the waltz, and it is danced as a cotillon. Taking this character, it is more varied, and room is given for showing preferences on the side of the *danseuses*, and of courteous gallantry on that of the *danseurs*. At "white" or rosebud balls, the cotillon waltz is kept insipid from a fear that otherwise it might lead to romantic states of feeling. At "rose" balls, the name given to those dances at which there are only young married ladies, and cavaliers not much older, animation is allowable. There is more liveliness shown by the ladies than the gentlemen, *le pschutteux* of this season being a dreary creature. Dreariness is thought *pschutt*. This word should be whistled through slightly parted lips. *Le pschutteux* takes the place of *le gommeux*, and is a kind of grandson of *le petit crevé*. He dresses in clothes of a skimp cut. The trousers, to make him I dare say resemble a groom, are almost a skin fit. Before he was known by his present nickname he was called a *boudiné*, his trousered legs resembling sausages. The *pschutteux* has a fine show of shirt cuffs and collars, the former appearing to force his head higher up than nature intended from his shoulders. He has to keep his spine in a permanent curve to be able to constantly survey his feet. The shoes are, it must be owned, perfect in their way, they being a neat fit of the finest leather, and of the best make. The *pschutteux* is proud of his feet, and loses no opportunity to thrust them into notice. Not being sure whether he should or should not wear gloves, he carries a pair in one hand, and a bamboo cane in the other. The chronic fear in which he lives is of his arms touching his body when he walks. A square eye-glass is stuck in one of his eyes. The *genre* of the hour is to cultivate a stare, which would be meaningless were it not slightly insolent. This caterpillar crawls round "roses," but does not condescend to notice any woman over thirty, unless, indeed, her means enable her to give sumptuous entertainments. If he has used up his fortune as a gambler, he does not object to pay court to dames of venerable ages and long purses who indulge in the illusion of being still youthful. The American young man has cut out the *pschutteux* in the favour of a good many of these antiquities. Young America is well posted up about most of the current topics, and knows how to make himself useful. The *pschutteux* is idiotic. But he knows how to waltz, and he is, therefore, sought after by most of those who give either "white" or "rose" balls. Invitations to these festive gatherings are seldom printed. The date and hour at which the ball is to come off are written on a visiting card, with the words, "un tour de valse."

It must seem, to all those who recollect the late Queen Christina, a droll idea for the Spaniards to set up a statue in her honour at Madrid. She was one of the most openly, impudently, and perseveringly unscrupulous persons that ever lived. Her great virtue was a good temper, which was allied with a strong will. For her Royal children she scarcely cared. But she was a most affectionate mother to a child who preceded her marriage with the King of Spain, and to her offspring by Muñoz, a Sergeant of her Guard when she fell in love with him. The beauty of her second recognisable family in a degree justified her passion for the Sergeant, who did not know how to sign his name when she took him up. The sons, however, had bad constitutions, and died of consumption just as they each verged on manhood. They were brought up at La Malmaison, a most unhealthy spot at the foot of a steep hill and on an alluvial soil. Their Royal mother was always, in the lifetime of her second husband, attending to babies, getting daughters married, or going to the funerals of her sons. The Muñoz, or, as they were called, Rianzares-y-Borbon girls, were as lovely as the dawn, and had the graces which make liveliness lovable. The Poles here have never got over the death of the one who married Prince Ladislas Czartoryski. She left a son, who has recently entered a monastic order as an infirmarian, he feeling it to be his mission to attend to the sick poor. Another Muñoz-y-Borbon married the Prince del Drogo, who was, through the Lucchesi Palli, connected with the Comte de Chambord. She lives in Rome. The third became a Princesse de Courtenay-Bauffremont. Her husband really was descended in the direct line from Saint Louis, and his forbears might, after the Turks had beaten them out of Constantinople, where they sat on the Imperial throne, have taken rank as equals of the Condés, if they had not been too indolent to claim it in time. Such as Christina was, she was an improvement on the monarchs who intervened between her regency and the reign of Isabella I. She was no persecutor, nor in any degree bigoted. Her terrible vice was greed for money. And still she was profuse, though her household was well ordered. She confiscated Church lands to buy them cheap, and, as the sleeping partner in English and French industrial Companies, launched into Stock Exchange speculations and plunged into slave-kidnapping ventures to replenish the slave market at Havana. On every slave imported into Cuba she had a royalty. One of her greatest friends was the Comtesse de Montijo, at whose house at Madrid, by the way, the Duc de Montpensier used to pass his evenings after the Comtesse was forbidden by her son-in-law, the late Emperor, to live in Paris. Christina was for some time the idol of the Madreline people. Her troops were called after her "Christinos" when the seven years' civil war between them and the Carlists was being fought. But they changed their tune, and sang to her, as they thought, dishonour:—

Del pellejo de Christina
Quiro hacer un arnero
Para cerna la cebada
Al caballo d'Espartero.

Or,

With Christina's skin
I would like to make a sieve
To sift the barley
Of Espartero's horse.

Christina was twice exiled, and when a proscript always came to live here. She connived with Louis Philippe, for the sake of the ante-nuptial son and the Muñoz family, at the marriage of her daughter, Isabella II., with the Infant Don Francisco, who had been brought up in Paris under the very special care of a

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. Benjamin, in cases of need, to execute orders in 24 hours.

doctor appointed by Louis Philippe to attend to him at the Lycée Henri Quatre. He became there an ill-conditioned mannikin, and when he was thought to be incurably so was put forward as a proper person to be King Consort. On selling her house in the Rue de Courcelles to the Emperor, I believe for the Princesse Mathilde, Christina built the palace in the Champs Elysées which the Duchesse d'Uzès bought of her executors. She also built a roomy and imposing-looking villa at Sainte Adresse for the benefit of sea air. Between the purchase-money of the ground, the architect's bills, the subsequent construction of groynes and sea-walls, to keep house, grounds, and all from slipping into the sea, the place cost her about £600,000, and was not sold for a seventh of that sum. Her last whim when she was there, at a time when I was her neighbour, was a dwarf. She was tired of nearly everything, except the mannikin favourite, whom every one thought she would marry when Rian Muñoz died. The dwarf had an elegant carriage for himself, in which he used to drive, attended by a pair of servants and accompanied by a gentleman, for there is hardly any service that courtiers will not perform. The then aged Queen often brought him on to a terrace on the sea-wall, and used to handle him exactly as though he were a favourite Skye terrier. I believe that she bought of the Papal Government a ducal title for him, to give him some sort of currency in her upper household.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

A FIERY sun set in a grey-blue sky; a winding-way, dear Lady Betty, stretching for miles through the heart of modern Babylon, lined with soldiery and bristling with bayonets; dense throngs of patchwork people; myriads of restless faces rising from the pavements to the very house-tops; flags, bunting, crimson cloth, indescribable decorations, festoons, Venetian-masts, and triumphal-arches. The glitter and the clatter of cavalry; scarlet and white; burnished steel breast-plates, and silver-steel helmets; a cluster of dead-gold chariots; the flashing of diamonds and the sparkling of gems; Kings, Queens, and Princes; a bridegroom and a bride; an aged lady who rules over an Empire. A roar. A spectacle, an historical incident, a human emotion riveting a Sovereign People to a Sovereign House.

It was gorgeous; it was solid, and it was not theatrical. A Princess fresh from the peaceful Park of Richmond, a Prince from the silent sea, together about to launch their bark upon the unknown waters of Time! Yet another chapter opened in the history of the race! Rocks ahead, shoals, shallows, and storms. The populace that cheered to-day may rage to-morrow. To their hovels in the East the patient poor have borne back the picture of the pageant. Splendour and starvation! Our masters the majority, what will they think of it?

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For the authorities at Scotland Yard Thursday was an exceptionally anxious day, an anxiety which was not lessened by the presence of the Czarewitch in the procession. Early that morning the police found it necessary to communicate to the military authorities that there might be some possibility of an attempted outrage, and strict orders were at once issued to the officers in command of the troops that no one was to be permitted to break through the lines under any pretence whatever. Further stringent orders were given as to the course that should be pursued in the event of any such attempt being made. A circumstance which to a certain degree made these precautions seem the more necessary was that a stranger was discovered to have been present at one of the recent Royal entertainments. He appears to have been for fully half an hour in the rooms before being observed.

But others besides the police authorities have had to undergo exceptional inconvenience in connection with the Royal Marriage festivities. All the foreign Ambassadors were, of course, invited to the wedding. Amongst the foreign Ministers, however, only such were bidden as represented those Sovereigns most nearly connected with our Royal family—that is, the Ministers for Greece, Denmark, Belgium, Roumania, and Portugal. The question arose amongst these foreign representatives as to whether they would be admitted to sit at the Royal table, and, this having been answered in the negative, they appealed to the terms of the Congress of Vienna, and even hinted that unless their demands were acceded to that they must absent themselves from the breakfast. They were, however, pacified, and eventually partook of the breakfast without insisting upon their formal rights. After the wedding ceremony, and after a short interval, it was announced that her Majesty would receive them in the Throne Room, to which they duly repaired.

A prominent official of the town of Henley appears to miscalculate the importance of events, for, it is said that he wrote to a high official of the Court, and after having represented that the date of the Henley Regatta had been fixed close upon a year ago, he requested that representations should be made to the Queen with a view to her postponing the Royal Wedding, so that it might not interfere with the local regatta! This ingenuous individual will by now have found consolation in the fact that Henley was even better attended this year than it ever has been before, and this notwithstanding that her Majesty decided to brave the competition of a Thames regatta.

It was noticed that the 1st Life Guards were not called upon to furnish any escort on the occasion of the Royal marriage. This may have been due to the regiment being somewhat in disgrace. When Major-General Keith-Fraser commanded this Regiment he abolished the white sheepskins and substituted the black in their place. It is more than likely that these were considered out of harmony upon the occasion of a wedding, and that it was for this reason mainly that the 1st Life Guards were omitted from the processions.

A disgraceful incident which occurred in Piccadilly on Thursday cannot be permitted to pass unnoticed. Several heterogeneous clubs have recently established themselves in this thoroughfare. Whilst the roadway was being kept clear for the procession to pass along, certain individuals employed themselves in throwing coins out of the windows of two or three of these so-called clubs for the urchins and those beneath to scramble after. At length some one threw a florin, when, the temptation proving too strong for one of the soldiers on duty, the latter dropped his rifle and, falling out of the ranks, commenced to scuffle with an old woman for the coin. The officer on duty rode up at once, and very rightly put the man under arrest, and ordered him to be marched off to barracks. Here he will be tried by court-martial, and severely punished, as he well deserves to be. Nevertheless, it is not the soldier who is so much at fault as the individual who imported the manners of Petticoat-lane into Piccadilly, and it may be hoped that the Committee of his Club—if it has a Committee—will deal vigorously in his regard. The duties of the military and of the police were sufficiently arduous and serious that day without their having to contend with such unnecessary incitement to disorder from the members of privileged institutions in a respectable thoroughfare. As it was, the officer who most properly put the soldier under arrest was hooted at by the crowd, and it is a matter for satisfaction that no worse than this occurred. Several similar instances were recorded at the time as having happened in the City on Jubilee Day. This may very probably be so; but then Piccadilly is not the City.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

A slight *contretemps* at Apsley House was the cause of some inconvenience to several of the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. For the seats to view the processions from here three kinds of tickets were issued, and with the usual amiability of the Duke and Duchess, two of these were reserved for the admission of their various tradespeople and for the friends of the servants of the house. Through some unexplained oversight only one small door leading from Hyde Park was set aside for the admission of the several hundreds of guests, and this door was besides closed for a considerable time after they commenced to assemble. It very naturally followed that a great crush occurred, which was the more difficult to endure in consequence of the terrific heat. However, this annoyance was fully compensated for by the magnificent view which was obtained once admission had been secured.

The Imperial Institute is unfortunate. It was officially announced in the papers that the presents received by the Duke and Duchess of York would be exhibited on Friday in the galleries of this institution, and a reference was made to certain regulations which were supposed to appear elsewhere, but which were apparently omitted. Early in the morning in consequence a vast crowd assembled outside, only to find Sir Somers Vine in a state of deplorable distraction, with the entire *personnel* of the Institute disorganised. The day happened to be one reserved for the Fellows, but Sir Somers Vine ultimately found himself compelled to violate his own regulations and to admit the public *en bloc*. Sir Somers is not likely to forget in a hurry the discomfort of that morning; nor will those who had the misfortune to visit the Imperial Institute in answer to the official notification. The Belfast linen attracted special attention in consequence of an eccentric innovation in the embroidery of the initials. Many of the presents are most contemptible, and upon the face of them show for what purpose they were offered. Amongst these are amateur daubs framed gorgeously, and bearing large inscriptions recording the names of the generous and disinterested donors.

Of the Marlborough House Garden Party on Wednesday little need be said. The crowd was disgraceful, and the din of two different bands playing different airs at the same time in close proximity to each other was distracting. Many uncalled-for offerings were inexpensively paid for on this occasion.

* * * * *

The graphic and thrilling narrative of the foundering of the *Victoria* which appeared in the *Times* of Saturday, and which was part of a private letter addressed by a midshipman to his father, was written by the son of a well-known and popular official at the Court. It is unquestionably the best narrative of the disaster which has as yet been made public.

Chelsea Hospital, as most people know, was built at the instance of Nell Gwynne. The estate, which covers some eighty acres of ground, is not Government property, but belongs solely and entirely to the Army. Since the recent Naval Exhibition, the large acreage employed on that occasion has been allowed to run waste, and it is hoped that next year a popular exhibition may be organised to utilise it. The nondescript concern which calls itself the "Garden of London" at Earl's Court does not appeal to the West-End, for canvas gardens and scene-painted scenery can scarcely do duty for an exhibition of "Gardening and Forestry." It is in contemplation next year to organise a serious exhibition at Chelsea to provide the nucleus for a permanent fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who may happen to lose their lives in the service of their country. By this means an excellent object may be attained, whilst Londoners will once more enjoy the convenience of having an attractive exhibition and pleasant grounds at their disposal during the summer and autumn months.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

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SPORTING NOTES.

THERE has been a small scare about Isinglass, and the disposition to field is so strong that it will not surprise me if he declines to even money. It is asserted that Isinglass looks light, and that, having done so much in the early part of the season, he will not be in form at Doncaster. This is a wonderful theory for the believers in Ravensbury to put forward. Isinglass ran for and won three races during the month of May, and he certainly was not punished on either occasion. Ravensbury has run in six races this year, and in all of them the finishes have been severe. If, therefore, Isinglass is not to be in form in September because he has already done so much work this year, how can people expect Ravensbury to distinguish himself at Doncaster? It is all muddy-minded nonsense to discard Isinglass for Ravensbury on such grounds. As a matter of fact, Isinglass is doing very well, and he has been most judiciously managed, simply with a view to his winning the Leger. There are always, however, the manifold chances and risks of training to be considered, and therefore, in my opinion, it is desperate fatuity to lay odds on Isinglass at present. The rational course is to wait until the day of the race, and, if long odds have then to be laid, at least the backer has the certainty of a good run for his money. There are always these trumpery scares at various times during the summer whenever there is a great favourite for the Leger. There seems to be a keen desire in some quarters to write up Ravensbury, who now stands at 9 to 1, and I will only repeat that if both animals are well at Doncaster, it is good odds on Phocion defeating Mr. Rose's disappointing beast. As to The Jew, who has been rushed up to 100 to 7, he may have won all his races very easily indeed, but, then, what has he ever beaten?

There were only small fields for most of the races at Stockbridge, but the meeting, nevertheless, proved a Moscow campaign for backers. Orme and Marvel having been withdrawn from the Cup, the way was cleared for the two-year-olds, as Bumptious seems to have lost his form. Why the Duke of Portland's Clatterfeet should have been made favourite I cannot understand, for there was nothing wonderful in her having finished a bad second to Sempronius at Newmarket. She had no chance with Arcano, who won at Lewes in the spring, but who had since run badly in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. He won here very easily indeed, and would probably have been exalted into one of the flyers (such as they are) of the season, if he had not been started for the Hurstbourne Stakes, for which he was backed for a great deal of money, but Sempronius beat him cleverly, and Melancholy was behind the pair. The favourite for this race was the Duke of Westminster's Bullingdon, by Melton out of Shotover, who made such a favourable impression at Ascot, when, being very backward, he ran well for a long way in the Coventry Stakes, and finished second to the Illuminata colt, and Bullingdon was more fit last week than at Ascot, but he is still capable of much improvement, as well he may be, for his exhibition was most ignominious, as he was beaten after half a mile had been traversed. It is impossible to make out Bullingdon's form, for to reconcile his running at Ascot with his collapse at Stockbridge is beyond the wit of man. We shall see how he gets on at Goodwood, where he has several engagements, and, no doubt, he will be started for the Ham Stakes (for which Theseus is entered) and for the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes of £2,400, in which he may meet Glare, Speed, Schoolbook, and Galloping Dick. It is certain that if the Hurstbourne Stakes running was correct then Speed (taking the line through Sempronius and Bullingdon) must be the best two-year-old that has been out this season. The form is a dreadful tangle, and the chances are that we shall presently discover that there are no real flyers among the lot. It only remains for Galloping Dick to beat Speed in the Chesterfield Stakes to-morrow, and then the confusion would become hopeless. It is a pity that the Duke of Westminster should have withdrawn Bullingdon, when the first forfeit was declared, from the £5,000 stake at

Sandown Park on Saturday, as he would have had a great advantage in the weights with Glare and Wedding Bell, which are the best of the lot now remaining in the race.

The Golden Handicap of £2,000 at Gatwick has been regarded as a certainty for Worcester, since his easy victory at Sandown Park, and it was a piece of gross stupidity not to have made the conditions include a penalty for winning any race whatever. Worcester, however, will not spoil this handicap so entirely as has been anticipated. Watercress will not run, but the stable expect to have a formidable candidate in Gantlet, who has been going very well indeed lately in her gallops, and she is very nicely weighted with only 7 st. 9 lb. to carry. Cabin Boy is much fancied at Newmarket, but the importance of his victory over Orvieto must not be over-rated, as Mr. Houldsworth's horse had not recovered from his Ascot exertions when he ran at Newmarket the other day. Concrete will be near winning if he only does his best. Prince Hampton cannot stay the course.

Next Tuesday will be one of the most important nomination days of the year, as a great number of stakes at Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, Goodwood, Manchester, Sandown Park, and Kempton Park close on that day.

A good many people have been curious to see what would come of the attempt of some members of the Jockey Club to get up a protest against the new conditions of the Derby and Oaks, and what, in fact, they would take by their motion, and, as was generally expected, this is just nothing. The conditions of these races for 1895 are precisely the same in every respect. The Epsom Grand Prize (1895) also closes on Tuesday.

At Ascot there are the Coronation Stakes (1895) and the St. James's Palace Stakes (1895), and at Goodwood the Richmond Stakes (1894) and the Sussex Stakes (1895).

At Sandown Park there is the Clarence and Avondale Biennial Race of £4,000 (1895-6), as well as the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 (1896), and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes (1896) of £5,000.

The Kempton Park authorities intend to persevere with their Duke of York Handicap of £5,000, which will be run (as it was last year) on the Saturday before the Cesarewitch, but as the distance is only a mile, it will not really interfere with the Newmarket event.

The Leybourne stud yearlings, twelve in number, are to be sold at Newmarket to-morrow morning. Half of the lot are sired by Galliard, and there are three animals by Bendigo. The Whimple yearlings are also to be sold to-morrow, and there are twelve of them, ten being sired by Hawkstone.

St. Damien and Bonavista have been placed by Mr. Rose in the private sale list, and Mr. Lowther is desirous of disposing of Cleator, Houndsditch, and Swillington.

No fewer than twelve races at Newmarket close next Tuesday, and it will be interesting to see how the July and Chesterfield for next year get on with their old conditions, not a farthing being added to either event. It is wonderful that the Jockey Club authorities will persist, year after year, in advertising such hopelessly obsolete events as the Royal Stakes and the Bennington Stakes, and really races of the class of the Hastings Plate; the Burwell Stakes, Chippenham Stakes, and the Zetland Plate ought not to close two years before they are run. It is a most absurd and foolish arrangement. The Subscription Stakes is another event which might as well have disappeared from the programme.

The Duke of Westminster's colt Grey Leg, by Pepper and Salt out of Quetta, has won a trial at Newmarket, and is very likely soon to pick up a Maiden Plate or some such race, for I do not suppose that it will be thought worth while to keep this animal for the Findon Stakes at Goodwood, which is his only remaining engagement this year, excepting the Prendergast Stakes at the Newmarket Second October Meeting.

Medicis, Silene, and May Duke are to run for the Eclipse Stakes on Friday, and there may very likely be a few more starters to oppose Orme and La Flèche. Orme was marvellously lucky in winning this same race last year, and the distance is, perhaps, just a trifle too far for the Duke of Westminster's horse. Orme looked well at Ascot, and showed that he retains his form, but I do not fancy that anything conclusive is known concerning the present racing form of La Flèche. Raeburn will not run, for he has been only walking during the last ten days, and I believe that he is a doubtful starter for the Leger. It would have been well for backers if Raeburn had never been foaled, for he has proved a costly creature to them this season, but there certainly was no justification whatever for the craze which prevailed for this animal, so that one cannot feel any sympathy with the asinine herd who insisted that the Duke of Portland would win both the Two Thousand and Derby. I always maintained, when the Raeburn madness was at its height, that the horse stood at a preposterously false price. Whenever Raeburn does win the course will be an easy mile.

The Duke of Westminster has the best-looking lot of yearlings at Eaton just now that has ever been bred there, and they will be sent to Kingsclere in the autumn. There are eight yearlings, of which Orelio is own brother to Ormonde, and Blue Rose is own sister to Blue-Green, and therefore half-sister to Orme. There is a magnificent colt by Sheen out of Farewell, that is named Baddeley; and Adderley is a filly by Ayrshire out of Sandiway, while Tarporley is a colt by St. Simon out of Ruth, and Orphaline is a filly by Bend Or out of Camilla. There is no yearling out of Shotover.

I am informed that Orme is to run his last race on Friday, and that, whether he wins or loses the Eclipse Stakes, he will be forthwith turned out of training, and next season he goes to the stud, standing at Eaton at the fee of 200 gs. Judging from the run there has lately been on untried sires, I should not think that it will be necessary to advertise Orme. This horse's engagements after Sandown Park are only in the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood and the Limekiln Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, so far as the present year is concerned. Next year Orme is only in the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot and the Champion Plate at Newmarket.

Forty-four two-year-olds have been left in for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, including Galloping Dick, Sempronius, Stowmarket, King Charibert, St. Germanus, Schoolbook, Clatterfeet, Illuminata colt, and Speed. There are here all the materials for one of the most interesting and important two-year-old races of the whole season. The dark lot includes Lord Alington's Throstle, half-sister to Common, by Petrarch; Lord Bradford's Hornbeam, by Chippendale out of Hemlock; Mr. D. Cooper's Jack the Dandy, by Satiety out of Satire; Lord Houghton's Miss Hoyden, by Galliard out of Miss Elina; Mr. Houldsworth's Rowallan, by Galopin out of Morgiana; Sir R. Jardine's Kirkhill, by Galliard out of Hawthorn; Mr. Lowther's Millom, half-brother to Workington, by Esterling; Sir J. B. Maple's 4,500 gs. Mintlaw, and his 1,000 gs. filly by Minting out of Gloriosa; Mr. Milner's Jocasta, by St. Simon out of Thebais; Duke of Portland's Cessnock, by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune; Baron Rothschild's Brisk, by Galopin out of Brie; and his Ermenonville, by Tristan out of Ermengarde (La Nievre has been withdrawn); Mr. Vyner's Stone Chat, by Minting out of Stone Clink; Duke of Westminster's Sanderling, by St. Simon out of Sandiway; and Lord Zetland's filly by Minting out of Griselda.

The huge entry for the Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes, to be run in 1896, has just been printed in the Calendar, and it affords some interesting breeding news. The Prince of Wales has engaged four of the mares at Sandringham — Fanchette and Welfare (St. Simon); Marguerite (Ayrshire); and Poetry (Donovan). Mr. Barclay has six mares, all of which have been sent to Bendigo. The Duke of Beaufort has four mares, including Travancore (Saraband), and Rêve d'Or and Simonetta (Petronel). Mr. Cooper has Lonely (Common); Mons Meg (Donovan); Dorcas (Amphion); Melody (Saraband); and Dingle (Sheen). The Duke of Devonshire has nine mares,

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not one of which, oddly enough, was sent to his own horse Morion. One of Lord Durham's three is Primrose Day (St. Simon). Lord Ellesmere has two, one of which is Belinda (St. Simon). Mr. Greenall has six mares, all of which were sent to Queen's Birthday. One of Mr. Arthur James's three is Charm, by St. Simon (Marden), and another is Lady Heron (Saraband). Messrs. Jennings have eight mares (all to Trapeze). Major Joicey four (Queen's Birthday). Mr. Lawrence's Bide-a-Wee (dam of Althorp) has been sent to St. Serf. Mr. McCalmont has six mares, all of which have been to Timothy. Sir J. B. Maple has the largest entry in the race, having engaged no fewer than sixteen of his mares. Inchcape, Biondina, and Primrose Dame have all been to Saraband; and Bonnie Rose, Mazurka, Priestess, Princess Arena, and Jennie Winkle to Common. Tarantella (own sister to Saraband) was sent to Ayrshire. The Duchess of Montrose has four of her best mares—St. Marguerite (dam of Seabreeze) (St. Simon), Janette (St Serf), Antibes (Donovan), and Wifey (dam of Satiety) (Ayrshire). Of Colonel North's lot of five, Philomel has been to Nunthorpe and Mirror to Saraband. R. Peck has eight, including Grandeur and Scandal (Common). Lord Penrhyn has engaged Queen of the Fairies (St. Simon). The Duke of Portland has seven mares, including Memoir (Sheen), Miss Middlewick (St. Simon), and Wheel of Fortune (Donovan). Mr. L. de Rothschild has ten mares, of which five have been sent to Brag, and the others to Morglay. Prince Soltykoff has seven, including Lucetta (dam of Speed), which has been sent to Sheen, and Argo Navis and Meg Merrilees both to Gold. General Owen Williams has fifteen mares, of which eight have been sent to Senanus, and six to Hambletonian. The other one is Effie Deans, and she went to St. Simon.

There will be racing next week at Leicester, Gatwick, and Liverpool, and some very interesting sport may be expected at each of these meetings. The principal race at Leicester will be the Zetland Plate of £1,000, the entry for which includes Venia, Faultless, Basildon, and some other winners. I shall, however, predict the success of Mr. Douglas Baird's dark filly, Rose Maiden, by Rosebery out of Flower Girl, as she has been well galloped at Newmarket, and has been reserved for this event.

The Crabbet Stakes at Gatwick is a two-year-old race, with £1,000 added, for which the entry includes Theseus, King Charibert, Wedding Bell, Arcano, and Basildon, of which lot Wedding Bell is decidedly the best, but something from the dark lot may beat her, as she has to give 10 lb. to maidens.

At Liverpool, the St. George's Stakes of £500 is a three-year-old race, for which eighteen animals remain in, and Marcion cannot lose. The Knowsley Dinner Stakes of £800 is another three-year-old race, for which only ten have accepted, out of an entry of thirty-nine, and in the probable absence of Ravensbury it will be won by Tanderagee, if he can beat Fealar, who may by this time have recovered his form. Eleven two-year-olds are left in for the Mersey Stakes of £500, and Sir J. B. Maple may perhaps win with The Love. Bushey Park has become a decided favourite for the Liverpool Cup since the withdrawal of Lady Rosebery, who has broken down, and it is unlikely that she will ever run again. It is impossible, however, to deal with this handicap so long before the day of running, as the market may be expected to expand very considerably. At Newmarket, Bushey Park is regarded as a really good thing, but the northern stables are dangerous at this meeting when they really "go for" a race.

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MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The wedding festivities, the tropical heat, and Royal visits to the City have seriously interfered with the stock markets, and, as far as real business is concerned, the past week has been a blank. Quotations have, however, under the circumstances, kept up fairly well, with the chief exception of Silver Securities and American Rails, which have experienced another spasm. It is principally the nervousness as to the heavy losses which are known to have been suffered during the present account in such and allied stocks which has weighed upon the market, and the "House" will breathe more freely when the fortnightly settlement is fairly over. Even then we shall not, probably, see much speculative activity, as holiday-making has already commenced, but it is obviously impossible to prophesy on this point, as the unexpected frequently happens on the Stock Exchange. The extreme cheapness of money and the low level of prices in many departments are certainly encouraging features, and, although I would not advise my readers to embark at the present juncture in large speculative transactions, there is no reason why investment purchases should be delayed.

Opportunities for Investors.

In fact, the present dull period, with the low prices which have been brought about by the silver scare, furnishes excellent opportunities to investors whose savings are available for taking up and paying for the securities which they may purchase. Sooner or later the silver trouble will be got over, and, with the advance of the season, business will revive again, when values may be expected to recover. In the meantime, those who form small trusts for themselves of suitable stocks are paving the way to future profits. It is manifestly preferable, especially where there is a wish to obtain a good return for the money invested, not to put your eggs into one basket, but to spread the amount over half a dozen or more different securities. In thus making a sort of "bouquet," it is even desirable to select stocks from different departments, such as Home Rails, American Rails, South American Government stocks, South or Central American Railway stocks, substantial dividend-paying Gold Mines, and promising Land Companies, &c. Care should also be taken to give the Trust a backbone by investing some of the money in absolutely safe securities, even if the rest be somewhat speculatively placed. Investors must in this follow their own ideas to some extent. Some may wish to commence with, say, British Corporation stocks, yielding only 3 per cent. per annum, and stop at American Railroad bonds up to a yield of, say, 5 per cent. per annum, while others may deem a backbone of such gilt-edged Railroad bonds commencing at a yield of 4 per cent. and high-class Argentine Railway bonds, such as Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debenture stock yielding about 4¼ per cent., sufficient, and may wish to obtain up to, say, 6 per cent. in Louisville shares, 7½ per cent. in Argentine Funding bonds, &c. Some, again, may select Brighton "A," with their prospects of an 8 per cent. dividend and a yield of 5⅛ per cent., while those more speculatively inclined may take a hand in South or Central American Government bonds yielding up to 10 per cent. or more, or in Argentine Guaranteed Railway stocks, which are sure to

obtain a settlement from the Argentine Government sooner or later, and will then yield a substantial return on the prices of the day. Excellent investments can also be made in the mining department, New Primrose, for instance, on the basis of their last dividend of 20 per cent. for six months yielding, reckoning the dividend off, almost 10 per cent. per annum on the investment. A bouquet of half a dozen sound Witwatersrand Mines, throwing in some of the "coming" mines which are to be bought cheaper, and some of the cheap speculative mining shares, such as Caratal, and a few progressive Land shares, such as Oceana and Oceana Developments, would also be very promising. Thus money may be invested in a comparatively safe manner to give a good return and to procure large prospective profits. It remains with the investors themselves to determine how much risk they will run, or with what yield they will be satisfied. There rarely was a time so favourable to investment as at present, and those who avail themselves of it will do a good deal better than those who wait until prices have been lifted again by more active dealings.

Home Rails.

There has been a further slight shrinkage in the stocks of the Heavy lines, but the tendency has become steadier since the publication of the Board of Trade Returns for June, which showed a distinct improvement. On the other hand, there are apprehensions of a strike of coal-miners in consequence of a reduction of wages of 25 per cent., of which notice has been given. Dividend considerations, however, for the present, chiefly affect the markets. The Sheffield Company has opened the ball with the announcement of *no* dividend on the Ordinary stock, against ¼ for the first half of 1892. No one expected anything else, and, the result having been discounted, Sheffield "A" did not move much. The next dividend announcements this week will be those of the Brighton, Metropolitan, and South-Eastern Companies, which were made last year on July 13 and 14. The Brighton dividend was estimated some time ago by my Brighton prophet at the rate of 4¾ per cent. with a large carry forward as against 3¾ per cent. with £13,000 forward last year. In that case "Berthas" will be credited with 3½ per cent. instead of 1½ per cent., which means that, as "Berthas" received for 1892 a dividend of 7 per cent., they will receive 8 per cent. for the year without any further traffic increase in the second half of 1893. The clerk of the weather will, of course, have much to say to the earnings for the current half-year, but, unless a startling change should take place, traffics will, I think, continue at the 1892 rate. We have, therefore, Brighton "A" at, say, 155, earning 8 per cent. and yielding over 5⅛ per cent. per annum, while in the best of cases the stocks of the Heavy lines will not yield more than 3¾ per cent per annum on present prices. Dover "A" will not shake themselves together, and are quoted below 80, some forced selling having taken place. As regards actual yield, this price is quite high enough, but the recovery which has taken place in net earnings, and which promises to continue, is a favourable feature, and it is quite on the cards that the increase in the dividend which is expected for the past half-year may be followed by a satisfactory dividend for the current half. The Great Eastern dividend will also be announced at the end of the week, and, so far, the market views indicate the passing of the dividend, against a dividend at the rate of ¾ per cent. for the first half of 1892. But I am not sure that the Board may not have a surprise for the market, notwithstanding the stress which is temporarily put upon them in view of the heavy expenditure for the enlargement of Liverpool-street Station, &c. At all events, the line should earn large traffics during the second half year in view of the splendid conditions for the holiday business. Amongst the "Heavies" the North-Western would probably suffer most from any strike of coalminers, but it is still hoped that this may be obviated. I really cannot see any inducement for buying the stocks of the heavy brigade just now, but as holders stick tight to them, any further marked fall is hardly likely. The Scotch stocks do not appear to recover to any extent from the depression, which may, no doubt, in part be attributed to the effect of the Australian Bank collapse, which has hit Scotland so severely.

The Yankee Market.

Narrow fluctuations have again, with a few exceptions, been the order of the day in Yankee Rails, but quotations are finally a good deal lower in most instances. This is disappointing, as the fact that Congress has been called together for an autumn session for the special purpose of repealing the *fons et origo* of the financial trouble in the United States—the Sherman Silver Bill—had been relied upon on both sides of the Atlantic to re-establish confidence and strengthen the market. There are several reasons for this disappointment of the "Bulls." In the first instance, the banking position in New York continues strained, a large amount of clearing-house certificates being outstanding, while money in Wall-street still commands high rates. The "Bull" contingent are, therefore, unable to undertake any sustained movement in the market in the face of the determined "Bear" raids of the Cammack party. On this side the silver scare and the heavy fall in silver securities have, on the other hand, created such distrust that there is absolutely no disposition to take up Yankee Rails to any extent. In England and on the Continent the silver trouble has wrought serious trouble by a heavy break in Mexican Government and Railway stocks, Peruvian Corporation stocks, and other South and Central American securities more or less affected by the value of silver. A large Frankfort firm heavily involved in such securities has got into trouble, and the closing of its account has aggravated the position. Under these circumstances the large financial houses here are not disposed, even if they were able, to come to the rescue, and are allowing matters to drift. A recovery will, however, come about eventually, and holders of American Railroad stocks should, under the circumstances, stick tightly to their holdings, just as investors, who are able to take up the stocks, may safely buy at the present low level. The heavy fall in Denvers has undoubtedly been overdone, but the communication by the London agents was not exactly calculated to improve matters. Holders will now have to exercise some patience until matters in Colorado, which is heavily hit by the silver trouble, have settled down again. The Louisville dividend announcement of 2 dols. for the half-year fully confirms my repeated statements on this point. A net increase of 587,493 dols. is shown. In the general Yankee market, whenever money gets easy and the Wall-street "Bulls" begin, with returning confidence, to feel their feet again, a complete transformation scene will be witnessed. When exactly this upward movement will begin it is impossible to say, but it is more than likely that the actual repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill and the resumption of gold imports into the United States will come about almost at the same time, and then, if not sooner, will the American market once again assume the active appearance which has been absent so long. Canadian Pacifics have suffered from reports of rate-cutting, and Grand Trunks have reacted in sympathy with Yankee Rails.

Argentine Finance.

The political deadlock in Buenos Ayres has for the present been removed by the formation of a new Ministry, in which Señor Lucio Lopez, a distinguished lawyer, is Minister of the Interior and Prime Minister, and Señor Del Valle Minister of War. The latter has made a name for himself by his opposition to the Celman régime, which he denounced at the time in the strongest terms in the Senate. Señor Marano Demaria, also a lawyer, who has accepted the portfolio of Finance, acted hitherto as standing counsel to one of the Argentine Guaranteed Railways, the Great Western. The other two new Ministers are untried men, and it is doubtful if this combination of Radicals and Modernistas will be enduring, especially as President Saenz Peña himself has little in common with them, and Generals Roca and Mitré will scarcely support it. This, however, remains to be seen. There is plenty of work before the new

Ministers. They have to obtain the formal approval by Congress of the settlement of the National Debt concluded by the Government, and then one of their first steps will have to be an arrangement concerning the Railway guarantees. It is satisfactory to find, from the *Times of Argentina*, that the former Minister of Finance, Señor Romero, had occupied himself specially with this question before his resignation, and had actually elaborated a scheme of settlement with the Railway Companies, which appeared to be conceived on equitable lines. Under these circumstances, it may be hoped that the new Minister of Finance, Demaria, will follow up this scheme; the more so, as in his capacity of counsel for one of the Companies, he must obviously hold views favourable to the Railway interest. It is also satisfactory to learn that the Board of one of the guaranteed Railways have received private advices from Buenos Ayres, according to which the Solicitor to the Argentine Treasury has completely upset the absurd and iniquitous theories of the National Railway Bureau respecting the deposit of a certain percentage of the gross earnings, irrespective of the net receipts. Under these circumstances the question of the payments in default and of a commutation of the whole of the guarantees may be settled earlier than had recently been anticipated, a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interest of Argentine credit. Should the Ministry hold together, the gold premium would probably decline again, and that would benefit both Argentine Government and Railway stocks, which have suffered heavily of late from the apparent instability of the Argentine Government. How, for instance, Central Argentine Ordinary stock can stand at 58, and Buenos Ayres and Rosaria at 56, now that a small dividend is being earned on both, passes comprehension.

Foreigners and South Americans.

An influence which has undoubtedly been unfavourable to values in the South American market generally has been the collapse in Mexicans and Perus through the silver crisis. Mexican Six per Cent. bonds, which made up last settlement at 70½, are down to 59 xd; Peruvian Corporation Prefs., which were carried over at 22½, have dropped to 16½, the Debentures from 66½ to 58; Mexican Railway First Prefs. from 70 to 64. These declines were due chiefly to forced sales, under which Costa Rica and Uruguay bonds have also suffered. Should the impending settlement pass off without any serious trouble, a recovery may probably come about again. It is impossible to foresee what will be the course of prices of silver for the present. The white metal has fluctuated between 33d. and 34¾d., and it looks almost as if it would not fall to a very low level now that a number of Silver Mines all over the world are being shut down. Chilians have declined on a renewed fall of the Valparaiso exchange, and Brazilians are being kept down by the low level of the Rio exchange. After a sharp fall in Spanish, there has been a recovery to 62½, notwithstanding the unfavourable financial outlook in that country. It is now reported that the Paris financial group, which has helped Spain in the past, will again come to the rescue provided certain retrenchments are carried out. Italians, on the other hand, do not look flourishing. Yet prices of inter-bourse securities generally are comparatively well maintained, the Continental bourses having apparently pulled themselves together again. Greeks, too, have shown a firmer tone of late.

The Kaffir Circus.

Although the market for South African Gold Mining shares has been very narrow, prices are pretty well maintained. In fact, Rietfontein, Langlaagte, Meyer and Charlton, and a few other Rand Mines have improved in value. The June crushings are, in many instances, above expectation, and ought to give a fresh impulse to this market, especially as June had a working day less than May. The total output of 122,907 oz. of gold beats the record by over 5,000 oz., and is nearly 6,000 oz. above the May crushings. The Nigel announces a total yield of 5,155 oz. for June, against 4,302 oz. in May, a dividend of 15 per cent. also being declared. The Jubilee, another of my favourites, yielded 2,641 oz., against 2,455 oz. in May; the Geldenhuis, 3,410 oz., against 3,386 oz.; the Salisbury, 2,850 oz., against 2,400 oz.; City and Suburban, 3,363 oz., against 3,000 oz. The New Primrose crushing for June is reported at 6,961 oz. (100 stamps running twenty-eight days), and the net profit is stated at £9,456, against a yield of 7,285 oz., with £9,100 profit in May. With reference to the Glencairn, I understand that this mine will start crushing in the course of the present week. Under these circumstances, some revival in the Kaffir Circus would be fully justified. Not only are the large producing Mines showing progress in their output and dividends, but the position of the "coming" Mines, such as the Glencairn, the Kimberley Roodepoort, Bufflesdoorn, &c., is reported as equally satisfactory. With regard to the latter, it is stated that the battery will be completed in September, when crushing on a large scale will commence. Advices from the Klerksdorp district generally are very satisfactory, specimens obtained from the reef near the Afrikander property being reported as panning out remarkably well. The black sand was stated to be strongly in evidence, and the trace of fine gold phenomenal for Klerksdorp. There is reason for assuming that the recovery of gold by the McArthur Forrest process in June will beat the record, and it is estimated that during the current year gold to the value of nearly one milllion sterling will be produced by its means. The *Johannesburg Star* of June 17 has the following on the "Progress of Cyanide":—

> The increase in the Rand output for May, as compared with April, was nearly 5,000 oz. Of this increment, the Cyanide Process is responsible for 4,000 oz., which is a remarkable testimony to the steady growth of the Recovery industry. The inquiry for tailings has been naturally excessively keen, and it is hardly necessary to say that every Company has long since become alive to the actual commercial value of an asset which heretofore remained idle for years, and that the bargains picked up by the early birds who first perceived the possibilities of profit in the millions of tons of tailings accumulated through past working are no longer to be had. Some respectable fortunes have been realised by enterprises of this kind, and the African Gold Recovery Company is witnessing a most satisfactory growth in its royalty income. When the big Langlaagte Works are in full swing, and the Sheba plant is in operation, the Cyanide output will go forward with a sudden leap.

Diamond shares have moved down on forced sales, De Beers being quoted 17⅛, Jagersfontein, 17¼. There have been few dealings in miscellaneous mines. Silver mining shares have kept up better than might have been anticipated, but low-priced speculative gold mines appear to be most in favour, for the simple reason that with small outlay of money you stand to make big profits, while there is little or no risk of a loss. With reference to the Holcomb Valley Gold Mine in California, advices are expected in the course of the current week that the Bucyrus steam shovel is at work, and if the results are at all in keeping with the anticipations of the experts, a sharp advance may be expected in these shares. With respect to the Caratal Gold Mining Company, Mr. Alfred Bull, one of the Directors, has cabled that he has arrived at La Trinidad with a party of engineers and others, and that the settlement of the Venezuelan claims and other arrangements are proceeding satisfactorily. One of the engineers who accompanies Mr. Bull is a man of high standing, and the fact that he has accepted the position of consulting engineer is sufficient guarantee of his opinion of the property. I should say that any one picking up Caratal shares at anything like 9d. per share will probably make a big profit. Jackson Goldfields are being dealt in at 1s. to 1s. 3d., and, now that the Mine is relieved from its legal troubles, there seems to be a fair future before it. The first quarterly report of the Directors to the shareholders of the Nyassa Company states that the surveys for the railway from the coast *viâ* the coalfields to Lake Nyassa, a distance of 450 miles, are in progress, and considerable quantities of material are nearly ready for shipment. The Company has also arranged for a service of steamers along its coast and on the Rovuma River, which forms the northern boundary of its territories, also for a steamer line on the River Lurio. The report further states that application has been received for large areas of agricultural lands, on behalf of intending Colonists

and for numerous gold mining claims and coal lands which are being dealt with as rapidly as possible, on the terms fixed by the Board. The Directors conclude with the statement that the Company's operations for the first quarter show a profit at the rate of over 10 per cent. per annum on its issued capital, and they express the hope that, as the value of the Company's property becomes more extensively known and its resources developed, even better results will be obtained.

TRANSVAAL LAND COMPANIES.

There are rumours in the air that the scheme for an amalgamation of the principal Land Companies in the Transvaal is likely to be taken up again. If so, the Oceana Company would probably have to take the lead, but I do not think that the Board of that Company are enthusiastic about the matter, as they are well satisfied with the progress now being made and in prospect in the near future. There is also some talk of the scheme for the settlement of the Transvaal, which was elaborated by Mr. J. C. Henderson five years ago, and was approved by the Attorney-General of the Republic, being taken up. This scheme dealt with the introduction, as Colonists, of working men from the various countries of the old world in order to introduce suitable industries and agricultural development in the Transvaal. Advices by Mail concerning the Oceana properties are very satisfactory. The farms of Tours and Sedan, which were declared payable goldfields last year, have now been thrown open and sales of township stands will shortly take place in Sedan. It is also expected that the terminus of the Silati Railway will be located on the farm Tours, as this is most suitably situated close to the hilly country. In this case another township would be created on this farm. From the Bloemhof district come reports of finds of diamonds on some Oceana Development farms. Finally, the prospects of the new Oceana Coal Company are reported as most favourable. A Director of the Company is leaving next week for the Cape in order to push on the opening-up of the property, and it is expected that coal will be placed on the market by the Company in a month or two. Another favourable development is the proclamation of nearly the whole of the farms round Heidelberg as payable goldfields, and as the spot where the Oceana Coal Company's gas coal has been discovered is only some five miles from these farms, a much larger consumptive demand is expected than had but recently been anticipated. An output of 200 tons per day is estimated to yield a net dividend of 20 per cent. per annum on the capital of the new Coal Company; but it seems now to be anticipated that 400 to 500 tons per day will be required, so that the profits would be largely increased. Considering that the Oceana and Oceana Development shareholders will receive a large portion of the fully paid-up shares in the Coal Company as a bonus, this is a very important matter, and should raise the value of Oceanas to a considerable extent.

MY LETTER BOX.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

GOVERNMENT, &c., BONDS.

J. C. I.—The Mexican position is much bound up with the future course of silver, but there is no present apprehension concerning the City bonds, and it would be advisable to hold. *Culm.*—Hold the bonds, but do not buy more to average yet. Await the further course of events. If you buy more, you may as well do so at bottom price. *Bourne.*—1. I referred to this point specially last week under "The Fall in Silver Securities," and I should hold for the present. 2. The River Plate Trust is trying to come to a settlement concerning these Argentine Provincial loans, but, so far, little progress has been made. *A Regular Subscriber.*—I do not think that there is the slightest possibility of obtaining any modification in favour of Argentine Northern Central Railway Government bonds in the Argentine Debt Settlement. It was a question of give and take. *Snaefell.*—I fancy it would be preferable to watch the course of events in silver a little before averaging.

BANKS, TRUSTS, AND FINANCIAL.

Small Investor, San Remo.—I regret exceedingly that, as a matter of principle, I cannot recommend any individual stockbroker. *R. H.*—You should hold your Denver Prefs. after the heavy fall, but do not buy more yet. Hold Ottoman Banks. *A. S., Columbia.*—1. With any high class Bank you do not, of course, run the slightest risk in entrusting your securities to it for safe keeping; with a second rate concern you might, in case of a suspension, be a loser through dishonesty. 2. It would be preferable to stipulate the remuneration of the lawyers as trustees. *Mariner.* 1. No. 2. I do not advise dealings with outside stockbrokers. 3. The commission is far too high. 4. I should not advise a purchase now. 5. I do not think there is any fear of a revolution, but the country is also affected by silver. *Ferrum.* The Temperance Office in question is very small, and I should not recommend insuring with it. The Equity and Law Life mentioned by you is a well-established old office, and you had better write to this and to the Sun Life Office for their terms. *Banbury.*—Your experience with Trust Companies has been very unsatisfactory, but I should not sell now. I cannot see any way to compel the disclosure of investments. *Jack.*—I really cannot advise you. You had better attend the meeting and see what the Directors have to say. The position is very unfortunate.

HOME RAILS.

Waylaid.—I should not advise any further investment in Hull and Barnsley as prospects are not promising. 2. I should not advise any dealings with the person in question.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Clifton.—No reason to sell Nitrate Rails. More Nitrate will be carried this year than last, as the maximum output has been raised by the Nitrate Committee. *Ernesto.*—Neither the Louisville, Erie, nor the Reading are Silver lines, and you should hold the shares. A new Reading reconstruction is evidently on the cards, and the shares might be averaged. *B. G.*—Hold the Brewery shares. Mexican Railway First Prefs., City of Mexico bonds, and Perus are to some extent dependent upon the further course of silver, and you had better wait with averaging. Hold the Brazilian Rails. *R. D.*—The Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary stock will receive under the reorganisation securities part of which should at once earn dividends. Prospects are good, and you may anticipate a considerable recovery on the scheme being carried out and the currency position in the United States improving. Hold! *Anxious.*—Yes; you should keep both Atchison shares and Central Argentines. They will recover again. The latter Company is now earning a small dividend on the Ordinary stock. *Espérance.*—I think your reasoning is very sound, and of the two schemes propounded by you I fancy the second, that of buying the low-priced American Rails and locking them up, most. *H. S. B.*—1. I should certainly hold a, b, and c, but I do not advise putting too many eggs into one basket, and therefore think that you should by preference invest in other depreciated securities. 2. Yes, Atchison "B" bonds have full purchase power and are cheap. 3. Central Argentine Ordinary stock, Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debenture stock, Louisville shares, Argentine Funding bonds. You might buy during the next account. *James, Glasgow.*—You should hold your Reading bonds now. Some new reorganisation scheme seems to be projected, and there is a prospect of a rise whenever it is published. I agree with your remarks concerning the last scheme. *Elyot.*—It is impossible to foretell now how much Erie will improve, but they should be held. Louisville are a good investment, the line being well managed. You are entitled to the coming dividend; you should consult my letter concerning other securities. *Lex.*—There is no valid reason for the low price of Atchison "A" and "B" bonds, and all the Yankee stocks should be held. You will receive due notice as to when the Ohio certificates will be exchanged for the new securities. I am afraid that prospects of Middlesbrough Lands are very bad just now. The Silver shares had better be held for the present, as they will probably recover. *R. P. B. J.*—No reason to sell the bonds, as the floating debt of the Company has been rearranged. *York.*—Under the circumstances explained by you, I should advise you not to run any further risk just now, but to wait until matters become clearer, even if you should have to pay a little more; but you should hold what you have got. *B. G.*—The decrease in the Nitrate Railways' traffic is stated to be temporary only. No reason to sell. If you can lock up the Missouris, Kansas, and Texas shares, yes! *G. H. H.*—1. There is the danger of forced sales by holders who have other securities that have fallen. Therefore await the course of events until, say, the end of the month, and then average. 2. Hold for the present, but sell on a recovery. *Jack, York.*—I do not altogether approve of your little Trust. Italian Rentes (1), for instance, are not in the ascendant, Italian finances looking very blue. The Denver line (2) is at present under the silver cloud, and I should not choose No. 8 for the same reason. Nos. 3, 4, and 7 are suitable American Railroad bonds, and you might add to them New York, Ontario, and Western Four per Cent. Refunding Mortgage at 86½, South and North Alabama Consolidated Five per Cent. Gold bonds (guaranteed by the Louisville and Nashville) at 103, and Atchison Four per Cent. Second Mortgage "B" bonds at 47-48.

MINING SHARES.

Anxious.—Your first letter must have miscarried. No, I do not consider May Consolidated a good purchase: you can do better in Buffelsdoorn, Kimberley, Roodepoort, or Glencairns. *J. F.*—I do not think much of the new departure of this mine, and am afraid that it will be throwing good money after bad.

S. W.—Prospects of the Balkis Eersteling Mine appear satisfactory, and you should hold. *A. B.*—I should not advise a purchase of this mine. *J. J., County Longford.*—The only liability on Holcomb Valley shares is 2d. per share. *Redcar.*—1. The sudden action of the India Council has, of course, created a new position in Silver Mines, but I should not advise selling the particular shares now, as the mine still pays well. Hold and await developments. 2. Have nothing to do with this gamble in the shares of Tyre Companies. *L. N.*—The most promising low-priced shares are Caratal, at 9d.; Holcomb Valley, at 1s.-1s. 3d.; Jackson Goldfields, at 1s.-1s. 3d. *Berry Head.*—Hold the American Rails and the Silver Mining shares for the present. *W. W.*—I do not like either Jay Hawks or Golden Feathers, and should sell both on any recovery. *L. B.*—If you hold the two Mining shares in question you will see a good profit; but you must have some patience. Yes; a portion of the Oceana Coal shares will be distributed amongst the Oceana and Oceana Development shareholders as a bonus. *N. M.*—Yes; the Caratal Gold Mine is being energetically worked, and the market is likely to improve. See under "The Kaffir Circus."

Industrial Companies.

Quæsitor, Brighton.—No doubt the Preference dividend, being cumulative, will eventually be paid, and it is a good opportunity to average. *W. E. L.*—The Weardale Water Company is a fair investment, but no catch.

Mixed Investments.

Clerk, Edin.—1. Always remember that good profits are worth taking. 2. No, I do not think anything of this Exploration Company. 3. It is doubtful if this concern will ever be a success. *Sextant.*—I do not like the Trust stocks No. 2, and should sell these, while holding No. 1 for a recovery. No reason to sell Brazilians (3) at present low price. Also hold the Colonial stocks Nos. 4 and 5. *Lex, Bridport.*—Yes, Atchison Ordinary shares are cheap, and a good spec. I do not like the Ice Company. Do not deal with outside brokers. *T. S. K., Castle Douglas.*—The Mine in question still makes profits at the present price of silver, and it would, therefore, be advisable to hold, but not to buy more. The fall in silver affects the exchange for remittance, not the revenue, but I see no reason to sell unless matters in Mexico should get much worse. *Buruaundi.*—I do not think that the present is the time to sell Trust Company shares, and should advise Nos. 1—3 being held for a recovery. The Tarapacà Bank shares (4) are depressed by the fall in the Chilian exchange, but I should not sell now. Central Argentine (5) should be held. The decline is altogether unjustified, as the ordinary stock is earning a dividend. *An Old Vicar.*—1. The security of these bonds, on the whole revenues of the City is ample, and the fall has taken place entirely under the pressure of the silver trouble. 2. I should not buy just now; a new arrangement will have to be made. 3. These Debentures are very cheap, and the next interest will be paid chiefly in cash, and perhaps a part in Debentures. 4. I do not recommend purchase of any Brazilian Railways just now. 5. I do not like these.

Various Investments.

Rupee paper continues to disappoint the hopes of the "Bulls" who bought on special tips and refuses to be lifted above 70. For one thing, the fact that allotments of India Council bills are still being made below 1s. 4d. is against the rupee gamble. Australian Government bonds are steadier, and so are Australian Bank shares, the recent decline in Bank of New South Wales shares (to 41) being now ascribed to sales for a deceased account. Union Bank of Australia shares have kept up best at 44½. Johannesburg Waterworks shares have improved to 1⅛ on the declaration of the 6 per cent. dividend, and are undoubtedly an excellent progressive investment. The "Merveilleuse" electric arc lamp is a new arc lamp which promises to play an important part in the lighting of the future. Not only is it simple in construction, and can, therefore, be manufactured at a low cost, but it works with greater steadiness and regularity than any other lamp, the voltage varying less than 5 per cent. The lamp has been well received in Belgium and France, and the concessionaire for the lighting of Vincennes has adopted it after a short trial. Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, the eminent electrician, has reported most favourably upon the lamp. A good deal has been written of late concerning the possibility of the denunciation of the Latin Union (as to silver) by France, but this does not appear very likely. The Mexican Railway gamble, initiated by Mr. Mackusick, of the Universal Stock Exchange, has not been successful, and those have done best who acted on my advice given when the Second Prefs. stood at 45, viz., to clear out. The price is now only 39. Nitrate Rails have been fairly steady, but the shares in some of the Nitrate-producing Companies have eased off in the absence of dealings. Prices of nitrate of soda are, however, keeping up well, so that most of the Companies should continue to realise good profits.—Your affectionate Uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

POOR DICK.

THE Colonel was in a brown study. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes were bent on the polished floor, a dark frown, born half of impatient anger and half of moody reflection, clouded his handsome face. He was deaf to the plaintive music of the violins, and to the soft frou-frou of silken trains; blind to the glow and glitter of the ball-room, and to the maze of revolving couples before him. The present had ceased to exist for him, it was blotted out; the past alone remained. The past, with its haunting memories, its passion, its pride, its despair—the past that he had believed dead, but that he found still had power to goad and torture him as of old.

Ah! it was a bitter, bitter past, and the story that it held was known only to himself—and one other.

"Come, Gascoigne, wake up. A nice fellow you are to come to a dance, standing propped up against the wall like a tombstone, when half the women in the room are dying to dance with you. You ought—why, hallo! What's the matter, old chap? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

The Colonel looked up, and a curious smile, or rather the faint reflection of a smile, just curved his sternly-compressed lips.

"So I have," he answered slowly, "a ghost of the past, Herbert."

An unusually grave expression crossed Sir John Herbert's cheery face.

"Mrs. Le Mesurier," he said, and the words were half a question, half an assertion.

The Colonel nodded.

"Yes. Mrs. Le Mesurier."

"Ah!"

Sir John's tone was significant. He looked at the Colonel inquiringly, but said no more.

"I saw her a few minutes ago," the Colonel went on presently. "I hadn't seen her for five years, and five years is a long time, Herbert."

"A long time," the other assented. "A good slice out of a man's life."

"But it might have been yesterday," said the Colonel. "It might have been yesterday."

Sir John did not ask to what his friend referred, he only nodded gravely, and the Colonel relapsed once more into gloomy abstraction. Presently he roused himself again.

"I've got a regular fit of the blues on to-night. Fact is I heard something this afternoon that upset me considerably."

Sir John nodded again. He was wise in his generation, and when he wanted to know a thing he never asked questions; a diplomatic line of action that probably accounted for his immense reserve fund of knowledge concerning other people's affairs. His discreet silence had, as usual, the desired effect.

"It was about Dick," said the Colonel, "young Dick Warrington, you know."

"Ah! a fine young fellow that," Sir John rejoined meditatively, "you ought to be proud of your nephew, Gascoigne."

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"And so I am," the Colonel broke out, with unexpected force, "God knows I am as fond and proud of the lad as if he were my own son; that's just where it comes in."

Again he paused, and again Sir John maintained a discreet silence.

"That's just where it comes in," the Colonel repeated, "and it comes in hot and strong, too. I am told that people are talking, but I seem quite out of the world now, and I give you my word I never heard of it till to-day. His mother told me then. She was in terrible trouble."

Sir John nodded comprehensively.

"He's her only son, you know," the Colonel went on, abstractedly, "Poor Mary! Her only son."

"Her only son," echoed Sir John.

"And Mrs. Le Mesurier has got hold of him. The lad is desperately in love with her, his mother says. He thinks she is the best woman that ever lived—an angel married to a fiend. God help him, poor lad!"

Sir John looked up.

"This is the first I've heard of the affair, Gascoigne," he said, quickly, "If I had known of it I would have warned you."

"Of course you would," the Colonel returned; "but you did not know of it any more than I did, and so——. Ah! look there, look there."

Sir John followed the direction of his friend's eyes. A couple who had just come into the ball-room were standing together by the door, and upon them the Colonel's gaze was riveted. One of the two was a young man, little more than a boy, with a handsome boyish face, on which the hopefulness and eager enthusiasm of youth still lingered. His companion was a Society leader whose name was better known than respected.

Tall, very tall, with a superbly-moulded figure and erect, graceful carriage; even if her face had been plain, no one would have passed Leoline Le Mesurier without a second glance. But her face was beautiful. A small oval face, pale and finely cut, framed in hair whose colour was neither red, nor gold, nor brown, but a wonderful mingling of all three, and lighted by great dark eyes that glowed with restless fire. The face of a woman of curbless will and reckless, undisciplined passions, quick to love and quick to hate with a vivid intensity that is given to few natures. A woman who might be a devil or an angel, as men and circumstances should decide.

"Do you see?" asked the Colonel, and then he drew a long, deep breath.

Even now he could not look on that face unmoved. Even now, though his feelings towards the woman embodied scorn, contempt, and something that was nearly akin to hatred, he yet bowed to the spell of her beauty. It was years since they had parted, but this chance meeting shook him to the centre of his being, and awoke a strange wild tumult of passion within his heart.

"Yes, I see," said Sir John.

He saw something else, too. He saw that Mrs. Le Mesurier's eyes, wandering with languid indifference over the sea of faces around her, fell suddenly upon Colonel Gascoigne's striking figure, and on the instant lightened with a look that dazzled and bewildered him. A moment later she had laid her hand on Dick Warrington's arm, and they were crossing the room together, while Sir John watched their progress with attentive interest.

Mrs. Le Mesurier made her way through the crowd, with the slow supple grace of movement that distinguished her, followed by envious glances from the women whom she passed. In their eyes she seemed worthy of all envy. Her gown had been designed for her by a well-known artist, her diamonds were the finest in the room, and reported to be of fabulous value. Among the fashionable crowd of good-looking, well-dressed women, she stood out pre-eminent—and what could woman desire more? Yet of all those who broke the tenth commandment by coveting her possessions, from the indulgent millionaire whom she called husband down to the diamond buckles that flashed on her dainty shoes, there was not one who would not have shrunk back appalled if she could have looked into the heart of the woman who had, to outward appearance, attained to all that is required to make up the sum of feminine happiness in this life. Fate is full of a grim irony.

"Is it really you, Colonel Gascoigne? At first I thought it was your ghost, it is so long since we met. How do you do?"

The Colonel started as the low, musical tones fell on his ear, touching Heaven knows what chords of memory within his breast; then he pulled himself together, and bowed gravely.

"How do you do, Mrs. Le Mesurier? It is, as you say, a long time since we met."

She raised her eyes to his with a look that made him catch his breath and set his teeth like a vice.

"Five years," she said.

"Five years," he echoed.

She managed to maintain her outward composure, but her heart was throbbing passionately, and a hot wave of colour had surged into her pale cheeks. This man's presence, his voice and touch, had power to thrill her now as they had thrilled her long ago. She glanced quickly round. Their immediate neighbours were too deeply engrossed in their own affairs to notice them, and Sir John had drawn Dick into the background. They two were alone in the solitude of a crowd.

"Noel," she whispered, hurriedly, "Noel, we have not met for years, and—and we may never meet again. Will you hear me to-night? For the sake of all that is past and gone, for the sake of what we once were to one another, for pity's sake—for pity's sake——"

Her voice broke. She could say no more.

The anguish of longing, the desperate, passionate pain that shone in her uplifted eyes might have touched a heart of stone. The Colonel did not move a muscle of his face.

"No," he answered, and his cold, contemptuous tone cut like a knife, "I will not hear you. Five years ago I refused to hear your explanation—your justification I suppose you would call it—and I refuse to hear it now."

"You refuse!"

She had come a little nearer to him. Standing there, with the brilliant light of the ball-room falling on her chiselled face and on the crowning glory of her hair, she made an exquisite picture of warm lovely colour. Could even she have been fairer of whom the poet wrote:—

> A man had given all other bliss,
> And all his worldly worth for this,
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips.

The Colonel looked down at her, but his stern, condemning eyes did not soften, and his mouth was like a bar of iron. He had judged her, and from his judgment there was no appeal.

She drew back, shivering a little, and the passionate light faded from her face, leaving it very white and cold.

"Then there is no more to be said. No more."

Her voice was dull and strange in her own ears. The words seemed to be borne to her from out the far-off distance. No more! What cruel words they were. They rang the dirge of all that had once made her life a dream of bliss, a foretaste of Heaven, and of a certain mad, wild hope that she had cherished through five long weary bitter years. That hope was dead now. Her own words had sounded its death-knell.

"No more," the Colonel echoed, gravely.

At that moment Dick came forward. He was tired of waiting, and Sir John could not keep him in the background any longer.

"This is our waltz," he said, with a reproachful tone in his clear, boyish voice, "and we are losing half of it. Do come."

Mrs. Le Mesurier did not answer at once. Indeed, she

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MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

hardly took in the sense of his words. That terrible "no more!" still rang in her ears, everything was blurred and blotted before her eyes, her brain seemed on fire.

"Do come," Dick pleaded, bending down to her.

There was no mistaking the adoring admiration that shone in his eyes, the utter devotion that expressed itself in every look and gesture; they were plain for all the world to read.

The Colonel bit his lip and frowned darkly. Something must be done to get the boy away from this most perilous influence.

"Dick," he interposed, hurriedly, "if Mrs. Le Mesurier will be kind enough to let you off this dance, I shall be greatly indebted to her. I have something of serious importance to say to you."

The undercurrent of distress and anxiety in his voice was not lost upon Mrs. Le Mesurier, and she quickly grasped its meaning. Woman-like she could read between the lines.

She turned her eyes upon him, a strange light dawning slowly in their dark depths.

"Perhaps," she said, "Mr. Warrington is not willing to be let off. He must speak for himself."

She glanced up at the handsome boy by her side, with a look that the Colonel knew only too well. A look that had, in days of old, drawn him to her as with a magic spell.

Dick flushed up hotly through his clear, sensitive skin.

"No, I am not willing," he cried. "You can talk to me later on, sir. Now I am at Mrs. Le Mesurier's disposal."

Mrs. Le Mesurier laid her hand on his arm, and flashed the Colonel a swift defiant glance. Then, as she moved away, she turned to Dick and smiled.

* * * * *

"The end can't be far off now," said the Colonel, in accents of the deepest gloom.

Sir John Herbert flicked the ashes off his cigar with a thoughtful air.

A month had been added to the past. It was four weeks since Colonel Gascoigne had stood face to face with the woman who had once been the motive-power of his life, and a great deal may happen in four weeks. A great deal had happened.

All London was ringing with the story now. The fashionable beauty's latest caprice and Dick Warrington's mad boyish infatuation were fruitful themes of gossip in clubs and boudoirs. People were beginning to wonder when the end would come, and even to speculate as to the reigning favourite's possible successor. That is the way of the world.

Sir John puffed away at his cigar, and presently the Colonel spoke again.

"Well, I've done all I could, as far as I can see. I don't know what I could do more. I've tried the lad all ways. I've argued and reasoned with him, and tried to persuade him; I've begged him to think of his career and of his mother; I've offered him money to get out of the country—anything, everything I could think of—but all for no good. When a woman like Leoline Le Mesurier gets hold of a man body and soul, as she has got hold of Dick, there's no salvation for him in this world. A devil would be more merciful."

The Colonel spoke with unusual heat, and a dark look clouded his handsome face. The past was vividly present with him then, and memory was as iron entering into the soul.

"I would have given all I had to save the boy," he went on, "but he wouldn't listen to me for a moment. I offered to tell him the story of my own life—but he wouldn't hear it. He is mad where she is concerned. Poor lad! Poor lad!"

"Poor lad!" echoed Sir John.

He would have liked to hear the story of the Colonel's past, a subject on which he had often speculated, but in this case discretion availed him nothing.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," said the Colonel, with reflective bitterness. "No living person has heard mine, nor ever will now—nor ever will."

And Sir John resigned himself to the inevitable.

Just then a footstep sounded on the stairs, a slow, lagging, lifeless step, and a moment later Dick Warrington came into the room.

The Colonel looked up quickly, but the words of welcome that rose to his lips died away into horrified silence. The light fell full on Dick's face as he stood there, and what a face! White, and drawn, and rigid, with haggard eyes dulled by the blank of despair, and deep lines that seemed to be literally scored in. Who could have recognised handsome Dick Warrington, with his sunny smile, in this grey and broken man?

"Good God!" said the Colonel at last. "What has happened, Dick?"

"Nothing," Dick answered, and his voice sounded harsh and hoarse. "Nothing at all out of the way, I assure you. No thanks, I won't sit down; I can't stay. I only looked in to tell you not to expect me to dinner to-night. I find I shan't be able to come. I am going out of town."

"Going out of town," the Colonel repeated. "That's a sudden decision, isn't it?"

Dick nodded.

"It is rather."

"Where are you going?" asked the Colonel, with an uneasy sidelong glance at the worn young face; "to join your mother at the Warren?"

"No," answered Dick, "I am not going to join my mother. I am going somewhere by myself." He paused for a moment, then made a step forward, holding out his hand. "Good-bye, sir," he went on, "you've been very kind to me lately in trying to open my eyes to—to certain things, and I'm afraid I've been very ungrateful, but I am not ungrateful now. You were right and I was wrong. Good-bye."

He grasped the Colonel's hand hard, nodded to Sir John, and then disappeared from the room as quietly as he had entered.

The two men who were left looked blankly at one another.

"The end has come," said the Colonel, with a groan.

He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands, deeply moved by the wreck of that young life that he loved. His heart was filled with bitterness and impotent rage. In that moment he could have cursed the woman who had wrought such destruction.

Sir John smoked in meditative silence for a few minutes, then he hazarded an opinion.

"I am not so sure that this is the end, Gascoigne. I—I didn't like the boy's face."

The Colonel sat bolt upright in a moment, vaguely alarmed by his friend's manner.

"What?" he cried, in a horrified tone, "What do you mean, Herbert? Surely, you don't think that ——"

"I mean," said Sir John, lighting a fresh cigar with great deliberation, "that if I were you I would go to him and stay with him. When a man looks like that, he isn't fit company for himself."

"Good God!" cried the Colonel. "What a fool I am!"

Ten minutes later he was hurrying as fast as a hansom could take him in the direction of Mrs. Warrington's house in Grosvenor-square. He was out of the hansom before it had properly pulled up, and his furious ring at the bell brought a footman to the door in double quick time.

"Has Mr. Warrington come in yet?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered, wondering what had happened to make the Colonel so flurried and breathless; "Mr. Warrington came in about twenty minutes ago, and went straight up to his room. He gave orders that he wasn't to be disturbed on no account."

"All right; I'll go up and speak to him," said the Colonel, brushing past the servant, regardless of the latter's faint protest.

The Royal Marriage.—Rimmel's Bridal Bouquet. A new and delightful Perfume, prepared by Eugene Rimmel, Ld., Perfumers by appointment to H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

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He had reached the foot of the stairs when, suddenly, he stopped short. What sound was that that broke the silence, and echoed so terribly through the stillness of the house? Had he come too late? For a moment he staggered back, then dashed upstairs, three steps at a time.

Outside Dick's door he paused, then turned the handle and went into the room, treading softly, and with bated breath, as if he feared to disturb the occupant. But he need not have feared, for earthly sounds would never disturb Dick Warrington again. He had closed his eyes to the things of this life.

On the table lay a note addressed to his mother, at his feet a photograph of Leoline Le Mesurier torn in two, and the revolver, still hot, just as it had dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"Dick!" cried the Colonel; "Dick! Oh! his poor mother. How shall I tell his mother?"

And then he fell on his knees by that motionless figure in the chair, and sobbed like a child.

* * * * * *

Poor Dick! Truly the ways of fate are strange. Others had sown the storm, but he had reaped the whirlwind. Others had sinned, and he had paid the penalty. Others had built their passion and pride and despair into an altar, and he was the sacrifice offered thereon.

Poor Dick!

MUSIC.

THE HUMOURS OF A STATE PERFORMANCE.

THE State Performance at the Opera House last week was certainly a more brilliant show than any of the Royal Wedding festivities, for some of the greatest artists in the world played in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" on the stage, while the house, beautifully decorated by Sir A. Harris, was filled by the élite of English Society. Altogether apart from the chastened beauty of the Royal box, for which the Opera-House people were responsible, Messrs. Gerard had festooned ropes of roses from box to box, and had sent in upwards of 600 bouquets of roses, buying up, indeed, all the best in Covent Garden market, or in all something like a hundred thousand flowers. Nosegays and garlands of this sort cannot be made a week ahead, and, as a matter of fact, deft fingers — the Recording Angel, perhaps, for once blotted out certain clauses of the Factory Act—were at work all night weaving these festoons for the delectation of Royalty and the wealthy classes. Nevertheless, I doubt the wisdom of the almost universal adoption by the men of levée dress. Many of the males among the audience looked supremely uncomfortable in this absurd costume, for although Sir A. Harris wisely refrained from making the Court livery obligatory, many donned it who had no right to wear it, and had probably never seen so outlandish a garment before. One of the Yeomen of the Guard—he particularly directed my attention to the fact that "the reporters," of whom, I suppose, I was one, ignorantly referred to them as "Beef-eaters from the Tower," whereas he never ate beef, and had never been to the Tower in his life—pointed to an individual in rather baggy stockings and a sword uncomfortably seated on his hips, as a man who cut hair. The officers of the Guards were also in some difficulty. The question in such a case is what to do with your head-piece. Neither a busby nor a helmet will go under an opera chair, and one Life Guardsman, seated in the stalls placed along the wall, pluckily kept his helmet on his head, until a lady in a box, either in pity or because it interfered with her view, offered it the hospitality of a hat-peg. The naval men were better off, but at subsequent State performances there should be a hat-room for Dragoons, Lancers, and Horse Guards. A German officer was in a worse plight, for, putting his "pickelhaube" on his chair while talking to an acquaintance, he was startled by the sudden rise of the curtain on the Chamber scene, and thoughtlessly sat down on the spike. The police arrangements were, from a police point of view, so far effective that, despite the pouring rain (for some reason it always rains on "gala" nights), cabs were not allowed near the opera house until the early hours of the morning, nor was any passage made through the crush-room. Consequently, the people at the doors waiting for their carriages refused to give way, and in some cases it was upwards of an hour before box-holders could reach the streets. Fair ladies in delicate dresses and costly tiaras passed through the mud, to the sore damage of their costumes and their tempers, for no vehicle was allowed near the doors until the forty royalties had very leisurely departed, and carriages were even then not easily to be found.

Mascagni's "I Rantzau," which was delayed by the State performance, and was ultimately produced at Covent Garden on Friday night, may be a thing of beauty, though I doubt whether its joy will last for ever. Knots of seedy Italians in the gallery slips made themselves hoarse by shouts of "Bis" and "Mas-cag-nee," and the publisher exhibited in the saloon a jewelled baton which he intended to present to the composer. But phlegmatic islanders have their own views of such matters, and "I Rantzau" is not at all likely to prove another "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mascagni is being fêted to his heart's desire, and next Saturday he is "commanded" to Windsor to conduct his "Cavalleria," and the second act of his "L'Amico Fritz," before the Queen. He would then do well to retire for a period into private life, to perfect his style, choosing for his next effort a libretto of rugged dramatic power, in which direction his talents obviously lie. The Italian musician is a natural genius, but he needs a strong hand over him, and a wise head to direct him in the right path, which, by the way, does not lie in the musical delineation of idyllic village family life.

The "Opinions of the Press" after the performance of "I Rantzau" on Friday by no means squared with the glorified reports which the same papers printed from their correspondents after the first production of Mascagni's opera at Florence last November. Your Continental telegram man is apt to spread himself, and although a perusal of his messages, particularly before they have passed through the purifying hands of the Foreign sub-editor, may be a liberal education in adulatory adjectives, it is pretty obvious that his judgment is not implicitly to be trusted. Even London critics who are sent to foreign parts to notice a new work, appear to leave their judgment behind them. I am not, of course, now speaking of "I Rantzau" in particular, but of Continental premières in general. Abroad the enthusiasm is worked up to such a pitch, that, amidst the cheers, kisses, bouquets, and dozens of recalls, it needs a very level head indeed to form an opinion which can really be trusted.

The performance of "Les Huguenots" on Saturday was perhaps the finest operatic representation which has been given at Covent Garden this year. The cast was almost a phenomenal one, including Jean and Edouard de Reszke as Raoul and Marcel, Madame Albani and Mdlle. Ravogli as Valentina and the Page, and MM. Lassalle and Ancona as St. Bris and de Nevers. I doubt whether even in the brightest days of operatic competition a better list of artists has been secured, and the house was crammed even to the last seat. Wagner for the moment seems to be under a cloud, for there was a very moderate house for "Die Walküre" in German, and this week the German performance is to give way to "Die Meistersinger," which will be performed in Italian, with MM. Jean de Reszke and Lassalle and Madame Albani in the chief parts.

From the sublime to the practical. The latest thing at

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CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

the hair-dresser's is, I am told, "The Paderewski Hair-Wash."

It is reported, and I believe with truth, that Mr. Percy Hutchinson is a leading member of the syndicate formed to run the Promenade Concerts under the management of Mr. Sinkins at Covent Garden next month. Mr. Hutchinson, who is the husband of Madame Valleria, has already had plenty of experience in musical business, for, besides managing some of his wife's concerts, he has directed performances at Manchester and Brussels, and has managed several successful light operatic tours on the Continent.

A pianoforte has been invented to impart an electric shock to the performer whenever he touches a note. The new instrument may be useful to some of our old and so-called "classical" pianists.

The following are the leading musicians of England:—Messrs. G. H. Robinson, Berger, Gardner, Cummings, Randegger, Thomas, and Taylor. So, at any rate, I gather from the fact that the Philharmonic Society have elected those gentlemen as directors for the present year. Sullivan, Parry, Mackenzie, Bridge, Cresor, Stanford, Cowen, Stainer, German, and McCunn, *cum multis aliis*, are not big enough for the Philharmonic, who prefer such shining lights as G. H. Robinson, Charles Gardner, and Francesco Berger. The Philharmonic possess the finest orchestra in the kingdom, but surely the time has arrived when the leading musicians of the kingdom should associate to institute a series of concerts fully and adequately representative alike of this country and its music.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—"Leigh Hunt scarcely attained to the first rank of writers," admits his biographer, an admission inconsistent with the editor's classification of the author of "Abou ben Adhem" with the "Great Writers." (1) Can a writer be justly ranked as "great" who has probably bequeathed posterity little more than this fine poem and perhaps the sonnet "To the Nile"? In any series, however, of "Genial Writers"—of authors we love more than admire, and love more, perhaps, for their weaknesses than for their strength—Leigh Hunt would hold a high place. Steele, Goldsmith, Lamb, Leigh Hunt are to the great writers as the "soothing charities" of Wordsworth's lines are to "the primal duties":—

> The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
> The charities that soothe and heal and bless
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

There was much that was engagingly feminine in Leigh Hunt, and a little that was feminine without being engaging—the small spite, for instance, of his posthumous exposure of Byron—but he was far from being in the front rank even of his contemporaries, while to this generation he is almost better known as the original of Dickens' dastardly caricature, "Harold Skimpole," than as the author of the "Story of Rimini." Yet, politically, Leigh Hunt belongs rather to our generation than to his own, and there is nothing more interesting in this excellently written "Life" than the contrast between the shrinking sensitiveness of this Radical protagonist and the unshrinking heroism of his martyrdom. It is curious to contrast Leigh Hunt's "Mask" on the fall of Napoleon with the fallen Emperor's own claim to be "the Messiah of a popular Gospel." Mr. O'Connor Morris, who has done Napoleon adequate, and even ample, justice in the sketch (2) contributed by him to the excellent "Heroes of the Nations" series, has to demur at least to this claim of his idol. You might say it was quite time Napoleon should be judged by the "dry light" of history instead of by the coloured glare of politics; but the second Empire intervened, first by its establishment, and then by its fall, to reflect back its lights and shadows on the first. I think it is Chillingworth who says that if it was any one's interest to deny that two and two make four, it would be stoutly and persistently denied; and it is still the interest of many parties and of more than one nation to deny common justice to Napoleon. Certainly Mr. O'Connor Morris sins a little on the other side, but it is no less certainly the right side. As time goes on the genius of this extraordinary man orbs, to use an image of Tennyson's, more and more into a perfect star—his genius for politics, and even for political prophecy, no less than for administration, for legislation and for war. He predicted that the régime of the Bourbons would give way to the Monarchy of July, and that this in turn would be replaced by a revival of the Empire; he anticipated the break-up of the Holy Alliance, foretold the risings of 1848-9, and declared that nothing could arrest the democratic movement, which may yet, he said, make a Republic of Europe. Is there any doubt that it will? In my mind, none. Do you remember Curran's description of his sleepless suffering in the bed of a country inn? "If the fleas had been unanimous, they could have pushed me out of bed." The solidarity between the peoples grows with the growth of their impatience of their burdens; while, as every man is passed through the military mill, a mob needs only arms to be an army.

This was brought home to me with singular force upon reading the translation of a book already in its fourth German edition, Richard Graf von Pfeil's "Experiences of a Prussian Officer in the Russian Service during the Turkish War of 1877-78" (3). Your horror at the frightful sufferings of the patient soldiery on both sides is less than your horror of their chief cause—the callousness, incapacity, corruption, and even cowardice of their officers. These wretched sheep were led to the slaughter in a cause of which they knew nothing, and for which they cared nothing, by leaders who knew nothing, and cared nothing for them:—

> The men sat crowded together in the carriages—silent, unconcerned, and dejected, and no one took any notice of their departure. The want of interest on the part of the inhabitants was truly shocking, and this was called the war for the holy Slav cause, which, according to the instigators of the Panslavist movement, all Russia demanded! So far from this being the case, it may safely be maintained that there never was a war in any country so unpopular as that with Turkey. All the much vaunted enthusiasm for our oppressed Bulgarian and Servian brothers, which was got up by the Panslavists, was one of the grossest swindles that history has ever known.

Isn't it about time that the chickens should be consulted, not merely as to the sauce wherewith they should be cooked, but upon the point of their being killed or cooked at all? This glimpse behind the Russian and Turkish scenes given by an expert on-looker is most instructive in other ways also as to the state of the "sick man," and of his would-be heir, who, on one disinterested excuse or another, would put him out of pain. At times you are troubled by a misgiving that there is some Bobadilian exaggeration of the value of the writer's advice and services to the Russian Commanders; but the general tone of the book is anything but Bobadilian. Apropos of Bobadil, you will be

(1) "The Life of Leigh Hunt." ("Great Writers" Series). By Cosmo Monkhouse. (London: Walter Scott, Limited.)

(2) "Napoleon." Warrior and Ruler. And the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France. ("Heroes of the Nations" Series.) By William O'Connor Morris. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

(3) "Experiences of a Prussian Officer in the Russian Service during the Turkish War of 1877-78." By Richard Graf von Pfeil. Translated from the German. Fourth Edition. By Colonel C. W. Bowdler. With a Map. (London: Edward Lanford.)

(4) "Ben Jonson." ("The Mermaid" Series). Edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D. With an Introduction by C. H. Herford. 2 Vols. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

(5) "Ivanhoe." By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Border Edition, with Introductory Essay and Notes by Andrew Lang. Twelve Etchings. 2 Vols. (London: John C. Nimmo.)

(6) "The Lady of the Lake." By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vignette Edition, with One Hundred New Illustrations by Joseph M. Gleeson. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

(7) "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." By Thomson Jay Hudson. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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glad to hear that the best plays of Ben Jonson have just made a belated appearance in the excellent "Mermaid Series" (4), under the competent editorship of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson. "Ivanhoe" (5) —the very name is heart-stirring—has also appeared in the sumptuous uniform of the "Border Edition," adorned with twelve fine etchings; while Mr. Joseph Gleeson has set off a new edition of "The Lady of the Lake" (6) with one hundred illustrations. I do not know whether you will take the interest that I have been forced to take, by some inexplicable spiritualistic experiences, in a work which explains its mysteries and those of mesmerism, hypnotism, &c., by a single, general, and natural law of the mind. Admitting, as I have been forced to admit, that there is something in spiritualism more than mere jugglery can be held answerable for, and yet something less than to need a supernatural interpretation, I think it not only possible, and probable, but almost certain, that its phenomena are correlated with those of hypnotism, &c., and explicable by the same natural law of the human mind. Whether Mr. Hudson, in his extremely interesting "Law of Psychic Phenomena" (7), has discovered this law is another question which I shall leave, with a modesty like his own, to the decision of experts. Anyway, he has certainly supplied a working hypothesis for the systematic study of hypnotism, spiritualism, mental therapeutics, the feats of mathematical and of musical prodigies, &c., which promises to be as serviceable to psychic science as the atomic theory is to chemical science.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—It has been quite an exhausting week in town, with its succession of deeply interesting events. On Tuesday night the gala performance at the Opera was a magnificent spectacle. Knowing that you would like to hear all about the Royalties, I asked Sir Augustus Harris to let me, as a great favour, remain in the Vestibule until they had passed in, and he very kindly allowed me to do so, but, after all, I had only the merest glimpse of the great people owing to the number of persons who came and stood directly in front of us. I could see, however, that the Princess of Wales was looking as lovely as she ever did in her whole life, and quite the youngest of the whole party. She wore silver-grey satin and a beautiful tiara of diamonds. She walked with her father, the handsome King of Denmark. The Queen, her mother, has a charming expression, besides being very pretty. She walked first with the Prince of Wales. The two young Princesses were in white, with a small cluster of natural flowers pinned in their hair with diamond stars. They walked together, followed by the Duke of York, the Czarewitch, who closely resembles him, except that he looks much younger, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

Princess May had arrived before, with her family and Princess Victoria of Schleswig Holstein. The bride-elect wore a very pale blue brocade trimmed with frills of satin in pale blue, pink, and green. She had hardly any jewels on; but her mother was resplendent in diamonds. Princess Louise of Lorne was looking very nice in a white gown and a diamond tiara. She is always smiling, happy, and animated. The Duchess of Fife arrived early with her husband. Her face becomes more and more refined every year. It is now almost a pure oval, and she has such a gentle, quiet air of perfect repose as to render her very like her mother in manner and expression. She wore a beautifully made white brocade dress and a diamond tiara and necklace. The Duchess of Connaught was looking unusually well. How very popular the Duke is! He always has an enthusiastic reception. That dear old lady, the grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, looked delightful in mauve and magnificent jewels. Her blind husband was led by Prince Christian, whose own sight was sadly injured by that unfortunate shooting accident a couple of years ago.

After they had all passed in I wended my way to my stall and entered the auditorium just in time to see the whole house stand up to receive the Royalties as they entered their box and seated themselves. The box was formed by throwing five or six into one. The sides of it, as well as the top, were draped with pure white silk fluted and caught into beautiful folds. Garlands of roses and of orange-blossoms made it into a bower illuminated by small floral-shaped electric lights. It was a most becoming arrangement, and the occupants all looked very nice.

The other private boxes were filled with ladies in white or pale-tinted dresses, and wearing magnificent jewels. As they all stood up, together with the rest of the audience, as the Royal party entered the theatre, the effect was really wonderfully pretty. About two-thirds of the dresses were white satin, and diamonds were as ninety-nine to one hundred in their proportion to other jewels. Georgiana Lady Dudley, in pale blue, wore her lovely turquoises, a high collar of these surmounting a diamond necklace with a rich pendant. Lady Ashburton had on a necklace of huge emeralds framed in diamonds. Lady de Trafford's red roses, white satin, and diamonds, made a most becoming setting for her beautiful face. The Marchioness of Londonderry, also in white, looked splendidly handsome in her tiara, necklace, and girdle of fine diamonds—if it was a girdle, Amy, for I only had a glimpse of a line of glittering gems somewhere transversely crossing the waist, like the equinoctial line. Lady Brooke, in pale pink, had a diamond belt, in addition to the tiara and necklace, which were almost a uniform on that occasion.

But there is so much else to tell you that I must leave the rest to your imagination. The Duchess of Teck, not wishing any detailed description of her daughter's trousseau to appear in print, forbade any of the gowns, hats, &c., to be shown, but allowed the wedding-gown, the bridesmaids' dresses, and the going-away costume to be seen by members of the Press on condition that no description should appear in any paper until after the ceremony. This condition was strictly imposed upon all to whom the dresses were shown. The wedding-gown was made in a fashion that combined simplicity and beauty of texture as only the highest skill can do. It was built by Linton & Curtis, whose beautiful Adams House in Albemarle-street I have already described to you. It was composed of white and silver brocade, designed specially for the occasion, and woven at Spitalfields. Clusters of roses, shamrocks, and thistles, with a little admixture of lily of the valley, Princess May's favourite flower, appear in rich silver thread upon a thick satin ground, the whole tone of the brocade being in a beautiful pearl white. The composition of the groups of flowers is excellent. A spray of thistles curves outwards and upwards on one side of the cluster, balanced by a spray of roses on the other, each dwindling off into buds. Within the space thus formed are a couple of rosebuds, with a delicate device in shamrocks forming almost a heart-shape about them. The stems of all the flowers are tied with true-lovers' knots, a frond or two of lily of the valley drooping over the bows. The front was in rich white satin, three-fourths of it covered with three flounces of very beautiful Honiton lace, which was made expressly for the wedding-dress of the bride's mother, Princess Mary of Teck. The design and bows, roses, shamrocks, and thistles, issuing from a cornu-

"It ought not to be enough that a riding habit should look and hang well, it must be so cut and contrived that, in case of a fall, there is nothing to catch on the pommels or fetter the rider in any way. The difficulty is to find something that is absolutely safe, and at the same time is not unsightly. Busvine's safety habit certainly fulfils both these conditions."—*The Queen*, Feb. 11th, 1893.

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copia. The top flounce was headed with a line of orange-blossom, which met in the middle and fell in two long ends over the lace. The train, which rested about a yard and a-half upon the ground, and the sides of the skirt, were in the brocade, bordered down the sides with orange-blossom. A full ruche of the satin finished the train underneath, the front of the dress ending in three satin frills, each edged with silver fringe. The bodice, made of the brocade, was cut low and trimmed with lace, lace also forming the short sleeves. Orange-blossom was carried round among the folds of lace, and formed small clusters on the sleeves. The wedding veil was of the same lace, and was fastened on with diamond stars over a wreath of orange-blossoms.

The bridesmaids' dresses, also made by Linton & Curtis, were composed of rich white satin trimmed with white chiffon and silver lace made in Buckinghamshire. The skirts were bordered with a frill of chiffon headed with the lace. The low bodices had folds of chiffon round the top and a wide trimming of the lace in front across the chest. At the back this trimming descended in a point, being met by another point rising from the waist, the effect being very rich and handsome. The lower part of the bodices was outlined with the silver lace, which fell in two long ends at the left side, ending in silver fringe. A cluster of pink roses was fastened on the left side of each bodice with a knot of pink velvet, which fell in long ends over the white satin, making the only spot of colour on the snowy dresses. The children bridesmaids' frocks were very pretty, the short skirts ending in frills of chiffon and two rows of the silver lace. The bodices were covered with folds of the chiffon finished off at the top with the lace. Each bridesmaid had a little cluster of pink roses on her bodice, fastened on with a knot of pink velvet, which fell in long ends to the hem of the dress.

The going-away dress was a poem, worthy of a Princess in a fairy-tale. It was made by Redfern, of Conduit-street, and consisted of white Irish poplin, with the loveliest rippling gleam and sheen upon it. Round the skirt were three rows of fine gold braiding in a pale, refined tone of the metal that harmonised most delicately with that of the sumptuously soft silk. The upper row rose in slender spirals which had a very graceful effect. A small cape to match was in the poplin, bordered round the edge with gold braiding. A fall of lace in a delicious tone of deep, warm, cream colour, was skilfully arranged about the shoulders. The little bonnet, one of the most becoming that Princess May ever had on, was in white and gold to match, and the sunshade was in poplin with gold braiding and a little lace.

Charlie saw the bride on her way to Liverpool-street, and said that he had never seen her look so well. She was not then wearing the pretty shoulder-cape, as the sun was pouring down upon the carriage, and the heat was excessive.

Redfern furnished several other dresses to the trousseau, including a tweed gown for country wear, smart tailor-made walking and yachting costumes, a driving coat, and several silk blouses, together with hats and bonnets to match the various dresses.

The Scottish firm of Scott Adie made for the Duchess some capes, some jackets, a long travelling cloak, and two rugs, all of which were specially designed for her Royal Highness.

The evening dresses were in rich, pale satins and brocades, of texture so rich and fine that they needed little trimming. Frills round the hem of rich satin ribbon formed a favourite finish to the skirts. One or two beautiful Irish poplins were ordered. A magnificent piece of lace was made at Exeter to the order of the Duchess of Teck, who herself selected the design.

Some of the table linen was supplied by Robinson & Cleaver, of Belfast, by command of the Duke, for the furnishing of York House. Among these were a quantity of hand-woven double-damask table-cloths of various sizes—one design being a series of exquisite ferns intertwined with ivy, lily of the valley, &c., having a bold centre-piece forming a complete bank of foliage, surrounded with lovely sprays of ivy, and a charming border so placed as to be always seen upon the table, and not hidden, as is the case with damasks ordinarily supplied by shops to the general public. In addition to this handsome woven border, there was an outer one consisting of festoons of ferns and bouquets of ivy, with a space of plain satin damask between, the whole effect of the weaver's skill being shown by the distinctness of the foliage, appearing as if raised from the fabric. Another set of table-cloths, unique in design, had a pretty floral and geometrical design. As well as napkins *en suite*, a quantity of others were chosen, including a very pretty design with a network scroll border, showing the white rose, the bramble, and sprays of rosebuds. On a plain satin damask ground were bunches of wild roses and blackberries. A large quantity of exquisite toilet-covers, specially made, and a number of rich lace antimacassars for toilets, chairs, and couches were also supplied. All the articles comprised in the Royal order with which Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver were honoured were marked with a design embodying the special badge of the White Rose of York.

You are probably expecting a description of the wedding from me, Cousin Amy. Well, dear, I have sent you all the papers I could think about it, and the very best account of all appears in the *Daily News*, so read it carefully. As for us, we went to Henley on the great day, and, consequently, saw nothing of the doings beyond the beautiful decorations of the streets we passed through on our way to Paddington Station. Here, however, is a bit of a letter I have received from Mrs. Fourstars, who seems to have been in a delightful place, close to Hyde Park Corner :—

The Bachelors' Club were lucky to have the band of the Blues stationed close to them across Hamilton-place, as it added very considerably to their guests' enjoyment. The guests, however, seemed to me to be packed rather too closely, and contrasted unfavourably with the visitors at the house opposite, where the hostess had very wisely only asked sufficient people to enable all to see with comfort. I saw some lovely gowns there, and a young bride Marchioness looked delightfully cool in a simple little white book-muslin frock, with innumerable lace-edged frills and three or four bands of muslin insertion above. The neck was cut a tiny bit low, and the sleeves came a little below the elbow. A wreath of many-coloured roses crowned a charming face, and trailed about the large picture hat. The hostess was charmingly dressed, and looked most picturesque in a beautiful gown of the new floral shot silk, the shades of which are indescribable, and a dear little bonnet of shaded roses suited the wearer's powdered hair and handsome face. I also admired a black gauze, embroidered in tiny bouquets of yellow and blue flowers. From the pointed yoke of the bodice plain black lisse (accordion-pleated) was tightly drawn down into a band of embroidery. The whole costume was made over deep amber satin. Although most of the ladies wore bonnets, this particular one had on a very large and pretty hat, which she must have found the greatest comfort on that sunniest of sunny days.

Ursula also writes to me from Edinburgh :—

"Confession is good for the soul," and so let me avow, my dear Madge, that during the past week I have envied you to the most unchristianlike extent for being able to witness all these festive doings in London in connection with the Royal Wedding. However, we did our little best to be "loyal men and true." Edinburgh certainly lends itself to decoration, and Prince's-street looked most festive, all the principal hotels and shops being gaily adorned, while in the other principal streets there was bunting, bunting everywhere; but in the deserted West-end only an occasional house had blossomed forth. The day began with a review of regulars and volunteers in the Queen's Park, where we had the pleasure of seeing the newly-arrived 12th Lancers. A cake-and-wine banquet to leading citizens was followed by a dinner to 5,000 poor people in the Waverley Market, and in the evening a ball and conversazione were given by the Lord Provost and Town Council, so that, altogether, Edinburgh was as much *en fête* as I suppose it is possible for a town in these grey northern latitudes to be, and the streets

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were thronged all day. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Castle at one o'clock, though I make this statement on the testimony of eye rather than ear, the traffic being so noisy that I could not hear the guns from Prince's-street, and was only apprised that the salute was going on by seeing the puffs of smoke from the battery. Several churches also rang peals of joy on their bells, but in some instances this resolved itself into a monotonous tolling more suggestive of funereal than Hymeneal festivities.

Henley was perfectly glorious on the Thursday. There were such crowds present as I have never seen before, and when the boats scattered out over the river between the races, the effect was marvellously picturesque. Colour was everywhere. I love it. Do not you? I am a barbarian in my love for bright tints, if they are pure and good, not harsh and crude, and the houseboats, with their flowers and bunting, the little boats, with their gaily-tinted cushions, girls, and sunshades, together made Henley even more than ever a delightful panoramic patchwork, a moving mosaic, a brilliant blend of cheery sights and sounds. Under the shadow of a great umbrella-tent, on the lawn of the Isthmian Club, to which Mr. Jackson, the most courteous of secretaries, had kindly sent us invitations, we sat and revelled in the glorious day and the gladsome surroundings. The Isthmians give their guests such an excellent luncheon, and so daintily served, that it is no small boon to obtain a voucher for that large and well-ventilated tent, which extends Arab-like hospitality to so many. One always sees charming people there, too. On Thursday there were girls in white, girls in pale blue, girls in holland, and girls in linen; men in pale-tinted flannels, some in silk jackets, others in navy flannel with the club colours on their pockets, and others still in becoming suits of light tweed. Straw hats were the general wear, the heat being intense, and I heard a man tell a girl that he would go to his hatter the next day and order a white lace one like hers, for straw even was too heavy a burden to be borne.

Quite the prettiest girl on the Isthmian lawn—and by far the best dressed—on Friday wore an ideal boating dress of cream serge, beautifully embroidered in delicate tones of pale blue, red, green, and gold. The bodice was made quite loose, and opened over a waistcoat of the serge, also slightly braided in straight lines across the front. The braiding also appeared on the collar and cuffs of the blouse sleeves. A medium-sized Leghorn hat had very pale tinted roses tucked among its cleverly-twisted brim and crown. A very tall but elegant woman wore an uncommon gown in black and white striped silk graduating in width, which evidently hailed from Paris, as also did her black plumed hat.

Another stylish girl of very slight figure was gowned in a clinging soft silk crêpe dress in turquoise blue, most becoming with its ficelle lace cape and flounces, but it looked only fit to "sit in" and do the picturesque.

I liked immensely a pretty grey (are not grey dresses always popular?) silk shot with hydrangea colour. All the seams of this costume were outlined with narrow black velvet covered with cream guipure, and the wearer wore a tiny floral headdress at the extreme back part of her head.

We took boat after lunch and called on various friends on houseboats, and were surprised at the numbers of people who had had the same idea as ourselves and escaped from town and its simmering, seething crowds. One party had been very enterprising and energetic. They had got up at six in the morning and driven all over the route from St. James's-street, which they described as perfectly lovely, to Liverpool-street, seeing all the decorations quite comfortably, and getting back to breakfast at half-past eight. They started for Henley at ten, and were to sleep on board a houseboat that night, so I think you will concede that they had got the utmost possible out of that most exquisite of long summer days.

Taking them all round, I do not think the houseboats this year quite up to their usual form of smartness—some, in fact, being utterly devoid of any floral decorations whatever. The *Dolce far Niente* was a brilliant exception. The blue china flower-boxes, matching two huge jardinières which stood at the entrance, formed a most harmonious contrast to the dark wood and stained-glass windows of the boat. Another house-boat was effectively got up with hundreds of pink and white hydrangeas, which almost entirely enveloped the boat. Yet another was charmingly artistic—tiny trailing creepers, with masses of yellow flowers interspersed, making it perhaps one of the prettiest boats there. The large plain boats are, no doubt, convenient and roomy, but they are like a large plain woman, and require well dressing, and I noticed, too, that the plainer and larger the boats were, they were made more conspicuously so by the absence of guests.

The boats on the river were not so numerous as heretofore, and, I am glad to say, there were not so many canoes. Though these are possibly agreeable for canoists, they are a great nuisance to the occupants of ordinary rowing-boats; for they have an unpleasant way of considering that the whole river belongs to them, and that by merely sidling up to the ordinary rowing-boat in the most crowded part of the river, and calling "Sculls, sir!" way should be immediately made for them. The most picturesque craft was paddled by four ladies and four gentlemen, alike clad in white silk shirts, and white hat-bands. The ladies sat on the bow side, and the eight steered their boat in a most masterly fashion. Large pots of white marguerites were placed in the boat, dividing the couples at intervals. There were two troupes of mysterious minstrels, who sang for the benefit of the *Victoria* disaster, and I only hope that the destination of the proceeds may not prove to be as mysterious as was the individuality of the singers.

We had a delightful day up the river the week before Henley at Halliford—a part to which we have not been for many years. Charley stood us a sumptuous dinner at the historic hostelry which boating men used to know as Stone's. I fear that there are no longer any Stones there, and the Ship Hotel—for that is the official name of the house—has just changed hands, not for the first time. But from our experience, I am sure that Mrs. Cotsford, the new hostess, means to do everything in accordance with the best riverside traditions. And what more could you desire, Amy? Where can you take your ease with more zest than in the best class of Thames-side inn?

Have you had your pocket picked lately? I say "lately" advisedly, for I suppose every girl has at one time or another been relieved of her watch or purse in a crowd, though we are more subject to this trial in town than you are in the country. If you have had any recent experience of this kind you will bless me for telling you of a "Lady's Safety Companion," which has been invented by Lady Margesson, and will soon be on sale in Bond-street. It is on the principle of a châtelaine, attached to the waistband by a hook, a chain from which carries an ingeniously-planned bag, the inner recess of which, where the purse and watch repose, can only be opened after the upper compartment has been unfastened, so that there is no chance of a pickpocket getting at the valuables without being noticed. The only danger with articles of this kind is that the whole may be detached, but Lady Margesson asked me if I ever heard of a châtelaine being stolen from the person, and, really, I do not know that I have—have you? She is, however, improving the hook so as to make it practically impossible that this little reticule can be "snatched."

The prettiest and most tempting dish of fish that I

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have seen for a long time is Mrs. Marshall's "Saumon à la Riviera, sauce tartare." This is in the shape of a small salmon with a wonderful *socle* on which appear various vegetables embedded in aspic jelly and the delicious sauce. It is so decorative that it makes the whole table look nice.

The Table gives some excellent advice about keeping meat in this hot weather. It says:—

Get some stiff crinoline steels, and make a large circular bag of tarlatan or leno muslin, enclosing the steels (or canes do very well) at intervals up the sides, so as to keep them evenly distended. Get a carpenter to make you a piece of strong wood in the shape of the letter X, with an iron ring fastened to the centre above, and a galvanised meat-hook underneath the end of each arm of the cross. You will hang a joint or piece of meat to each of the four hooks, and tie your crinoline bag, which should have a running string at the top, round the base of the ring, and thus you can hang up your meat safe from flies anywhere. To prevent it getting bad buy some powdered charcoal, and fill a few bags with it, letting them hang closely round the meat, and you will thus be able to keep it sweet nearly a week. If meat gets tainted, always wash it over with a little salt and water, or vinegar, before cooking, basting it with the same whilst roasting.

Crawfish are now well in season. Let me recommend you to try this savoury:—

Well wash about three dozen, and boil them in half a pint of well-salted water, seasoned with pepper, cloves, one onion, and a lemon cut into slices. Let all simmer together. When the fish changes, take them out, remove the small claws and the large shell on the back, leaving the great claws intact upon the body. Put on a buttered dish some minced parsley, grated bacon, minced mushrooms, and a few picked leaves of tarragon; over these dust mixed spices such as pounded mace, grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Place the crawfish round it, putting the tails towards the centre of the dish. Arrange other rows side by side in the same manner till the dish is covered. Pour a gill of salad oil over all, screening the fish with fine bread-crumbs, and season with pepper. Set the dish in a hot oven for about ten minutes; drain off the oil without disarranging the fish, and squeeze the juice of a lemon over the whole. Send to table very hot, with a plate of thinly-cut bread-and-butter rolled.

This is another good way:—

Cut thirty crawfish (alive) into halves, put them into a stew-pan with two glasses of champagne, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a clove of garlic, a sprig of sweet basil, half a lemon sliced, a cluster of parsley, and one minced shalot. Set the pan over the fire, and let all boil. Season with pepper, salt, and a dash of nutmeg. When the fish have changed colour take them up and arrange in a block on a dish. Add to the liquor in which they were boiled the juice of a lemon, and one tablespoonful of crawfish coulis; let the gravy simmer for a moment, then pour it boiling over the crawfish. The moment the point of a sharp knife penetrates the head the fish is dead; this is therefore a much more merciful way of killing them than that of putting them in cold water, allowing them to remain till it boils. Many cooks think that if thrown into boiling water they will cast their claws.

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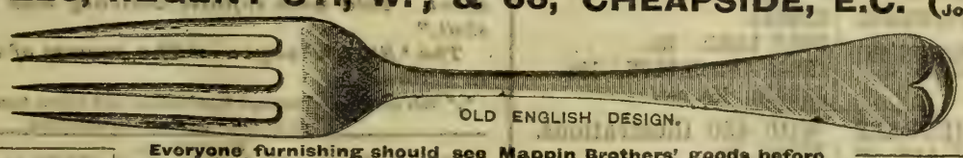

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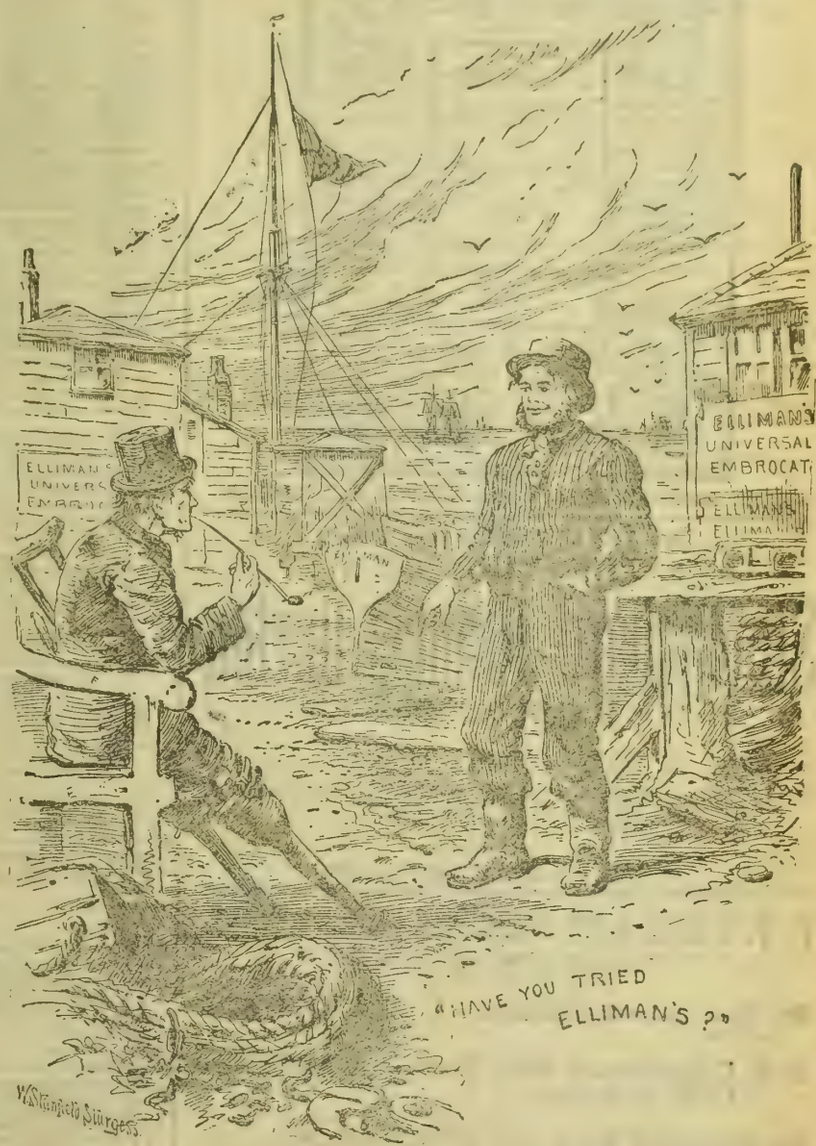

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Great Spectacle. STORMING of the BASTILLE 10.10.
The HOTEL DE MAYENNE NOW OPEN. Déjeuners à la Fourchette et Diners à la Carte.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WORLD'S WATER SHOW,
EARL'S COURT.
THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
THE THRILLING SENSATION, SHOOTING THE "CHUTES," and A HOST OF STARTLING NOVELTIES.
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY at 3.30 and 8.30.
RAIN OR SHINE.
ADMISSION (with seat) 6d. to 5s.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street Station. Through bookings at all Metropolitan stations. Lighted throughout by electricity. THE LIBERATOR FAILURE.—Portrait Model of Jabez Spencer Balfour. The PANAMA SCANDAL.—Portrait Model of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. CABINET MINISTERS.—New Portrait Models of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Sir William V. Harcourt, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, and Lord Randolph Churchill, &c., &c. New and graphic Tableaux, A FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE. Over 400 other Portrait Models in Wax. Historical Tableaux. Grand scenes representing British Sports, Nursery Rhymes, &c. Eminent People "At Home." Music all day. Chamber of Horrors—Lambeth Poisoning Case, Portrait Model of Thomas Neill Cream. Admission, 1s.; Children under twelve, 6d. Extra rooms, 6d. Open from 9 to 10.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MANSION HOUSE FUND for the RELIEF of the SUFFERERS from LOSS of H.M.S. VICTORIA.—Madame Albani, Miss Marian M'Kenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. R. Grice, and Mr. Andrew Black have generously promised their services for a performance, at popular prices, of the GOLDEN LEGEND, on SATURDAY, July 22, at 8, in AID of the above FUND. Choir and orchestra, 3,600 performers. Organist, Mr. A. J. Eyre. Conductor, Mr. August Manns.—Tickets for numbered seats, 5s., and tickets for unnumbered seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s., may now be purchased from 10 to 6 at Crystal Palace, and at the usual City and West-end Ticket Agencies.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL SPORTS and PASTIMES EXHIBITION, with Novel Poaching Annexe. Now open Daily. No extra charge. Palace open 10 to 10. 1s. Children Half-price.

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FITTINGS
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BOURNEMOUTH.—NEWLYN'S ROYAL EXETER HOTEL. In a beautifully sheltered position and its own private grounds. Only 150 yards from the lovely Pavilion Gardens, and two minutes from the Pier. Accommodation, appointments, and views unsurpassed. Excellent cuisine. Table-d'hôte at 7 p.m. Omnibus at East Station.

BOURNEMOUTH.—HOTEL MONT DORE.—"The finest Hotel on the South Coast."—*L. & S. W. Railway Guide.* Adjoining the hotel is a large Winter Garden, containing a covered tennis court, lounge, and a unique Bath Establishment, comprising Turkish, sea-water, pine, and other Baths. For tariff and full particulars, address THE MANAGER.

BRIGHTON.—GRAND HOTEL.
Splendid position facing the sea.
BOARDING TERMS
from 10s. 6d. per day.
According to the position of rooms selected.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Old-established. Unequalled in situation: opposite West Pier. Spacious coffee and reading rooms; sea-water service; unequalled cuisine; great variety of excellent wines. Moderate tariff. Electric light in all rooms.
GEO. HECKFORD, Manager.

BUXTON.—The PEAK THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT. A High-class Hydropathic Hotel. Mineral water and other baths. Resident physician. Electric light. Passenger lift. Magnificent public rooms. Excellent cuisine. Table d'hote 7 p.m., separate tables. Terms moderate.—Telegrams, "Thermal, Buxton."

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Splendid Drives. Good Fishing. Lawn Tennis. Golf.
Terms from £2 12s. 6d. per week.
Apply to the MANAGER.

CHESTER.—QUEEN RAILWAY HOTEL, connected with the General Station by covered way. Porters in scarlet livery on the platforms attending trains day and night. Billiards. Lifts to all floors. Telegraph office in the Hotel. Telegraphic address, "Queen, Chester." Telephone, No. 27, Chester Exchange.
H. T. GOULD, Manager.

FOLKESTONE.—ROYAL PAVILION HOTEL, facing Sea. 200 Apartments. Near landing-stage for Continent. Large winter garden. Table d'hote at 7 p.m.
G. SPURGEN, Proprietor.

FOLKESTONE.—BATES' HOTEL, West Cliff Gardens, and LONGFORD PRIVATE HOTEL, The Lees. Oldest established and most select Family Hotels in Folkestone. Reduced terms during Winter and Spring months. Pension (new Coffee-rooms at Bates Hotel.—G. L. HART, Proprietor. Sanitation Certified.

FOLKESTONE.—THE LEAS HOTEL, situated in private grounds adjoining fashionable promenade. Sea views. Redecorated and newly-furnished throughout. Passengers lift. Certified sanitation. Excellent cuisine. Moderate tariff.

GAIRLOCH HOTEL, LOCH MAREE, ROSS-SHIRE.—This magnificent hotel is situated amidst the finest Highland scenery in the West coast of Scotland. Accommodation for over 200. Good Fishing. Large posting establishment. Swift steamer from Oban every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

GRAND CANARY.—THE METROPOLE.
Newest and best Hotel.
Delightful position, fronting the sea.
Terms most moderate.

LONDON.—The COVENT GARDEN HOTEL, Covent-garden.—Most central FAMILY HOTEL within five minutes' of Law Courts and Stations. Hydraulic lift. Quiet rooms. Electric Light. Table d'hôte, 6.0 to 8.30 (open to non-residents). Moderate charges. Night porter. Telegrams, "Replete, London," Telephone 2780.—M. A. S. BROWNE, Proprietor.

LONDON.—QUEEN'S-GATE MANSIONS, South Kensington, S.W. (close to Hyde Park, Albert Hall, and Imperial Institute) with all the advantages of a first-class residential hotel; public dining, drawing, billiard, and smoking rooms; hydraulic lift to every floor; electric light throughout.—Tariff on application to MANAGER.

MALVERN.—The Most Charming Luft-Kuhr Ort in England. THE IMPERIAL HOTEL offers every modern comfort, is surrounded by its own grounds, and commands splendid views. Brine (Droitwich) Baths now open for the season.—For tariff, apply to the Lessee and Manager, F. MOERSCHELL.

MATLOCK BATH.—ROYAL HOTEL.—Hydropathic Baths of every description. Medical Man. Healthful situation; extensive grounds, greatly admired. Large swimming bath. Billiards. Dairy farm. Splendid fishing.—Also NEW BATH HOTEL, with extensive grounds, fishing, &c. &c. Terms very moderate. 'Bus meets all trains.—T. TYACK, Proprietor.

NEWQUAY, Cornwall. The Biarritz of England.—ATLANTIC HOTEL, "the finest Hotel in the county." Splendidly situated. Full view of the Atlantic from Trevose Head to St. Ives. Ocean view from every window. Beaches, caverns, and cliff scenery unrivalled. Bracing climate. Bathing, yachting, fishing. Delightful excursions. Magnificent rooms. Strictly moderate charges.

NORWOOD (UPPER).—The QUEEN'S HOTEL, near the Crystal Palace. Specially adapted Suites of Apartments for families and permanent residents. Winter boarding. Terms from Three Guineas. A limited number of single rooms at 2½ guineas.

PARAMÉ, near St. Malo.
HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE.
Under English Management.

PORTRUSH (Giant's Causeway), co. Antrim.—NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL. Facing the Atlantic. Bracing air, magnificent scenery; tennis; golf links, the finest in Ireland; surf and deep sea bathing; sea-water baths. Table d'hote dinner, 7 p.m. French cuisine. Charges very moderate. The HOTEL is UNDER RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

SALISBURY.—The WHITE HART FAMILY HOTEL, nearly opposite the Cathedral. The largest and principal Hotel in the City. Table d'hôte (two hours each meal) at separate tables daily. Carriages for Stonehenge and other places of interest in the neighbourhood at fixed inclusive charges. Tariff on application to H. T. BOWES, Manager.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—The ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Eversfield-place, due south, facing the sea. Hydraulic lift to all floors. Billiard-room. Conservatory. Electric light in all public rooms. Table d'hote at separate tables, at 7.—Under the Management of Mr. and Mrs. PERCY BEER (Late of Bailey's Hotels, London).

SEA VIEW.—ISLE OF WIGHT, PIER HOTEL. The most modern and best appointed hotel in the island. All public rooms, private sitting-rooms, and greater number of bed-rooms face the sea and pier. Splendid bathing and boating. Royal I.W. Golf Links, ten minutes' walk.
G. ROWLAND ROBERTS, Proprietor.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—ROYAL KENTISH HOTEL.—Largest, best appointed, facing the Common, close to Chalybeate Springs and Parade. Table d'hôte (separate tables). Inclusive terms, 12s. per day. Tariff of MANAGER.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—WELLINGTON HOTEL, Mount Ephraim. Under the distinguished patronage of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, K.G., the leading nobility and gentry, &c. 422 ft. above sea level, south aspect; elegantly furnished; piano in every sitting-room. Cuisine English and French; Table d'hote, large Dairy Farm.—BRABY, Proprietor.

All applications for spaces in this List should be made to the
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER,
"TRUTH" BUILDINGS, CARTERET STREET
QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, S.W.

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL
BELGRAVIA, LONDON, S.W.
Well known for Wedding Breakfasts and Dinner Parties.
TABLE D'HOTE OPEN TO NON RESIDENTS.
Covered Communication to three Railway Stations.
The only Hotel in London of the Brighton Railway Company.
Electric Light throughout.

BRISTOL HOTEL,
Burlington Gardens, London, W.
(Between Bond-street and Regent-street, and close to Piccadilly).
Lighted by Electricity throughout. New Hydraulic Lift to all floors.
THE CHOICEST OF WINES. FRENCH CUISINE OF HIGHEST CHARACTER.
SEPARATE ENTRANCE TO RESTAURANT IN CORK STREET,
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Luncheons at Usual prices of 4s.; Dinners at 10s. 6d. or à la carte.
Private Rooms for Parties of Four or more.
NO SUPPERS.
TELEPHONE No. 327.

THE
BURLINGTON RESTAURANT,
169, Regent Street, W.
The most recherché 5s. Dîner Parisien in London.
Luncheons 2s. 6d. Dinners 3s. 6d.

ST. JAMES'S PARK, S.W.
QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS
(QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION).
Finest view. Most central position. Near Houses of Parliament, Victoria and Charing Cross. Suites of Rooms, Furnished or Unfurnished, having all comforts and privacy of home, at moderate outlay compared with expense of keeping House. All servants' supplied and catering done by the Management. Rents include attendance, electric light, lifts, hot and cold water, &c.
Address, MANAGER.

BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.
THE PALACE HOTEL.
This large and elegantly-appointed high-class Hotel contains upwards of 200 rooms. The hotel occupies the finest position in Buxton, and is surrounded by its own grounds of six acres. Ground-floor sitting rooms and bed-rooms. Magnificent public rooms. American elevator. Table d'hôte at separate tables.
A. CROSS, Manager.

ESTABLISHED IN 1875.
MACDONALD'S
IS THE ORIGINAL AND VERY MUCH THE LARGEST
HYDROPATHIC IN PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE,
Standing in its own Grounds of 40 Acres, and 600 feet above sea level. Every window commands a View of the Most Magnificent Scenery in Scotland. The proved efficacy of the Baths, Douche, Electric, Pine, Sea, and Vapour Baths, is shewn in all cases by the success attending the treatment. Terms, Illustrated Pamphlet, and all information address—W. MACDONALD, The Athole, Pitlochry. Telegraphic Address—"Athole, Pitlochry."

ALBANY HOTEL
(ROBERTSON TERRACE),
HASTINGS.
Finest position on the whole sea front. Enlarged and superbly furnished. Electric Light throughout. Passenger Lift. Dining, Drawing, Reading, Writing, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms. Table d'Hote 7 p.m. Moderate Tariff. No charge for attendance.
C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

HOTELS, &c.

INNS OF COURT HOTEL, Holborn. An old-fashioned Family House, [illegible], happily situated, having all modern conveniences [illegible] Telegrams, "Innsofcourt, London." Telephone No. [illegible] Tariff on application. FRANK HAKER, Manager.

EASTBOURNE. THE CAVENDISH HOTEL stands alone in the centre of the finest Parade. Patronised by many of the Royal Family of Europe. Apartments for the first-class [illegible] Telegrams, "Cavendish, Eastbourne." Tariff on application. G. LOWMAN, Manager.

GRAND HOTEL, JERSEY.

ON the Esplanade, overlooking St. Aubin's Bay. Finest sea views in Jersey. The Largest and most Important Hotel in the Channel Islands. Every modern improvement. Magnificent public rooms. Private suites. Swimming baths, lounge, &c. Tariff and particulars sent on application to SYDNEY ROGERS, Manager and Secretary. Telegrams, "Grand, Jersey."

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, Weybridge, Surrey. 17 miles from London, Waterloo Station. Formerly the favourite residence of H.R.H. the late Duke of York, whose name is perpetuated in the [illegible] grounds, family suites, large [illegible] lounge, and [illegible] lawn-tennis. Tariff on application. Manager, Frank Lucas, Weybridge.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—SACKVILLE HOTEL.—Situated between East [illegible] and St. Leonards, facing sea, south aspect, moderate tariff. [illegible] attached to the Hotel. Terms on application [illegible]

ILFRACOMBE.—The RUNNACLEAVE Private HOTEL. 120 beautifully appointed rooms. Recreation-hall, to seat 500, with fitted stage; carriage yard, tennis, photographic dark room, billiards, and lined ice skating rink, free of charge until August. Chef de cuisine. Moderate tariff.

SOUTHPORT.—PALACE HOTEL.—Summer Season. Charming Seaside Family Resort. Extensive grounds. Electric light. Tennis. Golf links. Splendid baths.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Unrivalled sea frontage and open surroundings. Eight lawn-tennis courts. Large [illegible] Tariff of MANAGER.

VISITORS to NEW YORK

Seeking COMFORT, QUIET, and an ELEGANT HOME, WILL FIND THE

Westminster Hotel

SIXTEENTH STREET and IRVING PLACE,

Replete with every Modern Convenience and Comfort. Moderate Tariff.

LOCATION.—One block east of Union-square. Convenience of Broadway, with all its noise. Accessible to all Railways, Ferries, the Shopping Centre, and places of Amusement.

NEW YORK.—16th STREET AND IRVING PLACE. (*Cable Address:* "*Westminster, New York.*")

RECOMMENDATION.
A permanent or transient home of quiet elegance, with generous management, and a cuisine of noted excellence.

REPUTATION.
An enviable one among people of taste and discrimination, desiring comfort and luxury, without the confusion and publicity of the larger hotels.

INCLUSIVE TERMS.
$3.50 (about 15s.) per day and upwards, according to location of rooms.

The water used in THE WESTMINSTER is purified by the "Buhring" patent process.

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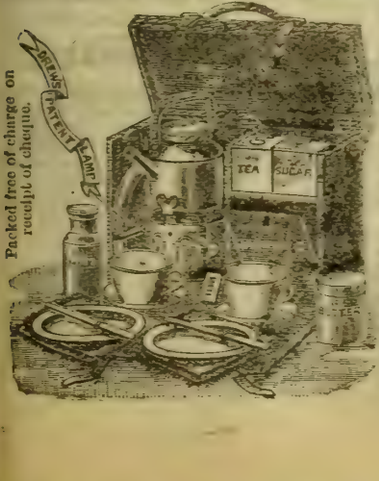
PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET



Packed free of charge on receipt of cheque.

Two-person size, complete, as sketch, with Silver Plated Kettle Regd. Spring Screw Cap, £2. 17s. 6d., or all fittings Silver Plated, £4. 10s.

Four-person size, Plain Metal £4. 14s., in all Silver Plated, £6. 10s.

N.B.—Either of these "En Routes" fitted with Drews' Patent Railway Attachment, lid and fall tray. Two-person size, 7/6; Four-person size, 10/6 extra to above prices.

NOTE.—All "En Routes" are now fitted with Drews' new patent sponge-packed lamp, with entirely new system of burner, specially adapted for travelling purposes, being superior in every way to the old lamp and boiling kettle more quickly. These lamps fit all Drews' baskets and can be had separately. Polished Brass, 5 -, Polished Nickel, 7 6.

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POST FREE.

TRELOAR'S CARPET CIRCULAR, entitled "With What Shall We Cover the Floor?" giving prices, particulars, and coloured drawings of all the best and cheapest floor coverings, such as Persian, Indian, Turkish, Axminster, Wilton, and other costly Carpets, Chenille, Shetland, Paisley, and other Scotch Carpets, Linoleums, Floorcloth, Cork Carpet, Cocoanut-fibre Mats and Matting, Rugs, Druggets, &c., sent post free on application.

CARPETS.—Brussels Carpets are being advertised as best at 3s. and 3s. 6d. per yard. We desire to inform the public that the term best Brussels, as generally used, conveys no meaning or guarantee as to quality. A manufacturer has already called the attention of the public to this fact, and all the well-known manufacturers agree with him, that Brussels carpets made exclusively of home-grown wools, specially selected for durability, and warranted to be entirely free from admixture of cotton or jute, and full five frames, are very much better than those made of inferior foreign wools. We shall be glad to show our stock of Brussels carpets, at prices from 2s. 11d. to 3s. per yard. A good tapestry carpet at 2s. 6d. is better than a bad Brussels carpet.

BRUSSELS CARPETS, 2s. 11d. per yard.

INDIAN CARPETS, 9 ft. by 6 ft., 27s. 6d. each.

KURD (PERSIAN) CARPETS, 9 ft. by 4 ft. 6, 21s. each.

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JAPANESE RUGS and CARPETS in all sizes.

TRELOAR & SONS are Contractors to Her Majesty's Office of Works, the War Office, the Admiralty, the South Kensington Museum, the Royal Albert Hall, the South-Western Railway, and many other public companies. They import or manufacture every description of FLOOR COVERING, from the old-fashioned made of rushes to the finest Axminster and Turkey carpets, and have obtained prize medals at every international exhibition since 1851. Treloar & Sons supplied the floor covering at the Exhibitions of 1851, 1862, in London, of 1855, 1867, 1878, and 1889 in Paris, and 1865 in Dublin. They keep in stock a well-assorted selection of all foreign floor coverings, Turkey carpets and rugs of native design and dye, Persian and Indian rugs, &c. All the Floorcloth, Linoleum, &c., offered by them is thoroughly well seasoned, and will therefore wear well. A catalogue, with full particulars, will be forwarded free upon application.

CHEVIOT CARPETS.

Ft.	in.		Ft.	in.		£	s.	d.	Ft.	in.		Ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
8	0	by	7	0	...	0	18	6	12	0	by	10	6	...	2	2	0
9	0	by	7	0	...	1	1	0	12	9	by	11	9	...	2	2	0
9	0	by	7	6	...	1	2	6	12	9	by	11	3	...	2	8	0
9	3	by	8	3	...	1	5	6	12	0	by	12	0	...	2	8	0
10	0	by	7	6	...	1	5	9	13	3	by	11	3	...	2	10	0
10	3	by	8	3	...	1	8	0	13	6	by	10	6	...	2	7	0
10	0	by	9	0	...	1	10	0	13	6	by	12	0	...	2	14	0
10	9	by	9	9	...	1	16	0	14	3	by	11	3	...	2	14	0
11	0	by	9	0	...	1	13	0	15	0	by	10	6	...	2	12	6
11	3	by	8	3	...	1	14	6	15	6	by	10	6	...	2	14	0
11	9	by	9	9	...	1	18	0	15	0	by	12	0	...	3	0	0
12	0	by	9	0	...	1	16	0	16	0	by	12	0	...	3	10	0

THE QUEEN says, in speaking of these carpets:—"The writer of this note has had a year's experience of them, and finding them wear well and look well, has every reason to be satisfied."—*Queen*, March 3, 1884.

CHEVIOT CARPETS cannot be obtained from any other firm. They are protected by trade mark (the Cheviot).

SHETLAND CARPETS.

Ft.	in.		Ft.	in.		£	s.	d.	Ft.	in.		Ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
9	0	by	7	6	...	1	15	9	13	0	by	9	0	...	3	2	6
9	0	by	9	0	...	2	2	9	12	0	by	10	6	...	3	6	6
10	0	by	9	0	...	2	7	6	12	0	by	12	0	...	3	16	0
11	0	by	9	0	...	2	12	9	13	6	by	12	0	...	4	5	6
12	0	by	9	0	...	2	17	0	15	0	by	12	0	...	4	15	0

TRELOAR & SONS,

LUDGATE HILL.

SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS TO SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST (L. & N. W. & CAL. RYS.) ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED EXPRESS SERVICE FROM LONDON TO ABERDEEN AND THE DEESIDE, THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY, AND THE CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

NEW CORRIDOR TRAINS

WITH REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS ATTACHED BOTH FOR 1st AND 3rd CLASS PASSENGERS BETWEEN LONDON AND GLASGOW.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE in operation from 1st July. 1st and 3rd class by all trains:—

WEEK DAYS.

Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	A night
London (Euston)	5 15	7 15	10	10 30	2 0	7 30	8 0	8 50	9 0	10 0	12 0
Arrive											
Edinburgh (Pr. St.)	8 55	5 50	6 30	7 40	10 55			6 30	..	8 55	12 22
Glasgow (Central)	8 46	6 0	6 45	8 15	10 45	See Note	See Note	..	6 40	9 15	12 27
Greenock	8 38	7 20	7 40	9 52	12 6			..	7 45	10*38	1 40
Gourock	4 50	7 31	7 50	10 2	12 15	..	..	..	7 55	10*47	1 50
Oban	8 48	..	..	..	..	..	9 25	12*15	..	1*50	6§25
Perth	5 45	..	..	8 17	12 20	5 30	5 40	7 55	..	11*10	3 20
Inverness—											
viâ Dunkeld	..	..	..	..	..	6 10	10 40	11 5	2†40	..	6* 5
Dundee	7 15	..	..	9 10	1 5	7 30	7 30	8 55	..	12*10	4 32
Aberdeen	9 5	..	..	10 45	3 5	7 50	7 50	11 40	..	2* 0	6 20
Ballater	..	..	..	..	9 45	9 45	9 45	2*15	..	4*50	..
Inverness—											
viâ Aberdeen	..	..	..	..	8 10	1 35	1 25	6* 5	..	10* 5	..

The 7.30 p.m. express from Euston to Perth will run from July 18th to August 11th inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The Highland Company will take this train forward specially from Perth in advance of the Mail, so as to reach Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

*On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9.0, and 10.0 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

†Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays. § Saturdays only.

A—The 8.0 p.m. Highland Express and the 12.0 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

The 8.0 p.m. Express will be run specially on Saturday, August 5th.

On Saturdays passengers by the 10.30 a.m. and 2.0 p.m. trains from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with lavatory accommodation are run on the principal express trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved sleeping saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m. from 10th July to 11th August inclusive for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.

For further particulars see the Companies' time bills.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N. W. Railway.
JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

July, 1893.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, *viâ* HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steamship Coy. of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool-st. Station, at 9.3 a.m., returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares:—Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships *Koldinghuus* and *Botnia*. These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. — For further information address TEGNER, PRICE, & CO., 107, Fenchurch-st., London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool-st. Station, E.C.

OSTEND, BELGIUM.—SEA BATHS. Season from May to November. 150,000 visitors. This fashionable and much frequented seaside watering place, summer residence of the King and Queen of the Belgians, offers yearly greater attractions. Regattas, pigeon shooting, races, fishing, boating, children's races, &c. Magnificent kursaal, daily concerts, two orchestras of 70 performers, organ recitals, soirées dansantes, children's balls, grand balls, festivals, casino, theatre, Park Leopold, sea bathing. Regular sea communication with London. Royal Belgian Mail Boats between Ostend and Dover; three services daily; passage three hours. Distance by rail from Paris eight hours, from Brussels two hours. Hydrotherapic establishment.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES by the steamships "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, and "LUSITANIA," 3,877 tons register, leaving LONDON as under:—

For NORWAY,
15th July, for 27 days. | 2nd August, for 21 days.
16th August, for 15 days.
Calling at LEITH two days later.

The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," *i.e.* inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest fiords. On the first trip the North Cape will be reached while the sun is above the horizon at midnight.

For SICILY, GREECE, the LEVANT, and CRIMEA,
leaving 2nd September, for 46 days.
For the MEDITERRANEAN,
leaving 19th September, for 31 days.

For MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, WEST INDIES, AZORES, &c.,
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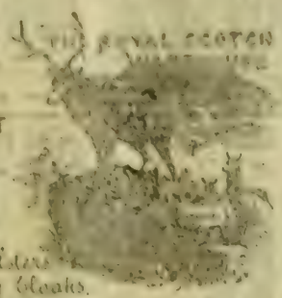

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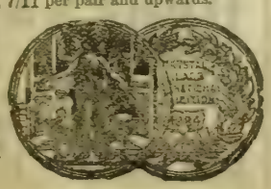

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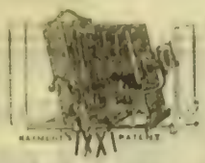

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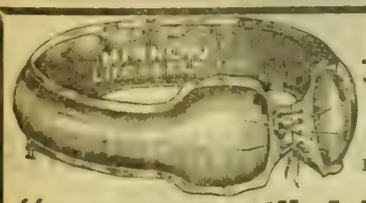

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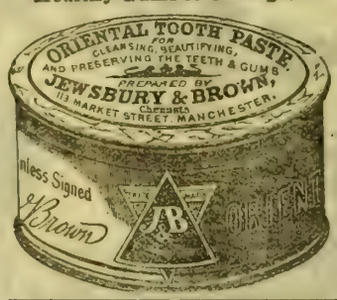

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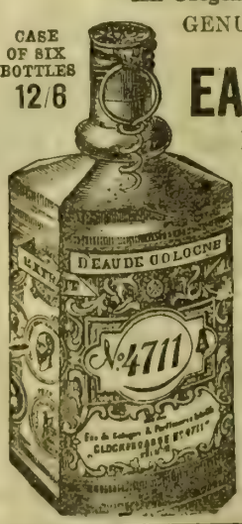

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FUNDS.

Assets	Exceed	£5,000,000
Annual Income (1892)		£913,602
Total Payments under Policies		£11,000,000

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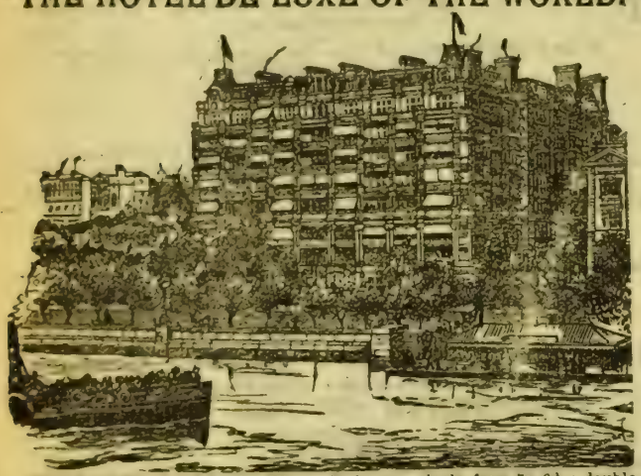

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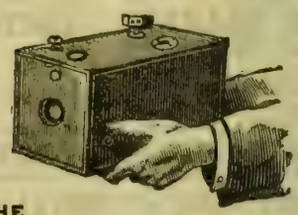

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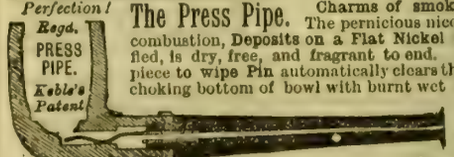

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above. All post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 750.—HOUSE-BOAT ALPHABET.

GOGGLES (real name and address will be given next week) ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£1	1	0
STARLING ,,	,,	,,	...	...	...	...	...	1	1	0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 757.

The prize in this competition has been divided between MARS and T. O. R.

PRIZE ANECDOTES RELATING TO CRICKET.

Scotch umpire at a village match to batsmen, who are disputing as to which was run out: "I'll no have any airgument about it. I'll ge ye both out, and then I canna make any mistake."—Mars.

Two country bumpkins were watching a cricket match, and were much puzzled by the umpires in their white coats, whose connection with the game they were unable to understand. Presently one said, "Oi sai, Bill! d'ye see them there coves in the white coats? Oi'm durned if they've stopped a bloomin' ball the 'ole bloomin' innen's!"—T. O. R.

I would also mention as worthy of special commendation Dorothea, Veracity, Malignant, Arundo, Mona, Clarissima, Suo Marte, Hippo, Leumas, and Moey.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 755.

Pope's well-known line in his "Essay on Criticism," "The sound must seem an echo to the sense," contains a principle which, I need scarcely say, has been often acted upon by writers of verse. Many of us do not need the phenomenal erudition of Macaulay's schoolboy to recall the well-known line in which the beat of the words so admirably represent a horse's gallop—"Quadrupedante putrem sonittu quatit ungula campum," or that equally well-known one in which the unwieldiness of the Cyclops is so effectively expressed, "Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum." And who does not seem to hear the roar of the advancing wave as it beats upon the shore, and the swish of its recoil from the strand in the often quoted line from Homer:—

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

In English poetry I may allude to Tennyson's lines:—

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees,"

And to Pope's own quatrain:—

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn and skims along the main."

More examples of verses, in which the sound and sense go together, need not be given, but I will, without further preamble, announce that competitors are required this week to write some lines in which, as far as possible, a similar result is achieved. That is to say, they are asked to compose

FOUR LINES OF RHYMED ENGLISH VERSE, IN ANY METRE, WHICH SHALL, IF POSSIBLE, PRODUCE THE DELICIOUSLY COOL SENSATION CAUSED BY THE SOUND OF PIECES OF ICE TINKLING AGAINST THE SIDE OF A GLASS.

It will be noticed that I have chosen this competition with a special view to the present state of the thermometer. Competitors, I hope, will find it refreshing even to write of such a cooling subject as iced drinks; whilst I trust it is not too sanguine to anticipate that the perusal of the resulting lines, when they are published, will have quite a refrigerating effect on the reader. The Prize for the verse in which the cooling sound and sense are most skilfully combined will be Two Guineas, and all answers much reach me by the morning of Monday, July 24, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Several answers are held over until next week.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 752.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL RECIPES FOR COOLING DRINKS.

Lime-juice, 1 pint; London gin, 1 pint; spring water or distilled water, 1 pint; milk, 1 pint. Sugar may be added, if required, in any quantity. Sweetened or unsweetened gin or Hollands may be used.—Moonlighter.

1. Take 1 bottle of aërated lemonade and about a wineglassful of vanilla ice-cream. Mix well together in a large tumbler. 2. To a bottle of gingerbeer add ½ pint of good stout and a little ice. —Stanchion.

1 lb. of lump-sugar, 1 oz. of tartaric acid, and 2 large lemons sliced fine to be put in a jug, and to have 1 quart of boiling water poured on them. When cool, decant, and it is ready for use. Add cold water according to taste. About one tablespoonful is sufficient to make a tumblerful.—Buffalo Bill.

Seek a cool grot and mossy cave
The purling waters softly lave;
'Tis a cooler drink than concocted brew,
But season it not with mountain dew!
Yin-Yin.

Take 1 lb. gooseberries, ½ lb. strawberries, and 1 lb. sugar; put it in a covered jar in the oven until the juice is extracted; pour the liquor out and let it get cold, taking care not to let the fruit mix at all, so as to keep it clear. When cold add 1 lb. clear Wenham Lake ice, broken small, and 1 wineglass of Maraschino. About an hour after mix 2 quart bottles of Salutaris water.—Penguin.

Make lemonade by the following recipe:—Cut in halves 2 large lemons, put in a jug with ½ lb. of loaf-sugar and a teaspoonful of powdered citric acid. Pour on 1½ pint of boiling water; stir well, then cover to keep in the steam, and set aside to cool. When quite cold stir and strain it. Fill half a tumbler with the lemonade, make to three-quarters with claret and finish with soda-water or potash from a syphon. Drink while effervescing. For total abstainers omit the claret.—Nurse.

Try the following cooling drink (original):—1 bottle saumur, iced; 2 bottles lemonade, iced; 1 bottle soda-water, iced; 1 sherry-glass of vermouth (Italian), as much powdered citric acid as will go on a sixpence.—Sirius.

Peel 2 good juicy lemons, taking care to remove every particle of the white under skin, cut them in pieces, and place in large jug (a high narrow one is better than a low open one), remove pips, cut the yellow part from the skin of one lemon and place in jug with from six to a dozen lumps of sugar, according to taste; next pour into jug 1 pint of water actually boiling, stand jug in cool place, or surround with ice, until cold. When cold add 2 full tumblers of dry champagne and 1 bottle of soda-water. Thoroughly stir, strain from lemons, and drink with a lump of ice.—Keynote.

Squeeze the juice of strawberries fine,
Add to them a little wine;
Apollinaris pour with care,
And sugar add—but, oh, beware!
For lavishness will spoil your brew,
And cause beginning it anew.
Ice will the needful coolness give.
Pour the whole through muslin sieve
Into jug of colours fine—
Drink and art you thus combine.
Vicar.

Put 2 tablespoonfuls of good Ceylon tea in a metal teapot; pour on half a pint of boiling water, and allow to stand, covered with a cosy, five minutes. Then pour at once, through a piece of muslin, into a glass decanter and allow the decoction to cool. When thirsty, take 1 tablespoonful of this and put it in a pint tumbler, with a squeeze of lemon and a slice of same, sugar to taste, and crushed ice at discretion. Fill up the glass with Apollinaris water, and suck through three straws. Strong coffee may be substituted for tea; but when Bourbon whiskey is used instead of either of these, you have a drink fit for the gods.—Churips.

We were all afflicted with the same complaint—namely, insatiable thirst. The days went on, still the heat continued—still our thirst continued; had we been given to alcoholic "imbibations," ere long we would have become irreclaimable drunkards. Suggestions were made by the different members of our party, and adopted for a time. Lemonade, tea, coffee, cold water (ugh!), and cocoa formed the chief part of our beverages. At last we decided to strike out on fresh lines, and discover something new in the shape of drink. Whether it was the fault of the sun, moon, excessive heat, or what, I know not—enough to say only one of our number hit on a fresh idea. Wandering through the house in search of food for the brain to make drink for the body, I came to the kitchen; forthwith made an investigation of all the tins, jars, &c., and so forth. What experiments I made to be sure! A chemist making up draughts wasn't in it. At last I landed on a discovery, which was put into practice next day, and unanimously voted "proper." Try it. To a large jug of very cold water, add an ounce packet of citric acid (used in making jelly), ¼ lb. of lump or castor sugar; let these dissolve. When thirsty, pour out a glassful, add ½ teaspoonful of Yeatman's yeast-powder, and drink whilst "fizzing." Very simple, is it not? but fine on a hot day.—Etoniensis.

Mix ¼ lb oatmeal in 2 gallons of cold water, boil for half an hour, thoroughly strain, add sufficiency of white sugar. When cold, put to this the juice of 2 lemons and the thin peel of 1, 3 oz. of citric acid, 1 bottle claret, 2 bottles Schweppe's soda-water, and the thick peel of medium-sized cucumber. Let mixture stand a few hours, then take out lemon and cucumber parings and just before using put in a little ice. This drink is still more agreeable to most palates by the addition of 2 small glasses of good old Cognac. For children home-made wine might be substituted, ¼ lb. of oatmeal, brown sugar, and only 1½ oz. citric acid, with not much cucumber-rind.—Psittacus.

One tablespoonful of oatmeal to 1 tumblerful of water.—Gristle.

1. Instead of pearl-barley, take 1 oz. of fine ground oatmeal, mix with a little warm water, then boil in a quart of water, stirring it well; 2 oz. of sugar and the juice of a lemon added make a refreshing drink. 2. Eau-sucrée (4 lumps of sugar dissolved in a tumbler of cold water) with lemon-juice, or lime-juice-cordial is also useful.—Esperanza.

Squeeze a juicy orange and strain the juice into a pint tumbler. If not very sweet, add a teaspoonful of sifted sugar. Put in a good sprig of mint or borage, and 3 tablespoonfuls of pounded ice. Fill the glass with any good mineral-water or natural filtered water. Stir and drink through three straws. A liqueur-glassful of whisky improves this considerably.—Olivastro.

1. For the Upper Ten:—Ice; peaches sliced in two; more ice; a bottle of very good champagne ('80 or even '84 will do); more ice. 2. For the Middle Classes:—Ice; a dash of cherry brandy; a pint of light champagne; a bottle of Apollinaris. 3. For the Masses (including artists, journalists, would-be solvers of TRUTH puzzles, criminals, and other brain-workers):—Cold tea with a slice of lemon; iced, if possible. N.B.—If the ice is obtained as a gift from the family fishmonger, previous prolonged contact with tainted salmon is not essential.—H. E. G.

MAYORK (SUMMER DRINK) ("MAY-YORK").

The juice of 1 lemon; 1 dessertspoonful of castor-sugar; 1 tablespoonful of vanilla, strawberry, or pineapple ice-cream; 1 bottle of soda or seltzer water. Squeeze the juice of a lemon into a jug, being careful that none of the pips fall in. Add a dessertspoonful of castor-sugar, a tablespoonful of vanilla, strawberry, or pineapple ice-cream. Pour upon these ingredients 1 bottle of soda or seltzer water. Stir well, and serve.—Pyn.

Into a soda-water tumbler put 1 tablespoonful or more of lemon-syrup, a glass of hock, a lump of ice, and fill up with any natural table-water. As the excellence of this drink depends on the quality of the ingredients, the syrup should be home-made, and the wine of the best. To make the syrup:—The juice only of 6 large lemons, ½ oz. citric acid, 1 lb. or more of loaf-sugar. Pour on these about a pint of boiling water. Stir occasionally until the sugar is dissolved, and when cold strain, and bottle for use when required.—Georgina.

Thirty drops of dilute sulphuric acid (or less, to taste), 1 tablespoonful of orange-syrup, 1 tumbler of water, stir, drink. This tipple is deliciously cooling, tonic, perfectly innocent, and, what is somewhat to the purpose, inexpensive. The orange-syrup can be obtained at Adam Hill's, Holborn, 1s. the pint, and the dilute sulphuric acid at any chemist's at the rate of 60 drinks for 3d.—Seedy C.

1. Lime-juice-cordial (Rose's by preference) with soda, potash, or plain water, is the most refreshing drink; and, having for two years taken nothing else, I can testify to its healthful anti-rheumatic properties. 2. A small tumblerful of boiled water, as hot as can be sipped slowly, is the most effective thirst-quencher, and will be found quite invigorating after being heated with exercise.—Dora.

Take 1 lb. of ripe raspberries, ¼ lb. of lump-sugar, the rinds of 3 lemons, and 1 oz. of cream of tartar. Put them all into ½ gallon of cold water, set them over a slow fire, and boil for a quarter of an hour. Strain it off, and ice just before required.—Gradatim.

Put 1 oz. of good tea in an earthen pot, add a pint of boiling water, let it stand four minutes, pour it off into a jug; when quite cold put a teaspoonful of juice from a fresh lemon in a tumbler, and add tea to taste—a little white sugar may be added if preferred.—Felsberg.

Cucumber slices three or four,
Borage and balm, two sprigs, not more,
Claret and seltzer—lumps of ice
And curaçoa just to taste nice.
A game of tennis from twelve to two,
And you'll call this a heavenly brew!
Ivy Leaves.

To drink, and be refreshed, ah! there's the rub.
In truth, I pray thee list, discard the pub;
Take pint of claret as the choicest wine—
With ice and soda water it's sublime;
Slice lemons two, the best that you can find,
Then flavour with some fresh cucumber rind—
Forgetting not to sweeten it I trust
With castor sugar that's as fine as dust.
Then you will have a drink that's charming cool,
Gives satisfaction always as a rule.
Providing these instructions not reversed,
'Twill prove assuaging to a Nation's thirst.
Sol.

1. Take a sheaf of MSS., well winnowed, but rejected, with a handful of polite editorial circulars; add about 1 lb. of outlying stamped directed envelopes. Stew in midnight oil; flavour with a weekly glance at the last leaf but one of TRUTH, and serve, drop by drop, throughout all seasons of the year. N.B.—The above is calculated to cool a "conscious Laureate." The dose, unless mitigated with—say, an occasional unacknowledged gratuitous insertion, would be fatal to a poetaster. 2. It is not generally comprehended that a few grains of "prussic" dissolved in a thimblefull of water will make any one cold in an amazingly short period.—E. C. L.

Slice up 2 good-sized lemons; put in a jug or basin, pour on them quart of hot water; cover over; leave till cold; strain it off into a bottle, then add ½ pint of port or sherry wine to do—say at 4s. 6d. the bottle.—Theology.

1. A very effective cooling drink may be made by mixing together 1 cupful "Black-currant Cordial," 1 cupful "Limejuice Cordial," and a pinch of cayenne. Bottle the mixture, and use 2 tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of water. (The cordials may be had from the grocer at about 8d. per bottle, holding 3 gills.) 2. Elderberry Beer (very cooling).—Boil together for half-an-hour 3 quarts water, 1 pint crushed elderberries, 1 lb. sugar, and 3 cayenne pods. Then, after letting it cool for 20 minutes, strain, and pour into a vessel together with ½ oz. ginger, the juice of 4 lemons, and 2 teaspoonfuls new yeast (previously mixed with a little of the beer). Let the beer stand for 8 hours, then, after taking the yeast from the top, put it into stone bottles or a small cask. 3. Strawberry Vinegar.—Put 1 lb. strawberries into a wide-necked jar or bottle, pour over them 1 pint vinegar, and let stand 3 days, occasionally stirring the mixture, then strain the vinegar from the strawberries, and add to it 1 drop essence of cayenne, 3 drops essence of lemon, and ½ lb. sugar. Bottle, and use 1 tablespoonful to a tumbler of water.—Rugeley.

Boil some liquorice-root in water for one hour. When cold add some orange-juice and ice.—Comtesse Olga.

Mix together ½ pint of Devonshire cider and 1 bottle of gingerbeer, with a few lumps of ice.—Ken.

Original or not, the coolest beverage, I think,
Is a cup of cold coffee, iced before you drink.
Tan-Tun.

1. Two bottles Chablis, juice of 4 fresh lemons, grated peel of 1 ditto, 3 large bottles of seltzer, 1 wineglass of rich old Madeira, a liqueurglass of Maraschino or Kirschenwasser, castor sugar if desired, a lump of ice. 2. Pint of good Devonshire cider, tablespoonful of Scotch whiskey, slice of lemon.—Falcon.

The juice of 1 lemon, ½ a tumbler of water, and a small quantity of carbonate of soda. A bit of ice will make the drink cooler, if that be considered desirable.—Blacksmith.

1. One pint hock (Nierstein), 1 bottle seltzer, 1 liqueur brandy and kummel (mixed), 2 drops Angostura bitters, ice *ad lib.* 2. 1 pint bottle champagne cider, 1 liqueur Maraschino and brandy (mixed), 1 small bottle soda, 2 slices lemon, ½ tablespoonful sugar, ice suff.—Geo. Javois.

The most refreshing and attractive cooling drink is an ordinary "lemon squash," with the addition of twopennyworth (or even less) of old rum for a delicate and delicious flavouring. Recipe: The juice of a lemon with a bottle of soda water and a little pounded ice stirred together with the rum; a little pounded sugar should be added last of all to make it fizz. Drinking through straws adds very much to the delight of this beverage.—Oriole.

An old woman from the Wild West assures me the following beverage will refrigerate blood at 102 deg. Fah. You will note that a simple kind of still is required, but the old woman, who brews tea as strong as poteen (which she can also brew in a kettle), says there is no drink worth a "small peaytic" unless it be distilled. On the strength of her vast experience I can guarantee the recipe:—Saturate 3 lb. or 4 lb. of purified potash with wine or malt vinegar (which has been distilled over charcoal powder if it can be done), evaporate the saturated liquor to the consistence of a dry powder, of which put 3 lb., accurately weighed, when still warm, into a glass, previously heated, and shut it with a glass stopper. Then pour 3 lb. of sulphuric acid into a retort, provided on its upper part with a pipe, and join it to a receiver large enough to contain about 20 pints of water. Begin to add to the sulphuric acid the above salt in small portions, shaking and stirring it frequently. After having mixed all the salt, add by degrees 1 lb. more of sulphuric acid, and shut the pipe with a wet bladder, and allow the whole to stand quietly one night. The next morning place the retort into the sand pot of a furnace, so deeply that the sand between the bottom of the pot and the retort be only ½ in. thick; put the receiver into a vessel of cold water, after which make a gentle fire in the furnace. About an hour afterwards the distillation commences, when the fire must be carefully managed. Be careful that the liquid flows in drops only, not in a continuous stream, and also take care that the thick and white fumes given off only lodge in the lowest part of the receiver; when they begin to rise, particularly with a whirling motion, take the fire out of the furnace. The upper part of the receiver should be cooled with the water occasionally. When the white fumes cease the distillation is ended. The liquefaction of the residuum in the retort will become known by a black, frothy fluid that will run into the receiver if it be not taken from the fire in time. The residium is ground to a dry powder, and, together with ground charcoal, added to the beverage, after which it should be rectified over a gentle fire to the dryness of the residuum. Taking the above proportions of ingredients, about 22 oz. of a delicious ice-vinegar can be obtained. Apparatus: Small retort, copper; length of tubing, india-rubber or metal (copper); receiver (any closed vessel); furnace (good close kitchen range, with large grate).—Moonlighter.

Slice up 3 lemons, put into a large jug, together with ½ lb. of sugar, 1 oz. tartaric acid, and half a teaspoonful ginger, pouring over the whole 3 pints of boiling water. Cover the vessel with a saucer, and, when cold, add 1 cupful of raspberry vinegar; strain, and bottle for use. Water may be added at pleasure, and, if an effervescing drink is desired, a pinch of carbonate of soda may be dropped in the tumbler when using.—Rugeley.

First fill a jug with Adlam's wine,
And claret add pure juice of vine.
Cucumber peel of thinnest rind,
Some lumps of ice will cool you'll find;
Lemon-juice add with spendthrift touch,
But sugar needs a miser's clutch.
Some drops of good French eau-de-vie
Will make this drink no'er disagree.
A lot of straws—a pretty maid,
A hammock slung in cool oak shade,
Tennyson, Swinburne, and my TRUTH
Will banish sorrow, pain, and ruth,
All thirsty souls try this receipt,
And prove it good by potions deep.
Ivy Leaves.

Mix together a small bottle of Bass's pale ale and a lemon-water-ice, and drink as soon as the ice is completely melted. The effect is that of a superlative shandygaff.—Almaviva.

Boil together for twenty minutes 4 quarts water, 5 cut-up sticks of rhubarb, ½ lb. raspberries, 1 oz. ginger, ½ lb. sugar, and the thin rinds of 2 lemons. When lukewarm, strain the mixture, and put it into a vessel with the juice of the lemons and 1 large spoonful of barm. Have ready 16 ginger-beer bottles with good corks, and when the mixture has stood for seven hours, skim off the barm (which will have risen to the surface), and bottle, tying the corks well down. Next day the beer will be ready for use, costing ½d. per bottle.—Oar Cross.

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"About eight years ago I bought one of your washable trusses, which I have worn night and day ever since, with great comfort. It has materially reduced my rupture (a very bad one), and at the present time the truss is as good as new. I have recommended it to many sufferers. The sight of your advertisement to-day reminded me that you were entitled to this testimonial. Previous to using your truss I used to buy padded ones, which were very uneasy in wear, and lasted but a few months. —W. A. BENNET, Esq., 3, Carr-lane, Hull, October 16."

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici.—*Cicero.*"

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen has expressed her intention of leaving Osborne for Balmoral on Thursday, August 24. Her Majesty is particularly anxious to be at Balmoral on Saturday, the 26th, which is the anniversary of Prince Albert's birthday.

The Court entertainments of the season finished last week, with a ball and a concert at Buckingham Palace, both of which were principally remarkable for the tremendous crowd, the oppressive heat, and the splendour of the dresses and jewels, to which may be added the beauty of the profuse floral decorations. On the night of the ball it was so exceedingly difficult to approach the buffet in the supper-room that many people contented themselves with the "light refreshment" which they were able to procure in the tea and ice room, which was open all the night. There was a really remarkable display of gold plate in the supper-room. It was all sent back to Windsor on Saturday, but many articles are to be despatched to Osborne for use during the visit of the Emperor William.

A countryman, who has been endeavouring to obtain some definite ideas about the Royal Wedding functions from the various illustrated papers, applies to me for help and enlightenment. His bewilderment is natural. He finds in the first place that we seem to have a new Queen reigning over us, for her Majesty's features in the illustrated papers bear no resemblance to the authorised portraits of Queen Victoria. A still more remarkable fact is, that in the course of the festivities, her Majesty seems to have continually changed her habiliments. One of the special artists shows her with an ermine train; another represents her with no train at all. Another shows her with a crown on her head; another appears to have seen her only a few minutes later in a bonnet. One picture represents the Queen and her guests all taking lunch at one table; another places them at different tables. One paper surpasses itself by two views of the route to the railway station, in each of which the Royal couple are provided with a totally different carriage, and different horses and attendants. I think I can explain how these discrepancies arise. Probably some of the special artists despatched to sketch the wedding made their sketches at Henley.

The Prince of Wales will terminate his visit to the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood on Friday, the 28th, when H.R.H. is to proceed, after the races, from Chichester by special train to Portsmouth Harbour, when he will join the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which is to carry him to Cowes. Captain Milne, whose command of the *Osborne* ought properly to have been terminated by his promotion, is to retain that post during the remainder of the season. The Prince is to pay a flying visit to Winchester next Tuesday on his way to visit the Duke of Richmond, in order that he may be present at the College celebration, which is to be a most elaborate function. The Duke of Connaught is also expected at Winchester on Tuesday for a few hours.

H.R.H. was expected at Sandringham for his sale of Southdowns and Shorthorns last Thursday, but he finally decided to stay at Newmarket, and he was represented by the Duke of York, and also by Sir Dighton Probyn (who had a small party at his house in the Park, including Lord Moreton, Sir Jacob Wilson, Sir Nigel Kingscote, and Captain Holford), but the absence of His Royal Highness exercised a prejudicial effect upon the biddings, which were by no means so brisk as they had been at the previous sales. The cattle were a most excellent lot, but the average for fifty-two head was only £32. 11s. 6d., as compared with £42. 1s. 3d. at the sale of 1891. Most of the animals went for much less than their real value. The sheep sold better, and the average of 68s. per head was considered to be highly satisfactory. Mr. James Blyth was the principal purchaser. The rams realised high prices, the average for these rising from £11. 2s. 8d. in 1891 to £17. 3s.

The Duke of York is going to start a farm of his own at Sandringham, and he intends to go in for breeding Red Polls and Berkshire pigs, and he will probably have a flock of Dorset Horn sheep.

A paragraph has been going round the papers which states that the Queen has invited the Duke and Duchess of York to visit her at Balmoral next month "for the grouse shooting." The Duke and Duchess are going abroad when they leave Cowes, and they are not likely to be in Scotland before the middle of September, when they will no doubt pay a brief visit to the Queen at Balmoral, and afterwards to Braemar,

where they are to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The grouse shooting will then be over, but, as a matter of fact, there are very few grouse at Balmoral, the sporting features of the Royal domain being the deer-stalking in the forests, the salmon fishing in the Dee, and the drives for roedeer in the Birkhall and Abergeldie woods.

Princess Maud of Wales is going shortly to Vichy for a course of the waters, after which she will join the Princess of Wales in Denmark.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife go this week to Scotland for the season, and will reside for a short time at Duff House, Banffshire, before they proceed to Braemar for the autumn. There will not be much deer shooting in the Forest until the middle of September, when the Prince of Wales is expected at Braemar for a stay of three weeks or a month.

Last week the Duke and Duchess of Connaught gave two garden-parties at Government House, Portsmouth, for each of which about a thousand invitations had been issued. The Duchess was not well enough to appear, and the guests were received by the Duke in the drawing room. These were farewell entertainments, as the Duke and Duchess are leaving Portsmouth this week for Osborne Cottage, where they will reside until the Queen goes to Scotland, and then the Duke (having given up his command) will proceed to Hungary to attend the autumn manœuvres, and the Duchess is going to Wiesbaden.

I see that the German Emperor has bestowed an Order on a Member of the German Parliament for making a good speech on the Army Bill. This seems a curious proceeding, but in point of fact it is not one whit more curious than our Executive making a British M.P. a Knight or a Baronet for what are termed his services to his Party. It is, indeed, rather less curious, for with us these services are frequently nothing more than the contribution of a considerable sum for Party services. Had I my way, I would pass an Act prohibiting any Member of the House of Commons from being knighted, baroneted, or peered whilst a Member, and for ten years after he has ceased to be a Member.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and his sister, Princess Alix, are to be the guests of the Queen at Balmoral in September for several weeks.

A general hope has been expressed in Service circles that the Queen will give a set of apartments in Hampton Court Palace to Lady Hudson, the widow of that very distinguished soldier, Sir John Hudson, who is a daughter of the late General Havelock. Lady Hudson is left in very poor circumstances, with several daughters to support. Only a few weeks before Sir John's sad death he was put to great expense on taking up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see pages 148, 149 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see pages 149, 150.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 145.

There will be a vote of nearly £1,000 for the expenses of admitting the Czarewitch and the Crown Prince of Roumania to the Order of the Garter, most of the money going in the shape of fees to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor. Thanks to the protests of TRUTH, the practice of sending an "outfit" (consisting of all the paraphernalia of the Order) to each Royal Knight has been discontinued, or the vote would be upwards of £2,000.

An ignorant weekly paper of Tory complexion makes a stupid attempt to extract fun out of the appearance of Mrs. Gladstone at the State Ball "in the last row of what are known as 'the Duchesses' Benches,'" a circumstance which is said to have caused "much amusement." Those who were so easily amused could only have been so because they were as benighted as the writer of this rubbish, who is apparently unaware that by virtue of Mr. Gladstone's office of Lord Privy Seal, both he and his wife rank above any Duke and Duchess, unless it were a Duke holding the office of Lord Chancellor or Lord President of the Council.

By a diligent perusal of the evening papers I am getting to know the exact nature of the charms of the ladies who shine at balls almost as well as if I had seen them. Last week Mrs. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, gave a ball. The next day my *Star* informed me that Lady Brooke was "the belle," and looked lovely, but that Lady Norreys, Lady Ormonde, and Lady de Trafford "ran her very close;" Lady Berkeley Paget looked "sweet," Lady Helen Vincent and Lady Ulrica Duncombe were a "lovely pair;" Baroness Henry de Worms "was resplendent," Miss Sarah Wilson looked "piquante," and Miss Muriel Wilson looked "pretty." When next all these charming ladies meet at a party, I trust that the *Star* will give me further particulars. Was the pretty lady also piquante; was the piquante lady also pretty? Which of the three ladies that ran Lady Brooke very hard was second in the race; which third? Which of the two ladies who made a lovely pair was the more lovely? In what way was the resplendent lady resplendent? There is a vagueness in the epithets, and an absence of detail as to the particular nature of the claims of this galaxy of lovely, pretty, piquante, and resplendent ladies which is tantalising.

Another complaint that I have to make is against the word "gowned" to denote the garment in which the lady is arrayed. I saw it in the *Times* the other day, and the *Times* is rather more of a purist than some other newspapers. If gowned, why not hatted and shod? Why not, "She was gowned in blue, hatted in black, and shod in brown?" "Gowned" may be American, but it is not English.

The Duke of Richmond will have a party of nearly forty guests next week at Goodwood House, and on August 4 he goes to Scotland, for his annual three months' residence at Gordon Castle, Banffshire. Among the guests at Goodwood, in addition to the Prince of Wales, will be Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge.

The late Colonel Luttrell, of Badgworth Court, was a brother of Mr. Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, and one of the most popular and best-known country gentlemen in the West of England. He had resided constantly at Badgworth ever since he retired from the Army after the Crimean War, was an active Magistrate and County Administrator, and was warmly interested in the Volunteer movement. To this it may be added that he was one of the best judges of horses in England, and his services were in constant request at shows, where his awards always gave satisfaction.

Mr. Dowdeswell, who died last week at Sarhill Grange, Leicestershire, belonged to a very ancient family, and was one of the most popular landowners in that county. He sat in the House of Commons for Worcestershire from 1865 until June, 1876, when failing health obliged him to resign his seat. He was a Tory, but by no means a bigoted partisan, and many Liberals supported him when his seat for West Worcestershire was contested at the General Election of 1874.

Lady Grey, who died last week at Torquay, was the grandmother of Sir Edward Grey, and the widow of Sir George, who was Home Secretary for many years under Lord Palmerston, and was a prominent member of the House of Commons for nearly forty years. Lady Grey was a daughter of Bishop Ryder, of Lichfield, who was one of the leaders of the Evangelical Party during the first forty years of the present century. Lady Grey and Sir George were great favourites at Court, and during the year after Prince Albert's death he stayed for weeks together at Balmoral as Minister-in-Attendance, by the express wish of the Queen.

Mr. James Jardine, of Dryfeholme, who died on Friday, was the eldest brother of Sir Robert Jardine, and one of the largest landowners in the south of Scotland. He was all his life an enthusiastic agriculturist, and he farmed several thousands of acres. Mr. Jardine was a noted judge of horses, and he kept a fine stud of Clydesdales and a very choice herd of Shorthorns, while his flock of long-woolled sheep was one of the best in Great Britain. He took a very active part in Dumfriesshire County affairs, and was most popular among all classes.

Mr. Thomas Fielden, who was the Tory Member for the Middleton division of Lancashire in the last Parliament, has been left the Grimstone Park estate, near York, by his uncle, the late Mr. John Fielden, of Todmorden, to whose death I referred last week. This property was purchased in 1872 by Mr. Fielden for £240,000 from Lord Londesborough, and he has since expended a great deal of money on it.

At the Exeter Bankruptcy Court, on Thursday, Lord Haldon obtained his discharge, and, at the request of his attorney, the Judge "declared that the bankruptcy was caused by misfortune, and not by any misconduct on the part of debtor." It was stated that the object of this announcement is to enable Lord Haldon "to exercise his privileges in the House of Lords," i.e., to vote in accordance with Lord Salisbury's commands. Lord Haldon may not have been guilty of "misconduct," but the reports of the bankruptcy proceedings (which have been on for several years) most assuredly do not justify the excuse of "misfortune." If Lord Haldon's case had come before the London Court no such declaration would have been forthcoming, and if he had been a small tradesman or farmer he would not have obtained his discharge so readily. The Palks (whom Thackeray called "The Porkers") used to be great people in Devonshire, and although their old prestige has utterly departed, yet the present head of the family might still rely upon tender treatment from an Exeter tribunal.

That I did not speak too strongly last week on the sanitary condition of Worthing was sufficiently proved by a letter which appeared in the *Standard* of Thursday, signed "J. Latimer Fuller." Writing from Worthing, this gentleman said that the fever had broken out with greater deadliness than before, and that "at the present time (July 11) it is terrible," and warning London excursionists against the dangers of the town. It seems that the source of danger is believed to be in the milk and the water, and, on the very day on which the above letter was written, notices were being distributed warning the inhabitants to boil both these articles before using them. Similar notices had been issued at the time of the first outbreak, but the official proclamation that the town was free of disease had naturally thrown people off their guard. It is now pretty evident that the official explanation of the fouling of the water was what it appeared to be—"a story of a cock and a bull," and it behoves the local authorities to set to work afresh in search of the real source of pollution.

Apparently it is not only when Royal Princes are inspecting the Imperial Institute that Fellows and their guests have to wait outside. The experience of these unfortunates on the occasion of the Duke of Connaught's visit was repeated on Thursday in last week—why I have no idea. After having been officially informed that the doors would be open to them at three o'clock, those who arrived by that hour were kept waiting till half-past three, by which time a considerable crowd had collected, making the position of the first-comers a most disagreeable one. Judging from the opinions expressed by "Fellows" so far, I should say that when the first year's subscriptions run out there will be a considerable falling off in the strength of the membership.

A member of the Junior Carlton Club, who thought that I was an enemy of cruelty to animals, finds fault with a recipe for cooking crawfish which my correspondent "Madge" gave her readers last week, and which began—"cut thirty crawfish (alive) into halves." Apparently my correspondent did not read the directions with which he finds fault. Madge continued:—

> The moment the point of a sharp knife penetrates the head the fish is dead; this is therefore a much more merciful way of killing

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them than that of putting them in cold water, and allowing them to remain till it boils.

To stick a knife into the head of a crawfish (and no cook in her senses would begin to divide the creature in any other way) cannot be more cruel than to pole-axe an ox, or to put live lobsters and shrimps into boiling water.

My sentiments are all against cruelty to animals, but it is easy to make this form of sentiment ridiculous by exaggeration. To my mind this is done whenever creatures of low or rudimentary nervous organisations are treated as though they had the same susceptibility to pain as a human being. My friend at the Junior Carlton is exercised about the possible—I might say hypothetical—sufferings of a crawfish when a knife is stuck into him. Does he ever trouble himself about the sufferings of an oyster, which, after having his shell brutally burst asunder, is forthwith eaten alive? A friend of mine, who is an angler, once hooked a perch "foul." The hook pierced the fish's eye. My friend felt that he had not caught the perch according to the rules of the game, so, to compensate him for losing his eye, he put him back into the water. He then baited his hook with the eye, and went to work again. Within three minutes he caught that same perch again, with his own eye. This incident shows that the loss of his eye, and what a sentimentalist would consider the awful torture of being hauled out of the water with a hook through that part of his anatomy, did not cause the fish enough concern to take away his appetite. The only other explanation is that the perch so highly appreciated my friend's sportsmanship that, not to be outdone, he hooked himself the second time on purpose—even going so far as to swallow his own eye in order to achieve his end. But, of course, it may have been a case of suicide.

Pim had but little difficulty in wresting the All England Lawn Tennis Championship from Baddeley on Monday. After the first set the ex-Champion had really no chance, for Pim held him well in hand, and seemed to do very much as he pleased with his opponent. I will not say he played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, but he certainly kept him running all over the court at his pleasure till the time came to administer the *coup de grâce*. Volleying has been so much in vogue at Wimbledon this year, that it was a grateful relief to see a match in which ground play was the rule rather than the exception. Baddeley tried going up to the net at first, but so surely as he did so Pim passed him with one of his terrific drives, placed as a rule with the nicest accuracy on one or other of the side lines. The Pim drive is as notable in its way, in fact, as the Renshaw "smash" once was. There was a big crowd to see the fight, and the weather was perfect.

Professor C. E. Norton is editing a collection of Mr. Lowell's letters, which will be published early in the autumn both in the United States and in London.

The early death of Professor Nettleship is a really serious loss to English scholarship, and at Oxford he will be very much missed for a long time to come. He was considerably influenced in the course of his studies by Conington (whom Nettleship helped to complete his "Virgil") and by Mark Pattison. His appointment as Corpus Professor of Latin met with universal approval, as it was a post for which he was most thoroughly suited, and he filled it with distinguished success. A few years ago he published an admirable volume of "Lectures and Essays," which will well repay the reader.

Professor Lushington, who died on Thursday, filled with eminent distinction the Greek Chair at Glasgow for thirty-seven years. He succeeded Sir Daniel Sandford in 1838, when he was elected in preference to Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), and to Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke). Professor Lushington's long tenure of office was remarkable for "an intellectual ability, a refined taste, a rare and comprehensive learning, which gave lustre to the Greek Chair." He was probably the most popular Professor in Great Britain, for he seemed to cast quite a spell over his students, and he did his work most admirably; in fact, his professorial duties so entirely engrossed his attention that he published next to nothing. He was elected to the Chair entirely through his pre-eminent merit, for he had no Glasgow connection, or interest of any kind. Lushington was Tennyson's brother-in-law, and they were most intimate friends.

The vacant stall in Chester Cathedral (worth £500 a year, with house) has been given by Bishop Jayne to Archdeacon Gore, who, resigns his Archdeaconry, but he is to continue to hold the living of Bowden, to which he was presented by Bishop Jacobson in 1873, and which is worth about £700 a year. This is a very objectionable arrangement, as Archdeacon Gore cannot possibly attend to his parochial work while he is in residence at Chester, and it was hoped that this pernicious and unfair system of pluralities was being stamped out. It would have been very much better for him to have kept his Archdeaconry and given up his living. Then the vacant Archdeaconry of Macclesfield is not given by the Bishop to a parish clergyman, as it ought to be, but it goes to an ecclesiastic who has been for some time a Diocesan Inspector of Religious Education, and who, having been previously a tutor of Keble College and Warden of Glenalmond, has enjoyed no parochial experience whatever. These arrangements have caused a great deal of grumbling in Cheshire among both clergy and laity.

Notwithstanding that in 1890 he took what seemed a last farewell of his clergy, the Bishop of Chichester has just been holding another triennial visitation in West Sussex, and at one parish his Lordship intimated that he felt justified in continuing to give the diocese the benefit of his "ripe experience and sagacity." No Bishop was ever more personally respected among his flock than Dr. Durnford, but it is obvious to every competent observer who now sees him in public that the weight of his four score and ten years is such as must prevent his efficiently discharging all the duties of his office. "Ripe experience and sagacity" are worth much, but they lose their value when not backed up by a certain measure of physical activity and vigour.

The Duke of Devonshire has presented the Rev. F. Broadhurst, who has been Vicar of Sutton in Ashfield for eighteen years, to the important living of Ault Hucknall-with-Heath, Derbyshire, which has become vacant by the death of Canon Cottingham, who had held it since 1859. Ault Hucknall is the parish in which Hardwicke Hall is situated.

It is high time that clerical domination in so-called National Schools received a check. On all sides it seems still to flourish, and it certainly looks as if the parsons had some good friends at Whitehall. A Wesleyan parent at Thrapston complained recently to the Education Department that the children at Thrapston National School were "marched to service at Church." He had called his son out of the ranks, and for so doing was denounced in public as a —— humbug. In reply to a communication from the Department, the aggrieved father added that the children were taken to Church in the ordinary school hours, that no notice had been given, although 50 per cent. of the children were Nonconformists, and that his boy had been put into a lower standard after his intervention. So far as can discover, the last communication sent from Whitehall to this correspondent merely stated that "the matter was receiving attention." The public, I think, would like to hear a little more of the sequel—if there has been any.

One of those disgraceful grave-side scenes in which the Anglican cleric appears at his worst occurred at Whitchurch, near Bristol, on Sunday week. The Vicar of the parish, the Rev. E. J. Franklin, first of all insisted that the bodies of two children should be interred in what is described as a roughly-excavated hole. One of the mothers objected, and, owing to the treatment she received at the hands of Mr. Franklin, decided to have the service conducted by a Nonconformist minister. The notice prescribed by law was given, but the Vicar curtly replied that he would bury the child, and that he would not permit any other service.

When the funeral procession reached the churchyard gate the Vicar temporarily barred its entrance, but he then gave way and hastened to the grave, at the same time reciting the opening sentences of the Burial Service. According to one report of the incident, this ornament of the Established Church continued his performance after the mourners arrived at the grave, and for about two sentences he and the Baptist Minister, who officiated, "were reading against one another." From the statement made by Mr. Asquith on Monday night, I see, however, that Mr. Franklin declares that he had "no intention to compete with the Minister at the grave-side." Whatever his intention was, I think it will be agreed with the Home Secretary that the whole affair was "a very regrettable occurrence." Very regrettable, also, it seems to me, is the fact that Mr. Asquith has no further authority in the matter. If a Dissenter behaved in the same scandalous manner at a Church funeral, it is pretty certain that he would be prosecuted.

Much indignation was also created at the funeral of a Forester at Buckhurst Hill on Sunday by the officiating curate, the Rev. H. D. Bridge, declining to allow the coffin to enter the church, on the ground that the corpse had been kept too long, and that its admission to the church would annoy the ordinary Sunday congregation. This would be good reasoning, if the fact was as stated. As, however, I have the evidence of the undertaker—presumably an expert—that the curate's allegation was unfounded, and the mourners were of the same opinion, it would be interesting to know on what evidence the reverend gentleman acted.

Acoustic excellence is, I should say, about the last thing at which the church architect aims, or any rate he rarely manages to achieve it. The Rev. Compton Reade, who has an article on the subject in the *Religious Review of Reviews*, asserts, indeed, that whilst the vast majority of London churches present to the eye "a congeries of confectioner's Gothic," the same buildings present to the ear "a really splendid dysacousticism." Mr. Reade urges that more attention should be paid to acoustics, and puts forward a plan of his own for the erection of a church on acoustic lines. Judging, however, from the queer pulpit utterances which occasionally reach me, I am almost inclined to think that "the really splendid dysacousticism" is often a distinct advantage.

There is a curious statement, by the way, in another article in the same review. Referring to the death of the Rev. C. Pritchard, Savilean Astronomer at Oxford, "on Trinity Sunday this year at noon," the Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes writes:—"A more appropriate day and hour for his passing away could not have been conceived; it looks like a special providence, for he was a devoted Trinitarian all his days"!

The Board of Management of the public hospital of St. Cross, at Rugby, recently passed a resolution that, "in future no Roman Catholic nurse or servant should be engaged, and that any nurse or servant becoming a Roman Catholic be requested to send in their (*sic*) resignation." It is really a monstrous thing that at this time of day the management of a public institution should be disgraced by sectarian bigotry of this kind, and I wish every success to the movement which is, I understand, on foot to repeal this obnoxious regulation. On behalf of the Board of Management, it seems to be contended that the object of the resolution was to stop the interference of Roman Catholic clerics with the officials; but on behalf of the clerics in question, it is denied that such interference ever took place, and, even if it did, it might be checked without proceeding to this odious extremity.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's fund for sending poor and sickly London children into the country for a holiday:—An Irish Girl, £1; L. K. B., £1.

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The dread and dislike of Lord Roberts which prevail at the War Office are finding vent in all sorts of intrigues to keep him out of a home appointment. I hear that before he left India Lord Roberts was sounded as to whether he would take the Malta command, and he expressed himself averse to the proposal. Efforts have now been made to get him to Gibraltar, but the reasons which influenced his Lordship in one case apply equally to the other. If he cares to take the post, Lord Roberts ought to have the reversion of Sir Evelyn Wood's berth at Aldershot, and there is no position in which he could do more valuable work. Probably for that reason no chance will be given him of going there. Lord Roberts is the most modest of men, and the very last who would prefer a request on his own account. It is therefore the more necessary for the country to see that its only other general is not permanently shunted.

I reproduced last week some very serious allegations made by Sergeant-Master-Tailor Henry on his defence before a Court-martial at the Verne Barracks. Reference was made in the prisoner's statement to the persecution which he had had to endure in consequence of his having made a complaint in regard to the amount owing to him by officers. I am indebted to the counsel who defended him for some particulars of this persecution. Among other things, Henry complained that, in the face of a Battalion order excusing Roman Catholics from church parade, he, being a Roman Catholic, had been ordered to attend such parade. Another complaint was that he had been subjected to "minor punishments," which, as a Non-Commissioned Officer, he was not liable to.

Whatever foundation there may be for these complaints, it is beyond all question that such allegations being made, and the prisoner's defence depending on them, his trial by the Court which condemned him was a farce. There actually sat upon this Court two officers of the prisoner's own Battalion, the very parties, or their intimate comrades, who would be incriminated if the prisoner's defence were accepted. I trust that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman will give his personal attention to this case, but still more do I wish that he would distinguish his régime in Pall Mall by reforming the whole constitution and procedure of Courts-martial. What can be more iniquitous than the practice of requiring all questions to be put through the prisoner himself? In a criminal court such a rule would not be tolerated for a moment, for it could obviously conduce to nothing but injustice. The objections to it are infinitely stronger in a military court, where the accused is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the inferior in rank of his judges, and stands in corresponding awe of them. A lawyer with a very large experience as "prisoner's friend" once told me that he would undertake to win half the Court-martial cases he had ever lost, if he had a Civil Judge and the right of examining and cross-examining witnesses.

The Russian China Tea Company, who are under the patronage of Royalty and a very large number of the nobility and medical authorities, supply their Choice Teas as imported into Russia direct from their Head London Offices, 21, Mincing-lane. Carriage paid to any address. Write for price lists and leading medical and press opinions.

I trust that I may never number the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* among my friends; for should he ever take up his pen on my behalf I should know that it was time to prepare for the worst. He gives away all his friends with the same unfailing certainty. This week the turn of the Chaplain-General has again come. In the last issue of Truth I published a letter from a Chaplain who complained that he was formerly induced to support Dr. Edghill against Truth by the circulation of a draft Warrant promising the Chaplains at large certain advantages, whereas all that has at present come off is a Royal Warrant giving the Chaplain-General an extra £200 a year. Says the *Broad Arrow*:—

> The suggestion is not only malicious, but absurd, as it stands to reason that Dr. Edghill would be very glad if the authorities could see their way to appointing three Deputy Chaplains-General, with increased pay, to relieve him of some portion of his heavy duties.

No doubt, Dr. Edghill would have been pleased if he could have got further advantages besides his £200 a year. I quite agree, unkind though the remark may be to the Chaplain-General. But what bearing has this upon the other advantages promised for the benefit of Chaplains at large? The point against Dr. Edghill is that he appealed to his juniors for support on the ground that he was going to do great things for them, and that he has only done great things for himself. The *Broad Arrow* insinuates, rather than says, that "the authorities" did not see their way to do anything for the juniors. What is this but to say that the Chaplain-General held out inducements which he had not the power to procure? It is said that "the attack is one that can very well be ignored by Dr. Edghill." Then I would suggest to him that the best thing he can do is to ignore it, not to put forward answers which are no answers.

The members of the Dublin Corporation have been much exercised over the alleged desecration of Sackville-street, by its being used on Sunday evenings as a "promenade and rendezvous" by the soldiers quartered in and around the city. So concerned was the gentleman who brought this matter forward, that he proposed that a resolution on the subject should be forwarded to the Prime Minister, the Chief Secretary, the Secretary for War, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Commander of the Forces in Ireland. I am glad to say, however, that the majority of the Council took a Home Rule view of the question, and relegated it to the consideration of the police. So far as I can see, the cause of complaint does not lie so much in the conduct of our friend Atkins himself as in the unfortunate fact that wheresoever his carcass is, there eagles of an undesirable breed are gathered together. This same difficulty besets all garrison towns, but the police are clearly the proper authority to deal with it.

An ex-Sergeant of the Army Service Corps gives a curious account of the circumstances under which he was struck off the married establishment. He married without leave at Enniskillen in 1884. Six years later, at Chester, he obtained official permission to marry. The nuptial knot was then re-tied by a Registrar (the husband and wife describing themselves as "bachelor" and "spinster" respectively), and the certificate having been

forwarded to headquarters, the Sergeant was duly enrolled on the married establishment. In August, 1892, the Adjutant-General became aware of the earlier ceremony, and the twice wedded Sergeant was at once removed from the list, on the ground that he had been guilty of "a gross attempt to hoodwink his superiors."

Primâ facie, the charge made in the War Office letter seems to be justified. But my correspondent denies that there was any deception whatever. On the contrary, his marriage in 1884 was known to every Officer under whom he subsequently served. In fact, the very Officer who recommended him for permission to marry was fully aware that he was already married and had two children. In spite, however, of representations from the superiors who were said to have been "hoodwinked," the War Office refused to reconsider its decision, and, as the man found, moreover, that his further promotion was checked, he has now quitted the service instead of re-engaging for another term. He asserts that the trick to which he resorted in going through the second marriage is "very common in the service." Is this so? And is it usual for Officers to connive in the pious fraud, as in the ex-Sergeant's case?

The following incident is narrated by a correspondent at Caterham, who vouches for its accuracy. Three Sergeants of the Guards Depot went to their mess, and called for some four ale, remarking at the same time that they could not afford anything better, as times were bad. "Four ale," it should be explained, is not served in the Sergeants' Mess, and the men were apparently joking. The joke, however, seems to have been taken amiss by two Colour-Sergeants present; and on the following day the Sergeants were brought before the C.O. and reprimanded in strong terms, for "highly improper conduct in the Sergeants' Mess." Relations are apparently somewhat strained among the N.C.O.'s at Caterham; and the course taken by the C.O. in this instance is hardly likely to reduce the friction.

Much has been said, but I fear much more has yet to be said, respecting the titles of Medical Officers. I give below an example of how the matter is ordered in America. Were I an Army doctor, I think that I should be content to be called an Army doctor. Army doctors, however, think otherwise, and as substantive rank has been granted to them, I do not see why we should make any bones about giving them whatever ornamental designations will please them best. It must be admitted that the present titles are highly inconvenient and cumbrous. The other day I had the pleasure of an interview with a Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel, and I had to begin by asking by which out of this queer farrago of titles he preferred to be addressed. Which it should be, was a matter of indifference to me, but I could not stand the whole collection. This is how the titles are officially given in the United States *Army and Navy Journal*:—

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, *Assistant Surgeon General*, will make an inspection, &c.

Major John R. Van Holf, *Surgeon*, is detailed as a member, &c.

Captain John M. Bennister, *Assistant Surgeon*, is detailed as a member, &c.

Lieut.-Colonel J. V. D. Middleton, *Deputy Surgeon-General*, &c.

I have it from an Army doctor that one of the weakest points in the Medical Administration is the neglect of practice in field hospital and bearer company work. Such practice as is at present undertaken seems to be of a very illusory character. For instance, at Aldershot, where there is a Depot and Training School of the Medical Staff Corps, a field hospital was ordered out during manœuvres last year. It was, however, sent to a prescribed spot the day before the Army moved; the transport employed returned to Aldershot to be used for other purposes; and the hospital remained where it had been planted until the end of the campaign. It is, of course, essential to the efficiency of a field hospital that it should be able to move with the Army: and as long as, for want of transport or want of money, such a state of things as the above prevails during peace manœuvres, so long will the breakdown of the hospital arrangements be a certainty in time of war.

For two or three months past the friends of a Non-commissioned Officer at Bodmin Depot have been sending me particulars of the extraordinary treatment to which he has been subjected, in consequence of the attitude which he has taken up towards certain Depot abuses of the kind to which I have so frequently referred of late. For various reasons I have thought it best to watch the development of this case without making any direct allusion to it. The matter has now developed to the point of the man being tried by Court-martial. It may be as well, therefore, that I should advise all parties concerned that a very serious responsibility will rest on this Court, and, as Bodmin is a long way off, I shall be obliged to any one on the spot who will furnish me with particulars of the proceedings.

As Lieutenant-Colonel Bally has not thought fit to contradict the statement that he had forbidden TRUTH to be taken by the Sergeants of the Royal Artillery at Gibraltar, I must reluctantly conclude that the allegation is correct, and this conclusion is supported by further information received since my last remarks on the subject. The Service journal which makes it its business to defend official idiotcy and tyranny in all shapes, pretended the other day that the Colonel must be actuated by regard for the finances of the Sergeants' Mess. We have heard this story before. This alleged anxiety of the C.O. lest his Sergeants should collectively spend 6d. a week more than they can afford, may be very touching to some beholders, though to me (as probably to the N.C.O.'s concerned) it merely wears the aspect of a piece of grandmotherly impertinence. But, unfortunately, the whole

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suggestion is a beautiful myth. The funds of the Mess in question at present show a credit balance of over £20—which is more than enough to provide TRUTH for the next fifteen years. The only explanation available, therefore, is that the C.O. does not approve of TRUTH himself, and consequently uses his authority to prevent his men reading the paper. Of the propriety of such a proceeding there can only be one opinion.

Whoever the next Governor of Gibraltar may be, he will do well to look into the management of the Military Hospital at that station. He will find, I believe, that it is no uncommon thing for the doctors doing duty there to have their prescriptions returned because the necessary ingredients are not in the dispensary, and that, owing to this dearth of drugs, patients have occasionally been treated for a week or ten days at a time with drugs which bear no known relation to their complaints.

The most practical criticism which I have heard upon the *Victoria* disaster was made to me by a yachtsman. This accident, he said, occurred in the course of fleet manœuvres, and our fleets are incessantly engaged in such manœuvres, all of them being designed with an eye to a ever contest between fleets on the open seas. Now, it is extremely doubtful whether, in the event of war, fleet will meet fleet in the open sea. On the other hand, it is morally certain that the first and supreme duty of our fleet in war will be the protection of our long lines of commerce, and that under conditions which will be absolutely new since the last naval war. No manœuvres with this end in view have ever been undertaken; the question has hardly been discussed, although the greatest difference of opinion exists among naval officers as to how the duty should be carried out. Lord Charles Beresford seems to have taken up his parable in very much the same tune to the London Chamber of Commerce last week.

In view of the loss of the *Victoria* and the marriage of our "Sailor Prince," a Naval Lieutenant writes to me to suggest that at this juncture something ought to be done for the Navy. He further expresses the belief that Naval Lieutenants have as good a claim to have something done for them as any other branch of the Service. In both these views I entirely concur. From all that I have ever heard, I should say that no man holding a commission, and not having influence, has a harder time of it for the present, and a more unpromising outlook for the future, than a Lieutenant in the Navy.

There is, however, one class of Naval Officers, who, so far as the loss of the *Victoria* is concerned, seem to me to have even a stronger claim to sympathy at this particular moment than the Lieutenants. I refer to the Engineers. In continuation of what has been previously said in TRUTH respecting the block of promotion in this branch, I find that last month's Navy List shows in all thirty-four Engineers employed "in lieu of Chief Engineers." Everybody knows that for ordinary everyday work, the Engineer is now as important as any executive officer on board a ship. The *Victoria* disaster brings home to the public the further fact that in a moment of peril, the position of the occupants of the engine-room is the most hopeless and terrible of any on board. Escape for them is impossible, and death comes to them in a form almost too horrible to be thought of. The career of a Naval Engineer ought to be the most lucrative and attractive in the Service; and if, as seems to be generally understood in the Navy, one of the present Sea Lords is the most stubborn obstacle to any improvement in the Engineers' lot, it is the imperative duty of the rest of "my Lords" to sit on this obstructionist's head, and put matters right while he remains in that position.

On behalf of Mr. C. A. Swift, of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, I have received a letter absolutely denying that he used at Launceston the words in reference to the loss of H.M.S. *Victoria*, quoted in last week's TRUTH. Mr. Swift was never on board the *Victoria*, and denies that he ever said he was. The quotation which I published was taken from a report of the proceedings in the *Cornish and Devon Post and East Cornwall Times*, and Mr. Swift will do well to obtain from the editor of that paper an explanation as to how the words in question came to be put into his mouth.

In reference to the case of Mr. Hogan, of Auckland, a medical gentleman, formerly a Surgeon Superintendent in the Emigration Service, sends me a voluntary testimonial in support of what was said in TRUTH of July 6. Without any support of this character, however, the facts of Mr. Hogan's case ought to ensure him some consideration. It will be remembered that Mr. Hogan, after having gained a commission by his distinguished services in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, and being now in straitened circumstances, is pronounced ineligible for a special pension *because* he held this same commission when he retired. Rarely has red tape involved itself in a more grotesquely unjust argument.

I have received from Roumania a curious narrative illustrating the efficiency of the British Consular and Diplomatic service, and its value to British traders in that country. The writer represented under power of attorney a firm with headquarters in London, and for the purpose of certain legal proceedings it was necessary that he should have the attestation of the signatures to the power of attorney officially translated into Roumanian and certified by the British Consul at Bucharest. On application at the Consulate, an old man, about eighty years of age, was found in charge, who could understand nothing; and on renewed application the next day, the whole establishment was found to have disappeared, and no one in Bucharest knew where the Minister or the Consul was to be found. The story of how the merchant hunted up the British Minister, how he further went in pursuit of the Consul, the difficulties and delays which ensued, and the outrageous fees charged him, occupy eight MS. folios. I am sincerely sorry that I cannot find room to publish them, for the British taxpayer ought to know what sort of results there are to show for his extravagant expenditure on these establishments.

The other day I had a conversation with a chemist who had just previously been detected by an emissary of Somerset House in selling a taxable medicine without a stamp. His detection was in this wise.—Just before closing time a working-man entered the shop and asked for something for his "missus," who was "terrible bad" with rheumatism. "I can't afford more than a shilling," said the proletarian; "have you got anything made up?" An assistant was behind the counter. He did not know that he had anything made up. "What's this?" asked the customer, pointing to a bottle which he had discovered in a glass-case, "won't that do?" The assistant did not know much about it, but thought the mixture might do, and it was bought and sold accordingly. The "working-man" was an emissary of Somerset House, and the next day the assistant's master learned that he had incurred penalties to the amount of about £50 for omitting the three-halfpenny stamp.

Not long since I published a chemist's complaint on this same subject. As the chemist charges the customer with the stamp, he has no reason for not stamping his wares, beyond the desire not to put the price up unnecessarily. But for his own sake he does not want to put stamps on bottles which he is not likely to sell. Now, in this particular case, and I can understand that it is a common one, the chemist happened to have one or two bottles of the particular specific made up, but had no demand for it, and, consequently, had not put stamps on them. Had he sold the stuff himself he would in all probability have remembered the necessity of putting on the stamp. The assistant never gave the matter a thought. The ground for complaint is that the Inland Revenue authorities should lay themselves out to catch tradesmen off their guard. The whole circumstances of the above case point to the laying of a trap; in fact, it is no better than a case of *agent provocateur*. And this system appears to be habitually employed. A spy makes it his business to look out in chemists' windows or in show cases for some dutiable article without a stamp. He then enters the shop under a disguise and endeavours to purchase the article, selecting a time when the master is out of the way, and when the shopman is not likely to be on the alert. Having secured his prey, he is rewarded by a percentage of the penalty exacted. This is a most detestable system of harrying tradesmen, and ought to be stopped.

I would go further, and abolish the tax on proprietary medicines altogether. It is not worth much from a financial point of view, and there are objections to it both in principle and practice. Apart from the economic objections, it conveys to the ignorant an idea that the articles bearing a stamp are in some way guaranteed or approved by Government, than which nothing can be more mischievous; for many of the compounds thus protected are of a baneful nature, while some are little better than deadly poison. I recommend the tax for repeal in the democratic Budget which we are promised for next year; but, if it cannot be repealed, at least let it be levied with some regard for justice and fairplay. It is not a tax on the vendor, but a tax on the consumer, and the vendor ought not to be punished unless he is guilty of deliberately and systematically assisting the consumer to cheat the revenue.

Some time ago I mentioned that there have been disturbances at Sunningdale in consequence of the Countess de Morella having closed a footpath which has always been open to the public and which gives a valuable right of way, for it affords access to several other important paths, and was described the other day as "the key to the beauties of the neighbourhood." The Countess de Morella is taking proceedings in the Court of Chancery in order to close the path, so a largely-attended public meeting has been held at Sunningdale, which was attended by Sir Joseph Savory, M.P., and Sir William Farmer, at which it was resolved to raise funds for the purpose of properly defending the rights of the public. These attempts to close pathways are decidedly unseasonable at the present time, when the public are resolved not to submit to such unwarrantable interferences with their rights.

The allusion in last week's TRUTH to the attempted enclosure of the summit of the Wyndcliff at Chepstow was followed within a couple of days by an announcement, in two of the local papers, that the palisade had been put up under a misapprehension, the intention having been to place an iron railing for safety on the low wall at the edge of the cliff. This explanation is one of those stories which are supposed to be specially adapted to the intelligence of the Marines. I take it that the "misapprehension," which caused a tall wooden palisade to be erected at one part of the summit, instead of an iron railing at another, was a misapprehension as to the extent to which the public would submit to have their rights filched without making an outcry.

An American reader sends me the *New York World* with a view of letting me know that Mr. Harry Furniss has been airing a personal grievance against TRUTH in a letter which he contributes to my American contemporary. It seems that Mr. Furniss charges me first with publishing a statement "utterly without foundation," and, secondly, with "not having the pluck or fairness" to publish the letter of correction which Mr. Furniss himself wrote. If a charge of this sort had to be made it should have been published, as I think everybody will agree, where I and others concerned would have been likely to see it. As it is, there is no obligation on me or any one else concerned to notice it. But, for the information of my American readers, I prefer to give my view of the case. The matter concerned a golf club at Hastings. A tradesman complained that tradesmen, after having been invited to subscribe to the club, were given to understand

THE IMPERIAL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—CHAS. A. REINGPACH, Manager.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate-street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

that they would not be eligible for membership. Mr. Furniss denied that this was the case in a long and rambling document, mainly composed of facetious, but irrelevant, personalities at the expense of this paper and its Editor and correspondents. No Editor in London would have published such a letter addressed to himself. I stated all I was under any duty to state—namely, that Mr. Harry Furniss contradicted my original statement. I added what I had a perfect right to add, that I had no means of judging what Mr. Harry Furniss knew about the matter, and that I preferred the authority of my original informant. On the strength of this, Mr. Harry Furniss is now good enough to inform the American public that he has "tested the proprietor of Truth, and found him wanting." So be it.

A Word or Two in Season.

By an Old (Financial) Hand.

What! frightened again into purposeless panic?
Alarmed at a shadow that falls from afar?
Mere molehills enlarging to mountains Titanic—
O jobbers! O brokers! how silly you are!
Were the danger as great as you seem to be thinking,
Why, that were a reason for courage and nous,
And not for this cowardly shirking and shrinking,
This abject misgiving that's filling the House.
Do try to be men, and not nervous old fogeys,
By rumours dismayed and affrighted at bogeys.

You pose as the props of our system financial,
But rarely indeed do you show yourselves such;
For pillars, of course, should be stout and substantial,
Whilst, time after time, *you* collapse at a touch.
And just when your ranks should be closed up in battle,
To fight 'gainst ill-fortune, its jar and its jolt,
You wildly stampede, like much-terrified cattle,
You cry "*Sauve qui peut!*" and insensately bolt—
Increasing the ills you should try to alleviate,
And prolonging the panic you ought to abbreviate.

For, sad to relate, spite the many occasions
On which you have failed when a crisis has come;
The public, misled by your tricks and evasions,
Still follow your lead with a confidence dumb;
And deaf to the warnings which point out their error,
The pathway of panic dementedly tread,
Fall victims with you to unreasoning terror,
And help to make greater the ruin they dread;
Like those wise men of Gotham, immortal in fame,
Who to put out the fire took to fanning the flame.

When, when will investors, some prudence displaying,
Refuse to give way to such unfounded fear?
Capel Court, it is true, may with panic be swaying,
It doesn't, though, follow that chaos is near.
And the tidings that A, B, and C are defaulters,
Though affecting, no doubt, certain "corners" and "rings,"
In no way the march of the universe alters,
In no way disturbs the foundation of things;
Drapers' Gardens may shriek in a nightmare of fright,
But affairs, all the same, very soon will come right.

For shame, then, investors! do show some discretion,
Cry "Bo!" to the bogey Throgmorton Street dreads;
This is not a time for delight or depression,
'Tis a time when, 'bove all, you should keep level heads.
Stocks have fallen, I own, markets still may be flagging,
That there has been a slump I by no means contest,
But when, for small reasons, all prices are sagging,
Your course is a clear one—Go in and invest!
Speculators on all sides are desp'rately glum.
Very well, then, the time for investors has come!

Having business last week (as doubtless some of my readers have seen) in the Law Courts, I was privileged to witness the ceremony of calling the new Queen's Counsel within the Bar. After a whisper from the usher to the Judge, a party of middle-aged gentlemen, arrayed in full-bottomed wigs, knee-breeches, and silk hose, suddenly marched into Court. One by one they were invited by the Judge to take their seats within the Bar. One by one, as they did so, they bobbed to the Judge, who bobbed back; bobbed to their brother Q.C.'s, who bobbed back; and bobbed to the Junior Bar, who bobbed back. The Judge then inquired of each whether he "moved," which led to more bobbing. Then the whole party moved literally, marching off in procession to repeat the performance before the rest of the Judges.

My little interview with Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg before Mr. Justice Hawkins being for the most part a somewhat heavy performance, all parties were, I think, gratified by this interlude. I cannot help admiring the wisdom of our ancestors which devised this humorous mode of enlivening the proceedings of the Courts, but still more do I admire the solemnity of the assembled lawyers, who succeeded in preserving their gravity throughout the whole function. The self-command of a haruspice was nothing to this.

As is usually the case, several of the new Q.C's are gentlemen who apparently hope to win as leaders that fame and fortune which they failed to conquer as juniors. A few of them, however, are really successful lawyers. Conspicuous among these are Mr. Blake Odgers, who has long been regarded as a leading authority on the law of libel and slander; Mr. Swinfen Eady, a very prosperous Chancery man; and Mr. Oswald, who has the reputation of being the "hardest fighter" at the Bar. Various stories illustrative of the persistency of the last-mentioned have recently appeared in the papers, but I have not seen the following, which is, perhaps, the best:—Mr. Oswald was arguing a case in the Court of Appeal at great length. Already the Court had intimated pretty clearly that it had heard enough, but Mr. Oswald had treated these intimations in his usual manner, and went on raising point after point. "Really," at last one of the Lord Justices remonstrated, "really, Mr. Oswald, if you intended to rely on these points you should have raised them in the Court below." "So I did, my lord," replied Mr. Oswald, "but their lordships stopped me." "They stopped you, did they?" inquired Lord Esher, eagerly. "How did they do it?"

It is understood that the Council of Judges are now considering whether it would not be expedient to abolish the Circuit system. If they do not hurry up their decision, it is just possible before their deliberations are over the Circuit system will abolish itself. The fact is, it is dying of inanition. Barristers tell me that the Bar is ceasing to go circuit because it can find nothing to do

The Burgundy of the season, Clos de la Grotte, vintage 1889 (Santenay), 21s. per dozen cash delivered. Sample Bottle, 2s. per post. A trial order will convince of its sterling quality and value. Arnold, Perrett, & Co., Ld., 7a, Lower Belgrave-street, S.W.

when it goes. All the old circumlocuting hands emphatically declare that the present Assizes are, from a lawyer's point of view, the very worst on record, and there seems no reason to doubt this opinion.

The scandal of the Noel case at Ramsgate shows one of the disadvantages of muzzling the Press pending legal proceedings. That comment tending to prejudice an issue under trial should be allowed without any restriction in newspapers is probably undesirable; but that the Press should be tied hand and foot at such times by the fear of an ill-defined and antiquated law cannot be to the public interest. The behaviour of the Ramsgate Bench in reference to the Noel case was a monumental exhibition of the incompetence of the Great Unpaid, fully deserving all that Mr. Justice Grantham said about it. Nothing would have given me more pleasure than to have expressed the opinion which I entertained of the whole proceedings. Other Editors probably entertained equally strong opinions, and a few words of criticism in the newspapers would, doubtless, have served to inspire the Ramsgate Solons with some glimmering of the laws of evidence and the requirements of common justice. But who will take the risk of saying a word, when, no matter how true or how necessary that word may be, the utterance may be treated as contempt of court, and visited with penalties which are absolutely at the discretion of the legal luminaries who feel themselves aggrieved?

I have a fellow feeling for a certain Mr. Whitwell, who made an application to Sir Richard Harrington last week in the bankruptcy of a gamekeeper named Crooks. Some time back Whitwell recovered £10 damages from Crooks on behalf of his son, who had been shot and very badly wounded by the keeper. Although the defendant was only ordered to pay by instalments, he has now taken refuge in bankruptcy, and the chance of young Whitwell ever getting anything out of him appears to be remote. Sir Richard Harrington, when the facts were laid before him, sympathetically promised that if an application were made at the right time he would consider the matter on the debtor's application for discharge; but, of course, he could not do anything more. Having had a good deal of experience in the same direction as Mr. Whitwell, I am inclined to think that there are many cases where a man who resorts to bankruptcy in order to escape from the consequences of a judgment against him might be very properly dealt with for contempt of Court.

A Canadian reader wishes me to find a place in the "Pillory" for a Toronto case. The extraordinary levity shown towards a Bank accountant, who had stolen twelve thousand dollars, is cited as proving that in the Dominion, as elsewhere, the law, "while prepared to jump with both feet on any poor beggar of a chicken-thief, is ready to condone the offences of the well-dressed rascal who has friends at Court." This, I have no doubt, is perfectly true. But will my colonial friends please note that the "Pillory" is not open to the whole British Empire? The judicial aberrations of the United Kingdom are more than enough to deal with here.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Amongst a number of extraordinary decisions that given by the Leominster Bench in a poaching case is, perhaps, the most indefensible. It appeared that one of the defendants was shot by a watcher, but it was affirmed that this was an accident, the gun having been fired only as an alarm, in accordance with a previous arrangement with the gamekeepers. For this or some other reason the solicitor for the prosecution urged the Bench to let the defendants off with a lenient punishment, and pointed out that under the Summary Jurisdiction Act a fine could be imposed. The defendants all bore good characters, but, in spite of this fact and of the very unusual appeal made by the prosecution, Colonel Prescott Decie and his colleagues insisted upon sending the men to gaol for a month each. "They would not be doing their duty," said the Chairman, "unless they took advantage of the power contained in the statute, and sentenced the defendants to a term of imprisonment without the option of a fine." Rarely have I seen a more shocking example of the relentless severity with which the Game Laws are enforced:—

Liverpool County Sessions. Before Mr. Hugh Perkins and other Magistrates. John Costa, charged with unlawfully wounding Daniel Gilroy. Bound over.

Penarth Police-court. Before Mr. T. R. Thompson and Mr. Llewellin Wood. Charles Preece, convicted of assaulting his wife. Mr. Wood said the Bench were agreed as to the cowardly and brutal conduct of the defendant, who had grossly assaulted his wife. Fined £2, or one month.

Leicester County Public Office. Before Mr. E. R. Norman, Dr. Emms, Mr. W. Kempson, Colonel Bellairs, and Mr. J. T. Pilgrim. Edward Parkinson, charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal, which was attached to a heavy load of timber, was lame, its back was a mass of sores, one foot, from which matter exuded, was covered with a piece of leather, and the crupper was buried nearly half an inch in the tail. Defendant was seen beating the horse. Fined 20s. and costs.

Sheffield Police-court. Herbert Bouldring, charged with assaulting a woman who had given evidence as to his ill-treatment of his children. He struck and kicked the complainant, who was near her confinement; and whose injuries were so serious that her depositions were taken. Fined £5.

Stockton County Police-court. Elizabeth Sheridan, a middle-aged woman, charged with assaulting a boy. She struck him on the forehead with a poker. A doctor said it was a serious case. Fined 5s. and costs.

Barnsley Police-court. Before Messrs. F. H. Taylor and H. Pigott. William Oates, butcher, convicted of a disgraceful assault on a little girl eight years of age. Fined £5 and costs.

Liverpool County Sessions. Before the same Bench. Thomas Richards, charged with stealing ½ lb. of sweets and tenpence. Six months.

Penarth Police-court. Before the same Bench. George Smith and William Barnett, charged with night poaching on land belonging to Lord Bute. Fourteen days each.

Leicester County Public Office. Before the same Bench. John Hulbert and William Wright, charged with damaging a wire fence to the extent of 1s. by climbing over it. Ordered to pay 16s. 6d. each.

Thomas Horman, charged with coming from land and having snares in his possession. Fined 10s. and 12s. 6d. costs.

Salford Borough Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. J. M. Yates, Q.C., Recorder. Adelaide Platt pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of trousers. Three years.

Henry Berry (65) pleaded guilty to having attempted to commit suicide. One month.

Maidenhead Police-court. Before Messrs. C. W. Cox, J. Budgen, H. R. Burrows, and J. Truscott. William Sellers, charged with stealing two pecks of oats. Fined £5 or one month.

Rotherham Police-court. Before Alderman Neill and Mr. G. Eskholme. John Finn, charged with damaging a window at the workhouse. One month.

PFUNGST FRÈRES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Nelson Police-court. James Burke, charged with committing a breach of the peace by kicking his wife and causing a crowd to assemble. Ordered to pay the costs, and bound over.

Wigan Police-court. Before Messrs. T. Wall and J. M'Clure. Patrick Higgins, charged with assaulting his wife by kicking her. He also threatened her with a knife and poker, assaulted her again when a policeman arrived, and swore he would make a "Greenough-street murder." Fined 20s. and costs.

Middlesbrough Police-court. George Bone, cab driver, charged with furious driving and with being drunk. Four passengers in the cab were injured. One came to Court with his arm in a sling, another was on crutches, and a third was confined to her bed, suffering from the shock. Fined 40s., including costs.

Abingdon Borough Petty Sessions. Before the Mayor and Deputy Mayor. Caleb John Steane and Agnes Steane, charged with assaulting Alfred Steane, aged 11. The evidence showed that the boy was constantly ill-treated, and on one occasion his legs and arms were tied, and his father thrashed him for an hour and a half. The case against the woman was dismissed. The man was fined £1 and costs.

Airdrie J.P. Court. Before Major Neilson and Mr. George Findlay. John Gillon, convicted of assaulting his wife by knocking her down, striking her with his fists, and kicking her repeatedly. Fined 40s., or twenty days.

Chester County Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Trelawny, B. C. Roberts, and J. Grace. A number of cab drivers charged with cruelty by over-working and ill-treating horses during the Royal Show week. A witness said the over-working was shameful, and four or five horses died from it. In each case fines were inflicted.

Widnes Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Birchall and H. Gaskell, jun. Two men, named Hagan and Lea, convicted of sleeping out. Fourteen days each.

Farringdon Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. J. Butler and E. Hanbury, and the Hon. D. P. Bouverie. David Whiting and Joseph Price, charged with trespassing in search of game. In default of paying fines, Whiting was committed for fourteen days; Price for seven.

Leominster County Police-court. Before Colonel Prescott Decie, Mr. A. Benn, and Mr. T. B. Stallard. Edward and Richard Brown and William Jackson, charged on the information of Captain Parkinson's gamekeeper with night poaching. The circumstances are stated above. One month each.

Southampton County Police-court. Before Admiral T. H. M. Martin and Mr. H. H. Culme-Seymour. John Goodwin, charged with lodging in the open air and being without visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Hamilton. Before Sheriff Davidson. Alexander Eadie, Robert Wilson, and John McGuffan, charged with poaching. Thirty days each.

Chester City Police-court. Before Mr. C. Brown and Mr. L. Gilbert. Frank Johnstone pleaded guilty to stealing a coat from a shop-door. Fourteen days.

Stranraer Burgh-court. Before Bailie Logan. John M'Dowall, Whithorn, convicted of having in his possession 147 lb. of pork unfit for human food, which he had consigned to an auction-mart for sale. Fined 30s. and expenses.

Aldershot Petty Sessions. Before Mr. F. H. Fitzroy, Colonel Birch, and other Magistrates. George Hicks, a lad, charged with stealing a pair of trousers. Twenty-one days.

I have always contended that it is a monstrous thing that, while gipsies and other "fortune-tellers" are hunted down and imprisoned for cheating servant-girls of sixpences, the aristocracy of the same trade, who profess the subtle craft of palmistry, should be left undisturbed. I am therefore glad to see that a lady palmist at Darlington has been convicted and fined for endeavouring "to deceive and impose on certain of her Majesty's subjects." Palmistry has, I fear, rather gone out of fashion during the last year or two, but if there are still any prophetesses at the West-end reading palms at their "chambers" for guinea fees, or driving about in broughams to call on their clients, I hope the London police will imitate the vigilance of their Sunderland brethren. The question whether any professors of these black arts—big or small—ought to be treated as criminals, is a different matter. "Caveat emptor" is a common-sense rule. In these days of free education and popular science, if anybody thinks it worth while to pay a shilling or a pound to have the future read from the wrinkles in his hand, or the bumps on his head, I hardly see why anybody else should not be allowed to earn that shilling or pound by gratifying his desire.

And while the Police are looking up fortune-tellers, I recommend the following card that has been sent me to their consideration:—

J. H. Evans,
146, Maygrove-road, N.W.

Teacher of the New Spiritualism, the greatest discovery of modern times, bringing oral messages from a Spirit to suitable persons. Incredible!

It is nevertheless true.

On the "sleeping-out" question, a Lincolnshire farmer writes:—

It is utterly impossible for a farmer to lock up all his out buildings. Half of them are open sheds, and besides, tramps are quite as likely to make a bed in a corner of a straw-stack as in a shed. Our farm is in Lincolnshire, mid-way between two seaports, and we have our fair share of tramps. It is a part of the foreman's business to go round the last thing at night and see all safe. If a tramp is found—well, he has to shift, or stand the chance of being handed over to the police. But, on the other hand, had the same tramp gone openly to the foreman or come to the house to ask for a night's shake-down, he would then have had to give up his pipe, tobacco, and matches, and would then have been allowed to sleep in the chaff-house, and, if the night were cold, would probably get a sack or two, or an old rug to cover him, and, not unlikely, a good drink of milk. There is not a farmer I know that would not give a man shelter, but neither is there one who would allow one to sleep on his premises without leave.

These sentiments are highly creditable to the writer, and to the Northern Farmer (new style) generally. But in the South we are, I fear, less hospitable. For the rest, no one suggests that a farmer or any one else should be expected to let a man sleep on his premises without leave. But a good many people (of whom I am one) protest against the man who so sleeps being treated as a criminal, and punished with several weeks' or months' hard labour. The only valid argument for punishing him at all is the fear of fire. I would not object to a reasonable punishment, when a tramp is proved to have matches in his possession, and to have entered a building of an inflammable character. But in half the sleeping-out cases nothing of the kind is proved. Many a tramp is imprisoned for sleeping under a hedge, and I have pilloried a case where a man was so dealt with for making his bed in a pig-stye.

It is a long time since I read such disgraceful disclosures in connection with a London hospital as those made at an inquest on Thursday. On Monday week a painter named Smith met with a scaffold accident, falling on his head from a height of 15 ft. He was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where, after half an hour's waiting, the wounds on his head were stitched up. By direction of Dr. Purvis, senior house surgeon, Smith was removed from the hospital at 11 p.m., being partly dragged and partly carried to a cab—one witness said

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

Fire Protection of Mansions.—Water Supply to Mansions and all Buildings. Practical pamphlets and designs, free, of Merryweathers', 63, Long-acre, London.

"frog-marched." Next day the injured man was admitted to Chelsea Infirmary, where he died. It was then discovered that besides the scalp wounds deceased had six ribs fractured, and that his body was covered with bruises.

The St. Thomas's people sought to exonerate themselves by asserting that Smith "smelt of drink," and that he used bad language. The jury, however, estimated this very feeble excuse at its proper value, and found that death was accelerated by Dr. Purvis having ordered Smith to be removed from the hospital in an unconscious state. They further expressed the opinion that greater care should have been taken in the medical examination of the man, and also in his removal. The scandal ought also to receive the serious consideration of the St. Thomas's authorities. If the treatment accorded to Smith is in any way typical of what happens to similar patients, radical reforms are needed in this institution.

A Water Company case which beats anything yet seen, even in London, was heard last week at Camborne. In consequence of the drought, a Mrs. Sims was out of water, and she applied for water to Mrs. Higgins, a customer of the Camborne Water Company. Mrs. Higgins allowed her to draw a pitcherful. For this both Sims and Higgins were prosecuted by the Company, although they were both poor and perfectly respectable women—one with a sick husband and a family of children dependent upon her. Both were fined 2s. 6d., the Bench kindly remarking that they did not think either of them had acted with a bad intention. "Intentions," however, have no place in the law which modern Parliaments have made for the benefit of our Water Companies. The Christian who acts up to the Gospel precept in these days by giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, must first ascertain that he is giving to a customer of the Company, or else, Christian or not, he will find that he is a criminal.

The Lewisham Guardians, whose proceedings have at one time and another monopolised so large a space in these columns, last week committed themselves to a stupid and childish refusal to let the Press reporters see one of the official books, containing a recent report of a Local Government Board Inspector. It need scarcely be said that the report in question contained some damaging criticism of sundry points of workhouse administration, to which criticism, very naturally, the Guardians took exception. As the book containing the report had always up to this point been placed in the reporters' hands, the action of the Board was the more indefensible. There can be no conceivable excuse for the perpetual attempts of Boards of Guardians to shroud their official proceedings from the ratepayers; and it seems high time that the Local Government Board made rules to ensure that proper publicity is given to all matters in relation to the Guardians and their doings which the public has a right to know.

I would again warn the charitably disposed against the appeals of Sir Charles Algernon Coote, Bart., who indites begging letters from 15, Summer Hill parade, Dublin. One of his letters was published in TRUTH a few weeks back, and since then several have reached me, and there can be no doubt that this ornament of the Baronetage—who must not be confounded with Sir Charles Henry Coote, of Ballyfin—has been for a long time past largely driving a busy trade as a professional begging-letter writer. The most extraordinary thing about it is that the mendicant baronet should be able to use the names of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Earl of Dartrey, and other more or less distinguished persons as having testified their sympathy with him by responding to his appeals.

The wife of a Vicar at Northampton recently advertised for a "lady nurse" in the *Daily Telegraph*, and the place was almost immediately filled. Since then she has received a number of letters from aspirants, beginning "Madame ——" (naming the head of some Servants' Registration Office) "has given me your address." It would seem, therefore, that these Registration Offices simply look up advertisements, and give the names of advertisers to those who apply to them to procure situations. I presume that a fee is charged for this. If so, it is a swindle, for as in this Northampton case, the situation may have already been filled up. I should, therefore, advise any person wanting a situation to invest in the purchase of some newspaper containing advertisements of "Wanteds." This will cost 1d., whereas the fee to the Servants' Registration Office will be much more.

During the last week I have been inundated with turf touts' circulars, sent on to me by readers in different parts of the country. Anxious as I am to oblige everybody, I have so many more important matters on hand at this moment, that I really cannot find time to attend to these gentry. Besides, they are all of them obviously designed solely to entrap those who are both gamblers and fools; and to warn my readers against them would, therefore, imply that my readers are both gamblers and fools, which is absurd.

As Mr. Edward Shuckburgh, the Bristol money-lender, is still circulating the sheet of testimonials to his virtues from clergymen and doctors which was the subject of recent reference in TRUTH, inquiries have been addressed to me as to how matters stand between Mr. Shuckburgh and myself. They stand thus:—On May 25 I made a comment on Shuckburgh's circular, in which, among other things, the testimonials in question were described as "pretended testimonials." After an interval of eighteen days, a solicitor, named Cumberland, wrote to me on Shuckburgh's behalf that my statement was "absolutely untrue." He also called on me to apologise for it, under threat of very unpleasant consequences. Not being in any way impressed by this threat, I took no notice of the demand for an apology; but on June 15 I referred to the letter, and stated that if Mr. Cumberland would give me his personal assurance, as a professional

FASHIONABLE STATIONERY.—Invitations for Weddings, Dinners, Dances; Ball Programmes, Menus, Visiting Cards, &c.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-street, London. Patterns free.

FIELALBO.—Cleans buff gloves, belts, liveries, girths, shoes, &c. Perfectly white. Guaranteed not to rub off. Supersedes pipeclay. —FIELALBO CO., 31, Francis-street, Woolwich. Sample free.

man, that the testimonials were genuine, I would publish a statement to that effect. From that day to this I have heard nothing more from Mr. Cumberland or Mr. Shuckburgh. And that is how matters stand.

I may add, however, that if Mr. Shuckburgh, or his solicitor, are prepared to answer my interrogatories—or, still better, favour me with the name of the Northumberland Vicar who is alleged to have written the first testimonial in the batch, and who authorises Shuckburgh to refer any gentlemen to him—now is the time. Mr. Shuckburgh is still sending out his circulars. Those whom he thus addresses evidently feel a little doubtful about the authenticity of the testimonials. They are writing to me for advice. What could be more advantageous for Shuckburgh than that he should at this juncture avail himself of my liberal offer to certify the genuineness of his valuable documents?

Thanks to Governor Wade of Colorado, we have the *reductio ad absurdum* of bimetallism. His Excellency declared that it is "better that blood should flow bridle-high than that the national liberties as to the free coinage of silver should be destroyed." This, translated into plain English, means that Colorado produces silver, and that the United States Treasury must, therefore, buy it at a fictitious price, in order that a market may be found for it. I have always believed that at the bottom of bimetallism is a ring on the part of those engaged in silver-mining. "Buy my silver or your life" denotes the last despairing struggle of the ring.

Naturally Colorado would like to be able to convert its product into legal-tender money. But that the United States should consent to keep going an industry, limited to a few States, which utterly disorganises the currency of the entire country, is to suppose that the Americans are much greater fools than I take them to be.

The letters of the *Times* correspondent in Uganda throw an interesting light upon the action of the East Africa Company in that country, and show that I certainly never exaggerated these high-handed doings. The correspondent holds that, in the main, the Catholic Missionaries were in the right in their dispute with the Protestant Missionaries and Captain Lugard, the fact being that the latter Missionaries may be very estimable men, but not necessarily wise ones. The Waganda—the inhabitants of Uganda—are described as men not without intelligence, but proud, and thoroughly averse to a European domination. Altogether we, it would seem from the letters of this apparently impartial gentleman, have got into a hornets' nest, and our contribution to civilisation has as yet been limited to giving Protestants Snider rifles, with which they shot those who are not Protestants; to slaying numbers of the inhabitants with a Maxim gun, because they fled with their King rather than wait to be killed by the Snider-armed Protestants; to having introduced into the country a lot of Soudanese ruffians who are living by pillage; to having divided Uganda into Protestant and Catholic spheres, to the discontent of both Catholics and Protestants; and to having frightened all neighbouring potentates by the threat of laying hold of their dominions. The only excuse for this is, says the correspondent, that the climate has a trying effect on the nerves of Europeans. Mr. Squeers might with equal force have pleaded that keeping a school had a trying effect upon his nerves.

I should be glad were we to withdraw bag and baggage. But, if this is impossible, I do sincerely hope that we shall not make ourselves directly liable for good order in Uganda. The cost will be enormous, the profit *nil*. At most we ought to bring the country into some sort of relation with Zanzibar, and, so far as we possibly can, to assume no further responsibilities.

A gentleman who lays claim to special knowledge of the manners and customs of the natives of Africa tells me that the recent raid of Matabele warriors upon the Mashonas in the neighbourhood of Fort Victoria may be taken as a sure portent of trouble for the European settlers in that corner of the world. History shows clearly, according to this authority, that every trouble which has arisen between the Zulus and the Europeans has begun in raids by chiefs who have remained independent, for the purpose of recovering cattle or slaves alleged to have been stolen by tribes that have submitted to Europeans. Whether my informant is further right in his view that an understanding may possibly exist between Lobengula and Gungunhana, and that an attack by the Matabeles on the Chartered Company would be furtively supported by the Boers, and be regarded with sympathy by the Africander element in Cape Colony, I cannot say. But I can certainly say that any effort of "Lo Ben" to assert himself would be viewed with sympathy by me personally, and I have always expected that he would some day take steps in that direction.

"Were I to die on the banks of the Ganges," said Voltaire, "it would be with a cow's tail in my mouth;" by which he meant to say that any one is a fool who sets himself against the ordinary conventionalities of the place in which he resides. Some countries have a Republican form of Government, some a Monarchical form. Here we have the latter, but the Monarch reigns and does not govern. The Throne, consequently, is more of an emblem than a political reality. It is like the flag. What will be the form of government in these Isles fifty years hence, I do not know, and, as it does not concern me, I do not particularly care. A Radical whose lot is cast in the present period of our development should take heed that the Monarch does not rule as well as reign, and that the cost of the Monarchy be not excessive.

The main reason why some would prefer a Republic is that Monarchy, with its mediæval tomfooleries and genuflexions, tends to foster that spirit of flunkeyism which unfortunately is very rife amongst us; and to promote the notion that a herd of people with titles are, in some

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

SPA, BELGIUM (10 hours from London and Paris.) Racing, tennis, golf, pigeon-shooting, &c. Splendid Casino, with theatre, &c. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia and dyspepsia.

mysterious way, superior to those without those appendages to their names. A Baronet is, to my thinking, a greater absurdity than a Sovereign. For the latter, when the office is a non-political one, as with us, there are arguments to be urged; for a Baronet there are none. It is the custom for the House of Commons to offer its congratulations to the Throne when an heir in direct line to it marries. To object to this is silly—as silly as it would be to object to the mace in the House of Commons being moved whenever the House goes into Committee.

Mr. W. Redmond's contention, that the late Royal marriage ought to have been celebrated by granting a pardon for those imprisoned for offences connected with dynamite, hardly holds water. Either these men ought to remain in prison or they ought not, and the fact of a Royal marriage does not affect the issue. Still more illogical was Mr. Keir Hardie's speech. His objection was that the formal motion of congratulation was a waste of time. I hardly, however, see how he thought that a speech against the motion would reduce the time spent on it. The speeches of Mr. Gladstone and of Mr. Balfour were, perhaps, a little florid, but on the occasion of a wedding this was allowable. A bride is always the fairest of her sex, a bridegroom the most chivalrous of his sex, and bridesmaids a galaxy of roses, just as when a Lord Mayor's health is proposed he is described as the man who is the most fitted for the post that he occupies.

Last week it was decided that the Irish should continue to sit in Parliament for all purposes after Home Rule had become law, and Dr. Wallace read out various extracts from TRUTH in order to show that in assenting to this I was inconsistent. Quite the reverse. I have always been for exclusion. But when I found that, if exclusion were carried by the aid of Unionist votes, a considerable number of Liberals were so pledged against it that they would have to vote against the Third Reading of the Bill, I recognised that it was impossible to pass the Bill with exclusion. Moreover, as the Bill only gave the Irish control over police, land, and taxation after a term of years, it was obvious that exclusion could not take place until after that period had elapsed.

The issue that remained was full retention or partial retention. I hoped that a scheme might be elaborated which would render the latter workable. Mr. Gladstone tried his hand, and admitted that the scheme that he submitted was not workable. In this I respectfully agreed, and I certainly could not devise any other scheme that would be workable. The difficulty was this: Partial retention involved two majorities in the House of Commons possibly antagonistic. The Cabinet is now the Executive Committee of the majority. There could not be two majorities unless there were two Ministries, and this was not contemplated. The consequence, therefore, of partial retention would have been, that the Cabinet would have held office by the initiative of the Crown, and the House of Commons would have lost all real control over the Executive. Dr. Wallace admitted this and approved. I did not, and therefore I sacrificed an ideal perfection of detail, because it involved the far more important disadvantage of utterly destroying all control of Parliament over the composition and duration of Ministries, thus increasing the power of the Crown at the cost of the power of the people.

When Dr. Wallace read an extract from TRUTH, in which it was said that, if we allowed the Irish to continue to have a voice in our local affairs, after permitting them to manage their own, we should seriously compromise our success at the next General Election, this was loudly cheered by the Unionists. In this I have nothing to retract. I believe that our success would have been more assured had we agreed to absolute exclusion. But, as I have said, we could not do this, owing to the pledges given by many Liberals to their constituents, and to the Bill only giving for a term of years partial Home Rule.

But does not the accusation of inconsistency come with scant grace from the Unionists? They are counting on the country having a very short memory. In Mr. Gladstone's first Bill he proposed exclusion. This was the main plea of the Unionists, and especially of the Liberal Unionists, for their opposition to the Bill. It meant, we were told, absolute independence of Ireland, and the disintegration of the Empire. But no sooner had Mr. Gladstone proposed retention in his second Bill, than these same Unionists declared that it was a monstrous suggestion, and they all voted for that very exclusion against which, when first proposed, they had fulminated.

Even this, however, does not fill the measure of their inconsistency. Having always complained that Ireland is too fully represented in the Imperial Parliament, they voted against the proposal to reduce the Irish representation to 80 members. It is true that they assert that this was not in their minds. We must, however, judge men by their acts, not by what they say is in their minds. The reduction of numbers was set forth in a sub-section. The question put was whether this sub-section should be left out. "You are," said the Chairman when appealed to, "voting between 103 and 80," on which the Unionists voted for the sub-section being left out, which would have left things as they are—*i.e.*, the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament at 103. Minds, indeed! A donkey might as well have said that, when trotting along in the shafts with a cart behind him, he had it in his mind that this was the way to carry out the intention of not moving forward.

I never complain of the tactics of my opponents. I rejoice when they are bad. I am, therefore, far from complaining of the Unionists voting black one day and white the next. I cannot help, however, expressing the opinion, that it is the very climax of impudence for these most inconsistent of politicians to accuse the Liberals of inconsistency because, wishing Home Rule to pass, they subordinate all minor questions of detail to the paramount

LAW'S PEACH BITTERS with all wines and spirits. See opinion of Erasmus Wilson, C. Plowman, M.D., Dr. Roberts, Lady Constance Howard, &c.—110, Cheapside.

end in view. That the Unionists should be very angry because we decline to aid them in wrecking the Bill is, perhaps, natural; but it is equally natural that we should not lend a helping hand to them in their dirty work.

Without in any way wishing to quarrel with the bread and butter served out, I take the liberty to think that the provender would have been better, had the Home Rule butter been more thickly spread, and had the Irish been left for a few years to the sole task of digesting it. All that is involved in Home Rule I would have given at once. I would have relieved the Irish for a time of the necessity of attending the Imperial Parliament, in order that they might devote themselves to the task of getting their Government into running order, and I would have spent that period in pushing forward British reforms. This, I cannot help thinking, would have secured us a majority in the constituencies, whilst, as it is, the Unionists will make diligent use of the Irish remaining arbiters of our affairs, and of our being still saddled in Parliament with the obligation of looking after many of theirs. This Irish issue has been so long before the country, and it has been such an impediment to British reforms, that even many Unionists would have welcomed a scheme that had the merit of finality.

What is going on in Siam is interesting. There is a huge Peninsula. West is Burmah; east is Tonquin, Annam, and Lower Cochin China, and in the middle is Siam. We annexed Burmah. The French annexed Tonquin, Annam, and Lower Cochin China. The French now, on a question of frontier, have fallen out with the King of Siam, and the entire dominion of that potentate is to them as Naboth's vineyard was to Ahab. This we regard as most criminal, not because we have any particular affection for the Siamese, but because we hold that, having annexed Burmah, Siam becomes so far within our sphere of influence as to render it undesirable that it should fall into French hands.

This is probably true, and it will be well if Siam remains as a buffer State between us and the French in the far East. But I really cannot get up any indignation against the French; for if it is monstrous of them to want to absorb Siam, it was equally monstrous of us to absorb Burmah. As regards the entire Peninsula, we are both Ahabs, and our rival lust of what belongs to neither will possibly keep both of us out of Siam, to the great advantage of the Siamese.

Alike in Siam, in Newfoundland, and in Paris we suffer from the French feeling that we are improperly holding on in Egypt. We went there under the pledge to leave as soon as an Egyptian Administration could be established. We have done nothing to train the Egyptians in self government. We say that we remain there from a philanthropic desire to benefit the natives. But it is obvious that the one aspiration of the natives is that we should withdraw. Anywhere else we should term this patriotism, and a laudable love of independence. In Egypt we call it intrigue.

We remain because we think it to our own interests to do so. This I have always denied. Only bondholders and officials benefit by our remaining there. We sacrifice our good name, we are dragged into European complications, we put ourselves in the wrong with France, we are forced to take sides with the Triple Allies, and all this, far from being to our advantage, is the reverse. Suppose a war. Will any human being explain how we should gain by having a land force in Egypt? Without this land force we can close the Canal to our opponents, for we hold the outlet from the Red Sea. Our military authorities have again and again explained that this land force would be a serious encumbrance to us. If not vastly increased, it could not maintain itself against a hostile landing; if increased, we should denude of men either India, or England, or our garrisons abroad. I am, therefore, no sentimentalist in wishing to bring our occupation of Egypt to an end, and to secure its practical neutrality by a European concert. Admitting that the end justifies the means—that we have a right to violate our pledges, and to lay hands on any country that we desire, the most cynical of Jingoes must admit that it is foolish to do this, when, far from reaping any advantage from it, the course involves us only in risks and danger.

The two grounds on which, I presume, our occupation of Egypt would be justified, were the advocates of that occupation to be candid, are (1) that the southern frontier is exposed to an attack from the Soudanese, and it might be that Egypt, if left to itself, would be conquered by these Soudanese; (2) that we want to be in a position to hold the Canal in case of war—say with France and Russia—and thus to be able to throw into the Mediterranean our ships in the Indian Seas. As regards the first, it really is not our business to defend one portion of Africa against another; as regards the second, it seems to me a somewhat monstrous contention that we have any right to convert the Canal into a door that we can open or shut at our pleasure, considering that we neither made it, nor own the country through which it runs. Eventually I am certain that all the Powers will unite against such a pretension.

But there is another danger ahead. If, holding as we do the western entrance to the Mediterranean, we insist upon holding the eastern entrance in order to destroy the fleets of the Mediterranean Powers by bringing up our fleets from west and east, the French will counter us by making a ship canal connecting their Mediterranean and Atlantic shores. The project has often been suggested, and it is a mere question of expense, for there are no engineering difficulties. Most of the French army is recruited from peasants accustomed to manual labour, and for a few extra sous per diem the soldiers would be delighted to be employed in digging this canal. When made, it would practically more than double the naval force of France for purposes of attack and defence, and consequently be of far greater advantage to that country, than would the possession of the Suez Canal for military purposes be to us.

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SCRUTATOR.

PILLORY STOCK TAKING.

WEEK by week for the last sixteen months I have recorded some of the grotesque anomalies and hateful wrongs which disfigure the administration of the law in the criminal courts of the United Kingdom. The Pillory does not profess to be a complete catalogue of these sorry exhibitions. It gives only samples. Having regard to the patience of my readers and the exigencies of space, my chief difficulty as a rule is to keep the list within reasonable limits. That in its present form the Pillory has supplied a necessity I am convinced by the number of correspondents who bring erring functionaries to me with the request that they be forthwith nailed by the ear to the post. Perhaps a still better proof of the value of the work is afforded by the indignant remonstrances which reach me from Shallows who resent the public exposure of their fatuous blunders. It is a satisfaction to me to know that dread of such an exposure now exercises a most wholesome influence upon not a few of the Great Unpaid. I think, too, I may fairly claim that the startling inequalities of the sentences set forth in TRUTH week after week have done something at least to stimulate public feeling in favour of a more rational and uniform system of imposing punishment. In connection with the frequent discussions on this subject, it has been suggested that I should focus into one or two articles the more striking object-lessons in injustice hitherto presented by the Pillory.

With this purpose in view, I have had a careful analysis made of the whole of the cases dealt with in the Pillory since its commencement. The sum total of judicial harshness and stupidity thus brought to light is truly appalling. In the sixty-nine weeks over which the list extends no fewer than 1,985 cases have been reported, arising in upwards of 550 different courts. A vast majority of these cases have come from courts of summary jurisdiction, but a fair number have been furnished from Quarter Sessions and Scotch Sheriff Criminal Courts, and a sprinkling from Assizes. In the 1,985 cases there were 1,078 in which the punishment inflicted was more or less shamefully excessive; the other 907 were instances in which there was either a ridiculously inadequate penalty or no penalty at all. Looking into the details, I find that the relentless severity of the Bench has been mainly displayed in respect of 376 petty larcenies, 189 offences under the Poor Laws and Vagrancy Acts, 133 offences against the Game Laws, and 52 cases of damage to property. On the other hand, Magistrates and Judges have had their compassion excited to a surprising degree in favour of 354 persons convicted for assaults upon women, 131 for assaults upon men, 129 for cruelty to children, 42 for indecent assaults, and 118 for ill-treatment of animals. Many Benches have repeatedly figured in the list, whilst others have only been held up to reprobation for an occasional deviation from the path of justice. To the Magistrates who sit at Barnsley belongs the discredit of being the most constantly pilloried Bench in the whole country. These muddy-minded gentry have stood forth for thirty out of sixty-nine weeks. Close competitors with them for this unenviable distinction are the Wolverhampton J.P.'s, who have made twenty six appearances. Of the other places which have been represented in the "Pillory" the most familiar have been Bristol, Bradford, Birmingham, and Manchester amongst the important centres; Yarmouth, Southampton, Worcester, Stockport, Preston, and Chester; Dudley, Willenhall, Tipton, and other Black Country Courts; and, in Scotland, Kilmarnock, Dundee, Aberdeen, Paisley, and Glasgow.

One of the most sickening features in the whole record is the indirect encouragement which seems to be given to brutal attacks upon women, especially where the parties stand in the relationship of husband and wife. So long as wife-beating is made such a cheap pastime it is bound to be popular with the Yahoos of this Christian land. And what a very inexpensive sport it is may be gathered from a couple of cases, taken at random from hundreds in the "Pillory." A man at Wigan seized his wife by the throat, struck her in the face with such force that he dislocated her jaw, and then proceeded to kick her. For this shocking outrage he was amerced in the modest sum of half-a-sovereign. If he read a case which occurred at Barnsley about the same time, the Wigan gentleman probably thought he had been charged too much. Prices rule lower in the Yorkshire town. There a man was accused of an aggravated assault upon his wife. Her face was "smashed up and both eyes were in a fearful state." But justice, as it is administered at Barnsley, did not demand a fine. Nothing of the kind. The defendant was allowed to go scot free "on promising to behave differently in future!" These must not be looked upon, however, as exceptionally gross examples of Magisterial imbecility. Half-a-dozen equally bad can be seen in the "Pillory" nearly every week. It would really appear, indeed, that, in the opinion of a considerable proportion of the wooden-heads who adorn the Bench, a husband has a moral, if not a legal, right to thrash and kick and ill-use his wife in any way which best pleases his ruffianly fancy. Only on this hypothesis can I account for the fact that these brutes are so persistently let off with a small fine or a mere admonition. As might naturally be expected, although wife-beaters, unfortunately, flourish in all parts of the country, they most abound, and are guilty of the most savage excesses, in those regions where they are surest of the kind consideration of the Courts. The Black Country and the Potteries, and certain mining and manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, are notorious in this respect. Indecent assaults constitute another class of offences which a great number of the magistracy treat with inexplicable tenderness. Apparently very little importance is attached to a child's purity or a woman's honour, and it is a regular practice to reduce the charge to one of common assault, not because

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, W., beg to state that they have purchased the whole of the business of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, late of Cornhill. The stock being old and unsuitable for the Company's trade was disposed of to the Public by Auction at Christie's, and any statement to the contrary is inaccurate and misleading. The Company, having also bought the dies of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, is the only firm in a position to supply the Goldsmiths' Alliance patterns.

there is any doubt as to the more serious offence, but because the Solons on the Bench desire to impose a fine. Other offenders for whom the quality of mercy is strangely strained are those who—often through sheer lust for cruelty—starve, neglect, beat, and torture helpless little children. There are dozens of instances in my record in which perfectly fiendish conduct on the part of parents and guardians has not been thought deserving of more than a nominal pecuniary penalty. And it is the same with wanton cruelty to dumb animals.

I come now to the class of cases for which the average J.P. reserves his most drastic treatment. He makes a broad distinction between offences against the person and offences against property. However indulgently he may look upon atrocious crimes of violence and cruelty, he visits with the utmost rigour of the law all culprits whose offences trench upon the sacred rights of property. An admirable illustration of the two scales of punishment is given in the following extract from the Pillory:—

Charles Banks, convicted of assaulting his wife, breaking her leg in two places. Fined 10s. and costs.	George Storer, convicted of killing a duck. Six months' hard labour.

A girl has been sent to prison for six weeks for stealing a handful of flowers from a clergyman's garden, a boy for a month for the theft of a couple of eggs, and three months' hard labour has been awarded to a man who, driven desperate by starvation, took a loaf of bread. As to the monstrous manner in which offences under the Game Laws are punished by game-preserving Justices, I could cite cases without end. This is a not unusual method of disposing of a poacher, convicted possibly on the flimsiest of evidence: "Three months' hard labour and *a further six months* in default of finding sureties for his good behaviour." Poverty, like poaching, is almost everywhere regarded as a crime of the first magnitude. The fact that a man, being homeless, "sleeps out" for a night, or is "without visible means of subsistence," is sufficient to ensure his incarceration for days, weeks, or months, just as it suits the whim of the J.P.

But who can wonder that these things are done by the untutored Magistrate in the Police-court when quite as scandalous a mockery is made of justice by learned Recorders and Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and sometimes even by her Majesty's Judges? Here are two Assize cases:—

William Arthur Smalley pleaded guilty to indecent assaults upon a girl of thirteen. Four months.	Patrick Sheridan, convicted of stealing 1s. Seven years.

As to the "collective wisdom" of the Magistracy in Quarter Sessions, quite recently the Pillory contained cases from Essex which, as exemplifications of the relative sanctity of property and person, have never been surpassed. There were two sentences of seven years for thefts of a cake and a handkerchief, and two sentences of one month for indecent assaults!

It would be easy to multiply, *ad infinitum*, such perversions of justice and abuses of judicial powers as I have outlined above. Enough have been given, however, to more than justify the existence of the Pillory. It is hopeless, I fear, to expect the disappearance of some of the evils disclosed until radical reforms have been introduced into the criminal law and its administration; and upon this aspect of the question I propose to say something in a future article. Meanwhile, an appreciable amount of good is accomplished by giving publicity to the more flagrant cases of uneven-handed justice. However much Dogberry & Co. may dislike it, the Pillory will be continued.

"THE HUNCHBACK" AFTER DATE.

I wonder how many of us, even though for our sins we are the most constant of playgoers, would be prepared to tell off-hand the story of "The Hunchback"? Of course we have seen Sheridan Knowles's once famous play over and over again, now in the shape of a formal revival and now as the subject of an afternoon experiment, undertaken by some elocution-master and his pupil, anxious to show what they can make between them of the scenes between Master Walter and Julia or Modus and Helen. And yet I do not believe that most of us could get even half marks if we had to stand an examination in the plot of the piece, the sequence of its incidents, and the motives of its characters. As for me, I confess that I have never been able to regard Sheridan Knowles's *dramatis personæ* as human beings at all. Rather do they seem to me to be mechanical figures, with movements more or less ingeniously devised for the illustration of a series of detached moods, selected simply with a view to contrast one with another. Pull one string, and Julia shall display the waywardness of the typical heroine of light comedy; pull another, and she will show the tragic rage of the woman scorned. Now she shall have a scene of melodrama over the signing of a marriage contract, and now an exhibition of tender sentiment as she half-recognises her lover in his lowly disguise. It is much the same with that puzzling old gentleman Master Walter, who never seems content to do in a straightforward fashion anything about which he can possibly get up a mystery. The two rôles, in fact, represent a species of histrionic exercise; and why such an exercise should have been set at Daly's Theatre I am at a loss to understand. It was, of course, performed satisfactorily enough by Miss Ada Rehan and—though this was not equally a matter of course—by Mr. George Clarke, whose dignified and really impressive Hunchback constituted a pleasant surprise after his wooden Petruchio. But when it had all been gone through, little had been accomplished towards the entertainment of a fashionable audience of to-day, which found Julia an exasperating young person, Master Walter a venerable bore, and Sir Thomas Clifford the least interesting lover that ever poured out his passion in blank verse. That blank verse, too, how terribly blank it sounded, and how absurdly forced its inversions of the natural order of the words in its lines! Why in the world should Miss Rehan, whose chief charm lies in her piquant rendering of artless impulse, have chosen to work on a medium so essentially artificial as this? The play did not suit her in the least, and still less, I thought, did the quaintly-arranged yellow coiffure which she self-denyingly adopted in order to mark the period of Julia's fascinations. Thanks to an ability which never deserts

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

her, she did well, but she could not hope to do well enough to justify her manager's mistaken selection of "The Hunchback" after Date. Of Sir Thomas Clifford, Mr. Bourchier made a very earnest but very commonplace young gentleman, whilst the American representatives of Fathom and Thomas clowned their low comedy with a vigour which would have done credit to the Two Macs. If I cannot congratulate Mr. Daly upon the semi-classic revival which has so soon made way for a farcical production of his own, I can, at least, thank him for having at once painted out the vulgar act-drop which so offended me on his opening night. He seems to be open to conviction, and I think he must be convinced by this time that "The Hunchback" was a mistake.

SHYLOCK FOR THE PARALYSED.

We have not so many possible representatives of Shylock on our stage just now that we can afford to ignore the claims of any actor of fair repute who professes himself able to embody for us "the Jew that Shakespeare drew." So although I have not much confidence in scratch Shakespearean performances got up for charities, I determined to look in the other night at the Opera Comique to see what Mr. Herbert Waring and his colleagues would make of "The Merchant of Venice" on behalf of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic. I am sorry to say that I found them only too conscientious in their fulfilment of their kindly undertaking. They had evidently thought it necessary to make the performance fit the cause as accurately as Mr. Gilbert's Mikado used to make the punishment fit the crime. A weaker rendering of a strong play I have never heard, save, perhaps, at the schoolboy theatricals which sometimes mark the ceremony of "breaking up" for the holidays. Few of the performers seemed to know how to speak blank verse at all: none, save, perhaps, Mr. Arthur Wood as Launcelot Gobbo, and Mr. Bassett Roe as Antonio, appeared to have had any experience of Shakespearean work to guide them in their efforts. A hobbledehoy Bassanio seeking the hand of a schoolgirlish Portia, was by no means the most incompetent of Mr. Waring's supporters, in his generous and self-denying attempt to make Shylock meet the needs of the paralysed and epileptic. This attempt cannot, in the circumstances, be held to measure the resolute and intelligent young actor's aptitude for his self-imposed task. The Shylock of Mr. Irving himself might well have failed to be impressive in such surroundings.

THE WISDOM OF THE "SERPENTINE."

Skirt-dancing is pretty enough to look at provided that the skirt is a pretty one and is worn by a pretty girl; but I do not regard it as by any means the highest development of what reporters delight to describe as the Terpsichorean Art. The skirt too often serves for its chief purpose the concealment of indifferently-executed steps, and the actual dancing is of a kind which a good many young ladies seem able and willing to acquire in a few lessons for the diversion of their friends at evening parties. I fancied that the rage for it was dying out, at any rate at the theatres, but it seems that I was wrong, for Miss Loie Fuller has managed by its aid to give a distinct fillip during the past week to the burlesques, both at the Shaftesbury and the Gaiety. This is very clever of Miss Fuller, who as I remember her at the Globe a few seasons ago in an American variety play called "Caprice," made very little mark by her dancing and none by the rest of her achievements. Even now I am not sure that any one would think very much of her "serpentine" doings if she did not come to us direct from Paris with paragraphic announcements of an enormous salary, and with the popular prestige implied in the French reporters' allusions to her as "La Loie." She is, however, wise in her gyration. La Loie, or her manager for her, dubs her series of trippings and wavings and posings a "répertoire," and—perhaps less wisely—gives them names to suggest the subjects which they are meant to indicate. Thus, on a darkened stage, and with the ingenious assistance of minions who work coloured lime-lights in the wings, Miss Fuller impersonates successively a serpent, a butterfly, and a violet, and a something which the spectator is left to identify by his own resources of imagination. As I have said, it is all very pretty; and if on the strength of it Miss Fuller is pleased to style herself "créatrice de la danse serpentine," and is able to draw crowds to the theatres, I do not see that any one save her rivals at the music-halls need object. It is only the wisdom of the serpentine after all.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

LA SAINTE BASTILLE.

LA SAINTE BASTILLE takes place at a bad time of the year for festivity. The day is too long on July 14 for the police and every one else not to be tired to death before it is half through. Then the weather is generally as hot as a furnace. Men drink in wineshops and are the worse for it in the evening and next day. The rich people being all in the country, no signs of wealth are shown in the festivity, beyond what the State shows. It is also a pity that the pomps of the Church, which has in its sacristies so many spectacular properties, are not brought in a little more, as in former times. The episcopal blessing of trees of liberty in '48 replaced the blessing of street bonfires, which was a great feature of public rejoicings under the ancient Monarchy. Bells rang out chimes all over the city. Choristers singing psalms walked before and after the Bishop, and the Royal Family in State carriages participated in the ceremonial. One thing which kills public festivity by making it unendurable is the cheap excursion trains. Excursionists pour in from all parts of France and from abroad. Prices go up with a bound, never to come down again, and microbes that breed pestilence are imported. Din, dust, dearness weigh on the spirits and make tempers snappish. How this is to be avoided I know not, unless a ukase be issued to prevent any stranger coming to the scene of the festivities for a week before the date at which they are

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

to come off. Such prevention would leave room to breathe and move in the streets, which are usually blocked up whenever anything spectacular goes on in them. We are tired of inauguration of statues, with the accompaniment of too long speeches and military music. Dancing in the public places under a grilling sun did well enough while the Sainte Bastille was novel. But it is now unsatisfactory. The style of decorating public buildings and houses is played out, and the now all-prevailing scepticism crowds out that enthusiasm which used to blind eyes to whatever was defective. The popular characters being all dead, we have not the prospect of spirit-stirring street opera taking the form of a grand funeral. A more soulless funeral than M. Jules Ferry's could not be imagined, though all the State could do to make it a grand function was done. We have got to that state of *ennui* which was reached at the close of the Directory, which was always giving fêtes in which there was art of the finest kind, plenty of imagination, but no soul. Bonaparte's conquest of Italy and his bulletins of victory gave a new zest to street festivity, and Paris ceased to *s'ennuyer* for a while. After the fall of the First Empire it was diverted by the reviews of the allied armies in the Champs Elysées. Highlanders, Cossacks, Pandours, Brunswick Hussars, and Brandenburg Uhlans were to be seen there, and citizens rejoiced to think that in Paris only could one witness such a spectacle. Poor Louis XVIII. afforded the Parisians the first and last King's funeral of the present century. Poor Charles X., who headed a *Gouvernement des Curés*, thought to edify and amuse by religious street processions into which the Court was brought. Unluckily he was old, the Duc d'Angoulême looked a driveller, the Duchesse a woman of stone through excess of grief, and the Duchesse de Berri a squinting cocotte. The two children, Mademoiselle and her brother, then the Duc de Bordeaux, were alone interested. Louis Philippe had reviews of the National Guard until Fieschi tried to sweep away with his infernal machine that King and all his sons who rode with him. Napoleon III. trotted out a number of Emperors and Kings in 1867, and had two grand street functions. One was the cortège in which he and the Empress went on their wedding-day to and from Notre Dame, and the other the distribution of medals to the Army of Italy in 1859. The Empress was a success as a bride; but the people were out of touch with the military pageant. The grand street shows of this Republic were funerals. Thiers's was the greatest, though the heart of the working classes went out to the coffin of Louis Blanc. Gambetta's popularity was nearly used up when he died; but his death revived it. The most spectacular of all the funerals was Victor Hugo's.

The Duchesse d'Uzès blames herself generously, and I think without just reason, for the evil fate which befell her eldest son. Because she, at the instance of M. Arthur Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, and the Comte de Paris, flung away money on General Boulanger, the ill-starred young Duc thought himself justified in running through His De Crussol patrimony of 1,500,000 f. Caprice drove him to Mdlle. Emilienne Alençon, of the Cirque d'Hiver. When his mother reproached him with squandering his fortune on a girl whose profession it was to teach rabbits to perform tricks, he asked whether he had been set an example of careful husbandry. He not only showered gold on Mdlle. Alençon, but paraded himself with her and her four-footed pupils, which he fetched and carried to and from the circus, with a following of young noblemen of the oldest brands or brevets The Duchesse very properly caused him to be, though of age, declared by a court of law incompetent to manage his fortune. He took huff, just like the late Prince Imperial, when he found he could not sign away by anticipation his maternal inheritance, and made up his mind to win glory as an African explorer. The poor infatuated young man had the notion strong in his head that this planet is the birthright of his class, and that Ducs, though reared as carefully as asparagus plants, may by some special privilege set the laws of nature at defiance. He was bitten with the desire to shine in the field of geographical exploration by the reception given to Prince Henri de Chartres at a meeting of the Geographical Society, and by reading in the papers of the Duc d'Orleans's intended tour in the Somali country and South-eastern Abyssinia. But the Duc d'Uzès, unlike Prince Henri, had not the shrewdness to get himself personally conducted; or the prudence of the Duc d'Orléans, who after putting his hand to the plough turned back. The Duc d'Uzès was perfectly sincere in setting out on a journey of African exploration, and did not regret the Champs-Elysées Palace, the Château at Bonnelles, with its kennels, huntsmen, well-filled stables, and generous, stirring life. One of the notions that filled his head was this: He was a son of the Crusaders, and the Crusades were the making of Europe as she emerged from the Dark Ages. The humbly-bred Stanley, the factory-boy Livingstone, were the right men to explore Africa. When the Duc first started his notion of winning Africa for his country, he was advised to follow in the tracks of Dupuis, in exploring the old trade routes from Tonquin to Thibet, or to learn how to prospect and then see what could be done to bring Yunan, the richest country on the face of the earth in minerals, within the range of French influence. This, however, did not chime in with his fancy. Follow in the tracks of a bagman of Puy? No! The Dark Continent was the land for him. He hoped there to earn the title of a Great Frenchman, and to be a Providence to other explorers who had neither wealth nor family influence to back them up.

The Duc was an artist if nothing else. He took out photographic apparatus and drawing and water-colour materials enough to supply his needs for years. Distance from home endeared it to him. He must in Africa have longed to come home, but never confessed to the feeling in the letters he wrote to his mother and other members of his family. They have quite a gallery of photos and sketches. He had soon, however, to yield to the African climate in not venturing far inland with his comrades, and finally to try to return to the Coast. Death seized him on the way. The body is to be conveyed to France. Funeral services have been celebrated in parish churches in Paris and at Crussol, Uzès, and Bonnelles. The hatch-

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. BENJAMIN, in cases of need, to execute orders in 24 hours.

ment hung out at each bore the De Crussol motto, "Ferro non auro," which certainly was not one which the late Duc's forbears practised. "The Royalist youth of France" sent a cushion of flowers girdled with a tri coloured ribbon—a sign that the Comte de Chambord is as dead as Queen Anne and apparently for a longer time. All the grand world of Paris attended the corpseless obsequies save the mother, who was too broken-hearted to appear. She was right to stay away. Her bereavement coincided with an artistic triumph—the erection of a statue of Emile Augier by her at Valence. It looks across the Rhine at the ruins of the Castle of Crussol, and is signed Anna Mumsela. Considering what a spoiled child of fortune this accomplished lady is, she is a miracle of kindness. For years she has gone every Friday when in Paris to serve as infirmarian in a cancer hospital.

Max, the only son of the late M. Lebaudy, the sugar refiner, has joined, under a decree of the Civil tribunal, the ranks of perpetual minors. The father left his widow and son a fortune of £6,000,000 with the sugar-refining plant and business. Madame Lebaudy has four-fifths of the whole during her life and Max the rest. She lives in a small house at St. Cloud and spends about £200 per annum! The son is known in *le monde où l'on s'amuse* as "Le Petit Sucrier." He is small, pale, rather weakly, and has not yet learned to say "No." Two advocates at the Paris Bar were engaged to defend him against his mother's suit for his civil "interdiction." I scarcely see the use of preventing the great fortune of Max from going into a number of other pockets. The women employed in the Lebaudy refinery suffer horribly from breathing air thick with sugar-dust. They struck a few months ago for higher wages; but they had to yield. If "Le Petit Sucrier" were a reformer, he would have a fine field for reforming energy in his factory. He is not a bad sort, though good for little. The counsel against him laid to his charge his being a prey, when a minor, of adventurers, bill-discounters, and sirens. He bought a yacht on credit at a monstrously dear price, and sold it for a few thousand francs. A mine in Norway, purchased at 500,000 francs, was sold for 20,000 francs. He presented jewels to the value of 12,000 francs to a lady, and promised to pay for them, on coming of age, 160,000 francs. In a few days he spent for dinners, ordered for ladies at a restaurant in Nice, 6,000 francs. One of his modes of running through his fortune was to keep a racing stud. But the counsel of "Le Petit Sucrier" contended that his colours triumphed at a race at Autenil. As to the other acts of extravagance they were to his client's honour, and trifles compared to the fortune he actually has, and just nothing compared with the one he must inherit from his mother, who is only forty-seven years old, and leads a miserly life. Why should he not have a yacht to go to Japan or elsewhere? He was taken in when he bought it. But he would not be so foolish another time, and, indeed, it was sharp to have sold it for the sum he obtained, it not being seaworthy. The tribunal, however, sided with Madame Lebaudy *mère*. "Le Petit Sucrier" will appeal. I hope he will succeed, and stand to other sugar-refiners as an object-lesson to teach them the vanity of heaping up millions upon millions. The same tribunal has refused to allow the claim of Pasquier & Co., dressmakers, for 60,000 francs against Georges Hugo. He was acting under undue influence when he signed the promise to pay that sum.

Wales and its Future Prince and Princess.—The Employés of Pryce Jones, Ltd., the Chairman of which is Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, M.P., had the honour of making a wedding gift to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York. The gift comprised specimens of a new industry recently established at Newtown, the seat of the firm, and in its complete form consisted of:—Real Welsh Flannel, Powysland Tweeds, Ye Olden Time Costume Cloths, Snowdon and Rampoor Shawls, Travelling Wrap, Pyjama Suit, Knitted Riding Pantaloons, Knitted Petticoat, Knitted Gaiters, &c.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DECIDEDLY, dear Lady Betty, we Englishmen suffer from ball on the brain. It may be taken for granted that whatever an able-bodied Englishman does not do with a ball cannot be worth the doing. The main feature of our race is this irrepressible impulse to do something either with, at, or to a ball. We kick it, we hit it, we thump it, we throw it, we drive it, we bump it, we roll it, slap it, and catch it; we run for it, ride for it, and scramble over it. Upon the earth, in the air above, and in the very waters even, there can be no possible rest for a ball so long as an average Englishman is within measurable distance of it. Give one of our fellow-countrymen a bit of board and a ball, and he will at once possess the essential elements to ensure his happiness.

These reflections were forced upon me as I sat at Lord's last week and observed the earnest interest with which thousands of men, women, and children present watched the progress of the Eton and Harrow match. A wide circle banked by an irregular patchwork of people; the clear ringing cheers of a multitude of impulsive boys; the enlivening jingle of knives, forks, and crockery; the more exhilarating sound of popping corks; some dozen brisk youths absorbed in the methodised pursuit of the all-popular ball. "Well hit!" "Well caught!" "Well bowled!" "Well stopped!" Believe me, our national malady is ball on the brain.

Other races may cultivate the delicacies of the table; they may devote themselves to the refinements of society, art, music, and literature; they may pursue leisure and pleasure—but give an Englishman a bit of board, a ball, and a bath, and he will need little else to secure supreme happiness in life. He will forthwith organise a game, dub it "sport," and despise the rest of the human race for not attaching the same importance to it that he does himself. And yet this physical activity is not a generic quality, but the mere consequence of having to live in a damp climate. The cooking of France is surely better than cricket; the art of Italy is better than football; and European polish preferable to polo. We have the worst food, the worst music, the worst art, and the most work of any living race—and yet we are jubilant because we are able to do a multitude of things to a ball with bits of board!

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The primary impulse of a race is due to the climate of the country which it inhabits. The damp of England compels us to take violent exercise in order to live. Hence it is that we sacrifice all considerations of refinement, luxury, and art in favour of this one all-important purpose. Though we admire admirable things, we seldom create them. Our national heroes are not the giants of intelligence, imagination, and wit, but the men who can run the fastest, jump the highest, hit the hardest, and those who own the most successful racehorses. Proficiency in exercise is that which meets with our highest approval. For this reason it is, too, that our cooking is so simple and substantial. The average Englishman comes to table fresh from outdoor exertions, and with a keen appetite for gross food. The Italian, who inhabits warmer climes than ours, is far less active than we are. He loves to surround himself with the luxuries of art and imagination. There the poet, the

sculptor, and the painter are the heroes of the people. In the mid-way climate of Germany we find that the national favourites are the professors, the men of science, and the analysts; whilst in the exhilarating atmosphere of France they worship brilliancy and frivolity. Solid foods, too, are out of place in such countries, where what men need are dishes temptingly concocted to stimulate the appetite. It is absolutely pernicious, then, to attempt to Continentalise the English character and to try to make us as a nation artistic, refined, and critical. The best prescription for us is balls, bats, beer, beef, and prejudice. On this we have thriven and prospered for centuries, and if we continue to live up to these so shall we continue to thrive.

All of which considerations were suggested to me by the cricket-match at Lord's on Friday!

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For fully eight years Eton has not sent a better eleven into the field than it did last week, and it may be said with equal justice of Harrow that it has seldom sent up to Lord's a worse one. The batting of the Harrow boys was execrable, as also ungainly. The Eton team may have been composed of boys, but they were certainly the biggest boys I ever remember to have seen here. Meeking, the wicket-keeper for Eton, kept wicket brilliantly, never missing a chance of any sort, however difficult it was. He is, moreover, a good all-round cricketer, and scored fifty in the first innings. The attendance was very much smaller than it has been for years — a circumstance which may be partly accounted for by the rival attractions of the race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. Added to this, London has emptied rapidly since the Royal Wedding, and, for all practical purposes, the season may be considered to have ended with that function. The members of the Cavalry Club have established a tent at Lord's, and here, both on Friday and on Saturday, they dispensed the most generous hospitality to a large number of friends. The lunch was excellent and the friends were plentiful. The latter came eagerly and they left reluctantly. "Friendship," says the proverb, "multiplies joys and divides griefs." That is the reverse of my experience. It multiplies expense and divides the spoils.

The defeat of La Flèche by Orme on Friday at Sandown Park gave intense satisfaction to the Duke of Westminster, who evidently looked upon it as a vindication of his opinion that the latter would have won the Derby had it not been for his mysterious illness which has now passed into turf history. The victory has, however, cost the London charities ten thousand pounds, for Baron Hirsch would have handed over the stakes, as he usually does, for the benefit of the more important hospitals.

And, by the way, Mr. Charles Duff will sell at Tattersall's all his racehorses, with the exception of the celebrated steeplechaser Cloister, on September 11 next. With this Mr. Duff definitely retires from the turf, after a short but brilliant career. He was a good sportsman, who raced for pleasure, and not for profit.

Lord and Lady Frederick Brudenell-Bruce were "At Home" on Tuesday last at Wolfhall Manor House, Marlborough, when Mr. Arthur Heathcote's Dramatic Troupe performed "Old Cronies" and "Till the Half Hour." Both pieces were capital, though the latter, by Mr. Heathcote, was, perhaps, the better of the two, and both were admirably played. A topical prologue composed by Lord Frederick opened the proceedings. The performance took place in a barn that dates back to the reign of Henry the Eighth, and in which that much married monarch was entertained about the period when he was taking Lady Jane Seymour to wife. Some years ago Lady Frederick Bruce established "St. Michael's Home for Motherless Girls," at Shalbourne, near Hungerford. Here, under careful supervision, a number of unfortunate children have been trained and launched into the world, with a happy youth to look back upon, and a promising future to look forward to. Amongst the patrons and patronesses of the home are the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Selborne, Lady Scarbrough, Lady Wantage, Lady Hillingdon, and other well-known and charitably-inclined people. St. Michael's is a growing institution, and is in need of funds.

The prevalent scarcity of money does not appear to affect the prices paid at art sales. On Thursday afternoon, at Christie & Manson's, two small prints by Rembrandt, neither of which measured more than 6 in. square, fetched between them £4,000! Their chief value was not beauty, but the fact that only a very limited number exist. Forty pounds a square inch seems to be an excessive price to pay for an etching, even had it been the only one in the world. Mr. George Salting, who has spent some £45,000 over the recent Spitzer collection in Paris, was in the room making fresh purchases as if no Spitzer sale had ever occurred. But for Mr. Salting probably not a single valuable specimen from the latter collection would have found its way to England. As it is, the British public has the opportunity now of studying several cases full of priceless gems at the South Kensington Museum, where nearly all of Mr. Salting's latest purchases are already exposed. On Saturday, the 22nd, several of Lord Onslow's pictures are to be sold at Christie & Manson's. The best of these are the Ruysdaels, a "View in the New Forest," by Stark, and an Italian landscape by J. Both. The Cassiobury Park pictures will be sold upon the same day. These are all of them good, and are certain to realise large prices.

Mr. Keir Hardie interrogated Mr. Campbell-Bannerman in the House of Commons on Tuesday with regard to an officer of the Life Guards, who, it is alleged, struck a civilian with his sword on the morning of the Royal Wedding. Mr. Keir Hardie is evidently unaware that stringent orders were issued to the officers to cut down, if necessary, any who might attempt to break through the lines; and that, moreover, ball-cartridges were served out to the men on duty that day to be used in case of emergency. As I said last week, the authorities of Scotland Yard had serious reasons for believing that a dynamite outrage was contemplated.

It is with more than regret that I record the death of Mr. William Hale Willats, of Denton Court, Canterbury, which occurred at Heathfield, Ascot, on Saturday last, after an illness of several months. "Wily" Willats will be missed by an unusually large number of much attached friends. A most accomplished man, shrewd, witty, and wise in the ways of the world, the late "Wily" Willats was one of the most brilliant-minded men of our generation. As a draughtsman he was remarkable, whilst as a writer he possessed a sparkling style which was peculiarly effective. Through his death I have to deplore the loss of one of the wittiest, most shrewd, and most experienced of companions.

Amusement has been caused by invitations recently issued for the French Embassy. "To meet Mr. Gladstone and the Comédie Française" is an association of ideas which is curious and might be—sarcastic.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

A FORTNIGHT ago I expressed an opinion that Phocion and Medicis are the two best outsiders in the Leger, and my favourable view of Baron Rothschild's horse has been justified by his running at Sandown Park, which has brought him up in the betting for the Doncaster event to 9 to 1. Medicis ran extremely well in the Eclipse Stakes, and if he goes on all right he ought to gain a place at Doncaster, for which I would a great deal sooner back him than Ravensbury, about whom ridiculously short odds have been accepted for 1, 2, 3. Medicis is very well in for the Stewards' Cup, but the distance at Goodwood may not be far enough for him.

It is a most lucky thing for the gullish herd of backers that La Flèche was started on Friday, as if she had been withdrawn from the Eclipse Stakes she would certainly have become first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and would probably have so remained until the flag fell with

the result that she would have disappointed her admirers as grievously as did her sister Memoir two years ago. Nearly all the famous fillies have been useless for racing as four-year olds, and I do not wonder that La Flèche has gone off, considering how hard she was worked last season. Months ago I predicted that La Flèche would be found to have lost her form whenever she came to be raced. The confidence about the mare at Newmarket was simply miraculous, for the people who vowed that she would beat Orme easily had nothing whatever to go upon, except that the mare looked well and went well, and on Friday she appeared to be in every bit as good condition as she did last autumn when she was carrying everything before her. I do not for a moment believe that La Flèche will ever recover her form, and she may as well be relegated to the stud. It is all nonsense and rubbish to talk of her retrieving her reputation at Manchester by beating Isinglass. The distance at Sandown is a trifle too far for Orme, and the *Sporting Times* states, with perfect truth, that "the last ounce" was out of him to win, and that "fifty yards from home Medicis looked like beating him." Orme stopped suddenly, after having appeared as if he would come in alone, and then he came again when called upon, and just won, but if there had been another hundred yards to go, he would assuredly have been beaten. May Duke made running at a fast pace, and Medicis seemed to lack speed during the early part of the race, which does not look well for his Stewards' Cup chance. If anything had kept Orme away, what a crash there would have been, for long odds would have been recklessly betted on La Flèche, and she would have been beaten anyhow by Medicis. Silene ran so prominently that the form of the race does not seem to be so good as could have been wished, and it is exceedingly fortunate for Orme that neither Isinglass nor Marcion was included in the field. One of the sporting papers is so infatuated as to state that Medicis "made the show of a race," but in reality Orme "had won a quarter of a mile from home." These must be the ravings of an escaped Bedlamite, and one can only pity the unfortunate geese who may be misled by such horrid balderdash. It was a most chaotic aberration to make La Flèche favourite, when, as I have all along pointed out, nothing was really known about her racing form. On the other hand, Orme had run in a satisfactory manner at Ascot. There is nothing in the race or in Orme's performance to throw any reasonable being into paroxysms of enthusiasm. The Duke of Westminster ought to think himself vastly fortunate in winning such a stake with a horse that was so ruthlessly and so muddishly knocked about last year, and Orme must be a great horse in himself not to have become an arrant rogue after his exasperating experiences as a three-year-old. Porter deserves enormous credit for his very sagacious management of the horse, and M. Cannon rode a very fine race. The fact that there were only six starters out of forty-five horses which were left in last January shows that most owners must conduct their studs in a very skimble skamble fashion, as an additional £52 had to be paid on every one of these entries. El Diablo was palpably very backward in condition, and he might just as well have remained at home. The holders of place books had a good turn by the collapse of May Duke, who seemed to be the general fancy of 1, 2, 3 backers. It is odd that Meddler was the only prominent three-year-old that was entered for this race, and had he been qualified to start he would certainly have won.

There were forty-five acceptances for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of £5,000 on Saturday, but only seven starters appeared. Mr. Blake's Delphos, by Necromancer out of Sibyl, had been galloped at Newmarket on Monday, and as Prince Hal was beaten by him a long way in the trial this race looked a good thing for him after that colt had won the Maiden Plate on Thursday, and especially as he had the advantage of a 10 lb. breeding allowance. Delphos won very easily indeed from Glare (who was giving him 16 lb.), and Wedding Bell was among the beaten lot. I only wonder that very much longer odds were not asked for about Delphos, whose merits were known to every one who had been at Newmarket, and all the touts then sent him off as a real certainty. Delphos has so few engagements that it is a wonder that he has not been entered for the Halnaker Stakes at Goodwood, which race he would certainly have spoilt. His next engagement is the £800 stake at Kempton Park on August 8, in which he may meet Chin Chin, the highly-bred winner of the Seaton Delaval Plate at Newcastle.

Jocasta, Mr. Milner's grandly bred filly by St. Simon out of Thebais, about which there has been a deal of talk, was badly beaten in a trial on the Limekiln ground last week, and it is to be feared that she will prove to be very moderate. Thebais was a very good mare on the turf, but she has so far been as abject a failure at the stud as Marie Stuart, or Fraulein, or Jannette.

Except for the two-year-old racing the sport at Newmarket would have been wholly unworthy of notice, for it was of no general interest whatever. Vulpecula won the Soltykoff Stakes cleverly for Prince Soltykoff, as I had anticipated would be the case. This filly ran well at Ascot for the Coventry Stakes, and I then referred to her promising appearance. Stowmarket, who was second to Vulpecula, is a speedy colt, but he cannot get a yard beyond five furlongs, and here he had 7 lb. the worst of the weights with the winner. In the absence of Galloping Dick (who had been greatly fancied at Newmarket for this race), the Chesterfield Stakes looked a really good thing for Speed, none of the others being fancied. The result, however, was a terrific finish, there being only four heads between the first four. Speed was giving 7 lb., but surely this is not really his true form, or he has been outrageously overrated. Some people declared that Webb was riding carelessly, thinking that he had the race in hand, when the others came with a rush, and that he found it difficult to set Speed fairly going again. Throstle, who was second, is half sister, by Petrarch, to Common, and a racing-like filly, but she has bad fore-legs, and we shall see the best of her as a two-year-old. I understand that she had been beaten in her trial. Lady Rhoda was a regular July week "pot" for the Maiden Plate, 5 to 4 being eagerly taken in a field of seventeen. She was cleverly beaten by Prince Hal, by Royal Hampton, a colt for which Jewitt had given 420 gs. at the sale of "Mr. Abington's" stud, and he could not have been fancied, as he was backed for very little money.

After all the trumpeting about the unreserved sale of Lord Rosslyn's horses (concerning which there had been as much elaborate noise raised as if he had possessed a stud like the Duke of Westminster's or the Duke of Portland's, instead of a collection of platers), it was somewhat surprising to find Buccaneer being bought in at 5,400 gs. If there was a genuine bid of this sum, then Lord Rosslyn was exceedingly ill-advised not to let the horse go, in the present state of the market. Buccaneer will never fetch a high price, for he is not so fashionably bred as to induce breeders to run after him, even if he had done much better on the turf. The most remarkable transaction at Newmarket on the first day of the sales was the disposal of the two-year-old La Rosière for 610 gs. This is the filly by Rosebery out of Empress Maud, for which Lord Roslyn gave 3,500 gs. at Doncaster last September, and as she had twenty-four engagements there will be a considerable sum to pay for her forfeits. Sybil Roy, on the other hand (she cost 170 gs. as a yearling), was very well sold at 1,250 gs. Leonardo, by Royal Hampton, realised only 35 gs., having cost 350 gs. at Newmarket just a year ago. Ingebright, a heavily-engaged colt by Friar's Balsam out of Serpolette II., went for 700 gs., having cost 660 gs. twelve months ago; and Grong, by Paradox out of Canoe, went up from 35 gs. a year ago to 260 gs.

THE GOODWOOD PROGRAMME.

There ought to be excellent sport at Goodwood next week, for there are capital entries for most of the races, and the course is in first-rate order.

The two-year-old racing will be exceptionally interesting and important. The Ham Stakes looks like being a match between Theseus and Bullingdon, and I shall expect the Duke of Westminster's colt to win, in spite of

his despicable exhibition at Stockbridge. Forty-eight two-year-olds have been left in for the Richmond Stakes, which will be worth about £1,100, including Matchbox, Sempronius, Galloping Dick, Glare, Theseus, Mecca, Schoolbook, Clatterfeet, Basildon, Illuminata colt, and Vulpecula. The meeting between Sempronius and Illuminata colt would be interesting, and I expect that Lord Rosebery's animal will win, but he will be beaten by Galloping Dick if Mr. Baird's colt will only run up to his trial, as the latter will have 12 lb. the best of the weights. The Lavant Stakes on Wednesday will be worth about £900, and the entry includes nothing better than Melancholy, who was evidently out of form at Stockbridge. Theseus, Strike (half-sister, by Satiety, to Isinglass), and Janetta are also engaged. There is a large entry for the Halnaker Stakes, including Vulpecula, who has 7 lb. extra to carry. Baron Hirsch may very likely win with Government—a colt about whom there has been a great deal of talk. The Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes, on Thursday, will be worth £2,400, and the entry includes Galloping Dick, Glare, Schoolbook, Speed, and Bullingdon. I expect that Speed will win if he is kept for this race. There are no penalties in this race, but Glare has a 3 lb. breeding allowance. The sweepstakes being £200 p.p., it is probable that most of the subscribers will be represented. The Prince of Wales may run St. Valerie, by Hampton out of Welfare, or Florizel II., by St. Simon out of Perdita II. Mr. Baird (in addition to Galloping Dick) has St. Florian, who is own brother to Silene, who won this rich stake last year. Lord Bradford (who is often dangerous at Goodwood) has two well-bred colts, the one by Chippendale out of Hemlock, and the other by Chillington out of White Heather. Mr. Houldsworth has Rowallan, by Galopin out of Morgiana; and Ponzano, half brother to Orvieto by Springfield. Sir Blundell Maple has Athlone, own brother to Clarence, and Royal Victoria, by Royal Hampton out of Hackness. Mr. Milner has Veneration, by St. Simon out of Devotion, and None the Wiser, by Wisdom out of Corrie Roy. Fifty-two animals remain in for the Rous Memorial Stakes, which will be worth about £1,200, and among the lot withdrawn last October is Bullingdon. The entry includes Galloping Dick, Theseus, and Vulpecula; but this race will depend so much on previous running that it is impossible to attempt to predict the winner now. The Findon Stakes on Friday may be won by the Duke of Westminster with Grey Leg. The Molecomb Stakes, which will be worth about £800, has a large entry, including Throstle, La Nievre, Schoolbook, Clatterfeet, and Mecca. La Nievre should win, as she has improved very much since her unsuccessful début at Newmarket, and she has been well tried.

I hear that the Duke of Westminster's dark colt Joyful (about which there has been so much egregious jargoning during the last six months) will make his debut in the Gratwicke Stakes, and he will have so much the best of the weight that he ought to be able to beat Raeburn if he is worth keeping in training. Fifty-eight three-year-olds remain in for the Sussex Stakes on Wednesday, which will be worth about £1,200 including Isinglass, William, Harbinger, Son of a Gun, Turiddu, and Joyful. Isinglass will not run, and over this course Harbinger may be able to win. Isinglass is also in the Gordon stakes on Thursday, but he will not run. The entry includes Orme, Perigord, Buccaneer, Ravensbury, Royal Harry, Lady Caroline, Harbinger, Watercress, and La Flèche. In the absence of Orme, Watercress may be able to win. There is a large entry for the Nassau Stakes, which will be worth about £800, including Drill, Silene, Dame President, Tressure, The Prize, and Medora. I shall plump for Dame President.

The hurried withdrawal of Meddler to America was a most foolish arrangement, as the horse was fit to run, and there was every reason to believe that he retains his form. His value as a sire would have been much increased by a victory in the Goodwood Cup, even although he had beaten practically nothing in that race, and I do not see how he could possibly have lost, as a wretchedly bad lot are engaged, and the entry does not include Marcion; nor has Mr. Vyner's horse been entered for the Jockey Club Cup, although there are no penalties in that event. Chesterfield appears to be now in form, and he may perhaps be able to win the Goodwood Cup, although he has 8 lb. extra to carry in consequence of his having won last year's Doncaster Cup. Next to Chesterfield I prefer the chance of Convent.

The early favourites for the Stewards' Cup were Persistive (who has been the universal tip at Newmarket for this race ever since the Spring meetings), Scarborough, Acrobat, Inferno, Cuttlestone, and Bill. Persistive has been thrown in, for he has only 6 st. 9 lb. to carry, but I believe he is a very bad horse. It will be remembered that last year he was heavily backed for the Two Thousand. The stable have such good trial tackle for a race over this distance that no mistake ought to be made in galloping Persistive. Another horse that is much fancied at Newmarket is Inferno, who is believed to be really smart over this distance, and he is very nicely in with 6 st. 8 lb. Last year, at the Newmarket First July meeting, Inferno gave 3 lb. to Medicis, and beat him cleverly, Baron Rothschild's colt being a great favourite for the race

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The last fortnightly settlement proved almost as formidable an ordeal as that of the end of May, with the important difference that, while money was most difficult to procure and very dear then, it was very plentiful and cheap last week. But the further fall which has taken place during the last six weeks, especially in silver securities and American Rails, had created a situation which was fraught with considerable danger, and it is surprising that the casualties in the "House" amounted to no more than ten, amongst which the failure of Mr. J. E. H. Read was the most important.

The Crisis on the Stock Exchange.

Great sympathy is shown on the Stock Exchange with this old and highly-respected member, who has lost a fortune through a series of adverse events. Mr. Read was very popular, and was not only a member of the Committee, but also President of the Orchestral Society. The other nine failures were of less consequence, although one broker had as many as 10 to 12,000 Yankee shares open. It is, however, an open secret that a good many other members have had to be helped, and the danger in the position is that another heavy fall in prices would precipitate the failure of a still larger batch of members. Yet such a contingency is hardly probable, especially as a more serious disaster, which had been threatening, and to which some recent heavy sales all round the House, and especially in the American market, were due, has been averted by timely assistance given by a well-known millionaire. The firm in question, it appears, had plenty of securities, but was unable to obtain the necessary advances. Now that this trouble has been surmounted, it is not improbable that a moderate recovery may come about. The *esprit de corps* again shown by the members of the Stock Exchange in this fresh crisis is to be highly commended. Help has been freely given in many cases, and great forbearance has been shown to weak operators or brokers who were left in the lurch by their clients. One of the largest brokers told me that he had given in this way, with little chance of present return, as much as his entire earnings during the six months came to. The unpleasant predicament in which so many members find themselves is such as to rouse great sympathy. Hardly was the effect of the

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

Baring collapse wearing off, when the Australian crisis burst upon the community, followed by a still greater trouble, the silver panic. The Australian Bank crisis I had been predicting for some years, and my warnings were instrumental in saving many of my readers large sums of money. I also took a strong view that Australian undertakings like that of Goldsbrough, Mort, & Co., now in course of reconstruction, would not be able to weather the storm, and gave advice accordingly. Again, many of my readers, when reading the announcement of the suspension of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency, will have remembered the strictures which I passed upon the management of that Company some years ago, when it was practically under the same management as the Bank of New Zealand. Then followed the disclosure of the heavy losses of that Bank, and a change in the management and policy, which has resulted in a more prosperous career of that Bank. But concerning the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency my views remained unchanged, as applicants to "My Letter Box" well know, and the result has only too completely borne out my warning. Now with regard to the silver panic, which has wrought so much havoc in values of stocks. Although most of the great financial houses had laid in a stock of Rupee Paper in anticipation of some action by the India Council, it may be said of all of them that they were not prepared for the enormous fall in other silver securities and allied stocks, or for the panic which has been brought about in American Rails. The heavy sales of the latter are, in fact, distinctly traceable to the "break" in Mexican and similar stocks, which caused the forced liquidation of large holdings of Americans which were in the same hands. That was the chief cause of the collapse in the American Market, the purchasing power of the great financial houses being exhausted at a time when the currency troubles in the States and strong efforts of the "Bears" produced an exceptional state of things. I must admit that I did not foresee such a combination of unfortunate circumstances. But I cannot accept the absurd reproaches addressed to me by some of those persons who never thank you when they make money by your advice, but turn round upon you when things temporarily go wrong. Because I advised the purchase of the most substantial amongst Yankee Rails, paying good interest, and because there has been a decline, owing to the present panic, one individual in particular is very wroth. But his anger is, perhaps, somewhat artificial, as I remember once having expressed an adverse view of a Mine in which he was heavily interested. The price of the shares broke away, and my readers, having sold out in time, had every reason to be satisfied with my advice when eventually the announcement was made that the reef had pinched out. I do not pose as infallible, but the advice which I tender to those who apply to me is conscientiously given, and based upon information which I take some trouble to obtain, and I am glad to say that the persons to whom I have referred are only a few amongst the large circle of my readers. To speak candidly, I expected a number of complaints, and the fact that they have not come to hand shows that the vast majority of my readers are sensible and intelligent enough to see that the present panic is the result of a totally unexpected and almost unprecedented combination of circumstances. I might liken it to the case of a line of railway on which a formidable accident suddenly happened. Should people not use that railway, or should its stocks be tabooed for fear of a possible accident? The present position of the stock markets is not dissimilar to that of a line on which an accident involving heavy loss has occurred, which is, of course, greatly to be deplored. But when the wreckage is cleared away, and compensation has been made, the trains will run again, and the line will recover its prosperity. In this silver panic uncertainty is the worst feature. When the extent of the mischief is ascertained and the weak spots are weeded out, confidence will return again. The American railways are still in existence and earning large sums, whatever may be the value of silver, and their stocks will recover again from this heavy blow, just as many other securities, now extremely depreciated, will improve when the present unwarrantable distrust passes away. My advice to all holders of substantial securities is to stick tight to their stocks, and again, I say, as I did last week, the present is the opportunity for the investor to pick up cheap stocks, which will grow into money as the panic passes away!

THE BRIGHTON DIVIDEND.

The Brighton dividend was announced last Wednesday at the rate of 4¼ per cent. per annum, or £2. 2s. 6d. for the half-year on the undivided Ordinary stock, which is most satisfactory when taken in conjunction with the large sum of £42,539 carried forward. It is, in fact, the largest paid during the last ten years, when much smaller amounts were brought forward. Assuming that earnings in the current half-year would be the same as in 1892, the dividend for the whole year would work out to 6¾ per cent. on the undivided Ordinary and 7½ per cent. on Brighton "A." But this does not take into account the much larger balance carried forward, which shows an increase of £29,000 over the sum brought forward on June 30, 1892, and would allow of a much larger dividend being paid, provided that earnings in the present half be maintained. So far from being over-sanguine as to the results of the past half-year, my Brighton prophet has under-estimated them. In his letter published four weeks ago (TRUTH, June 22), he calculated the total balance available at £208,639; but he expressed at the same time the view that this estimate was "studiously moderate," and he had "little doubt that the net earnings for the half-year would aggregate £215,000." As a matter of fact, the Directors' report states the balance at £213,338, and therefore constitutes my correspondent's forecast one of the most accurate ever made. The report states that "it is obvious that a larger dividend might have been declared for the half-year; but the Directors think it wiser to be content with a moderate increase over that of the corresponding half-year of 1892, carrying forward a larger balance, in view of the uncertainty of the course of traffics for the second half-year, depending as it does to so large an extent upon the weather, the state of trade, agriculture, and other contingencies." No one will find fault with the conservative action of the Board, which has, no doubt, also been influenced by the prevailing crisis. Unless most exceptional circumstances should intervene, my anticipation of a distribution of at least 8 per cent. for the whole year will, however, be fully borne out, and there is every prospect of a larger dividend being paid. But assuming that the dividend would only be 8 per cent., Brighton "A" at 154 would yield over 5⅛ per cent., and my recommendation of this stock to investors is thus fully justified. The result obtained during most depressing surroundings reflects great credit upon the management of the line, although Mr. Sarle has, of course, had the co-operation of an amount of brilliant sunshine such as has not fallen to our lot for years. Traffic decreases are not improbable for some time, as the returns last year, with which comparison is made, were exceptionally large, but with the end of August last year traffics fell off heavily, and the comparison should then be more favourable. One word more. Six months ago some severe comments were made in the Press on the gambling in Brighton "A," and it was asserted in many quarters that there was a leakage of information concerning the Company's business to certain operators of the Stock Exchange. I was induced by numerous complaints reaching me to urge upon the Board some measure to check the mischief, and the publication of daily traffics has since been discontinued. This step has apparently had a most beneficial effect, as the excessive gambling has been put a stop to. A further proof of the check put upon such leakage was the fact that some of the so-called

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"insiders," having apparently got an inkling that the dividend would be only 4¼ per cent., sold down Brighton "A" to 152½ on Wednesday morning, unaware evidently of the large balance carried forward, the announcement of which caused a sharp rebound. Well done, Mr. Sarle! Investors will not be slow to appreciate the beneficial change.

The Yankee Scare.

Forced liquidation in this market and "Bear" pressure, combined with scarcity of money in Wall-street, have caused a heavy decline in American Railroad stocks, a veritable panic prevailing at one time. The fact that no resistance was offered to the decline on this side, owing to the large financial houses having their hands full with their own troubles and heavy losses in Mexican and other securities affected by silver, emboldened the New York "Bears," under the lead of Addison Cammack, to most enterprising attacks. They have gone so far as to sell through London brokers in the morning heavy blocks of stock, which, as the dealers here were unable to take them, were offered again by the arbitrage houses in Wall-street, thus creating the impression that London was throwing over all its stocks wholesale. The failures on the Stock Exchange, and certain embarrassments which had evidently become known to the American "Bear" contingent, helped them to carry out their nefarious designs. There are, however, indications that matters have been pushed far enough, and as soon as ever the money position in New York improves (the last return of the New York Associated Banks shows a distinct improvement) and the "Bears" discover that the forced sales here are completed, a sharp recovery may be looked for. After all, the panic is altogether overdone. The fall in silver is no doubt bad for the silver mines, but the railways will run all the same and continue their earnings. Many of the substantial stocks have reached a level at which they yield an excellent return on present dividends, especially Milwaukees, Louisville, and Atchison "A" and "B" bonds, while the low-priced speculative stocks are exceedingly cheap. I have already stated my view that it would not be wise, under present conditions, to run stocks speculatively, but any one who can afford to take up the stocks bought will see a good profit on them in a comparatively short time. Louisville at 56 ex. div. yield over 7 per cent., Milwaukees at 61 return 6⅝, Atchison "B" bonds at present price as much as 9 per cent. per annum on the investment. Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks have also declined in sympathy, but even at present prices they are not nearly so cheap in comparison as American Railroad stocks. For this they are indebted to the fact that the Yankee "Bears" do not devote the attention to them with which they are favouring their own stocks. Some correspondence has of late appeared in the Press concerning the Chignecto Marine Transport Railway Company, the object of which is to unite the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy and the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, greatly shortening the sea voyage between Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence ports, and the Atlantic cities of the United States. It is undoubtedly an undertaking of importance to the Dominion of Canada, and that the Canadian Government consider it to be so is proved by the fact that they have granted the Company a subsidy of 170,000 dols. per annum. Unfortunately the general depression has prevented the placing of the remaining Debentures, and the work has only been completed as to three-fourths, the greater part of the machinery being already erected, while the line and works are stated in an official report from Amherst as in a satisfactory state, in spite of the late severe winter. It is now urged that, as the funds cannot be obtained in the market under the prevailing conditions of depression, the Canadian Government should come to the assistance of the Company in order to raise the remaining £200,000 required to complete the undertaking. This would appear to be the best solution in the interest of all parties, and would greatly enhance the credit of the Canadian Government, the more so as they have got ample security.

Foreigners and South Americans.

The unfavourable views which I have for some time expressed respecting Italian finance are being fully borne out by present events. I consider the position thoroughly rotten, and I am not at all surprised at the rise in the gold premium in Rome to over 9 per cent. Italians have consequently dropped heavily to 87¼. Spanish have experienced another spasm, and are lower at 61½. How long the Banque de Paris will continue to supply Spain with funds remains to be seen, but the end will come one of these days. Russians, on the other hand, are being kept at their present high quotation by Government rigging. Greeks are unable to shake themselves together again, times being, of course, very much against them. Turks have eased off all round, but it is, on the whole, surprising that all these old-world securities keep up as well as they do in the midst of a crisis which knocks down values in all other directions. The fall in the gold premium in Buenos Ayres seems to indicate an improvement in the political position in Argentina, but what I should like to hear is some definite news to the effect that the Minister of Finance is dealing with the Railway guarantees. The payment of the August coupon on the Uruguay bonds is stated to be assured, yet the price does not respond. Mexican securities remain in a state of collapse, but holders of these and of Peruvian Corporation stocks should really hesitate before they throw them away at these prices.

The Kaffir Circus.

The South African market got over the settlement better than had been anticipated, money being plentiful and rates easier, but subsequent forced sales brought about some decline. It is also assumed that one of the big operators in this market has been keeping prices down purposely in order to get hold of cheap stock. This is not the first time that the firm in question goes on this tack, which is not very creditable, and is decidedly bad policy as regards the public to whom they will look later on again to buy stocks at a higher level. Many of the Witwatersrand Mines are at present at low prices, and the leading dividend-paying Companies yield good returns on the investment. Nigels, Meyer and Charlton, Rietfontein, and especially New Primrose, may be mentioned as such. Glencairns have hardened to 34s. 6d., and now that the reconstructed heavy battery has commenced crushing, good results are looked for with a promise of early dividends. New Crœsus, Kimberley, Roodepoort, and especially Buffelsdoorn, are amongst the coming Mines. With respect to the latter, I have had my favourable opinion fully confirmed by an expert, who has just returned from South Africa. Excellent news is to hand from the Afrikander property. As development goes on, ore is being crushed and gold to the value of £3,000 has been obtained in a few months, but it appears that the small leader, which was only a couple of inches wide at the first level, has increased to 12—18 in. on the third level, a large quantity of ore is in sight, and when in a short time crushing proceeds with 25 head of stamps and the Cyanide Works are going, there will be a large output. When it is, moreover, considered that the Company, with its small capital of £40,000, owns fifty-four reef claims, which alone are worth several times their capital value, it may be said that Afrikanders at 25s. are exceedingly cheap, and I should not be surprised if they were to take a jump of 10s. to 20s. one of these days. As I anticipated, the amount of gold recovered at the Randt by the African Gold Recovery Company in June has reached the large total of 26,000 oz., with 1,400 oz. in other districts, against 24,004 oz. in May. I see from the report of the Chamber of Mines that the MacArthur Forrest Cyanide process is now the only one employed on the Randt for the treatment of

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tailings, other processes having failed in extraction or by excessive cost. Progress is now also reported by the Australian Gold Recovery Company, which announces having entered into a contract with the Mitchell's Creek Gold Mining Company for the treatment of tailings. The next new departure will be the extraction of gold from the 100,000 tons of tailings of the Caratal Gold Mine in Venezuela, and it is probable that the MacArthur Forrest process will do as much for this Venezuelan Mine as it has done for the Witwatersrand Mines, many of which would now yield but small profits without this process. According to the *Mining World* highly satisfactory news may be expected very shortly from Mr. Bull, whose arrival at the Caratal Mine has been already notified. The statement is added in the same paper that this news "will most likely be received in the form of a brief report, and that, like all Mr. Bull's communications, it will be to the point." My contemporary does not forecast the precise nature of the report, but, from information of an independent character, of which it is in possession, it feels justified in saying that the shareholders will have exceptional pleasure in perusing it. This coincides with the reports which have been communicated to me, and the more active dealings which have taken place of late, point to a considerable improvement in the price of Caratal shares. With reference to the Holcombe Valley Gold Mine, I find that shares are being quietly absorbed in the market, in view of the news of the first return, which is expected daily, now that the machinery is erected on the property. Amongst South African Land Companies British Chartered of South Africa have fallen heavily to 29s., chiefly on advices of Lobengula's raid into Mashonaland. I wonder what would happen with these shares, should some day Lobengula go to work in earnest and annihilate, as he easily could, the Chartered Company's handful of police. Oceana and Oceana Development shares have declined on a few forced sales, but are again recovering, the news from the various properties being most favourable. With reference to the Kilkivan Mine, the manager reports, under date June 3, that the shaft was down to 107 ft., and that all was going well. He also mentions the circumstance, previously reported by cable, that in the adjoining property the main reef has been struck in a shaft only 100 yards from their western boundary, and not more than 250 yards from their present sinking. It is estimated that this main reef, which runs high through the Kilkivan property, and is one of those that gave such good yields to the original finders there, will go 4 oz. to 5 oz. to the ton. Under the circumstances Kilkivan shares, now quoted 8s.—10s., are well worth picking up.

Indian Mines.

The circular of the Mysore Gold Company announcing the intention of the Directors to ask shareholders for authority to increase the capital of the Company to £250,000 by the issue of 25,000 shares of £1 each, at a premium of £2, has not been well received by the market, and it has had the effect of knocking down the shares to 3$\frac{1}{16}$. These continuous issues by the leading Indian mining Companies are creating a feeling of uneasiness among a certain section of the proprietors, and this is not surprising when one looks back upon the past few years. In 1886, when Mysore shares touched 9$\frac{3}{8}$, the capital of the Company was £135,000. In that year 15,000 new shares were created, and issued at a premium of £3 each. In 1888 there was an issue of 25,000 shares at a premium of £1 each. In 1890 there was an issue of 25,000 at a premium of £3 each. In 1891 there was another issue of 25,000 shares to purchase certain properties of the Gold Fields Company. In January of this year, the Mysore sold their holding of 10,000 Champion Reefs at an average price of 35s. On the top of all these issues another £75,000 cash is now asked for. No doubt the money will be subscribed by the shareholders, as the allotments will give each holder a fair bonus on the price ruling in the market; but, nevertheless, this continuous piling up of the capital account is unhealthy. A highly successful mine like the Mysore should long ago have put itself in a position to meet all future developments without asking for more money. It is only a few weeks since that I protested against a new issue of capital by the Nundydroog Indian mining shareholders should put a curb upon their Directors. The Nundydroog is showing considerable improvement; and the recent development of the Golconda and Oriental blocks look decidedly promising to the shareholders of the goldfields of Mysore. Indian Consolidated shares are now quite unsaleable, nor is this surprising. It appears ridiculous to ask shareholders after their past experiences to undertake a further liability of 3s. per share, in order to find £80,000 cash to acquire a property altogether undeveloped. I expressed this view as soon as the reconstruction scheme was issued, at which time the shares could have been sold at 1s. 9d., and I know many of my friends took the hint to at once dispose of their holdings.

The Syndicate Touts attack Montrose.

The fact that the syndicate touts continue to flood the country with their circulars seems unfortunately to prove that there are still fools left gullible enough to part with their money to these swindlers. A reader of Truth in Montrose sends me a collection of circulars received by him from fourteen different worthies of this stamp, expressing the hope that I "may still go on, and save an innocent public from getting their pockets picked by such sharks, whose operations reach even these hyperborean regions, where such iniquity was not hitherto known." The touts who have so honoured Montrose with their nefarious missives are the following:—

British and American Investment Trust, 181, Queen Victoria-street.
T. Nelson, 12, Great St. Helen's.
E. Barton, 81, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
Land, Dale, & Co., 118, Fenchurch-street, E.C.
George Macdonald & Co., 164, Fenchurch-street, E.C.
The London Central Stock and Share Corporation, 17, Coleman-street.
United Kingdom Stock and Share Corporation, 58, Cheapside.
The Metropolitan Financial Association, 52, Queen Victoria-street.
Staveley & Co., 83, Lombard-street.
F. Compton & Co., 1, Tokenhouse-buildings, Lothbury.
Walton, Price, & Co., 61½, Fore-street.
London and Counties Stock and Share Corporation, 143, Cannon-street.
Duncan, Short, & Co., 39, Lombard-street.
Clarkson & Co., 118, Fenchurch-street.

All these firms have already been mentioned in Truth, and I have warned my readers to have nothing to do with their system of syndicates, amalgamations, combinations, &c., a warning which I herewith repeat especially for the benefit of the good people of Montrose and other dwellers in the North. What I am surprised at is that Percy Barclay & Co. have, apparently, not yet found their way to Montrose, for hardly a week passes that I do not hear from some one or other who has lost money with them. This week I got a communication from a clergyman in Essex, who had been victimised in half a dozen syndicates to the extent of £5 a-piece. Wiser in his generation is a clergyman in Ireland, who sends me a circular received from Harvey, MacDonald, & Co., of 20, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin, to whose endeavours to draw the innocents in the sister isle into their net I have already referred. My correspondent takes special umbrage at the statement made by these touts that "most of their clients are clergymen of all denominations." That, of course, is a lie, but that parsons do sometimes go in for a little gamble of this kind is unfortunately true enough. But, parsons or no parsons, I urge upon all my readers to have no dealings with these gentry, whose only aim is to pick the pockets of the unwary.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

R. W.—Of the three securities named I should prefer Costa Rica "B" bonds as a speculative investment for a small amount. *Lion.*—What you say respecting the special security of City of Mexico bonds is quite correct, and I think you are right in

sticking to them. The fall is, of course, a result of the silver panic. *Inquirer.*—The decline is due to the silver scare; this does not affect the bonds directly, and you should hold.

BANKS, TRUSTS, AND FINANCIAL.

Subscriber, Dunganmon.—I think your intention to sell out the Colonial Bank shares in question, and reinvest in the unduly depressed American Railroad shares, is wise. Certainly, hold the stocks you have already got. *A Constant Reader, Tottenham.*—The South American and Mexican Company has been sadly mismanaged, but I am afraid there is no option but to adopt the measure now proposed by the directors. *G. R. K.*—I am afraid that the outlook for this Trust is not very bright, and it might be wise to do as you suggest, viz., to exchange into the Argentine, 1886, or Funding loans. *H. S., Cardiff.*—It is a substantial American Company, but no one will consider matters in the United States as stable as in England, and this is a matter to be more specially considered when dealing with life assurance. I do not reply by letter. *E. de P.*—I do not like this Trust, and have expressed an unfavourable view ever since its formation. Your proper course would have been to pay up the call and sell the shares. The Company has probably the right to confiscate the shares *and* recover the call. You should compromise the matter and sell out. I cannot reply by letter. *Chip.*—It is really difficult to advise. If these bad times are going to last a call will no doubt be made. Sell half your holding. *H., Upper Norwood.*—You are quite right, the public ought to be warned of dealing with banks which pay 10 per cent. interest on deposits, but is not such a transaction on the face of it most dangerous, and how can, after the collapse of Barker's Bank, any sane person expect to get such high interest with safety? *Query.*—The matter looks very doubtful, the arrangement being probably only proposed in order to get hold of your money. It is an old dodge. Don't. *Strax.*—The affairs of the South American and Mexican Company have been sadly mismanaged, in addition to which the concern has fallen upon very bad times. Yet, under all the circumstances the proposal now made seems to be the least disastrous way out of the difficulty. *E. W. K.*—I am sorry you are interested in Goldsbrough, Mort, and Company. I have for a long time advised against such Australian investments, but I hope that the difficulty will be surmounted. No, I do not recommend the Brewery Debentures, but you may safely put the money in Brighton "A," which will pay you good interest. See under "The Brighton Dividend." *Anxious, Newcastle.*—No, I should not buy any more Trust shares now, but await the passing off of the scare. *Dubitans.*—Do not buy any more of these Eastern Bank shares. It is too great a risk to run. *Troubled*—I should not buy more of the Trust shares, but stay where you are. If a broker, a member of the Stock Exchange, should charge a client more than he gave for the stock, and this can be proved, he can be brought before the Committee of the Stock Exchange. *Guernsey.*—I really cannot tell you if the person in question is an authorised agent of the Hamburg Government Lottery. These Lotteries are conducted fairly enough, but so much depends upon the intermediary. *Bees.*—You should inquire of your broker how he can buy the Coal shares. Write to the office of the New English Bank of the River Plate; you will, no doubt, obtain the information there. *Avalon.*—I cannot reply by post. The South American and Mexican Company has been very badly managed, but the meeting has adopted the resolution proposed, and I am afraid there is no option in the matter.

HOME RAILS.

Optimist.—No, I do not advise investment in Birmingham and Henley-in-Arden Railway shares.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RAILS.

Rothesay.—1. You should hold your Missouri, Kansas, and Texas shares, especially as they are taken up. A turn is very near, when you might average as you propose. 2. Peruvian Corporation debentures should be held now. Severe "Bear" pressure has been put on, but, according to statements made by the Directors, there is no fear of the Debenture interest being defaulted on. *Regent's-road.*—No; I should advise you to keep the Atchison "B" Second Mortgage bonds, but you might exchange from Interoceanic of Mexico into Peru Debentures, as you propose. The distribution to the Assets Certificates should take place within the next week or two, as the Chilian bonds have been handed over to the Corporation. *D. M.* Yes; I think it would be wise for you to take up the Atchison "A" bonds, New Primrose and Day Dawn P.C. The two former pay good interest, and will rise to much higher prices again. The prospects of the latter are good, and an advance is imminent. *R. H. B.* The Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent., 1925, bonds are a gilt-edged investment, but as they leave you so good a profit you might sell half and re-invest, as you propose, in sound American Railroad bonds. I should not like to take the responsibility in the present times to advise upon the safety of stock brokers. *Janet.*—You have done right to invest in Atchison Second Mortgage "B" bonds. They receive at once 4 per cent. annual interest, while the "A" bonds rise gradually from 2½ to 4 per cent. in three years. Both have the same powers of foreclosure. *Gene Dabchick.*—I do not care so much for Erie Seconds and should consider Atchison Second Mortgage "A" or "B" bonds preferable. *Nemo.*—*a.* Yes, Costa Rica shares would be a suitable speculative "lock up" for a small amount. *b.* Atlantic Firsts are very cheap. *c.* The Balaghat lode has pinched out, everything depends upon its widening again. I should risk holding for a month or two. *d.* The progress of the Nine Reefs Company is not up to expectation, but I should not sell during the present stagnation. *Watching.*—1. Yes, you can do no harm in averaging Eries now. 2. This also applies to Costa Rica Rails for a small amount. 3. I do not recommend the purchase of these, either Preferred or Deferred. Cable property is not in the ascendant. *E. E., East Cowes.*—Traffics of Argentine Railways generally fall off at this season, but the Central Argentine is doing well, and the stock should be held for a smart recovery. *Texas B., Dublin.*—No improvement can come about until the general depression in the American Market passes away. Then a revival may be expected. *Topeka.*—1. I should not advise you to sell your Atchison "A" bonds on the chance of buying cheaper before Congress meets. Whenever the turn comes the improvement will be so sudden that you will not be able to get in again. 2. No the Colorado Mines have no bearing on this Company. *Tommy Dodd.*—1. Those connected with the Nitrate Railway are of opinion that the dividend of 20 per cent. will be maintained. 2. Yes. Peruvian Corporation Debentures are a cheap speculative purchase, and the interest is reasonably secure. *Simon.*—Amongst the thirteen bonds mentioned, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 seem to be the most suitable under the circumstances mentioned. *Peter.*—This is a panic which will no doubt pass off presently. It is not a time to buy stocks on margins, but to lock them up. The market, however, will no doubt turn upwards again.

MINING SHARES.

Inquirer, Kilmarnock.—The Glencairn battery has just re-started crushing. On the whole, I think Broken Hill Proprietary shares had better be held now; but I do not think much of British Broken Hills. *Leitrim.*—I should certainly prefer new Crœsus Gold shares to the New Aurora West. *L. P.*—The news from the Caratal mine is most promising, and you should buy at once at anything like 9d. per share. *Lional.*—New Primrose and Glencairn should be held for a marked rise. *N. P.*—The Mysore Gold mine is a good property, and likely to continue to earn good dividends; but I protest against the frequent issues of new shares. *Investor, Paisley.*—1. I should not advise the investment. 2. The progress of the Nine Reefs Company is not up to expectation; but I should not sell during the present stagnation. *M. A.*—1. The gentleman in question is at present travelling abroad. The shares are not introduced upon the Australian market, the Company having been formed here. 2. It is a high-priced share, and therefore specially susceptible to the prevailing depression. 3. Not yet. 4. The Kimberley Roodepoort is expected to do well, and to eventually rival the success of the Company named. 5. I certainly should not pick out Modderfontein for a purchase. *M. F.*—You are mistaken. The South Darren shares are not fully paid. They were issued in the reconstruction as 5s. shares with 2s. 6d. credited as paid. *B., China.*—Yes, the charge on Balkis Land shares is rather high, but having bought through your Banker, you know, at least, that the shares are safe, and that you cannot become the victim of an outside broker's dishonesty. I am much interested in the fact related by you, that the touts in question are circularising China. I have repeatedly warned my readers of them, and I am now conducting a special inquiry into the matter. *Cromer.*—You are right, the Rietfontein dividend was 15 per cent. *Wychbury.*—1. Yes, South African Trust and Finance is a good speculation. 2. On Holcombe Valley shares only 2d. per share remains unpaid. This is a very good speculative purchase. Your purchases of Gold Mines Nos. 1-7 are well selected, but you seem to have paid a high price for Buffelsdoorn, viz., 30s. This is a rising Mine, but you ought to have got in below that price. 8. Leave De Lamars alone, as it is a Gold *and* Silver Mine, and silver is not now in the ascendant. *Nodrog.*—With regard to the twelve Australian Mines upon which you ask my opinion, I should say that Nos. 1, 4, 11, and 12 are very good, Nos. 2, 3, and 8, good, Nos. 5 and 6 are promising, and Nos. 7, 9, and 10 require development. *Nora.*—Caratal and Holcombe Valley are low-priced Mining shares, which you should, however, consider as a speculation. There are excellent chances of a smart advance, and you cannot lose much. In these days, this is a question of some moment. *Claret.*—The Moonstone Gold Mine is a good property, but I know nothing of Messrs. Elmslie's circular, asking the shareholders to give them "the option of buying the shares at a given price for three months." In such cases it is best not to bind yourself, and to sell only when you see a good profit. I do not believe in "Bear" catching. *Granite.*—Both are good properties, but require more development.

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Rose Land.—Do not buy more of the Brewery shares to average yet, but await a more decided turn in the market. *Merlin.*—I do not think prospects of this Spanish line promising. Sell! You will have remarked that I consider the Tyre Companies as greatly overdone, and, if the loss is not too heavy, I should clear out. *M. K.*—I suppose that the bad times are telling upon this Company. You should not have all your eggs in one basket. Why not sell part and re-invest the money in other stocks? *Rastus.*—1. No, the mortgage does not represent the floating debt, which would be represented by the bills, and

BIRDS of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer.

probably by an advance from bankers. 2. The general depression accounts for the low prices. 3. Yes. 4. You forget the jobbers' turn, which has to be paid by the brokers.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

Border.—A. There is absolutely nothing in this comment on Holcombe Valley, which is entirely opposed to the views of experts. But the matter will shortly be decided, as the new machinery is now erected, and a trial will shortly be made. If it is successful, there will be an important advance in the shares. B. Yes, you might re-invest in Atchison "A" bonds. C. No reason to sell. I did not wish to refer to this Canadian line. D. I do not think much of these Mines. E. Yes, prospects have improved. *Sussex.*—1. Mexican Central Gold bonds have declined through the silver scare. The fall in silver must, of course, affect the line, but independent from the revenue the interest on these bonds is secured for some years to come. 1. Louisville have fallen through forced sales, and should be held. This also applies to Atchison "A" and "B" bonds. As soon as the weak accounts are closed out, you will see a recovery. The Uruguay coupon is already in hand, and the low price is due to the general depression. *Craigdale.*—1. The outlook for Tramway shares is not favourable in view of the fodder question. 2. Northern Pacific and Montana First Mortgage Six per Cent. Gold bonds stand at 86 90, Union Pacific, Lincoln, and Colorado First Mortgage Five per Cent. bonds 81-85. Neither is a first class bond, but there seems to be no reason to sell in the present depression. 3. Doubtful. Sell if you can. *W.*—Sell Lomas (1), but hold Nos. 2-4. They will recover again. *No.* 62.—I do not see how I can advise you to sell the Trust stocks Nos. 1-3 in the present depression. Certainly hold Nos. 4 and 5 for a recovery. *A. B. B.*—The general depression has, of course, caused most of your stocks to depreciate, and this is a bad time for selling. I should hold all the stocks now, but when a recovery comes about I should sell Nos. 3, 8, and 9. Under no circumstances sell your Peruvian Corporation stocks now. The position is much better than has been asserted. *St. Vincent.*—The Uruguay and Chilian Railway stocks Nos. 1-3 should improve. Hold also Nos. 4-6. Of the Mines, sell Elkhorns (1) and hold the rest. No. 2 should be sold when they touch 25s. again. Hold the Chilian Loan and Montevideo Waterworks. *Exeter.*—For the Trust No. 1 select Brighton "A" stock at, say, 155. St. Paul Minneapolis and Manitoba Consolidated Four and Half per Cent. Mortgage bonds at 103, Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. bonds, 1925, at 107, Natal Four per Cent. Inscribed stock at 108, Nizams State Railway Four per Cent. Mortgage debentures. For the second speculative Trust you might buy Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Costa Rica "B" bonds, Chilian Loan of 1892, Louisville and Nashville shares, Atchison "B" Second Mortgage bonds, and Peruvian Corporation debentures.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

The issue by the Indian Government of 3½ per Cent. Rupee Paper is a novelty, but it has not, so far, affected the quotations of the Four per Cents. The failure of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency has revived the feeling of distrust as regards Australian affairs, and fully bears out my view that the full effect of the financial crisis in Australia had not been felt yet. There has also been a slight fall in the shares of the Banks which have weathered the storm, but it may be hoped that this will not go any further. Mexican Rails are weak, the First Prefs at 59½, the Second Prefs. at 38. With regard to the latter stock, the most notable feature was the attempt which was made on "carry-over" day to bid up the making-up price to a fictitious figure. A young broker was sent into the "House" to bid in thousands up to 45. He got the stock, but the jobbers were even with him, and offered at once Second Prefs. for next account from 40 down to 38, while the making-up price was fixed at 40, and remained there, notwithstanding an appeal to the Committee. Truly, matters are not prospering with Mr. Mackusick's little spec. The following communication reaches me from a correspondent, who does not stand alone in his grievance:—

Have the Inland Revenue a right to deduct 7d. income-tax for the whole six months from January 31 last, more especially as this rise of 1d. only became law somewhere about April 4? I am a depositor in a certain bank, and I found when they paid me interest they had deducted 7d. for the whole half-year. When I expostulated with them, they wrote to the Inland Revenue Board, and this is the Board's reply:—

"I am directed by the Board of Inland Revenue to acquaint you that income-tax was properly deducted from interest on deposit paid by your bank for the half-year ending 1st instant, at the rate of 7d. in the £, being the rate in force when the interest became due and payable."

Now, this really seems most unfair. How can they make it retrospective and charge me 7d. for three months, when according to Act of Parliament I am only to be charged 6d.? How is it also that railways, &c., and many other investments charge you so many days at 6d. and so many at 7d., or to simplify matters, some charge 6½d.? I should be extremely obliged if you will inform me if they have a right to charge me 7d. for the whole period since January 31 last, taking into consideration that the Bank has had full use of my money for the whole time, and only pay interest for the half-year, after they have used it for the half-year it is not as if they paid me in advance; the interest **is accrued and due.**

On the face of it my correspondent has made out a good case for himself. It is manifestly unjust that income tax should be charged at the rate of 7d. for the three months during which it was only 6d. If the Inland Revenue are in the habit of enforcing the deduction of income tax on deposits "at the rate in force when the interest becomes due and payable," irrespective of the rate of income-tax which prevailed during part of the time, the sooner they abandon this practice the better. With reference to my remarks on the Mexican Inguaran Company, I have received the following letter from "A Country Broker":—

I have noted the correspondence on this Company appearing in your paper. I, at or about the time named in your journal, was persuaded by the glowing and persistent puffs made by the editor of one of your contemporaries who, I had supposed, was a respectable and honourable personage, to induce some of my clients to go in for these shares. Since then, however, I notice that all reference to it has been dropped, and I have been unable to gather anything about this Company. The Secretary (Mr. Salmon I think it was) wrote me some time ago that the Company was requiring further capital and asking if I could send any—not much. I think the investing public owe a deep debt of gratitude to you for exposing such swindles.

What has Mr. W. H. Salmon to say to this? As the directors of this Company (which has so mysteriously disappeared from the face of the earth without even receiving decent burial at the hands of a liquidator), John Merrylees, Roman de Olano, and E. Figges persist in their silence, perhaps he, as former secretary, can throw some light upon the matter?—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

MR. DOBSON'S NEXT OF KIN.

IT was a bitter disappointment for Mr. Crafton Deedes when old Joshua Dobson adopted the orphan son of his old friend, Major Seaton, with the avowed intention that the lad should take his name and inherit his money. Mr. Dobson, who had retired from the timber trade on a comfortable competency, was now within a year or two of sixty, a widower, and childless. Consequently Mr. Deedes, as the old gentleman's cousin, as well as his solicitor and confidential adviser, had not unreasonably come to consider himself entitled by every right to succeed to Mr. Dobson's property. The expectation was fully shared by Mrs. Deedes, and on the strength of it the solicitor and his wife had long been cultivating their relative with much assiduity and at considerable cost.

However, Crafton Deedes was a man of resolute temper, and much faith in his own luck and resources. He consequently took a philosophical view of the situation.

"We must bide our time, Emily," he said to his wife, "and keep our eyes open. Young Seaton is going into the Army. He might happen to get cut off in his prime. He may grow up wild and quarrel with the old man. A thousand things may happen. Our cue is to be civil to him for the present, and, above all things, to make no difference in our behaviour to Cousin Deb. Remember, as long as the old boy lives there is hope for us."

Mr. and Mrs. Deedes carefully followed up the policy

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "★," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

thus sketched out, and with the best results. When Mr. Dobson presently made a new will to provide for the lad whom he had adopted he showed his appreciation of the magnanimity of Mr. Deedes and his wife by giving them substantial legacies, though not by any means enough to reconcile the solicitor to his position or divert him from the purpose he had in view. Young Arthur Seaton—or Seaton-Dobson, as he was now styled—soon showed, on his part, a gratifying disposition to play into the hands of Mr. Deedes. When old Mr. Dobson adopted him he was not a little influenced by the boy's handsome face, high spirits, and winning manners. But in the critical period between eighteen and one-and-twenty Arthur's character underwent a disagreeable change. He evinced on all occasions a disposition for undesirable company. He became more than slightly addicted to betting and gambling, and he displayed a wonderful facility in running up debts. At Sandhurst, whither he had been sent in deference to what Mr. Dobson knew to have been his father's wish, he was continually in all sorts of discreditable scrapes. Mr. Dobson did not know the whole truth, but he saw quite enough to make him uneasy, and he was not slow in expressing his uneasiness. Some rather unpleasant scenes were the consequence. Neither remonstrance nor warning, however, prevented Arthur from blundering on steadily down hill, until he was brought up by coming hopelessly to grief in his final examination, and forfeiting his last chance of a commission.

Then Joshua Dobson put his foot down firmly. He offered his adopted son one more chance, paid his debts, gave him three months in which to select any commercial pursuit which he would undertake to stick to, and promised to advance him therein to any reasonable extent. But at the same time he made it clear that Arthur's next act of misconduct would involve the termination of their relationship.

Mr. Crafton Deedes looked on at all this with grim satisfaction. It was not his business, he argued, to prevent his enemy going to the devil. On the contrary, he was pleased to find an occasional opportunity of smoothing the young man's road towards that desirable goal. He was always friendly and plausible. He took an active part after the last crash in squaring matters between the old man and the young, and Arthur constantly came to him for advice and assistance.

Arthur's three months' grace had nearly run out, when he one day hurried into Mr. Deedes's office in a state of evident trepidation.

"I say, Crafton," he cried, "what is a post-obit?"

"A simple means of selling your birthright for a mess of pottage," replied the solicitor, agreeably interested by the question.

"Oh, hang that! Tell us what the thing means."

"I am not joking. You have a prospect of inheriting, let us say, a thousand pounds on the death of a wealthy relative, and you sell that prospect to a benevolent Hebrew for perhaps £50 cash, and a few shillings' worth of bad cigars and sham jewellery."

"Well, and how is it done?"

"Before I answer that question, my dear Arthur, I should like to understand the reason of your sudden curiosity about post-obits. I have a duty, you know to Mr. Dobson."

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed about that!" replied Arthur. "I only inquired on behalf of a chap I know. He's rather hard hit over the Cambridgeshire—wanted fifty pounds sharp, and went to our friend Ikey. Ikey, knowing that he had prospects, suggested a post-obit."

"I see," returned Mr. Deedes, and having thus learned all he wanted to know, he waived any professional scruples about advice gratis, and gave the information which Arthur had requested.

Now when Crafton Deedes had been assisting, as mentioned above, in the settlement of Arthur's affairs, Mr. Dobson had exhorted the solicitor to give him early warning should he detect any inclination on Arthur's part to revert to his recent evil courses.

"You are more likely to get a hint of such a thing than I am," the old gentleman observed. "I hope, therefore, that you will watch him carefully, Crafton, and not allow any mistaken feeling of friendship for the boy to weigh with you if you see anything wrong. Mind, I rely on you in this."

With this injunction upon him, Crafton Deedes saw clearly where his duty lay in the present instance. Accordingly, a few hours after Arthur had left him, he drove round to the office of Mr. Isaac Davis, the gentleman to whom Arthur had referred. He found Mr. Davis in, and being well known to him, had no difficulty in learning that Arthur had recently called, and what his business had been.

"Did you let him have the money?" Mr. Deedes inquired.

"Not quite," replied Mr. Davis. "The shecurity was not good enough. What is it? A will, which may be revoked to-morrow."

"Just so," assented Mr. Deedes. "All the same, I want you to lend him the money—to oblige me."

"To oblige you!" said the money-lender, with that peculiar laugh which made every one hate him who heard it. "My dear friend, I am delighted to oblige you. But why cannot you lend him the money yourself?"

"That is just what I want to do, but in your name!"

"Eh—vat?" exclaimed Mr. Davis.

"I want you to lend him £50, which I will advance, on a post-obit which you shall assign to me. No one's name but yours must appear in the transaction, and in the event of inquiries being made, you must keep my share in it dark."

"For which you are willing to pay me ——."

"Whatever you think a reasonable remuneration for your trouble when the whole business is concluded."

"Always willing to oblige a friend on those terms," said Mr. Davis, with another agreeable smile. "Would you like me to write to our young friend at once, and tell him he can have the money?"

"If you please," replied Mr. Deedes, and after a little further conversation, he left the money-lender's office in the highest spirits.

Two or three days passed. The last day of Arthur's term of grace arrived, and the young man had not fulfilled the conditions imposed on him by selecting a new profession. The old gentleman was consequently in a state of bitter indignation against his adopted son, when Crafton Deedes arrived and told his ingenuous story—how his suspicions about Arthur had been aroused, how he had made inquiries, and how he had found that the reprobate had been actually raising money by a post-obit bond on the life of his benefactor. Almost incredulous at first, Mr. Dobson insisted on accompanying Deedes to the money-lender's office, where he learned the bitter truth. Then he gave way to his wrath. That night, when Arthur came home, he received a letter enclosing a cheque for £100, together with an intimation that he must leave the house at once, and that Mr. Dobson desired neither to see nor hear of him again.

After this Mr. Deedes had an easy task, and circumstances seemed to conspire to render it yet easier. Though Mr. Dobson was a hale and vigorous old gentleman, he had been visibly affected in health and spirits by his recent anxiety. A day or two after Arthur's dismissal he was seized with a fainting fit. His medical man pulled a long face, and prescribed rest and careful nursing. Where could these be so advantageously obtained as in the comfortable house of Mr. Deedes and under the watchful eye of that gentleman's wife? Mr. Dobson, who was rather downhearted and lonely, took kindly to the idea, when it was suggested to him. The arrangements were soon completed, and when the testator had been once installed under the roof of Mr. Deedes, it need not be said that many weeks did not elapse before his former will was replaced by a new one, in which the solicitor and his family got all they had so patiently waited and plotted for.

* * * * *

There was only one person in the world, besides old Dobson himself, who felt any genuine sorrow for Arthur Seaton's downfall, and that was Miss Nellie Goodwin, who occupied the post of nursery governess in the family of Mrs. Crafton Deedes. Under the fostering care of Mrs.

Herefordshire Cider & Perry, six distinct varieties. Gold Medal, Paris, 1888. The Bishop of Ely writes, 1892, "Your Cider & Perry are excellent." List from H. P. Bulmer & Co., Rylands, Hereford.

Deedes, who thought it an excellent idea that Arthur should crown his misdemeanours by an attachment to a nursery governess, a dangerous flirtation had been for some time in progress between Seaton and Nellie; and so successful had been the diplomacy of the solicitor's lady that, at the time Arthur was cast penniless on the world, the pretty but imprudent little governess had already promised to become his wife. Nellie ought to have known better, it is certain; but she was only nineteen, and an orphan besides.

To do Arthur Seaton justice, he was not the man to contemplate a romantic match upon nothing a year. But as he was fond of Miss Goodwin in his way, and the girl was much fonder of him in hers, they kept up a clandestine correspondence after the final breach with Mr. Dobson, and even met furtively from time to time. In this way Mr. Seaton was kept pretty accurately informed of all that occurred in the house of Mr. Deedes. He heard something about the new will, the nature of which Mrs. Deedes had confided to Miss Goodwin. He heard, further, that the doctor in attendance on Mr. Dobson had privately confided to Mr. and Mrs. Deedes that his patient's heart was in such a condition that it was extremely doubtful whether he would live six months. Mr. Seaton was now in a position to form a much more accurate estimate of Mr. Deedes's character and motives than he had ever done before, and his change of opinion caused him to run into the opposite extreme of ascribing to the solicitor all his own misfortunes. He had thus worked himself into a fine condition of misery and hatred, when an unexpected opportunity for revenge presented itself.

At one or two of their meetings, Miss Goodwin had laughingly told her lover of numerous little attentions paid by Mr. Dobson to herself. The old gentleman was very fond of his cousin's children, and spent much time in their nursery and school-room; besides which he would accompany the children on their daily walks. He had also been profuse in small acts of gallantry to Miss Goodwin, paying her pretty compliments, and buying little presents for her.

All this, however, was nothing more than might pass for a display of fatherly regard on the part of a widower of sixty-three towards a pretty girl forty years younger, and Nellie and her lover joked often over it.

"Arthur," said Nellie one evening, when they had met as usual, "do you love me very much?"

"What do you think?" responded the young man, ambiguously.

"Would you be very heart-broken if I were going to marry some one else?"

"I don't know," replied Arthur, with an affectation of stoical indifference. "Are you thinking of doing it?"

"I have got the chance," said Nellie, demurely.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have been asked to become Mrs. Joshua Dobson."

"What!" cried Arthur, stopping in astonishment. "You don't mean to say the old boy has actually proposed?"

"He really did, though—on a seat in Kensington Gardens, this morning, while the children were playing a little way off."

And Miss Goodwin exploded into a fit of laughter, in which Seaton heartily joined.

"What did you say?" asked Arthur, when their merriment had slightly subsided.

"He would not let me say anything. He was very kind to me. It is wicked of me to laugh at him," said Nellie, more seriously, "but, indeed, he made me cry at the time. He said he knew it would take me by surprise, and insisted that I should think it over for a week before I gave him an answer."

"You might do worse than take him, Nell," Seaton observed, in a mournful tone. "Why, if the doctors are right, you are safe to be a widow in six months' time, and worth seventy thousand pounds. By Jove!" he added, "and I might marry you after all. Wouldn't that be a sell for Mr. Crafton Deedes?"

Miss Goodwin looked rather grave at this suggestion. But the idea which had occurred to him did not pass out of Mr. Seaton's mind. On the contrary, for some time afterwards he thought of little else, and the more he thought about it the more he liked it. The only point on which he was not quite clear was what the legal consequences would be supposing Mr. Dobson to marry Miss Goodwin and die at the end of a month or two, leaving the will which he had now made in favour of Deedes uncancelled. On this question Arthur determined to consult an intimate friend who was studying for the legal profession, and whom he contrived to see early on the following day.

The answer to his question proved very much what he had anticipated. Mr. Dobson's marriage with Miss Goodwin would absolutely revoke any pre-existing will. If he should die without making another, half his estate would by his intestacy go to his widow and the other half to the next-of-kin—that is to say, Crafton Deedes and his family. In this way, Mr. Seaton by marrying the widow would, at any rate, divide the fortune with his enemy. On the other hand, if Mr. Dobson should live long enough to make a new will in favour of his wife, Mrs. Dobson's second husband would cheat Mr. Deedes of the bulk of his sordid expectations. The idea was so admirable that at his next interview with Miss Goodwin, which took place the same evening, Seaton urged her to lose no time in marrying Mr. Dobson. The old man, he pointed out, might easily be persuaded into a secret marriage. She herself might find a pretext for that course, and, if not, the state of Mr. Dobson's health, and the strict injunctions of his physicians that he should avoid all excitement, would furnish a sufficient reason.

Miss Goodwin listened with a solemn face, which flushed hotly as Seaton unfolded his scheme.

"You surely do not mean this seriously, Arthur?" she said, when he finished.

"Of course, I do. Why not?"

"Oh, Arthur, how can you ask? It would be a vile and wicked thing to do!"

"Nonsense!" was the curt response. "Where's the wickedness?"

"It would be wicked to everybody concerned, and it is a horrible thing to ask of me—you, of all people! Is this what you call love?"

"Love, indeed!" cried Seaton, hotly. "What right have you to talk of love, if you let absurd scruples stand in the way of what would make us both happy for life!"

"Take care, Arthur. You don't know what you are saying."

"Indeed, I do. Look here, Nellie, if you like to make a sacrifice of your feelings in order that we may be married in a few months' time, well and good. If not, I think our engagement had better terminate, for in our present circumstances it is only an absurdity."

"I quite agree with you, if we can only remain engaged on the terms you name. Will you kindly see me home?"

They walked back in silence. As they parted Arthur said:

"Take a day or two to think this over, and let me know the result. Remember, I am in earnest. If you refuse Mr. Dobson, we must part."

At the end of a couple of days he received the following note:—

DEAR MR. SEATON,—I have acted on your suggestion, and accepted Mr. Dobson's proposal, but beyond that you need not expect my assistance in your plans. I consider that in asking what you did, you grossly insulted me, and you must now, please, understand that all communication between us must cease henceforth and for ever.—N.G.

The last sentence gave a turn to the letter which he had hardly expected; but Mr. Seaton did not allow himself to be greatly disturbed by his abrupt dismissal.

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

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"That's a settler for Mr. Crafton Deedes, anyhow," he moralised, as he tossed the note into the grate. "As for you, Miss Goodwin, I have no doubt that your temper will have cooled down a little by the time you have put on your weeds."

* * * * *

A few weeks later there was confusion and dismay in the house of Deedes. Old Mr. Dobson, who to the disgust of his host and hostess had been in much better health and spirits lately, went out for a walk with Miss Goodwin, and never came back. He left behind him a letter for his cousin, conveying the painful announcement of his marriage to Miss Goodwin that morning. He added something else scarcely less unpleasant. Having learned from his young bride before his marriage the opinion which his own doctor had formed of his condition, the old gentleman had paid a visit to that medical Pontiff, Sir Phelim Pulce, and Sir Phelim found no trace of the disease which his brother medico had suspected.

It was a crushing blow to Mr. Deedes to see the fruit of his long labours thus destroyed at one blow. However, when the first pang was passed, he accepted the situation with his usual philosophy.

"After all," he said to his wife, "Sir Phelim is not likely to have told him the truth—they never do. And all this excitement is very likely to do the business for the old boy. If he dies intestate, we divide with Mrs. D., and half a loaf is better than no bread. The only thing we need seriously fear is his making a new will in her favour. I must stop that, if I can.

The opportunity of stopping it came more easily than Deedes could have hoped. Mr. Dobson appeared desirous of remaining on friendly terms with his cousin. He called upon him a few weeks after his marriage, and matters were soon smoothed over. But the old gentleman at once explained to Deedes that he must again alter his testamentary intentions, and he gave instructions, accordingly, for a new will to be prepared, under which, of course, the lion's share of his property was to go to his wife, only a paltry legacy of £5,000 being bestowed upon Mr. Deedes. Deedes assented with the best grace he could, and then set to work to delay the execution of this instrument by every artifice known in the trade, and many more specially devised for the occasion. So successful was he that nearly four or five months elapsed and still the new will was unsigned. At this juncture Fate suddenly crowned the solicitor's amiable efforts. After having been for the sixth time frustrated in his attempts to get an appointment for the execution of the will, old Dobson came down to Deedes' office one morning in a towering passion, was suddenly seized with an attack of *angina pectoris*, and in half-an-hour was dead.

Deedes went home to his wife in a state of exultation which he could hardly conceal beneath the air of woe proper to the sad occasion. To his surprise, Mrs. Deedes by no means appeared to share his satisfaction at the issue of his scheme.

"You are my clever, Crafton, I dare say," she said "I only hope it won't turn out that you have been too clever."

"What do you mean?" asked Deedes, in surprise.

Mrs. Deedes said something in an undertone which caused her husband to start up with an oath.

"You don't mean it, Emily?" he cried. "Nonsense! The thing's impossible!"

"Impossible or not, I have suspected it for some time past. You will very soon see whether I am right."

"If you are right, we are ruined. She and the child will take everything. We shall be worse off than we should have been if he had executed the new will."

Mrs. Deedes was right. There *was* a child born some three months after Joshua Dobson's death. The father having died in the eye of the law intestate, Mrs. Dobson and the child *did* take everything. Mr. Crafton Deedes and his wife, consequently, got not a farthing more than young Arthur Seaton, who, after one or two unavailing attempts to induce the widow to reconsider her decision against him, disappeared for ever in the Colonies.

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MUSIC.

MASCAGNI AT WINDSOR.

YET another Royal performance, designed mainly to introduce Mascagni to the Queen, came off at Windsor Castle on Saturday night, and there is no reason to doubt with as much success as under the circumstances was possible. At any rate, the manager furnished a splendid cast, and mounted the operas with his well-known liberality, and Mascagni, who conducted, had a long audience of her Majesty. Of course, with the best will in the world, Sir A. Harris cannot give at Windsor a representation equal to those at Covent Garden. The Waterloo Chamber is a wretched place for sound, and all sorts of expedients have to be devised in order, on the one hand, that the delicate nuances may be heard at all, and, on the other, lest in forte passages the orchestra should drown the singers. The Covent Garden drummer, were he allowed to enjoy himself after his wont, would easily be able in the Waterloo Gallery to emulate a whole park of artillery; while, as in any case the brass instruments would have been too loud, their sound was muffled by thick carpets placed under the chairs. That this expedient, an idea of Signor Bevignani, should be necessary at all, is sufficient to condemn the Waterloo Gallery for operatic performances. On Saturday afternoon for upwards of an hour, Signor Mascagni had to keep his orchestra at rehearsal in order that they might be accustomed to "play down" to the room. To increase the difficulty the Royal party and the band now sit on a level with the stage, an arrangement which naturally stultifies even the poor acoustic qualities which the Waterloo Chamber can boast. Then again it was found necessary to reduce the chorus to fifteen of each sex, Sir A. Harris was obliged to get fresh scenery painted, and the artists on their dolls-house stage were never altogether at their ease. Happily on Saturday night the weather was moderately fine, but even under the most favourable climatic conditions, the invariable scarf-pin or the inevitable bracelet, is hardly sufficient compensation to tenors and sopranos who rely for their living upon delicate throats, for the risk run in returning home from Windsor by train at one o'clock in the morning. M. Jean de Reszke, whose voice is worth to him something between £150 and £250 a day, according to the country in which he sings, never has tempted fate by taking part in these night performances at Windsor, and the consciousness that Signor de Lucia thus avoided a draughty railway journey must have afforded that eminent tenor some sort of consolation on the illness of his wife, which suddenly on Friday last called him back to Italy. It is a pity that at any rate the leading singers cannot be accommodated in the Castle, and it is a still greater pity that her Majesty prefers the Windsor representations instead of occasionally using the Royal box at the Opera House, where she would witness a performance worthy of Royalty, and where also she would be the genuine prima donna of the evening; a bigger "draw" than the greatest of lyric artists.

The Queen takes great interest in the music of Mascagni, and in conversation with him at Windsor she (according to the composer himself) questioned him closely about his fondness for frequent changes of key. The key-changes are, however, not so frequent as the changes of time and rhythm; and the critics (or, at any rate, the leaders of that body), with whom the Italian musician appears to be not a little vexed, have expressly stated that these alternations, which look so strange on paper, are effective enough at performance. The true causes of the fate of "I Rantzau" lie in the libretto, and in the fact that Mascagni is writing too much. He admits having produced three operas in as many years, while a fourth—to wit, "Ratcliffe"—is now ready, and two more, viz., "Romano" and "Nero"—are on the stocks. If he would only go a little less rapidly he might give us another "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The opera season will end next Tuesday, two extra representations being given to compensate the subscribers for the State performance and the Royal Wedding night, when the house was closed. Even down to date a more

brilliant opera season has rarely been held within living memory. On the other hand, the idea to produce four works, three of them entirely new to the English stage, on four successive nights, from Tuesday to Friday this week, has, of course, been abandoned. Such a thing might be a *tour de force*, it might have been magnificent, but it would not have been sound management. And the use of it all is still less apparent, for to offer at the fag end of the season a solitary representation of a number of novelties is of little service to the composers, the artists, or the house. Nevertheless, it seems that a trial will yet be made. As at present arranged, Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Amy Robsart" has been postponed till Thursday of this week, Wagner's "Siegfried" will be given on Wednesday, and it is said Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust" will be witnessed for the first time on the London stage on Friday, a matter on which a doubt may, perhaps, reasonably be expressed. Indeed, considering that "Faust" is so thoroughly familiar to amateurs in concert form as sung by the splendid choir of the Albert Hall, it would seem almost reckless to produce it hurriedly at the fag end of a season, when the voices of the unfortunate operatic choristers must be thoroughly fatigued. As to "The Veiled Prophet," which it is now said will be presented on an extra night in Goodwood week, Dr. Stanford would be wise to withdraw it till next season. Altogether apart from the fact that at the termination of a harassing season, it would need something like a miracle to give it a fair chance, "The Veiled Prophet" could not possibly be accorded more than a solitary representation, a fate which on July 9, 1884, also befel Dr. Stanford's "Savonarola" at the same theatre.

Whatever may be the results of the Chicago Exhibition, the world's fair is at any rate attracting an enormous number of artists to the United States this autumn. Mr. Lloyd is already in America, and in a few weeks' time Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Bispham will sail thither to take part in the first performance of Dr. Mackenzie's "Bethlehem," which the composer will go over to conduct. On August 10, too, Madame Mary Davies sails to sing at the Chicago Eisteddfod, in which there will also take part a typical Welsh choir, to defray whose expenses £1,000 has been subscribed by the music lovers of the Principality. Madame Nordica will likewise return to the States, and in mid-September MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, M. Lassalle (whose experience of the high charges of hotels is likely to be amplified in Chicago), MM. de Lucia, Vignas, Montariol, Plançon, and Ancona; Mesdames Calvé, Eames, Melba, Arnoldson, Guercia, and Scalchi will sail, to join the Abbey and Grau opera company on October 2. Furthermore, next month Miss McIntyre will go to Italy, to remain there a twelvemonth. Very few artists of the front rank will thus be left in England, and this should give an encouraging chance to many a promising youngster.

The projected revival of "La Grande Duchesse" at the Prince of Wales has, I think wisely, been given up, but that charming little opera, "La Fille de Madame Angot," will be mounted at the Criterion on Saturday, with Miss Decima Moore in the part created in the early seventies by that graceful artist Pauline Luigini. "Jane Annie" will be revived at the Savoy early in September, in order to allow time for the due preparation of the new Sullivan and Gilbert opera.

The following delightfully naïve request was recently sent to Mr. J. W. Sidebotham, M.P. That gentleman, who is a Mus.Bac. Oxon, and is, I believe, the only Member of the House of Commons possessing a University musical degree by examination, forwarded it to Mr. Southgate, editor of the *Musical News*:—

London Conservatoire of Music, Hyde Park, W.
(Executive Department), June 23, 1893.

The Committee of the Conservatoire present their compliments to Mr. J. W. Sidebotham, and will feel obliged if he will allow his valuable name to be inserted in the Patron's list, also acceptance of a ten guinea season ticket. Two stalls will be reserved for Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera, June 29. The stall-keeper's charge, 21s., is the *only* sum that should be sent to the secretary for securing stalls for twelve months.

I also have, from time to time, received from several correspondents the circulars of this institution, and in particular one dated early in 1892, ominously printed in red ink, and offering a ten guinea season ticket for nothing at all, although "To defray the actual cost of postage and stall keeper's fees one guinea will be the only charge for one year, or ten guineas for a Life Governor's ticket." In a circular from this same London Conservatoire of Music, issued early this year, and now before me, the charge for the fifty guinea "Life Governor's ticket" seems munificently to have been reduced to £5. 5s.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—In reading Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Twenty Years at the Lyceum" (1)—as picturesque a presentation of Mr. Henry Irving as that artistic actor has given of any character in his répertoire—I have again and again had the misgiving that the sumptuous manager of the Lyceum has done his beloved art the disservice which the Sabines did Tarpeia. What, for instance, is to be said for the sacrifice of half the text of "Hamlet" to the mounting of that play of plays:—

A price has to be paid for scenic splendours in the shape of the delays that they necessarily occasion. Thanks to the ingenuity of stage carpenters and machinists, these delays at the Lyceum are reduced to a minimum time. "Henry VIII.," being not one of the longest of the plays—though it is one-third longer than "Macbeth"—the text at the Lyceum has been treated with comparative leniency. "Hamlet," on the other hand, which comprises nearly 4,000 lines, cannot, on the modern system of sumptuous mounting, possibly be given in anything approaching to its entirety. As a fact, very nearly one-half the play disappears from the modern acting copies.

Melpomene lost in her ornaments! Like the girl in Ovid:—

> Auferimur cultu et gemmis, auroque teguntur
> Omnia; pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

Laying the stress upon such sumptuous distractions is as unjust to the players as to the play, and is most unjust of all to Mr. Irving himself, who, in my judgment, shows at his best in pieces where he is least dependent upon accessories, and even upon auxiliaries—such as "The Bells" and the "Lyons Mail." Passing, however, prudently by the controversy whether Mr. Irving is not naturally a more adequate interpreter of such a poet, say, as Victor Hugo, than of such a poet as Shakespeare, I come to common ground upon which all Englishmen meet—admiration of the man as distinct from the actor. This admiration Mr. Fitzgerald's book will do much at once to explain and to increase. Could any one grudge a success won with such patient toil and worn with such engaging modesty? I cannot resist quoting for you Mr. Irving's own reminiscence in the days of his success of a significant incident of the days of his struggle. Joe Robins, having in an evil hour quitted his hosier's shop for the boards, was reduced at last to live upon the sale of the hosiery he had reserved from his stock for personal wear:—

So piece by piece, as necessity demanded, his princely supply of haberdashery diminished, and now only a few shirts and underclothes remained to him. Christmas came in very bitter weather. Joe had a part in the Christmas pantomime. He dressed with other poor actors, and he saw how thinly some of

(1) "Henry Irving." A Record of Twenty Years at the Lyceum. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. (London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.)
(2) "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen." A Collection of some of the Master's best-known Dramas condensed, revised, and slightly re-arranged for the benefit of the Earnest Student. By F. Anstey. With illustrations by Bernard Partridge. (London: William Heinemann.)
(3) "Something Occurred." By B. L. Farjeon. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(4) "Literary Blunders." A Chapter in the "History of Human Error." By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. ("The Book-Lover's Library." Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.) (London: Elliot Stock.)
(5) "Some Legendary Landmarks of Africa." By Mrs. Frank Evans. (London: Cassell & Co., Limited.)
(6) "The Art of Practical Whist." Being a Series of Letters descriptive of every part of the Game, and the best method of becoming a Skilful Player. By Major-General Drayson, late R.A., F.R.A.S. (London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited.)
(7) "Kings of Cricket." Reminiscences and Anecdotes with Hints on the Game. By Richard Daft. With Introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Eighty Portraits of Eminent Cricketers, &c. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.)

them were clad when they stripped before him to put on their stage costumes. For one poor fellow in especial his heart ached. In the depth of a very cold winter he was shivering in a suit of very light underclothing, and whenever Joe looked at him, the warm flannel under-garments snugly packed away in an extra trunk weighed heavily on his mind. Joe thought the matter over, and determined to give the actors who dressed with him a Christmas dinner. It was literally a dinner upon underclothing, for most of the shirts and drawers which Joe had cherished so long went to the pawnbrokers or the slop-shop to provide the money for the meal. The guests assembled promptly, for nobody else is ever so hungry as a hungry actor. The dinner was to be served at Joe's lodgings, and before it was placed on the table Joe beckoned his friend with the gauze underclothing into a bedroom, and pointing to a chair, silently withdrew. On that chair hung a suit of underwear which had been Joe's pride—scarlet, thick, warm, heavy, and it fitted the poor actor as if it had been made for him . . . . Proud, happy, warm, and comfortable, he felt little inclination to eat; but sat quietly and thanked Providence and Joe Robins with all his heart. "I seem to enter into that poor actor's feelings very sympathetically," said Mr. Irving. "I have good reason to do so," he added, with his sunshiny smile, "*for I was that poor actor!*"

While on a theatrical subject I may mention to you that Mr. Anstey's capital parodies upon Ibsen's plays have been republished from *Punch*, with Mr. Partridge's irresistible illustrations (2). Ibsen gives himself away to the parodist, and Mr. Anstey carves his grim personages into sufficiently grotesque gargoyles. The humour, however, is of a kind appreciable only by those who read Ibsen, *i.e.*, by admirers of that dramatist—a sensitive generation who may possibly resent the profanity. By the way, I wonder if Mr. Farjeon's really delicious "Something Occurred" (3) was suggested by Mr. Anstey's immortal "Vice Versâ"?:—

"Indeed," says Mr. Wottisnot, the Genius of the Utterly Absurd, "I think I can promise you that the something which will occur will be something funny—something to make people laugh." "In that case," said Edwina, in a tone of conviction, "it becomes almost a duty."

An unquestionable duty which Mr. Farjeon has performed to admiration in this charming drollery. It needs a light and whimsical touch to make the exchanges by a bride or bridegroom of heads only (their bodies and respective statures remaining unchanged) credible and most amusing; but this and a dozen other preposterous miracles the Genius of the Utterly Absurd forces us to accept and to enjoy with a helpless and happy abandonment. Only the Genius of the Utterly Absurd, you would say, could have inspired most of the amusing mistakes recorded in "Literary Blunders" (4); but surely there was method in the madness of these two answers?

"What was the character of Queen Mary?" "She was wilful as a girl and cruel as a woman, but what can you expect from any one who had had five stepmothers?"——"What do you know of Sir Walter Raleigh?" "He introduced tobacco into England, and while he was smoking he exclaimed, 'Master Ridley, we have this day lighted such a fire in England as shall never be put out!'"

Most of the best blunders noted are well-known, while many of the remainder are too trivial for record in a volume of the series—The Book-Lover's Library—to which the collection belongs. I hope, however, that such book-lovers—and they are numberless—who are mere lichens of learning, will take to heart the many instances of elephantine pedantry brought to bear upon some petty misprint—like a crow-bar prising up a tin-tack. There is a good deal of waste of power also in Mrs. Frank Evans' fanciful, and sometimes even fantastic, dressing up African savagery into pretty prose idylls.

Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other.

There can, however, be no question of the prettiness of the workmanship of "Some Legendary Landmarks of Africa" (5). Having advertised you of the appearance of the fifth edition of General Drayson's admirable "The Art of Practical Whist" (6), and of Mr. Richard Daft's "Kings of Cricket," (7) illustrated by eighty portraits of eminent cricketers and favoured by an introduction from the Briarean-handed Mr. Andrew Lang, I think I have fairly done my duty by you to-day.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You cannot imagine how pleasant the drowsy lull is that has fallen upon the London season. Every one was so tired and worn out with the Wedding week that it was delightful to feel there was nothing to do. We availed ourselves to the fullest of the opportunity of enjoying the *dolce far niente*, and for two days did nothing but read.

After a couple of days of delicious laziness it was rather jolly to go to Sandown on Friday and find ourselves in the midst of a rampantly-excited crowd, so numerous that lots of people could find no seats either on the benches of the Stand or on the lawn. The excitement over Orme was tremendous, although La Flèche and Medicis found plenty of admirers. Orme was positively mobbed in the paddock, the Duchess of Westminster being among those who went to have a look at the grand animal before the race began. The Duchess, with whom Prince Christian talked for a little while, wore a dress of dark blue crépon, with wide bands of black satin round the skirt—one at the foot, the other half way up. Each band had upon it a narrow line of cream-coloured guipure. Her hat of sunburnt straw had a black brim, and was trimmed with blue flowers. She wore a yellow rose, her husband's racing colour, and so did the Duke himself, in the buttonhole of his grey coat. So did all the ladies of the party. Lady Margaret Grosvenor was in blue bird's-eye surah, and the Marchioness of Ormonde in fawn colour relieved with pale blue.

It was a tremendously exciting race, as was betokened by the extraordinary dead silence that fell upon the bookmakers' enclosure, while the horses kept well together at the end of the course by the railway. Then when Medicis was seen to be gaining on Orme, the roars of the wild men in that enclosure became absolutely deafening. I never in my life heard such an awful din. A minute later, when Orme was seen to have it all his own way, the excitement was more intense than ever. A girl standing beside me on one of the benches in the grand stand jumped three times into the air with a wild whoop each time. Yells of "Orme wins!" "Orme wins!" resounded on every side, and men shouted themselves hoarse in their excitement. It was extraordinary to see so much feeling and devotion expended upon a horse, magnificent creature though he is. When the race was concluded, the Duke of Westminster, sitting in the Jockey Club box, received a perfect ovation. Men turned round and waved their hats to him with cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and made their sunshades gyrate in the direction of the Duke, who received all this tribute with a quiet smile. We made our way as quickly as we possibly could to the back of the Club-house to see the horses return to the paddock. La Flèche did not seem much the worse for the race, but Medicis and Orme were in a lather of white foam where the reins touched their necks. The Duke led the latter by the bridle, the jockey looking rather nervous now that the eventful five minutes were over. Following them came Mr. Arthur Coventry on his business-like grey, the Duke of Cambridge walking by him with his hand on Mr. Coventry's, in earnest conversation.

As to dress, I have never seen anything to equal the

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COSTUMES FOR SCOTLAND, &c.—Messrs. REDFERN beg to announce that they have designed some very practical Gowns for ladies visiting Scotland, either for Shooting, Travelling, Golfing, &c., to which they invite an inspection.—27, New Bond-street, London, W.

display on this occasion, with the one exception of this year's Ascot. The dull, wet mornings had militated against the show of sunshades, many having taken umbrellas or en tout-cas in the fear of getting their bonnets spoiled; but this very circumstance had increased the variety in costumes, some people actually wearing furs. It seemed odd to see a girl in white muslin with sable round her neck. The threatening weather had not prevented one lady from wearing a white brocaded silk, and another white satin, while several girls appeared in white muslin, that ideal fabric of the poet and the novelist. Its apparent simplicity conceals this season an inner elaboration of costly silk linings, and silk and lace *balayeuse*, to say nothing of a necessary accompaniment of under-petticoats cut to exactly the same shape as the skirt of the dress and trimmed with deep flounces of fine lace. The white linen costumes may be reckoned among the disappointments of life, so charming are they when their acquaintance is first made, and so rapidly do they deteriorate immediately after. The proverb "Love me little love me long" might be exactly reversed for them. Both coats and skirts look crushed, untidy, and demoralised after once wearing, even when the weather is fine, and a passing shower reduces them to an aspect of hopeless dejection. Some of the holland costumes escape this characteristic, and oddly enough it is the coarser and least expensive makes that do not crush and are not depressed by damp.

One of the freshest and prettiest dresses was white muslin worn over pale pink silk, and made with long lines of Valenciennes insertion from the waist to the hem. Mrs. Langtry's soft cream-coloured muslin was printed with pale flowers, and fastened at the waist and at the neck with bands of heliotrope velvet. She wore a hat of heliotrope chip trimmed with folds of pale green chiffon. Any number of white linen and duck costumes were to be seen, a few fresh and dainty, the rest more or less crushed, and some of them positively unsightly from this cause. We again admired, on the tall girl who wore it at Sandown before, a holland dress beautifully made and fitted with exactitude to her fine figure. It was turned back with a deep square collar of white satin covered with cream-coloured guipure, and was bound in round the waist with a white satin sash. There was no basque to the coat in front, and a real pink rose with its green leaves was fastened into the rippling brown hair under the Tuscan hat with its trimming of black feathers. We rather liked a tan-coloured canvas with black satin collar and belt.

Have you seen any of the Punchinello bonnets? They may possibly suit one face in a thousand, but I have never seen one on any head that it suited. The specimen worn at Sandown was no exception. A wing bonnet worn by a very fat woman was very funny, so ridiculously inadequate did the tiny wings look as compared with the eleven stone or so of solid flesh with which they attempted to suggest the idea of aërial flight. Another very stout individual had added considerably to her already ample width by wearing a pair of huge green velvet sleeves; her bonnet was also rather wing-like.

Lady Londonderry looked extremely handsome in black silk, flowered over with pink, and a black hat with roses. Lady Curzon, on the box-seat of Baron Hirsch's coach, was in the neatest possible fawn-coloured Redfern costume, with a sailor-hat, the crown of which was encircled with a red, white, and blue ribbon. The Duchess of Devonshire wore her usual black, with a little white in the bonnet. Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, sat in the Jockey Club box. I only saw her hat, which was black. We missed her in the paddock, for which I was sorry, as it is so interesting to see her with horses. I am sure she loves them far better than she does human beings, though her friends all declare that she is one of the kindest-hearted women in England. Lady Randolph Churchill, who was accompanied by her husband, wore one of her favourite drab cloth coats, and a black hat with heliotrope flowers. She talked with Mrs. Hwfa Williams, who was looking extremely pretty in a black dress trimmed with cream-coloured lace, and all fluted in frills about her neck. Lady Alwyne Compton, in check tweed, sat in the Jockey Club box next a handsome woman in a bonnet with a very high crown of jet. Lady Alington, looking rather pale, wore her favourite sky blue.

Two thirds of the women present were looking washed out and limp after the tiring rush of the last fortnight. Pale faces and heavy eyes proved that the owners stood greatly in need of a change from crowded London and its dissipations. Those who had crowded on a lot of rouge in the attempt to mend matters were the ones who looked worst, the bright red only serving to show up their haggardness and hectic. At lunch we sat opposite a woman with painted lips, which almost robbed us of our appetite.

One of the prettiest dresses we saw was a soft black grenadine made with three full flounces, each bordered with sparkling jet. A little jet trimmed the bodice, and a few white roses were gracefully disposed in the black hat. Another coveted gown was in grey crêpe de-chine, embroidered with small white sprigs, and trimmed with three bands of white silk round the skirt. The small ruff boa of white ostrich made a becoming finish. A pale, pretty girl looked perfectly charming in a black gauze dress, with bodice of pink silk covered with old point, and made coat-fashion, with cut steel buttons. Her black chip hat was very large and picturesque, with many feathers for trimming. We noticed several hats with the long "Amazon" feathers curling under the brim at the back and resting on the hair.

The excitement made us fearfully tired, and we sauntered slowly enough across the fields to catch the first special. There may possibly be better racecourses than that at Sandown, but there is none that is regarded with so much affection by Londoners.

I have just had another letter on the subject of men's clothes from "A Young Bachelor." He writes:—

DEAR MISS MADGE,—I am glad to see you are interesting yourself in men's attire, for we really want some good advice and suggestions. Very few men know how to dress really well; they are very much behind the opposite sex in original ideas. When a man gets into one way of dressing, he sticks to it until he is literally dragged out of it, and a great many don't mind what the fashion is, and there is a fashion in man's dress which alters seldom and very slowly. The latest thing in man's attire is the sash worn round the waist, instead of a waistcoat. This is, I consider, an unnecessary garment. It looks slovenly. I have for years in London during the summer months always gone without a waistcoat at all, buttoning just the bottom button, or the one next to it, of the coat, which leaves the coat fairly open at the top, and with a nice clean white canvas tie, tied in a sailor knot, pinned neatly down on a well-got-up white shirt, gives a cool appearance, and looks simple, neat, and clean. The latter two things are the main points to be thought of in man's dress. There is nothing at all unseemly in showing so much shirt, but if there is, the fair sex must not accuse us, for they go about themselves in shirts without a coat at all, when we poor men, in order to hide our shyness, have to endure being wrapped up in one this hot weather.

You may remember my telling you some time ago about two ladies who pluckily started together in a florist's business at 33, New Bond-street, trading under the title of Burrell & Co. They have got on capitally, and made a great success last Thursday in decorating Mrs. Arthur Wilson's house in Grosvenor-place for her ball. In the hall were grouped large clusters of tree palms, smaller palms, with lordly lilies, tall hydrangeas, and ferns of the brightest, coolest, and most vivid green. On two tables, one on either side of the hall-door, they erected banks of snow-white flowers and ferns. Half-way up the stairs there is a long window, which they filled in with a bank of roses, yellow, pink, and crimson, a tall arch being fixed above them in the window and covered with roses. In the drawing-room the fireplace was filled with white hydrangeas and lilies, and the place of the fender was a border of pink carnations, ivy geraniums, pink sweet-peas, and asparagus ferns. Enormous trumpet vases were filled with lilies, mounted very high with grasses and ferns. Trails of smilax starred with stephanotis were wound round the vases. The tables in the supper-room had each a centre-piece of flowers, two com-

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posed of yellow marguerites, roses, and foliage, two more of white lilies and carnations, two others of pink lilies and carnations, and others with mixed roses. The house looked perfectly lovely, as you may imagine, with such effective and beautiful decorations.

The Editor of a ladies' paper recently gave forth to the world a leader expressing the extraordinary doctrine that it is immodest for a woman of mature years to go out in the street without some extra shoulder covering in the shape of mantle, coat, or cape, worn over the dress bodice. Fortunately for the ladies of England who have passed their first youth there is no law on the subject, either sumptuary or social. Had such existed during the last three months of unusual heat much unnecessary suffering would have been the consequence. Were it immodest to appear in the street in a dress bodice, it would be equally immodest to wear it in the home circle unsupplemented by other coverings. At Sandown many ladies were content with the bell-fitting dress bodice, trimmed on the shoulders with lace, and sometimes the sleeves contrasting in tint with the dress itself. The soft grey Irish poplin, bordered with a little frill headed with steel passementerie, was made with a bodice set with a yoke of steel passementerie laid on over white satin which showed through. The upper sleeves consisted of large puffs of white satin, gathered into tightly-fitting fore sleeves of the grey poplin, trimmed with bands of the steel passementerie. A white lace hat was worn with this, trimmed with a few small grey feathers and a yellow rose or two. A beautiful dress of petunia bengaline was filled in front with butter-coloured chiffon, both hat and sunshade being composed of the same aërial material. Among the white dresses was a muslin striped with pink in broad lines, and worn with a pink chiffon sash. A large black Duchess of Devonshire hat was the strongly contrasting head-gear chosen to accompany this.

Here are some nice recipes for you. Let me recommend you to try these fillets of soles:—

Trim the fillets of a medium-sized pair of soles, lay them flat on the board and spread the smooth side of each with whiting forcemeat; roll them tightly, and arrange them on a buttered sauté-pan, with the end so placed, that they will not uncurl in cooking. Cover with a buttered paper, moisten with half a gill of stock, that is made from the boiled fish bones, and bake them in a moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes, remove them to cool. Then drain them on a cloth to absorb the moisture, place each on a fork and dip them in thick mayonnaise sauce; arrange them in two close rows on a bed of shred luttuce; sprinkle the tops alternately with passed lobster coral and chopped truffle. Put a border of sliced cucumber at the base, with a pinch of coral and truffle, alternately on each slice. The forcemeat is made by pounding the flesh of a fresh whiting to a pulp, then adding half its quantity of bread panada, an ounce of butter and one egg, pass it through a wire sieve, and again work it in a basin with a wooden spoon, adding half a gill of cream, and salt and pepper to taste.

This is another pretty way of serving fillets of soles:—

Trim the fillets of two soles, and divide each in half, lay them on a buttered sauté-pan, with the thin end of each slightly curved, to make them keep their shape in cooking; dust them with salt and pepper, squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice on each, cover with a buttered paper, moisten with half a teacupful of fish-bone stock, and bake them about fifteen minutes, then remove them to cool. Fill a plain indented border-mould with aspic jelly, and when it has set, turn it on to a bed of washed and dried mustard and cress; now dip each fillet in mayonnaise sauce, and decorate them tastefully with picked tarragon leaves, strips of truffle, and passed coral. Arrange the fillets in a close circle on the jelly, garnish the base with chopped aspic, and finish the centre with some salad mixed with mayonnaise sauce.

Lobster strawberries are made thus:—

Pass the coral from a nice hen lobster through a wire sieve on to a plate and place it aside. Pick the meat from the shells of the lobster, pound it thoroughly with 2 oz. of fresh butter, season with salt and pepper, and pass it through a wire sieve. Form the mixture into balls and roll them in the passed coral. Put a few strawberry or raspberry leaves into a sufficient number of small round paper cases, and place a lobster strawberry in each. Arrange them on a dish paper, and garnish with leaves.

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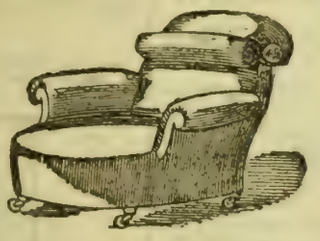

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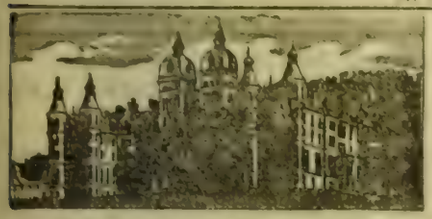

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11 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	1 13 0
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	1 16 0
12 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 6 in.	2 2 0
12 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in.	2 8 0
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9 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	2 2 9
10 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	2 7 6
12 ft. 0 in. by 9 ft. 0 in.	2 17 0
12 ft. 0 in. by 10 ft. 6 in.	3 6 6
12 ft. 0 in. by 12 ft. 0 in.	3 16 0
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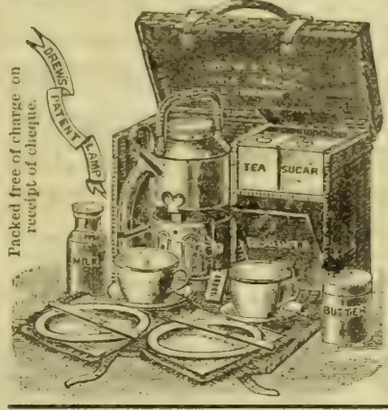

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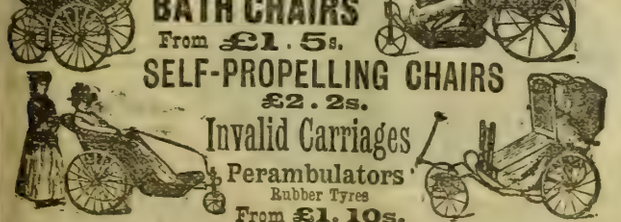

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WITH REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS ATTACHED BOTH FOR 1st AND 3rd CLASS PASSENGERS BETWEEN LONDON AND GLASGOW.

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WEEK DAYS.

Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	A night
London (Euston)	5 15	7 15	10 0	10 30	2 0	7 30	8 0	8 50	9 0	10 0	12 0	0
Arrive												
Edinburgh (Pr. St.)	3 55	5 50	6 30	7 40	10 55	See Note.	See Note.	6 30	..	8 55	12 22	
Glasgow (Central)	3 45	6 0	6 45	8 15	10 45			..	6 40	9 18	12 27	
Greenock	5 38	7 20	7 40	9 52	12 6			..	7 45	10*38	1 40	
Gourock	4 50	7 31	7 50	10 2	12 15	..	..	..	7*55	10*47	1 50	
Oban	8 48	..	..	..	..	..	9 25	12*15	..	1*50	6§25	
Perth	5 45	..	..	8 17	12 20	5 30	5 40	7 55	..	11*10	3 20	
Inverness—viâ Dunkeld	..	..	..	..	6 10	10 40	11 5	2†40	..	6* 5	10 5	
Dundee	7 15	..	..	9 10	1 5	7 30	7 30	8 55	..	12*10	4 32	
Aberdeen	9 5	..	..	10 45	3 5	7 50	7 50	11 40	..	2* 0	6 20	
Ballater	..	..	..	..	9 45	9 45	9 45	2*15	..	4*50	..	
Inverness—viâ Aberdeen	..	..	..	..	8 10	1 35	1 25	6* 5	..	10* 5	..	

The 7.30 p.m. express from Euston to Perth will run from July 18th to August 11th inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The Highland Company will take this train forward specially from Perth in advance of the Mail, so as to reach Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

*On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9.0, and 10.0 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

†Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays. § Saturdays only.

A—The 8.0 p.m. Highland Express and the 12.0 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

The 8.0 p.m. Express will be run specially on **Saturday, August 5th.**

On Saturdays passengers by the 10.30 a.m. and 2.0 p.m. trains from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

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For further particulars see the Companies' time bills.

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July, 1893.

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Atlantic to Pacific. Many optional routes, including Niagara and Chicago. Break of journey allowed.

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Are a wonderful convenience. They separate or form steps, or extend to varying heights, just as one's needs vary.

Height (closed).	Extend to	Price.
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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 751.—ANECDOTES RELATING TO CRICKET.

T. O. R. (real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0
MARS " " " 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 756.

The present season now so near its close has been one of exceptional interest, and, I think, it may well furnish a subject for one of the next weekly competitions. The usual prize of Two Guineas is therefore offered for

THE BEST THREE VERSES, OF EIGHT LINES EACH, OF A TOPICAL CHARACTER, IN THE STYLE AND METRE OF PRAED'S OFTEN-QUOTED LINES "GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON."

It may be convenient to some intending competitors if I quote the first eight lines of the poem which is to serve as a model. They run thus:—

Good night to the season! 'Tis over!
Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away.
There's nobody left to invite one,
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 752.

This competition is one about which it is obviously impossible to come to a very quick decision. A judgment so momentous, should above all be deliberate, and I will therefore not attempt for the present to name the prize "Cooling Drink."

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of YOKO, winner of Prize No. 749, are Mrs. Rawson, 7, Pen-y-wern-road, S.W.

*** The real name and the address of STARLING, winner of a half of Prize No. 750, are Miss Helen F. Burkitt, c/o G. Jackson, Esq., Cherchefelle, Reigate.

DUNDONALD.—The puzzle is not a new one, and has several times been given in TRUTH.

MOB CAP.—Very many thanks for your suggestion.

TYNE BRIDGE.—I am unable to trace your answer.

W. W.-S.—Certainly not less than fifty.

WILLIE.—I will try to answer your question next week.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 753.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

IN MEMORIAM STANZAS, IN RHYMED OR BLANK VERSE, ON THOSE WHO PERISHED IN THE VICTORIA.

Britannia writes in tears her threnody:
Brave heart! not yet, not yet with pen in gall;
Thy sons shall pass away in melody,
The ensign white shall be their stainless pall.
The soft June breeze sings her sad lullaby;
They hear it not beneath the curling wave:
Nil nisi bonum—death's sweet psalmody—
A dirge shall be for England's sleeping brave.
Moonlighter.

God made the grave wherein our brothers lie,
A calm, deep resting-place for mortal slumber;
His sleepless eye will watch it from the sky,
Till He shall bid them rise, and count their number.
For all obedient servants He holds dear;
And they were faithful—"faithful unto death;"
"Doing their duty!" Yet the wave sobs near,
And the full heart of Britain answereth.
Mrs. Buchanan.

Vae victis? Nay; no need to fly
In quest of cypress or of yew;
Cold were the heart that would deny
The English oak which is their due.
Only in mimic warfare's play
Real hearts of oak they fought; and found
In that calm sunlit Syrian bay
A death that makes it holy ground.
Albericus.

N.B.—The initial letters of the above lines form the word *Victoria*.

Far from the weeping Isle that gave them birth,
Their bones are rocked by Ocean's restless swell;
For them—no churchyard with its hallowed earth—
No solemn chant—no book—no passing bell;
But sacred is the spot where sleep the brave,
In cloistered crypt, or 'neath the tossing tide,
And England, such were these: themselves they gave
For thine and duty's sake—and heroes died.
Collis.

Not by the shattering shock of war's assault,
Not by fell famine, fire, or tempest's roar,
But on blue waves, and 'neath a sunny vault,
The gallant *Victory* sank to rise no more.
"As near to Heaven by sea as land"—for, mark,
'Twas duty swayed each loyal sailor's soul;
And He—their cynosure—directs their barque,
Whose compass points towards no earthly pole.
Amator Veri.

The nations mourn, and tears of grief are shed
For those above whose head Death's banners wave.
They calmly sleep upon their billowy bed—
The sea their cradle, kingdom, and their grave.
But joy is rainbowed in the storm of tears.
They died like men, and in their fate's sad story
We read the truth which shall outlive the years—
"The path of duty is the way to glory."
Ivanhoe.

A blunder made—none can deny—but no dishonour shown,
The one we mourn as solemn truth, the other proudly own.
Pray gently speak in ages hence of an error once committed,
And ask repose for those perished souls which to Heaven's rest have flitted.
May no harsh words be uttered now in dwelling o'er the past,
Remember how *Victoria's* chief stuck to his ship till last!
A golden English be writ large on shroud and coffin lid,
That, as expected, "Every man that *day his duty did."
Treeve.

* June 22, 1893.

Beneath the waves ye sleep, fair Albion's sons;
Slain not by hostile foes' relentless guns,
Nor sunk amid the battle's roar and thunder,
But vainly lost—the victims of a blunder!
Yet none the less your names shall surely stand
Among the noblest heroes of our land,
For your example has more clearly taught
That duty done is more than battle fought.
Almaviva.

No pile of sculpture marks their lonely resting place,
Only in lines of silver, on the sad sea wave,
Do pale, pale shimmering moonbeams silent trace
The names belovèd on their watery grave.
Only the weird refrain of the mournful sea,
Chanting a funeral knell o'er the glistening wave.
Calmly they sleep in the wide ocean deep,
Four hundred sons of Britain—true and brave.
Oar Cross.

"There shall be no more sea," O gallant souls!
Ye too have crossed the ocean's bar of Time
And reached the harbour of Eternity; now rolls
From East to West the story, how old England's prime
Went from our sight, earth's path of duty trod,
Life's warfare ended. Sleep ye brave ones till
At sound of trumpet-blast, breaking the silence still,
Ye rise, and answer to the call of the Commander, God.
Jo.

Peace to the dead, and honour to the brave,
Who calmly rest beneath the blue sea's wave.
We can but give them tears, they gave their life;
And yet they sank not 'mid the battle's strife
Or tempest's storm—yet they heroic died.
And England's eyes, though dim, still shine with pride.
"They are my heroes," proudly doth she say,
"The dead who died in fair Tripoli's Bay."
Esmeralda.

There stood no foe in front, nor sight nor sound
Presaged impending doom when came the call
Of duty, and they died in answering it.
Heart-searching test a hundred fold more stern
Than theirs, who, at the ladder of the forlorn hope,
Press for a place and court the earliest death.
While hearts like these beat in the Briton's breast
England shall stand against the world in arms!
Baritone.

A moment's errow drew
To swift destruction Admiral and crew.
They died as best beseemed the rulers of the main,
Each at his post, undauntedly, and so not all in vain.
Their requiem shall be
The murmurs and the thunders of the sea.
Full forty fathoms deep
In peace they sleep.
Eboracum.

What bitter herb cull'd on the Muses' hill
Can cure our grief, save to th' Eternal will
Submission? As the husband to the tomb
Attends a youthful wife; or, in the bloom
Of infancy, a household darling; thus
Should humbleness and patience walk with us.
Mechanic.

Soft summer seas and southern sun
Mark where they rest, "Her" brave.
What greater fame, or victory won
For England, than their grave?

Not strife's red wine their bosoms steeled,
But duty. Old Rome or Greece
A nobler ending ne'er revealed.
Be theirs the heritage of peace.
Florence.

Shall we deny them bays because they fell
Victims to blunder, not to shot or shell?
Because they died in quietude, not when
Men earn renown by slaying fellow-men?
Nay, she who stands, with streaming eyes, beside
The waves that have her government defied
Will ever honour those who nobly fall,
Be it in peace or war, at duty's call.
Vox.

Weep for the brave,
Who, in the full light of the summer's day,
Ere ten short minutes e'en had sped away,
In *Victory* found a grave.
Weep for the nation
That mourns its sailor-sons with heaving breast,
And pray that God, who took them to His rest,
Give consolation.
Malignant.

Victoria mourns lost heroes gone to rest.
Immured within a mighty war-ship's breast,
Coffined they sank—in pride of manhood drest:
Tars, gallant tars, of gallant tars the best.
Our hearts may bleed, but let us still with zest
Remember men whom death hath sore oppress't!
In marble carve the epitaph express t,
"All gallant tars, of gallant tars the best."
Gentle.

Once more, alas! must England weep
Brave sons who lie 'mid waters deep.
History echoes her Laureate's word,
"Some one has blundered," again the record.
Noble four hundred! they gallantly died,
Sailor and officer side by side.
No enemy's cannon volleyed and thundered,
But they fell as bravely as did the Six Hundred.
Eytom.

Not in the din of battle nor in storm,
But while around them lay a smiling sea,
The mighty ram of the great *Camperdown*
Smote the *Victoria* to her throbbing heart.
Calmly they faced the peril. Each high soul,
From the great Chief to the least Midshipman,
Held firm to duty. But the ship went down,
And England mourns her sons with proud, sad tears.
Quiver

Rest, happy dead,
Sleep all your weariness away.
Ye shall be waked at break of day
From your cold bed.
Avalon.

'Twas not in battle's storm and strife
Our gallant hero gave his life;
'Twas not in defending their country and home
That our sailors sleep 'neath the salt sea foam.
But Nelson's sailors left worthy sons,
Who face what is worse than an enemy's guns;
And England will ever, with sorrow and pride,
Think of those who on the *Victoria* died.
Comtesse Olga.

Turn sixteen points; change order. Is there room?
Shall we obey? Bring we or find we doom?
Has our great captain blundered? Shall we say?
We sailors owe one duty—to obey.
In war, in peace, Death meets us everywhere;
We must be strong to suffer as to dare.
As it was in the past so still to-day,
We sailors owe this duty—to obey.
Chuckie.

To-day we think with pain and grief
Of Balaclava's Charge.
"Blunder" again marks history's leaf
And stains with tears the marge.
But tho' our hearts are aching sore,
They yet beat high with pride;
England's brave sons as heretofore
Have stood at their posts and died.
Ivy Leaves.

'Mid the storm of raging guns,
'Mid the cannon's glaring light,
Fell many of England's bravest sons—
Admiral, sailor, midshipmite.
Long will live great Nelson's glory,
Shrined in history's noblest story,
By him place our Tryon's name,
Linked with his in equal fame.
Lancastrian.

Not in triumphant battle 'gainst the foe,
Nor in vain conflict with the furious wave,
But 'neath sweet summer skies, where soft winds blow,
Struck to the death by friend, she found her grave.
Ill-starred *Victoria!* henceforth peaceful lie,
With gallant Tryon and his patriot band,
Who smiled at death, when duty bade them die,
And, dying, shed fresh lustre o'er their land.
Lunatic.

Brave heroes all; lying in the mighty deep,
At morn all life, by eve in dreamless sleep;
Dropped not the blood you thought for us to shed,
But tears from us, for thee, O loved dead.
Brave Tryon! you lie in death, but not alone,
Your grave the ocean, that you called your own;
Your stone, the record of a blameless life,
Your wreath you left behind—a loving wife.
Penguin.

WOOD VERSUS IRON.

She seemed as if she might defy the world:
Collision came—to swift destruction hurl'd
In fifteen minutes—all her power and pride
Engulf'd, three hundred of her warriors died.
Almost a million this death-trap cost;
Britannia, mourning for her brave sons lost,
Thinks of the grand old "wooden walls" which gave,
Ere sinking, time their gallant crews to save!
J. McGrigor Allan.

No fading flowers we lay upon our gallant seamen's grave,
Where they sleep, in dreamless slumber, beneath the calm blue wave;
Our grateful tribute pay we to the dauntless men and true,
Who live in fame, undying—the brave *Victoria's* crew.

We weep the loved and lost, we mourn the loyal heads laid low,
Yet England's stricken heart, with pride, swells e'en in sorest woe
For her sailor sons who, faithful to death, new glory won,
Fresh lustre on the English flag, by duty nobly done.
Moonshine.

Think no more of gold and gem,
List to the solemn requiem!
Think of the brave who buried sleep
Beneath the waters dark and deep;
List to the sound of the sailor's knell,
And not to the clash of wedding-bell.
Think of England's sons and daughters
Whose fathers lie buried 'neath the waters.
Boiled Rice.

Not in the battle's din or storm's fierce strife,
Excited, fighting for fair fame or life;
But in the summer's hush, near sunny shores,
Engulfed they sank. Britain their loss deplores.
Was there a blunder? Then more keen the grief,
Their courage disciplined the sole relief;
Noble examples in this selfish age,
Their sea-waves' dirge echoing in history's page.
Esperanza.

Britannia's brave beneath the waters blue
Lie in death's sleep;
Not in wild warfare died the noble crew
For whom we weep.
It wrings our hearts—(sad story of the sea!)—
The dear ones sundered.
Talk not of man's mistakes now, it may be
Someone has blundered.
Dorothea.

Alas for England's sailors, true and brave,
Whelmed suddenly in the Ægean wave!
Their ship, struck by a comrade's ram, heels o'er,
And gallant hundreds sink to rise no more.
Taught by our "greatest seaman," Duty's call,
In utmost peril, is obeyed by all;
Each at his post remained, and death defied,
The chief upon his bridge, one middy by his side.
Excelsior.

Tryon is dead. An English ship and English seamen lost—
So runs the tale. He was our last and greatest,
And a nation mourns. Aye, mourns, though preachers say,
"Rejoice. He now does God's own greater work,
In God's own greater world." And this
To some poor suffering hearts may stand for comfort.
But to our England he is dead. We cannot make it less,
And more there could not be. God rest his soul.
Veracity.

On the *Victoria* and her hapless crew,
Britannia's warship and her valiant sons,
Fell swift destruction on the Syrian wave,
Fierce smote by friendly consort's erring blow.
Not theirs for country in the shock of strife
To fall triumphant on the blood-stained deck;
No cry of victory cheered their parting souls,
For Duty only called on them to die.
Mona.

Rest, rest, ye heroes! Your untimely grave
The boundless sea. The moaning of the wave
Your funeral dirge. Your duty ye have done,
And well your deeds the hero's crown have won;
For when the deadly danger threatened most,
Each gallant sailor scorned to leave his post.
No thought of self e'en then his acts could sway,
The ship might sink, but he must still obey.
Stanchion.

Ocean waves! sob o'er the grave
Of the dutiful and brave.
Sudden were they called away
On that bright and calm June day.
Breezes! softly, gently blow
Requiems of music low.
Sun! thy splendour lend, to gem
Jewell'd rays, to strew o'er them.
Snowdrop.

These men have ceased to wield the steel
That Britain's foes were wont to feel;
Their guns have ceased to tell how vain
Is war 'gainst Britain on the main.
Near six times sixty hearts of oak
Have perished by the ram's fell stroke;
Hearts that did well, on seas afar,
Sustain the fame of Britain's war.
Hamlet.

O Theoprosopon,* what mighty hosts
Sleep here, garner'd from all time and race;
Archaic heroes, Champions of the Cross,
Together blent. Pause we to contemplate?
In peaceful evolution, England's fleet
Glides o'er the deep—a shock, and sinks
Her noblest ship with all her cherish'd sons.
So "glory broadens from the plunge of death."
Weston-super-Mare.

* The bluff near Tripoli, called by the Greeks Theoprosopon, or the Face of God.

Verses have also been received from E. W. S. B., One Hand, Inca, Ruby, W. B., Sympathizer, Pylades, Effieron, Senex, T. O. R., Pansy, Ludovic, J. Logue, Felsberg, Hamlet, Luna, Percy Ackland, Euterpe, Lily, Dohtig, Crosspatch, Dora, E. C. L., Abimilech, Agag, E. L. S., A. V., Edouardo, Hope, C. M. P., Firefly, G. S. J., Folkestone, Shlowmow, M. P., Othello, Ariel, Rissole, Home Rule, Teutonic, Yelnats, Butty, Memnon, M. M. D., Burstow, Copper Coin, J. A. F., Tripoli, Resurgam, Nuts, Danbe, Cowper, M. W. P., Collect, Dendy, E. S., W. W. S., T. M. S., Javs, Mutton, Never Despair, Noel, Bognor, M. E. B., B. C., Tennis-Court, Who next? Plumes, Garrick & Co., Melba, Misrac, R. E. B., Lollard, Jim, Hookwood, Tom Sawyer, Mall, Sinner, R. E. H., Anecdotard, Vicar, Camodeln, Capstan, Cani, Heurteloup, Orestes, Bel Demonio, Jap, Gill, and Sol.

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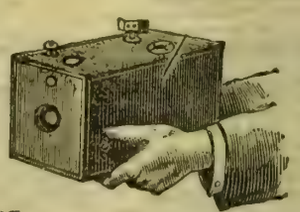

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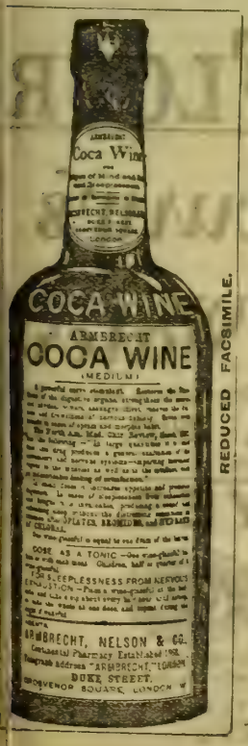

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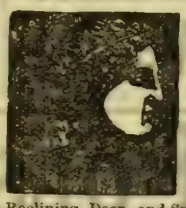

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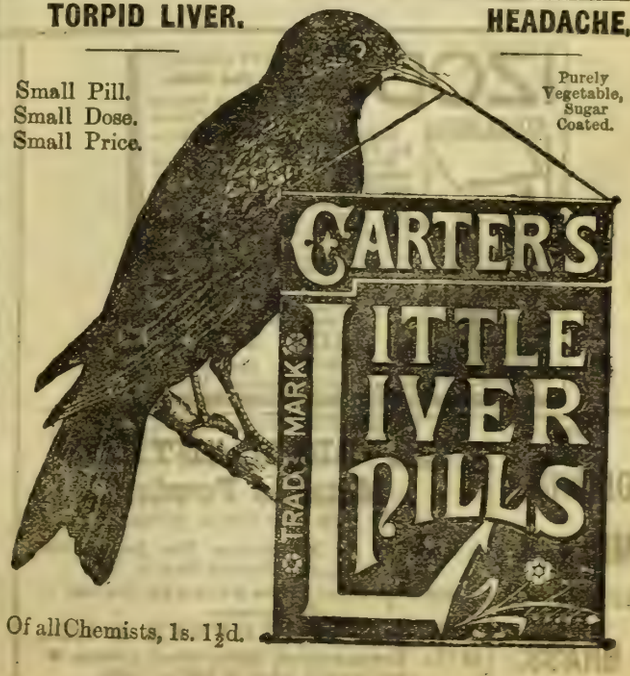

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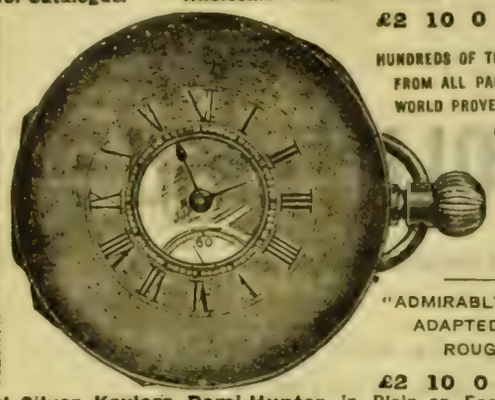

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No. 865. Vol. XXXIV. Thursday, July 27, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE frequent changes in the Queen's plans last Thursday nearly drove the Great Western and South-Western Railway officials and the naval authorities at Portsmouth distracted. No sooner had the special train arrived at Windsor from Paddington on Thursday morning than an intimation was received at the station from the Castle that, as the weather seemed likely to be stormy, the Queen's journey would be postponed. It was later on announced that her Majesty would not leave Windsor until Friday, but about one o'clock it was decided to start after luncheon, and, accordingly, the Queen quitted the Castle at three o'clock. Telegrams reporting the state of the weather were constantly passing during the morning between Windsor and Portsmouth, but, as a matter of fact, the sea in the Solent was quite as "rough" when the Queen crossed at half-past five in the *Alberta* from Gosport to East Cowes as it had been at any time during the previous week. Such elaborate preparations are made for the Queen's journey that a change of plan at the last moment causes an immense amount of trouble and inconvenience, and entirely disorganises the ordinary traffic.

The Royal yacht *Osborne*, which has undergone an overhaul and refit since she returned to Portsmouth from the Mediterranean, is to be joined on Friday or Saturday next by the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York. When the Prince leaves Cowes for Homburg, about August 11, the *Osborne* is to proceed with the Duke and Duchess of York on a cruise to Norway, after which they will be landed at Copenhagen, where the yacht is then to stay until the Princess of Wales leaves Denmark, when H.R.H. and her party will be conveyed to Aberdeen.

In the course of the shooting-season the Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, for a few days. Lord Lonsdale will entertain a large party at Lowther for the grouse shooting over his extensive moors on the Cumberland and Westmoreland fells.

The Mayor of Dover was considerably astray last Thursday when he addressed the Prince of Wales with a eulogy of "your illustrious ancestors, Queens Elizabeth and Mary." However, his Worship may console himself with the reflection that the Queen herself once spoke to Macaulay at Windsor of "my poor ancestor James II.," whereupon the historian, regardless of etiquette, exclaimed, "Not your Majesty's ancestor — your Majesty's *predecessor.*"

H.R.H. has sold several Shorthorn bulls from his "Booth" herd at Sandringham, for exportation to Buenos Ayres.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who has been staying at Kissingen during the last fortnight for the benefit of his health, is to leave that place at the end of next week to join the Duchess, who has left Coburg for Rosenau, a picturesque shooting-lodge in the Thuringian Forest, where Prince Albert was born. The Duke and Duchess are to go to Roumania early in the autumn on a visit to Prince and Princess Ferdinand, and they intend to pass next winter at St. Petersburg.

A Portsmouth correspondent writes :—

The official announcement that the Duke of Connaught will retain the command of the Southern District for a further period of two years (until August, 1895) has caused universal and unbounded surprise here.

No secret had been made of the fact that the Duke would vacate his command at the end of next month. Preparations were being made for his departure from Government House, and it was given out that the recent garden-parties were "farewell entertainments."

I am told by a person likely to be well informed that the arrangement proposed by the Court for the Duke's future employment did not meet with the approval of the Government, and that this is the real reason for the sudden change in his plans.

There must be some grave cause for such a boxing of the compass, as the Duchess of Connaught very much dislikes living at Portsmouth, and the climate does not suit her. She has been very little at Government House during the last year, and for several months the Duke resided at Osborne Cottage, and came over to Portsmouth daily to transact official business, an arrangement which did not work well.

The Emperor William is coming to Cowes in his new yacht, which is one of the finest vessels afloat, and splendidly fitted up. His Majesty intends to give a dinner party on board during his stay in the Solent, at which the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry, Prince Hohenlohe, and other personages will be present. The Emperor hopes to receive a visit from the Queen on board his new vessel, and he proposes to entertain her Majesty at afternoon tea.

A singularly ill informed weekly paper states that much inconvenience has been caused to the Royal family because it was only a fortnight ago that the German Emperor announced his intention of visiting Cowes next week. This is a stupid invention, for the Emperor's visit was arranged early in the year, and the fact that he would be at Cowes during the regatta week was announced in TRUTH several months ago. It is quite untrue that the date of the Prince of Wales's visit to Waddesdon Manor was altered on account of the Emperor coming over. The Prince was Baron Ferdinand Rothschild's guest from the 15th until the 17th, which was the date originally fixed for his visit to Waddesdon.

The Queen Regent of Spain has conferred the Order of the Golden Fleece upon the Duke of York, and it is understood that H.R.H. will be formally invested with the gorgeous insignia either by Don Antonio de Mont pensier or by the Spanish Ambassador.

Prince and Princess Christian, and their daughter Princess Victoria, who are among the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House, will be at Osborne, on a visit to the Queen, during the Emperor William's stay at Cowes.

The King of Saxony, who is staying with his Queen at Scheveningen, will probably pay a short visit to England, in which case his Majesty is to be the guest of the Queen at Osborne and of the Duke of Fife at Braemar.

An evening paper announces that last week Mr. Gladstone "had a conference with Lord Ribblesdale about the Queen's Buckhounds." This is pure fiction, which is probably based upon the fact that Mr. Gladstone paid a Saturday-to-Monday visit to Lord Ribblesdale at his temporary residence near Ascot. The Ministry have no voice in the question of the keeping on or abolishing the Buckhounds, which rests entirely with the Queen, who would be very glad to get rid of the pack, but in certain official quarters there is always a highly obstructive indisposition to reforms of this character.

Yet another new Club in St. James's-street. This time it is to be a Club to which membership is to be limited to Presidents, members of Council, Fellows, and members of the principal Royal and learned Societies, Academies, and institutions. It is to be called the Royal Societies Club, and I gather from a circular which has fallen into my hands that the list of patrons embraces a vast number of men of light and leading.

Brighton has come in for a good deal of criticism of late. I have myself been among the critics. Whatever its shortcomings, however, it would seem from the Brighton Life Table just published by Dr. Newsholme, the Brighton Medical Officer of Health, that Brighton is, of all places in England, literally the best to live in. Dr. Newsholme shows, *inter alia*, by a series of beautiful curves the probability of living one year, at all ages up to eighty-four, in Brighton, and Manchester, and in the kingdom at large. At any age, except from about seventy-six to eighty-two, there is a better chance of living a year at Brighton than anywhere else. It also seems that the average expectation of life (except for males above seventy-seven) is higher at Brighton at all ages than anywhere else. After this, life assurance offices ought to give specially favourable rates to those who are wise enough to live at Brighton.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrived last week at Dunrobin Castle from Trentham, and they will reside there until the end of October. It is generally reported about Golspie that the Prince of Wales is to be a guest at Dunrobin Castle towards the end of September for a few days.

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill are off to Kissingen early next week. Lord Randolph will be among the guests of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey during Doncaster Races.

Mr. Talbot Clifton has taken Beauly, Lord Lovat's place in Inverness, for the season. Amongst the guests will be Mr. Thaddeus, who is commissioned to paint the portraits of Mr. Clifton and his youngest brother.

The famous Poxwell flock of Dorset horn sheep, the property of Mr. F Sprake, has just been sold off, and the sale was attended by breeders from all parts of the country, and by commissioners from the United States and Canada. Nearly two thousand sheep were sold, and satisfactory prices were realised. Most of the best lots were bought for American breeders, but a few animals were taken for the Queen's flock on the home farm at Osborne.

Lord Tweedmouth's famous herd of polled Aberdeen-Angus cattle, at Guisachan, Inverness-shire, which is one of the finest in the world, is to be sold off on August 9 at Beauly station. There are eighty-six lots in the catalogue.

It has been stated that the Duke of York contemplates breeding Berkshire pigs. I would strongly recommend all to follow his example. I gather from the statements of Mrs. Zierenberg to Mr. Justice Hawkins, that she bought a few pigs, kept them in a yard in London, and derived from the sale of their progeny £80 to £100 per annum. His Royal Highness—unless there be some mistake in Mrs. Zierenberg's estimate of profits—has, therefore, only to buy a sufficient number of pigs to become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The Zierenberg trial is somewhat a costly one to me, but I shall not regret this if, owing to the publication of the "Lady Superior's" experience in pig-keeping, not only the difficulties in regard to agricultural depression are solved, but poverty should disappear from the land, and every one who can procure enough to buy a gentleman and lady pig should for the rest of his life enjoy a comfortable income.

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see pages 204, 205 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 203.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 198.

The Northern meeting at Inverness, which is the great social function of the Highland autumn, is fixed for September 21 and 22, and balls will be given on each night of the gathering.

The forthcoming shooting season promises to be above the average. Partridges hatched abnormally early, and well on the whole, though in some districts they suffered from drought, there being no dew in June, and the chicks drink from dewdrops when water is not handy. Pheasant broods have done very well, especially those under coops. From the grouse uplands of the North I hear equally good reports of the breeding season, and very little rumour of disease. On the whole, I suspect that the game books of the coming season will show a higher average of bags than any of the last ten years or more.

Nottinghamshire Liberals have sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Garside, of Worksop, who had been for many years a most energetic and a very popular leader of the party in the Bassetlaw district.

A few days ago the papers announced the death of Mr. Macvey Napier, in his eighty-sixth year. He was the son of Professor Macvey Napier, of Edinburgh, the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who in 1828 succeeded Jeffrey as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, a post which he held until his death in 1847. A very interesting volume of Professor Napier's correspondence was published a few years ago, which contained a large number of most entertaining and highly characteristic letters from Brougham, Macaulay, Stephen, Carlyle, Jeffrey, and other celebrities.

Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Clare-street, Bristol, have just issued an admirable etching of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster Abbey. This important plate has been etched by Mr. Charles Bird, who has overcome with marked success the difficulties of his subject; and I notice that the publishers have very wisely limited the "first state" impressions of the work to fifty. The same firm has also published a reproduction of Mr. Douglas Adams's sporting picture entitled "Rough Shooting," the scene being laid in Ireland, in one of those waste and wild parts of the country where wild duck are to be found.

Mr. FitzPatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt" (Longmans), of which a new and much enriched edition has just appeared, is a most opportune and invaluable revelation of the filthy backstairs of a Government with the stateliest frontage. As you read, your disgust, which at times amounts to absolute nausea, is not merely or chiefly at the crawling creatures, acting only after their kind, who were suborned to treachery by the agents of Pitt. For, after all, your disgust at the sight and scent of an exhumed sewer is nothing to your disgust at the spectacle of a gentleman with a character for irreproachable personal cleanliness, up to his very neck in it, groping for a weapon wherewith to stab his enemy in the back. Are the consciences of statesmen so built in water tight compartments that the most infamous official business in no degree contaminates their private characters? It would be a paradox stranger than Pascal's "Plaisante justice qu'une riviere ou une montagne borne! Verite au deçà Pyrenees, erreur au delà!" Whatever view one takes, however, of the relative iniquity of the suborned and suborners, one must acknowledge the opportuneness and importance of the service which Mr. FitzPatrick has tendered all interested in the question of the hour by revelations which must have cost him years of the dreariest drudgery to dig out.

Far be it from me to disparage the present generation of authors and *littérateurs*, but I seriously think that the most wonderful books produced in the present day are the directories. I have just received from the publishers Wright's "Australian, India, China, and Japan Trade Directory and Gazetteer." This monumental work purports to contain the names and addresses of everybody engaged in trades and professions in each of the Australasian Colonies, India, the Cape, Canada, Mexico, and Central and South America, and the European element in China, Japan, Siam, and Java, together with the usual Gazetteer information about all these countries, and a voluminous "Buyers' Guide to Great Britain." This book is published by an American (Mr. George Wright, of New York) for Americans. Seeing that it chiefly deals with the British Empire, I cannot help wondering that no similar work has been published by an Englishman for Englishmen.

While Mr. Harry Furniss was "testing" the proprietor of TRUTH and finding him wanting, an Irish critic was testing Mr. Furniss's notions of Irish "brogue," and finding them similarly deficient. The Irishman is good enough to send me the result of his observations; but, of course, the answer to them would be that Mr. Furniss is not a literary man, but a caricaturist. His representations of "brogue" are, I suppose, intentional travesties of the original.

Two or three correspondents have pointed out that Tennyson uses the word "gowned" in "The Gardener's Daughter." That lovely damsel was "gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape." My correspondents seem to think that this quotation settles the question. But whilst I am an admirer of the works of the late Laureate, I do not acknowledge his infallibility. On the contrary, I adhere to the opinion I expressed last week regarding the current newspaper use of the word.

The Eton boys are to have an extra week's holiday on account of the Royal Wedding, and a parent writes to me in an indignant strain respecting a report that there is to be a further week on account of the victories of the boys over Harrow and Winchester in the cricket-field, and in

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their race at Henley. Of the two, I should have thought that the second week had the better *raison d'être*. I can understand the worshippers of athletics holding that on the strength of their achievements in this line the boys should be rewarded with a further release from their books; but I cannot for the life of me see why schoolmasters should be privileged to throw their pupils on their parents' hands for a week because a Royal Prince has been married.

The idea of the schoolmaster decreeing an extension of the holidays is wrong on the face of it. Parents send their children to school on the understanding that they are kept there for a certain time at a certain price, and the Master has no business to alter the terms of the contract without the assent of the other party. Even if the majority of the parents agreed to the holiday, the minority ought to be at liberty to keep their children at school, or else should receive a proportionate reduction of the fees. Apart from the pecuniary aspect of the matter, what limit is to be placed in this discretion to the caprice of Head-masters? The Head-master of Eton, being an athlete himself, gives the school a week's holiday for winning cricket matches and boat-races. Another Head-master, who is a mathematician, has an equal right to give his school a month's holiday for producing a Senior Wrangler. A loyal Tory pedagogue closes his school for a week in celebration of the Royal Wedding. Why should not a Radical and Democratic Master draw a month's pay without work to celebrate the French Revolution or the execution of Charles I.?

We have got rid of religious tests at the Universities. Are we to have athletic or sporting tests smuggled in instead of them? I ask in view of the following question set in a mathematical paper at the London University intermediate examination:—

> How many different sets of ladies' and gentlemen's doubles may be arranged at a lawn-tennis party of three ladies and three gentlemen?

If lawn-tennis, or any other sport, is to be made a subject for examination for a London University degree, let the fact be announced in the usual way. Don't let a man who has got up the prescribed subjects find himself floored because he is not a tennis player. It is lawn tennis to-day; it may be golf or croquet to-morrow. To test the thing, I showed the above question to a well-known mathematical professor. I asked him if he knew what "ladies' doubles" are. The Professor is a somewhat shy and nervous man. He blushed a good deal at the question, and confessed he did not know, but supposed, seeing it was a question on "permutations and combinations," that they were an article of dress. He had no idea, however, how many made up a "set."

The Master of Trinity (Dr. Butler) is to be the special preacher at Westminster Abbey next Sunday evening at the service in the nave. The special evening services will be discontinued after next Sunday, until Advent Sunday, (December 3) when they are to be resumed in the choir.

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Apropos to the appointment of Archdeacon Gore to a stall at Chester, I have heard of the following curious little comedy lately enacted in the new Canon's Archdeaconry. As Vicar of Bowden, Archdeacon Gore was patron of the two adjacent livings of St. George's, Altrincham, and St. Mark's, Dunham Massey. The former is worth about £130 a year more than the latter. The latter has been occupied for some time past by the son-in-law of the Archdeacon. St. George's fell vacant in April last by the death of the Vicar, whereupon the Archdeacon invited the parishioners to meet and submit to him the name of a new Vicar. The parishioners met and agreed on a name. It was not that of the Archdeacon's son-in-law. The Archdeacon could not make up his mind even then, so he placed the appointment in the hands of the Bishop. The Bishop's choice, strange to relate, did fall upon the Archdeacon's son-in-law. This can hardly fail to be highly gratifying to all parties—except, of course, the parishioners, who elected somebody else.

In answer to a query which I put forward in last week's Truth, the Rector of Buckhurst Hill gives the following explanation of the action of his curate. I fully appreciate his reasoning. There seems to be a conflict of evidence in regard to the principal element in the case, but it is hardly a matter for minute discussion, and the clergy seem to have acted for the best:—

> Your reference is to the Rev. H. D. Bridge, one of the assistant curates of this parish, but it is only fair to state that he had my full concurrence in the line adopted. In deference to your desire to arrive at the reason why we considered that it would be best in a case of this kind to read the whole service at the grave-side, I have to state, for the information of all concerned, that the person in question, having frequently been on the sick list, died suddenly from the rupture of a blood vessel on Saturday, July 8, and, the weather being close and thundery, on Tuesday morning, July 11, the wood coffin was obliged to be fastened down. Nevertheless, in disregard of all sanitary considerations, the funeral did not take place till 4 p.m. on Saturday, July 15.
> *Verbum sat sapientibus.*

The stinginess of Church congregations has frequently been remarked upon in these columns. Never, however, should I have ventured to use such an argument for liberality in almsgiving as that which the Vicar of Beverley puts forward in his Parish Magazine. A collection in the Church having realised £5. 5s., the pastor rebukes his flock for their niggardliness, concluding thus:—

> How can either temporal or spiritual blessing be looked for under such circumstances? "With what measure ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

From this it would seem that when the Almighty is invited to "receive these our alms and oblations," it is with a strict eye to benefits to come. *Do ut des* again, in fact.

The Rev. Isidore Daimpré, Vicar of Colebrooke, near Crediton, last week obtained an order of admission to Exeter Workhouse for himself, his wife, and four children. For a clergyman to be brought to this extremity of destitution is, under any circumstances, far from creditable to

Numerous Carriage Accidents in the London season are caused by collision, the falling or bolting of horses, or by being run into by other vehicles. The consequent loss and annoyance can be insured against by the Carriage Insurance Company, Limited, 17, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. Prospectuses post free.

the Church, and the story which Mr. Daimpré related to the Guardians makes his case appear an exceptionally hard one. He got into debt, and his living, worth £260 a year, was sequestrated. In this there was nothing very uncommon, nor is Mr. Daimpré the first parson whose pecuniary difficulties have been vastly increased by dilapidation charges. It is rather in the treatment to which he has been subjected by his Bishop that Mr. Daimpré has been so unfortunate. He asserts that a scheme under which his relatives would have paid off the sequestration fell through in consequence of a letter written by the Bishop declaring that he could never return to his parish. The Bishop vaguely alleges that the Vicar has lost the confidence of the parish, but declines to state in what way he has done so, and makes no definite complaint against him. Mr. Daimpré is thus kept out of his parish, and driven to the workhouse without even knowing the true reason.

An Essex Rector, who advertised his house to let, is one of the latest victims of the irrepressible Stockham. The reverend gentleman frankly confesses that he fell into the man's trap "like an ass," filling up his precious circular without noting its contents. Fortunately for his pocket he communicated with me before paying the £3. 0s. 9d. demanded by Stockham. The fact is, nobody need be alarmed by this fellow's threats of proceedings. If he persists, let them instruct a solicitor to accept service, and write to this office. They may rely upon it that the matter will go no further.

I have been asked to deal with a lengthy and acrimonious correspondence between the Bishop of St. Asaph and Archdeacon Howell in reference to the latter's attitude on the Disestablishment question. In his encounter with a dignitary of his own Church, Bishop Edwards seems to have exhibited as much bitterness and unfairness as in his attacks upon Nonconformist opponents His Lordship's peculiar methods of controversy are, however, sufficiently notorious, and, edifying as the spectacle of these ecclesiastical brethren at loggerheads may be, it is hardly worth while to go into the details of their squabble. Suffice it to say that the Archdeacon got very much the better of the controversy.

The following anecdote of the late head of the firm of Broadwood is related to me by a Worcestershire friend:—

The late Canon Woodgate, formerly Rector of Belbroughton, Worcestershire, used (in the "fifties," and till his death in 1874) to sit in the Lower House of Convocation as one of the "Proctors" for the Diocese of Worcester. The Canon had a fine ear for music, and, especially in the earlier days of his representation of the Diocese, was, in the course of his duties, a more frequent visitor to the Metropolis than the majority of country gentry in that county. Railway science had not then advanced to its present pitch. Accordingly, when good folks in Worcestershire happened to be in want of new pianofortes, Canon Woodgate was constantly requested to oblige by selecting an instrument when next he went up for Convocation. The Canon always pinned his faith to Broadwood, when he had a free hand in selecting the builder on these occasions. One day, when he had been making one of these purchases for some Midland friend, the late Mr. Broadwood happened to meet him, and remarked jocularly, "It is unfortunate for you that you are not in the musical profession, for you could have earned a very handsome sum on commission by now from the number of pianos that you have bought from us." The Canon was puzzled, till Mr. Broadwood explained that it was the custom in the trade to allow a liberal commission to musical instructors and instructresses who introduced business of this nature to a firm, whereupon the Canon said, "It is not too late to take some out of you; will you let me put your name down as a subscriber to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel?" "By all means," replied Mr. Broadwood, and he forthwith contributed a cheque equal in value to the commission which the rector of he had been a professional musician would have received on all these purchases of a decade or more, as recorded in the books of the firm. The donation thus manumerated was supplemented subsequently by an annual subscription from Mr. B. to the Society, and I fancy the same was continued as long as he lived; and long after the Canon had gone to rest.

Archdeacon Boyd's death will be sincerely and widely regretted in the Craven district of Yorkshire, for he was one of the most prominent clergymen in the county, and a universal favourite. Archdeacon Boyd had held the living of Arncliffe for fifty-eight years, and during that period no ecclesiastic in the district did more for the Church than he did. The Archdeacon was not only the pioneer of church restoration in the West Riding, but he was most indefatigable in his parochial work, and was zealous for the improvement of his schools in days when popular education was considerably regarded as a "fad." He was a delightful person in society, and his hospitality was unbounded.

The living of Arncliffe, which is in the gift of University College, Oxford, is a very poor one; but Archdeacon Boyd possessed considerable private means. He resigned the Archdeaconry of Craven three years ago, and his successor has not yet been appointed, for some reason which is best known to the Bishop of Ripon.

Lord Bute has purchased The Priory, St. Andrews, a large house, surrounded by grounds, near the Cathedral, and it is to become a Roman Catholic College in connection with the University of St. Andrews. The existing Roman Catholic College at Blairs, near Aberdeen, has become too small.

A visitor to Buxton writes:—

The Devonshire Hospital here is, no doubt, a useful and well-managed charity, but on one point there is room for improvement. An experience I had last week will show you this. My wife and I were passing the hospital, and, noticing a huge board in front of it which announced that the building was open to visitors between eleven a.m. and five p.m., we went in. When we had got about half-way across the great hall under the dome we were overtaken by a somewhat severe lady who demanded, in what struck me as an unnecessarily peremptory tone, if we had contributed to the funds of the hospital? I admitted we had not. She thereupon told us we had no right to be there until we had done so. We were led back accordingly to a box at the door for "voluntary contributions" into which I dropped a coin. The woman then requested us to come in again, which I declined to do, to the apparent indignation of the lady, who asked angrily why I treated her so. I explained that if admission was by payment that should be expressly stated before one was invited to come in, and that I objected to being induced to come in by a notice saying the hospital was open to visitors, and afterwards being turned out unless I "voluntarily contributed" something. The lady said the notice was that the hospital was open free only to contributors and subscribers. On re-perusing it, I found that below and altogether separated from the announcement that the hospital was open to visitors ran another announcement that admission was free to donors and subscribers. I remembered then that I had observed this before, but had thought it referred to the admission of patients. Don't you think my interpretation was a very natural one, and don't you also think the Hospital Committee, if they must extort contributions from visitors, should give better notice of their intentions? I confess the whole proceeding in my case seemed to me very like getting money by a trick, and it will be a long time before I again "voluntarily contribute" anything to the funds of the Devonshire Hospital.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Poor Children's Holiday Fund:—

Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, her share of the proceeds of the debate between Mrs. Besant and herself upon Theosophy, at St. James's Hall, £20. 1s. 10d.; B. R., £5; T. B., 3s.; A. V. £1. 1s.; A. H. Gower, £1. 1s.; Fred Gorringe, £10; G. W. B., £2; R. M., 2s.; M. S., £2; C. A., £1. 1s.

I must once more inform my friend Tommy Atkins that it is impossible to discuss in TRUTH complaints made by individuals against individuals—except, of course, where such complaints point to grievances generally felt. Every week my feelings are harrowed by stories of how this man or that has been treated by this officer or that, usually accompanied by reflections of a damaging character upon the officer referred to. To my inexpressible sorrow, all these communications have to go into my waste-paper basket, and there, I am afraid, they must continue to go unless Parliament, in its wisdom, should abolish actions for libel. I, therefore, suggest to military correspondents that they should not harrow my feelings in this way to no purpose.

Attention has very properly been called in a Plymouth paper to sundry flagrant abuses of discipline at the expense of an acting-Bombadier R.A., named Weatherall. Stringent orders have lately been issued that no N.C.O.'s should leave the barracks at Mount Wise in dress not conforming to the regulations. In accordance with express instructions from his Sergeant, Weatherall, who was in charge of the Guard, stopped Company-Sergeant-Major Ramsay, who was about to leave barracks in a private cap and boots. The Sergeant-Major's self-importance seems to have been wounded to an uncontrollable degree by this outrage on his dignity, and after some altercation with Weatherall and the Sergeant who had given him the instructions, he placed Weatherall under arrest—a distinctly illegal proceeding. The charge against him seems to have been one of impertinence to his superior officer. An inquiry was subsequently held, and, after being under arrest for twenty days, Weatherall was punished by being transferred to another company, with a consequent loss of 3d. per day.

Few more disgraceful cases than this have ever come before the public. The only person at fault was obviously the Sergeant-Major. He was about to break a regulation which he of all persons was bound to respect. He set an atrociously bad example by losing his temper and engaging in an altercation with his juniors for doing their plain duty. Finally, he vented his wrath by placing the bombardier under arrest, thereby clearly breaking the regulations. The whole of this misconduct is overlooked; the Court never seems to have troubled about it. The only man who is punished is the Sergeant of the Guard, and his offence clearly is that he did his duty, the character of the charge against him being too transparent to deceive any one. Such proceedings prove to demonstration, what I have again and again asserted, that what is conventionally known as "discipline" in the Army is often little more than the right of one man to bully and oppress another, in defiance equally of the true interests of the Service and of common justice. It remains to be seen whether any higher power will think that such a scandal demands interference.

I understand that after some inquiries by the Commanding Officer into the scandal at Exeter Depot, dealt with in TRUTH of the 6th inst., Sergeant-Major Kenyon has once more been allowed to appear in the barracks in uniform. I shall look with some curiosity for the next development of this case. Either the facts found by the Mess Committee in regard to Kenyon are true, or they are not. If they are not, the truth ought to be publicly stated, for a grave injustice has been done to the man by forcing him into retirement. If they are true, his present position at Exeter is a deplorable scandal, and demands further inquiry. The matter cannot be allowed to rest as it stands.

The difficulty about Tommy's laundry arrangements at Gozo continues to furnish me with correspondence. The following detailed narrative of the facts has been supplied to me, and if it is accurate, several irregularities seem to have been perpetrated which are fully deserving of attention:—

On their first arrival the men of the Detachment at Gozo were allowed to give their washing to any of the married women, who were assisted by native women, provided with passes for the purpose signed by the Brigade-Major at Malta. Later on, the wife of an Acting Sergeant-Major was grossly assaulted by a native, and immediately after this (query, *propter hoc?*) all the native women were excluded from barracks. How the Brigade-Major's passes came to be cancelled is not clear. The wife of a private of eighteen years' service, finding herself unable to do the washing without assistance, sent it out to the natives. For this she was brought up, and deprived for one month of the privilege of doing washing, her husband also losing one of his three good-conduct badges. When the month had expired, the Acting Quartermaster made an order for the same woman to wash for twenty men of his Company. The private replied that his wife was not able to do the washing, and, as it was not compulsory, he objected to her doing it. For this he was confined, and eventually awarded eight days' C.B., and deprived of another of his good-conduct badges for disobeying an order given by his superior officer.

I have carefully searched the Queen's Regulations, but I find nothing which requires the wife of a private to wash for the regiment. If there is nothing, the husband in the above case had the right to object to his wife being ordered to do the washing. In that case, the order was an unlawful order, and the man who gave it is in fault, not the man who disobeyed it.

Some time ago the best results ensued from my having asked Mr. Stanhope to give an eye to the filling of the barrack-room coal-scuttles at certain out-of-the-way stations. This encourages me to ask Mr. Stanhope's successor to cast an eye in the same direction. I understand that it is a common practice to measure the allowance of coal to a room with reference, not to the size of the fireplace, but to the number of men in the room. Thus at Fort George, where there are only five men in each room, each room gets an allowance of 15 lb. of coal a day, which in a bleak and exposed station is obviously insufficient. The matter is not of much consequence in the middle of July, but I mention it now in order to give full opportunity for making the necessary alterations before the cold weather comes.

From the latest information that I have received it would seem that no attempt has yet been made to stop the detention of Colour-Sergeants at Hamilton Depot beyond the limits of their time of service, as fixed by the Queen's Regulations. A military correspondent tells me that the explanation which I recently suggested of this form of irregularity is in most cases the correct one, N.C.O.'s being kept at the Depots in this way by arrange-

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ment between the C.O.'s of the Depot and the battalion to which the men should by rights be sent. But are we to take it that the higher authorities recognise it is the proper thing for Commanding Officers to make arrangements setting aside the Queen's Regulations?

An order has just been issued by the Commanding Officer of the Cameron Highlanders at Malta enjoining Company Officers to pay their men at some time which will not interfere with their dinner. I take this order to be directly connected with a recent reference to this matter in TRUTH, and I beg to tender my thanks to the C.O. accordingly.

Anent Malta a correspondent draws a curious picture of the hap-hazard manner in which the Telegraph Service of that island is manned. The Staff appears to be drawn entirely from the regiments stationed at the island. This means that the most expert and experienced men are constantly being withdrawn as their regiments leave. Men are also frequently withdrawn by their Commanding Officers for field training, musketry instruction, and so on; while, in the event of an emergency calling all the troops into active service, the island would be left to manage its telegraph service as best it could by itself. Why is this particular corner of the Empire unprovided with a permanent Telegraph Staff?

The following conundrums are submitted to me by a Welsh Militiaman. All are beyond me, but, perhaps, the War Office clerks may be able to do something with them in their spare time:—

Why does a man who has served three months in a Line Regiment, on obtaining the rank of Sergeant in the Militia, get more than double the pay of a man who has served six years in the same Line Regiment and has been Sergeant in the Militia twelve years?

Why is no vacancy on the Permanent Staff given now to Militiamen, whereas twenty years ago such vacancies were always open to Militia Sergeants of good character?

Why are hundreds of Army Reserve men able to join two Militia Regiments, and so get pay from three Corps every year?

The last query has been propounded in TRUTH before. There is no question that fraudulent enlistment in the Militia is practised on a large scale, and I should have thought that it could be easily stopped, or, at any rate, checked. What difficulty is there in occasionally ordering a simultaneous muster of Militia regiments?

An Aldershot correspondent gives me an edifying narrative of the experiences of a sapper in the Royal Engineers, who had the misfortune to come into collision with his superior officers. As it is now impossible to investigate the whole case, I am unable to deal with it; but the following statement as to how the feud originated seems to be authentic, and is decidedly deserving of notice. A few months ago the sapper desired to fill a vacancy at Woolwich, for which purpose he had to extend his term of service to twelve years. He was subsequently accused of making a false statement on this occasion, and returned from Woolwich for the investigation of the charge. In the result he was released, but in consequence of a remark made by the C.O., he demanded a Court martial. The Court martial was refused, and thereupon the C.O. proceeded to order the man seven days' C.B. for the offence of which he had previously acquitted him. The sapper never got back to Woolwich, and he became, as might be expected, a chronic malcontent, with the result that after starting with six years' good character and two good conduct badges, his history ends in a District Court martial and forty-two days' hard labour.

Apropos to Cavalry expenses, an officer tells me that one of the most serious, and at the same time least justifiable, burdens thrown on a young officer comes in the shape of fines. My informant vouches for a case in which one officer had to pay £20 in fines before he got through the Riding School. This, at any rate, is a form of expenditure which might very easily be curtailed. There can be no earthly reason why a youngster should be fleeced to the tune of £5 for the benefit of the Riding Master and the Mess, because he gets a fall in jumping without stirrups, or be compelled to stand champagne to the whole of his comrades for some trifling error or breach of etiquette due to youthful inexperience.

Here are some further reflections of a Cavalry C.O. upon the same subject. From what I can see, however, the Regulations already give a good deal of power to Commanding Officers for the protection of the young and impecunious, and the result hardly seems successful enough to justify any further increase of these powers:—

Upon the Subalterns is thrown the main responsibility of keeping up the social prestige of the regiment. They are expected, as a matter of course, to hunt, play polo, and run a horse in the Regimental Steeplechase. If senior Officers are not expected to do these things, there is no reason why the juniors should be. The cost of the yearly Regimental Dinner is another tax which the younger men might be relieved of, for they can get very little pleasure out of it. Luncheon marquees at race meetings are very properly prohibited by Queen's Regulations (sect. vii., para. 71), but the Regulation is so disregarded that it is a farce to let it appear. Not long ago a Cavalry regiment gave a ball which is said to have cost £1,300. It also cost one Officer his commission. In his case the ball was the last straw.

So far from the Service being benefited by such extravagance, I am sure that the reverse is the case. A remedy might easily be found, and only needs enforcing with a firm hand. A return should be required from every C.O. certifying that no contributions or payments have been demanded from or made by an officer in his regiment, either upon joining or otherwise, except such as are authorised by the Queen's Regulations; and also that no officer is under any moral compulsion to hunt, keep polo ponies, or take part in expensive functions. In order to be of real value this certificate should be countersigned by the G.O. Commanding the District.

If I may trust a Quartermaster who writes to me apropos to recent remarks on the subject in TRUTH, Quartermasters' "perquisites" are now a matter of ancient history. Being anxious not to wrong any man, still less any class of men, I am glad to note this Quartermaster's disclaimer; but, with certain recent facts in my mind, I find a difficulty in believing that, under no circumstances, does a Quartermaster get a chance of making something for himself. How often he avails himself of that chance a civilian has, of course, no means of judging. All that I can say on this point has already been said, with reference to the leaflet lately circulated on Quartermasters' and Ridingmasters' grievances. The present

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scale of a Quartermaster's pay and pension is certainly not proportionate to his official responsibilities; and, if he is expected to run scrupulously straight, that ought to be considered in the contract.

The following order has just been issued by the Senior Medical Officer at Shorncliffe:—

Diarrhœa having occurred among the patients, traced to the tea supplied to the wards, the Quartermaster will be good enough to at once make a special inspection of the kitchen boilers and other utensils used in the making of the hospital tea, also the cans used for conveying it to the wards, and furnish a report to this office.

It seems a little incomprehensible how the outbreak can have been traced to the tea if no inspection has been made of the boilers and other utensils; and I should have thought that if an inspection of this kind is considered necessary, the medical authorities would have been much better qualified to conduct it effectually than the Quartermaster.

I referred a fortnight back to the canteen prices of a regiment stationed at Bradford, but I am glad to see from the official price-list, which has been sent to me, of the only regiment at Bradford (the 1st South Staffordshire Regiment) that in two instances the figures originally furnished to me were inaccurate. I am told that the same remark applies to certain of the parallel prices from the town shops given in the same paragraph. At any rate, after looking through the whole list, I should say that the prices, as a rule, leave very little to complain of.

With reference to recent remarks in TRUTH on the failure of the authorities to issue khaki and white clothing to certain battalions in accordance with the Indian Army Order of last year on the subject, some correspondence has been sent to me with the view of showing that this may be due to a bonâ-fide misunderstanding of the Order. I do not think it shows as much as that, but it certainly shows an edifying conflict of opinion respecting the effect of the Order among various authorities concerned. With regard to white clothing, a Commanding Officer inquires of an Assistant-Adjutant-General whether men who were in India before April 1 will be entitled to the specified allowance for such clothing. The A.A.G. replies with a decided negative. The same query is addressed to a Superintendent of Army Clothing, who answers with an equally confident affirmative. Whether the fault lies with the defective wording of the Order or the defective understanding of one or other of the officials mentioned, I have no means of judging. But I should have thought that there could be no difficulty in drawing up an Order which would leave no room for misunderstanding on such an important point.

The naval promotions which have just been announced have given much dissatisfaction in Service circles, which is by no means strange, inasmuch as they may be regarded as typical fruits of the objectionable selection system. The officers selected are sufficiently competent, but men with far stronger claims have been mysteriously passed over. It is to be feared that several of these promotions are simply for increase of pension, which is not a good thing either for the Navy or for the country. Two lieutenants, who have been promoted over the heads of some two hundred officers of the same rank, can only hope to profit in pocket by their good fortune.

The Indian trooping season is to begin on September 7, when the *Serapis* will leave Portsmouth for Bombay, and she is to be followed by the *Malabar* on the 14th, the *Crocodile* on the 23rd, and the *Euphrates* on the 30th. The *Serapis* will leave Bombay on her first homeward voyage on October 12. The season will terminate on April 30, when the *Euphrates* is to arrive at Portsmouth. Each of the troopships makes three voyages out to Bombay and home again.

A few months ago the Admiralty paid £15,000 (or some such sum) for the yacht *Lancashire Witch*, which was to be at once altered for surveying service. The money might just as well have been shovelled into the Solent, for I am informed that the yacht is still laid up at Portsmouth, and that nothing whatever has yet been done towards adapting her for surveying work. Is the Admiralty waiting for another ironclad to go aground before the very inadequate surveying service is strengthened?

When the next Merchant Shipping Act is passed, it would be a great thing for sailors if provisions were enacted securing to the ship's doctor some measure of authority in his own department independently of the captain. At one time and another I have had many communications, both from sailors and doctors in the Merchant Service, pointing to the need of reform in this direction. On a recent voyage to the Cape, the firemen complained to the doctor of the state of the sanitary fittings, and the doctor reported the matter to the Captain. The Captain's answer was an insulting rebuke, ending, "Don't bring such stories to me again, sir!" In this same ship the forecastle, licensed by the Board of Trade for twenty men, contained during the voyage twenty-two and twenty-three. In the forecastle also, where the men eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, and where their clothes, often reeking with perspiration or sea-water, are hung up to dry, a day's supply of bread was kept. It should be a doctor's business to report on such abominations as these; but in too many cases it is as much as his place is worth to open his mouth.

Among other prophets who claim to have foretold the loss of the *Victoria* is an Italian astrologer at Loretto. He issues annually a calendar with predictions for each quarter of the moon during the year, and on June 21 he predicts "Scontro di due nave da guerra" ("Collision of two men of war"). I cannot help thinking that the seer must have had an inkling that the British Fleet would be manœuvring about that time. To foresee a collision when any modern Fleet is manœuvring is about as difficult as to predict that on June 21 next there will be a collision between two vehicles in the City.

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

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Our Naval Manœuvres:
A new setting to an old song.

Ten British men of war
Steaming all in line—
One rammed her sister ship,
And then there were nine.
Nine British men of war,
Finished up to date—
One furred her boiler tubes,
And then there were eight.

One British, two British, three British, four British, five British men-of-war;
Six British, seven British, eight British, nine British, ten British men of war.

Eight British men-of-war
Off the coast of Devon—
One grounded on a shoal,
And then there were seven.
Seven British men-of-war
Trying cunning tricks—
One smashed her starboard screw,
And then there were six.

One British, two British, three British, &c., &c.

Six British men-of-war
Keeping things alive—
One fouled a merchant ship,
And then there were five.
Five British men-of-war
Manœuvring at the Nore—
One cracked her cylinder,
And then there were four.

One British, two British, three British, &c., &c.

Four British men-of-war
Fitted out for sea—
One was towed back to dock,
And then there were three.
Three British men-of-war
Just repaired anew—
One promptly sprung a leak,
And then there were two.

One British, two British, three British, &c., &c.

Two British men-of-war,
On their trial run,
Depended on defective charts,
And then there was one.
One British man-of-war,
With a monster gun,
Fired just a single charge,
And then there was none!

Ten British, nine British, eight British, seven British, six British men-of-war!
Four British, three British, two British, one British, no British man-of-War!

Pulpit references are still being made to the *Victoria* disaster, and edifying illustrations of the manner in which some preachers improve the occasion continue to reach me. A disgusted "Old Salt" sends the following from a sermon by the Rev. C. Joseph at Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth:—

> A good deal of sentiment had been talked about the catastrophe, but it was clear that the tragic death of the hundreds of brave fellows could not affect the spiritual salvation of the drowned. There was no difference between the man who died at sea and he *(sic)* who dropped dead behind the counter of his shop. Nelson's last words were "I thank God I have done my duty." A greater lie was never uttered. He had done his duty as a sailor, but in his private life Nelson was a blackguard.

For true Christian charity commend me to these reverend gentlemen!

I have been asked to say a word in support of the claims of the mail-cart drivers on the Postmaster-General. The matter has already been referred to in Truth, and the men have such a weight of justice on their side that I should hope there is little occasion to say more. The deputation which waited on Mr. Arnold Morley the other day asked for nothing more exorbitant than a minimum wage of 6d. an hour, and a maximum day of twelve hours, and a Government which has undertaken to pose as a "model employer" can hardly deny the right of a man in the responsible post of a mail-cart driver to as good terms as a dock labourer.

Moreover, I would go a good deal beyond Mr. Keir Hardie's deputation. One of the worst grievances of the mail-cart men is that they are forced, under threat of fine and discharge, to do their journeys at such a speed that they are in constant risk of trouble with the police, and of being fined by Magistrates. That ought to be stopped, not only for the sake of the men, but for the sake of the public. I am also concerned, not merely for the drivers, but for the horses, which are some of the most pitiable objects about the streets of London. Many of the carts and vans, especially those in the Parcel Post service, are also disreputably shabby, so much so that it must be humiliating to every adherent of the Monarchy to see a "V.R." emblazoned on such equipages. On the day of the Royal Wedding, when the mail-carts were allowed to pass along the line of route, their appearance excited the derisive cheers of the mob all down Piccadilly.

The moral of all this is very plain. The contractors care for nothing beyond collecting and delivering the mails as agreed, and pocketing the maximum profit obtainable. The remedy is to eliminate the contractor. The tendency in all directions at present is to get rid of the middleman, and all public bodies are seeking as far as possible to employ their own labour and do their own work. The Post Office, the biggest public undertaking in existence, ought to have no difficulty in carrying its own mails. By so doing it should be able to secure to the public the contractors' profits, to abolish the sweating of the drivers and the horses, and to do the whole thing in a style worthy of the State. If it is considered impossible to go this length at one jump (I appreciate the conservative lethargy of St. Martin's-le-Grand), let us go by steps. The first step should be the transfer of the contractors' employés to the service of the Post Office. That done, the carts and the horses will very soon follow.

Poor-law affairs are again attracting considerable attention at Folkestone. The township forms part of the Elham Union, and casuals who apply for relief at Folkestone have to walk to a workhouse six miles away. This is in itself a most monstrous arrangement, and it is alleged that in severe winter weather deaths have been caused or accelerated by the consequent exhaustion and exposure. In addition, however, to being situated so far from the centre of population, the workhouse is described by an Inspector of the Local Government Board as one of the worst in Kent. The accommodation for casuals is said to be so limited that "frequently fifteen and twenty men have to be huddled in a badly-ventilated stable, and no provision is made for the drying of their clothes.

Women are also huddled into the stable and treated in the same manner." Complaints are also made as to the "simply horrible" state of things in the workhouse infirmary, and altogether the public inquiry which is demanded by a local ratepayers' society seems to be urgently needed.

From statistics just published I am sorry to see that the consumption of intoxicants in Lewisham Workhouse is again going up. In the first week of July, 1892, 445 inmates consumed 158 pints of porter; in the corresponding week of the present year 453 inmates consumed 212 pints. During June, 1893, 1,001 pints were consumed, as against 688 in June, 1892, the number of inmates being practically the same in both months. Some two years ago reference was made in TRUTH to the extravagant amount of drink allowed at this workhouse, and a reduction in the figures immediately followed. It is evidently time, therefore, for me to call attention to the matter again.

The report of the Commissioners of Lunacy for the twelve months ending May 31, 1893, shows that there were 89,822 persons of unsound mind in January last, being an increase of 1,974 as compared with the previous year. There are 80,893 pauper lunatics and idiots, 8,200 are in the private class of patients, and there are 729 criminal lunatics.

Last week a meeting of milk-dealers was held at Deal, to organise a combined rise in the price of milk. The meeting was called and presided over by a worthy milkman, whom Lord Halsbury, in his wisdom, elevated to the local Bench. By way, apparently, of giving an air of respectability to the movement, the milk-retailing J.P., who is also a distinguished light of Dissent, urged his fellow-townsmen to drink less beer in order that they might pay the increased price of milk. The local publicans will probably retort by advising them to drink less milk, and spend the difference in beer; and it strikes me that the publicans will have the best of the argument.

A coal strike does more harm than one in any other industry, because so many men are thrown out of other employments by it. As regards the strike now pending, I do not pretend to know whether the pit-owners or the pitmen are in the right. The former, however, propose arbitration, and the latter refuse it. The pitmen by this refusal have put themselves in the wrong. Arbitration means that certain persons should by mutual consent be appointed, who are without any personal interest in the issue, and who decide one way or the other, according to the evidence submitted to them. This is the only reasonable way to settle a dispute, for no man can be a perfectly unbiassed judge in his own case. The principle is sound, whether it be a question between two nations, or between two or more individuals. I therefore deplore the determination of the leaders of the pitmen to refuse arbitration, not only because much misery will be the result of war, but because anything which militates against the application of arbitration to disputes strikes a blow at a principle, the universal adoption of which would be of inestimable value to all.

With a zeal which is assuredly "not according to knowledge," a Unionist journal rants about the "packing" of the magisterial bench "with Radicals and Home Rulers," and mentions the flagrant case of Dumfriesshire, where, "out of thirty-eight magistrates just appointed, no fewer than twenty-seven are Gladstonians." My contemporary will doubtless be surprised and disconcerted to learn that all these new magistrates were appointed, not by any member of the Ministry, but by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who is as staunch a Tory as could be found in Great Britain. The Duke, however, is a sensible, fair-dealing man, and when having investigated the state of the Commission of the Peace for the county over which he presides, he found that out of 144 magistrates there were 141 who are Tories and Unionists, he at once recognised the propriety of his taking steps to place matters in a more satisfactory condition, and my contemporary will be horrified to learn that the Duke intends shortly to nominate several more Liberal magistrates.

The Lord Chancellor has been requested to appoint some Liberal Magistrates for West Wilts. The late Lord Radnor, who was for many years Lord-Lieutenant of Wiltshire, appointed only Tories and Churchmen, and his successor, Lord Bath, follows his bad example. In this district of the county, it is stated that out of thirty-nine Magistrates, only five are Liberals, and out of these only two are Nonconformists. In the Melksham Petty Sessional Division there is not a single Liberal Magistrate, although fully 50 per cent. of the population are Liberals. It is further complained that the Liberals are not represented on the Bench in the Warminster, Westbury, and Whorwellsdown Petty Sessional Divisions. Lord Bath is taking the waters at Homburg, and when he returns to Longleat he had better appoint an adequate number of Liberal Magistrates, without further delay, or the matter will be taken out of his hands altogether.

I am told that great injustice was done to Mr. Oswald, Q.C., by the anecdote respecting him given in last week's TRUTH. The anecdote makes it appear that Lord Esher had the last word, which, as a friend of Mr. Oswald's points out, would be a stain on the learned counsel's escutcheon. I hasten, therefore, to remove the stain. The conversation referred to ran thus:—The Lord Justice: "Really, Mr. Oswald, if you intended to rely on these points you should have raised them in the Court below." Mr. Oswald: "So I did, my Lord, but their Lordships stopped me." Lord Esher (eagerly): "They stopped you, did they? Will you tell us how they did it?" Mr. Oswald: "By fraudulently pretending to agree with me, my Lord."

The assize season is always a time of bitter affliction to all liable to serve on juries, but this is largely

FIRE PROTECTION OF MANSIONS.—Water Supply to Mansions and all Buildings. Practical pamphlets and designs, free, of MERRYWEATHERS', 63, Long-acre, London.

due to want of reasonable consideration for jurors on the part of legal officials. A Somersetshire gentleman was summoned to Wells to serve as a special juror at 10.30 a.m. on the 20th inst. As it was impossible for him to reach Wells on that day by the appointed hour, he had to go to the expense of travelling overnight, and putting up in the town. When it was too late to get back that night, he discovered that no special jurors would be wanted, and on returning home the next day he found that a letter had arrived on the morning of the 20th officially informing him that he was not wanted. Why, I should like to know, could not the second notice have been sent in time to prevent such unnecessary annoyance and expense?

I should like to know more of the relations between Mr. Charles Solomon Benabo, of Stepney, and the police of that district. From evidence given at the Thames Police-court it seems that Benabo—who is a rent-collector—after accepting a man and his wife as tenants of a house at Blackwall, wrote them a letter threatening to distrain for rent due from another tenant, who had originally sub-let to them. While the wife was at the Police-court asking advice, Benabo carried out his threat, and moved all the tenant's furniture into the streets. The extraordinary thing is that in these proceedings he had the support and assistance of the police, having brought two constables with him. Benabo is well known at the police-court, and the Magistrate punished him for his outrageous proceedings with fines and costs amounting to £4. 3s., or, in default, fourteen days' hard labour. But who is going to punish the policemen who were accessories in the outrage? It is a well-known fact that the police are much readier to protect "rent collectors" of the Benabo type than the poor tenants who suffer at their hands, and Mr. Asquith would do a public service by ascertaining how the assistance of two constables was procured in the above instance.

With reference to the inquest at Crewe, commented upon in TRUTH of the 13th inst., I am given to understand that the police are quite prepared to justify their action in obtaining the exhumation of the body and the holding of an inquest. The fact seems to have been that the certificate, on the strength of which the child was buried, was signed by a doctor who did not see the child till after it was dead, and that the child had not been attended by any qualified medical man, but by an unqualified assistant, who was not even in the employ of the doctor who gave the certificate. Why these facts were not proved at the inquest I am at a loss to understand. It also appears that the coroner had himself signed the order for the exhumation of the body, and when he did this he presumably had some evidence to go upon. The action of everybody officially concerned in this case is inexplicable, and the higher authorities ought to give their attention to it.

THE CLARET of the season, CHATEAU LA MARNIÈRE, vintage 1888 (Blanquefort), 21s. per doz. cash delivered. Sample Bot., 2s. per post. A trial order will convince of its sterling quality & value.—ARNOLD, PERRETT, & Co., LD., 7a, Lower Belgrave-street, London, S.W.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. I am sorry to have to place Mr. Bowen Rowlands in the list on the occasion of his first appearance as Recorder of Swansea. If the facts are correctly reported, however, it seems to me that he has scarcely succeeded in making the punishment fit the crime in the two cases cited below. I am loth to think that Mr. Rowlands holds the irrational and pernicious view of the property v. person question which afflicts so many judicial authorities; yet a peculiarly brutal assault, in which a man's jaw was fractured, is dealt with as though it were a less serious offence than a raid by youths of fifteen and sixteen on a provision shop. Of the performances of the Great Unpaid which appear in the Pillory, the most remarkable, perhaps, is that of the King's Heath Bench, who impose a small fine on a young man guilty of abominable conduct to a little girl, and send an old man of seventy-six to prison for three months for begging. The cases from Derby are interesting on account of the observation of the Bench in discharging Coulson that the punishment of being locked up in the cells "was, in *his* case, very severe." Why in his case more than any other? Was this unwonted sympathy of their Worships excited because Coulson happens to be well-connected?—

Swansea Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., Recorder. William Rees, charged with maliciously wounding Daniel Williams. The prosecutor received a compound fracture of the jaw and other injuries to the head and face caused by blows with a stone held in the fist. Found guilty of a common assault. One month.

Swansea Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., Recorder. Edward Evans (16) and James Thomas (15) pleaded guilty to entering a shop and stealing tins of salmon and sardines. Six weeks each.

Edinburgh City Police-court. Before Bailie Macpherson. Andrew Musket, convicted of assaulting John Ryrie, a youth, by throwing a tumbler at his head. Kyrie received a severe wound. Fined £1.

Edinburgh High Court. Before the Lord Justice Clerk. James M'Goggie pleaded guilty to stealing four shirts. Three years' penal servitude, and five years' police supervision.

King's Heath Police-court. Before Messrs. Lane, Barwell, Gilbert, and Lyndon. Percy Vickers, 17, pleaded guilty to a charge of indecent conduct, and of assaulting a little girl, aged 7. Fined 10s. and costs.

King's Heath Police-court. Before the same Bench. Thomas Dillon, 76, charged with begging. Three months.

Swaffham Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. B. Houchen, Colonel Applewhaite, and Mr. Lee Warner. Charles Wheals, charged with assaulting his wife. He did so on two successive days. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Swaffham Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Arthur Blanchflower, Thomas Powley, and Arthur Winner, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act. Blanchflower and Winner fined 20s. each, Powley 10s.

Wellingborough Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Mr. H. M. Stockdale, Mr. N. P. Sharman, Mr. E. Sharman, and other Magistrates. Henry Bates, summoned for assaulting his wife. He threw a wooden last at her, struck her in the face, kicked her, and threw her to the ground. Fined 10s. and costs.

Wellingborough Divisional Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Fanny Tear, charged with stealing a shawl and a skirt. One month. Henry Hutchinson, charged with stealing a waterproof cape. One month.

Bolton County Police-court. Before Messrs. J. W. Crompton, J. Phethean, and G. Caldwell. Peter Hindley, charged with assaulting John W. Jackson. It was stated that defendant knocked complainant down and kicked him. Jackson had to go to a doctor. Ordered to pay the costs and bound over.

Bolton County Police-court. Before the same Bench. William Phethean, charged with sleeping in a brickcroft. Fourteen days.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—RIMMEL'S Bridal Bouquet. A new and delightful Perfume, prepared by EUGENE RIMMEL, Ld., Perfumers by appointment to H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

Lymington County Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. V. F. Dent, F. Ellis, H. Bowden-Smith, H. C. Ward, D. Jones, and Lieut.-Col. Clinton. Emmanuel H. Peddle, charged with causing a horse to be worked whilst in an unfit state, and Eli Phillips, labourer, charged with working it. The animal was in very poor condition—simply the frame of a horse. There was no shoe on one foot, the outer sole was worn down to the quick, and blood and matter were exuding. Phillips was fined sixpence. Peddle had been previously convicted. The Bench considered the case against him as bad as it could be. Fined £5 and costs.

Lymington County Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Edward J. Lawrence, charged with killing a partridge without a licence. Fined 30s.

Chester City Police-court. Before the Mayor, Mr. R. Frost, and Mr. L. Gilbert. Thomas Finn and Edward Finn, charged with sleeping in an outbuilding in Grosvenor Park. Seven days each.

Mansfield Police-court. James Short, convicted of assaulting Mary Connell. Fined 10s. 6d.

Mansfield Police-court. Abraham Wilson, charged with damaging mowing grass. Fined 21s., and 1s. damages.

Burnley Police-court. Isaac Giles, charged with assaulting his paramour, who said he knocked her down and kicked her many times on the head. Fined 20s. and costs.

Burnley Police-court. Sarah Ann Collins, charged with stealing a pair of boots. One month.

Sheffield City Police-court. Before the Stipendiary. William Linford, charged with cruelty to a fowl. Finding that the bird had not "laid," he placed it between the rollers of a wringing-machine and smashed part of its head, but did not kill it. Fined 18s., including costs.

Barnsley Police-court. Thomas Bradley, charged with game trespass. He shot and killed a rabbit. Fined 20s. and costs, or a month.

Wrexham Police-court. Edward Morris, charged with cruelty to four sheep, which he pushed over the top of a cliff, 70 ft. high. One sheep was crushed to death, and another had three legs broken. Fined £1 and costs.

Newtown Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. E. Jones and R. Lloyd. Thomas Tudor, charged with taking a rabbit from land belonging to Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones. Fined 2s. and costs.

Brierley Hill Police-court. Before Messrs. S. G. Dudley, S. Hingley, and J. S. Williams. Henry A. Knibbs, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her several times in the face, and threatened her life, and he had previously ill-used her. Fined 5s. and costs.

Barnsley Police-court. Before Messrs. F. H. Taylor and G. Lancaster. John Wigfield, Herbert Jebson, Samuel Manley, and Charles Rawson, miners, charged with playing at pitch-and-toss. Fined 10s. each and costs.

Derby Borough Court. Before the Mayor (Mr. W. H. Marsden) and other Magistrates. George Martin Coulson charged with using obscene language. A policeman proved that defendant was ejected from the railway-station and used bad language towards two barmaids. The Bench thought the punishment of being locked up in the cells was, in his case, very severe. Discharged with a caution.

Derby Borough Court. Before Mr. John Bailey and Mr. H. Boam. George Cunningham, charged with using obscene language. Fined 10s. and 7s. costs.

Prestatyn Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. Wynne and Algernon Potts. John S. Gibbons, farmer, convicted of an aggravated assault on his wife. He threw a cup of hot tea into her face, flung her upon the grate, and tried to put her head up the chimney. He also severely beat her. A separation order granted. Fined £1 and costs.

Mr. H. J. Mirehouse, J.P., of Long Ashton, near Bristol, delivered himself of some singular remarks at the Police-court the other day. Four boys were charged with stealing a quantity of cocoa nuts, and the mother of one of them stated that her son had been at work in Wales, but had come home because the men struck. "This," said Mr. Mirehouse, "comes of striking—mischief for idle hands." The defendants having been in custody for several days the Bench decided to dismiss them; but in announcing the fact Mr. Mirehouse added that "personally he should be inclined to convict in one case, *the mother's defence being almost an offence.*" In other words, this muddy-minded individual would, if he could have his own way, punish a lad merely because he is thrown out of work by a strike! It is really difficult to conceive a more astounding exhibition of magisterial unreason.

Another Magistrate who has been distinguishing himself by his utterances on the Bench is Mr. John Kaye, of Barnsley. In a furious driving case a number of witnesses were examined, but one, a lad named Swift, failed to attend, and his employer, Mr. Dobson, wrote asking that he should be excused on the ground that his absence from work would compel four men also to be idle for the day. Mr. Kaye's polite reply to this reasonable request was:—

> Tell Mr. Dobson that if he does such a thing again we shall cause him all the inconvenience we can; we shall cause him it purposely, for setting us at defiance.

Such are the manners of the Great Unpaid.

For the second time within twelve months the Rev. H. J. Alcock, Vicar of Wellington, has appeared at Shropshire Assizes as defendant in a libel action. The plaintiff on both occasions was one of his parishioners, a shoemaker named Partridge; and both the libels were published in the Parish Magazine. The first action ended in a verdict against Mr. Alcock for £10, and he straightway published an article in which he remarked that "Mr. Partridge first gives every inconvenience and then commits wilful perjury." For this he now has to pay £25. Let us hope that the reverend journalist will profit by these experiences, and turn the Parish Magazine to some better purpose than the dissemination of libels.

The Hadleigh Magistrates are very difficult to satisfy in the matter of evidence. At the Petty Sessions, on Thursday, a woman name Simpson was charged with ill-treating and neglecting her daughter, aged nine. The child herself deposed that she did not receive enough food, that she was constantly thrashed with a walking-stick, and that on one occasion her mother burnt her hands with curling-tongues taken red-hot from the fire. Corroborative evidence was given by the neighbours and other witnesses, and a doctor stated that he found twenty-five bruises on various parts of the child's body. In fact, the case was looked upon as proved up to the hilt, but Messrs. J. F. T. Dipnall, H. Newman, and S. Hardwick, J.P.'s, dismissed it "on the ground of want of sufficient evidence." What more they could possibly require was not explained; and I am not surprised to learn that this extraordinary decision has created great indignation in the district.

A scandalous abuse of Magisterial authority in the supposed interest of the game-preserver occurred at Carmarthen Petty Sessions the other day. David Owen, a shopkeeper and sub-postmaster of Conwil, applied for a game licence, which, if the Bench had done their duty, would have been at once granted. It was bluntly refused, however. The Rev. R. G. Lawrence, the Chairman, happens to be of opinion that such a licence "only encourages poaching." His colleague, Mr. C. W.

Jones, also announced that he was "opposed to granting a game licence in country districts." To my mind it is a monstrous state of things that country districts can be kept without game dealers merely because Magistrates entertain suspicions of this kind.

From a decision given by the St. Neots Bench on Thursday, it is clear that Colonel Montresor and his colleagues regard the evidence of one gamekeeper as more worthy of credence than that of half a dozen other witnesses. Perkins, the gamekeeper in question, charged two labourers named Townsend and Chapman with assault, and there were cross-summonses. Townsend swore that Perkins committed a violent and unprovoked assault upon him, and this was corroborated by his son and by Chapman, whilst a doctor deposed to the severe injuries the man had sustained. Other witnesses were also called for the labourers, and their employers gave them an excellent character. Perkins's statements, on the other hand, were wholly without corroboration; nevertheless, the Magistrates considered that his unsupported word justified them in dismissing all the cases. It is probable that the people of the district would have endeavoured to rectify this miscarriage of justice if five policemen had not kindly escorted Perkins to his home.

Rarely has a Judge spoken out so boldly and so forcibly on the subject of the Game Laws as Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams did at Nottingham Assizes last week. Both in his charge to the Grand Jury and in his summing-up in the Clifton Hall case, he strongly condemned the arming of keepers, and vividly contrasted the measures adopted for the protection of game—"which is, after all," observed his Lordship, "a little doubtful class of property"—with those pursued by the police in guarding human lives and homes. But what if the arming of keepers was absolutely necessary to ensure their safety?

Well, then, it might become a question in the minds of some whether in the interests of the State an alteration ought not to be made in the law to prevent the continuance of a system which necessitated the danger of provoking deeds of violence.

If there were any game-preserving gentry on the Grand Jury, and it is highly probable there were, just imagine the amazement and indignation with which they would hear these revolutionary sentiments from the Bench! To talk of the mere interests of the State as though they were more important than the "sacred birds" would seem to them rank treason.

That to allow keepers to go forth armed with guns, revolvers, and other weapons, and accompanied by savage dogs, is, as the Judge said, a practice eminently calculated to lead to violence and bloodshed, was shown once more by the lamentable case which gave rise to his lordship's remarks. Two keepers equipped in this way made an illegal attempt to arrest two poachers on the high road, and in the struggle which ensued one keeper was killed. The circumstances were such, however, that the jury acquitted Marples, the poacher indicted for murder; and popular approval of the verdict was demonstrated by the enthusiasm with which a crowd, numbering thousands, greeted the man outside the Court, and escorted him as he was carried like a hero to his home. Such a scene would never have taken place but for the existence of an intense public feeling against the infamous system which occasions these tragedies. Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams would have been justified in speaking more positively on this point. That which he cautiously suggested "may become a question in the minds of some" is already the firm conviction of the masses. The Game Laws will have to be mended or ended.

I should be sorry to say a word which would seem to imply approval of the use of bad language in public places. Still, I cannot help feeling a little sympathy for Miss Ann Bearder, "a respectable-looking girl," who was summoned at the Nottingham Police-court last week. Miss Bearder saved her money and bought a new dress, but when she went to put it on found that it had been pawned by her mother and sister, who had spent the proceeds in drink. Thereupon she made certain remarks to her sister for which the Bench fined her 10s. It seems to me that Ann was hardly dealt with. Provocation is considered in mitigation of other offences. Why not of bad language?

Advertisements for "male and female detectives" have lately appeared in a Madras paper. Those who answer them are invited in the first place to state what security they are prepared to deposit, "as the work is responsible." This looks so suspiciously like the *modus operandi* of Mr. Binet, of the "National Detective Agency," that I would recommend the Madras police to imitate the vigilance shown by the Scotland Yard authorities in dealing with the individual's exploits.

Apropos to what was said in last week's TRUTH respecting the illegality of palmistry, my attention has been called to the advertisements of various professors of the black art of palmistry which are still running in the *Morning Post*. I would suggest that the attention of the Metropolitan Police should be at once pointed in the same direction. Is it the view of the guardians of the law that it is a crime to "cheat and defraud" her Majesty's subjects of a shilling, but not so to defraud them of a guinea? If not, what has been done by the Sunderland police ought to be done by Scotland Yard.

I am much concerned to learn that a gentleman named Ernest S. Day, of Ash Vale and 21A, Berners-street, has been confounded with the rascal Ernest Day, against whose attempts to swindle people with bogus family portraits I am constantly warning my readers. The fraudulent Ernest Day carries on his nefarious business in the Old Kent-road. He has no earthly connection with Mr. Ernest S. Day above mentioned, nor, so far as I know, with any other Ernest Day—and no doubt there are many to be found.

Particulars have been sent to me of the extraordinary adventures of an English governess at Prague. The young lady, it appears, was engaged in the house of a wealthy and well-known inhabitant, and arrived in

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Prague on June 15. Her salary was to be 36 florins per month, with board. Two days later she was told that, owing to her knowledge of music being elementary, her salary would be reduced to 20 florins. On June 21 she was informed that she must clear out by July 1. She protested against this strange treatment, and desired to go out to consult a lawyer. When she attempted, a few days later, to leave the house for this purpose, she was rudely seized by her employer and his gardener and driven back. In her terror she jumped through a window on to the lawn and tried to escape over the garden-wall, but fell and sustained a compound fracture of the right ankle. Her kind employer then sent the gardener with her to a hospital, where she was left in the common ward.

The Vienna correspondent who has forwarded the above narrative tells me that the case has excited great indignation amongst English residents. In several instances of late, both in Prague and Vienna, English governesses have been "swindled out of sums of money" by their employers. It has become, in fact, a common trick to get a lady to go out to a situation and then to reduce her salary by 10, 12, or 15 florins a month on some paltry pretext as to incompetency. English governesses will therefore do well to exercise caution in reference to any engagement in Austria-Hungary. The Lady Superintendent and the directors of the Queen Victoria Governesses' Home, Vienna, are, I understand, always ready to supply information as to the suitableness or unsuitableness of a situation.

There are some interesting facts in the third Report of the British Dental Association Committee on school-children's teeth. Some of the most interesting of them relate to what are called "high-class" schools—meaning, as far as I can gather, proprietary middle-class establishments. In one of these, out of 49 boys ranging from eleven years old to nineteen, only 6 per cent. had sound teeth; 61 per cent. are classed as "fair," 29 per cent. as "bad," and 4 per cent. as "very bad." In another similar school the boys are classified thus:—"Sound," 1 per cent.; "fair," 25 per cent.; "bad," 45 per cent.; "very bad," 29 per cent. These figures seem to indicate that middle-class children are in this respect very little better off than the children of paupers—a state of things which implies a very serious reproach to their parents.

An advertisement in one of the theatrical papers signalises a new development of the Church and Stage alliance. It emanates from a young clergyman, "now holding an important curacy," who has resolved to throw aside the surplice for the sock and buskin, and "wishes to meet with leading lady." He delicately insinuates that a leading lady with some capital will be preferred, and does not forget to mention that he is "single." If preachers are to turn players, I suppose we shall next have players turning preachers. This would be a distinct gain to sundry audiences and many congregations.

Mr. J. Bennison, of Tooley-street, has taken the trouble to write and inform me, in order that I may communicate the information to my readers, that, after having been a martyr to rheumatism for many years, and having tried physicians and patent remedies in vain, he has been cured by oil of peppermint. I do not know Mr. Bennison personally, and I am not interested, directly or indirectly, in the oil of peppermint trade. I am therefore in a position to make Mr. Bennison's information public with a clear conscience. Whether it is worth anything is a different matter. As, however, it is the English oil of peppermint which Mr. B. recommends, the publication of his prescription may possibly do something for a humble native industry, if it does not do anything for the rheumatic.

Apropos to the late disturbance in Dominica, I am told that one of the most serious elements in the economic condition of the West Indies is State-aided coolie immigration. This system was commenced some ten or twelve years after the abolition of slavery, when labour was extremely difficult to obtain. At the expiration of another fifteen or twenty years, all necessity for it had passed away. The negro and semi-negro population had enormously increased; the new generation of free coloured people which had grown up were ready and capable of working as free labourers; and, owing to the decay of the sugar industry, the demand for labour was beginning to fall off. The effect of continuing coolie immigration under these circumstances has been the permanent pauperisation of the free labouring class. The ugliest fact about the West Indies is that, while during the last thirty years wages have been steadily rising in all civilised countries, and even to some extent in India, in the West Indies they have steadily fallen. I am told by one who knows Trinidad well, that in this island—reputed to be one of the most prosperous—the fall has been in some cases as much as 30 per cent.

In a self-governing country this state of things would speedily right itself. The free working class would simply insist on the exclusion of the coolie. The West Indies are not self-governing. They are largely governed from Downing-street, and, what adds immeasurably to the mischief of this arrangement, the Downing-street wires are largely pulled by absentee West India landlords. The continued importation of coolie labour, while free native labour is as cheap and abundant as it is, can only be explained by the cupidity and selfishness of the planter element. The planter ideal of "conditions of employment" is said to be a working day of twelve to eighteen hours at one shilling, and in the present state of the labour market this ideal appears by no means distant. It seems, therefore, to be the first condition of the restoration of prosperity and content in the West Indies that the colonies should be governed in the interests of the masses instead of a single class, and that the least deserving.

Some little time back I called attention to the methods by which Colonel N. Holland, C.B., Ruling Councillor of the Nevill Habitation of the Primrose League, was promoting petitions against the Home Rule Bill for the Tunbridge Wells district. I have since heard of

various interesting attempts of the gallant Colonel to increase the numbers of his Habitation, quite regardless of the effect his efforts might have upon other Habitations. It is clear that he is not content with merely inducing Tom, Dick, or Harry to write themselves down Tories, but he insists upon their joining his particular Habitation. The glory of the Nevill Habitation, with its reflected glory on the gallant Colonel, is everything. Last week the Nevill Habitation had a fête of the usual character, and the posters, after notifying (why, I do not clearly perceive) that "none but members of the Nevill Habitation will be admitted," wound up by announcing:—

All desirous of becoming members of the Nevill Habitation can sign declaration forms at the entrance gate, and will thereupon be ADMITTED FREE.

Doubtless this generous offer produced a handsome addition to the numbers of the Nevill Habitation. If this is a sample, however, of the manner in which the numbers are kept up, I doubt if the Colonel's forces will be of much value to the Party.

FROM THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE:
A GROWL FROM A MISOGYNISTIC M.P.
(*Picked up near the third Bench below the Ministerial Gangway.*)

Thank Fate! the Season's now quite past,
The end has come with Goodwood Races;
Society must fly at last
To Ryde, and Cowes, and such-like places;
Which means that we, too long coerced
By so-called petticoat persuasion,
At length shall see our House set free
From further feminine invasion.

Too long the sex has had its way,
O'er-riding legislative duty;
Too long M.P.'s, day after day,
Have been the slaves of birth and beauty.
Too long have we the Terrace seen
With merry dames and damsels teeming;
Too long giv'n up to claret-cup—
To tea, and strawberry-and-creaming.

Too long have ladies young and old,
For information greatly thirsting,
And by impunity made bold,
Upon our inner life been bursting;
Filling the Lobby with their mirth;
Casting their spells like pretty witches;
And eager, too, to form a queue,
And quiz us from the doorway niches.

Upstairs we cage them up, 'tis true,
Behind a *grille* whilst we're debating;
But it is useless this to do,
And futile is that gilded grating,
So long as we—'twould seem afraid,
Lest we should anger or aggrieve them—
Downstairs invite their reckless raid,
And *there* with open arms receive them.

Ere 'tis too late, then, let us end
The fatal course we are pursuing,
Lest woman, coming as a friend,
Remains to work our sure undoing.
Let us draw tight repression's cords,
And see that raised our barricade is,
Or else, to back the House of Lords,
We soon may have a House of Ladies!

When Admiral Tryon ordered the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* to turn within six cables, all thought that there must be a collision. The Admiral's subordinates, however, obeyed orders, deeming that the Admiral possibly knew better than they did, and that there was something within the resources of his mind which would render it certain that the collision would be avoided. This is very much my mental condition in regard to the course of procedure in the House of Commons on the Home Rule Bill. As a Member of Parliament, I obey the signals of Admiral Gladstone; as a journalist, I take the liberty to suggest that the good ship "Radical" will encounter a serious danger of being swamped at the General Election.

There is no use crying over spilt milk. It is self-evident that the Session ought to have commenced in the first week of last January, and that the Bill ought to have passed the Second Reading before Easter. This latter had been intended; but it was found impossible to give effect to the intention. When the Bill went into Committee, it is equally evident that it would have been well to have kept discussion on the generalities of the first clause within reasonable limits, instead of allowing the Unionists to waste days and weeks in vague talk. At the end of June no progress had been made in Committee on the Bill, and it was decided that the clauses should be divided between four compartments, and a week given to the discussion of each compartment. The objection to this was, that discussion would be limited to the first and second clause in each compartment, and consequently that there would be no discussion on the others, although discussion on each clause within proper limits was legitimate. The event has shown that this objection was well founded, and on Thursday of this week the Bill will be reported, with most of its provisions undiscussed.

It often happens that when a Bill is not discussed in Committee, the discussion takes place on Report, which is practically much the same as Committee, except that the Speaker, instead of the Chairman of Committees, presides. But if the Bill is to be passed in August, this can only be done by a second application of the guillotine. Thus the Bill will go up to the House of Lords with its main provisions actually never considered by the House of Commons.

Now, this is playing the game of our opponents. When we come to the General Election, they will ask the electors whether the relations of the two Islands constituting the United Kingdom ought to be altered without the discussion of all provisions? We shall answer that this was the fault of the obstruction of the Unionists. But electors are apt to look to facts, and the fact will remain that the provisions were not discussed.

What, then, do I suggest? That the Bill be carried over to next year, and that the report stage and the third reading be taken next Session. I would begin the Session by passing a few British Bills, then—say in June next year—take up the Home Rule Bill at the point that it has reached this year, and send it up to the Lords,

Midland Third-class Luncheon and Dining Carriages Glasgow (St. Enoch) and London (St. Pancras). 1.30 p.m. in each direction. Table d'Hôte Lunch, 2s.; Dinner, 2s. 6d. Service *à la carte*. Excellent cuisine. Popular prices. "A Model Restaurant on Wheels."—NOTE:—Midland Railway Company's Hotels at London (St. Pancras), Liverpool, Leeds, Derby, and Bradford. Excellent cooking. Choice wines.

allowing an average of one or even two days for the discussion of each clause. The Bill would thus go up to the Lords after the fullest and amplest discussion of its details by the Commons, and if the Lords threw it out, an immediate appeal to the country would, I think, secure us a victory at the poll. Home Rule is not advanced by one day by passing the Bill this year, for it is not contemplated to appeal at once to the country on its rejection by the Lords.

It must be remembered that the Bill does not give immediate Home Rule to Ireland, nor does it for the next six years relieve us from the probability of Irish matters occupying so much time of the Imperial Parliament that we shall not have a free hand to deal with British matters. Taxes, constabulary, and land—the three chief Irish questions that have occupied so much time in all past Sessions—are reserved to the Imperial Parliament. As the Bill stands, Ireland gets a Legislature that may not discuss for six years the questions outside of which there can be no real Home Rule, whilst these will still occupy the time of the Imperial Parliament. The Bill is, in fact, like a bottle labelled brandy, with a good deal more water than brandy in it. All this will somewhat damp enthusiasm for the Bill, and renders it all the more necessary that we should not give our opponents any cause to complain of the manner in which it has passed the Commons.

According to present arrangements, the Bill will be thrown out by the Lords in the first week of September. We shall, I suppose, have to meet in the autumn. If we manage to pass then even one of the Bills of the Newcastle Programme, so much the better; but with the Estimates almost untouched, and the Bills coming from the Grand Committee, this is doubtful. Anyhow, we shall commence the next session with the main items of the Newcastle Programme awaiting us. Are we going to send up the Home Rule Bill again to the Lords? If we do, are we going to re-discuss it, or to suspend the Standing Orders, and to pass it in a night? If the former, British interests will have a right to complain. If the latter, I hardly see the advantage; for the Lords will, of course, throw it out, and we shall not have strengthened our case with the country by turning to the Lords our left cheek, when they have smitten us on the right cheek. The only ground that I have heard suggested for this action is that possibly the Irish will not be here to vote on British measures, if we do not again pass the Home Rule Bill. But Home Rule can only become law by the union of British and Irish Home Rulers. This union involves a certain amount of give and take. We shall have passed Home Rule, and surely we may fairly ask that the Irish should help us to pass some of our Bills once, instead of insisting on our passing their Bill twice.

The more this question of Home Rule is considered, the more convinced am I that the real solution is Home Rule all round. One Parliament cannot grapple with Imperial and local matters. The attempt results in a perpetual legislative deadlock. In Wales there certainly is as strong a feeling for Home Rule as in Ireland. In Scotland there is a Home Rule majority. When faced with the fact that English matters will be decided by Irish votes, the English will soon declare that this constitutes a monstrous state of affairs. When the Irish demanded Home Rule, and when it was clear that we must either grant the demand or rule by perpetual coercion, public opinion declared itself in favour of the former alternative. Now, however, the Home Rule idea has made such headway that I really believe that, if a plan of Home Rule all round were propounded, with an Imperial Chamber popularly elected, in which each component part of the United Kingdom were represented, it would sweep the country.

The House of Commons has evidently not yet entirely emancipated itself from the notion that land has rights that are not applicable to other property. The Irish Parliament is not to be allowed to deal with Irish land for three years, and against this only thirty-nine voted. The Irish themselves supported this restriction on the powers of their own Legislature. Why? Because they hope to get more out of the Imperial Treasury in order to settle the land question to their satisfaction. The Unionists kindly forced us to assume a liability of 30 millions in order to convert Irish tenants into freeholders, and to enable Irish landlords to sell their land. I have no doubt that there will be an attempt to saddle us with further liability in this direction during the three years. But I see no more reason why the Imperial Treasury should aid Irish tenants in becoming freeholders than that it should aid British tenants; or, indeed, that it should place the credit of the State at the disposal of persons engaged in commercial or industrial enterprises unconnected with land.

When I protest against this and other similar provisions in the Home Rule Bill, I am told that there must be some sort of compromise. But I have never discovered what is gained by the compromise. We certainly have not won over the Unionists, and, so far as I can perceive, it is the old story of Radical principle being sacrificed to the views of a dozen or two moderate—very moderate—Liberals, who make their support dependent upon their being allowed to have their own way. If the Radicals protest, they are asked to consider what a moral blow it would be to the Government to be defeated upon any provision in their Bill. So far as I am concerned, this appeal has no effect on me. I was not sent to Parliament to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for "moderate Liberals." They have always been a millstone round the neck of Radicals, and we never shall have large, generous, democratic measures, until we manage to free our necks from this millstone.

It has been suggested that the Home Rule Bill should be brought next Session into the House of Lords, and when thrown out there, Parliament should be dissolved and the constituencies should be asked to realise that this action of the Lords has rendered it impossible to go on

Birds of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

with all the British Bills then before the Commons. There can be no objection to the Home Rule Bill being brought into the Lords next Session. I fail, however, to see how its being thrown out a second time by that Assembly will interfere with the Bills of the Session before the Commons being proceeded with. Dissolution for dissolution, I would rather have it take place on the Lords throwing out a British Bill sent up to it.

The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland has issued a circular denouncing the Home Rule Bill. The Synod opines that the Bill is an "actual establishment of Rome's ascendency — *i.e.*, of anti-Christian ascendency—under which it is inevitable that anti-Christian purposes will be served, and all Christian interests damaged," and that it is "altogether hostile to the claims of Jesus Christ, as King of Nations." All this is in the usual style of the political sectary of Ulster who is prostituting religion to a desire for political domination. But, alas! the Synod, whilst regarding Mr. Gladstone as the Antichrist, "cannot look with any confidence to the Unionist Party, as that Party operates on an anti-Christian basis." Under these lamentable circumstances the Synod advises all members of the Reformed Church to "possess their souls in patience," a recommendation in the wisdom of which I entirely concur.

In the *Temps* of July 21, it is stated that several French Journals have reproduced an article *rempli d'insinuations violentes* against M. Decrais, the new Ambassador of France in England, from TRUTH, *l'organe attitré de l'aristocratie britannique.* The *Débats*, indeed, devotes an article to a protest against my observations on M. Decrais. As the *Temps* points out, no such article has appeared in TRUTH, which, "*loin d'être l'organe attitré de l'aristocratie britannique, est le représentant dans la presse du radicalisme avancé de son rédacteur en chef.*" I believe M. Decrais to be an excellent choice as Ambassador. He is an able diplomatist, is not in any sense a party man, and as Ambassador at Vienna he was very popular. The only allusions in TRUTH to M. Decrais that I can find are these :—

> At his last post—Vienna—M. Decrais was extremely popular. He is wealthy and hospitable, and, which is more, together with Madame Decrais, he has the gift of doing things exceedingly well.

This second reference was intended rather to protest against the Roman nobility than to approve of their action in regard to a gentleman who was not noble by birth :—

> Decrais, who was also spoken of, will be kept at Vienna, because Madame Decrais is many times over a millionaire, and wealth is required to make any kind of a figure there. He was the tutor of her son, and she, falling in love with him when she was a widow, married him. They did not get on well with the Roman aristocracy, which thought them bourgeois and found them touchy.

The Yellow-book, published by the French Government, gives interesting information in regard to what has transpired between her Majesty's Government and that of France respecting our occupation of Egypt. On Mr. Gladstone taking office, the position was this :—Mr. Gladstone had stated previous to the General Election that, in his opinion, we are bound in honour to bring our occupation to a speedy end, and this, consequently, was part of the programme on which the Election was gained by the Liberals. Since the Election we have acquired the knowledge, that the Egyptians themselves (a fact which up to then was always denied) desire our withdrawal.

I fully admit that the question is not without difficulty, and I agree with Lord Rosebery that the moment of disturbances occurring in Cairo was not the best to come to a definite settlement. These disturbances are now, however, over, and something ought to be done to give effect to the assurances of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues when in Opposition.

There are really two questions involved :—(1) Our occupation of Egypt ; (2) our occupation of the Suez Canal. The Egyptians have now an army, and I should think that this army, or this army augmented by a few regiments, might maintain order, and be in a position to defend the southern frontier against Dervish raids. There remains the question of the Canal. It is an artificial strait connecting Western and Eastern seas. Do we hold that we have a right to be the absolute masters of this strait? If so, this right is irrespective of the well or ill government of Egypt, and is not dependent upon temporary considerations. But whence do we derive the right? We did not make the strait; it is not in our territory : if it is on the high road to our Eastern possessions, this may be equally said of France and Russia. I should like, therefore, to see all connected with this strait definitely settled by international law. Under ordinary circumstances all European Powers would be against its being a *mare clausum* in the exclusive possession of any one of them. That Germany, Italy, and Austria do not take this view is solely due to the rival jealousies between them and France and Russia. But we cannot count on these jealousies for ever, and it would be well that the question should be settled upon broad and honourable lines, with full recognition of the principle which must in the end prevail, that a strait such as this must be deemed an "open sea."

I do, therefore, hope that Lord Rosebery will turn his attention to this question. We are now in a false position, both as regards Egypt and as regards the Canal. He cannot say that the Liberals in Parliament have worried about the matter, but I think that they have a right to count upon some action on his part. What Liberal opinion is in regard to our occupation of Egypt was sufficiently shown when every Liberal who was in the last House of Commons trooped two years ago into the Aye lobby with Mr. John Morley at their head, on a motion being made that the British Army should at once be reduced by the exact number of soldiers that were then in Egypt.

But what an argument is all that is going on abroad for Home Rule all round at home! When we devote ourselves to domestic reforms we lose all hold over foreign affairs. This state of things practically destroys the real

control that the House of Commons ought to exercise alike over home and foreign affairs.

I do not regard ourselves as invested with any particular mission to look after the well-being of Asiatics who are not under our rule; and we have no more right to interfere to prevent France laying hands on Siam, than the French had to prevent us from laying hands on Burmah. They, it would seem, demand the cession of all parts of Siam east of the Mekong River. We took one portion of Burmah, then we took what remained of that country, and, having done so, we took a territory to the north belonging to a number of independent chiefs. This last grab brought us to the Mekong River, and somewhat beyond it. If, therefore, the French take all east of that river, their frontier will march with ours. The question, therefore, so far as it regards us, is whether a buffer Asiatic State between two States such as France and England is an advantage or a disadvantage. A good deal may be said for either view, but I am by no means sure that the balance of argument is not against the buffer system. These buffer States lead to quarrels. Each neighbour strives to exercise a paramount influence, and the two find fault with each other for their mutual intrigues, whilst the Sovereign of the buffer State plays one off against the other. That part of Siam which abuts on our territory east of the Mekong is very sparsely inhabited, and the sway of the Siamese Sovereign is very nominal there. The real objection to France having it is that this may interfere with any trade route that we may wish to establish through it connecting Upper Burmah with China. It is, however, exceedingly questionable whether any such trade route would increase our imports into China. Altogether, I greatly doubt whether we should be losers by France acquiring this territory, or that our frontier marching with that of France in this remote part of the world would be of any real injury to us.

SCRUTATOR.

WHERE IS MACLEAN?

I AM glad to be able to report that there is some hope that Mr. Angus Maclean, of the "British and Foreign Association," is contemplating a change of address. For some time past this rascal has been carrying on his game in a manner so reckless that it could only lead to one result, and I should say that he has now found his quarters too hot to hold him. Among recent cases which have come to my notice is that of a German Governess, who advertised for a situation. She received the following reply to her advertisement:—

The British and Foreign Association.
Offices, Victoria Tower Chambers, 6, Millbank-street, Westminster, London, June 6, 1893.

DEAR MADAM,—Referring to your advertisement in to-day's *Times*, we shall be glad if you will call on us here to-morrow (Wednesday) or Thursday, between 10 and 1, or between 3 and 5.
—Yours truly,
MACLEAN & Co.
(p.p. A. E. H.)

The lady called at 6, Millbank-street, and saw a young man, who explained to her that by paying 10s. 6d., and joining the British and Foreign Association she would obtain all she wanted. He further stated that if at the end of a month the Association did not provide her with a berth, her subscription should be refunded. She desired time to consider the matter, but the young man pressed her to join at once, in order that he might communicate with certain parties who were then inquiring for governesses. On his repeating the assurance that the money would be repaid on July 7 if no engagement was obtained by that time, the lady paid her money and departed. She subsequently received one letter from "Maclean & Co.," asking for an extension of the time, but she did not fall in with this suggestion. With this exception she heard no more of the British and Foreign Association. On July 7 she wrote requesting the return of her money, and enclosing a stamped envelope for the purpose, but she received no reply. The application was repeated, but with no better result.

This is a sample of the game which Maclean seems to have been carrying on systematically for some months past. The victims have mostly been hooked by the process of answering their advertisements, and from what I have seen of them I should say that Maclean has a preference for the advertisements of foreigners. Perhaps it is on this that he bases the title of the "British and Foreign Association." At any rate, all the subscribers, British and Foreign, have now received conclusive evidence that they are only "associated" as dupes of an impudent swindle. Last week a gentleman, whose subscription, according to the promise made to him, was returnable on June 18, called in person at the offices of the "Association." He found it locked, and a notice displayed that it was temporarily closed owing to the absence of Mr. Maclean. While reflecting upon this announcement with mixed feelings, the Associate was joined by three others in the same position as himself. After consultation, three of them adjourned to the nearest police-station, and in consequence of the advice given them there, an application was to be made to the Magistrate at Westminster on Monday afternoon. What the result of it may have been I have not been able to learn at the time of writing, but I sincerely trust that the Magistrate and the police will give all the assistance in their power towards bringing to justice this irrepressible offender.

Maclean is probably not very far off. The last address which he left, so far as I know, was "The Cheshire Cheese," Fleet-street; but inquiry at that hostelry shows that he has not been seen there for the last two or three days. He owes three months' rent for the shabby back room in Millbank-street, which does duty as the "Offices" of the "Association," and he is considerably indebted to the lady whose duty it has been to keep the "offices" clean. For several days past the premises have been beset by the parties who have been defrauded of half-guineas in the manner above described, and among them are many foreigners and young girls, who can ill afford to lose their money. It will be seen from this that the man is a thorough-going and heartless rogue, and anybody who can give a clue to his present whereabouts, or otherwise assist in bringing him to book will be rendering a public service. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the case is that up to the last Maclean has been advertising as patrons of his

Society nearly all the names to the appearance of which in this connection I have so often called attention. The Earl of Hopetoun, Mr. John Corbett, M.P., Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, and Professor Butcher have been struck out of the list, much to their credit. But the Earl of Hopetoun is succeeded by the Earl of Dysart, and such people as the Dean of Lichfield, Sir Robert Rawlinson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Edward Terry, Professor Robert Wallace, Dr. Momerie, Lady Florence Dixie, and Mr. W. H. Grenfell are being held out to the last as "Honorary Members" of this impudent and mischievous swindle. If any of them wish to make amends for allowing their names to be used for such questionable purposes, they could not do better than co-operate with their fellow-members who are not "honorary" in bringing Maclean to justice.

TYPHOID AND TARRADIDDLES.

There is no longer any disguising the truth about Worthing. By the aid of special representatives from the London Press, and a question on the subject in Parliament, the facts have been proclaimed to all the world, and, seeing their gravity, it is only right that they should be. Mr. Fowler stated on Thursday that during the present month 548 cases of typhoid fever had occurred. This is in addition to some 250 cases recorded in the first outbreak during May and June. The Town Clerk informs the correspondent of a contemporary that there have been in all 89 deaths—that is to say, more than 10 per cent. of the cases have terminated fatally. It seems generally agreed that the cause of the mischief lies in the water, and on this point one of my Worthing correspondents gives a striking piece of evidence. One person who religiously boiled his water in accordance with the official instructions on the point, is said to have been seized with typhoid after eating a salad which had been washed in unboiled water. I also hear that of two members of the Town Council who, strong in their faith in the Municipal water supply, refused to boil their water, one has lost his wife, while another had four children down with the disease. An official inquiry into the whole circumstances has, however, been ordered by the Local Government Board, and when the result of this is known, it will be possible to speak more confidently respecting the origin of the calamity.

In the meantime, what has happened ought to be a warning to the authorities of other watering-places, as well as to the patrons of these attractive spots. Worthing had in the first instance a comparatively mild visitation. Had the gravity of the symptoms been recognised, and the situation fairly faced, the trouble might have ended there, and no great harm would have been done to the town. The policy of hushing up, however, was adopted. To conceal the fact of the outbreak was impossible. But every attempt was made to extenuate its dimensions, and the efforts of the authorities seem to have been devoted to persuading the public, especially in London, that the outbreak was due to accidental causes, and that the danger had passed away as quickly as it arose. It is now evident that the occurrence was not an accident, but the result of standing sanitary evils. The effect of the mistaken policy adopted has been to extend the mischief, to cause widespread suffering and desolation, and to give the town a bad name which it will not lose for years. I am sorry for the Worthing people, for the error into which they and their rulers have fallen was a natural one. But nevertheless they deserve to suffer, and it is for the interest of the community at large that they should be made an example of. In a fashionable health resort the attempt to hush up and belittle an outbreak of this kind, and to evade tackling the evil at its source, is little less than criminal. To say nothing of the safety of the resident population, it means exposing to the risks of disease and death thousands of unsuspecting strangers, a large proportion of them children, who flock to the place in search of pleasure and health. In the case of a place like Worthing, largely frequented by excursion parties from London and elsewhere, it meant the risk of the disease being carried away and disseminated in all directions. How many visitors have actually taken the disease home with them from Worthing during the last month or two will never be accurately known.

With this "object lesson" in view, it seems desirable to warn all those who during the next month will be flocking to watering-places of one kind or another, upon the need of inquiring carefully into the sanitary conditions of whatever spot they may choose. That Worthing has sinned beyond all the other towns in the Kingdom I should be very sorry to say. There are only too many places where far less attention has been given to sanitation; and the late drought, which is pleaded as an excuse for Worthing, is also likely to bring out the weak points of drainage and water supply in every locality where such weak points exist. Of course, it is the interest of all places which owe their prosperity to their popularity as health resorts to keep themselves in sanitary order. But it is also their interest—or rather they may be unwise enough to think it is—to conceal their shortcomings from the eye of the visitor. One of the oldest and most popular sea-side towns in England had, until two or three years back, no regular system of drainage; but not one visitor in a hundred ever knew it, and the rumours of "diphtheria" and other kindred ailments which occasionally got afloat were always officially denied as soon as they appeared. A very different example has just been set by the authorities of Bexhill, a rising little town near Hastings. A few weeks back, something was found wrong with the Bexhill drainage, and, although to open the sewers up at this time of year was certain to drive people away and to provoke damaging comment, the necessary work was promptly taken in hand. It has now been completed, and Bexhill has a clean bill of health. If Worthing had known two months ago the things which belonged to her peace, she would have acted in the same way.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "x," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

A ROUGH DYMOND AT DALY'S.

Mr. Augustin Daly has a commodious and well-appointed theatre, a reputation for able stage-work extending over several London seasons, and a leading lady of really remarkable powers. What he now wants is a competent general company and a reasonably good piece. When I think of the players with whom Mr. Irving considers it necessary to surround himself at the Lyceum, or whom Messrs. Hare, Alexander, and Beerbohm-Tree engage for the Garrick, the St. James's, and the Haymarket, I cannot help wondering how Mr. Daly, with his troupe constituted as it is, and with his own knowledge of what constitutes good acting, believes himself to have a chance of holding his own. This troupe may almost be said to begin and end with Miss Ada Rehan, and to represent the "ma femme et quatre poupées" of the legendary theatrical speculator on the cheap. Mr. James Lewis is, no doubt, very amusing as a comic old man; but he is always the same comic old man, and he is often very indistinct. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, too, is an excellent comic old woman; but after all the scope for comic old women is strictly limited, and the parts affording Mrs. Gilbert an opportunity for distinction can be very few. After this quaint pair, who owe as much to their individuality as to their art, we drop with a run to the modest level of the George Clarkes, the William Gilberts, and the Isabel Irvings, whose painstaking efforts merely succeed in bringing the methods of the provinces across the Metropolitan footlights. As to Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who, *longo intervallo*, succeeds Mr. John Drew—by far the most finished player whom Mr. Daly has ever introduced to us—that young gentleman is not even up to our provincial standard. He is still an unmistakable amateur in his doings, and I begin to doubt whether he will ever be anything else. He is an extremely pleasant-looking fellow, with a frank manner and a manly presence; and I should think he must have been a good man in his college boat or eleven. But his histrionic gift has yet to assert itself, and at present he tackles his stage-work with more resolution than skill, and more of physical vigour than of either. To set Mr. Bourchier the task of playing into the hands of Miss Rehan in her passages of rapid and dexterous comedy is like sending a sturdy roadster, only just broken to harness, into the *haute école* of the ring. He cannot be animated without being boisterous; he cannot speak quickly without gabbling; he cannot bustle without getting all over the place. He has, in fact, still to acquire the very A B C of the art possessed, say, by Mr. Charles Wyndham; and it is just this art which is required for a piece such as Mr. Daly's latest production.

But the piece itself, which is an American adaptation from the French, is a prolix and feeble affair—a whimsical comedietta which has outgrown its strength during the process of development into a three-act comedy. "La Vie à Deux" of MM. Bocage and De Courcy was, no doubt, a difficult piece to handle for the English stage. But I can imagine that, compressed into two short acts, and rehearsed and acted as it would have been at the Criterion or the Court, the piece might have been made fairly entertaining in an irresponsible fashion of its own. Even "Love in Tandem," spun out into three acts, and clumsily, for the most part, as it is acted, has its laughter-moving motives and moments. Miss Rehan is certainly delightful in her interpretation of the extravagant moods of Aprilla Dymond, who constitutes herself a kind of matrimonial-agent-in-advance for the husband from whom she is seeking divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Her description of her experiences while testing the eligibility of various possible successors to herself is marked by a rich humour, which is all the actress's own. For the rest Mr. Lewis gives a droll sketch of Aprilla's business-like papa "of Chicago," a gentleman rejoicing in the farcically suggestive name of Skinastone, and occupying himself with some financial transactions the purport of which I could not quite understand. Miss Violet Vanbrugh joins the company to play the part of the handsome music-mistress, whom through a misunderstanding Mr. Dymond supposes to be the second spouse chosen for him by his wife, and whose personal attractions rouse Mrs. Dymond's jealousy. So far as these attractions are concerned Miss Vanbrugh is, of course, a happy selection on the part of the management; but I have seen her to considerably more advantage. Mrs. Gilbert has very little to do, and Mr. Bourchier, who makes of the hero a very rough Dymond, has a great deal. But the efforts of all of them put together fail to drive "Love in Tandem" with the dash and finish demanded for such an experiment.

A MATINÉE OF PROMISE.

To discuss the average matinée production always seems to me about the most useless of tasks, for the work is of its very nature ephemeral, and deservedly dies on the evening after its birth. An exception to this rule was, however, provided the other afternoon at the Strand in "The Adventures of a Night"—a lively and ingenious comedy borrowed by a Mr. Meyrick Milton from a Spanish original well known to our forefathers through its adaptations by Tuke and Hull, respectively in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Milton's only mistake was in casting himself for one of his principal characters, since he made about the most wooden Don that ever figured in a mediæval intrigue. How much, if any, of his dialogue he may have owed to his predecessors I do not know, but most of it sounded apt and spirited, though I caught here and there the echo of a sham-Elizabethan platitude. The plot represents a sort of game of cross questions and crooked answers—a very elaborate game, but one readily followed by the looker-on. The situations are contrived with an adroitness betraying the hand of a master playwright, who was either Calderon or else one of the closest contemporary imitators of Calderon's comedy method. It would not do to say that, even apart from the English author's

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, W., beg to state that they have purchased the whole of the business of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, late of Cornhill. The stock being old and unsuitable for the Company's trade was disposed of to the Public by Auction at Christie's, and any statement to the contrary is inaccurate and misleading. The Company, having also bought the dies of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, is the only firm in a position to supply the Goldsmiths' Alliance patterns.

unfortunate histrionic contribution, the performance at the Strand was equal to the artistic requirements of the play. But Mr. W. N. Vernon, Miss May Whitty, and one or two of their colleagues, did quite enough with it to show that if handled with due style and finish, "The Adventures of a Night" might prove quite worth trying for a run.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SARCEY SAUCY.

M. SARCEY is more than disappointed at the London theatre-going public not having evinced more enthusiasm for Mdlle. Bartet, whom he holds to be the pearl of accomplished French actresses. On reasoning out the failure of her efforts to lead the Drury Lane spectators into the seventh heaven of delight, he traces it to their imperfect knowledge of the French language. Those who knew it best were rusty. Those who knew it fairly well had to be straining their attention to catch the sense of each phrase, and, on the principle of inhibition, could not follow with a free mind her scenic effects. She did not seek to appeal *chiefly* to their eyes, and was strictly the character she strove to personate. Sarah Bernhardt in London, and, doubtless, everywhere *in partibus infidelium*, was simply Sarah Bernhardt, and those who went mad about her understood little of what she actually said, but had a clear idea of what she wanted to convey by means of pantomime and dress. She was in love parts the languishing feline, exquisitely attired and draped. The æsthetic craze being on, her style of draping, carried away all the ladies, and every æsthetic gentleman. She had also the figure of a pre-Raphaelite Saint, and looked a Comyns-Carr-ish, Burne-Jonesy-Rossetti creature. With this the British public had been well indoctrinated by the papers, for the actress, in her early visits to London, had been a rich mine out of which to extract telling copy. Sarcey thinks it, on the whole, to the credit of Mademoiselle Bartet not to have been acclaimed as the transcendental star of the theatrical world when she was in London. It shows that she obeyed the promptings of her artistic conscience, and did not attempt to paint the lily or to gild refined gold.

Sarcey denies that the Comédie Française was coldly received at Drury Lane. He never saw a fuller house than when "Hernani" was on there. Mounet-Sully did not, he owns, fall in with their ideas of a great actor, or rather with the taste they have acquired during twenty years of Irvingism. He was daring in coming before the footlights as Hamlet, the character in which Irving took the town by storm when young to the stage, and has in a great degree continued to hold it. There is, then, no subject on which English criticism is more angular, not to say faddish, than that of "Hamlet." Each playgoer has in his mind's eye a distinct conception of "Hamlet" modified, no doubt, by Irving's effects, but still peculiar to himself. He brings religious feeling, and, perhaps, some fanaticism, into it, and resents any attempt to upset it. Mounet-Sully, of course, was not many-sided enough to produce a Hamlet that would tally with the preconceived ideas of each person who went to see him in the part at Drury Lane.

I met a few days ago a widowed lady of title who was a star once upon a time of the Viennese stage, and is still remarkably fine-looking. She is tall, graceful, sits and walks well, and looks less than her height. Her face is one to tell in a strongly-dramatic character. Nobody has seen better society on the Continent or in England, she having entertained, as her husband's wife, half the Royalties of Europe, and been admitted on that footing into the *crème* of West-end London. Her diction is charming in German, French, and English. But a slight foreign accent hangs on her tongue in the two latter. She had an engagement in the Burg-Theater when she made a conquest of her late husband, to whom she was a devoted wife, and whose honeymoon was, as he said himself, a perpetual one. She spoke of wishing to go again on the stage, but did not see how the difficulty of the slight foreign accent could be surmounted. Why could not, I suggested, some dramatic author take her up as, say, the mother of some youthful and wronged heir to an English estate and title? As a widow of foreign birth of some Earl or even Baronet, and quite at sea among those wanting to devour her son's fortune, she would be a splendid success.

No end of matrimonial engagements in high life are announced; but it does not follow that we are to have any number of brilliant weddings. The Divorce Court, by rendering marriage soluble, has greatly taken from the splendour in which the nuptials of French couples having wealth and high rank on one or the other or both sides were invested. The rites are maimed, so far as they can be, with regard to getting through the ceremony in a style that will not strike the gossiping newspaper reporters as shabby. A number of the weddings which are announced for this season will come off in the country, where little is required in the way of *mise en scène*, and those which are to be solemnised in town will take place when nobody but tourists are here. With an eye to possible divorce, the code of manners which the fiancée was bound to follow when marriage was indissoluble has been greatly relaxed. In the ante-divorce times, directly she was engaged she went no more into company, living the life of a conventual novice. The *futur* called on her every other day with a bonquet or some *objet d'art* or jewel that he had bought for her use. He met her in a ceremonious manner, the interview being regulated according to traditional etiquette, not the less strict for being unwritten. No romantic conversation was possible. Except at these meetings, the fiancée lived like a recluse. The only interdiction now placed upon her is that of not accepting invitations to balls. It would be ridiculous for her to dance with her *futur* only, and he and his family might not like to see her languishing in the waltz in the arms of other *pschutteux*. One so easily falls in waltzing into a languishing attitude. She has full liberty to go to opera-houses or theatres, to déjeuners, dinners, and garden-parties, and there is no objection to her indulging in mild flirtation, provided that she does so under the maternal eye. I think this is an improvement, in the

equal-rights direction, on the old way of conducting an engagement.

The stereotyped mode of keeping La Sainte Bastille having fallen into disfavour, it is now a matter of public interest how to turn over a new leaf. Should the date remain a red-letter one, or should it be allowed to die out and a fresh one be adopted for the purpose of national festivity? Though I was not reared on the knees of Mother Church, and am no 'vert, I should like to see her brought as assistant stage-manager into the *fêtes* of an all-embracing public character. As I said last week, there is a hieratic gravity in processions, which is reposeful, and is certainly picturesque, inasmuch as it contrasts with the fever of every-day life. The Church's "properties" are, still, when used by her, spectacular. She understands thoroughly the operatic part of religion, has fine music, fine voices, and is able to get up cortéges of youths and maidens and of venerable men and women as can no other body. Do you remember Haquette's painting of the clergy of a small port blessing the sea, and Breton's of a Pardon in Brittany? Why not bring in a few Breton processions of this kind, and those delightful South of France Rogation ones in, say, a street cortége representing the different provinces? The memory of old local costumes and customs would be thus kept alive, and the cause of diversity in unity served. I should also like to see the mysteries revived in a modern spirit. There is no reason why there should not be highly-effective theatrical representations in the open air. Current questions, or topics of a nature to stir the public, might be brought into prologues and epilogues, if not into the plays themselves. Why not employ the chorus of the opera, and eke the corps de ballet, on National Fête days, to entertain the public in open-air théatres? I venture to say that such entertainments would infuse new blood into the dramatic art. It would create at once an intensive and a broad style of acting and singing, and force actors to drop small trickery. I do not believe an ordinary street public would stand the lasciviousness and pantomimic smirking (if I may so express myself) which some of her male subscribers to the opera require of the corps de ballet. Models for graceful motion might be furnished by Java, and for speaking gesticulation by Italy. What an effect spectacular fêtes thus got up would have, not on French taste merely, but on that of the whole world!

Within the six months preceding the last 14th of July, 10,000 applications were made for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. It was decided (the Press having been so forward, to exact hush-money from the De Lesseps) to grant on that date no decorations to journalists. But not to inflame them to the point of making them firebrands, it was also decided to withhold decorations from all who were not members of the Civil or Military Service. Wilson's Legion of Honour traffic has only enhanced the value of the red ribbon, he having asked and obtained for it such fearfully high prices. We hear of negotiations with the Court of Portugal, having for their object a change in the colour of the ribbon of Christ of Portugal, when worn by foreigners. I don't believe they will succeed. What gives "Christ of Portugal" such value in French eyes is its ribbon being thread for thread the same as that of the Legion of Honour. This makes it greatly sought after in this country by tradesmen and manufacturers. It is true that it is in France a penal offence to wear the ribbon without the cross. But tiny crosses can be worn, and when they are, means are taken to hide them under the ribbon. The number of Legionaries of the Order founded by Napoleon is not nearly so great as what Mark Twain thought, when he said few Frenchmen escaped being in their ranks. The Court of Portugal would be without groceries and most of the expensive things Paris can offer were the ribbon of Christ of any other colour than an unbroken and lively red. Its value in the French market, because of its certainty (when the cross is tucked away) being mistaken for that of the Legion, is much higher than any title the Crown of Portugal can sell.

Talking of titles, I sat not long ago beside Sir Wilfrid Lawson at dinner, and was asked by him many questions about the conditions under which Frenchmen are decorated. He asked, in the course of the chit-chat, whether I did not think grown-up people very like children in their desire for such distinctions as titles. They are, but there is this difference: the little ones never pretend fondness for things they dislike, but the grown-up ones do. They are often at endless trouble, and endure worry with seeming patience, to *appear* to be in the same swim as the smart people. Sir Wilfrid intends to move that in future no title be given by the Queen without a detailed account in the *Gazette* of the services in reward of which it may be granted. He might amend his motion by requiring that no title be granted, unless claimed in writing by the person wanting it in a letter stating the services on which the claim might be based, and that every such letter, if acted on, be also given in full in the *Gazette*.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

WHEN writing to you last week, dear Lady Betty, I chronicled the death of a valued friend, and in describing his character then I mentioned that he had been "an accomplished man, shrewd, witty, and wise in the ways of the world." This has since suggested to me certain reflections that must have also occurred to others who have had extended experience of London Society. Men of the world—using the expression in the restricted sense, as applied to those who enjoy the advantages of social prominence—of an earlier period than our own, were distinguished by certain qualities which appear to be decreasingly reproduced now in their successors. In the friend whose death I recorded last week there was an instance of a highly-cultured man who had been trained in accordance with the system which till recently prevailed. Possessed of a sound classical education, he was a man of wide reading and accurate memory. The remarkable characters of fiction were as familiar to him as our own particular companions of real life are familiar to us. He had a practical knowledge and a cultivated appreciation of art. He was an expert judge of cooking, wine, and cigars. The same as regards horses. He played an excellent hand at whist, and a brilliant, though not professional, game at billiards. With large experience of the world, he had matured, sound, worldly wisdom, and his judgments upon current topics were always judicious, and generally correct.

Now, that which I am driving at is this. In the best

English Society, a generation or two ago, such men were not the exceptions, but the rule. They were not geniuses, but men reared in the most refined school—well educated, well-trained, experienced, good-all round men of the world. But as I look about I do not perceive that the younger ones are qualifying themselves now in these particulars to replace them. There are those, to be sure, who can play billiards like the professionals, whist like professors; who can shoot with the precision of prizemen, or ride like licensed jockeys. There are innumerable specialists, but the accomplished, intellectual, experienced, all round man of polished Society appears to be becoming rapidly extinct. The majority of the men in the younger generation have wide experience, but it has mostly been acquired in a contemptible school. They are cunning, suspicious, and learned in trade trickery such as used to be associated with citizens and shopkeepers. Their conversation is of people and of pursuits, and seldom of imaginative subjects. Society is to them not the responsible companionship with their fellow club men, but perpetual association with the fifth rate women who run from one ball to another, and from one mediocre entertainment to another still more insignificant. Society is not a training to them, but a happy hunting-ground where they may either secure patronage, assistance, victims to be plucked in the City, or a rich wife to establish them in ease, and perhaps in luxury.

Is this condition of things an improvement?

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A book has been brought under my notice which, I feel sure, will be of interest to British readers. The name of it is "Titled Americans: A List of American Ladies who have Married Foreigners of Rank." The publishers are Messrs. Street & Smith, of New York, and the work is annually republished and annually revised. It requires to be delicately reviewed. "Titled Americans" is divided into four parts. The first division deals with the comparative values of titles in the different European States; the second division enumerates the various American ladies who have secured aristocratic husbands; the third supplies a careful list of the eligible men of rank throughout Europe; and the fourth provides the names of some 1,500 persons, who together form the nobility of New York. I was under the impression that there were not so many.

In other words, "Titled Americans" is a species of stud guide to the eligible aristocracy of our continent. This should be very gratifying to the hundred odd young men whose names, characteristics, antecedents, and money qualifications are most fully set forth within its pages. Some perhaps might unreasonably object to note in print that they "have sown their wild oats;" that their families are "very poor;" that they themselves enjoy "a small allowance;" and various other remarks of a similarly private nature, which, according to our effete ideas, are not in accordance with the most admirable taste. They may, moreover, be somewhat nervous henceforth when introduced to the fair adventuresses of the New World upon reflecting that almost each one of these is fortified with her "Titled Americans," and is, therefore, aware of their precise present money value, as also of their prospects in the future. In fact, this original, and I should imagine highly useful, work is a species of catalogue to the desirable young men in the Continental marriage market. It concludes with an interview with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew upon the subject of "Why do American women carry off all the matrimonial prizes in England?"—which, by the way, they do not. I should think that the information supplied by "Titled Americans" must help considerably towards this end. A passage from the interview with Mr. Depew deserves to be quoted:—"The American girl comes along, prettier than her English sister, full of dash and snap, and go sprightly, dazzling, and audacious, and she is a revelation to the Englishman. She gives him more pleasure in 'one hour' at a dinner or ball than he thought the universe could produce in a whole life-time (!) He knows nothing of business, and to support his estate requires an increased income. The American girl whom he gets acquainted with has that income, so in marrying her he goes to Heaven and gets—the earth." Quite correctly; he does get "the earth;" but unfortunately in most cases he fails as much in procuring the "income" as he does in securing "Heaven." Under these circumstances, he might do better in marrying an English girl who is not possessed of "snap" and whose fortune has less "go" about it, once that the marriage ceremony is over.

Lord Aberdeen, who will commence his official duties as Governor-General of Canada in the course of next month, has accepted the Presidency of the Committee of the Self-Help Emigration Society. Ten years ago this Society was founded for the purpose of assisting the deserving poor, who were prepared to help towards their own expenses, to emigrate. In no case is any emigrant despatched without work being first provided for him in the Colony to which he is destined. Out of the five thousand emigrants who have been sent out by the Society since 1884, the largest portion have been established in Canada. From this it will be seen how valuable to the Society is the acceptance by Lord Aberdeen of the office of President.

I mentioned last week that the French Chargé d'Affaires had issued invitations to meet Mr. Gladstone and the Comédie Française. At the party, Mdlle. Reichenberg was introduced to Mr. Gladstone, who asked her whether she knew Mr. John Morley. Feeling that she ought to known him, she replied that she did, and greatly admired him. On this the Premier proceeded to elaborate the theme under various heads, and delivered an essay to the lady on his colleague as a man, as a philosopher, and as a Home Ruler. Mdlle. Reichenberg chimed in with perpetual notes of approval. When, however, Mr. Gladstone left her, she anxiously inquired of a friend at what theatre Mr. Morley performed, and whether he habitually played tragedy or comedy.

It is understood that two of the three Turner pictures belonging to the Cassiobury Collection, which were sold at Christie & Manson's last week, were bought in. The sales here will now be shortly discontinued until November next.

The transfer of Cliveden from the Duke of Westminster to the American millionaire, Mr. Astor, has very nearly collapsed. Mr. Astor, it appears, laid claim to the visitors' book, and as this was a valuable record of the life and friends of the Duke, the latter refused to admit the claim, and went so far as to threaten even to cancel the sale if it were persisted in. Mr. Astor should have no difficulty in establishing for himself in a short space of time an equally interesting list of visitors, particularly if, as Cliveden is a show place, he were to provide free lunches. It is understood that the Duke of Westminster has been allowed to retain the book on payment of £300.

The sun has set upon the London Season for 1893, and the town has emptied with a rapidity which is without precedent. Notwithstanding the impetus of the Royal Marriage, the late Season has been the worst upon record—a circumstance which is not surprising, seeing that money has been scarcer than it ever was before. The principal sufferers from this, of course, are the West-end tradesmen, and the workpeople who are dependent upon them to earn their livelihood. If the present depression continues, the suffering next winter will be terrible, and it is to be hoped that the charitable will devise some means in time to provide against what appears now to be inevitable.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

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SPORTING NOTES.

SPECULATORS have been so much occupied with the events of the last week, and the Stewards' Cup has attracted so much attention, that the Leger has been altogether neglected. There has been a further and intensified scare about Isinglass, who has been amiss for some days, but I have reason to believe that he has been merely suffering from a temporary ailment of a very ordinary kind, and he will soon commence his Leger work, and should be in good trim for a strong preparation, as he has been doing nothing beyond easy canters since the Derby. He was never intended to run at Goodwood, and it was very wise policy to sacrifice his Ascot engagements, considering the hard state of the ground at that meeting.

Galloping Dick was tried again at Newmarket last week, and he won in a common canter. This colt was not up to the mark when he made his début at Kempton Park, and his form at Ascot (when Wedding Bell beat him in the New Stakes) must have been all wrong. He is something of a rogue in all probability, and the best policy with him would be to get well away and come right through. Galloping Dick beat St. Florian in last week's gallop. The colt is own brother to Silene, and it has always been expected that he would turn out a flyer.

Mr. Houldsworth has a very bad lot of two-year-olds this season, and I fear that they are not likely to win any of their numerous engagements.

Bushey Park was favourite for the Liverpool Cup throughout, but Simonian was backed for a great deal of money on Friday, and if the start had been much longer delayed there would have been nothing between them in the betting. The finish was confined to the two favourites, and Colonel North's horse won rather easily after a slow-run race, which was all in favour of Simonian, who was also well suited by the soft ground. Simonian has done an enormous deal of work, and his victory was a very creditable performance, all things considered. Roy Neil was a very bad third, but he will no doubt improve on this form in the course of the autumn. The Liverpool meeting suffered seriously by the death of Mr. Jardine, of Dryfeholm, which event caused the scratching of all Sir Robert Jardine's horses, and he had intended to run seven or eight. Marcion walked over for one of the three-year-old stakes, and the other was won in a canter by Royal Harry, on whom odds were lavishly betted. Colonel North was in great form at Liverpool, for he also won the Molyneux Plate with Quickly Wise, for which handicap Quidnunc was a great "pot"; and in the Sefton Plate his Sancho Panza was successful, after a dead heat with Favour Royal, long odds being betted on the loser both in the race and in the deciding heat. Favour Royal cut up a perfect wretch, and he evidently did not fancy running two races in the same afternoon.

Mountain Chief was a great favourite for the Golden Handicap at Gatwick, but he could not stay the course, and when he wins the distance will not exceed six furlongs. The run on this horse last week was stimulated by the good form of Medicis at Sandown Park, and Mountain Chief was said to have been well tried with Amandier. Worcester also discovered himself to be grievously deficient in stamina. Bill is evidently a gross impostor, and his purchase was certainly one of the very worst deals ever made by Captain Machell. A better sold horse never left Ireland. Geheimrath is a rogue, and the ground was too heavy for Workington, while Gantlet had been beaten in her trial. Esmond ran very badly, but, considering that Concrete is not yet in proper racing trim, he ran very well, and he ought to win a good handicap before the season is over. Cabin Boy's performance was an excellent one, and he is a very smart horse over a mile, and runs equally well whether the ground is hard or soft.

Odds were justifiably betted on Arcano for the Crabbet Stakes, and he won very cleverly from Basildon, but it was no great achievement to beat Mr. Rose's horse at even weights. The bookmakers were fielding for Mr. Merry's Letterewe, a filly by Barcaldine, which cost 270 gs. last year at the sale of Lady Stamford's yearlings. Arcano has much improved in appearance. His only engagement next year is the Derby, in which it happens that neither Speed nor Sempronius is engaged, but they are both in the Two Thousand, and Mr. Baird's colt is also in the Newmarket Stakes.

I hear that Baron Rothschild has decided to send Medicis to France, in order that he may run for the Deauville Prize on August 20, an arrangement which will excite the vituperative comments of the colt's backers for the Leger. A race at Deauville will not do Medicis any harm, as his opponents are a very moderate lot, and he has run only twice this season, and last year he was thrown up after Goodwood. If he runs well at Doncaster, then the Champion Stakes will be one of the most interesting events of the Newmarket Second October Meeting, as Baron Rothschild's horse will then meet Sir Hugo and Buccaneer.

The Duke of Portland's three-year-old Kilmarnock has been turned out of training, and he has left Newmarket for Welbeck. Kilmarnock is own brother to Ayrshire, and he began last season with about forty engagements, and, inasmuch as he has never won a race, he must have proved an exceedingly costly animal to his owner. He was never fit last season, but he was expected to achieve great things as a three-year-old, and might possibly have won some races if he had not discovered a habit of breaking blood-vessels. The Duke will no doubt try to sell this horse for the foreign market, but he will not be so quick in getting rid of him as he was in the case of Melanion, his own brother, who has risen prodigiously in value since he was weeded from Welbeck.

There are forty-two entries for the Ebor Handicap, which will be run at York on August 23. Convent is the the best of three-year-olds engaged, and among the older horses the most notable names are those of Tanzmeister, Enniskillen, Llanthony, Newcourt, Dare Devil, Bushey Park, Ragimunde, Gantlet, Shancrotha, Lauriscope, Concrete, and Pilot. There was formerly a lot of betting on the Ebor Handicap during the "Sussex fortnight"; but now, although there is sure to be a harum-scarum list of transactions directly after the weights have been published, yet no rational being would think of investing a farthing until the day of the race. The Ebor has become practically a post betting race, like all the other handicaps of the same class.

Lord Rosebery has decided to reserve the colt by Hampton out of Illuminata for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, in which race there are no penalties.

The six lengths victory of Delphos at Sandown Park has created an impression in some ecstatic quarters that he is the best two-year-old of the season. It must not be forgotten that Glare was giving Delphos 16 lb., and it took him a long time to beat her. Delphos has no engagements whatever next year, and he is in only three more races this season, of which the best is the Lancashire Breeders' Stakes of £2,900 at Liverpool, when his 10 lb. penalty is got rid of through a 10 lb. breeding allowance. There is a large entry for this race, but the only notable name is Galloping Dick.

There are 231 entries for the Derby of 1895, as against 234 this year, and 232 for next year. The Duke of Portland is the largest subscriber with seven yearlings, all of which have been bred at Welbeck. This lot includes Troon, own brother to Ayrshire; and Scholastica, half-brother, by Hampton, to Schoolbook. Sir James Miller has five entries, principally consisting of animals purchased at the recent sales. The Duke of Westminster also has five, including Orelio, own brother to Ormonde, and Baddeley, by Sheen out of Farewell. Sir Tatton Sykes has engaged five of the Sledmere yearlings, which will come up for sale at Doncaster, consisting of an own brother to Childwick; colt by Isonomy out of Re-echo; own brother to Mimi; colt by Wisdom out of Bella Agnes; and colt by Barcaldine out of Sadie. Lord Bradford has four entries, including a colt by Chillington out of

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Manœuvre (dam of Sir Hugo), and a colt by Chippendale out of Duvernay, dam of Quicklime. Mr. L. Brassey has engaged four of the yearlings which he purchased at the recent sales, Lord Cadogan has the same number, so has Mr. D. Cooper (including Float, half sister, by Sheen, to Glare), the Duke of Devonshire (including an own brother to Marvel), and Prince Soltykoff (including Sequin, by Gold out of Meg Merriles), while the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Snarry have five entries each. Of course Mr. Snarry's lot will come up for sale at Doncaster, and among them is Ormiston, colt by Bend Or out of Festive, dam of L'Abbesse de Jouarre; and Walls Court, by Hampton out of Jersey Lily. The Prince of Wales has only one entry, which is Several, colt by St. Simon out of Pinbasket. Of Lord Alington's pair one is Church Parade, colt by Donovan out of Anthem. Mr. Houldsworth also has two, of which one is own brother to Orvieto. Lord Rosebery has a colt by Barcaldine out of Vista, and a filly by Bend Or out of Bonny Jean. Colonel North has five entries, including Prince Saraband, by Saraband out of Burgundy (a colt of which a very high opinion must have always been entertained, as he begins his yearling career with twenty-five engagements), and Galloping Phil, by Galopin out of Philomel. Baron Hirsch is represented only by St. Johann, colt by St. Simon out of Winifred. Of Baron Rothschild's pair, one is Histrion, by Tristan out of Belle Henriette. The Duke of St. Albans has Gallowglass, own brother to Gossamer. Mr. Milner has three, including Le Var, own brother to Seabreeze and Riviera; and Royal Corrie, by Royal Hampton out of Corrie Roy. Mr. Vyner's single entry is Lychnoscope, colt by Hagioscope out of Mintho. Lord Zetland also has only one, which is Seaholme, by Friar's Balsam out of Spiegelschiff. M. E. Blanc has not entered anything, and the only notable new names are those of M. Abeille, Lord Stanley, Mr. Brassey, and Mr. R. Newman.

People are now saying that the Lancashire Plate at Manchester (run September 21) will be the race of the year, but how this is made out I do not understand, for Orme is not engaged, and, unless La Flèche manages to retrieve her reputation, there will not be much interest in her meeting with Isinglass. It is very unlikely that Lord Rosebery will knock the Illuminata colt about by running him in a race which has never yet been won by a two-year-old. If the Duke of Portland is well advised he will keep Raeburn fresh for this race, which is just that horse's distance, whereas he has no pretension to stay the Leger course. Silene is the only other animal of any note that is engaged, the Duke of Westminster being represented only by Joyful and a dark two-year-old. Glare was entered, but she was withdrawn last October.

The Duke of Devonshire's Royal Sovereign, a colt by Minting out of Bendlet, which cost 500 gs. at Doncaster last September, won a trial at Newmarket last week, and he may be expected to run well at Goodwood on Friday for the Findon Stakes. Royal Sovereign was very backward when he made his début at Hurst Park nearly two months ago in a race which was won by Farndale. After the Findon Stakes, the next engagement of Royal Sovereign is the Prince of Wales' Plate at York, in which Galloping Dick is engaged.

At one of the Newmarket sales a yearling was sold for 50 gs. which was sired by a horse whose fee is 150 gs.! It is not only in England that the breeding business has been outrageously and ruinously overdone. A similar state of things prevails in the United States, where the recent sales have been most dismal failures.

Orme is to run at Goodwood to-morrow for the Gordon Stakes, and the race seems a good thing for him, but what a crushing blow for his crack-brained admirers if Buccaneer managed to beat him. Many people would like very much to see another meeting between Orme and La Flèche, who is also engaged in this race.

The entries for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire will close on Tuesday next, and no doubt both handicaps will be quite as successful as usual, for they are now the only races in which a very large stake can be won. There has already been plenty of betting on both events, although the early backers have failed miserably for several years past in their attempts to pick either winner before the publication of the weights. Among the most fancied horses for the Cesarewitch are Newcourt, Golden Drop, King Charles, Insurance, Paddy, Son of a Gun, Curio, Pilot, Brandy, and Convent. Roy Neil is the nominal favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and the other animals which are in demand are Marcion, La Flèche, Lavalamia, Gangway, Llanthony, Tenconter, and King Charles.

Next week there will be racing at Brighton, Lewes, and Ripon. At the Sussex fixture there are sure to be large fields and heavy betting, but exceedingly little of the sport will be of any general interest, for in the matter of quality both meetings have enormously degenerated of late years. The Brighton Cup did not fill originally, and this event would have a better chance of success if it closed on the Tuesday after Epsom, at the same time as the Goodwood and Jockey Club Cups. The race was reopened, but the entry includes nothing better than Simonian and Workington. Thirty-one two-year-olds have been left in for the Corporation Stakes on Tuesday, one of the withdrawn lot being Vulpecula, who would probably have won if she had been left in. There is nothing better in the entry than Barbary. The Rottingdean Plate and the Cliftonville Plate can only be dealt with after the meeting has commenced. There are a very bad lot in both races.

The Astley Stakes at Lewes, which will be worth about £900, will be the most important race next week. The entry includes Arcano, Melancholy, King Charibert, Clatterfeet, and the colt by Hampton out of Illuminata, of which lot the last will certainly be an absentee. I doubt whether Arcano will be able to give Clatterfeet 10 lb. if the Duke of Portland runs his filly. Sir J. B. Maple, who is often dangerous at the Sussex meetings, has left in Dancing Bells, the 1,000 gs. filly by Minting out of Gloriosa, and The Love, a filly by Royal Hampton out of Loversall, which commenced the season with no fewer than forty-two engagements.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The markets continue in a very unsettled state, but it may be said that daylight can now be discerned ahead. The sharp spasm which took place on Wednesday ended in a marked recovery, and the feeling of panic had almost completely passed away, when a budget of "Bearish" statements cabled yesterday from New York, and apprehensions that the Siamese difficulty might give rise to serious complications, caused a fresh relapse in American Rails. The movement is altogether unreasonable and uncalled for, especially as, instead of the predicted unsatisfactory New York Bank statement, a much stronger position of the Associated Banks has since been reported.

The Syndicate of Liars.

I stated a week ago that the difficulties of an important house, which had been hanging over the market, had been arranged by timely assistance, and, in spite of all the various rumours which have been put about by the "Syndicate of Liars," I have it on good authority that there is not at present any leading outside financial house or banking institution of any standing in a position of embarrassment. There must be another crop of failures on the Stock Exchange this settlement, as the differences, especially in the American market, have been very heavy, and there is reason to assume that many stocks have been sold out during the panic at bottom prices. In fact, three firms have already declared themselves, the most important of which is a firm of brokers who had 173 stocks open for their clients in the different markets. A large block of Erie Second Mortgage bonds, which have dropped 16½ since the last carrying-over day, appears to be the worst of their liabilities. But an

improved state of things may safely be predicted for the next account. Commitments have been greatly reduced. One of the largest brokers told me that on the completion of this settlement his accounts with clients would be smaller than they had been for twenty-five years, and this is only one instance out of many. The new account will comprise the opening of the U.S. Congress on August 7, and, although an immediate solution cannot be looked for, it may be assumed that the efforts which will be made to place the financial and currency position on a sound basis will have a soothing effect upon the general public in the States and in Europe, who are at present subject to nervous attacks on the slightest provocation. That the Siamese trouble will not lead to complications between France and England is to me a foregone conclusion. On the other hand, money is plentiful and cheap here, the position of the Bank of England is a strong one, and the level of prices, with the exception of gilt-edged securities, is remarkably low, and altogether disproportionate to intrinsic merit. These are not times for speculation on a large scale, but I say again that the present is the investors' opportunity, and that in buying on the sudden breaks, which occasionally occur on "Bear" raids, they cannot do wrong. It is manifestly impossible to get in at the bottom, but there is little doubt that we are at present almost at the lowest point likely to be touched. Judicious purchases by those who can afford to pay for the stocks and put them away, offer the promise of excellent returns on the money invested and of a marked improvement in capital value. Any one who bought in this way on my advice on Wednesday morning last, during the temporary panic, Louisville and certain other stocks has probably got in at the lowest quotations which are likely to rule, unless some other great catastrophe should happen, which is improbable. I cannot conclude these introductory remarks without a word of thanks to the numerous correspondents who have, in reply to my protest against a few absurd complaints of persons that unfortunately have suffered from the unexpected severe panic, sent me letters of a most encouraging character, not only exonerating me from any responsibility for losses suffered, but thanking me for advice which has proved beneficial. I have been especially gratified by a communication from Dover, in which the writer states that "he and nearly all his friends, who had followed my advice, had every reason to be most grateful to me." Finally, let me urge upon my readers, should another sudden scare again intervene, not to sacrifice their holdings in a panic. There are better times coming, when investors will regret having thrown away their stocks at prices far below a reasonable level.

THE GREAT EASTERN DIVIDEND.

Dividend announcements have been the feature of the week. The most favourable was undoubtedly that of the Great Eastern, at the rate of ¾ per cent., with £7,584 carried forward, against the same distribution with £4,894 forward for the first half of 1892. Speculators had been so busy of late in creating the impression that the dividend would be passed, that this result caused a pleasant surprise, and a rally in the stock to 80¾, from which it reacted to 80¼. It is true that £15,000 has been taken from the contingent fund but this may be considered as fully justified, as the Company is passing through a period of large extensions which will in due time become remunerative. The working expenses were at the rate of 60·07 per cent., against 60·06 per cent. last year, which must be considered satisfactory, the more so as the traffic receipts showed an increase of £19,618 over 1892. The passenger traffic, more especially, is growing in a remarkable manner, the increase being £39,612, as the report puts it, "due mainly to the further development of the suburban lines and to the continuance of fine weather." It is a special feature of the line that the effects of the agricultural depression, which must affect it severely, are thus counterbalanced by the ever growing suburban and seaside traffic. The latter especially promises to gather strength in the current half year as the bracing climate of the health resorts on the East coast is being more and more appreciated by holiday-makers. It is true that on the basis of the last two half-yearly dividends Great Eastern Ordinary stock yields only £2. 12s. 6d. per annum, but local holders all along the line have so great an opinion of its future and of the ability of the present management that they stick to their stock in the hope of being eventually rewarded by increased dividends and an advance in the prices.

BRIGHTON "A" AND OTHER HOME RAILS.

One of those unreasonable and naturally cantankerous persons who never thank you when they make money by your advice, and are the first to blame you when they make a trifling loss, finds fault with my remark of a fortnight ago that "I could not see any inducement for buying the stocks of the heavy lines just now," and reproaches me with having recommended these in former years. Was there ever a more contrary individual? Am I, then, not to be allowed the privilege to alter my views when circumstances take an adverse turn? Unless a sudden change should come over the scene, a most disastrous coal strike will commence this week, the consequences of which it is difficult to realise. Assuredly this is not the time to buy the stocks of the coal-carrying lines, and, while fully appreciating the substantial character of these stocks, and far from advising their indiscriminate sale, I yet counsel abstention from purchases until it is possible to gauge the extent of this unfortunate trouble, in view of which Midlands, which have been specially affected, have fallen a couple of points. Hull and Barnsley have suffered to the extent of 5, and let me here say that I always have been against the gamble in this stock. The Scotch stocks and North-Eastern have benefited from the strike scare, as the northern coal-miners, wise in their generation, have not joined the strike, and these lines are, therefore, expected to benefit. The North-Eastern dividend, at the rate of 4¾ per cent., compares with only 3 per cent. a year ago, as a result of the Durham coal strike of that period. This is not, of course, as yet a return to the dividends of former years, which were at the rate of 6 per cent. for the first half of 1891 and of 6¾ per cent. for the first half of 1890. On the whole, however, I should not like to take too sombre a view of the "Heavies"—barring the coal strike—as the Board of Trade returns seem to indicate a pause in the movement of depression, which, generally, is the forerunner of an improvement. The South-Western dividend, at the rate of 4¾ per cent., with £25,994 carried forward, against 4¼ per cent., with £15,167 carried forward, in the corresponding half-year of 1892, had been fully discounted, neither did the Metropolitan dividend of 3¼ per cent.—the same as last year—cause any stir. The Chatham dividend of 24s. per cent., against 34s. per cent. last year, on the Preference stock, caused a decline in the latter, while the Ordinary recovered on repurchases by "Bears." The South-Eastern dividend at the rate of 2¼ per cent. against 1¾ per cent. in 1892 was in accordance with my anticipations, and, had it not been for the forced sales caused by the Read failure, this stock would stand at a higher level, and I consider it even now as a good speculative purchase by those who can afford to lock it up. What I like most in the report is the statement concerning the peaceful relations with the Chatham. If these two Companies would only work in amity a great saving could be effected in the expenditure. I am glad to see that Sir Edward Watkin had recovered sufficiently from his severe illness to preside at the Sheffield meeting. This Company is in need of all the assistance his prestige can give it in order to carry out its ambitions project of the extension to London. The Brighton market has been disturbed by the failure of my whilom correspondent the "Little Field-Marshal," who seems to have loved "Berthas" not wisely, but too well. He had not for some time addressed any communication to me, writing instead to a contemporary, but he shares with my Brighton prophet—also a member of the "House"—the honour of having a minute acquaintance with the Brighton figures, and of having at various times

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elaborated the most accurate forecasts as to net earnings and dividends. Unfortunately, he did not reckon on the general depression which is apt to cause sales of "Berthas" as a hedge, apart from merit altogether; neither did he take into account the possibility of other adverse, if temporary, features, such as the outbreak of typhoid fever in Worthing. Under the circumstance, he was not, therefore, justified in having a "Bull" of £40,000 Brighton "A" open, the more so as his resources had evidently suffered through the bad times. But he is all the same entitled to a little more sympathy than he seems to get in certain quarters. For some time I have discountenanced speculative dealings in Brighton "A," but I strongly recommend the stock for investment. Even the traffic decreases which are looked for during the next few weeks seem to be fully discounted, and with a yield of upwards of 5½ per cent. at the present price, I know of few home investments as tempting to the investor, who is content to disregard intermediate fluctuations.

The Yankee Panic.

No other name fitly applies to the present condition of the American market than that of "panic," and it possesses, moreover, all the unreasoning features of exaggeration and of total disregard for intrinsic value which characterise the state of abject fear and tremor and of hopeless despondency prevailing at present. The heavy losses sustained on both sides of the Atlantic, the endless succession of unfavourable events, culminating in the silver scarce produced by the action of the Indian Council are, of course, responsible for this unfortunate state of things, which has brought us face to face with a condition on the Stock Exchange such as the oldest members do not call to mind. As usual, the New York "Bears" aggravate the position by all manner of lying rumours, and by successive raids upon different stocks, and they did their best again on Saturday in this direction, prophesying, amongst other disasters, a very bad Bank statement. In this they were for once disappointed, as the New York Associated Banks had, on the contrary, an increase of 3,000,000 dols. in the reserve to show. It is, undoubtedly, a favourable point, as a financial breakdown in New York is the one contingency which has been most frequently utilised by the ursine party. Moreover, the meeting of Congress on August 7 is now close at hand, and it would only require a favourable decision on the silver question to release the large sums which are at present being hoarded in the United States. Small gold shipments are being made from this side, but this movement would have to gather greater strength before it can affect the position. Sooner or later, gold will, no doubt, return to New York in large amounts, and it looks almost as if all the favourable events would influence the market at one and the same time, probably not later than in the course of next month. Addison Cammack and his followers have, no doubt, built up a fortune on the losses of the unfortunate "Bulls," but the tide will turn at no distant date, although at present he has had it all his own way, and A. H. Combs, his favourite broker, has won his bet of 500 dols. made a month ago with Isidor Wormser that Milwaukees would sell at 57 this year. And this with gross earnings of 33,975,054 dols. for the fiscal year ended June 30 against 32,283,508 dols. for the preceding period and at the time of the World's Fair! Milwaukees and Louisville at present prices yield over 7 per cent., Atchison "B" bonds nearly 10 per cent. per annum, and there are low-priced stocks to be bought at present at half the price current last year. These are notably Atchison shares, Atlantic Firsts and ditto Deferred Warrants, Central Pacifics, Erie, Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, Norfolk Prefs., Ohio, Ontario, Union Pacific, Wabash Prefs., and Readings. Anyone picking up these stocks and putting them away for three to six months will realise a large profit on them. I say again that the present is the investor's opportunity; and I may state that during the last few days large orders for German and Dutch investors have been received here from Amsterdam and Berlin. Canadian Pacifics have fluctuated sharply, being at one time influentially bright, and at another thrown overboard by speculators. At anything under 70 they are cheap, although I should, on the whole, be inclined to give the preference to the cheap Yankee stocks. Grand Trunks have been depressed with the American list, and even at 16 the First Preferences do not look very cheap, but a recovery seems now on the cards.

Foreigners and South Americans.

There has been little change in inter-bourse securities, and the way in which Spanish and Italians have been pegged up on the Continental bourses is truly wonderful. Greeks have given way on renewed sales, and Turks have also declined, but not to any extent. South and Central American stocks have, on the other hand, again suffered from the general depression, small sales sufficing to put prices down, as the jobbers appear to be disinclined to keep a book. One of these days the upward movement will be equally rapid on the mere appearance of buyers in the market, and there is here also an excellent chance for investors to pick up stocks which will grow into money. Take, for instance, Costa Rica bonds. A remittance for a portion of the January interest has already been received by Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co., and there is no doubt that this coupon will be punctually paid. Then again, the August coupon of Uruguay bonds is already advertised for payment, yet the price is as low as 31½. Peruvian Corporation Debentures stand at 56½, although from statements made by those connected with the Company there is no doubt that the interest will be duly paid on these. Chilians are recovering, but are still at a very low level considering the proved honesty of the Republic. Brazilians are being kept down by the continuation of fighting in Rio Grande do Sul, concerning which official advices are most unreliable, some very big lies having been told in the past. Argentine Government bonds are above the lowest point recently touched, but there have been sales of Funding bonds issued to holders of Buenos Ayres Waterworks Preference shares in lieu of arrears of interest. Cedulas have been bought for account of the Buenos Ayres Government, especially the depreciated series P at about 7¼, this being apparently considered the easiest way out of the difficulty. Mexican Sixes are still affected by the silver question, and are apparently incapable of a sustained recovery. No further advices have come to hand about the Argentine Railway guarantees. Whenever some decisive step concerning these is taken, a smart recovery may be looked for in this market.

The Kaffir Circus.

In no department has the recent scare perhaps been less justified than in the South African market. Notwithstanding excellent crushings of the Witwatersrand Gold Mines, prices of some of the shares in some of the best of these have been knocked down from ¼ to ¾, and are only now slowly recovering. This applies specially to New Primrose, City and Suburban, Jubilee, Rietfontein, &c. From the Glencairn Mine a fortnightly crushing is expected at the end of the present month, and I understand that crushing with the reconstructed battery is proceeding at the rate of 5 tons per stamp per day. A new issue is proposed of the Geldenhuis Estate and Gold Mining Company, it being intended to increase the share capital by 25,000 £1 shares to be issued at 4, against the present price of 4⅜. Although the money is to be used for the erection of forty more stamps and for the more extensive working of the Mine generally, it must not be forgotten that these new issues of Randt Companies generally lead to a temporary relapse in the price. A correspondent of the *Mining World* states that "several hundred alluvial claims have been taken up in the Klerksdorp district, from whence fine samples of coarse nuggety ore have recently been obtained." This tends to confirm my favourable opinion of the property of the Afrikander Company. The small preliminary crushings on this Mine have yielded during April, 255 oz.; May, 277 oz.; June, 290 oz.; and, as the ore gets richer as they get lower, a further increase is expected for July. This, however, is the result of

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crushing with a few stamps only, of which twenty-five will soon be erected, when the output will be largely increased. As I have already stated, the fifty-four reef claims acquired by the Company are a most valuable asset. A very high price is put on these by those well acquainted with the property, and the present price of the shares of 1¼-⅜ may be considered very cheap. The Buffelsdoorn Mine is also situate in the Klerksdorp district, and all those who are conversant with the position agree that when the battery and the cyanide plant are at work in September an excellent monthly output may be expected. The news from Mashonaland has, of course, knocked down the shares of the British Chartered Company of South Africa, which touched 21s. at one time—a movement which illustrates my observation of a week ago as to what would happen with these shares should some day Lobengula go to work in earnest The scare will probably pass away again now, and even if it did not, there seems no valid reason why the shares of Gold Mines and Land Companies in the Transvaal should be affected by it. Thus the decline in Oceana shares is altogether without rhyme or reason, and those who can afford to do so ought to avail themselves of the opportunity to average. The recent weakness in these shares is now shown to have been due to the forced closing of a large account. As this has now come to an end, a marked recovery should come about during the next account, the more so as advices from the Transvaal properties of the Company are most favourable. Not only will the throwing open of the farms Sedan and Tours as proclaimed goldfields prove most beneficial to the Oceana Company, but the Silati Railway will traverse Tours. In the Waterberg district three farms owned by the Company are situate close to the farm Welgevonden, on which gold-reefs have been discovered which run through these Oceana farms, and coal has also been discovered on the Northern farms of the Company. Some of the Oceana Development farms are reported as diamondiferous, and the news from the new Coal Company's property is most promising. It will be remembered that a large portion of these shares are to be distributed amongst the Oceana and Oceana Development shareholders as a bonus. Under all these circumstances it is evident that as soon as the shares which have been thrown upon the market are absorbed, a much higher value of prices will obtain. Amongst other Land shares, Transvaal Gold are again being quietly picked up. The Cyanide Works were started on the 10th inst., and an important addition to the monthly returns may now be expected. Diamond shares have fluctuated rather wildly on forced selling, quotations of both De Beers and Jagersfontein having suffered. My friends will probably save themselves from loss if they do not apply for shares in the Newlands West Griqualand Diamond Mines, the prospectus of which has recently been issued.

The Caratal Gold Mine.

At the request of numerous correspondents who do not appear to have noticed my remarks of June 8, I herewith give a *résumé* of my former reports on this Company, together with some further particulars which have just come to hand. The Caratal Mining Company is a reconstruction of the Yuruari Company, which was in its earlier stage the Chili Gold Mining Company. According to official returns the Mine has produced during the last ten years bullion of the value of upwards of £500,000, and in the years 1890 and 1891 as much as £50,000 has been expended upon developments and machinery. A new feature has, however, cropped up, which is of the utmost importance to the shareholders, viz., the fact that, according to the circular issued by the liquidator of the old Company, Mr. Alfred Good, there is a large quantity of tailings at the Mine, estimated at no less than 100,000 tons, which has, on assay, given results of 1 oz. 3 dwts. and 1 oz. 10 dwts. of fine gold per ton, worth from £3 to £4 per oz. It has also been ascertained that these tailings could be treated by the Cyanide process, which has done so much to assist the gold mining industry in the Witwatersrand Mines. 83·33 per cent. of this fine gold could be obtained by that process. It is estimated by Mr. Good that 50,000 tons would give a net produce of 50s. per ton, or £125,000, so that 100,000 tons would work out to £250,000, a sum amounting to nearly four times the present capital value of the Caratal shares. Mr. Bull, one of the Directors of the Company, accompanied by competent engineers, has arrived on the property in order to arrange for the working of the Mine and the treatment of the tailings, and very important news may at any time come to hand to raise the price of the shares. These are shares of 2s. 6d. each, with 2s. 4d. credited as paid, and can be bought at 9d., at which they are one of the most promising purchases amongst cheap speculative shares in the Mining Market, and are likely to double or triple their value on the receipt of any favourable news.

The Stanley Syndicate.

It would almost appear as if Mr. J. C. Scott, Stock and Share Broker, of 4, Copthall-chambers, had discovered the philosopher's stone. While people are losing money right and left, prices of securities are falling by five and ten points at a time, and even the sharpest jobbers on the Stock Exchange are unable to make money, the Stanley Syndicate, which is being run by this gentleman, according to his circulars and letters, ever prospers. I find from a circular now before me that "the Stanley Syndicate was founded by Mr. J. C. Scott (the Controller of the Edith Syndicate, established in 1879) for the purpose of enabling all classes to participate in the enormous profits made by judicious speculation on the London Stock Exchange without trouble or risk," and again, "the Stanley Syndicate buys for the rise and sells for the fall—British, Foreign, and Colonial Government stocks and Railways, shares in Gas, Water, Dock, Canal, Steamship, Electric Light, Telegraph, Telephone, Lead, Iron, and other Companies; also Gold, Silver, Lead, Tin, and Copper Mine shares." The following letter has been addressed by Mr. J. C. Scott to a lady reader of Truth, whom he has been bothering for some time to take shares in his precious Syndicate:—

> You have had the chance of getting Stanley Syndicate shares at £1, £1. 2s. 6d., £1. 5s., £1. 7s. 6d., and £1. 10s., and now you can secure some at £2. Will you be sharp enough to seize a few at this low price? Of course, it would have been better if you had got them at £1, and had a whole year's dividend at 50 per cent. per annum, but as you would not take my advice a year ago, you had better make up your lost opportunity now. The shares I now offer you at £2 will be £10 in a few weeks.

Will it be believed that my lady correspondent has not been "sharp enough to seize" a few Stanley Syndicate shares? She apparently does not wish to rob others of the "chance" of obtaining a return of 50 per cent. per annum offered by this philanthropist. It is a pity that Mr. J. C. Scott will not publish the secret of his extraordinary success. The dealers on the Stock Exchange, who are generally considered exceedingly sharp, have evidently much to learn from the founder of the Stanley Syndicate.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Subscriber, Torquay. I have great faith in the honesty of Chili, and as this country has great resources, I make no doubt that interest will be paid regularly. The answer to questions Nos. 1 and 2 is Yes, and to No. 3, that you may safely average if you can get in lower, as a recovery is certain. 4. Do not sell under any circumstances. *C. H. W.*—No municipal loans were included in the Argentine settlement made by the Rothschild Committee, but the matter is in the hands of Messrs. Baring. The Six per Cent. Debentures are quoted 36-38, the Four and a-Half per Cent. bonds, with regard to which a settlement has been come to, at 55-57. You should hold. The Buenos Ayres Waterworks Prefs. are to be exchanged into Argentine Government bonds, carrying 4 per cent. cash interest, and the arrears of interest for one year are now being paid in Six per Cent. Funding bonds, worth about 64. You should apply for your proportion to the Company. *A. H. B.*—Many thanks. Canadian Pacific Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Land Grant bonds (1) are an excel-

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

lent investment. No reason to sell Nos. 2 and 3 now. Hold also Nos. 4 and 5. The security is best class. I suppose the best thing is to keep the Debentures No. 6 now in the hope that the reconstruction may be successful. *J. F. I., Jersey.*—I think you had better keep your Greeks of 1881 for the present. *Silver, Matlock.*—1. Hold your Chilians, they will recover. 2. Yes, the interest is quite safe.

BANKS, TRUSTS, AND FINANCIAL.

P. While the general fall in securities has undoubtedly had a bad effect upon all Trust stocks, I cannot really advise you to sell out at the present panic price. *Workmen.*—The Trust Companies A and B have, of course, suffered by the depression, but I should say that you had better hold after the heavy fall. No fresh information respecting C. *Honesty.*—1. Very shady outside brokers. 2. Only suitable for very experienced operators. 3. Leave him alone, and deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. *X².*—These Hamburg lotteries are genuine enough, but you cannot trust all the intermediaries, and I do not recommend this gambling.

HOME RAILS.

Ludgate Hill.—I think you will find a better opportunity for selling your Great Western stock than the present. Hold! *J. B., Rochdale.*—Your remarks are absurd. The coal strike which has now come about proves, however, that my view concerning the Heavy lines was judicious.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN RAILS.

A. P. K.—The low price of Atchison "B" Second Mortgage bonds is entirely due to the prevailing panic. These bonds have full foreclosure power, and all the statements made by the officials point to the interest being regularly paid, while the line is earning large traffic increases. *Pertinax.*—1. I do not care much for the Brazilian Railway stock referred to. 2. For the investment of £8,000 in Yankee and South American Rails you might select in the first instance as thoroughly safe investments Manhattan Consolidated Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds, St. Paul and Minneapolis and Manitoba Consolidated Four and a-Half per Cent. Mortgage bonds, Wilmar and Sioux Falls First Mortgage Five per Cent. bonds, guaranteed by the St. Paul and Manitoba and Great Northern Railroads, and New York, Ontario, and Western Refunding Five per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, which will yield from 4½ to 4¾ per cent., and mix with them Louisville and Nashville and Milwaukee shares, which yield at present prices over 7 per cent. per annum, Atchison Income "A" and "B" Second Mortgage bonds, which yield up to 10 per cent. Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, 1925, at 106 are a sound investment, and, as speculative purchases of stock likely to pay dividends again shortly, Central Argentine at 54 and Buenos Ayres and Rosario at 53½ may be recommended. I do not advise Canadians at present. *Aaron.*—Your only course is to hold. These stocks have been depressed by the panic, but are intrinsically worth as much as before. Nos. 1 and 2 are doing well, Nos. 3-8 will pay their interest regularly and recover in time. This also applies to Nos. 9-11, and No. 12 is exceptionally depressed. In two or three months' time a very different range of values will prevail. *Medicus.*—Thanks for your remark. Nos. 1-4 should be held for an improvement. No. 5 I do not know much about, but do not think advisable to sell now. Certainly hold New Primrose. *R., Dundee.*—I have never recommended Mexican National "A" bonds, but should certainly advise their being held for a recovery from the present price. *F. A. R.*—Certainly hold Araucos, they will recover again when the Chilian exchange improves. *Apex.*—Guinness Five per Cent. Debentures will give you the desired yield with every safety. By holding your American Railroad bonds you will do well. *H. R.*—Before the recent heavy fall of Canadian Pacifics I expressed the view that they had better be sold. I should not sell at the present panic price, but only after a substantial recovery, which will no doubt come about in sympathy with any improvement in Yankee Rails. *Atchison, Manchester.*—I am very sorry to hear that you have gone in so heavily; you ought to have kept within limits. The prolonged panic and the repeated "Bear" raids alone are responsible for the decline, which is not justified by the position. If you can hold you will retrieve the loss. *Bess.*—You should not sell these Mexican stocks after the heavy fall. *A. B. C.*—Yes, I think you may safely buy, as you propose, Norfolk Prefs., Ohio, Union Pacifics, Ontario, and Missouri, Kansas, and Texas during the next account, as you can pay for them. Do not select one stock, but spread the purchase over the five. *Depressed One.* Yes, if you can take the shares up, do so; they will recover again when the scare is over. *Ralise.*—Yes, I think you might average further as proposed, and I have no doubt that it will come right in the time mentioned. *C. A. R.*—I cannot reply by telegraph or letter. The Denver Preference dividend has been passed. As you want dividend-paying stocks you might select Louisville and Milwaukee (both of which pay 4 per cent) and Atchison "B" Second Mortgage Bonds, which also receives 4 per cent. All are greatly depreciated.

MINING SHARES.

Niello.—The present are exceptional times, and there is no option but to hold all sound shares for a recovery when the scare has passed off. Hold New Primrose, the mine is doing well. Also hold Kimberley Roodepoort. *Scot.*—I am glad to see that you have benefited by my advice to sell Montana. I do not advise you to join the Yankee Girl reconstruction. Silver mines are under a cloud. I have been against this property from the outset. *C. T., Brighton.*—I do not approve of this private marketing of shares, and I consider that too little is known of the property of the Black Horse Extended Proprietary Syndicate or its promoters to render the investment advisable. *T. G.*—The shares in the Croydon Mines to which you refer are exceptionally depressed, partly owing to the Australian crisis, but if you hold them, they will come right, as all are good properties. *Jabez.*—The sole reason for the fall of Oceanas is the general depression. It is a good time to average. The difficulties in Mashonaland have no bearing on the Oceana Company, whose properties are situate in the Transvaal. *E. H.*—No option but to hold the Mining shares Nos. 1-4; they will improve with the general market. *G. H., Manchester.*—These Queensland Mining shares should be held; more favourable advices are expected shortly. *Rio.*—Yes, Caratal are a promising cheap Mining share, and should be bought at 9d. as a speculation. *J. M.*—I stated last week in reply to a correspondent that the Balaghat lode has pinched out. Everything depends upon its widening again. I should risk holding for a month or two. It is difficult to judge of the position of the Broken Hill Proprietary Mine in view of the fall in silver, but it is understood that it still pays at present price. *G. R., Glasgow.*—What you require has been forwarded. *Nemo, Bury.*—1. The delay in the delivery of the shares was excessive. 2. I am sorry I shall not be able to comply with your request to give the nominal amount of all the shares mentioned. 3. Certainly not equal to membership of the Stock Exchange. If you hold the shares, you will see a good profit. *J. A.*—Yes; all the shares mentioned have limited liability. I do not care for Allsopps'. The cheapest and most promising are Holcombe Valley and Caratal. The former are now fully paid, the latter are 2s. 6d. shares, with 2s. 4d. credited as paid. *J. W. B.*—As requested, I give fresh particulars of the Caratal Mine in to-day's letter. *A. P., Birmingham, and H. M., Newcastle.*—I have endeavoured to obtain some information concerning Kimberley Roodepoorts, but the last advices, although favourable as regards the development work, do not state the time when crushing will commence. I will, however, endeavour to get the particulars you wish for, and I fully agree that the directors ought to furnish more information.

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

M. S.—1. It is very difficult to advise upon Industrial Companies of this kind, and I really cannot take the responsibility. The Company is, of course, more or less speculative. 2. Sell the Harrison Barber shares under the circumstances. *F. P. H.*—1. I am afraid that the Anglo-Austrian Printing Company's liquidation is a hopeless case for the shareholders. I expressed a very unfavourable view on its formation. 2. I do not like the New Imperial Investment Company. The Preferred stock is quoted 52-7, the Deferred 15-25, but there is little market for it. *E. M.*—I am afraid that it is rather a long shot until this Electric Company will pay Ordinary dividends, but in the end it should do well. I do not advise you to have anything to do with the outside brokers in question.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

C. McG., Middlesbrough.—For the purposes of your investment you might divide the £1,100 over Brighton "A" stock, at about 150, Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, 1925, at 106, and St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Four per Cent. Sterling bonds (Pacific Extension) at 89. *Mac.*—1. I see no reason for selling the five stocks mentioned. 2. I am afraid there is little chance of these three stocks improving for the present. Sell and invest the money in some of the depreciated American Railway stocks, such as Atchison Second Mortgage Four per Cent. "B" bonds at about 42, which yield nearly 10 per cent. interest on present price. 3. You should eventually reduce your holding in the four Banks named, on account of the large liability, but they are first-class, and I should not sell at present prices. 4. I cannot advise on the solvency of stock-brokers. The charge was too heavy. 5. The dividend has not yet been paid, but it is declared. *Galloway.*—It is difficult to express an opinion of No. 1, this being a Scotch undertaking, but I do not think much of it, or of No. 2. The interim dividend of the Asbestos Company has not been paid, but the Company seems to be doing a fair business. For the investment in question you might buy Brighton "A," yielding over 5 per cent., or American Railroad bonds, yielding 4½-5 per cent. *A Young Beginner.*—1. For the investment of your £4,000 you cannot choose speculative investments, which are those most depreciated, if you want absolute safety. In that case you must be satisfied with, say, 3½-4 per cent. in Colonial Government stocks, or 4 to 4½ per cent. in gilt-edged American Railroad bonds, or you might mix with them Brighton "A," which yield over 5 per cent. You can, of course, get up to 7 per cent in certain American Railroad shares, such as Louisville or Milwaukees, or up to 10 per cent. in South American Government stocks, but in these cases there is a proportionate element of risk. 2. The Australian Bank in question is a good one, and you might put a small amount into the shares; not too much, as a fresh scare is not at all improbable. *Mansfield.*—Guinness Debentures will give you the desired

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate-street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

return with every safety. *E. R.*—Your inquiry for twenty securities to invest about £28,000 is rather a large order. The bulk of this sum should be placed into high class securities, such as American Railroad bonds, yielding from 4 to 4½ per cent., say New York Central and Hudson River Four per Cent. Gold bonds, Manhattan Consolidated Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds, St. Paul Minneapolis Consolidated Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Mortgage bonds, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis (Cincinnati, Wabash, and Michigan Division) Four per Cent. bonds; Canadian Four per Cent. Stock, Natal Four per Cent. Inscribed stock yielding about 3½ per cent., Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, 1925, yielding about 4½ per cent., Guinness Five per Cent. Debentures, Canadian Pacific Three-and-Half per Cent. Lands Grant bonds, guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, &c Then you might make a selection of good second-class stocks, placing, however, only small sums in each, such as Brighton "A," yielding over 5 per cent., South-Eastern Deferred as very cheap and now very progressive, Louisville and Nashville shares and Milwaukee shares yielding over 7 per cent., Chilians, of 1892, yielding nearly 6 per cent., and, finally, you might, if so inclined, place a certain amount, not much in any case, in speculative stocks, such as Argentine Funding bonds, Costa Rica "B" bonds, Guatemala Internal, Mexican Central Four per Cent Gold bonds, Peruvian Corporation Debentures. But this must depend upon the amount of risk you care to run.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Silver has declined 1¼d. during the week, the metal being offered down in the United States. The India Council has been very unsuccessful with its remittances, hardly any tenders being made. This is partly owing to the opposition of the Eastern Banks, which have been badly treated over the silver question. It would also appear that Rupee paper is at present prices used for making remittances to the East. Mexican Rails have suffered a further fall, partly owing to the decline in silver. The Second Prefs. at 38 are evidently being "pegged" by Mr. Mackusick and his friends; but they are clearly far too dear in proportion with the First Prefs. at 55½, and if no relief comes there will one of these days be a disastrous break in them. The dividends of the large London Banks having now been declared, show to be nearly in all cases up to the distribution for the first half of 1892, the London and Westminster alone having reduced its dividend by 1 per cent. Compared with 1891 there is, of course, a reduction at the rate of from 1 to 3 per cent. Australian Government bonds have been fairly supported, and there has also been an absence of further decline in the shares of the leading Australian Banks, whilst the shares of the Eastern Banks have been somewhat unsettled. There has been some slight improvement in the demand for the shares of Nitrate-producing Companies, and Nitrate Rails are steadier after the recent decline, the last fortnightly traffic return showing an increase of £2,362.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

THE GREAT GOODWOOD SWEEPSTAKE.

THE Second Battalion of the Third Riding Prince Frederick's Own Loyal Royal Yorkshire Bayoneteers—known in that County and in the Service as the "Tha-Knaws"—was stationed at Ballynoggin.

It was a distinguished regiment, and proud in the fact that it was composed of genuine "tykes"—with the exception of those who were Irish. It was a singular circumstance that the majority of the officers of the Second Battalion were also Irish.

"Yes, dash it!" growled Major Murphison—Old Murphy, as he was called by the soldiers amongst themselves—"We're a workhouse combined with an infant-school, bedad!" He alluded to the comparative poverty of the older officers and to the youthfulness of the subalterns. With the exception of the Chaplain they were, to a man, either widowers or bachelors, and sincerely addicted to sport. The last weakness ran right through the Battalion, every male in which—down to the slimmest bugler or plumpest drummer—knew all about every race-horse and meeting in the three kingdoms. Football, cricket, pugilism, and other arts and pastimes were minor idols; horsiness was the supreme cult.

It was, therefore, an especially exciting event that young Montfarren O'Greaves, the new Assistant-Surgeon, should have drawn the favourite in the Great Goodwood Sweep—10,000 guineas for an outlay of only 21s.! Barring the unforeseen, it was undoubtedly considered that that substantial sum was as good as if it were already in his sieve-like pocket. O'Greaves himself did not know very much of such matters; in fact, he thought it a joke rather than a conspicuous piece of good fortune. He was a laughing, blundering, sentimental fellow—too careless even to hope steadily.

"Bad luck to the bad luck of it!" said Major Murphison, who had, of course, drawn a blank. "Here's a smooth-faced bhoy—a mere sucking neophyte, and he gets the favourite right away! His very first go in racing, too, and had to be persuaded to put down his guinea! And here am I, grown grey and desperate at it; and I want the money, too, bedad! Oh, dhivil fly away with the want of sinse and dacency of it all."

Mr. O'Greaves, as usual in such cases, received numerous offers by post and telegraph for his chance, but he refused them all—even the Regimental pool or syndicate which was suggested for the purpose of buying it.

He would give no reason—only laughed and blushed; and the Major cursed him by six or seven Irish saints and over two dozen Hindoo gods, besides a number of miscellaneous infernalties.

"Me bhoy," said he to him, confidentially, in his own room, "it's meself is glad to see that it's an ould hid ye've got on your shoulders. You did well, sorr—very well, not to share your luck with a parcel of fellows that scarcely look the way you're going at any other time. And I'll go bail that dhivil a one of them ever asked you if you'd had a mouth on you before this. See to that, now. They look down on the medical profession—dash their consait! But I've always stood up for them, and always shall, begorra!"

O'Greaves said he was very greatly obliged.

"Not a bit, my son—and it's a fatherly interest I've taken in you, my lad, from the day you joined us—as, indade, I ought to do, being, in a kind of way, *in loco parentis*, regimentally spaking. Besides, as I was saying, being a blood relation——"

"Oh, I didn't know that, Major!" interposed O'Greaves.

"What! Not know that the Murphisons and the O'Greaves are related as thick as eels in a mill-pond! Do you mane that sariously now? Ha! I haven't wurrds to express my surprise. Oh, the shallowness of modern education, and the crim'nel neglect of what's thruly worth learning, of this hollow and flashy generation! Yes, me bhoy; and the Montfarrens as well. I'll tell you all about it another time. Now, listen while I spake to you. I'll stand by you, and in with you, in this matter. It's a duty I owe you under the circumstances, for you are young and inexperienced. Do you think that I'm the man to sit still and see you fling your luck away on schaming and unsympathising strangers, who'd only laugh at your greenness behind your back when your face was turned? No, no. It's my duty, I tell you; and I'm not going to desert it, or desert you—is it likely, now?"

The Major glared around fiercely, as if awaiting a challenge; then he replenished the glasses, and lowered his voice.

"This is what we'll do. We'll hedge—hedge. Do you see? Make sure of the big half of it, whatever happens. That's it. Here now, I'll just write a telegram—for the joint account. You needn't throuble at all, me bhoy—it's all arranged. Not a whisper to a sowl, now. I'll see you through this business, never fear. You have my wurrd—Major Murphison's wurrd—and never a Murphison, or an O'Greaves, was a thraitor to that. So that's all settled now."

O'Greaves would, beyond a doubt, have been helplessly enmeshed, and rushed off his balance, had it remained in

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

his power to deal with the matter in hand. As it was, he could only stammer out that nothing would have given him greater pleasure, and he was truly grateful—but it was too late.

The Major felt furious, and would have broken loose, but for the shy and half-ashamed look on the young fellow's face. He at once suspected that somebody else had already taken the trick. That nefarious conspirator who had anticipated him must be discovered and upset.

A little bantering pressure, and a few glasses more, produced O'Greaves' confession that he had given the chance to Miss Geraldine Byrne in payment of some trifling flirtation wager.

The Major's face grew more deeply purple, as he gnawed at the ends of his wiry red moustache, whilst his eyes took on an introspective studiousness. He knew the Byrnes—Mrs. Byrne, widow of a Madras Colonel, and her daughters—very well.

When, however, he heard further that Miss Geraldine—being inexperienced, generous, and, like all girls, short and chary of pocket-money—had given the chance to her mother, in lieu of her contribution to some local charity for poor women in which she was interested, his brow cleared as if by magic. He promptly resumed his habitual tone and manner, and—very abruptly, as O'Greaves thought—dismissed that young gentleman to his duties.

Within an hour the Major had proposed to Mrs. Byrne and been accepted by her, and had laid against the favourite to the extent of £5,000, double-locking both secrets in his impenetrable bosom.

"Make sure of £5,000, anyway," he soliloquised, "besides a cosy home, a tidy income of her own, and a deuced fine woman of forty-four, who doesn't look a day oulder than a good many years under that; thanks to that young fool, who may go to the dhivil now, for all I care. Blood relations, indade! Ha, ha!"

The young fool meantime reflected in this wise:—

"Hedge. That's what he said—hedge. Now, if that means anything at all, it must mean this—back some other horse against the favourite. That's it, of course. But which? I don't like asking the fellows—I should perhaps be dragged into talking of Geraldine to them. I'm sorry I did to the Major; but he's a blood relation—so he says. I don't understand these things; he was right enough there. I'm not very bright, at best; in fact, if I have a thought in my head, it's unbeknown to myself. Let me see, now."

He referred to a newspaper and read the latest betting.

"Here's my plan," he resumed to himself. "Here's Flybiter, the favourite, at the top of the list, at 5 to 1; and here's Nephew to Kreutzer, at the other end of it, at 200 to 1. That is, I take it, that the one will win and the other won't. Ah! it's not so difficult as I imagined; indeed, it's as easy as drinking. What an artful old card the Major is to pretend that I wanted guiding and instructing. I know all about hedging now—just as if this were my fiftieth operation on the Turf, instead of my first. I've simply got to back the horse at the very bottom of the list."

So he went to the telegraph-office and backed the Nephew for £100.

"There," he said, when he wrote confirming his telegram, "that's not only the mathematics of betting, but it's the logic as well. If Geraldine's horse—I mean her mother's—wins, she gets ten thousand guineas; if not, mine wins, and I get twice as many pounds. How very simple it is, after all!"

The Major had, naturally, said nothing to Mrs. Byrne about Goodwood; so he remained unaware that she had put a guinea of her own into the charity and given the chance to her eldest daughter.

Later in the day, Captain McTerrup dropped in. He had a sedate but well-restrained liking for Miss Byrne. His allusion to O'Greaves' singular good fortune in drawing the favourite naturally led to Mrs. Byrne's lightly remarking, with a smile proportioned to the insignificance of the subject, that the chance had been transmitted to Miranda.

The Captain immediately grew very grave, an expression of countenance which was succeeded by one betokening a severe internal struggle, and that, in turn, gave way to an air of desperate resoluteness. He found, or made, an opportunity to whisper something to Miss Byrne, and the pair sauntered together into the garden.

She re-entered the house soon afterwards, radiant with happiness, for he had asked her to be his wife, and she had consented.

He made his rapid way to the telegraph office, and laid against the favourite. "Half *certain* is better than the whole merely *possible*," muttered he, as he assumed a bearing of utter indifference, and determined to breathe never a word about his engagement or bet to mortal creature.

Miss Byrne was as shrewd as she was beautiful, and as quick-tempered as she was both. She remembered the Captain's serious and almost tragic look when the favourite was irreverently mentioned, and she reflected with a pang that she had probably been indiscreet in giving the chance to Fanny, her one-third of a maid, in settlement of some accumulated items and matters.

When, therefore, Sergeant Ostlethorpe—a handsome, dashing young fellow of respectable family, who had been a lawyer's clerk before he got into trouble—found Fanny in tears that evening, he soon elicited that it was all because of Miss Byrne's dreadful goings-on about that chance which she had given her, and now most unreasonably, and even violently, wanted her to restore.

"You didn't give it back, did you, Fan?" anxiously asked the Sergeant, as his gold-lace chevrons stole round her yielding waist.

"No, John," she said, "that I didn't; for even if I——"

He arrested her further reply by the abrupt administration of a volley of unwontedly fervent kisses; and she, not without some alacrity, promised to be Mrs. Ostlethorpe so soon as her quarter was up, or sooner.

He hurried away under the pretence of duty, but, in reality, to be in time to telegraph to a bookmaker whom he knew to lay against the Favourite to the utmost extent of his means or credit.

"A cool thou is better than nothing, and will buy a decent public-house," he cogitated, "if Fly-biter loses. If he wins, I shan't grudge the stakes. But I'll say naught to anybody."

When Fanny came to review the striking event which had so precipitately happened, she could not help thinking of the preposterous intrusion into the proceedings of so trumpery and incongruous a thing as a mere race-horse. She laughed to herself, as who would not?

"And to think," said she, after she had disposed of her young ladies, "that after all, I gave that chance away to Bessie for that unmade silk dress she's had so long! And a good bargain too."

Next morning an officer's servant observed to some of his fellows that there must be something wrong with the favourite, for he had had a chat with the Telegraph Clerk, who informed him that several officers, including the Major, had wired to lay heavily against him.

This intelligence ran like wild-fire through the battalion, and was quickly carried to the officers' quarters, by the usual barrack channels. A shoal of telegrams, redolent of doubt in Fly-biter, was the result.

"It's a sure thing, th' knaws, th' favourite's not gaun to win," passed from mouth to mouth; and, so soon as parade was over, there was a wild rush to the local bookmakers, and to the Post Office with letters containing money orders.

The Doctor had quite a scene with the Major for not giving him the tip. The Major protested that he knew nothing, and that it was a mere "hedge." The Doctor treated that explanation with derision, and went and laid substantially against the favourite. Being a good, though highly irascible fellow, and attached in his way to the Chaplain and his large family, he put a little on for him.

"If it comes right, a thousand will be very handy for him, I know. If not—why, let it go with the rest, for it will about finish me."

The subject was the all-engrossing one at mess; and the

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

shout of laughter which rolled into the night when O'Greaves diffidently admitted that he had backed Nephew to Kreature to win, startled the thirstiest noses out of their tankards in the canteen.

There was one man—he must have been the only one in the battalion of whom it could be said—who had not made a bet one way or the other. This was Ted Daly, the Major's servant.

"Botheration!" said he, "and it's just my luck, sorr. I shtood to win a hape of money on that same animal, bad cess to't—saving your honour's presence."

"What's that?" asked the Major, sharply.

Daly recounted that Bessie, Mrs. Byrne's cook, had presented him with the chance, which she had received from Fanny, who got it from one of the young ladies.

He had never witnessed such an access of fury, polyglot swearing, tramplings, smashings, tearings, flingings, and other demonstrations of demoniacal possession as suddenly assailed the Major. It was only when, thoroughly frightened, he started screaming for a saint or two, and some secular help, that his master began to pull himself together a little.

"It's all right, Daly—a bit reminder of a sunstroke I once had in the East. Violent sunshine sometimes brings it back, but it doesn't last, as you see."

"Glory be to God!" said Daly, implicitly. It was raining hard just then, but he never doubted the explanation.

"Don't dare to say a wurrd of this, mind. I'll take a pill, and that will put me all right."

"Yess, sorr," said Daly.

"Ha! h'm! Just so. By the way, what was that you were saying about the favourite?" asked the Major, with a yawn.

Daly repeated his story, and lamented his ill-luck.

"Does any one know that you have that horse?"

"Dhivil a sowl, sorr, except Bessie, and she has neither rading, knowledge, nor mim'ry, no more than a hin, sorr."

"H'm! Opinion seems to be dead against his winning."

"It is that same, sorr, begorra! Why couldn't they lave him alone?"

"Look here, Daly, didn't you tell me that you belonged to these parts?"

"I did, sorr."

"Ah, so I thought," mused the Major. "Pity, and hard lines on you, too, my man, to have to march away and to turn your back on your own country and your own people, and, what's her name—Bessie. Dashed hard, I should say." He seemed to be talking to himself, as he repeated, "Dashed hard."

Daly had never had presented to him such a vivid picture of his hitherto unfelt trials. He was, therefore, deeply affected by the sense of his unhappy lot, which came upon him suddenly and on the authority of so great an officer as the Major; and he put the end of a dirty forefinger into the corner of his eye, where there was an unexpected tear.

"Ah!" remarked the Major gently, "Sorry I spoke. Never mind, my good fellow. Your time will expire—when does it expire?"

"Three mortial long years from now, sorr," sighed Daly.

"Oh, bother it, that's bad, bad. And you in your own part of the country, and the next station, perhaps, Ceylon or the Cape; and Bessie married to somebody else before you come back. Such is a soldier's life, dhivil take it."

After a distressful pause he brought his fist down on the table and said:

"Look here, now Daly. You've been a good soldier and a good servant, and maybe I'll be after settling down in time hereabouts myself. Thank God I'm an Irishman, too. Yes, and I'm proud of it, Daly, my man. You shall have your discharge."

"Lord in hiv'n bless your honner!" gasped Daly.

"Yes, to-day, this very day; and a ten-pun note besides."

Daly dropped on his knees and poured out a torrent of pathetically eloquent gratitude.

"There, there, that will do. And you can marry Bessie, eh? And—a—by-the-way, you will give me that thing about the horse—of your own free will, of course. I wouldn't touch it else with the end of a flagstaff—no, not if you prayed yourself black in the face for me to take it otherwise. Mind that now."

"Yes, sorr, an' willing, wid all the heart of me, God knows, sorr," answered Daly earnestly.

"I'll have your papers made out at once, before my mind changes. You needn't go back to quarters. You can rummage for some civilian coats and things that I've about done with, and take them. And—and, I won't be afther doing things by halves, nor yet by quarters either, bedad. If that miserable and discredited horse does happen to win, though I don't believe a wurrd about him, or the contrary, I'll make Bessie a present of another ten-pun note. The chance only cost a beggarly starved guinea to begin with, and it may be dear at the odd shilling when all's said and done."

"Yes, sorr, indade it might," said Daly.

"Very well. That's settled. Now, remember, not a wurrd to anyone—not even to Bessie—about this till I give you lave. If you as much as make a sign of it in your slape, I'll go back on all I've promised, and make it dashed uncomfortable for you, besides. Mark that, now." A fierce look drove home the last expression.

"Never fear, sorr," smiled Daly; and then a touch of native shrewdness and gentlemanliness imparted a comical yet touching dignity to his voice and bearing as he added—

"I wouldn't be afther doing a thing, sorr, as others might take in a wrong light, or lay up agin your honner, not if—if I was to be hanged for it. Nor, if that horse should happen to win, and if it was twenty times as much gowld on his hid that you'd be getting, would I grudge a grudge, or have a ha'porth of grief or sorra the sorry that I'd asked your honner's acceptance of it. It's glad I'd be, and proud—maybe gladder than you, sorr. An' I shall be a civilian when I hand it over to you—though it's on the mantel-shelf now I put it, for safety, inside your cigar-case; and thanks to your kindness to a poor counthryman. And, begorra, it's through fire and water I'd go for your honner, let alone a discrate silence, sorr, that costs nothing, except the not spaking, bedad."

Major Murphison heard this passionate address with mingled feelings.

"Dash it all!" he said to himself, "he's more of a gentleman than I am. But what was I to do?"

On the momentous day the barracks were in a ferment. Never did the Tha-Knaws so scamp their dinner or feel so intense an excitement as the hour approached for the result of the race to be known.

They formed a chain of men from the telegraph-office to the barracks.

The whole town seemed to be given up to the soldiers, who, however, were too intent on the expected intelligence to have eyes or ears for anything else; and their throats seemed to get the drier for drinking.

At length the news came, and produced the wildest elation. *The favourite was beaten!*

Ballynoggin had never before heard such cheering as was that afternoon re-echoed by the hills behind the town.

Montfarren O'Greaves was acclaimed the greatest and most practical hero in the annals of the Tha-Knaws. He was the primary cause of all the luck. What is the gallantry of a fellow who lets out the blood compared to the canniness of him who lets in the money?

Then the battalion—which, in the sweet and simple Yorkshire phrase, was "stiff wi' brass"—settled down to one of the most unremitting, unanimous, and unreserved drinkings ever recorded in the history of the British or any other Army.

Soon afterwards the Tha-Knaws were put, out of their turn, on the roster for foreign service, and were ordered—"banished," said the Major—to Halifax, U.S.

There was scarcely an unbroken head, heart, or window in Ballynoggin as the battalion marched away.

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. BENJAMIN, in cases of need, to execute orders in 24 hours.

ART NOTES.

MR. ALFRED PARSONS, like Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and numerous other painters, has been to Japan, and he has come back bringing his artistic sheaves with him. The latter are garnered just now at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond-street, where a hundred or two drawings are on view, representing some months' work in the land of the Lotus and of Sir Edwin Arnold. Unquestionably Japan as a happy hunting-ground for artists is being somewhat overdone. Mount Fujisan is becoming as familiar to us as Vesuvius; and the Torii of Komori Temple are seen almost as often as the Lions of St. Mark. We are growing as tired of Oji as we used to be of the Rialto, and Lake Chusenji is probably painted as frequently as Maggiore—which is saying a great deal. Mr. Parsons, however, went to Japan more especially to paint its flowers, and his drawings constitute a kind of illustrated horticultural guide to the flora of the country. Masses of peach-blossom, plum-bloom, cherry flowers, wistaria, iris, tree-peonies, azaleas, white lotus, and auratum lilies are depicted with the artist's well-known botanical precision, and an unsparing use of the strong and at time almost crude colour in which he delights. He almost surfeits the eye with bright tints, in fact; and the way his drawings are framed, without mounts in all cases, makes their polychromatic realism all the more trying. As a rule, Mr. Parsons fails in getting air into his drawings; there is a lack of atmosphere in many of them, so to speak; and the brilliant actuality of his details is too seldom informed and inspired by imagination. But the Exhibition is decidedly interesting; and of its success from a financial point of view there can be little doubt. Before the drawings were hung sixty-six out of the hundred and two had already been disposed of.

In another room at 148, New Bond-street, may be seen a collection of drawings in pen-and-ink by Mr. Hugh Thomson, a young draughtsman, upon whose shoulders a portion, at any rate, of the mantle of the late Mr. Randolph Caldecott has fallen. The forty-three drawings he exhibits were made in illustration of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad of Beau Brocade," and other *vers de société* dealing with life in the eighteenth century, and are many of them characterised by quaint humour as well as considerable artistic skill. Mr. Thomson won his spurs, it will be remembered, by his illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield," and it would now be interesting to see him riding a-tilt at some subjects more up to date than those he has hitherto attacked.

I gather from one of the newspapers that Mr. Alfred Gilbert has expressed his readiness "to stand or fall" by the memorial drinking fountain of his which has been recently set up in Shaftesbury-circus. It would never do to ask him to literally carry out his intention, for standing by the fountain involves a gratuitous shower-bath, whilst falling by it would imply a thorough wetting in the perennial puddle which surrounds its base. These results, however, point to mechanical rather than artistic shortcomings in our popular sculptor's latest work; and they will doubtless be remedied in due course. Meanwhile, although as a drinking fountain it cannot be considered a success, what about it as a work of art? For my own part, I find it in this respect, too, just a little disappointing. Of course, it would be unfair to blame Mr. Gilbert for the false note struck by the presence of the late Lord Shaftesbury's bust on the pediment. The Committee insisted, I understand, on having it placed there, in spite of the sculptor's very natural remonstrances. But already I am glad to notice that the bust has disappeared—let it be hoped for ever. In the design for the fountain itself, however, Mr. Gilbert was allowed to carry out his own ideas without let or hindrance, and the result, as I have said, does not seem to me entirely satisfactory. For one thing, the design of the fountain, we are assured, is purely symbolic, and is, in fact, intended to be typical of Charity. But the question is, in what way does the winged aluminium figure standing on tiptoe on the top of the fountain typify Charity? To the Man in the Street this statue rather suggests a mischievous Mercury taking shots at the people on the Piccadilly 'buses with a bow and arrow; and I am certainly so far in sympathy with the Man in the Street that I fail to see how the flight of an arrow can be considered suggestive of charity. This is a piece of the new symbolism, I suppose, which we must be educated up to before we can accept it. The fact that when looked at from the side, or from behind, the winged figure seems to have a club-foot, is likewise unfortunate. The upper basin of the fountain seems to me, also, to be unnecessarily heavy and massive. But I should be, indeed, churlish and ungrateful if I did not add that, with all its faults, Mr. Gilbert's Shaftesbury fountain marks a notable advance in the process of ornamenting the open spaces of the Metropolis. It does even more than this; it impels one to emphatically repeat the question, How much longer must Hyde Park-corner wait?

MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH the opera season has been extended by six nights, the production of all the belated novelties has, as was anticipated, proved impracticable. The impossibility of presenting within less than a week at the fag-end of the season three such works as Mr. de Lara's "Amy Robsart," Dr. Stanford's "Veiled Prophet," and Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust," was indeed obvious from the first. Berlioz' "operatorio" has therefore wisely been postponed altogether, and it would have been better for its own sake if Dr. Stanford's setting of Moore's poem had been similarly treated, instead of being placed on the stage on Wednesday in Goodwood week, a day after the subscription season was over. Wednesday is never a particularly crowded evening at the opera, and what possible good purpose Dr. Stanford, or his publishers, or whoever is responsible, can expect to be served in presenting a new work of this importance on the offest of "off" nights, cannot be imagined. The cause of the postponement from Saturday was the unpreparedness of the chorus, who, poor people, have been greatly overworked this summer. Indeed, it is one of the great lessons taught by the present season that, if performances are to be given six nights a week, a complete double company is absolutely necessary. The manager already has a double troupe of artists, and two orchestras, but without two choirs none but the simplest novelties can be attempted while representations take place nightly. Day after day have these unfortunate singers been rehearsing the greater portion of the mornings and afternoons, besides performing almost every evening. The human voice cannot stand the wear and tear of eight or ten hours of this species of work per diem, and, so far from deserving complaints when their singing has plainly shown the results of fatigue, the choristers merit hearty praise for the plucky manner in which they have undertaken such exhausting work.

The production of Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Amy Robsart" can, I assume, best be explained by that generous feeling towards operatic neophytes which led to the performance of Herr Bach's "Irmengarda" at the same theatre. The intelligent foreigner may, perhaps, marvel at the

SCARLET FEVER PRECAUTIONS.—Infection of the most dangerous and virulent character can be instantly destroyed with Izal, the new non-poisonous Disinfectant. "Izal" stops Cholera, Smallpox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scarlet, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick-room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. It can be used for all disinfecting purposes the same as with the old-fashioned Disinfectants. Being non-poisonous it is safe under all conditions. Being non-caustic it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-corrosive it neither stains nor injures linen, bedding, clothing, carpets, hangings, furniture, metals, or surgical instruments. Izal can be obtained from Chemists and others in large bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., or sample bottle sent, carriage free in the United Kingdom, for postal order. Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & Co., Limited, Thorncliffe, Sheffield. London Offices: 19, Great George-street, S.W., and Thorncliffe House, 331, Gray's Inn-road, W.C. The Izal Pamphlet, containing simple rules for the protection of life and health, sent post free.

managerial judgment shown in splendidly mounting and casting works which the most friendly disposed critic must admit have the word "inexperience" written bold upon them; when not a solitary example of the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mackenzie, Cowen, and other representative British musicians is in the repertory of our only opera house. In no other country in the world would the operas of its leading men be year after year thus ignored. In regard to "Amy Robsart" there has already been some straight speaking, and I need, therefore, not deal with the matter at length. We can all, doubtless, admire the ambition which has prompted Mr. de Lara to relinquish the drawing-room songs, thanks to which he first came prominently into notice. But something more than a desire to attain at a bound to the highest things is necessary to compose a successful opera. The schoolboy out for a row in a skiff may have the ambition to sail a yacht, but without the necessary skill and experience he must come to grief. Indeed, altogether apart from orchestral or other crudities, Mr. de Lara does not yet appear to have an operatic style of his own, and, doubtless, unconsciously he has assimilated that of others. He is at his best in two love duets, and, in fact, there are signs that in lighter and less pretentious music he would succeed far better.

It is curious that no one has yet been able to furnish a really good libretto out of Scott's "Kenilworth." Scribe tried his hand on it for the opera which Auber produced just seventy years ago, but it is one of the worst of the efforts of the great librettist. Another opera on the same subject, written by the late Signor Schira, has, I believe, never yet been produced. The weak point of the libretto of Harris and Milliet is its first act. In the endeavour to make the story intelligible, the authors have presented the composer with an act which is musically impossible. It is made up almost entirely of duets, five or six of them, relieved only by an inconsequential baritone soliloquy for Richard Varney, and a very brief soprano prayer which separates a thirteen minutes' duet between Amy and Leicester from a nine minutes' duet between the same young lady and Varney. Very funny, too, is the close of the act, where Tressilian rouses the lady from her swoon, and she, with nothing but a light cloak over her ball dress, starts in her satin slippers from Cumnor to Kenilworth. She is apparently determined to walk it. The second act, which includes the revels at Kenilworth, is far better arranged, although the situation again becomes comical when Varney "takes the flure" to deliver a lengthy and Verdi-like soliloquy on "Ambition," as a sort of "aside," surrounded by a wide circle of courtiers, who display not the smallest interest in his eccentricities. Hither, too, comes Amy—her satin shoes and light silk train not a whit the worse for her long tramp through Oxfordshire and Warwickshire—to sing a long solo of her wrongs, which would have bored a less impatient lady than Queen Elizabeth, and which the audience would probably have liked better had it been more in the style of "The Garden of Sleep." The last act, though hopelessly innocent of Scott, is dramatically the best of all. The first scene is a long and passionate tenor soliloquy for Leicester, plus another long duet between that chicken spirited individual and Amy in a room at Kenilworth. Leicester's character, however, is duly whitewashed, for he has resolved to tell Elizabeth the whole truth, when Amy, hearing his voice, rushes forward and falls down the trap. A far feebler opera might have been excused by the very beautiful impersonation of the hapless Amy Robsart by Madame Calvé, who this season has certainly shown herself the greatest and most versatile prima donna Sir A. Harris has yet engaged.

A lady giving an address at Milan advertises in one of the London papers, describing herself as "reputed Italian prima donna." She probably means prima donna of repute, but it is rare that a singer is quite so candid.

Another advertisement offers an "A.L. Mus. T.C.L. gown and hood, cost £5—price £2." There is something deeply pathetic about this cast-off clothing business. That a gentleman with so many capital letters after his name should be selling off at less than half price his musical millinery may, however, only indicate an awakening to common sense.

The concert season has ended this week, the last of the regular concerts being that given by the Royal Academy students on Tuesday. As a matter of fact concerts have practically been abandoned ever since the Royal Wedding, and for some weeks past the leading concert agents have strongly recommended a postponement of their visits to foreign performers who proposed to come here. Arrangements are, however, now being made for the late autumn, which promises to be an exceptionally busy time.

The Bohemian Opera Troupe, from Prague, who have recently been performing Smetana's "Sold Bride" at Berlin, have wisely decided not to attempt a London season, which, indeed, in early August, would be a palpable absurdity. They will therefore merely pass through England en route for Chicago.

"La Fille de Madame Angot," which was revived at the Criterion on Saturday, is, probably, not intended for a lengthy run, at any rate, if it be true that Miss Decima Moore, the Clairette of the opera, is engaged for the new piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre towards the end of next month. "Mère Angot" is, indeed, now more or less out of date, and out of the last revival at Drury Lane in 1880, when a ballet based upon the revolutionary tune "Ça ira" was interpolated, I do not imagine a large fortune was made. Mr. Cotsford Dick, who on Saturday made his stage début as Pomponnet, showed that a popular song writer is not necessarily a great singer and actor; but Mr. Pounds made a very good Ange Pitou, Miss Decima Moore, despite a small voice, was the prettiest of Clairettes, while Miss Augarde sang well, although it needs a French actress to properly play Mdlle. Lange. As to Mr. Blakeley and Mr. Sydney Valentine, they had little to do, for Mr. Blakeley's part in the quintet had, of course, to be assigned to a *bonâ-fide* vocalist. The Directoire dresses were curiously intermingled with modern costumes, but for an undoubted experiment it would have been absurd to go to any special expense.

Why, by the way, does not somebody try a revival of "Orphée aux Enfers" or "Belle Hélène"? Offenbach, the founder of his school, was head and shoulders taller than Lecocq, and especially now that "Orfeo" has been so thoroughly popularised by Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli, this happy parody of Gluck's music ought to be understood and appreciated by everybody.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—M. Francisque Sarcey's "Recollections of Middle Life" (1), which Miss Luther Cary has competently translated, is little more than a series of lectures upon the art of lecturing, but they are absolutely admirable lectures. Having myself both endured and inflicted lectures not a few, I can speak with the confidence of an expert at least of the unerring precision with which M. Sarcey puts an unfailing finger on the defects of the ordinary lecturer of commerce. But he seems to me no less sagacious, and much more interesting and instructive, in the really invaluable advice he gives upon the proper mode of preparation and of delivery of a lecture, upon the choice and treatment of a sympathetic subject, and, above all, perhaps, upon the need and upon the art of getting *en rapport* with your audience. Here unquestionably the weakness of your brilliant lecturer is precisely what he himself holds to be

(1) "Recollections of Middle Life." By Francisque Sarcey. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Luther Cary. (London: William Heinemann.)
(2) "Questions at Issue." By Edmund Gosse. (London: William Heinemann.)
(3) "A Phantom from the East." By Pierre Loti. Translated by J. E. Gordon. The Independent Novel Series. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(4) "Essays in London." By Henry James. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)
(5) "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin, D.C., LL.D." First series, 1843–1860. With a portrait. (London: George Allen.)
(6) "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D." Second series. 1860–1888. With a portrait. (London: George Allen.)
(7) "A Comprehensive Scheme for Street Improvements in London." Accompanied by maps and sketches. By Arthur Cawston, A.R.I.B.A. (London: Edward Stanford.)

his special strength—his brilliancy! M. Sarcey adjures you by all your hopes of success as a lecturer to put your brilliant ideas prudently in your pocket:—

Get this primordial truth well into your head, you who aspire to the honour of instructing or amusing your contemporaries. With lectures people can only be taught that which they know; they can be persuaded only of the things of which they already desire to be convinced.

It is all expressed in that fine image, I believe of Mr Gladstone's: "The popular orator rolls back upon his audience in a torrent what he had received from them in a mist." M Sarcey puts it even more baldly, but not less truly:—

I cannot insist too much on this point. In the lecture the commonplace must not be discarded. I do not know who it is has said that the commonplace is the body and soul of eloquence. That is a great truth; but it is necessary to rethink the commonplace for one's self—to recast it in some way in the image of one's own mind.

As lectures promise to become as popular and powerful a mode of instruction in this country as they have long been in America, I think this excellent and exhaustive treatise on the art—for these "Recollections" are really and only that—is as opportune as it is masterly. Why democracies should prefer to take in their mental food through the ear rather than through the eye is a problem which I have solved to my own satisfaction. You must have noticed that those who have taste and time for reading detest to be read to; whereas those to whom reading is an unaccustomed, and therefore laborious, effort prefer to have ideas conveyed to them through the more used, and therefore more facile, channel of the ear. But how will the reign of democracy affect literature itself? This is a question which Mr. Edmund Gosse sets himself to answer in one of the essays of his interesting, if not very brilliant, "Questions at Issue" (2). On the whole, he is hopeful of "the ultimate survival and continuance of literature," though he cannot conceal from himself or you that the popularity of "Edna Lyall"—a continually recurring perplexity to him—is of the gloomiest augury for the future of letters. On the other hand, he sings rapturously the praises of Rudyard Kipling, whom he compares, not, I think, very happily, with Pierre Loti. Certainly anything less like Mr. Kipling's stories than Pierre Loti's "A Phantom from the East" (3), a translation of which I have just been reading, I cannot imagine. It is a mere rainbow painted on a cloud, exquisitely irridescent hues on the faintest field of substance. It is far from fulfilling all the expectations aroused by Mr. Henry James's ingenious paper on this novelist in his "Essays in London" (4). Whence this inane title, by the way, of a collection of essays on French novelists, &c.? Mr. James, perhaps, might give as pertinent an answer as Captain Shandon gave Wagg's inquiry, "Why *Pall Mall Gazette?*" "Because the editor was born in Dublin, the sub-editor in Cork, because the proprietor lives in Paternoster-row, and the paper is published in Catherine-street, Strand." But what answer can Mr. James give to the charge of reversing the tritest of all literary traditions? "To write as Goldsmith talked, like an angel, that surely is to wear the amulet to some purpose." It's an odd slip to suppose that Garrick in his jingling epitaph charged Goldsmith with talking like an angel, but writing like poor Poll. It is interesting to compare Mr. Henry James's daring and even desperate attempt to find something æsthetically exquisite in London besides its parks, with Mr. Ruskin's denial even of the possibility of making anything of such a centre of commerce. Mr. James, after making the admission that the "tremendous chapter of accidents on the banks of the Thames consists of miles upon miles of the dreariest, stodgiest commonness," claims for London the distinctive glory of fine parks, of a brown, rich, dim, vague atmosphere, producing magnificent mystifications, and of a certain general greatness. Hear, however, Mr. Ruskin, in a fine passage which I cannot resist quoting from the second of two admirably selected volumes from the writings of the master (5) 1843-1860 and (6) 1860-1888:—

All lovely architecture was designed for cities in cloudless air; for cities in which piazzas and gardens opened in bright populous-ness and peace; cities built that men might live happily in them, and take delight daily in each other's presence and powers. But our cities, built in black air which by its accumulated foulness first renders all ornament invisible in distance, and then chokes its interstices with soot; cities which are mere crowded masses of store, and warehouse, and counter, and are therefore to the rest of the world what the larder and cellar are to a private house; cities in which the object of men is not life, but labour; cities in which the streets are not the avenues for the passing and procession of a happy people, but the drains for the discharge of a tormented mob, in which the only object in reaching any spot is to be transferred to another; in which existence becomes mere transition, and every creature is only one atom in a drift of human dust, and current of interchanging particles, circulating here by tunnels underground, and there by tubes in the air; for a city or cities such as this no architecture is possible—nay, no desire of it is possible to their inhabitants.

But what, again, does Mr. Arthur Cawston say in his invidious and tantalising, but painstaking and most suggestive, "Comprehensive Scheme for Street Improvements in London" (7)?

London is often described as ugly, but it is not past redemption. Though ill-proportioned and shapeless, it has a noble river, unrivalled parks, a few fine buildings, and it may be possible to evolve out of the chaos of its streets a city which will be a worthy capital of the world.

The very chaos is, however, due to its being the commercial capital of the world, to its incoherent and incomprehensible (in the original sense of that word) immensity. Let us hope with Mr. Cawston that the projected scheme for the legislative union of this random conglomerate of cities called "London" may falsify the forlorn croakings of Mr. Ruskin.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—If you were in town, I am sure you would plunge wildly at the cheap sales. I never saw such bargains as there are this season. In fact, it is very depressing to see serge skirts, made up and lined, selling at fourteen and fifteen shillings each, and to revolve in one's inner consciousness the question of how much the poor women were paid who made them. Lots of things are wickedly cheap just now. If the history of the sewing-machine were intelligently written, it would shed a curious illumination upon the great labour question. If one had not to think of such things, it would be pleasant enough to go about at the sales just now, and buy a gown for less than the price one would have to pay one's dressmaker for making it. But then one's thoughts will wander to the miserable sempstresses in attics and garrets at the East-end, who ply the needle for sixteen hours a day, and with the wage they earn have seldom, if ever, enough to eat, and never any pleasure in their lives. I looked at the stitches in one of those serge skirts the other day, and wondered what sort of weary face and tired eyes had hung over it when it was being made.

As to shirts and blouses, and frilled fronts, the West-end shop-windows are positively overflowing with them. There must be millions and millions of them, most of them selling at something three-farthings. As to capes, they may be said to be simply given away, and country-cousins are eagerly snapping them up. Perhaps they will not be utterly out of fashion in the provinces for a few months.

Do you ever experience a revulsion of feeling from your own real taste, and want to break out into something quite different, in which your friends would hardly recognise you? We have had something of the kind come over us of late, and have gone in for a big check or two, and Maud has actually invested in a tartan, of which she will probably be very sick before she has half worn it out. But, then, we shall appreciate our quiet greys and browns all the more afterwards.

LADIES' TAILOR MADE SHIRTS, made to measure only, and fitted by cutter. In cambric, saratta, zephyr, and silk. Unshrinkable. and fast colours.—SAMPSON & Co., 270, Oxford-street, W.

I see that a new Club has been started at 30a, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, for the accommodation of ladies of limited means or who are earning their livelihood in the multifarious occupations now open to women of education. The chief object of the promoters of the Club is to provide plain but substantial and well-served meals at the lowest possible price, and served in comfortable rooms. The charges are certainly surprisingly low, dinner or lunch, consisting of two courses, with bread and cheese, costing one shilling only. The charges for other meals, bedrooms, &c., are in proportion, and the scheme seems as practical as it is kindly to the working gentlewomen who at present can only obtain their meals at third or fourth-rate restaurants. The subscription is a guinea a year, and even this can be paid in monthly instalments, if desired.

You asked me where the Lady's Safety Companion invented by Lady Isabel Margesson can be bought, so I inquired for you. It is obtainable at Thornhill's, Barrett's, Aldis's, and all other good shops of the sort in the West-end.

Charlie asked us to go down to Bisley one day last week, and, though I felt much too limp and lazy for the expedition, Maud made me go with them, and I was rewarded by spending a very enjoyable afternoon. There was a garden party going on, and the scene was delightfully gay and festive, and the officers' quarters, as usual, were gay with flowers.

We watched a shooting match with revolvers, won by Mr. Walter Winans, who must be clever in several directions, for he has invented a safety side-saddle for ladies, which prevents their being dragged in case of accident. We rather coveted his portable bungalow, where Mrs. Winans dispensed the hospitality of tea, surrounded by an improvised garden of brilliant flowers. I am not sure that we did not like Bisley better than Wimbledon, after all, and the air there is perfectly superb. It made us surprisingly sleepy, as well as hungry, the latter being quite a novel sensation, for London has been so close and hot of late that it is quite difficult to eat enough to sustain nature.

From every one we meet we hear the same question, "Where are you going?" The unanimous desire to rush away from town was never more ardent or eager than it is this season, after all these long weeks of dust and heat. It is refreshing even to read some of the advertisements of country cottages and rural diversions in the papers. I suppose every one has a roaming fit at least twice a year, once in spring and once at the end of summer, to be followed punctually, if not too promptly, by the desire to settle down again quietly among one's household gods. After Goodwood, society ceases to cohere. The atoms fly apart with a revulsionary movement, to meet again in smaller groups of ever-varying units. How tired we should all get of each other if the London season lasted all the year round. Should we not? But as things are, we all come back with fresh ideas to exchange, and become, in a sense, new people.

I have noticed during the last few weeks a sort of general irritability that I never have observed before. I am sure this is owing to the peculiar climatic conditions, for the season is all wrong, you know. Things have got thoroughly mixed up. In July we have enjoyed the fruits and vegetables of August, and next month we shall be in mid-autumn so far as vegetation is concerned. The conditions that affect vegetable life so strongly cannot be without result upon human beings. As I told you, I have seen more cross faces and heard more disagreeable tones of voice during my walks abroad of late than I ever remember before. I wish some doctor would explain these things to us.

We are meditating a little run to Scheveningen next week. Father says there is a new route open by the Hook of Holland, which saves the long hour and a-half in the steamer up the Maas to Rotterdam. Trains await the boat at the Hook, and we can be at Scheveningen for breakfast, leaving Liverpool-street at eight o'clock on the previous evening. We may go on to Amsterdam if we feel inclined. It seems as though it would give us new life to get a good whiff of the German Ocean.

Laurel is at Chicago. I have just had a long letter from her, part of which I copy for you here. She says:—

> You know how I detest exhibitions, Madge, and this one forms no exception to the rule. But I do like the Midway Plaisance, and so, I think, would you. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has said of it that it is worth running in debt to see. It is the place where families of different nationalities are grouped, the most numerous being those of Oriental races. Arabs in soiled burnous, Turks with sedan chairs, Samoans, Algerians, Zulus, Kurds, Brazilians, Soudanese, Chinese, and Japanese, are all here to be studied in their habit as they live. The languages are, as you may imagine, of every sort and size. There are more Arabs than individuals of any other race, and they are masterful beings. They have made a great discovery over here. They have found —beer, and they like it extremely, and become excessively lively, and sometimes even dangerous, under its influence, so much so that an additional supply of Columbian Guards has been placed in the Plaisance since the Arabs began to frequent the Beer Tunnel, a long, low, narrow room in the Vienna Bakery, set out with small tables, where people may drink and smoke. Near it is the village of the Samoans, splendid animals, and with very little in the way of clothing to hide their fine physical development. The muscles on the arms of the men stand out in great knots. There is a magnificent Samoan woman in the group. They are all placid, quiet, easily governed, and though they look muscular, are not particularly strong. They are a gentle race. There is a theatre, with scenery painted from Samoan landscapes, villages, &c., with high mountains and luxuriant vegetation. The singing and dancing are monotonous, and the voices are shrill and unmusical. Their brightly-tinted feather head-dresses and brown skins are rather effective against the background of tropical vegetation.
>
> I perfectly delight in the Javanese village, the inhabitants of which are in strong contrast with the big and burly Samoans. They are very small and the men are effeminate looking. They are full of curiosity about everything, and enjoy staring out at the crowd. They built their village themselves, but they are a weak-chested race, and some of them have died of consumption since their arrival. A baby was born here, and died in less than a week. The poor mother crouched down in her bamboo hut and would listen to no word of comfort. She lay quite still with her face in her hands and did not even moan. She would not eat and on the fourth day she died. Poor little mother!
>
> Chicago is really very interesting just now by reason of the various nationalities assembled here. It is a good study in languages, and, as to dress, you never saw so much variety in that line anywhere. There are always plenty of uniforms which do so much to brighten up a scene. We have been here three weeks, and shall have had quite enough of the noise and crowd at the end of our month's stay.

I went on Thursday night to see the first production of "Amy Robsart," Mr. Isidore de Lara's new opera. There was a large and fashionable audience, the boxes and stalls being alike crowded. Doubtless, however, you have seen from the daily papers that the enthusiasm for the work was not great. Sir Augustus Harris did all in his power to make the trial a success, and had provided magnificent costumes and charming scenery, in addition to a most efficient caste. Madame Calvé looked both picturesque and sweet in the love scenes with Leicester. She has, I consider, the most expressive eyes of any artiste on the operatic stage. In Act II., where the Lady of the Lake glides in on her floating island to pay homage to Elizabeth, the effect was particularly beautiful—the Lady of the Lake and her retinue of nymphs being all pretty graceful girls, clad in soft diaphanous draperies. A lot of well-known faces occupied the boxes, although several of the regular subscribers were absent. Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, in black satin and lace, was in her usual place and looking as bright and young as on the day I saw her married. Lady de Grey came later and nodded round the house in her usual genial manner. She was dressed in white, with pale green velvet, and a few diamonds. Lady Sykes wore white satin brocade, made with a round

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Court bodice and simple soft lace sleeves. Miss Rothschild, who sat with Mr. "Alfred," wore two shades of delicate mauve and heliotrope velvet. I should imagine, however, that the "Covent Garden drummer" must prove rather a noisy neighbour at times to the occupants of that particular box.

What a lesson we all ought to learn from the present condition of Worthing! The authorities, instead of making excuses when the fever first made its appearance, would have done well to have at once commenced putting "their house in order." The present horrible state of things might then have been avoided. Knowing as I do your propensity for rambling about from place to place, I beg of you to be careful, wherever you may be, to see that all water and milk you drink is boiled before you indulge in it either directly or indirectly. Fancy, a poor man was stricken with fever at Worthing through simply eating some cress that had been washed in impure water! The pater wishes me to add also that the fact of mixing water with spirits does not do away with its contamination.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin :—

DEAREST MADGE,—I am fast approaching that time of life when one's pride in a superior education would be found, if critically examined, to consist largely of pride in the fact of having had a good deal more to forget than the majority of one's contemporaries ever sought to remember. What a slippery traitor memory is, or at best an uncertain friend, with a distinct leaning to sudden freaks and caprices. Mean, too. For what can be meaner than to desert old age? Yet memory does it in the most unblushing and systematic way, though, to be sure, she has the grace to prepare us in some degree for the desertion by a gradual falling off—a kind of humane or slowly depriving system. Think of all those text books, the contents of which we had at our fingers' ends such a short time ago—so, at least, it seems! Could we stand examination in them now with any chance of success? For my part, I freely but confidentially own that I should shirk competing with the most average girl of fifteen. There are few days, no doubt, in which one does not learn something new; but, alas! there are still fewer, as one descends even the first gentle slopes of the vale of life, in which one does not forget a good deal more. Once upon a time I should have fearlessly met Lord Macaulay's schoolboy; now with what a holy horror I would avoid any such meeting. This subject the incessant discussions on the unfortunate *Victoria* affair have brought prominently to my mind, when I have listened in discreet silence to the citation of the numerous great mistakes in history which have variously resulted in lamentable loss or glorious gain. Apropos of such discussions, what a colossal amount of naval genius seems to be lost to the country, and "blushing unseen" in the possession of mere landsmen. I suppose there are numbered amongst every one's circle of acquaintances these dogmatists, who lay down with absolute confidence everything that both the Admirals and all the officers of the Fleet ought to have done on that sad day in the Levant.

We are by the seaside now, enjoying the full benefits supposed to come from the "salt water." Sea-bathing as a health restorative is not a very old idea in these countries. For the last ten or twelve years one could only understand it as an acquired taste; but this season one has felt as natural an inclination to revel in the sea as if one were a South Sea Islander. If only sea-bathing were not so unbecoming! Even the prettiest of maidens loses an appreciable amount of her prettiness in the sea. No greater proof of the divine beauty of Venus can be given than the fact that she rose beautiful from the sea. A mere human woman could not have done it. Besides the business of getting our health from the sea, we have been getting our amusements also. I suppose a regatta is classed under that head.

We attended the Kingstown Regatta several days last week. I conscientiously marked the name of each winner on my programme according as I heard it, and remained for several hours in the club-house on a nice breezy balcony listening to a military band. It must honestly be confessed that so far as I know no racing yacht came within our view, but the harbour looked very gay with flags, and there was the great American ship *Chicago* to look at also. We saw the Queen's Cup, a huge silver bowl, which the *Satanita* won, beating the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. The latter had her revenge next day—but not a Queen's Cup—when she beat the *Satanita*. The *Britannia* was in command of Mr. W. Jameson. Two other leading yachts were also raced by Jamesons, which shows how kindred tastes seem to run in kindred. The fireworks on the evening of the last day were a pretty sight, the reflections in the water giving them such effect. Serge suits, sailor hats, and tan boots were alike worn by both sexes. What a season of sailor hats this has been—meaning affluence, I suppose, for some lucky manufacturers. All sorts and conditions of men, irrespective of age, have taken to them, showing that the sense within the head is giving more guidance than usual with regard to what to wear on it, for the phenomenal summer has certainly demanded lightness and shade in head gear.

Lord Houghton did not appear at the Regatta, but left during the week for London. He stayed for a week or so at the Viceregal Lodge on returning from his Irish tour, a period of recovery, by all accounts, being needed, from the distresses and fatigues of the progress round Ireland. Lord Charlemont deserted the ship before the end, but not before a very bitter experience off the south west coast. Yachting life is, indeed, all ups and downs, and how sorely the fact is usually brought home to us. Lady Aberdeen has also been going around our country. I suppose she does good, and, of course, she means to do nothing else, and spares herself in no way; nevertheless, whoever can teach my country people that the real help they want is self help, and can uproot their habit of looking to benefactors in every need, will have done more for them than the most zealous efforts of philanthrophy can do, or ever yet have done. I am sure you will agree that every one has a real benefactor within himself if he only rouses himself to sufficient effort. Yours ever, CLARE.

P.S.—We are looking forward to seeing something of the manœuvring fleets in Dublin Bay. Some torpedo boats have already appeared, but they disappeared as quickly as they came.

We went to Verity's in Regent street to see the cooking by electricity that is conducted there every afternoon, the operator being a young lady who evidently performs her task *con amore*. The perfect cleanliness of the cookery done by electricity is its great recommendation. The irons are, of course, absolutely free from soil of any kind, and keep the heat all the time, which must be most delightful. An electric cigar-lighter, suspended to the wall, will be one of the luxuries of the modern smoking-room. The small hot-plates struck me as very practical and pleasant. Miss Cousins was cooking on some of them most tempting-looking little tea-cakes. There was also coffee made in an electrically-heated *cafetière*. An oven, of which the back, sides, and top are all made radiating surfaces, is provided with switches by means of which the heat can be regulated. This oven can be brought up to a temperature of 500 degs., which means rapid cookery, as you may imagine. You would have rejoiced in a pair of electric curling-tongs, in the heating of which, again, the most perfect cleanliness is a delightful circumstance. Shaving-pots and foot-warmers, as well as stewpans, kettles, and frying-pans, are all shown in working order, and it is a most interesting exhibition, showing what the cookery of the future will be.

There are some pretty ideas for table decoration given in *The Table*, contributed from a country-house, where they have been composed. One is in green, a deep tray being placed in the centre of the table full of water, with a piece of green turf in the middle to form an island, and a cluster of water-flags placed in the turf as if growing, with four clusters of the same at the corners of the tray to match the centre. Round the tray dark green silk is puffed up, with sprays of large green moss laid in the puffs, and the silk edged with variegated elm leaves. In the tray are a few very small goldfish. The candles should have dark green shades, and be tied up with green ribbon. Another is in green and white. A piece of pale green silk is put over the centre of the table, and a tray in the centre, with a fountain playing, the water to be scented with lavender. The tray is edged with white roses and maidenhair fern. The silk should be puffed up round the tray with different kinds of roses laid in the puffs, and the silk edged with ordinary fern, with smilax coming from the bottom of the four-corner candlesticks, and all joining over the centre of the table, supported by one piece running up to the ceiling. The candles ought to have pale green shades.

This is a recipe for a lovely chicken-pie :—

Cut up a couple of young chickens and season them with pepper, mace, and nutmeg. Put them into a stewing-pan with a ¼ lb. of butter and water enough to cover. Stew gently for half an hour; take them out and set aside to cool. Pour off the gravy, and reserve to be served up separately. In the meantime

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make a batter, as if for a Yorkshire pudding:—1 lb. of sifted flour stirred gradually into 1 quart of milk, 6 eggs well beaten and added by degrees to the mixture with a little salt. Well butter a deep dish, and then place a layer of chicken in the dish and pour over some of the batter, then another layer of chicken and pour over some more batter, until the dish is full, having a cover of the batter for the top. Bake till it is brown. Take the gravy you set aside and put in the yolk of 1 egg, half a dozen mushrooms; boil it for five minutes and send to table in a sauce-boat to be eaten with the pie.

Before peas go quite out, try this dish of ducklings:—

Order a couple of ducklings dressed as for roasting, trussed with the legs in the body. Split the birds down the back, spread them open on the table, remove each thigh bone, and beat the duck with a rolling-pin till quite flat. Mix together a little pepper, salt, powdered mace, and grated nutmeg, with this season the birds, and over them scatter some finely-crushed dried leaves of sage. Place a pound of veal and half a pound of bacon cut into slices, in a shallow stewpan, large enough to hold the ducks. Cover the pan closely, and set it over a slow fire. When the meat begins to adhere to the pan, dust it with a little flour, stirring it about till it begins to brown, then pour in about a pint of good stock. In this lay the birds, add a whole skinned onion, cover the pan closely, and let all simmer for half an hour. Then take them out, and lay on a gridiron over a clear fire, so that the insides may be browned. Brush the birds over with the beaten yolk of an egg, screen with bread crumbs, and lay the ducks before a brisk fire. Baste them well with butter, and when they are brown lay them on a hot dish breast downwards, and fill the bodies with a well-made apple-sauce. Strain the gravy in which the birds were stewed, skim off all fat, thicken with a lump of butter rolled in cornflour, and pour it round (not over) the birds. Have ready about a quart of boiled green peas, heat them in a saucepan containing an ounce of butter, and season with pepper, salt, and a dash of nutmeg. Arrange the peas in little hillocks round the dish. Serve very hot, with a plate of cut lemons.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

P.S. At one of this week's weddings the happy pair were pelted with white rose-leaves instead of rice. At the Leslie-Crawshay wedding the flowers were perfectly lovely. It was at St. Mark's, North Audley-street. Tall palms were arranged all the way up the aisle from the vestibule to the chancel, the latter being one mass of lilies. The pillars were festooned with greenery, and medallions of flowers were hung in front of the galleries. It was quite the most elaborate church decoration of the season.—M.

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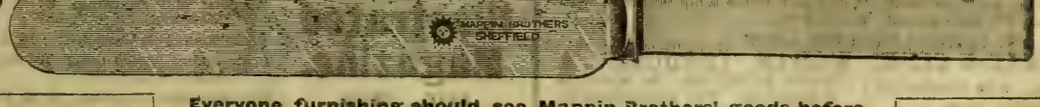

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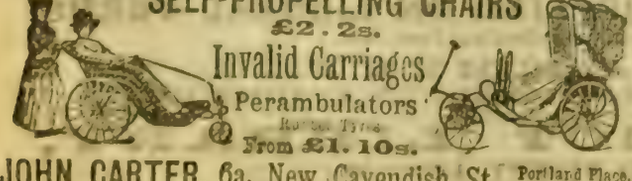

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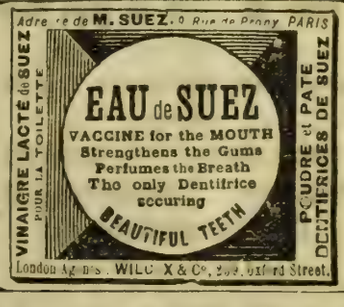

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Cravenette

Is the name given to all goods **Waterproofed** by the **Cravenette Co., Ltd.**

It is no malodorous air-tight material like rubber-coated Cloths, giving one a Turkish bath with one's own vapours. Nor is it a fabric covered with a thin fragile scale of water-repelling chemicals which crack and crumble with wear, giving the cloth a dusty look, and destroying its waterproofing qualities.

Cravenette Waterproofed Coatings, Cloakings, Silks, and all **Dress Fabrics** are unlike any Waterproof Cloths ever before placed on the market. They are indistinguishable in appearance or odour from the same goods not waterproofed.

They are **perfectly porous** and consequently **hygienic.**

They **never change** in appearance nor in rain-repelling quality.

They may be had in all the newest fabrics both in heavy and light weights. The latter serve also as **Dust Protectors,** and are cool and indispensable for summer wear.

Always see to it that goods purchased for **Cravenette** are so stamped. Absence of the stamp may be taken as evidence that the goods are not *genuine.*

THE CRAVENETTE CO., LIMITED, BRADFORD.

TRADE MARK (REGD.)

The YŌST Typewriter

HAS NO RIBBON.

Awarded FOUR GOLD MEDALS

(Highest Award Wherever Shown)

PARIS, MONACO, KIMBERLEY, and LAUNCESTON.

Writes three times as fast as the Pen; makes several copies at one operation.

THE YOST IS BEING UNIVERSALLY ADOPTED. USED BY

HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
THE INDIAN and COLONIAL GOVTS.
THE KING OF WURTEMBURG.
THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
THE EARL OF SEFTON.
THE EARL OF DYSART.
VISCOUNT EMLYN.
THE LATE LORD MAYOR.
THE BARONESS DE WORMS.
MR. RIDER HAGGARD.
DR. NANSEN.

AND THOUSANDS OF COMMERCIAL AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd., 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

And at PARIS, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, and BELFAST.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the WORLD.

PREVENTS THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Is Partly Composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,

Only put in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from Falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no Unpleasant Odour.

IS NOT A DYE.

Should be in every House where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Price **3s. 6d.** per bottle.

ARTISTIC HOMES.

"ABOUT OUR HOMES."

MAPLE & CO. "ABOUT OUR HOMES." (Hazell, 1s.). Maple & Co. will be happy to SEND a COPY of this little BOOK, which contains much interesting information upon DECORATION and other matters in connection with modern furnishing, free of charge, upon application.

BEDROOM SUITES

1,000 BEDROOM SUITES

1,000 BEDROOM SUITES at from 7gs. to £99, forming a selection without parallel in the world, in every conceivable variety of style and design, and every description of woods at prices ranging from £3 10s. to £250, thus readily suiting every class of residence. Every one about to furnish should visit the Exhibition of Bedroom Furniture.

MAPLE & CO LTD

TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON

The Largest and most Convenient

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD

EASY CHAIRS

FIVE HUNDRED TO SELECT FROM

MAPLE & CO. have always on show an immense assortment of their world-famous, luxuriously comfortable Easy Chairs, Lounges, and Settees, in various shapes and coverings, all ready for immediate delivery, and at most moderate prices. A Comfortable Easy Chair is always an acceptable present.

TURKEY CARPETS

FINE QUALITIES

MAPLE & CO wish to direct special attention to some very choice Turkey Carpets now on show, remarkable both for their exceptionally fine quality and purity of colouring—many being exact reproductions of the most beautiful specimens of XVII. century art.

NEZOOM CARPETS

NEZOOM CARPETS

MAPLE & CO.'s NEZOOM CARPETS (Registered) are now on show, in all the new patterns and colourings. These carpets, being of the finest quality, and made entirely without seam or join, will wear admirably, and all waste in matching is avoided. List of Sizes post-free

Royal Amateur Photographers.

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY

H.M. THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales

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H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia

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H.E. The Governor-General of India.

Etc., etc., etc.

AS USED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

PRICES, COMPLETE WITH 2 LENSES AND 3 SLIDES.

To take pictures

	£ s. d.
5 × 4 ...	15 15 0
6½ × 4¼	25 0 0
7½ × 5	26 12 0
8½ × 6½	35 0 0

FREE LESSONS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

ARE GIVEN BY THE

Stereoscopic Company,

106 & 108, Regent-st. W

AND

54 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

200 p.p. List Free by Post for Seven Stamps.

PURE IRISH

LINEN SHIRTS

Tailor-Made Direct from Ireland.

Save 30 per Cent.

Made of the most durable Long Cloth, and fitted with the finest Linen Ireland can produce.

MADE TO MEASURE.

FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED IN THE LATEST FASHION.

Half-a-dozen Pure Irish bespoke Shirts, securely packed, delivered free to any address in the Kingdom for 33/-, 39/-, or 45/-. Foreign Postage Extra.

Sample Shirt to Measure, Post Free for 5/6, 6/6, or 7/6.

Dress Shirts with fine Irish Linen Fittings, Six for 39/-, delivered free. A Sample Dress Shirt to Measure, Post Free for 6/6.

Old Shirts re-fitted with New Irish Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neck-bands for 2/3 and 2/9 each. Returned Carriage Free. Coloured Shirts, best quality. French Cambric 30/-, Oxford Cloth 33/- per half-dozen. Patterns Free. Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, best quality, 7/6 per dozen. General Catalogue post free.

For Measure, send size of Collar, Chest, and Height, or an old shirt.

TAAFFE & COLDWELL,

Army Shirt Tailors, 81, Grafton St., Dublin.

Pearsall's Washing Linens,

(British Made).

For Dresses, Blouses and Costumes. In Butcher Blues, Pink, Pale Green, &c., all of which will Wash. Sold by leading West-End Drapers. 'Pearsall's' on every yard.

TO CONNOISSEURS.

ST. EMILION - - - - CLARET - - - - 18/- per dozen.
MEDOC - - - - - - CLARET - - - - 15/6 per dozen.
ST. GEORGE'S - - - CLARET - - - - 13/- per dozen.
Price List of other CHATEAU CLARETS, from 21/- to 74/- per dozen posted on application. LE MONNIER & CO., JERSEY.
CARRIAGE AND DUTY PAID.

LADIES AND CHILDREN

Should never wear anything next to the skin but

BARKER & MOODY'S UNSHRINKABLE FLANNELS.

Unrivalled for Shirts, Pyjamas, Costumes, Undervests, Combinations, Night-dresses, and all Children's Garments. Of all Drapers, or write to the Proprietors, BARKER & MOODY, PERSEVERANCE MILLS, LEEDS, for name of nearest agent. CAUTION. The initials B & M. are printed on every 5 yds.

SPECIALITÉ:—THICK LEGS & THIN FEET.

A Want Long Felt, met at Last.

GOLF, SHOOTING, and CYCLING

STOCKINGS!

HOMEKNIT.
Free from all Seams.

Made of pure long staple Scotch Wool, full length, broad ribs, double heels and toes, most comfortable in wear, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Colours: Navy Blue, Black, Light and Dark Grey, Heathers, and Fancy Mixtures.

ALL SIZES—1/9, 2/3, 3/6.

Specialité:

THICK LEGS and THIN FEET, 2/6, 3/6.

THE HIGHLAND CHECK,
(As Illustration.)

Hand-Knitted, for Cycling, Golf, or Shooting, 3/6 & 4/6
Thick legs and thin feet 5/6
Postage, 3d. per pair; 2 pairs, 4½d.

Terms: Strictly Cash with Order

A. W. GAMAGE,

126, 127, 128, 129, HOLBORN, E.C.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING.

Black Handle .. 5/6 | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Rus. Leather Case, 21/- | Duplex Strop 7/6
Ivory Handle .. 7/6 | | Kropp's Strop Paste, 6d.

From all Dealers.—Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W.

£30,000 of the Capital has been already subscribed in Paris.

The List will be opened at 10 o'clock a.m. on TUESDAY, JULY 25th, 1893, and close on THURSDAY, 27th, at or before 3 o'clock p.m. for Town or Country, and the undermentioned Bankers are authorised to receive Subscriptions.

THE DISTRICT MESSENGER COMPANY OF PARIS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL, 200,000, divided into 112,000 Seven per cent. Preference Shares of £1 each, taking precedence as to Revenue and Capital; 80,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each; and 400 Founders' Shares of £20 each.

Out of the profits of each year, there will first be paid a dividend of 7 per cent. on the Preference Shares, and next a divident of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares. Such profits will next be applied in payment of a further dividend of 3 per cent. on the Preference and Ordinary Shares *pari passu*. Subject thereto, and to the provisions with regard to a Reserve Fund mentioned below, the remainder of the profits of each year will belong as to one-fourth to the holders of the Preference Shares, as to three-fourth to the holders of the Ordinary Shares, and as to the remaining one-half to the holders of the Founders' Shares.

The Founders' Shares will not therefore participate in the profits of any year until a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum has been paid on the amounts paid up on the Preference and Ordinary Shares for the time being issued, and until, moreover, such appropriation as the Directors think fit, but not exceeding 20 per cent. of the available net profits of the year, has been made to the Reserve Fund. Subject to these provisions, the Founders' Shares will be entitled to one-half the surplus profits. The whole of the Founders' Shares will be issued to the Vendor as fully paid up in part payment of the purchase consideration.

Subscriptions are now invited for £112,000 in 112,000 Seven per cent. Preference Shares of £1 each, and £40,000 in 40,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and also (on account of the Vendor) 200 Founders' Shares of £20 each. The Preference and Ordinary Shares are payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 5s. per Share on Allotment; 5s. the 31st of August, 1893; and the Balance as required, in Calls not exceeding 2s. 6d. per Share, with at least One Month's interval between each Call. The Founders' Shares are payable as follows:—£2 10s. per Share on Application, £7 10s. on Allotment, and the balance on the 31st August, 1893. Each Applicant for a Founder's Share must apply for 200 Preference or Ordinary Shares, or the Founder's Share will not be allotted.

DIRECTORS.

George Bush, Esq. (Director District Messenger Service and News Company, Limited).
Monsieur Cicero Brown (Messieurs C. Brown, Corblet, & Co., Bankers, Havre).
Aubrey Coventry, Esq., 8, Walton-street, London, S.W.
Campbell Praed, Esq. (Director District Messenger Service and News Company, Limited).
Herbert Sartoris, Esq., J.P., Kettering.
Joseph D. Crawford, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., Liverpool.
George Espec J. Manners, Esq. (Director District Messenger Service and News Company, Limited).
Charles T. Russell, Esq. (General Manager of the District Messenger Service and News Company, Limited), *Managing Director*.

BANKERS:—Lloyds Bank, Limited, 189, Fleet-street, London, and their Agents The Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Co., Limited, Liverpool and Manchester, and The National Bank of Scotland, Glasgow and Edinburgh; Messrs. Munroe & Co., 7, Rue Scribe, Paris; Messrs. Cicero, Brown, Corblet, & Co., Havre.

BROKERS:—Messrs. Bourke, Sandys, & Co., 7, Austin Friars, London; Messrs. Mocatta & Browne, 17, Sweeting-street, Liverpool.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., London; Messrs. Simpson, North, & Co., Liverpool.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, Weise, & Clarke.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Mr. George Macmuldrow.

OFFICES—East India Chambers, 23, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

For twenty years in the large cities of the United States, and for the past two years in London, there have been established District Messenger Companies for furnishing to the public, as they may be required, uniformed and responsible messengers, ready to perform any business errand, or service of dispatch, at a printed tariff rate; the messengers being summoned to the house, club, hotel, or business establishment by means of Electric Call-Boxes connected by wire with the nearest District Office of the Company. The same Electric Call-Box also enables the subscriber to instantly notify the District Office if the assistance of the police or fire-brigade is required, or send for his physician in case of need. The facilities and advantages offered by these Companies are so great, and so highly appreciated by the public, that, the Directors believe, they become prosperous financially wherever fully established, and earn handsome profits on the capital invested.

It is now proposed to introduce this system into France by organizing a Parent Company, which will establish the system fully in Paris, and thereafter extend the system to other towns by organizing Subsidiary Companies. In all parts of Paris there are a large number of people who would be glad, for a small annual payment, to know that they can have a messenger at their door at five minutes' notice, day or night, or can have the police or fire departments, or their doctor instantly notified if required. It is the Company's intention to follow the same general system as in New York and London, and to that end it will acquire the whole of the shares (except 90 shares held by the Directors as their qualification) in a French Société Anonyme, which has been formed for the purpose of introducing the system into Paris. The Company will also acquire the Letters Patent for France for the Electrical Messenger Call-Box granted to Charles Tweed Russell on the 9th July, 1892.

The success of District Messenger Companies in the United States, where the system has long been in use, is fully corroborated by the rapid progress and success achieved by the District Messenger Company of London, which has been in active operation about two years, and now working 27 offices. The Directors, on account of the rapid extension of the business, have credited all the earnings to December 31st, 1892, to Construction Account. Twelve offices of the London Company, with an average of 692 Call-Boxes (each office being capable of working 2,500 Boxes), show earnings sufficient to pay the entire working expenses of the Company, including Debenture Interest, and the returns show that when the remaining 15 offices which are now opened and working an average of 200 Boxes, are equipped to 600 Boxes each, the Company will pay and maintain large dividends, as the Company is already earning good profits. From data obtained from the treasurer of a single Company in the United States for the years of 1887, 1888, 1889, an average annual net profit for three years is shown of over 34 per cent. as per the following table:—

Year.	Revenue.	Expenses.	Net Profits.	% on Capital.
	$ £	$ £	$ £	
1887	202,256·28 = 52,451	169,303.45 = 33,861	92,952·83 = 18,590	30·98
1888	281,734·20 = 56,347	178,529.13 = 35,706	103,295·07 = 20,641	34·30
1889	305,632·80 = 61,126	189,054·81 = 37,811	116,577·99 = 23,315	38·85

From information received, from a reliable source, the profits of this Company have steadily increased since 1889.

The great majority of the leading Cafés, Hotels, Clubs, Theatres, and a large number of prominent business houses have signified their intention to have Call-Boxes installed as soon as the Company can supply them.

For the important post of Managing Director the Company have secured for two years the valuable services of Mr. Chas. T. Russell, who, as General Manager, has so successfully developed the business of District Messenger Service and News Company in London. The Directors have unanimously agreed to waive all fees (except £500 a year amongst them) till a dividend has been paid to the Shareholders of at least Seven per cent. on the Preference and Ordinary Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company or of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

LONDON, *July 24th*, 1893.

ANNA RUPPERT'S

COMPLETE Establishment for Natural Beauty includes MOST ARTISTIC MANICURING, 4s. 6d. SKILFUL CHIROPODY. Full line of Toilet Articles and Manicure Cases complete. New American LONG WAISTED CORSET, 12s. 6d. None better sold. RUPPERT'S DYSPEPSIA CURE and LIVER REGULATOR. Best article ever sold, Vegetable, 4s. 6d.; and the only RELIABLE SKIN TONIC on the market. Does not bleach or whitewash, tones, cleanses, and invigorates. Don't forget, there is only one CELEBRATED LECTURESS, one ANNA RUPPERT, who has given her life to this branch. Send 4d. for her new and Illustrated Book of Beauty—valuable hints. SKIN TONIC, perfectly harmless. Price, 10s. 6d.; three bottles, 25s. Sent all over the world. All matters sacred. Correspondence cheerfully solicited. No charge for advice, either in person or by letter. Don't forget THE ONLY

MRS. ANNA RUPPERT,

Celebrated American Lecturess and Complexion Specialist, in person at

89, Regent Street, London, W.

Branches where all goods are sold and advice freely given:—124, Western-road, BRIGHTON; 33, Shandwick place, EDINBURGH; 74, Grafton-street, DUBLIN; 5, Exchange-street, MANCHESTER; Clarence Chambers, Corporation-street, BIRMINGHAM; 66, Marland-place, SOUTHAMPTON; 17, Rue de la Paix, PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA, MADRID, BARCELONA, CALCUTTA, SYDNEY, &c.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH.
WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangements and bad blood, it has been pronounced by medical men of high authority as most efficacious.

"I use the Aerated Pitkeathly largely, and value it."—Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

London: INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, Farringdon-st., E.C., and at Liverpool.
" WM. BEST & SONS, 22, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, W.

Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

TOO FAT. Dr. GORDON'S Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS, rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

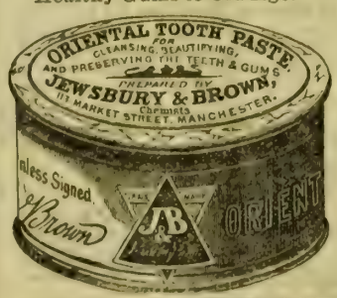
FRANCIS LEVIEN,
Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

White, Sound Teeth,
Healthy Gums to Old Age.

Oriental Tooth Paste.



CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

ANÆMIA

Or Bloodlessness.

DEEKS' ANÆMIA PILLS.

Blood Producing. Tonic. Non Constipating.

IN BOTTLES OF ALL CHEMISTS. Half course, 4s. 6d.; whole course, 9s.; or send postal order to W. THOS. DEEKS, Chemist, Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

CHIEF OFFICE:
INSURANCE BUILDINGS, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Abstract of Twelfth Annual Report.

THE Directors now submit their Report, together with the Accounts and Balance Sheet, for the year ending 31st December, 1892.

CAPITAL.

During the year the Subscribed Capital has been increased from £375,755 to £395,113, and the Uncalled Capital from £167,996 to £182,353.

NEW BUSINESS.

The number of new Ordinary Life Proposals received was 1,787, for the Assurance of £170,433, of which 117 Proposals for £14,800 were declined, and 1,204 Policies, assuring £125,363 were issued. The remaining Proposals were either not proceeded with or were under consideration at the close of the year.

In the Industrial Department 232,830 new Policies were issued during the year.

In the Accident Department 1,178 new Policies were issued.

PREMIUM INCOME.

The Premium Income for the year amounted to £232,724 3s. 10½d.

The restrictions imposed on the acquisition of new business of a certain class, and in certain districts ascertained to be unprofitable, and the maturing of a considerable number of Endowments during the past two years, the premiums on which consequently ceased, have necessarily resulted in a reduction in the gross premium income. Notwithstanding this, and excluding Endowments, the net cash receipts in respect of premiums and the gross profit on the entire business of the Company have been fully maintained.

CLAIMS.

The Company has, during 1892, paid Claims and Grants to the amount of £120,269 4s. 11d.

This brings up the total amount of Claims and Grants paid by the Company to £625,318 4s. 4½d.

ASSURANCE FUNDS.

The Assurance Funds on 31st December last were as follows:

Life Assurance Fund–Participating		£37,734	8	10
Ditto Non-Participating		33,597	10	3½
		£71,331	19	1½
Accident Assurance Fund		5,297	4	0
Health ditto		1,640	18	9½
		£78,270	1	11

The Actuary reports that, having regard to the very large reduction of the Endowment liabilities—£33,233 6s. 10d.—during the last two years, he is satisfied that the Assurance Funds—£78,270 1s. 11d.—are an adequate reserve for the Policy liabilities of the Company.

GENERAL.

Attention is called to the fact that a very considerable reduction—£15,354 16s. 10½d.—in the expenditure was effected during the year.

The net addition to the capitalised expenditure of the Company has been steadily reduced each successive year for the last three years, the reduction in the amount added during 1892 being the largest on record.

The Directors are glad to be able to report that, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances through which the Company has had to pass during the last ten months, the estimate of income and expenditure prepared by the Actuary in September last has been fully justified by the actual results.

INSURANCE BUILDINGS, FARRINGDON-STREET, E.C., LONDON,
4th July, 1893.

Directors and Officers.

Board of Directors.

S. BARCLAY HEWARD, Esq., Chairman, 96, Ashley-gardens, S.W.
WILLIAM ABRAHAM, Esq., M.P. (Rhondda), Pentre, near Pontypridd.
MAJOR-GENERAL ERNEST A. BERGER, 61, Gordon-road, Ealing, W.
SAMUEL HARRIS BOOTH, D.D., 57, St. John's-park, N.
WILFRED A. BOWSER, Esq., "Haslemere," Stamford Hill, N.
FREDERICK G. CASH, Esq., 9, Northolme-road, Highbury Park, N.
SIR JOHN NEILSON CUTHBERTSON, 29, Bath-street, and 25, Blythswood-square, Glasgow.
JOHN H. DICKSON OF CORSTORPHINE, Esq., Dabton, Thornhill, N.B.
ROBERT M. MOIR, Esq., 1, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.
C. WEEDING SKINNER, Esq., Theydon Bois, Essex.

Manager of Industrial Branch.—THOS. NEILL.
Secretary.—T. V. COWLING.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.
THE IMPERIAL LIVE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803. HEAD OFFICE: 1, Old Broad-street, E.C. Fire Premiums, £1,000,000. Capital, £1,000,000. Life Premiums, £200,000. Life Funds, £1,000,000. Bonuses Paid, £1,000,000. Claims Paid, £1,000,000. Chairman, The Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD. Deputy-Chairman, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P. Manager, H. E. MORLAND. Secretary, F. B. MARTIN.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited, 64, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C. General Accidents. Railway Accidents. Personal Injuries. Death by Accident. CHARLES SEE, Manager.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.
(FIRE.)

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £16,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENTS OF TRAVEL
AND ALL OTHER ACCIDENTS INSURED AGAINST BY
The Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST COMPANY PROVIDING FOR
ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON. W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } Secs.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates, upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

JOHN SHAW, STOCK & SHARE DEALER.
HEAD OFFICE:—
WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.
BANKERS:—
CAPITAL AND COUNTIES, Ludgate-hill, Long Acre, Piccadilly, and Brighton Branches.
LONDON AND MIDLAND, Newgate-street and Tooley-street Branches.
DIRECT PRIVATE TELEGRAPH WIRE between LONDON and BRIGHTON Offices.
FULL PARTICULARS of SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for DEALING sent post free on application.
COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.
£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
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RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above. All post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 757.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST PROSE PARODY, NOT TO EXCEED THIRTY LINES IN LENGTH, OF THE STYLE OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

For the purposes of calculation competitors may reckon that each of the lines used by them is to consist on an average of eight words. Thus, in case thirty lines are used, the total number of words must not exceed 240. It is not necessary that the parody should be of any particular sketch or story by Mr. Kipling—competitors are required rather to as far as possible parody the general style of his well-known compositions. They are at liberty, also, to compose their parodies as though they were fragmentary parts of some superstitious tale by the author of "Soldiers Three." All parodies must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 7.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 753.

The Prize for the best In Memoriam Stanza, in rhymed or blank verse, on those who perished in the *Victoria* has been awarded to IVANHOE, whose lines are printed below:—

PRIZE STANZA.

The nation mourns, and tears of grief are shed
For those above whose head Death's banners wave,
They calmly sleep upon their billowy bed—
The sea their cradle, kingdom, and their grave.

But joy is rainbowed in the storm of tears;
They died like men, and in their fate's sad story
We read the truth which shall outlive the years—
"The path of duty is the way to glory."

Ivanhoe.

I have also selected for special commendation the verses sent by Mrs. Buchanan, Collis, Stanchion, Moonlighter, Albericus, Almaviva, Lunatic, Jo, Baritone, Vox, Capitan, and Amator Veri.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of T. O. R., winner of a half of Prize No. 751, are Herbert E. Tayler, Esq., the College, Winchester.

*** The real name and the address of MARS, winner of a half of Prize No. 751, are T. Ward, Esq., 463, Coldharbour-lane, Brixton, S.W.

MERRY THOUGHT.—By all means.

J. W. T.—I hardly see how your suggestion can be turned to practical account. Many thanks for it, however, all the same.

RUGELEY and E. M. C.—Your Epigraphs arrived too late to be printed with the rest.

HOPE.—I am sorry to say that your verses also came to hand too late for publication.

MRS. E. CULVERHOUSE.—Many thanks for your ingeniously-arranged lawn tennis Dialogue. It is most interesting, and I only regret that I have been unable to spare space to publish it.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 754.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

QUOTATIONS TENDING TO SHOW THAT SHAKESPEARE HAD AN ANTICIPATORY KNOWLEDGE OF LAWN-TENNIS.

To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is necessary. A Winter's Tale, act iv., sc. 3.—Hopetoun.

I have lost my teeth in your service. As You Like It, act i., sc. 1.—Gradatim.

Best men are moulded out of faults. Measure for Measure, act v., sc. 1.—E. C. L.

They are beaten, sir, and our "advantage" serves for a fair victory Antony and Cleopatra, act iv., sc. 7.—C. A. Gladstone, Bonaccord, Scotland Yard.

Ay, so you serve us, till we serve you. All's Well that Ends Well, act iv., sc. 2.—Sprats.

My hand will "serve" the turn. Titus Andronicus, act 3, sc. 1. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake. Midsummer-Night's Dream, act v., sc. 1.—Shlowmow.

Sir, I think you have heard of my poor services. Winter's Tale, act iv., sc. 3.—Ken.

Every one's fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it. As You Like It, act iii,, sc. 2.—Heurteloup.

And all the men and women merely players. As You Like It.—Noel.

Love will creep in service where it cannot go. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv., sc. 2.—Merle.

THE COMPLAINT OF A TENNIS-BALL.

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
Comedy of Errors, act ii., sc. 4.—Gentle.

Thy fault's thus manifested, which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage. Measure for Measure, act v., sc. 1.—Boiled Rice.

Where is the great Alcides of the field,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield?
1 Henry VI., act iv., sc. 7.
—Bobus.

Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill. Comedy of Errors, act ii., sc. 1, line 12.

Please your highness, posts,*
. . . . . are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
. . . . . are both .
Hasting to the court.
Winter's Tale, near the end of act ii.—Lunatic.
* Probably Cyprus lawn-tennis poles.

1. The next advantage will we take throughly. The Tempest, act iii., sc. 3. 2. This maid will not serve your turn, sir. This maid will serve my turn, sir. Love's Labours Lost, act i., sc. 1. 3. Some falls are means the happier to arise. Cymbeline, act iv., sc. 2. 4. Things out of hope are compassed oft by venturing. Venus and Adonis, line 567.—Bluebell.

The Queen o' the sky . . . . Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass plot, in this very place To come and sport. The Tempest, act iv., sc. 1. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind! 3 Henry VI., act iii., sc. 4.—Nodding Violet.

1. Mόy shall not serve; I will have forty. Henry V., act iv., sc. 4. 2. You great fellow, stand close up. Henry VIII., act v., sc. 3. 3. I have enough to serve mine own turn; serve your turn, sir. Love's Labours Lost, act i., sc. 1. 4. He hath refused it in the open court. Merchant of Venice, act iv., sc. 1.—C. F. Reid.

All men make faults. Sonnet 35.—Ada.

1. I'll follow him to serve my turn upon him. Othello, act i., sc. 1. 2. Thou might'st have sooner got another service. Timon of Athens, act iv., sc. 3. 3. What do you prate of service? Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 3. 4. What faults he made before the last. Coriolanus, act v., sc. 5.—Cani.

We cannot fight for love as men may do. Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii., sc. 2.—Janet.

Clown: Sir, I have not much skill in grass. Lafen: Whither dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool? Clown: A fool, sir, at a woman's service. All's Well, act iv., sc. 5. To thee a woman's services are due. King Lear, act iv., sc. 2.—Whig.

Then angels, thy fault's thus manifested; which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage. Measure for Measure, act v., sc. 1.—Stanchion.

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault doth make the fault worse by the excuse. King John, act iv., sc. 2. To win this easy match, played for a crown, and shall I now give o'er the yielded set? King John, act v., sc. 2.—Cani.

Well bandied both: a set of wit well played. Love's Labours Lost, act v., sc. 2.—Mayson.

Our court you know, Love's Labour Lost, act i., sc. 1: You shall have forty, sir. Henry IV., part 2, act iii., sc. 2: forty let it be. Henry IV., part 1, act iv., sc. 1: Let it be thy first service. Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 5: I'll serve, Twelfth Night, act i., sc. 2: This service is not service. Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 3: He had some feeling of the sport. He knew the service, Measure for Measure, act iii., sc. 2: It is not in the court As You Like It, act iii., sc. 1: A beastly fault and then another fault, Merry Wives of Windsor, act v., sc. 5: So he served the second and so the third, As You Like It, act. i., sc. 2: I have made no fault. Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., sc. 5: The game Romeo and Juliet, act i., sc. 4: A fine volley. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii., sc. 3: Quick blows, Timon of Athens, act i., sc. 1: I must serve my turn. Timon of Athens, act ii., sc. 1: Play, Twelfth Night, act i., sc. 1: Let there be the same net. Much Ado about Nothing, act ii., sc. 3: So you serve us till we serve you. All's Well that Ends Well, act iv., sc. 1: I will have forty, Henry V., act iv., sc. 4: You are too hard for me. Love's Labour Lost, act ii., sc. 1: With two pitch balls, Love's Labour Lost, act iii., sc. 1: That's for advantage, All's Well that Ends Well, act i., sc. 1: His service done, Timon of Athens, act iii., sc. 5: Advantage to yourself, Measure for Measure, act iv., sc. 1: He brags his service as if he were of note, Cymbeline, act iv., sc. 3: Thou canst not hit it, my good man, Love's Labour Lost, act iv., sc. 1: 'Tis a good form, Timon of Athens, act i., sc. 1: In, in, Coriolanus, act iv., sc. 5: Some single vantages you took, Timon of Athens, act ii., sc. 2: Which is the side I must go? King John, act iii., sc. 1: Strong sides can volley. Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., sc. 7: Thirty, All's Well that Ends Well, act iv., sc. 1: Deuce, Love's Labour Lost, act i., sc. 2: Margaret must learn to serve, 3 Henry VI., act iii., sc. 3: Two faults, Madonna, Twelfth Night, act i., sc. 5: I do think she's thirty. Antony and Cleopatra, act iii., sc. 3: Why these balls bound, All's Well that Ends Well, act ii., sc. 3: The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, Henry VIII., act i., sc. 3: You must have but four, Henry IV., part 2, act iii., sc. 2: Out of the court, Winter's Tale, act iv., sc. 3: If our betters play at that game we must not dare imitate them, Timon of Athens, act i., sc. 2: I thought it was a fault, Measure for Measure, act v., sc. 1: Is it not well served in? Romeo and Juliet, act ii., sc. 4: Love set, Merry Wives of Windsor, act v., sc. 3: Incessant services, King Henry V., act ii., sc. 2: Make a swift return, Measure for Measure, act iv., sc. 3: Won the set, Titus Andronicus, act v., sc. 1: Set all, The Tempest, act i., sc. 2: We four, Love's Labour Lost, act v., sc. 2: Wilt thou serve, Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 5: Your last service, The Tempest, act iv., sc. 1: A double set, Othello, act ii., sc. 3: That is a fault, Othello, act iii., sc. 4: That the tennis-court keeper knows, Henry IV., part 2, act ii., sc. 2: Thou keepest the racket here, Henry IV., part 2, act ii., sc. 2: Serve not for his vantage, Antony and Cleopatra, act iii., sc. 7: There falling out at tennis, Hamlet, act ii., sc. 1: I do not like your faults, Julius Cæsar, act iv., sc. 3: Players that offer service, Taming of the Shrew, induction, sc. 1: 'Tis a fault, As You Like It, act iii., sc. 2: Then had you indeed a cut, Antony and Cleopatra, act i., sc. 2: Out, alas! Winter's Tale, act iv., sc. 4: Here on the grass in this very place to come and sport, The Tempest, act iv., sc. 1: This short grassed-green, The Tempest, act iv., sc. 1: That I may know the let, King Henry V., act v., sc. 2: Tennis balls, Much Ado about Nothing, act iii., sc. 2: And cuts, Much Ado about Nothing, act iii., sc. 4: Ready, Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 1: Say I play Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 2: On fair ground I could beat, Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 1: On which side, Coriolanus, act i., sc. 6: Partner, Coriolanus, act v., sc. 6: Your vantage, Coriolanus, act v., sc. 6: The game is up, Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 3: Their game, Love's Labour Lost, act iv., sc. 2: And set, Coriolanus, act iv., sc. 5.—Dora.

I'll have grounds More relative than this: the play's the thing. Hamlet (end of), act ii. sc. 2. That sets us all at odds . . . If you come slack of former services You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. King Lear, act i., sc. 3.—Bushranger.

Falling out at tennis. Hamlet, act ii., sc. 2. The match is made. Taming of the Shrew, act iv., sc. 4. Lay our service freely at your feet. Hamlet, act ii., sc. 2. We must stand and play. Love's Labour Lost, act iv., sc. 1. The next advantage will we take. The Tempest, act iii., sc. 3. And the old ornament of his cheeks hath already stuffed tennis balls. Much Ado about Nothing, act iii., sc. 3. But that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb with thee when thou keepest not racket there. Second part of King Henry IV., act ii., sc. 2.—Pickwick.

A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis court, have made the ball For them to play upon. Pericles, act ii. sc. 1.—Babee Fox, E. Culverhouse.

Hot-spur: Forty let it be; My father and Glendower being both away. The powers of us may serve so great a day. 2 Henry IV., act iv., sc 3.—Thyrza.

If you come slack of former services You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. King Lear, act i., sc. 3. Alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions (the lawn-tennis champion). Cymbeline, act iv., sc. 1. A summer's day will seem an hour but short Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport. Venus and Adonis.—Newnham.

Match with her that brings no 'vantages. Second part Henry VI., act ii., sc. 1. King: Welcome to the court. Princess: The roof of this court is too high to be yours. Love's Labour Lost, act ii., sc. 1.—Esperanza.

The difficulty in finding a true anticipation of lawn-tennis in Shakespeare's writings is that the poet was well acquainted with tennis, and frequently refers to it. When, however, in King Lear, act iv., sc. 2, he writes:—"To thee a woman's services are due," he must clearly intend a reference to the game in its later and more womanly form.—Chuckie.

Cry out for service, try many, all good, serve truly. Cymbeline, act iv., sc. 3. A beastly fault! and then another fault. Merry Wives, act v., sc. 5. Two faults, madonna. Twelfth Night, act i., sc. 5. Renouncing clean the faith they have in tennis and tall stockings. Henry VIII., act i., sc. 3. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis court hath made the ball for them to play upon. Pericles, act ii., sc. 1.—Lismore.

Love all. All's Well, act i., sc. 1, line 73. I would allow him odds. Richard II., act i., sc. 1, line 62. Tennis-balls, my liege. Henry V., act i. sc. 2, line 258. Upon his good returns. Timon of Athens, act iii., sc. 5, line 82. Services are all but accidents unpurposed. Antony and Cleopatra, act iv., sc. 14, line 83. Would I knew that stroke. Othello, act iv., sc. 1. Did you but know the art of the court. Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 4, line 45.—Malignant.

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, Thou canst not hit it, my good man. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, An I cannot, another can. Love's Labours Lost, act iv., sc. 1. I prithee, remember I have done thee worthy service. Tempest, act i., sc. 2. While idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness. Taming of the Shrew, act i., sc. 1.—Henry.

Yet all shall be forgot, But he'll remember, with advantages What feats he did that day. King Henry V., act iv., sc. 3.—Almaviva.

I follow him to serve my turn. Othello, act i., sc. 2. With his next 'vantage. Cymbeline, act i., sc. 4.—Bramble.

King Henry: Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler, That all the courts of France will be disturb'd With chaces. Henry V., act i., sc. 2.—Enigma, Tiger Jess.

King Henry: What treasure, uncle? Exe: Tennis-balls, my liege. King Henry: When we have matched our rackets to these balls, We will, in France, by God's grace, play . . . . . a set, That all the courts in France shall be disturbed. King Henry V., act i., sc. 2.—Caledonia, Pickwick, Influenza, Chancellor, Psittacus, Dido, Pluto, Bush-ranger, Bonaccord, Idler, Patent Tyres, Claudio, Max Murphy, JEM, Celia, La Flèche, M. E. W., Margit, Rusticus, Betty, Georges Lisle, Felsberg, The Ghost, Dora.

Shakespeare knew far more about lawn-tennis than Milton, for he even names the ex-champion in the following extract:—O place! O form! How often (dost thou) with thy case, thy habit Wrench awe (Renshaw). Measure for Measure, act ii., sc. 4. Shall I now give o'er the yielded set? King John, act v., sc. 2. Outside . . . . I will not return. Ibid. The inward service . . . . grows wide withal. Hamlet, act i., sc. 3. She will score your fault. Comedy of Errors, act i., sc. 2. She that would alter services with thee. Twelfth Night, act ii., sc. 5.—Ye Owle.

Bolingbroke: So far be mine, my most redoubted lord, As my true service shall deserve your love. King Richard: Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have That know the strong'st and surest way to get. Richard II., act iii., sc. 3.—Thyrza.

He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs. King Henry V., act iii., sc. 7. (A note says this alludes to the bounding of tennis-balls stuffed with hair.)—Lovell.

There be some sports are painful, and their labour Delight in them sets off. The Tempest, act iii., sc. 1, lines 1 and 2.—Major.

Let it presage the ruin of your love, And be my vantage to exclaim on you. Merchant of Venice, act iii., sc. 2.—Bonita.

"Tennis-balls, my liege," in reply to King Henry's question, "What treasure, uncle?" King Henry V., ct i., sc. 2.—Aged Sixteen.

Was it Pim or Baddeley Shakespeare had in his mind's eye when he wrote:—As sure a card as ever won the set. Titus Andronicus, act v., sc. 1. Or, was he thinking of a tennis-ball when he makes Dromio of Ephesus say:—If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. Comedy of Errors, act iii., sc. 1. Or, of the interested onlooker at a game of tennis, for Iago's words are not to be trusted:—He'll watch the horologe a double set. Othello, act ii., sc. 3. What does Shakespeare mean by the following sentences? Surely they allude in a prophetic way to lawn-tennis:—Maidens call it love-in-idleness. Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii., sc. 1. You know that love will creep in service. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv., sc. 2. All his faults observed, Set in a note-book. Julius Cæsar, act iv., sc. 3. (He evidently means a scoring-book.) The poorest service is repaid with thanks. Taming of Shrew, act iv., sc. 3. (Here he is ironical, of course.) For then he goes on to say *à la* Ignatius Donnelly:—This service is not service. Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 3. It is a fault that springeth from your eye. Comedy of Errors, act iii., sc. 2. The merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer. All's Well, act iii., sc. 6. She is served as I would serve a rat. Cymbeline, act v., scene 5. Lastly:—Nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games. (Such as lawn-tennis, of course.)—Moonlighter.

Shakespeare evidently knew all about double cracks (Macbeth, act i., sc. 2) and champions (Richard II., act i., sc. 3) at tournaments (Two Gentleman of Verona, act i., sc. 3), where the lines (Cymbeline, act iv., sc. 1) of the tennis-court (2 Henry IV., act ii., sc. 2) are chalked forth (Tempest, act v., sc. 1) on this grass-plot (Tempest, act iv., sc. 1); and had heard the order given to draw up the net (Pericles, act ii., sc. 1) when the conspirators enter (Twelfth Night, act iv., sc. 2), bringing their rackets (Henry V., act i., sc. 2) and tennis-balls (Much Ado about Nothing, act ii., sc. 3). They remarked, then shall we have a match (All's Well that Ends Well, act v., sc. 3), a double set (Othello, act ii., sc. 3), I and my partner (Much Ado about Nothing, act iv., sc. 2); while one said, I must scratch (Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii., sc. 2), and another, let me be umpire (1 Henry VI., act iv., sc. 1), and be the players ready? (Hamlet, act iii., sc. 2), then proceeded to score (Tempest, act v., sc. 1), love all (All's Well that Ends Well, act i., sc. 1), play (Twelfth Night, act i., sc. 1), fifteen (Taming of the Shrew, act ii., ind.), fault (Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv., sc. 4), two faults (Twelfth Night, act i., sc. 5), thirty (Othello, act i., sc. 3), let (Henry V., act v., sc. 2), forty (Coriolanus, act i., sc. 3), outside (Timon of Athens, act i., sc. 1), deuce (Love's Labours Lost, act i., sc. 2), your vantage (Coriolanus, act v., sc. 5), game (Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii., sc. 3), love set (Merry Wives of Windsor, act v., sc. 5), one all (Measure for Measure, act v., sc. 1), one, two (Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii., sc. 3), two, three (Cymbeline, act ii., sc. 2). The spectators (Cymbeline, act v., sc. 4) at intervals were heard to say:—I thought it was a fault (Measure for Measure, act v., sc. 1), a fine volley (Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii., sc. 4), lob (Midsummer-Night's Dream, act ii., sc. 1), good service (2 Henry IV., act i., sc. 2), well played (Love's Labours Lost, act v., sc. 2), a swift return (Measure for Measure, act iv., sc. 3), you'll win (Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., sc. 4).—Leaf Rule.

The faith they have in tennis. Henry VIII., sc. 3.—Jasper.

I have also received quotations for which I have been unable to find room, and which in many instances are similar to some of those published above, from Ivy Leaves, Mrs. E. Culverhouse, Caledonia, Helen G. Burton, Simla, Infelix, Patent Tyres, Bon Accord, Cestrian, Idler, Anceps, Felsberg, Ellart, Melton, Grafton, E. Bickerton, Spoons, Clara, Mrs. V. W., Mercy, and Throgmorton-street. It may prevent misunderstanding if I add that the answer published above which contain more than four lines, are only printed because it is thought they will be found interesting by many readers of TRUTH. The prize, it is obvious, from the conditions laid down in giving the puzzle, can only be awarded for some quotation what does not exceed the limit then stated. The P. E.

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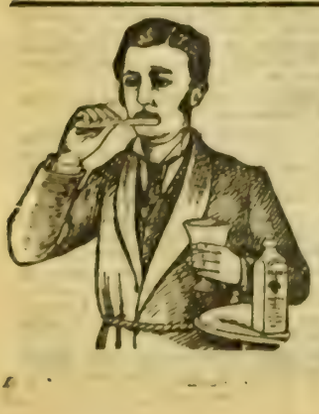

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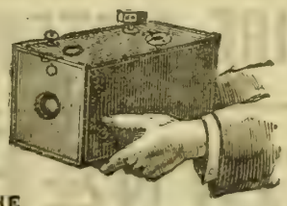

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici.—*Cicero.*"

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

EXIT Goodwood; enter the Truth Dolls! That is to say, the season being at end, it is now time to commence preparations for the Truth Christmas Show. The dolls—some thousands of them—have been already ordered, and I hope that the ladies who propose to take part in dressing them will communicate their intentions to me as soon as they conveniently can. As usual, the dolls will be supplied in three sizes—large, medium, and small.

There is no foundation for the report that the Queen has been unwell since the Royal Wedding, for her Majesty has been in the best possible health. The Queen spends the whole morning out of doors at Osborne when the weather is fine, and does her work either in the pavilion in the grounds, or else in a tent on the lawn. It seems to be supposed that the Queen must be unwell at Osborne if she does not drive out, as she does at Windsor and at Balmoral, but in the Isle of Wight her Majesty can take a drive of eight miles without leaving her own private domain; and considering the variety of the scenery which the park affords, it is no wonder that the Queen prefers to drive there, instead of going along the dusty roads, which, at this season, are often inconveniently crowded with all kinds of vehicles.

The Queen is to hold a large Investiture of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Orders in the Council Chamber at Osborne on the afternoon of Friday, the 11th, on which occasion several individuals are to be tapped on the shoulder to confirm their Knighthood.

Lord Derby is to have an audience of the Queen at Osborne next week, in order that he may deliver up his late brother's insignia of the Garter. The vacancy has not yet been filled up, and I hear that the Court desire that the Duke of Fife should get the blue ribbon, but it may be hoped that the Prime Minister will insist upon giving it to one of his own supporters. It might be well if it were given to a Commoner, as it is really too absurd in these democratic days to confine any Order, which is supposed to be a distinction, to Peers.

The Queen has placed Abergeldie Castle at the disposal of the Empress Eugénie until the last week in September, when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to arrive there, and stay until October 30.

With regard to the precedence of the Prime Minister in right of his office as Lord Privy Seal, it is true enough that the official "General Table" states that Lord Privy Seal "enjoys the place here assigned to him, provided he be of the degree of a Baron or above it," and the same rule applies to the case of the Lord President of the Council. Lord Privy Seal comes next to the Lord President, and before the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Earl Marshal, the Lord Steward, and the Lord Chamberlain, next to whom are placed the Dukes and Duchesses. The Queen has given Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone the precedence hitherto belonging to the office of Lord Privy Seal, and after the Royal Wedding the Prime Minister signed the register of the marriage at Buckingham Palace directly after the Lord Chancellor, and before the Lord Steward,

---

I hear that the Dowager Duchess of Athole will shortly resign her appointment as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, which she has held for nearly forty years. It is probable that the next wait of the Duchess will be her last. The Dowager Duchess of Athole was Mistress of the Robes in 1852, during Lord Derby's first Administration, and she now holds that office jointly with the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, who has done any duty that has been required during the last few months.

The papers have all been announcing that the Empress Frederick is to arrive at Homburg this week, and that the Prince of Wales is to be her guest there. The Empress, who is in Greece, is not likely to return to Germany for the next three weeks, and then she is going to settle at Cronberg for the autumn. The Prince of Wales always hires an apartment when he is at Homburg, and his usual quarters are engaged from the 12th. It is understood that H.R.H. will return to England on September 4, and that he is to be the guest of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey during Doncaster Races, after which he is going to Scotland for about a month, most of which will be spent at Braemar with the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is to leave Cowes early next week on a cruise to Norway in his schooner, the *Sheila*, and he will be accompanied by his brother, Prince Joseph. Prince Henry is to rejoin the Court at Balmoral about September 4.

Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse are to come to England about the middle of next month on a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. Prince Frederick Charles has been under treatment at Wiesbaden for an affection of the eyes, which causes much anxiety.

Among other places where money was collected for public celebrations on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage was Dorchester, where £210 was subscribed. After expending a portion of this money in feasting, decorations, and similar objects, the Committee have calmly proceeded to vote £10 out of it for the purchase of a piece of plate in recognition of the services of the gentleman who has been held out as the "honorary" secretary of the fund. Such a proceeding is a gross misappropriation of the money subscribed, and the subscribers have every right to protest against it. It appears that the gentleman in question, Mr. E. Burnett, filled a similar position on the occasions of the Prince of Wales's marriage and the Jubilee, and there are few people who would not mind becoming "honorary" secretaries any number of times on similar terms. A "paid" secretary is not usually so well rewarded.

A correspondent, writing from Dublin, says:—

Lord Houghton's departure for England was put off at the last moment, owing to indisposition, which kept him confined to his room last week at the Viceregal Lodge. A party of visitors is expected to stay with the Lord Lieutenant during the Horse Show week, though such arrangements are necessarily uncertain, if members of either Houses are concerned in them. There has been no relaxation of the social boycotting of Lord Houghton in Ireland.

It is to be hoped that at some future period Lord Houghton—having literary proclivities—will publish the "Experiences of a Boycotted Viceroy," which would be an interesting variety amongst the somewhat common-place Viceregal reminiscences of which the public lately have so frequently received the benefit. Not the least interesting part of such a work would be a chapter giving the explanation of why Lord Houghton reappointed to his household all the former officials of the households of Lords Londonderry and Zetland, strong Conservatives and anti-Home Rulers all of them—at least, during the Viceroyalties of their Tory chiefs.

When will a Lord Lieutenant arise strong enough to cope with the jobbery of Dublin Castle? The Augean stable has long been awaiting cleansing, but the strong man to do the work has not appeared. It is in the hands of each Lord Lieutenant at the beginning of his tenure of office to show the good and wholesome example of cleansing out his department at least. And yet the work remains to be done.

Lord Houghton was prevented by illness from joining the house party at Goodwood. He will entertain a party at Frystone Hall, his place near Pontefract, during Doncaster races, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Londonderry are to be among his guests there.

The Duke of Richmond, as usual, had a full house at Goodwood for the races, and large parties were entertained by Lord and Lady Leconfield at Petworth House, by Lord and Lady Egmont at Cowdray Park, by the Duke of Beaufort at Drove House, and by Mr. and Mrs. Somerset at Castle Goring. Most of the houses about Chichester were taken for the week, and Singleton was quite full. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were at Halnaker for the meeting, and Lord and Lady Downshire had a party at Burton Rough, which they rented for the week.

Large parties will be entertained during the Redcar and the Stockton race meetings by Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park; by Lord and Lady Zetland at Upleatham Hall; and by Mr. James Lowther at Wilton Castle.

Lord Salisbury is settled at Hatfield until the beginning of September, when he is going to Puys, near Dieppe, for a month, and then to the Riviera, returning to England about the middle of November. Lady Salisbury goes abroad in a few days.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are to spend next week at Buxton, and will go on Saturday, the 12th, to Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, where they are to entertain a party for grouse shooting. The Prince of Wales will probably be the guest of the Duke and Duchess at Chatsworth in November for Derby races.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen gave a farewell garden party to their tenants at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, on Thursday afternoon, at which about 4,000 persons were present. Lord Aberdeen announced that during his absence in Canada the family estates (which extend over 63,000 acres) will be managed just the same as if he were residing at Haddo. He stated that the expenditure for improvements on the property for last year and this year amounts to £20,000. Lord Aberdeen intimated his intention of maintaining the crofts (*i.e.*, small holdings) on the estates.

Dr. Rae, who died last week, was one of the most daring of Arctic explorers, and he will be long remembered, not only for his adventures, but also as the discoverer of the remains of Franklin's expedition, an achievement which brought him a reward of £10,000.

A traveller who desired to go to the Imperial Hotel, Aberdeen, complains that, seeing only one hotel porter on the railway platform, he gave his bag to that functionary, and was forthwith hustled off to the Station Hotel, in spite of all he could do to get his baggage handed over to the representative of the other hostelry. This is an old grievance, which I was in hopes had been remedied. The Railway Company, owning the Station Hotel, exclude all the porters of all the other hotels from the platform, and endeavour to "rush" customers in the manner above described. It is a flagrant case of "undue preference," and as inconvenient to the public as it is unjust to the other hotel proprietors. It is astonishing that the municipal authorities have not taken steps to stop the practice.

For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 256, 257 in the present issue.

For Amusements, see page 255.

The Highland and Agricultural Society's Show at Edinburgh proved a great success in all respects, and it was an excellent exhibition. It is curious that most of the prizes in the Shorthorn and Aberdeen Angus cattle came to English breeders through animals of Scotch blood. Lord Feversham, the Queen, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Thompson, of Inglewood, showed the best Shorthorns, and the most successful exhibitors of the Aberdeen-Angus breed were Mr. Bolden and Mr. Egginton. Mr. Balfour took prizes with his Leicester sheep and also with his Oxford Downs, and Lord Rosebery was successful with his large white pigs from Dalmeny.

Stag hunting on Exmoor is to begin next Tuesday, when the Devon and Somerset Staghounds will meet at Cloutsham. The pack will go out twice a week (Tuesdays and Fridays), and there ought to be abundant sport, as there are now an enormous number of red deer in all parts of the country.

I have received a serious complaint from a gentleman who went to Lord's last week to see the Australia *v.* Middlesex match. He had a cup of tea and bread and butter, and the waiter charged him eightpence. Too late, he discovered that the regular price of his modest refection was sixpence. I can only suggest that my correspondent should put himself in communication with the committee. Doubtless they will institute a strict inquiry respecting this shameful extortion.

This year's session of the British Archæological Society is to be held at Winchester, under the Presidency of Lord Northbrook, who will entertain a large party at Stratton Park during the week.

The appointment of Mr. J. P. Heseltine to be a trustee of the National Gallery is a most excellent one. Mr. Heseltine is not only a first-rate judge of pictures, and a genuine connoisseur, but he is a most discriminating collector, and he has always been very generous in lending his art possessions to the Old Masters Exhibitions. Mr. Heseltine's gallery is particularly rich in Dutch and Italian pictures and in works of the Norwich School, and he possesses a rare and splendid collection of drawings by Old Masters, notably of those by Rembrandt.

"Two Noble Lives" will be the title of the short biographies of Lady Canning and Louisa Lady Waterford, which have been edited for publication by Mr. Augustus Hare. The accomplishments and virtues of Lady Waterford are matters of sufficient notoriety, but more than thirty years have elapsed since her sister's death, so that comparatively few people are aware that Lady Canning was one of the most brilliant and delightful women of her generation, and that she was the ornament and charm of the society in which she mixed. The Indian Mutiny was a terrible ordeal for Lady Canning, but it was well said by one of her friends that to a heart of feminine softness she united a mind of masculine strength. It may be hoped that Mr. Hare's book will include some of Lady Canning's letters during the Mutiny, and any extracts from her journal would be most interesting and valuable.

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers in which it is stated that the fact has transpired that Miss Braddon has realised a hundred thousand pounds by her novels. The fact certainly never transpired from any statement of Miss Braddon, for she would be the last to boast of the amount of money that her novels have brought in. I should imagine that it had its source in the fertile brain of the author of the paragraph. What Miss Braddon has gained in cash from her novels I do not know, but judging from the continuous sale of them, I should be inclined to think that they have brought in a good deal more than the sum stated.

Bishop Hadfield (the Primate of New Zealand) has resigned the See of Wellington, to which he was appointed in 1870. The new bishop is to be selected by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, the Synod of the diocese having stipulated that no clergyman is eligible who has held a cure in New Zealand. If the clergy of the Colony are to be *ipso facto* disqualified from being promoted to bishoprics, I should fancy that they may justifiably feel much disgusted by such an arrangement, which is certainly not calculated to stimulate their zeal.

The death of the Rev. Charles Edward Moberly will be widely regretted. He was for nearly a quarter of a century one of the most popular and most successful of the Rugby Assistant-Masters, at first under his brother-in-law, the Bishop of London, and afterwards under the present Dean of Wells. Mr. Moberly, who was elected to a scholarship at Balliol in 1838 (Lord Coleridge being his colleague), held the living of Beeston, Yorkshire, for some years before he went to Rugby. He was a brilliant scholar, and was the author of several excellent works—notably "Stories from Herodotus," "The Early Tudors," and an admirable little treatise on Logic. Mr. Moberly, who passed the closing years of his life at Oxford, was a nephew of the late Bishop of Salisbury.

The Bishop of London still remains obdurate to the request to grant a licence for the celebration of marriages in St. George's Chapel, Albemarle-street, on the sole ground, so far as I can perceive, that this will diminish the gains, licit and illicit, of the Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square. Again and again I have pointed out that this is preferring the interests of Rectors to the interests of the Church. In the interests of the latter, facilities to marry in churches and chapels should be increased rather than restricted, and the marriage ceremony should be permitted in every place licensed for the services of the Church of England.

There is another question in connection with marriages which needs consideration. A person can only be married according to the rites of the Church of England before 3 p.m., unless a special licence be obtained. Why? What, too, is the exact price of a special licence, and to

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whom does the money go? The charge varies according to the Proctor, or whatever the functionary be called, to whom application is made. Sometimes it is £30, sometimes it is £29. Either these special licences ought to be abolished, as well as the 3 p.m. limit, or they ought not to cost above £1.

The Temple Church is to be closed for the Long Vacation after next Sunday, when Dean Vaughan will preach at the morning service. The church is to be reopened on Sunday, October 1.

I have received the following letter from Canon Gore. If the Bishop had nothing to do with the appointment in question, the comic element is, I freely admit, eliminated. But it is to be regretted that, while writing on the subject, the Canon did not himself make it clear precisely how far the rest of the story is founded on fact. What I suppose to be the foundation is that the Canon invited the parishioners to submit names to him, and that although his son-in-law's name was not submitted, the son-in-law got the living. If this is not fact, the Canon might surely have taken this opportunity of correcting it:—

Sir,—In reference to a paragraph in your last issue, regarding the recent appointment to the Vicarage of St. George's, Altrincham, you will of your courtesy permit me to say that the Bishop of Chester had nothing to do with it. I, and I only, am responsible for it.

As for the rest of the paragraph, those practically concerned, including the parishioners, will be the best judges as to how far your "curious little comedy" is founded on fact.—Yours obediently, Arthur Gore.

Bowdon, Cheshire, July 28, 1893.

A fortnight ago I alluded to the action of the Board of Management of the Hospital of St. Cross, Rugby, in resolving that no Roman Catholic nurse or servant should be engaged or allowed to remain in the establishment. I am glad to find that this astounding manifestation of sectarian bigotry has been unanimously condemned at a special meeting of the subscribers to the hospital. The Board were called upon to rescind the obnoxious resolution, and the meeting also expressed the opinion that there was no evidence to justify the charges of proselytizing which have been made against the Roman Catholic community in connection with the hospital.

For the information and assistance of all who are interested in brightening the lives of poor children, I have much pleasure in publishing the following letter. The firm from which it comes modestly keep their name to themselves, but I can answer for the *bona fides* of the offer. Should it induce any other owners of horses to follow suit, I shall be very happy to hear from them, and shall not have any objection to give them the advantage of the fullest publicity as a reward for their generosity:—

Sir,—As most of our customers have now left town, we propose to utilise some of our horses during the next two months for the purpose of taking poor children drives into the country. We have a brake that will hold about twelve, and we shall be pleased to receive applications for it from any one working amongst our pale-faced little cockneys. We do not give our name for obvious reasons, but letters addressed "C. C., care of Gastrell's Theatrical Booking Office, Sussex-place, S.W.," will be attended to at once. Yours faithfully, Jobmaster.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund for poor and sickly children:—Ruth and Robert Whyte, £2; Content, 10s.; Bombay, £2; F. C. H., £2; Sympathy, £20; T. P., £5.

If Mr. Campbell-Bannerman desires to allay the chronic discontent in the Army Medical Department, I believe that he could not start with a more popular step than that of installing a Medical Officer in Victoria-street as Secretary to the Director-General. There is no subject of more frequent complaint among Army Doctors than that when they visit Headquarters to make inquiries on any matter connected with the roster, exchanges, probable destination on foreign service, and so on, they are confronted with a War Office clerk, who, though he has nothing in common with the medical branch of the Service, has all the appearance of ruling the roost. I had almost said, in view of a certain recent scandal, ruling the roster. There is no doubt that the position of the official in question causes a great deal of friction, if it has not worse drawbacks. The Director-General has a professional assistant, but his services appear to be confined to office work which any clerk could perform. What is required is a professional assistant who will be the medium of communication between the Director General and the profession.

Last week the Scots Guards' annual regimental sports were held at Beggar's Bush Barracks, the attendance being principally military. The Regiment leaves during the month for England, to be succeeded by another battalion of the Guards. The Scots Greys have already left Marlborough Barracks, the *Assistance* taking away the last division of the Regiment during the week.

Most of the daily papers published the other day a very graphic account of some manœuvres at Aldershot which had been ordered by Sir Evelyn Wood, and which it was stated had been admirably carried out by the officers under his command. It was true that these manœuvres had been ordered, but, at the last moment, they were countermanded!

The latest irregularity reported to me from Hamilton is that an N.C.O., reported to the Commanding Officer for some trifling offence, had his leave stopped, and was ordered to attend "tattoo parade" daily till further orders. This is, I take it, directly contrary to the paragraph in the Queen's Regulations (Sect. vi., para. 49) which provides that N.C.O.s are not to be subjected to summary or minor punishments. On this ground, when the Inspection came off, the N.C.O. made a complaint on the subject to the General Officer commanding the district. His complaint was dismissed, and the General upheld the C.O. How can it be contended, in the face of such an incident as this, that there is any chance of justice for a soldier against a superior officer?

I am glad to hear, however, that at last there is a probability of the three historical Colour-Sergeants, who have been for so long retained at Hamilton after the expiration of their time, being dealt with in accordance with the Regulations. My readers will, no doubt, be equally glad to hear it. I understand that two of them are to go back to their Battalions, and one of them is to have—though

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

at great injustice to certain of his comrades—a vacancy on the permanent staff. It has only been done by dint of references in TRUTH at the rate of about once a fortnight for over six months, but it is done at last. Even when the most stiff-necked officials are concerned, I find that everything comes to him who can wait—provided he sticks to his point.

It seems that while the Army Service Corps is so overstocked with clerks that at Aldershot they are regularly employed as day labourers, at Woolwich there is a serious deficiency of bakers. The A.S.C. bakery at Woolwich was started two years ago with a staff, first of seventeen, and then of twenty-three men. The number has now been allowed to drop to sixteen. Twenty-three being the proper number for the work, it follows that the present staff are considerably overworked. There are at present seven men in the bakehouses, where in proportion to the average day's baking there should be ten.

I understand that when cavalry are billeted on private citizens the regulation allowance for a horse is 1s. 9d. per day. Whatever this may have been once, it has not been a fair allowance for some time past, and, with hay at the present famine prices, the loss to the man who has to put up a horse at this figure must be very considerable. The War Office ought to have a sliding scale of allowances proportionate to the current prices of forage, and no other system is fair. I suppose that the interests of the horses are looked after by the troopers; but if that is not very closely done the chances are that the horses will also suffer by the present arrangement.

There is another ground for complaint in this connection in the fact that officers' polo ponies and private nags are also billeted at the same rate. This is adding insult to injury. A man who finds himself out of pocket by putting up cavalry chargers might find a fragment of consolation in the reflection that he was suffering in the country's cause; but even that is denied him if it is merely an officer's private pocket that he is saving.

An Army Riding-Master, writing to me from Aldershot, denies with much warmth that it is his practice, or the practice of Riding-Masters at large, to charge "fees and fines" to young officers. This disclaimer has reference to a paragraph in last week's TRUTH anent Cavalry expenses; but I cannot see that what was said was precisely what my friend the Riding-Master denies, and the remark was certainly not intended to reflect on Riding-Masters as a class. I said that a Cavalry Officer vouched to me for a case in which fines to the amount of £20 had been paid by a subaltern before he got through the Riding School. But I did not suggest that the Riding-Master had anything to do with these fines. My impression about the matter is that they are imposed by the *lex non scripta* of the Officers' Mess. When the fining took the form of standing champagne, I understand the Riding-Master to have participated in the champagne. But no one will blame him for that.

MESSRS. THOS. COOK & SON beg to announce that their Branch Office, No. 13, Cockspur-street, is now open for business. Tickets issued to all parts of the world.

Reference was made in TRUTH of July 20 to the case of a Quartermaster Sergeant at Bodmin Depot, who had been remanded from a District Court-martial on July 12. The treatment which this man has been undergoing for some months past, and is still undergoing, is of such an extraordinary character that I desire to call the attention of the War Office authorities to the case. As regards the merits of the original charges against the man, I refrain from saying anything pending his trial; but what does call for immediate notice in the case is the monstrous delay in bringing him to trial, and the treatment to which he has been subjected in the meantime. On July 12 he was placed under close arrest, and confined in a small room about 12 ft. square with an N.C.O. in charge, who read all his letters going out and coming in. He was allowed no exercise, till on the fifth day he appealed to the Medical Officer. He has not been allowed the opportunities of preparing his defence and collecting his evidence, to which the rules of procedure entitle him, and he has not been able to obtain, as the same rules entitle him to do, a copy of the proceedings of a Court of Inquiry held last March, which form a material element in his case. On July 21, after he had appealed to the General Officer Commanding the District, and after a reference to his case had appeared in TRUTH, he was placed in open arrest; but up to Monday last his friends had heard nothing as to any arrangement for trying him. The man ought to be tried at once or he ought to be released. His case, as might be supposed, is only one episode in a long narrative of Depot irregularities and malpractices, and what ought now to take place is not a Court-martial on this unfortunate man, but an independent inquiry into all that has been going on at this Depot for the last two or three years.

The following communication from an Indian C.O. explains a problem which exercised me somewhat two or three months back:—

About the year 1887 the Horse Guards became alarmed at the swollen state of the Colonels' List, and contended that officers were thus forced forward for promotion to Major-General who were unfit for the increased responsibility of the higher rank. To rectify this, the rule previously in force promoting Lieut.-Colonels to Colonel after five years' service in the lower rank, was cancelled, and no such promotion allowed unless an Officer held certain Staff appointments, or was appointed to the charge of a Regimental District after his period in command of a regiment had expired. The Indian Service had to follow suit. Accordingly all Lieut.-Colonels promoted since December 31, 1886, have little chance of further advancement, unless they succeed to certain Staff appointments, which in many instances they have held earlier in this service, so that they are expected to "progress backwards." Those who are hit the hardest by the new rule are Commandants of Regiments, whose responsible and arduous duties afford them no claim to promotion. As there are no Regimental Districts in India, they have no opportunity of getting their promotion like the Lieutenant-Colonels of the British Service, but have to retire, or are "permitted to reside in Europe," as the phrase is, along with the loafers, bad hats, and hard bargains, who have never come near commanding a Regiment. . . . .

Our hopes were buoyed up for some time by a promise of some promotions by supplementary selection, but even for the Lieut.-Colonels selected last year there were no vacancies on the Colonels' list, and this year the list is so much further congested that it has not been thought worth while to make any selections at all. The state of things thus resulting is very disheartening and humiliating, and strikes at the root of all efficiency.

The foregoing letter not only explains the anomaly to

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which I have previously referred, but many other cases in which officers have, apparently, moved backwards preparatory to a step forward over the heads of their own seniors. If the truth really is that the new rules are due to the War Office finding that men were coming forward for the rank of Major-General who were not properly qualified for it, it seems to me that the proper remedy would have been to institute a system of selection which would insure that only the competent should be promoted. That would, at any rate, have looked fair. The present arrangement, as evidenced by numerous cases, neither looks fair nor works fairly.

One of my military readers has been going into the value of Tommy Atkins's brass buttons. He arrives at the conclusion that if these buttons could be transferred from one suit to another, the country would save £12,000 per annum on every 100,000 men. I feel confident that this calculation will receive immediate attention at headquarters, for the economy suggested is just one of those in which our military administrators delight. I do not suppose, however, that the country will get the benefit of the £12,000 a year. What I expect is, that the brass buttons will be saved, and that the £12,000 a year will disappear somewhere in the direction of Whitehall or Pall Mall.

The brass button question, however, should not be lost sight of. Not long back I suggested that if the buttons were cut off the old uniforms before they were disposed of, the indignation of our fighting men at seeing their garments on the backs of civilians might be appeased. This was before I had discovered the value of the buttons in bulk. There are, I believe, several ways of attaching buttons to clothes so that they are removable at will, and a War Office mind will probably decide without difficulty that one set of buttons ought to last a man from beginning to end of his service with the colours. This will be a bad day for me, however, for I shall forthwith have Tommy agitating for an increased allowance of buttons, and bewailing the hardship which he suffers from having to replace the buttons which he loses. Taking one consideration with another, therefore, I cannot feel much enthusiasm about this reform.

A year or two ago, before the name of the School of Musketry had become as familiar to my readers as it has since, I pointed out the anomaly that an officer who took his furniture with him to Hythe, when proceeding thither for musketry instruction, received an allowance for the carriage of it; whereas if he hired the furniture there (through the kind instrumentality of Captain Moore Murphy) no allowance was made to him. I am glad to find that this little seed really fell upon good ground, though it has been some time in sprouting. In the course of the general clear-up that has taken place at Hythe this little matter has been put right. I hope that this improvement may be accompanied by a reduction in the outrageous prices that have been paid for furniture hire.

It will be remembered that certain statements in respect to the action of the City Police anent the Terry-Couper sales and purchases of Army cloth, were made in TRUTH, Lord Mayor Knill, when the matter was raised in the Court of Aldermen, denied the facts, and said that the statements deserved to be treated with contempt. I am glad to hear that, thanks to Mr. Morton, M.P., the question is to be investigated by the City Police Committee. It is asserted, I believe, by the City Police Commissioner that this Committee has no power to investigate the action of the City Police. If this be so, it is not easy to see the use of the Committee; but, should the contention be correct, it can only result in the investigation being undertaken by the Home Office.

The Naval Manœuvres have, as usual, inflicted a great deal of injustice on officers and men just returned from foreign service—*e.g.*, in the *Warspite* and *Undaunted*—who, in order that the Navy may cut a big figure on paper, are forthwith bundled off to sea again and denied the leave to which they are legitimately entitled. In a case of national emergency all ranks would cheerfully submit to inconvenience of this kind, but in time of peace, and for an occasion which has become a matter of annual routine, such sacrifices ought not to be demanded; or, if they are demanded, they ought to be paid for.

Of course, demands of this kind press most severely upon the Engineers. The record of one officer of this class shows that just as he had started on his foreign service leave after reaching home in ship A, he was appointed to ship B, and sent out to Ferrol. Ship B returned home, and the officer again started on his leave, but he had barely reached home when he was recalled to take part in the manœuvres in ship C. By the time he returns it will be close on a year since he first became entitled to his leave, and whether he will ever get it at all is now problematical. A return showing the number of cases in which officers enjoy the whole amount of leave to which they are lawfully entitled, side by side with the number of cases in which they do not, would be in the highest degree instructive.

It is fortunate that events in Siam are not likely to lead to any sudden demand for the services of H.M.S. *Boadicea* in that quarter. Two months back the *Boadicea* left with three other ships of the East India Squadron for a cruise. At the end of three days her engines broke down, and she was towed 1,200 miles by the *Marathon*, while the engine-room staff were making good the defects. When she was last commissioned, in September, 1891, the *Boadicea*, which was built nearly twenty years ago, had just been repaired to last another eighteen months, and the dockyard officials at Malta did not expect her to last

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HEALTHY HASTINGS. It is interesting to notice the healthy condition of Hastings, as shown by the official mortality returns for the past three months, issued by the Medical Officer of Health. The death-rate for the period covered by these statistics was only 12·85, as against 14·99 for the corresponding quarter of 1892, and 17·14 for the corresponding period of 1891. The zymotic death-rate for the quarter just ended is equally satisfactory, being 1·16, as compared with 1·26 and 1·37 for June quarters of 1892 and 1891 respectively.

All health seekers should call, if possible, and avail themselves of a free personal consultation at the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S INSTITUTE, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., where the Curative Appliances can be seen scientifically tested. Pamphlets gratis.

beyond that time. They seem to have been about right. It is an extraordinary thing, after spending annually £15,000,000 or £16,000,000 on our Navy, no better vessel than this can be found to do duty as flagship in an important station.

Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins will be retired from the Service in the course of this month by operation of the age clause, and he is to be succeeded as First Sea Lord at the Admiralty by Admiral Sir Frederick Richards. It is probable that Vice-Admiral Erskine will replace Sir Frederick Richards as Second Sea Lord at Whitehall.

Portsmouth is greatly agitated about a threatened municipal scandal. The Chief Constable has just resigned, and it is asserted that before he formally did so a majority of the Watch Committee pledged themselves to bestow the berth—worth £350 a year—upon Commander Bamber, a member of their own body and a Borough Magistrate. Finding that there was a strong feeling against this charming arrangement, the Committee considered it prudent not to fill up the vacancy at once, as they originally intended. They have resolved instead to make a temporary appointment, which will become permanent at the end of six months if the gentleman selected is found to be qualified for the post. The adoption of such an exceptional course in the interests of the Commander really gives a worse aspect to the affair. It is preposterous to suppose that a retired naval officer, totally destitute of police training or experience, is the best man for the Chief Constableship, and if the Portsmouth Watch Committee persist in their determination to appoint Commander Bamber, they will stand convicted of a most discreditable act of jobbery.

If we are to stop Government sweating—and I hope we are—let us begin with the Post Office clerks; I refer more particularly to the lady clerks. One of these unfortunate girls tells me that at one office she was on duty daily from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., with five hours on Sunday—ninety-five hours per week. At another the hours were a little longer, bringing the total up to one hundred per week. The pay for this was board and lodging and £10 a year in the first case, and £14 a year in the second. The lowest drudge of a maid-of-all-work could hardly be got to work such hours on such terms. After thirteen years' experience, and with the highest recommendations, this same damsel now earns 11s. per week by thirteen hours' labour per diem, and has to board, lodge, and clothe herself out of that sum, besides making good any deficiencies in her cash should she make an error against herself. So far as I can learn, there is nothing in any way exceptional about this case.

No one can question that this is a very black spot on our social economy. The young woman whose case is described above tells me that after three years at ninety five and a hundred hours per week, her health broke down and she had to take a rest. It would be strange if her health were not permanently injured. To keep young girls cooped up in boxes for twelve, fourteen, or fifteen hours a day, and for five hours on Sunday, without any regular holiday from year's end to year's end, is sheer brutality. The brutality of it is aggravated when, as in this case, the girl is paid only a few pence a day beyond her keep. Yet these are fairly well educated girls, who have to pass examinations in order to be admitted to this privileged existence. As long as we continue collectively to wring by such methods as these some three millions of profit per annum out of the Post Office service, in order to relieve ourselves of taxation to that amount, so long all our wrath and indignation against the private sweater must be regarded as a very barren kind of sentiment.

A resident at Anerley took possession of his house at Lady Day. Within a few weeks he found that he had been assessed to Poor Rate at a higher figure than the rent of his house, and he applied to the Croydon Union Assessment Committee for a reduction. The Committee required the production of a receipt as evidence of the rent, and as, from the nature of the case, this was impossible, they took no action. As soon as he had paid his first quarter's rent and obtained a receipt, the householder renewed his application. He was then informed that he was too late, and left to appeal against the next rate. This is a monstrous state of things. There is no law which makes a receipt the only evidence of the rent payable or the value of the house, and the Assessment Committee have no business to make rules which result in householders having to pay rates which are not lawfully due from them.

The Elham Guardians have sent a letter to the Local Government Board in reference to the complaints mentioned in last week's TRUTH. Anything more feeble than the so-called answer to the allegations of the Folkestone Municipal Reform League it would be difficult to conceive. It was asserted that the Workhouse at Elham is situated six miles from the centre of population at Folkestone. The reply of the Guardians is that the precise distance is five miles and eighty yards "from the Town Hall." They say nothing as to the distance from other points farther away, including, I believe the Relieving Officer's house. It is stated that the overflow from the casual ward is now accommodated in the stable on platforms covered with mattresses. I am curious to know whether the Local Government Board consider this proper accommodation, especially as I am informed that the stable in question is a lean-to shed with a pig-stye adjoining. As to the journey from Folkestone to Elham, it seems to be admitted that all paupers have to walk except those who are "aged and infirm" or "very ill;" and the reply to the charge that deaths have been caused or accelerated by the consequent exhaustion and exposure is far from satisfactory. The Municipal Reform League, I am pleased to learn, intend to persist in their demand for a public inquiry into the doings of the Elham Bumbles.

The administration of the poor-law is not the only matter requiring investigation at Folkestone. If one may judge from the disclosures made at the Police-court on Saturday, an inquiry respecting the insanitary

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property in the town might also yield interesting results. Mr. William Salter was summoned for letting cottages unfit for human habitation, and it was stated that he had treated with contempt notices which were served upon him in March last. Mr. Salter is a Town Councillor, is a member of the Sanitary Committee, and—so it is said—one of the greatest opponents of the adoption of the Artisans' Dwellings Act in Folkestone. Clearly, therefore, the case was one which should have been dealt with in an exemplary fashion. But the Bench contented themselves with making an order for the closing of the cottages, imposing no fine or costs. I am told that this is not the first occasion on which Councillors owning slum property have been let off in this lenient manner.

A few years ago there was a Bill in respect to Limited Liability Companies. An attempt was then made to make Directors really responsible for the action of the Boards on which they sat. This was met by Director after Director insisting that, if the responsibility were made real, men of position would not go on Boards; and so powerful were they in the House of Commons that the attempt failed. As it is, Directors are usually the dummies of some astute Companymonger. He gives them their qualification, and owns them. They shut their eyes to every species of roguery, pocket their fees, and allow their shareholders to be robbed. Jabez Balfour has retired to the congenial soil of the Argentine Republic. His brother Directors insist that they had such confidence in him that they accepted the wildest statements and figures, when he vouched for them.

I have much difficulty in believing this. Outside a lunatic asylum a man cannot be so guileless as not to know that there is something wrong when estates are bought by a Company of A, which A had just bought of B for far less than the sale price to the Company, and when increased dividends are declared by one Company selling an estate to another Company, which latter, after having charged a commission on the transaction, returns the estate to the selling Company. There are, I dare say, some simple fools amongst the Balfour Directors, but that they are all such utter idiots as they would have it believed, is simply incredible. Can they be punished? If so, they ought to be. If not, then some change in the law is imperatively demanded.

Last week William Bond was charged before the Birmingham Police-court with having embezzled 4d. He had been the Secretary of a defunct benefit society. He had been chosen at a committee meeting, and his only instructions were a book of rules that gave him power to collect subscriptions and disburse them in sick pay. The defence was, that he had shown no disposition to swindle the society, that he distributed what money he had, that his accounts got muddled, and that he found himself short of 4d., which he was prepared to refund. The Bench convicted him, and sent him to prison for one month. Assuredly this man was not more guilty than a Director of a Company who distributes bogus dividends, assents to bogus accounts, takes his fees out of moneys not really earned, together with a percentage of the bogus dividends.

The examinations in respect to the affairs of the Balfour Companies seem likely to last until "the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve," to the benefit alone of those engaged in the inquiry. All worth knowing is already known. A vast number of persons made money by double sales of property. The Directors looked on, and only excuse themselves from being knaves by the plea that they were fools. Whether anything now remains for the shareholders is doubtful; that nothing will remain if the inquiry is to be prolonged is pretty certain.

A boy of fifteen was awarded three weeks' hard labour for being found in the garden of Mr. W. H. Bishop in the evening. It seems to have been purely a case of suspicion; but the extraordinary thing about it is that Mr. Bishop, the prosecutor to all intents and purposes, is an ornament of the Croydon Bench. He appears to have sat and adjudicated on the boy's case. The only witness for the prosecution was Bishop's son. The attention of the Lord Chancellor ought to be drawn to these proceedings. Is not this worthy J.P., by the by, the Bishop who was an intimate friend of Jabez Balfour, and for many years Auditor of the Liberator Society?

I am not a judge, nor am I a lawyer, but if I had had to consider the case has made me inquire the meaning of the words "your possession which they were used in, I should have looked to the meaning of "possession" rather than of "insatiable." I make this observation merely as a linguist, for the Judge held that the sentence could be construed in two ways, whilst, even if the way adverse to the lady had been adopted, it by no means follows that the French gentleman, in whose letter to her the words were introduced, was not exaggerating with a keen sense of possible favours to come.

When at the end of last year Mr. Roxburgh, the Assistant-Judge of the Mayor's Court, applied for an addition to his handsome salary of £1,200 a year, I pointed out that as two jobs had been effected for this gentleman's benefit in the space of five years, it was about time to stop. The City Fathers are past-masters in the art of jobbery. In view of the protests raised in TRUTH, they shelved Mr. Roxburgh's application for the moment, and set themselves to wait for a better opportunity. The opportunity seems to have come last week, when Mr. Roxburgh was formally presented with another £500 a year, at the expense of the citizens of London.

Miss Hughes, the Principal of the College Hall, Bangor, has secured a verdict, with £350 damages, against the *Weekly Dispatch* for libel. The evidence was curious reading, for most of the authorities of the College seem to have been against Miss Hughes. One point in this evidence was remarkable. It seems to have been asserted that a Professor stroked the cheeks of a young lady student with his fingers. This was denied, but it was admitted that he stroked her face with a piece of paper. To most persons it would appear to be a distinction without much difference.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. It is chiefly notable for one or two characteristic exhibitions of magisterial humour, or what passes, I suppose, for humour on the Bench. I scarcely know which is the drollest performance—that of the Bath Justices in inflicting a fine of 5s. on a man charged with being without visible means of subsistence, or that of the Mayor of Ironbridge in gravely informing some boys who had been wasp-nesting that they were liable to five years' penal servitude. The King's Heath Bench, it will be observed, have again distinguished themselves. From the decision given in the case reported below, it appears that it is now an offence to stand on a road within the jurisdiction of these worthies, although no obstruction is caused except in the purely technical sense of the word. A Birmingham contemporary suggests that the defendants were really fined because the King's Heath Solons disapprove of pigeon-flying on Sundays; and I suspect that this is the true explanation of their action:—

Lexden and Winstree Petty Sessions. Before Mr. J. Bateman and other Magistrates. William Woods, builder, charged with assaulting his wife. He had treated the woman in a most outrageous manner, and besides knocking her about and kicking her had been guilty of shameful indecencies. Fined £5 and bound over.

Barnsley Police-court. Before Messrs. F. H. Taylor, H. Pigott, and T. Dymond. James Collins, convicted of being drunk and disorderly and violently assaulting a policeman, whom he knocked down and kicked. Fined 15s. and costs.

Ayr Sheriff Court. Before Sheriff Orr Paterson. Andrew Aitkin, charged with indecent assault. Fined £5.

David Shaw, charged with a similar offence. Fined £5.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Mr. Colmore (Stipendiary), Mr. A. Chamberlain, and other Magistrates. John Beaufoy and Bessy Shannon, charged with assaulting Mrs. Moran. Shannon knocked complainant down, and Beaufoy kicked her, breaking her collar-bone. One month.

Faringdon Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Edwards, the Hon. W. B. Barrington, the Hon. D. P. Bouverie, and other Magistrates. George Brown, convicted of ill-treating and over-driving a horse. It was never fit for work afterwards. Fined £1.

Norwich Police-court. Before Messrs. F. W. Harmer, J. D. Smith, E. Wild, J. F. Ranson, and J. Hotblack. William Fowler, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her eight times in the face. Fined 20s., or seven days.

Doncaster Police-court. Edward Horsfield, convicted of assaulting James Aspbridge by breaking a mug over his head. He inflicted two wounds, and complainant was taken to the infirmary. Fined £2 and costs.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. H. Williams, W. Squier, A. Sturgeon, and L. C. R. Norris Elye. David King and Thomas Perkins, carters, charged with stealing two trusses of hay. King, six weeks; Perkins, one month.

Barnsley Police-court. Before the same Bench. Alfred Ross and Nellie Dykes, charged with sleeping out in a plantation. They said they had no money to pay for lodgings. Ten days each.

Ayr Borough Court. William Dunlop pleaded guilty to stealing a watch. Thirty days.

Kilmarnock Sheriff Court. William Affleck, charged with stealing a pair of gloves and a pair of trousers. Thirty days.

Bristol Police-court. Before Messrs. J. C. Goodwin and W. C. Beloe. Henry Chalinder, convicted of stealing brushes belonging to his employer. Prosecutor appealed to the Bench to deal with the prisoner under the First Offenders Act. The Bench declined to do this. Six weeks.

Faringdon Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Thomas Stallard, aged 13, charged with stealing apples from a garden. Fined 12s.

Northallerton Police-court. Alexander Sample, charged with begging. Three months.

Norwich Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. William Carter, a youth, charged with using bad language. Fined 10s., or five days.

Chapel-en-le-Frith Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. H. G. Bagshawe and R. H. Ashton. Henry Redfern, charged with poaching. His dog killed two rabbits. One month.

Grimsby Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Aldermen Veal and Jackson, and other Magistrates. Charles Hyldon, charged with an aggravated assault on his wife. He knocked her down and kicked her on the side and face. She had been previously assaulted and a separation order was granted. Fined £5 and costs.

Romford Petty Sessions. William Newman, charged with assaulting Betsy Dowsell. He struck her and knocked her down, breaking her arm. Fined £1 and costs.

Torquay Police-court. William Avery, charged with causing a horse to be worked whilst in an unfit state. The animal was lame, and had a number of raw wounds on various parts of the body. Fined 20s.

Wellingborough Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Spencer Pratt, N. P. Sharman, E. B. Randall, and E. Sharman. Johanna Farrell, married woman, charged with stealing two ounces of tobacco. One month.

Joseph Smith, a lad, charged with stealing growing onions. One month.

Stonehouse Police-court. George Vines, charged with poaching. Two months.

Torquay Police-court. Michael Brooks, charged with begging. Fourteen days.

King's Heath Police-court. Before Messrs. C. P. Lane, Baldwin, Onions, Bowen, and Lyndon. John Green and Robert Williams, charged with obstructing the highway on a Sunday. They stood in a wide country road to let fly a number of pigeons. Fined 10s. 6d. each, including costs.

Bath City Police-court. John Brown, charged with being found in a shed not having any visible means of subsistence. Fined 5s., or seven days.

Ironbridge Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. Y. Owen (Mayor), Messrs. W. G. Norris, A. Maw, G. H. Maw, and Colonel Wayne. Five boys charged with damaging Lord Forester's trees. They had been wasp-nesting. The Mayor told the defendants they were liable to five years' penal servitude. Fined 16s. each.

Glasgow Sheriff Summary Court. Before Sheriff Birnie. Two boys charged with loitering about a railway station soliciting luggage to carry. Fined £1 each or fourteen days.

A Cornish Magistrate sends me a report of the Assizes recently held at Bodmin in order to prove that severity and inequality in sentences are evils not confined to the Great Unpaid. He points out that in one case a man found guilty of an offence against the laws of nature was sentenced by Mr. Justice Day to fifteen years' penal servitude, and his companion to ten years. In the same Court a sailor was convicted of an attempt to commit a criminal assault on a little girl whom he met on the road. He used great violence, and a vile disease was communicated to the poor child. Yet he got off with two years' imprisonment. My correspondent hints that the evidence in the first case was not altogether conclusive. Of this I cannot judge, but, even if the men's guilt was fully established, I am quite of my correspondent's opinion that the sentences were so excessive as to appear malignant. I agree also that a heavier punishment was deserved in the second case. That inflicted by Mr. Justice Day is, however, the maximum allowed by the law, so that his Lordship could not have reversed the sentences, as it is suggested he should have done.

Last week I alluded to the action of the St. Neots Magistrates in dismissing certain charges of assault against a gamekeeper named Perkins. The intense indignation and disgust excited by this miscarriage of justice culminated in a remarkable scene on St. Neots Common, where Perkins's effigy, after being carried through the streets, was committed to the flames amidst the derisive cheers of over 1,000 people. Perkins himself has been summarily discharged by his employer, Mr. G. F.

THE IMPERIAL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—CHAS. A. REINGPACH, Manager.

THE MALVERN HILLS.—Most delightful of English Watering-places. Air pure, dry, invigorating. Lowest death-rate (certified), pure water, perfect sanitation. Matchless scenery, charming walks and drives, hunting, golf. Frequently visited by Royalty.

Rowley, and has left the district, and Mr. Rowley ha also presented £5 to the man Townsend as compensation for the injuries which he received. This is not only creditable to Mr. Rowley, but especially significant in view of the fact that he is Chairman of the St. Neots Bench. Evidently Mr. Rowley, like everybody else, disapproves of the extraordinary decision given by his colleagues.

Sir Peter Edlin last week sentenced a young woman to three years' penal servitude for the theft of an umbrella. Her fate should give pause to many worthy people who regard the annexation of somebody else's umbrella on a wet day as a perfectly legitimate stroke of business. Habitués of clubs and other places where men do congregate may, however, find it difficult to break away from a long-established custom. For their consolation I ought, perhaps, to add that the young woman at Clerkenwell was an old offender. Even Sir Peter would probably let off a beginner with something less than three years.

An Inland Revenue prosecution, which closely resembles an act of persecution, came before the Hythe magistrates last week. George Mintram was summoned for killing a pheasant without a licence. He had been previously convicted of poaching in respect of the same bird, and the Bench inquired whether it was the practice of the Inland Revenue to institute the further charge under such circumstances. Mr. Knox, the supervisor, replied in the affirmative. By the way of showing, no doubt, that Mintram was being let off very lightly, Mr. Knox added that he could be fined four times under the Game Act—for trespass, for taking game without a licence, for taking it on a Sunday, and for taking it out of season. It would hardly surprise me to learn that forty charges can be brought against a poacher, so ingeniously are the game laws framed. But I am certainly astounded by the statement of the Supervisor as to the practice of the Inland Revenue. It seems to me that he is egregiously mistaken, for such cases are, if not unprecedented, most uncommon. Even the Hythe J.P.'s, for whom I can rarely say a favourable word, deprecated this attempt to punish the defendant a second time, and inflicted only a nominal penalty.

Another poaching case which calls for notice occurred the other day at Newport (Isle of Wight) County Petty Sessions. A man named Cook was summoned for an offence under the Poaching Prevention Act. It appeared, however, that the policeman who found the defendant on a public footpath in possession of a ferret and nets had been a little "too previous." Cook could only be convicted if the nets had been recently used, and it was the Constable's impression that they had not been so used but that defendant was "about to begin work." Admiral de Horsey and his colleagues were accordingly compelled to dismiss the case. But there was another charge against Cook of assaulting the Constable, and on this he was sentenced to a fortnight's hard labour. The Constable was struck because he persisted in making a seizure of nets, &c., which, as it turned out, he had no right to make. Cook doubtless knew that the seizure was unjustifiable, and it is monstrous that he should be punished thus severely for resisting it.

In the Glasgow Sheriff Court, last week, a man was convicted of bigamy. It was not a case of cruel deception, the defendant having informed the girl with whom he went through the second ceremony that he was already a married man. Nevertheless, Sheriff Guthrie passed a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment on the ground that the defendant had been guilty of a fraud upon the public and upon the clergyman. Not for a moment would I suggest that a man who deliberately commits bigamy should altogether escape punishment. At the same time, I fail to perceive why misleading the clergyman should be regarded as an aggravation of the crime. The sentence was apparently increased on this account, and therefore it was too heavy.

Mr. Charlesworth was summoned before the Chesterfield Magistrates for having allowed a horse to stray on the highway. The defendant's case was that for a period of upwards of fifty years he had grazed his cattle on the strips of land between his boundary fence and the metalled part of the highway, and on the particular occasion he had sent the horse with a bridle on in charge of his daughter who led the animal with a rope. A constable and a witness swore that the defendant's daughter was some distance from the horse, and that it was standing partly on the metalled part of the road. On this evidence the defendant was fined. So far there is no cause of complaint, for if the evidence was correct the defendant was liable to a fine. The remarkable feature in the case, however, was a dictum laid down by the Chairman, that the fifty years' use of the strips for grazing purposes on the part of the defendant gave him no right to pasture on them. If this be correct (which I take the liberty to doubt) a vast number of rights of pasture will be affected.

A police prosecution before the Newport (Mon.) Magistrates for allowing drunkenness on licensed premises broke down the other day in consequence of evidence that the alleged drunken man, his hat having suddenly blown off, had chased it down the road, replaced it on his head, and driven home in his donkey-cart. It appears that this is the second police prosecution against the same publican that has broken down within a few weeks, and on behalf of the landlord it was alleged that the house in question (St. Julian's Inn) was the subject of an intolerable system of police espionage. It seems inconceivable that in the first-mentioned case the police honestly believed the man to be drunk. The truth undoubtedly is that publicans who are honestly trying to carry on their business respectably are at present in many parts of the kingdom the victims of an organised police persecution, and Magistrates ought to be a great deal readier than they are to recognise the true state of the case.

FIELALBO.—Cleans buff gloves, belts, liveries, girths, shoes, &c. Perfectly white. Guaranteed not to rub off. Supersedes pipeclay. —FIELALBO Co., 31, Francis-street, Woolwich. Sample free.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

An extraordinary statement is published by the Scotch papers in connection with the attempt of Laurie, the Arran murderer, to escape from Peterhead Prison. It is alleged that as a punishment for such an attempt the convict has a belt of iron rivetted around his waist, that similar bands are put round his ankles, and that these are all bound together by heavy metal chains, which entirely prevent the use of his legs in running, and considerably restrict his steps in walking. The belts and chains, it is added, have to be worn *night and day*. The correspondent, who has drawn my attention to the subject, thinks that it is "horrible" to torture a man in this way. It is so horrible as to be almost incredible. The prison authorities will, I hope, lose no time in showing that the report is untrue.

Judging from recent executions in the United States by electricity, I do not think, were I condemned to death, that I should select this mode of leaving the world. The objection to hanging is that it is not absolutely mechanical, and a good deal depends upon the skill of the operator. I once saw a man garotted at Havannah. This is a very ingenious process. The patient sits on a chair, an iron band attached to the back of the chair is passed round his neck; then a screw is turned, on which the band squeezes the neck, and a spike is forced into the spine. On the whole, however, I should prefer to be guillotined, and I have often wondered why we do not adopt this form of execution; still more have I wondered why the Americans, when they gave up hanging, did not adopt it.

Mr. Justice Lawrance deserves public thanks for his onslaught at Liverpool Assizes upon a money-lender who prosecuted a luckless woman for obtaining £5 from him by a forged promissory note. It was the usual story in such cases. Shylock appeared to have held the forgery over his victim *in terrorem* until her payments fell into arrear, and then he set the criminal law in motion. The Judge addressed him thus:—

> You can't succeed in a case like this. This is not a Court to collect your debts for you. It is bad enough for people to fall into your hands at all, foolish, silly people as they are. If you conduct a business like this, you must conduct it properly. If you come on people for committing forgery you must take proceedings at once, and not hold the matter over their heads. . . . . Prosecutors who come here must come with clean hands, which they have not in this case.

I commend these remarks, enforced as they were by a verdict of "not guilty," to the attention of those West-end usurers who, as the Judge observed in the course of his remarks, "like nothing better than to have a forged bill in their possession."

The man Binet, of the "National Detective Agency," made his *congé* at the Old Bailey last week, prior to commencing a term of twelve months' hard labour in one of the retreats provided for the purpose. I regret to hear that "the celebrated lady detective," who was advertised as the other leading spirit of the Agency, is still at large; but if it be true, as Binet asserts, that she has returned to domestic service, she will no doubt find many suitable opportunities of displaying her peculiar talents. She might be specially recommended as a real treasure to families contemplating an appearance in the Divorce Court. As regards Binet himself, the police cannot be too highly praised for the activity with which they have brought the man to justice. He was committed for trial within two months of the first exposure of the swindle in TRUTH—an excellent precedent.

Those who let furnished houses and lodgings should be on their guard against a "rogue and vagabond," who occasionally gives the name of "Aubrey D. Bellasys." He is described as a tall, good-looking man, of American accent and manners, wearing a long brown coat and a felt hat. One of his stories is that he is engaged on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and he pretends to be a friend of Mr. Henry Irving and other celebrities. He wants rooms pending the arrival of his luggage, but he invariably departs, without notice, before the luggage arrives. He is reported to be one of a gang who are very busy just now, and those who take him in will find that he invariably returns the compliment.

Great Britain and Ireland are not the only countries favoured by the gang who run the Spanish Prison trick. An Austrian paper reports an attempt to victimise in this manner a worthy householder in Gleisdorf. There is a novel feature in this instance in the fact that the proprietor of the buried treasure professes to have been "Secretary" to our old friend Osman Digna, by whom he had been sent on a confidential mission through Europe with the treasure—comprising 4,000,000 francs and valuable State papers. The story this time is told from Madrid, and replies are to be sent, if the German paper has got the address correctly, to "Señor Don Antonio Pena-Toledo, No. 59, Principal interior de recha, Madrid." In vain have I called upon our Government to set the Spanish authorities in motion against this gang of thieves. The German Foreign Office is more energetic, and perhaps it may be induced to take steps for the protection of its subjects.

"Captain" MacVeigh, of Dumfries, is not yet suppressed, I am sorry to see. A gentleman of Scottish family, living at Handsworth, has just received from him a request to purchase the "Scottish Family History" at the modest price of seven guineas, MacVeigh pretending, as usual, that he has been advised to write by "a friend." In reply to an inquiry addressed to him respecting his connection with the work, MacVeigh further stated on this occasion that "the book can only be had from me." This, as many readers of TRUTH are aware, is false. The book in question is the work of another man. MacVeigh obtained possession of a number of copies by a trick, and had them bound up with a title-page representing himself to be the author. Those who desire to obtain the work in its unpirated form should apply to the original publishers, Messrs. Virtue & Co.

SPA, BELGIUM (10 hours from London and Paris.) Racing, tennis, golf, pigeon-shooting, &c. Splendid Casino, with theatre, &c. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia and dyspepsia

I learn from one who has known him for many years that Sir Charles Algernon Coote, whose begging letters have lately been referred to in TRUTH, is, as might be inferred from his mode of living, a person in every way undeserving of charitable support. Although he traces his troubles to his sufferings from rheumatism, it would seem that he has really been brought to his present condition by a cause far less deserving of sympathy. I would strongly recommend those to whom he refers as having assisted him, to insist on his ceasing to make further use of their names in this way.

There is no fraud now before the public which brings me more correspondence than the penny-in-the-slot machine that refuses to work but continues to receive pennies. This swindle is now in operation in all parts of the metropolis and the provinces. How should it be met? The victim usually refrains from writing to the proprietor, feeling that this means spending a penny in order to recover a penny. He is tempted to assault the machine, and occasionally yields to the temptation, but the only result of this is his appearance before a Magistrate. In the vast majority of cases the victims are little children, who, not knowing what to do, drop a tear or two over the lost penny and say no more about it. A gentleman residing at Chingford tells me that the sight of the children continually crying round fraudulent machines in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest is quite heartrending. Between the children who don't know what to do, and the adults who won't take the trouble to do anything, the penny-in-the-slot business must be a highly profitable one.

I assume that the proprietors of these machines desire to be honest, and honesty is obviously their best policy; for the man, woman, or child who has once put a penny into the slot without any result, is not likely to invest another penny in the same way for a considerable time. I would, therefore, suggest that on every machine there should be the name and address of some one close at hand to whom application should be made in the event of the apparatus refusing to act. There would be little or no difficulty in doing this, and it might always be done at railway stations and holiday resorts, where there are large numbers of the machines, and where they do a large business. The agent ought to have a key in order to return the money of the party making the complaint, and to close the slot until the machine is in working order again.

Much dissatisfaction prevails among the candidates at the last South Kensington Art examinations. Among thirty pupils of one well-known School of Art only five certificates were awarded, and one of those who failed to obtain a certificate had taken a second-class in the lower grade last year, and was expected to do even better this year. I am told on good authority that this result is far more due to the incompetence of the examiners than that of the pupils. It is not a matter in which I can myself express an opinion, but any statement imputing inefficiency to South Kensington officials is *a priori* credible.

There is no end to the new inducements to people to get out of London at any opportunity. Residents in and visitors to the Isle of Thanet are to be favoured on next and all following Saturdays during the season with a fast midnight train from Victoria to Westgate, Margate, and Ramsgate, reaching the latter place at 2 a.m. Mr. Forbes has specially designed this convenience for the benefit of the theatrical and journalistic professions, who will thus be enabled to get the whole of Sunday at the sea-side.

I should like to know the total amount of the coal output two years ago; the amount of cash received for the output; the amount paid in wages, including in wages the rent for free cottages; the amount paid in royalties, and the amount at 5 per cent. of interest on capital expenditure; and to have the same figures for the present year. It would then be possible to arrive at a conclusion as to the merits or demerits of the demands of the men. I have no doubt that competition between coal-owners has reduced the price of coal. But what does this mean? That, owing to trade being bad, all coal produced cannot find a market unless the price be low. The doctrine — so far as I understand it — of the men is, that reduction in price is the result of competition, and that it ought to be met by a combination of coal-owners to keep up prices. But if it can be shown that at higher prices the volume of sales would be reduced, the only result of a rise in selling price would be to limit output; for it is evident that industries dependent upon a large consumption of coal might have to close were coal above a certain price. I am all for men getting a fair day's wage for a fair day's work; at the same time, nothing is more certain than that an employer will not employ unless he gets some profit by doing so. The question, consequently, is, after ascertaining the gross profit on a ton of coals, whether this profit is fairly shared between employer and employed? This is why I say that the men are in the wrong in refusing arbitration, although, for all that I know to the contrary, they may be right on the actual issue.

At a village in North Wiltshire, I hear, the benighted farmers refused to attend the annual rent dinner at the inn because the landlord had been guilty of the outrage of allowing the labourers to hold their Union meetings in his house! One of the farmers was actually so infatuated as to write to the Crown authorities (who are the principal landowners in the parish) protesting against the publican allowing meetings of the Labourers' Union to be held in his house. Surely the labourers are as much at liberty to combine together for their own protection as are the farmers.

BRUSSELS.—The GRAND HOTEL. Magnificent establishment. Central position. Latest English hygienic improvements. Post, telegraph, and ticket offices. Unrivalled cuisine and cuisine.—DUBONNET, Propr.

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

Following on the attempt of Mr. C. J. Leyland to stop access to Cheviot, the *Alnwick Guardian* reports another piece of landlord encroachment in the same part of the world, namely, the enclosure of a hill known as "Beal Bank" at the south end of Warkworth Village. This is on the Duke of Northumberland's property, and everybody professes the utmost certainty that the act must be that of an under strapper, and unknown to "the Duke"—who is spoken of in the district with bated breath. Time will show. After the public notice that the matter has now received, "the Duke" cannot any longer be regarded as ignorant of what has been done. This is another of the cases where the Village Council, when it comes, will find its work all ready cut out.

In the *World* of last week it was stated that at the Liberal headquarters in Parliament-street the authorities are of opinion that there will be no appeal to the country till towards the end of next year, and that the proof of this is a circular addressed to the Liberal agents throughout the country by Mr. Hudson. As a matter of fact, neither Mr. Hudson, nor any other authority, has issued any circular of the sort.

Here is a letter from a Conservative with reference to one of Commissary-General Hamley's touting circulars for the "Junior Conservative Club." I have already shown that the concern is not "Conservative," because it is recruited indiscriminately from the Post Office Directory, and Liberals are invited to join on the same terms as Conservatives. My present correspondent argues, very justly, that it is only a "bogus" political club:—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose some papers relating to an institution called the Junior Conservative Club. I have been pestered with these circulars for some time past. I have complained to Lord Londonderry and to another member of the Committee of the use they allow to be made of their names. But all to no purpose. The circulars still come. If the club is supposed to be a representative one of the Conservative Party, then I am not a Conservative.

To you, an opponent, because it is apparently of no use applying elsewhere, I apply to assist me in getting rid of this nuisance by making public the scandal of supposing that anything but a bogus club could be conducted on a subscription of one guinea a year.

If the representative men of the Party can't or won't put this sort of thing down, then God help the Conservative Party, for it must be in a very bad way.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN R. ADAMS.

July 22, 1893.

The *Rangoon Times* reports that the Theebaw Sawba has arrived at Rangoon on his way to England, and that "he and his followers are located in an empty house in Pagoda-road, devoid of furniture or even mats; the party having to use their own carpets to sit on." The Rangoon paper remarks that a little more attention on the part of the local Government to our frontier chiefs might be more politic. So I should think. I have no idea who the Theebaw Sawba is, nor what is his business in England, but considering the amount of expense and anxiety which the maintenance of the frontiers of the Empire involves, I should have thought we could not be too civil to any frontier potentate who is disposed to be friendly. Theebaw Sawba is coming to England for two years, I understand, so there will be time to make it up to him.

The future Governors of Victoria are to be paid only £7,500 a year, instead of £10,000, which is Lord Hopetoun's salary. Formerly this too lavish Colony paid her Governor £15,000 a year. It is impossible to understand why the Governor of Victoria should have been paid £10,000 a year, while the salary in New South Wales is only £7,500.

Lord Rosebery appears to have disappointed the Jingoes in his treatment of the Franco-Siamese dispute. His action has been all that could be desired. Mr. Curzon and Lord Lamington evidently imagined that the fact of their having visited Siam conferred upon its territory a sacred character, and made it part and parcel of the British Empire. Lord Rosebery, in his communications with the French Government, utterly ignored these pretensions, and confined himself to delicately hinting that whilst we could not pretend to any right of interference between France and Siam, we ought to have a voice in the disposal of certain territories that we ceded to Siam on the distinct understanding that they should remain under our rule, and that a blockade, to be recognised by neutrals, must be in accordance with international law.

That the territory east of the Mekong River and north of the 18th parallel is of any use, either to us or to France, or to Siam, I greatly doubt, except that its nominal possession by the last Power prevents our frontier marching with that of France. The territory is inhabited by certain Shan tribes, who are robbers when they get a chance, but with whom the chance comes seldom, as there is seldom anything to rob. As I said last week, the buffer-State doctrine is a questionable one, and even if admitted to be sound, it is still more questionable whether such a "no man's land" would serve the purpose of a buffer-State. A portion of the territory, moreover, is claimed by China, and any European Power seeking to exercise sway there might bring down upon it those exceedingly disagreeable hordes termed the Black Flags.

The blockade question is a very simple one. If a country goes to war with another, and, after due notice, effectively blockades its ports, all neutral countries have to accept the fact, and if any of their merchant vessels endeavour to leave or enter the blockaded ports, they are liable to seizure, and to be condemned as good capture by Prize Courts. But if the ports are blockaded without a declaration of war, then it can only be effective against the flag of the State owning the ports, and neutrals have free entry and exit. There is no rule of international law more certain than this. When the French blockaded the Chinese Ports, it was fully admitted by France. During the American Civil War, the Southern Ports were not closed by a blockade, but closed by their being declared by the *de jure* Government of the country no longer Ports of Entry.

MAJOR HOWE & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. [Klenrusha, Polish.)

In France, by a law which Radicals have always desired should exist here, the Executive cannot declare war without the assent of the Chamber. M. Carnot, therefore, could only declare a blockade against the Siamese flag, which is not operative against neutrals. The question of the effect of a "peaceful blockade" had absolutely nothing to do with the rights or the wrongs of the dispute between Siam and France. Had a neutral vessel been seized under it a Prize Court would have declared that it was not good capture.

Another View of the Siamese Question.

Said the native in his rice-patch,
On the banks of the Mē-Kong,
"For myself, and for my neighbours,
Things are going very wrong.
We are hunted by French soldiers
If we show ourselves on land;
We are shot at by French gun-boats
If we venture near the strand;
We are threatened and we're bullied
By the white men from Annam—
I should like to know the reason,"
Said the native of Siam.

"They say that France is trying,
Here across the ocean's foam,
To obtain some compensation
For the mess she's in at home.
They say she's cross with England,
That the blows at us she's dealt
Are, in point of fact, intended
By *that* country to be felt;
But whatever her intention,
My own ruin is no sham,
And I cannot understand it,"
Said the native of Siam.

"Why should ever my poor country
Have been made a 'Buffer State'?
Why should strife 'twixt France and England
Bring on *me* so harsh a fate?
Surely those great Christian nations
Have sufficient of their own,
And might mercifully leave me
And my paddy field alone.
When the wolves begin to quarrel
They at least might spare the lamb;
But I fear they mean to eat it,"
Sighed the native of Siam.

Nothing is easier than to say that we will pass British reforms in the autumn. Nothing is more difficult than to do it. And this is the opinion of those practically acquainted with the working of the House of Commons. With the Estimates unpassed, and with a number of comparatively lesser Bills to carry, I am inclined to think that the Unionists might render our task, not only difficult, but impossible. So far as I am personally concerned, I like an Autumn Session, for I neither hunt nor shoot, and I find the House of Commons as agreeable a place in the autumn as anywhere else. I, however, really believe that if we carry over all Bills now before the House, and unpassed, to next year, meet early in January, and devote the Session entirely to British reforms, we shall have made greater progress this time next year than if we try to force through measures this autumn. If I had my way, I should adjourn, after the Home Rule Bill is carried, until the middle of October, then pass the Estimates, and Bills such as the Employers' Liability Bill, that have come out of a Grand Committee, then prorogue, and meet again in the first week of January. Freed from the incubus of Home Rule, we might, between January and August next year, pass most of the items of the Newcastle Programme. If the Lords throw out any of the Bills that we send up to them, this would only be to our advantage at the General Election, which can hardly be put off beyond the end of next year's Session.

On that election we ought to concentrate all our thoughts, and subordinate everything else to winning it. We have only recently emerged from six years of Tory misrule; it would indeed be a terrible thing if we were landed in a second six years of misrule.

"The Bill" is now through Committee. As a Bill granting Home Rule to Ireland, it leaves much to be desired, for it relegates to the future most of the principal issues involved in Home Rule, whilst, by leaving the Irish to vote on all British matters, it renders it very probable that the Irish will—and I do not blame them—subordinate their votes on all such questions to what they regard as the interest of their own country. I should have preferred a finality Bill, granting full Home Rule to Ireland, and absolving the Irish from the necessity of attending the Westminster Parliament for at least the next ten years.

When we have passed the Bill in the Commons, we shall have fulfilled our pledge to the Irish, for we shall have spent the Session on the Bill to the exclusion of British reforms. We were elected to carry reforms both in Great Britain and in Ireland; it would, therefore, be absurd to allow the action of the House of Lords to precipitate an election before we have dealt with British reforms. The question is how and when we are to deal with the latter. We have stood by the Irish; it is their turn to stand by us.

There is but one remedy for last Thursday's incident in the House of Commons. The scene is only one more proof that a Parliament charged with control over the British Empire, and over every local issue in the United Kingdom, is invested with functions so multifarious that it cannot properly perform them, and that the endeavour tends to convert the Commons into a mob, and to render it necessary to suppress legitimate discussion. The remedy is Home Rule all round, with an Imperial Parliament at Westminster. This Session has furnished us with two object-lessons—1. A Bill fundamentally altering the relations between Great Britain and Ireland is—or, I ought to say, will be—passed, the principal clauses of which have not been discussed. 2. The great Council of the nation has been degraded by a physical struggle that reduced it to the level of a ring at a prize-fight. Unless we recognise these portents, and strive by a radical reform in the constitution of Parliament to remedy them, we shall go from bad to worse, and the principle of popular Government will succumb to vices which are inherent in our application of it.

Herefordshire Cider & Perry, six distinct varieties. Gold Medal, Paris, 1888. The Bishop of Ely writes, 1892, "Your Cider & Perry are excellent." List from H.P. Bulmer & Co., Rylands, Hereford.

SCRUTATOR.

THE FRACAS IN THE HOUSE.

THE blood of some persons is always boiling, and when this occurs it invariably produces a general condition of excitability. Mine seldom boils, and therefore I was able to follow calmly, if regretfully, the wondrous scene that took place in the House of Commons last Thursday. The *causa causans* was Mr. Chamberlain, and the immediate causes were Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Carson, and Mr. Hayes Fisher.

Just before ten o'clock Mr. Chamberlain concluded a few observations of the usual acrid character, by comparing Mr. Gladstone to Herod, and his followers to the servile crew who proclaimed that monarch to be a god. This historical epigram, as the *Times* terms it, was not, it would seem, unparliamentary But it can hardly be said to have been complimentary, and the cry of "Judas" arose from the Irish Benches. Now, "Judas" is unparliamentary. When Mr. Mellor put the question then before the House (an amendment of Mr. John Redmond), Mr. Vicary Gibbs, sitting in his place, and with his hat on his head, as is the rule when a Member wishes to address the Chair after a division has been called, sought to convey to Mr. Mellor that this cry of "Judas" had been raised. But there was such shouting on both sides that Mr. Mellor could not hear him. The Unionists, therefore, insisted upon remaining in their seats until the word "Judas" had been, as it is called, written down, or, in other words, until official cognisance had been taken of it. The Liberals and the Nationalists, on the other hand, began to file off into their lobby. But many remained standing below the bar, and consequently the exit was blocked. Thus a number of the members who had left their seats remained on the floor of the House, not being able to get through the door. Mr. Logan had found himself in the wrong lobby, and passed by the front Opposition Bench in order to get to the entrance into the Government lobby, and he paused to endeavour to hear what Mr. Vicary Gibbs was shouting. On the Opposition Bench, most of whose usual tenants had left it, sat Mr. Carson. He had already attracted attention owing to the yells in which he had been indulging to beguile the time and to relieve his feelings. He is by no means an ugly man, but his expression is suggestive of Law Courts, and not exactly of those portions of them which are occupied by the Bench or by the Bar; indeed, Nature has so fashioned his face that any theatrical manager to whom he applied for an engagement would at once engage him for Iago, if he contemplated producing "Othello." Seeing Mr. Logan near him, this Iago commenced at once to assail him with scurrilous abuse, and urged him to join the "gang of gaggers." On Mr. Logan mildly suggesting that his observations were somewhat impertinent, Mr. Carson and his friends shouted "Bar," a cry which is raised when any one is standing on the floor of the House whilst a debate is progressing, but which was out of place during a division. Mr. Logan, however, recognising that he was technically out of order in standing, at once sank into the nearest seat that was vacant. On this Mr. Fisher grasped him by his collar and pushed him forward, whilst Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett dragged at him by his heels. The Nationalists who perceived the assault, believing that the whole Tory party would fall on Mr. Logan, pressed forward across the gangway. Their advance was resisted by the Tories. A *mêlée* occurred, during which blows and pushes were exchanged.

I have no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain indulged in his historical epigram, when the clock was on the stroke of the fatal ten o'clock, in the hopes that a scene of some sort would occur. He, therefore, was the *causa causans*. Mr. Carson, whose uproarious conduct had attracted attention before Mr. Logan had come between the wind and his nobility, improved the occasion by insolent personal abuse. When Mr. Logan met this by obeying the imperious orders to him to sit down, Mr. Fisher and Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, finding that verbal insults did not suffice to create a disturbance, proceeded to assault him, and when the Nationalists pressed forward to prevent further violence to a Home Ruler, they were received with blows, and naturally returned them. It is the old story of the wolf and the lamb. The wolf now finds fault with the lamb.

I have seen it stated that Mr. Logan had no right to take a vacant seat on the front Opposition Bench. This is nonsense. If when the House is clearing for a division, a Member puts on his hat and addresses the Speaker or Chairman, any one standing near any particular Bench at once takes a seat on it, irrespective of his political affinities. Mr. Logan was invited to sit down by Mr. Carson and his friends, and then these friends proceeded to assault him for doing so. As a matter of fact, a Conservative was sitting by my side on the front bench below the gangway during the whole of the scene. It never occurred to me or to the other occupants of the Bench to take exception; still less to lay violent hands on him.

Why to call a man Herod should be Parliamentary, and to call a man Judas should not be, I do not know. There is very little to choose between these two Hebrews, but I think that Herod was the worse of the pair; and certainly the comparison of Mr. Chamberlain to Judas is more appropriate than that of Mr. Gladstone to Herod. The Prime Minister has not killed his wife, nor has he ever allowed the head of a divine to be served up on charger at the request of a niece. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, did join Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, and, having joined it, he did his best to upset it, precisely as Judas joined the Apostles, and used his position as one of them to work out his wicked ends. As to what followed after Herod had got rid of his wife, and Judas of his Master, there is as little similarity between Judas and Mr. Chamberlain, as between Mr. Gladstone and Herod. Herod was eaten by worms, Mr. Gladstone tramples on the worms and other creeping things that would devour him. Mr. Chamberlain has not hanged himself from despair, nor is he likely to do so. Far from repenting, he glories in his misdeeds, and, whilst still insisting that he is more of a Liberal than

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those from whom he has cut adrift, he is a favoured guest in the Halls of the Pharisees; he dines with Caiaphas, and sups with Pilate. Having rallied to the Party that he has been pleased to call that of "the gentlemen of England," he does yeoman service to the "gentlemen," for, as a debater, he has few equals, and gives almost every day proof of his forensic talent by arguing against all that in days gone by he advocated. Whether his mode of warfare is likely to strengthen the claim of the Conservative Party to the title of the gentlemen of England, may, it is true, be a question.

But, after all, what harm does it do a man to be compared to Judas or Herod? Public men should not be too touchy. If Mr. Chamberlain dislikes being called Judas, why should he not believe that the reference is to Judas Maccabæus, and take it as a compliment that he is compared to that gallant warrior?

The studied insults, the assaults, and the rowdyism of the Unionists are part of their plan of campaign. They are pitting the House of Lords against the House of Commons, and their object is to endeavour to degrade the latter in order to exalt the former. Scenes are desired by them, and the more disreputable they are the better are they pleased. We had last week a sample of their Michelstown tactics. In that Irish town, a quiet, peaceable crowd had assembled to listen to speeches, and was attacked by the police. After the Nationalists had been bludgeoned and shot down, they were accused of being the assailants, and the country was asked to realise how unfit the Irish were for self-government. Beaten at the polls, the Unionists are transferring their tactics to the House of Commons in the desperate hope of persuading the country that the Radicals are unfit to rule. If they are no longer able to bludgeon Nationalists in Ireland, they console themselves by roughly treating Englishmen in the House of Commons.

These reckless men have dealt a blow to the good name of the country which will be with difficulty effaced. Our House of Commons has served as a model to other nations when seeking to establish representative government. There have before been noisy and not very edifying scenes, but between them and the ignoble quarrel of last Thursday there is a wide interval. What will foreign nations think of us? What will our Colonies? What homilies our Press would have read to Servians or to Bulgarians, to Australians or to New Zealanders, had such a scene taken place in the Representative Assembly of one of these countries. Our Parliament is no mere local Council. It is Imperial and it is the ultimate Court of Appeal for nearly half the civilised world. With loss of respect, it must lose its place, of primacy. The hisses from the public gallery, the sneers of those on board the steamboats passing before the terrace of its Palace, will be echoed far and wide. Every Englishman, reading what occurred, felt a sense of shame. And rightly. For a reputation built on centuries was shattered.

The proceedings on Monday in the House in respect to the fracas were, I think, a mistake, and the right note was struck by Mr. Justin McCarthy. In Paradise the lion, we are told, will lie down with the lamb, but in Paradise the lion and the lamb will not have to submit their rival political views to the arbitrament of a General Election. The homilies of Mr. Speaker, of Mr. Gladstone, of Mr. Balfour, and of Sir Henry James were in excellent taste, and would have been to the point had the fracas occurred without witnesses from outside, and without the public having been informed by various witnesses inside of what had occurred. It was, therefore, as it seemed to me, an ostrich notion to suppose that, by the House agreeing to bury the matter in oblivion, it would be so buried. By the agreement that Mr. Fisher and Mr. Logan should each express his regret, the impression was conveyed that both had been equally in the wrong. Now, Mr. Logan had been in no way wrong, whereas Mr. Fisher had. The gravamen as regards the House and the country was that blows, for the first time in two centuries, had been exchanged between Members in the House. Mr. Fisher had admitted that he had had recourse to physical aggression. Mr. Logan, when subjected to this aggression, had not replied in kind, although an athlete who could, had he been so minded, have pulverised his assailant. It is true that Mr. Fisher stated that he had been under the impression that Mr. Logan contemplated attacking him or his friends. For this there was not a vestige of evidence; indeed, it is not easy to understand how Mr. Fisher could have imagined this, as Mr. Logan was seated when attacked on one bench with his back turned to Mr. Fisher, who was seated on the bench behind him. Obviously, Mr. Fisher had resented Mr. Logan seating himself on the front Opposition Bench, and the attack upon him was due to his having done so. This is a Gladstone Parliament. The tendency of the public will be, consequently, to consider that the Liberals are responsible for what occurred, and that a Gladstone Parliament is inferior in decorum and good manners to a Salisbury Parliament, whilst the habitual abuse of the Irish Members as rowdies by the Unionist Press will lead many to credit the vague asseverations of these journals that the Irish were, in some mysterious way, at the bottom of the matter. This could only be met by accentuating the fact that Mr. Fisher had most improperly resorted to physical force, and that, as he himself wrote, this was the signal for the scrimmage. No Committee of Investigation was needed to collect proof of this. We had Mr. Fisher's own word for it. Under these circumstances, Mr. Fisher ought to have been punished. He and his friends might have pleaded that he was under great excitement. This plea might have served him in mitigation of punishment, but punishment there ought to have been.

I fully appreciate the wish of the Speaker and of others to let bygones be bygones. But the country had a right to exact something more than an apology from the gentleman whose action led to the most disgraceful scene that ever took place in Parliament, and the Liberal Party had a right to demand that this fact should be officially recognised by the temporary suspension of Mr. Fisher. I say this from no personal feeling

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against Mr. Fisher, who, I believe, is, under ordinary circumstances, a most estimable gentleman. But facts are facts, and I see no reason why they should be ignored, and Liberals and Irishmen be rendered responsible for a fracas which was not the result of any action of theirs.

The *Times* has not been long in showing the determination of the Unionist Press to make capital out of the "kiss of peace." On Tuesday it published an article on the subject. Taking for its text a letter that it inserts in its columns from the *Spectator*, it commends it to all "who desire to apportion the blame with accuracy and justice." The letter states that it was the Irish party that shouted "Judas"; the Gladstonian party that shouted down Mr. Gibbs; the Gladstonian party that stood on the floor of the House; Mr. Logan who flung himself on the Conservative front Bench; and the Irish Members who invaded the Conservative Benches to assist Mr. Logan. A more utter perversion of fact by *suggestio falsi et suppressio veri* I never read. Not one word about Mr. Fisher's action. The article itself throws all blame on Mr. Gladstone, the Liberals, and the Nationalists. The affray was possible, because "upon the most trifling provocation, or upon none at all, the Irish supporters of Mr. Gladstone fill the House of Commons with noises worthy only of pot-house brawlers. Their conduct is a perpetual outrage and insult." Because "the Opposition is dominated by the physical force of their brazen lungs;" because of "the unheard-of violence of Mr. Gladstone's legislative methods;" because Mr. Gladstone has not "given to the Speaker or the Chairman that assistance in maintaining the decency and decorum of debate that they have a right to expect," but "has connived at Irish rowdyism because it suited his purpose:" therefore, in an "atmosphere of persistent and brutal coercion, every form of disorder and brutal coercion naturally flourishes, and it may be well doubted whether any race less patient and phlegmatic than our own would have come so well through the ordeal." What does all this mean? For "race," "Unionists" must be read. The Unionists, therefore, never shout, they did not howl "Gag! gag;" they did not insist upon remaining in the House when a division was called; Mr. Fisher did not attempt to drag Mr. Logan out of a seat. Models of dignified Senators, they sat silent under contumely and insult. When at length they proceeded to blows, they are told that no other human beings would have come so well out of the ordeal. They are, in fact, angels, not men, sadly, calmly contemplating scenes repugnant to their celestial virtues, until a noble indignation gets the better of them, and they proceed to administer punishment to the fiends by whom they are surrounded. Positively they are almost blamed for being too patient and too phlegmatic. This is the only fault in otherwise perfect natures, and, if they only act upon the moral inculcated, they will in future be more ready to rebuke with their fists the demoralised herd that, under the leadership of that arch-fiend, Mr. Gladstone, is converting the august Council of the nation into a bear garden. What more evidence is needed that with such opponents the Liberals cannot hope for fair play, and that they ought to have insisted upon an official recognition that the Tory who boasted of having sought to drag a Liberal out of his seat, and having thus given the signal for the scrummage, should have been adequately punished?

THE *VICTORIA* VERDICT.

The *Victoria* Court-martial has endorsed the general verdict previously pronounced by public opinion throughout the country. That the disaster was primarily due to the mistake of the Commander-in-Chief was a foregone conclusion. The Court, however, express, parenthetically, "regret" in regard to one point in Rear-Admiral Markham's share of the transaction, and this is really the matter of most importance raised by the inquiry. So far as Admiral Tryon's blunder is concerned, the milk is spilt, and it is little use to say more about it; but the question of the responsibility of an inferior officer in the face of a patent blunder on the part of his superior has a deep and abiding interest for the Service and the public. The Court-martial limits its expression of regret to the fact that Rear-Admiral Markham did not signal to the Commander-in-Chief his doubt respecting the fatal order. But suppose that he had done this. Something approaching to a remonstrance in regard to the order had already been addressed to Sir George Tryon by the Captain of his own ship; but it had only resulted in the Admiral emphatically repeating his previous instructions. Rear-Admiral Markham did, in point of fact, go the length of ordering the signal which the Court considers should have been made; but it was intercepted by the peremptory inquiry from the flagship as to why the *Camperdown* was keeping the fleet waiting. From these facts, it seems only too probable that even had Admiral Markham signalled his inability to understand, the reply would have been something more or less to the effect of "Mind your own business and do as you are told." Sir George Tryon does not seem to have been a man with whom a subordinate could argue as to the propriety of his orders with any good effect. The vital question, therefore, remains, supposing that the Rear-Admiral had done what the Court thinks he should have done, and had been met with a peremptory repetition of the order, what would have been his duty then? To the average landsman it seems that his duty would be to disobey, as soon as he saw that obedience involved imminent peril to his own ship or another. That is the view which I have already enunciated. It seems to be supported by the general order of Sir George Tryon himself, which has been referred to in the course of the proceedings, and which is said to have been evoked by the stranding of the *Howe*. In this order a discretion in regard to obedience is clearly given to the commanding officer of a ship who sees that his ship would be imperilled by a literal execution of the instructions given to him. The finding of the *Victoria* Court-martial does not purport to deal with the point, though, so far as it goes, it tends in the direction of the "duty of disobedience." What, then, is now imperatively required is an authoritative ruling which will relieve commanders of H.M. ships of all doubt as to how they

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ought to act in such an emergency. The point is of too much importance to be left in any doubt.

Although the Court thinks otherwise, the original order does not seem to have been the only error of judgment which Sir George Tryon committed on this lamentable occasion. His order cancelling the summons to the boats of the other ships, if "wise" (as the Court consider it) in itself, can only have been founded on an utter misapprehension of the condition to which the *Victoria* was reduced by the collision. It has been said that this second order was prompted by anxiety for the safety of the boats should the *Victoria* sink; but this is only calling in a fresh error of judgment to negative the first. The boats called up could see and measure the risk for themselves, and the possibility of danger to them was as nothing beside the certainty of danger to the hundreds of unfortunates cast into the sea as the flagship sank. One boat, indeed, seems to have in this instance disobeyed the Admiral's order, and kept on her way to the sinking ship. Had this disobedience been more general, the loss of life might have been considerably reduced.

There is another matter to which I would draw attention in connection with the loss of life. It is said as one moral of the calamity that all men in the Navy should be taught to swim. By all means. To teach them all to swim, however, will be a matter of years, whereas, if a contract for the purpose were placed at once, every man in the Navy might have a life-belt at his disposal in a few weeks. Swimming is a very useful accomplishment, but if I were about to go down with a sinking ironclad, I would rather trust to a life-belt than to my own natatory powers. The very strongest swimmer would experience a difficulty in finding his way to the surface under such circumstances. When the *Roumania* was lost, an outcry was very properly raised over the absence of life-belts at the moment when they were wanted, and when they would have assisted many of the passengers to land. Passenger ships are compelled by law to carry life-belts sufficient for all on board. Why should such an obvious and wise precaution be neglected in the Navy? Had life-belts been available on board the *Victoria*, in the perfect order and discipline which prevailed, it is no exaggeration to say that every man who made his way on deck might have been saved.

Another question worth raising, while the ill-fated *Victoria* is still in the public recollection, is the means of communication between engine-room and bridge. Whatever the reason, it is clear that the order to put the *Camperdown's* engines full speed astern was not correctly conveyed to the engine-room. Whether any interruption of the communication occurred in the *Victoria* does not appear; but the engines continued to work till the ship disappeared, and it might have been supposed that, if he could have done so, the Admiral would have stopped the engines and ordered the engine-room staff to save themselves, when he saw that the end was at hand. There ought to be on every ship an alternative mode of communication, by speaking-tube or some similar method, which is not liable to be deranged, as electric communication is, just when it is most wanted, in time of storm, collision, grounding, or other emergency. Here, again, the merchant service is in many cases ahead of the Navy. Every matter of this kind ought now, while the iron is hot, to be sedulously hammered into the heads of our naval administrators. A catastrophe like the loss of the *Victoria* is, in these days of rapidly-moving events, no better than a nine days' wonder. Already it is passing out of the public mind. The lessons which it teaches, if they are to be learnt at all, must be learnt before the calamity is forgotten.

MACLEAN AND HIS SPONSORS.

In consequence of my article of last week on the present position of Mr. Angus Maclean's enterprise, I have received the following letter from Dr. Momerie:—

St. Ermin's Mansions, S.W., July 20, 1893.

Sir,—I was surprised to read in last week's Truth that I was an "honorary member" of Maclean's British and Foreign Association. I have no recollection of having given him permission to use my name. But if I ever did so, it must have been years ago, when I was younger and less wary, and I must have been deceived, as no doubt were the other "honorary members" whom you mention, by a fraudulent account of the purposes of the Association. I shall be much obliged if you will say that, now at any rate, I am *not* an honorary member. I am writing to Maclean to the same effect.—Your obedient servant,

Alfred Momerie.

I take it that the explanation which Dr. Momerie gives of his connection with the "British and Foreign Association" is very much what would be given by the various other distinguished individuals who are advertised as "honorary members" of this swindle. The extraordinary thing, however, is that again and again during the last two years the names of all these distinguished individuals have been published in Truth, Dr. Momerie's among them, their attention being at the same time called to the frauds which Maclean was perpetrating with the assistance of their names. Some few have responded, as Dr. Momerie has now done, and have informed me that they had ordered their names to be withdrawn; but the rest I have hitherto been unable to enlighten as to the undesirable position in which they were placed. As a final effort to open their eyes, I once more publish the list of "honorary members," revised up to date, as it is given in Maclean's latest programme of his swindle. Dr. Momerie's name I have, of course, eliminated:—

Honorary Members.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dysart.
The Very Rev. The Dean of Lichfield.
Dr. Alberto Nin, Chargé d'Affaires, Uruguay.
Major the Hon. Horace Hobart Hampden.
S. F. Hoffnung, Esq., Hawaian Legation.
Senor A. Paz, Consul Gen. Argentine Repub.
Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart.
Sir Robert Rawlinson, K.C.B.
Augustin Daly, Esq.
Edward Terry, Esq.
Edward Compton, Esq.
Henry A. Jones, Esq.
Robert Louis Stevenson, Esq.
Bret Harte, Esq.
Paul Blouet, Esq.
Prof. G. H. Darwin, Camb.
Prof. H. Alleyne Nicholson
Prof. A. A. MacDonell, Oxford
Prof. Robert Wallace, Edin.
Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.
Sir D. Matheson, K.C.B., Glasgow.
Sir William Aitken, M.D.
Sir W. T. Lewis, Cardiff.
Sir R. N. Howard, Weymouth.
Alderman Sir H. Cochrane, D.L., J.P., Dublin.
Sir F. R. Hogg, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
D. F. P. Barton, Esq., British Consul, Geneva.
Dorabjee P. Cama, Esq.
Sir James Miller, Bart., Manderston, N.B.
Prof. Dragomanov, Sofia
Prof. Sylvester, D.C.L., Oxford
Lady Florence Dixie
Mrs. Anthony Trollope
Mrs. Oscar Beringer
Miss Rosina Brandram
W. H. Grenfell, Esq.
Richard Tangye, Esq., F.R.G.S.
Mrs. Frank Leslie, New York
John Inglis, Esq., Glasgow
Baron de Bush, London

With many others of note.

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

I should be sorry to suppose, or to suggest, that men like Lord Dysart, the Dean of Lichfield, Sir Robert Rawlinson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Henry A. Jones, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, and the rest, are aware that "the British and Foreign Association" is located in a back room in a back street in Westminster, that it owes three months' rent, that the "Chief Secretary and Treasurer" has shut up the office and gone for a holiday, leaving no address, and that the business of the Association has for a long time past consisted in robbing foreign governesses and other helpless persons of half-guineas on the pretence of getting them situations. But I must point out that ignorance of these facts does not excuse the parties who have in times past been induced to enrol their names as patrons of this precious concern. It behoves people who have once lent their names to any undertaking which exists by getting money out of the public, to keep an eye on that undertaking, and to see for what purpose their names are being used. His Royal Highness the Duke of York has just set an excellent example in this respect. From the letter which Sir George Lewis sent to the papers on Monday, it appears that a Mr. J. E. Cracknell obtained, by the careful suppression of a most material fact, the permission of the Duke to use his name in connection with some sort of farm colony in Canada, for which he was collecting subscriptions. It subsequently came to his Royal Highness's knowledge that the Colony was a thing of the future, so that the object of naming it after the son of the Prince of Wales was obviously to obtain money for the undertaking. Upon learning this, the Duke of York at once published through Sir George Lewis an unqualified disclaimer of Mr. Cracknell and all his works. No man under similar circumstances can do more than this; but I would add, no man ought to do less. I do not suggest that Maclean's patrons should place themselves in the hands of Sir George Lewis and send disclaimers to all the papers. They are less important personages, socially speaking, than the Duke of York. But I do say that they owe it to themselves to stop the use of their names by Maclean in his swindling operations, and to communicate to the Editor of TRUTH the fact that they have done so.

I have also received a letter in reference to Mr. Maclean from the proprietors of "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet-street, asking me to mention that Maclean, so far as they can learn, has never been known at their house. I should be sorry to suggest that an inn or an innkeeper is in any way under a reproach from the fact of a party of undesirable character having obtained refreshment in the house; but I cannot object to make it known that Maclean has not been seen at the "Cheshire Cheese." At the same time, I should be much more glad to hear from any one who has seen him than from any one who has not.

GLACIER is a substitute for stained glass, which has been before the public for nearly 15 years, and more appreciated to-day than ever before as a necessity for the decoration of windows. The list of houses, churches, mansions, public buildings, hotels, &c., that have had it, and the windows of which can be pointed to with pride as specimens of rich decoration, is well worth your perusal. The effect is as good and the price about one-sixth to one-twentieth of stained glass. To be had in every town in the kingdom from agents, or from the manufacturers and patentees, McCAW STEVENSON, & ORR, LIMITED. Linenhall Works, Belfast.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A "PETIT LOCAL" FOR LEGISLATORS.

VICTOR HUGO used to prophesy that the time would come when Mr. Speaker would need a *petit local* for honourable members. He went, in doing so, on the radiating power of France, and the habit into which other nations have fallen of imitating her. There are in the House of Commons some ideal rooms for a *petit local*. They are approached by stone stairs that wind as though part of a donjon, have windows looking on otherwise blind courts of a Gothic character, and are so removed from the hum of life that a captive might fancy himself in an *in pace*. The *petit local* at the Palais Bourbon, in which M. Baudry d'Asson was imprisoned as a naughty boy, under a warrant of Gambetta, has none of this old-world colour, and is not in the least grim. As it looked on a garden into which it might be easy to leap, and from which there would be no difficulty in escaping, it was guarded outside as well as inside the building. Baudry d'Asson was, so far, its first and last tenant, and was a good deal tamed by his imprisonment for being obstreperous in the Chamber. I imagine that the fisticuffs at St. Stephen's are attended with worse consequences than at the Palais Bourbon. In all the scrimmages I remember in the French Parliament, I do not recollect a single case of a bruised face or a torn coat. The French Deputy is always an actor, and his blood is seldom up. He flings himself into a scrimmage for a threefold reason. One motive is to let off the nervous fluid that has been accumulating while long speeches were being delivered. Another is to show electors with what zeal he discharges his mandate, and a third is to be delivered from the tedium of sitting and affecting to listen to what is being said in the Tribune. Englishmen have been drilled from childhood by the Sunday sermons to put up with weariness of this sort. The French boy at a high school only hears a hasty mass. Religious instruction is given in a class-room by a chaplain, who takes the measure of each youth and adapts his ministrations to him. The allusion to Herod would not have told in a French Assembly, education here not being at all Biblical. The Bible is not given at all to children, unless manufactured into what is known as *l'Histoire Sainte*, to which a nice gloss to meet the French taste and Latin orthodoxy is imparted. There are hundreds of *Histoires Saintes* for the use of schools. Children read them up as they might an abridgment of any other history, and they do not leave any vivid impression on the mind. Herod is chiefly but indirectly known through the Christmas crèches in the churches and the Italian painters at the Louvre. He is known to have caused the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, and to have, to please the daughter of Herodias, ordered the beheading of John the Baptist. The episode of the worms is glozed over in the *Histoires Saintes*. Indeed, Herod is to the average French mind so shadowy and far back in the past, as scarcely to have any meaning. Judas, however, is still real, as though the waves of eighteen hundred years had not passed over him. That kiss with which he pointed out his Leader to the limbs of the law,

sent to capture him, has been too oft repeated not to keep the memory of Judas fresh.

What a lady killing old gentleman M. Millevoye is! He could if he chose hang a number of long-haired scalps on his girdle. It turns out that he is a friend of a pretty person who may be said to have taken high honours in her particular walk of life, Mademoiselle Mousse, otherwise Baroness de Kurth. The Baroness was *l'amie* of the Marquis de Reversaux and other personages of light and leading at Cairo. She flies the French flag, holding it high as she does so, and crying "*perfide Albion.*" Her abode is in the Quartier Marbœuf, a new district behind the Avenue Montagne, which is now a perfect warren of ladies of nice appearance and fairly quiet manners, who live to please and please to grow wealthy. She is also the neighbour of many deputies, some artists, and of a knot of eminent diplomatists. M. Millevoye and his confederate informed her of the papers the coloured gentleman Norton "sold" them. She now says she saw in these documents an English trap, and at once said so. The Baroness may be often seen taking carriage airings in the Champs Élysées and the Bois, to which she drives by the Trocadéro and the Avenue Henri Martin, now the more fashionable approach. She is reputed clever, and has the blonde hair and opulent charms of the late Blanche d'Antigny, whom Zola had in his mind's eye in painting Nana. Blanche, as well as the Baroness, starred it at Cairo as a beauty, and was courted there by French diplomatic agents, because she enthralled the now deposed Khedive Ismail.

We shall soon, let us hope, see the last of the fearfully ugly postage-stamps for which M. Léon Say is responsible, they dating from the time when he was Finance Minister. That was when the Republic was extremely fluid, and the Moderates whom he represented were going in for prosaic allegory on coins and stamps. Their allegories had no message to give, and only intimated, in a crooked sort of way, that those who put them forward wanted to reserve their opinions as to the form of government, and leave the door open to whatever Pretender might prove in touch with themselves. The Committee charged to endow us with more artistic postage-stamps opines that they are to have a clearer meaning than the actual ones, and that it is to be Republican. This body includes MM. Roty and Chaplain, the eminent engravers, and Arthur Maury, the owner of the most complete collection of postage-stamps in the world, except, I believe, the Czar's.

Methinks, as one of the public, the best plan would be to follow the example of the Americans in making people familiar with the visages of liberators of whom the country has reason to be proud. I should propose that women be brought in too. Why not give us Joan of Arc, Madame Roland, and, for that matter, Théroigne Mirecourt, who gained over the Artois regiments at the Palace of Versailles to the side of the Revolution? New blood would be thrown into French history by making the stamp department of the Post-office supplement the Panthéon. It might give us neat vignette heads of Voltaire, Condorcet, Carnot, Hoche, Lafayette, Rouget de Lisle, Rabaut de Saint Etienne, and the Abbé Grégoire, who proposed Jewish emancipation, and Schœlcher, the liberator of the negroes. The medallions of David (d'Angers) are ready to hand of most of these celebrities, and of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Bérenger, and, I believe, George Sand. As the cost of engraving a postage stamp is not great, why not extend the collection as occasion may arise? It might be well to honour a heroine like Grace Darling or Alice Ayres by showing on postage stamps what they were like. But the rule that the dead only should figure on envelopes of letters should be rigid. Else the scramble for the honour would be like an ugly rush of your brewers for peerages.

The attentions lately shown by the most illustrious leaders of Society in London to the Orleans family are resented in the high-handed course just taken by the French in Siam. Curiously enough, a D'Orléans, Prince Henri de Chartres, was the first to prominently call attention to "French rights" on the Mekong. He was longing to convert the slackness of the Republic into a platform for himself, and I fancy is now vexed at finding the Dupuy Cabinet wants to fill its sails at the elections with the wind that he has been raising. He is intensely ambitious and rather fussy, but not in the least daring, and fears exile. I have heard it said that your highest personages in London are free to entertain whom they please. Yes, in so far as they are not representatives of the country whose interests should govern their personal likings and dislikings. The Comte de Paris and his family are put forward very prominently at Court festivities. *Figaro* and other backers of monarchy in this country boast of the attention paid them. It seems to me that it is too much forgotten on public occasions of a social kind in England that if the Comte de Paris is *Royal*, his children are not.

It surprises me to find that what I wrote some weeks ago about M. and Madame Decrais was taken ill by their friends. I believe in the maxim that "*il n' y a pas de vil métier*," and it gives me pleasure to tilt at American heiresses or wealthy widows who are animated by the passion shown so often by brewers' wives to become Peeresses. This borne in mind, it was surely a way to pay honour to Madame Decrais to say that she fell in love with her son's tutor and married him. His subsequent career justifies her choice. There is no more honourable way of earning one's bread than in the conscientiously-discharged tuition of the young. M. Dupuy, the actual Prime Minister, was a teacher in provincial lyceums, and is not ashamed to own it.

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LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

IT was formerly supposed, dear Lady Betty, that when good Americans died they went to Paris. This might be paraphrased by saying that when good stock jobbers prosper they go to Brighton. The recent state of affairs in the City has unfortunately reduced the number of the flourishing to a very small body, and as Brighton is the most sensitive index there is to financial and commercial prosperity, it naturally follows that it has been the first to feel the consequences of the present pressure. The hotels there, which are generally crowded during Goodwood week, have this season only been called upon to supply about one third of their usual accommodation. This fairly gauges the intensity of the depression which exists. The problem, however, is, where has everybody fled to? The West-end emptied this season a full three weeks earlier than it did in other years. Mayfair and Belgravia are already deserted. There are more country houses in the market now than there ever were before, and far less yachts are riding the waters to-day than there have been for several Septembers past. Where, then, has the world fled to? Would it, I wonder, be illegal to offer a prize for the discovery of missing Mayfair?

The annoying element of the problem is that in all likelihood the vast proportion of people have hurried away to the Continent, and are spending the little money which they have to dispose of at the cheap summer resorts abroad. By this means, of course, the country will be still more impoverished.

* * * * *

By the way, why do the Brighton newsboys charge twopence for the London evening papers, and sixpence for the *Observer* on Sunday? It is, I believe, the only town in England where this is done.

* * * * *

The manly and chivalrous defence made by Captain Bourke before the Court-martial held to inquire into the loss of the *Victoria* was a fitting climax to an episode which will be for ever memorable in the annals of the British Navy. A single error of judgment made by the most expert and eminent Admiral of our times led in less than fifteen minutes to his own destruction, to the loss of four hundred valuable lives, and to the foundering of a vessel which had cost the nation close upon a million of money. In those fifteen minutes of terrible emotions, it is not upon record that a single man either disobeyed orders or misbehaved himself. Of the survivors of this appalling catastrophe, Captain Bourke, Flag Captain to the late Admiral, has had to bear the brunt of the anxiety, and, indeed, almost of the responsibility. It is, therefore, all the more admirable that his last words before his judges were devoted to the eulogy of one who had not only been his "chief, but kindest friend."

M. Decrais, the newly-appointed French Ambassador in London, will arrive in England in the course of the next ten days or a fortnight. He is expected to present his credentials to the Queen at Osborne almost immediately after the departure of the German Emperor. M. Decrais will afterwards return to London to give orders about the re-decoration and re-furnishing of the French Embassy at Albert-gate, for, though some two thousand pounds were spent last year in re-embellishing the outside of this official residence, all further progress was postponed until the arrival of a successor to M. Waddington.

The Lord Bishop of London was about to transport himself to another portion of the kingdom. His trunks were carefully stowed with goodly contents. But upon the eve of his departure some vulgar modern burglars broke on Saturday into his Palace at Fulham, and ransacked not only these trunks, but the pantry besides. According to the papers, his Lordship's butler communicated to an interviewer that "they ate everything they could lay hands upon—ham, pigeons, and pigeon-pies. They drank port and sherry freely. There was a lot of very good claret there, but they did not touch it, and I can assure you that it is very excellent claret." There is quite a mediæval tone about this incident.

The Admiralty fête at Greenwich this year took place under very favourable circumstances, the beautiful weather making the trip down the river exceptionally enjoyable. A large and distinguished company had been invited, and assembled at the Speaker's Stairs, Westminster, on Thursday morning, the 27th inst., where the guests were received by Mr. E. Robertson, M.P. (Civil Lord of the Admiralty), and Mr. G. T. Lambert (Director of Greenwich Hospital at the Admiralty).

Among those present were Lord Spencer (First Lord of the Admiralty), Sir W. Kay-Shuttleworth (Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty) and Lady Shuttleworth, Sir Evan and Lady Macgregor, Sir Massey Lopes, Mr. and Lady Idina Brassey, Admiral Sir George and Lady Willes, Admiral Sir William Dowell, Sir Gerald and Lady Fitzgerald, Mr. Leonard Courtney, and a large number of Members of the House of Commons. A special steamer conveyed the party to Greenwich, where they were met on landing at the central stairs of the Royal Hospital by Captain Collins, R.A. (Superintendent of the Royal Hospital School). The boys, to the number of about 1,100, were then inspected on the parade, and the march past and the picturesque musical drill were admirably executed. The prizes were distributed in the gymnasium, the boys being addressed in eulogistic terms by Lord Spencer, Sir George Willes, and Mr. Robertson. Swimming exercises in the great bath were then witnessed, after which the company present adjourned to the Painted Hall of the Royal Hospital, where luncheon was served. The fine old hall presented a brilliant spectacle, the tables being laid throughout its entire length and decorated with flowers and the antique plate belonging to the hospital. During luncheon a choir of boys added to the entertainment of the guests by singing a selection of nautical songs.

On the return journey the school band played on board the steamer, which reached the Speaker's Stairs in ample time to admit of Members taking part in the anticipated boisterous proceedings in the House.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

GOODWOOD has been a most successful meeting this year. There were large and good fields for most of the races, and some of the very best horses in training were seen out during the week. Under these circumstances the conductors of one of the principal evening papers cannot be congratulated upon having printed an anticipatory dissertation on the meeting, in which there were references to its alleged decadence and to the "parsimonious policy" and the small value of the prizes as compared with those offered at some other meetings, to which the writer was apparently anxious to give a puff. I have not often read a more grievous farrago of ignorant, mendacious, nonsense. People who have no more practical knowledge of racing than a Hindoo has of skating frequently display their gross ignorance by eulogising the "liberality" of the managers of the principal gate-money meetings, although even the most superficial investigation into the conditions of these great stakes shows that every farthing which is run for comes out of the pockets of the owners, who are becoming sick and tired of these whited sepulchres. If the Duke of Richmond started a couple of £5,000 stakes, arranged on this system, no doubt there would be such a large number of entries that they would not cost him anything in the long run; but the fact is that races of this kind are pretty well played out, and owners much prefer to be offered stakes of smaller value, but arranged on the old-fashioned principles. The only meeting in England where this "liberality" (about which there is such crack-brained jargoning) really prevails is Ascot, and if the revenue at Goodwood was as large as is that of Ascot no doubt there would be a corresponding increase in the value of the stakes. Even at Ascot, however, the rich events did not this year attract adequate fields, and it is clear that no amount of added money will in these days

make a Cup race a genuine success. At Goodwood, the revenue is really very small, for the only returns are from the sale of tickets to the stand, paddock, and private stand respectively, and from the rents for the ground which is let for refreshment tents and other purposes. There are neither stalls nor private boxes, nor any of the other manifold dodges for getting money from the public which are now a matter of course at gate-money meetings. If the making of a profit out of the meeting was the object of the Duke of Richmond, he would long ago have built a new grand stand with boxes and stalls, and the lawn would have been covered with a smaller stand consisting of tiers of boxes. So far as the quality of the sport is concerned, Goodwood leaves nothing to be desired by any reasonable creature, and I shall be vastly surprised if any other meeting this year affords better racing.

Bullingdon (by Melton out of Shotover) won the Ham Stakes easily, as I had predicted would be the case, and he beat two of the best bred animals in training—St. Florian, own brother to Silene, and Jocasta, by St. Simon out of Thebais. Mr. Baird's colt is still backward, but I fear that Jocasta will never show herself to be worthy of her high pedigree. The result of the Richmond Stakes was also in accordance with my anticipations, as Galloping Dick won in a common canter, and, as he was for once in a humour to do his best, it is well for the Illuminata colt that Lord Rosebery had decided to reserve him for Doncaster, for he certainly could not have given the winner 12 lb. Galloping Dick literally left the field standing still. Mecca was backed for a great deal of money for this race, and Clatterfeet was not neglected. Hautesse (Mr. D. Cooper's much-talked-of filly by Archiduc out of Hauteur) made a most inglorious début, but she will presently improve on this form. The simpletons who plunged on Melancholy for the Lavant Stakes must have been sunk in muddy darkness if they had inspected Cannon's filly before backing her, as she was palpably amiss, and she went very badly in the betting after the field had gone to the post. She was never dangerous, and Sanderling (who had been beaten in her trial) astonished her owner and trainer by winning cleverly from Amiable. Sanderling is by St. Simon out of Sandiway, and that she was a lucky winner on Wednesday was proved on Thursday, when she ran badly in the Rous Memorial Stakes, for which Vulpecula was favourite; but she was beaten a quarter of a mile from home. Reminder, a scarcely-mentioned colt by Melanion, won for Cannon from the moderate Jocasta. The two-year-old sensation of the meeting, however, was afforded by the Prince of Wales's Stakes, which was worth £2,400. Galloping Dick was, of course, favourite, the slightest shade of odds being eagerly accepted; but he ran a perfect wretch, and "cut it" most manifestly directly Glare tackled him. The opinion which I expressed about Mr. Baird's horse last week is evidently correct—that the only plan with him is to get well away and then come right through. If anything once gets fairly to his head he simply stops, as he did on Thursday and also at Ascot. There was a splendid finish between Bullingdon and Glare, the colt just winning, thanks mainly to Cannon's fine riding. Speed ran very badly, and has evidently lost his form for the present. Prince Soltykoff had better throw him up for a few weeks, and then he may win some good races in the autumn. The high opinion which I expressed of Bullingdon after his unsuccessful début at Ascot has now been thoroughly justified, and what he was doing when he collapsed so ignominiously at Stockbridge it is impossible to conjecture. Bullingdon is now being trumpeted about as a Derby horse, and if he does well in the autumn he will, no doubt, be backed at a short price during the winter; but my own impression is that he is vastly lucky in not having to meet the Illuminata colt this season, for it happens that he is not entered for either the Champagne Stakes, the Middle Park Plate, or the Dewhurst Plate, and the pair cannot encounter each other before the Derby, as that is Bullingdon's first engagement as a three-year-old. The Duke of Westminster's colt will now have rest for a few weeks before being prepared for his engagements at the Newmarket October Meetings, and his next race is to be the Buckenham Stakes (run September 26), in which he may again meet Glare and Speed, and this is a good race, being worth £1,350 if four start. A very mean opinion must have been entertained of Bullingdon as a yearling, for he was scratched for the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park, and also for the Lancashire Plate at Manchester. The Molecomb Stakes was won easily by La Nièvre, as I had predicted, and the manner in which she beat Throstle showed either that Speed has been preposterously over-rated, or else that he was not up to the mark when he ran for the Chesterfield Stakes. A fortnight ago I predicted that Grey Leg would win the Findon Stakes, and so she did; but last week, having heard of Royal Sovereign's good trial, I mentioned him as likely to carry off the race. The gallop must have been a hugger-mugger affair altogether, for Royal Sovereign ran badly both for this race, and for the Halnaker Stakes on Wednesday.

Gamboge won the Gratwicke Stakes by many lengths, beating Joyful, a dark horse belonging to the Duke of Westminster, about which there was so much delirious cackling during the winter that he was positively backed for the Derby down to 25 to 1. Joyful must be a fearfully bad beast, and I should think that he will soon be weeded out of the Kingsclere stable. The Sussex Stakes fell to Harbinger, for whom I gave a plumper, but he had all his work to do to beat Son of a Gun, for whom the course was supposed to be too short. The tip of the "sharps" for this race was Canning, a colt belonging to Sir Robert Jardine, who might well be a good thing if he had any pretensions to form, inasmuch as he was receiving 10 lb. from Harbinger; but he ran badly, and sadly disappointed his numerous supporters. Medora was made favourite for the Nassau Stakes, in the absence of Dame President, on the strength of her Stewards' Cup form, but she was fairly outstayed by Harfleur II. (own sister to Hautesse), against whom extravagant odds were offered. Silene ran very badly, and so did Tressure, who would do better over a longer distance. The race was run at a dreadfully slow pace, and I shall expect Lord Rosebery's mare to win the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster, in which she will again meet Harfleur II. and Silene, as well as Sir Blundell Maple's pair.

Wrong Course and The Vigil were the favourites for the Goodwood Stakes, but they were both well beaten, after the show of a race, by Red Eyes, a mare that is managed by Morbey, who is said to have won about £8,000 over the race. Red Eyes won with such consummate ease that she would very likely have carried off the Cesarewitch if she had been kept for that handicap.

It is difficult to understand why such comparatively long odds were forthcoming against Medora for the Stewards' Cup, as every one knew that she had won a good trial very easily, and she was certainly well in. Her victory was most popular, as a perfectly open and straightforward policy had been pursued with her. Marly got off very well, and came along at such a cracking pace that several fancied candidates were "chopped" when the flag fell, and they were never fairly in the race. Marly was presumably intended to slip the field, but he cannot get beyond five furlongs, and he raced himself to a stand-still. Over the shorter course he is, probably, one of the smartest horses in training. Prisoner, who was favourite, never for a moment looked like winning, and the cracked-up Persistive also made a miserable show. To think of such a beast having been a favourite for the Two Thousand! The defeat of Acrobat excited the wailings of the gullish herd, but only a mooncalf would suppose that T. Jennings would sell a horse capable of soon afterwards winning such a race as this. Molly Morgan

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was not up to the mark, and may do better later on; and both Mountain Chief and Haut Brion ought to win good T.Y.C. handicaps before the season is over.

Chesterfield did not start for the Cup, and Insurance was favourite, in spite of his Ascot collapse, while Convent was second in demand. Barmecide won with extreme ease. Meddler or Marcion would have made hacks of the whole lot.

Pensioner was generally regarded as a certainty for the Chesterfield Cup, and, having been backed against the field, he won easily from Cousie. That people could be such noodles as to back Mountain Chief over this distance was really miraculous. Roy Neil started without a price in the betting, and finished last. Juvenal was well backed, as he had been "chopped" on Tuesday by Marly, but he is a very moderate horse. M. E. Blanc had a really good thing in Falmouth for the Chichester Stakes, and he won in a walk, being absurdly well handicapped.

The manner in which Orme beat La Flèche on Thursday fully justifies the view which I took of his Sandown Park performance. He is a great horse, and thoroughly game, but he is clearly deficient in stamina, and if the Duke of Westminster be so foolish as to start him for the Doncaster Cup, we shall see what an exhibition Marcion will make of him. The public have been nauseated with the Bedlamitish ravings of Orme's fanatical worshippers, creatures who are always in paroxysms of either enthusiasm or execration about something or other. What can any rational being think on seeing it asserted in one of the sporting papers that on Thursday Orme was where he ought to have been in the Leger, as if there was no difference between a mile and a quarter and a mile and three-quarters. The course on Thursday was the outside distance over which Orme is any good.

There ought to be some interesting sport next week at Kempton Park. Forty-two two-year-olds have been left in for the International Breeders' Stakes of £800, and this will be an important race if the field includes Chin Chin (who was very highly tried before her victory in the Seaton Delaval Plate at Newcastle) and Delphos, the winner of the £5,000 stake at Sandown Park, when he cantered away from Glare, who, however, had 19 lb. the worst of the weights, including the sex allowance. The entry also includes Sweet Duchess and Theseus. I expect that Delphos will win this race, and, having very few engagements, he is tolerably certain to start if he is well. Delphos also looks like winning the Gimcrack Stakes at York. Sixty three-year-olds are left in for the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes of £1,500, and a very bad lot they are, including nothing better than Turiddu, Siffleuse, Worcester, Bill of Portland, Evermore, Gamboge, Glenwood, Masque, Joyful, and the dark Orford. I shall plump for Siffleuse, who, I hear, has been reserved for this race.

The series of Yorkshire meetings begin next Monday with Redcar, but very little of the sport will be of any general interest. The Redcar Stakes of £600 has a large entry, including Xury, who will probably win if he is all right, and in his absence the best from Enoch's stable (Lord Zetland's or Mr. Lowther's) may be worth following. Marcion will no doubt walk over for the Kirkleatham Biennial, and the two-year-old heat of that stake would be a certainty for Chin Chin if she runs at Redcar instead of trying for the far more valuable race at Kempton Park. There is a huge entry for the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes of £600, but as Marcion is engaged, one need not speculate further as to the probable issue of the race. The Wilton Plate of £300 may be left to Enoch's stable. There will also be racing next week at Hurst Park, Windsor, and Paisley, but the sport at these meetings will be mere plating.

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MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN, One of the most anxious settlements that has ever fallen to the lot of the London Stock Exchange was completed on Friday with a comparatively small list of casualties. During the account and at the settlement eleven failures were announced, the majority of which, however, were unimportant. To the most important collapse, that of Messrs. Sutton & Co., I alluded already briefly last week. The loss involved does not prove so heavy as had been estimated, viz., £37,500 instead of £80,000, but it presents several disagreeable features, not the least of which is the small amount of the assets.

The Crisis on the Stock Exchange.

This failure, for the time, caused a very general upset in the markets, as so many different securities had to be liquidated, the most important fall taking place in consequence of the forced closing of some large blocks of Erie Second Mortgage bonds, Mozambique and Oceana, and Oceana Development shares. The latter stocks have now, however, passed into strong hands, and already show a considerable recovery. Although the "House" has outwardly weathered the storm remarkably well, a dozen failures out of a membership of 3,000 being a very small proportion in a time of panic like the present, it must be stated that there have been a good many instances of helping over the stile, and although the view, rather recklessly pronounced, that half the Stock Exchange was "broke" is undoubtedly a gross exaggeration, there is no doubt that a number of small firms are holding on only by the skin of their teeth, while some large ones were much distressed through the heavy fall in many of the securities, in which they were interested. The greatest trouble is now the continued semi-panic in the American market. Were that once to be relieved, we should see a recovery all round, for however heavily certain departments of the Stock Exchange, as well as the outside public, have been successively hit by the collapse of South Americans on the Baring crisis, by the Australian Bank troubles and by the severe fall in silver securities, these losses have been borne remarkably well. There is now some prospect of the tension in the Yankee market being relieved, although this may not come about until after Monday, August 7, when the U. S. Congress meets for the repeal of the Sherman Bill. The financial position in New York and in the West is still very much strained and may lead to occasional sharp spasms, such as happened last week. But I emphatically adhere to my opinion, that now is the opportunity for investors to buy cheap stocks in this as well as in most other departments. Those who followed my advice to this effect on Wednesday and Thursday again got in very cheaply. I repeat, this is not the time for large speculation, but for investment by those who can afford to pay for their purchases. There are indications that such buying is going on at a considerable rate, and that it is gradually absorbing the surplus stock thrown over by necessitous speculators. When once this movement has lasted for some time and financial matters in the United States show distinct improvement, the inevitable general recovery will come about.

Home Rails.

When I ventured on June 1 to give a forecast of the dividends of the chief English Railways, I was not far out under the light of the announcements since made. I distinctly foreshadowed the South-Eastern dividend of 2¼ per cent. for the first half of the current year, making 4½ per cent. for the whole year ended June 30 last, and on this dividend South-Eastern stock at 119 x.d. yields 3½ per cent. As to Dover "A," at the present price of

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

72, with their possibilities of future progress, they are no doubt a good "lock up," and would not have touched the present low level had it not been for the Read failure. I am, however, sorry to see that Sir Edward Watkin does not altogether hold those peaceful sentiments towards the Chatham Company with which he has been credited. In referring to the reserves established by the South-Eastern Company against the depreciation or loss of their steamships, he delivered at the meeting a strong thrust at the Chatham management, suggesting that the latter had acted improvidently in the matter of wear and tear and depreciation of steamers. No doubt Mr. J. S. Forbes, the Chairman of the Chatham Company, will retort at their meeting, and so the "neighbours and friends," to use Sir Edward's words, will probably not be friendly and neighbourly much longer, although we had been promised great things from amicable co-operation in the working of the Companies. Sir Edward, at the Metropolitan meeting, also hit at his friends and neighbours the District Company, who, he said, were at their old games, "diverting a portion of the traffic for which the Metropolitan had provided that expensive, costly, and hitherto unremunerative piece of railway, the Metropolitan Inner Circle." Not much chance, therefore, of the lion lying down with the lamb just yet! The Great Northern dividend was announced at the same rate as last year, viz., 3 per cent., the South Western dividend at 4¾ per cent., with £25,994 carried forward, against 4¼ per cent., with £15,167 forward for the corresponding period last year. Both these distributions were according to market estimates. The North-Eastern dividend has been announced exactly at the rate predicted by me, viz., 4¾ per cent., making 5¾ per cent. for the whole year ended June 30 last, on the basis of which the stock at 155 yields 3¾ per cent. on the investment. I had estimated the Midland dividend at a fraction below the announcement of 4¾ per cent., which makes 5¾ per cent. for the whole year, at which this stock at 155½ returns 3$\frac{11}{16}$ per cent. to the investor. Next week the North-Western and Great Western dividends will be announced. There has been a considerable backwardation on the leading "Heavies" at the settlement, operators having, apparently, taken liberties with them. This has prevented any further fall in quotations; but the coal strike has now, unfortunately, become a reality, and must act as a wet blanket for some time. Sheffield "A" have touched the lowest price ever recorded of about 23½, owing to the forced closing of accounts, and Metropolitan Districts are also at the knock-out price of 24¼, a sure indication that speculation is dead at present. Brighton "A" have eased off on the statement made at the meeting of a contemplated further issue of capital. As the purpose for which this is required will undoubtedly prove remunerative, there is not much in this alleged "Bear" point. The weather, however, has been rather broken, and the Goodwood traffic has consequently been poor, so that traffic decreases are expected. In fact, I have already foreshadowed that such must be looked for until the end of August, the comparison being with large returns last year. After that time the traffics fell off in 1892, and the comparison will grow more favourable. But in any case, Brighton "A" at their present price yield considerably more than 5 per cent. per annum, and may be recommended to investors, although I do not advise speculative transactions in view of the possibility of quotations being temporarily affected, in these times of crisis and scares, by circumstances altogether unconnected with intrinsic merit.

Yankee Rails.

The principal unfavourable feature in the position of the Yankee market remains the critical monetary outlook in the United States. It is true that the last New York Bank statement is not so unsatisfactory as had been predicted, but it is by no means encouraging. Currency is, moreover, again required in the West. The event which has also affected this department has been the fact of the Erie line going into the Receiver's hands. This is directly traceable to the stringency of the Money Market in the United States, the position of the line being in no way unfavourable as compared with last year. For the nine months ending June 30, net earnings increased by 63,000 dollars; while for June a net increase of 16,000 dols. is shown, notwithstanding a decline in gross receipts of 74,000 dols., considerable savings in working expenses more than balancing the gross decrease. It is clear, therefore, that only the difficulty of renewing loans as part of the floating debt brought about the receivership. In ordinary times this trouble would not have arisen, and as it is, the receivership is a friendly one, and in the interests of the stockholders, and will, no doubt, be dissolved as soon as an improvement in the monetary position in the States allows of an arrangement of the floating debt. It is not improbable that this may also entail an amalgamation of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio with the Company, and some conversion of the Erie Second Mortgage bonds, so that there will be every opportunity for the display of financial genius by the Board. On the whole, however, it may be assumed that quotations will recover considerably above the present low level, and holders should not only stick to their stocks, but average on any of the sudden breaks which may still come about on "Bear" attacks during the next week or two. As regards the Atchison Company, the attacks which have been made upon it by financial writers are simply disgraceful. It is inconceivable almost how the City Editor of the *Standard* could give currency to the *canard* that the Company had gone into a receiver's hands, while others are putting about future traffic estimates which are altogether preposterous. The floating debt of this Company is by no means of unmanageable proportions, and, as repeatedly stated by President Reinhart, the Company is in no financial stress. Unless, therefore, any unforeseen circumstances should occur, there is no prospect of a receivership for the Atchison, which the pessimists would be so glad to bring about. Atchison Second Mortgage Bonds "A" and "B" are in fact depreciated to an extent that a receivership could not put them lower, considering that they have the fullest powers of foreclosure. I hold to my view that investors should purchase on the declines which are now and then established on "Bear" pressure, such dividend-paying stocks as Louisville, Milwaukees, Atchison Second Mortgage Bonds, and the various low-priced shares, mentioned by me last week, which cannot fall much lower, but will eventually join in the advance of the more substantial properties. But I give this advice only to investors who can pay for their stocks, not to speculators, as it may be necessary to hold through some of the scares which may still be on the cards. Relief should, however, now be close at hand. Gold shipments to a considerable amount are being made to New York from this side, and on Monday, August 7, Congress meets for the repeal of the Sherman Bill. Far too much importance has of late been attached to the vapourings of the silver men. The recent severe panics and runs on Banks in different parts of the States have educated public opinion to such an extent that Congress will probably come to a decision in this matter much more quickly than is generally supposed. In fact, the worse monetary position in the country looks this week, the more likely is it that the proper measures will be adopted by Congress. And who will say that, if the United States, admittedly one of the wealthiest countries in the world, repeal the silver Bill and adopt wise laws for the regulation of the currency question, they will not very quickly emerge out of the quagmire into which Spreadeagleism and the mad egotism of the silver men has betrayed them? Purchases of American Railroad stocks for investors, both in this country and in Germany, France, and Holland, have daily absorbed substantial blocks during the last week or two, and the position is thus gradually being turned. Canadian Pacifics have quickly recovered their dividend, and are well supported. Grand Trunks are fairly steady, and it would not be surprising to see the stocks of both lines recover to a considerable extent as soon as the Yankee market improves.

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. Benjamin, in cases of need, to execute orders in 24 hours.

Foreigners and South Americans.

My prediction that the Siamese difficulty would not lead to any serious complications between England and France is in a fair way of being borne out. For all that I cannot see that the position of most of the Old World's securities is by any means improved. Spain must have a new loan, but the foreign bankers to whom she has to look for it, in view of the failure of the recent attempt to raise an internal loan, insist on retrenchments or new taxes, while the Minister of Finance is met with a storm of indignation on the part of the interests affected as soon as he suggests the imposition of a new tax. As for Italy, the banking and financial position is most threatening, and may at any time bring about a crisis. Greeks were at one time exceedingly flat on attempted realisations, the position in Berlin, where these stocks are so largely held, being still weak. Considerable anxiety, too, prevailed here concerning the affairs of a large Paris speculator, who had had a fit of apoplexy, which led to a very doleful feeling on the part of the numerous London brokers with whom he appears to have had accounts open. Some, in fact, are said to have closed his stock on the spur of the moment. It had since been stated that his remittances came duly to hand on pay day, but fresh realisations of Italians and of Yankee Rails for Paris account have since been reported, and it is assumed that the stock of the speculator above referred to has, after all, had to be closed. Argentine Government stocks have been affected by the fluctuations of the gold premium and the unfavourable political outlook in Buenos Ayres. There is now reported a rising in several provinces, including the Province of Buenos Ayres, and if this were to lead to the cleaning of the Augean stable of Provincial finances, the movement would do good instead of harm. Sooner or later, when the Railway guarantees are dealt with, and the settlement of the National Debt is ratified by Congress, an improvement will no doubt set in. Argentine Railway stocks have fluctuated a good deal, but on the whole prices have been fairly maintained. A slight rally seems to be on the cards in such silver securities as Mexican Government stocks and Peruvian Corporation stocks, which have, as I have repeatedly pointed out, depreciated to an inordinate extent. The distribution of the new Chilian Four and a-Half per Cent. bonds to the holders of Peruvian Assets certificates is a welcome feature, quotations of both Chilian bonds and of Perus having benefited. Uruguay bonds have also improved on the payment of the August 1 coupon. South American stocks generally should be held, as the present low level of prices renders a further important fall improbable, while, on the other hand, a substantial recovery is eventually fully assured.

The Kaffir Circus.

Closing of the accounts of weak speculators and liquidation in connection with several of the failures in the "House" caused at one time a considerable set back in South African and other Mining shares, but, the pressure having been removed with the completion of the settlement, a substantial recovery is being experienced, which is likely to make considerable progress during the present account, especially if the July crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines should turn out satisfactory. I need hardly point out again that speculative transactions in this market are still to be deprecated in view of the possibility of further forced liquidation, although the account is now reduced to comparatively small dimensions. Investors, however, will find the present low level of prices of many dividend-paying Mines very inviting for purchases of shares to be taken up and paid for. A decline is still marked in Ferreira, Heriots, Jumpers, &c., but New Primrose, Nigels (now quoted xd.), Rietfontein, Salisbury, &c., are improving, New Primrose and Glencairns deserving special attention. Advices respecting Afrikander continue very favourable. In Land shares a considerable decline on forced liquidation has been followed by a smart, if partial, recovery. While some of the South African Land shares remain in weak hands, and while the position of British Chartered of South Africa remains extremely precarious in view of possible serious complications with the Matabele king, I have reason for stating that some heavy blocks of shares in Transvaal Land Companies, including Oceana, Oceana Development, Zoutpansbergs, &c., have been taken off the market to be locked up for some considerable time, and for higher prices. The shares forced off in the Sutton failure have, moreover, found a resting-place in firm hands, and thus a marked recovery is more than probable. I had an interesting chat with Mr. Harry Weber on his return from a tour through South Africa. He expressed the most favourable views as to the magnificent future of the Transvaal, the business-like development of the Mines and Land Companies, and the facilities now being given by the Transvaal Government, who have executed a complete *volte face*. The reason for the change is perhaps partly a selfish one, as the Boers have discovered that, so far from their bullocks being likely to be rendered superfluous by the railways, they find full employment on the tracks required as feeders for the new lines. At the present low prices of the leading Land shares, including the Oceana Companies, it is possible by investment in these to obtain an interest in properties in the Transvaal at a lower price than land can now be purchased out there. Mr. Weber had visited the Oceana Coal Company's property, and had personally convinced himself of the thickness of the seams. He also spoke very hopefully of the discovery by Mr. Edward Jones of alluvial gold deposits near Pietersburg, on the Balkis flats, in the immediate neighbourhood of properties of the Balkis's Land Company. Oceana shares have advanced to 2¼, Developments to ⅛ premium, but the view of those best acquainted with the position is that a further advance of from ½ to a full point is at hand in these and in Oceana New shares. Diamond shares, after being offered down on forced closing, are recovering again, De Beers at 15, New Jagersfontein at 14¼, ex the dividend of 10s. Caratal Gold Mining shares are being steadily absorbed, and everything points to an early advance upon the present low quotation of 9d. The best evidence of the value of the property and its prospects is the willingness of the local creditors of the old Company in Venezuela to take payment of the bulk of their claims in fully paid shares at "par." This means 2s. 6d. per share, while the shares now obtainable at 9d. in this market are also of 2s. 6d., with 2s. 4d. credited. Mr. Skertchly's report on the property may come to hand any moment, and, if it turns out all I hear, there can be no doubt that this will prove a valuable mine for its shareholders. My opinion with regard to the Holcombe Valley Mine remains unchanged, and I consider its shares, now fully paid, a good speculative purchase at about 1s. According to latest advices the machinery is erected, and the time is, therefore, ripe for results, which should be very satisfactory.

Australian Banks.

During the last few days the market for Australian Bank shares has again improved, and with the reopening of some of the reconstructed banks the danger of further trouble, as far as the three banks are concerned which have weathered the storm, is minimised. The following communication, which I have received from a reader of Truth in Queensland, refers to the view which I expressed at the outset, that the Union Bank of Australia, the Bank of Australasia, and the Bank of New South Wales would not be involved in the general financial collapse of which I had given warning during the last few years.

Maryborough, Queensland, Australia.
June 14, 1893.

Although I am living in Queensland with the Australian Banks, so to speak, under my eyes, I cannot refrain from letting you know how valuable I found your correspondent's hints on the advisability of going warily in view of the impending financial crisis in Australia. It was most instructing to note how we stood in the opinion of those who could only judge us inferentially, but the conclusion drawn by Moses Moss have become strikingly true. It is a most curious fact that the three Banks mentioned by him as likely to weather the financial storm have actually done so. Reading his prophecies under the light of actual facts, his forecasts appear little short of mar-

vellous. The Commercial Banking Company of Sydney was looked upon as quite above suspicion, and it was a terrible shock to us all when it suspended. I thought when reading your strictures on what was safe and unsafe, it was strange you did not include this bank amongst the invulnerable, but you must have been better informed than we who have the advantage of having the bank under our direct inspection.

I am greatly obliged to my correspondent, and am very glad to have been of use to my Australian as well as to my English readers in this matter, to which I had devoted a good deal of attention at the time, with the result of saving many of my correspondents much trouble and loss.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

N. T.—I know of no special reason for the fall in Costa Rica "A" bonds, but they were not cheap compared with the "B" bonds, and the value is now more fairly adjusted. *Max.*—Although the worst appears to be over in Australia, no one can tell if some crisis will not recur, and upon the whole I feel inclined to advise you to reduce your holding by one-half. Victoria are, of course, the least eligible. *H. B.*—I do not see any reason to sell out No. 1—3, unless you have too much locked up in these stocks, in which case you should reduce your holding. Brighton "A," Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. bonds 1925, Canadian Pacific Land Grant bonds guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, and Natal Inscribed stock should suit you. *Marah.*—No reason to sell No. 1—3 at present. Sell No. 4 when the market improves. Hold Nos. 5—8. I have experienced great difficulty in decyphering your letter, and cannot for that reason answer more fully. *Perplexed.*—City of Mexico bonds are very cheap, and should recover again. Reading First Income Bonds should also be held, and you might average both for a moderate amount. *F. C.*—You should hold Entre Rios bonds as well as all other Argentine securities, but I should not buy more just now of the first named.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Enquirer.—The two American offices are wealthy Companies, but in your case I should say that it would be desirable to make "assurance double sure," by dealing with a well-established British office—say, the Scottish Widows Fund, the Sun, or the Provident Life Office. *T. E., Bradford.*—These Land Companies have, of course, greatly suffered, and prospects are extremely doubtful. I should say, sell if you can. Apply to the Secretary for information. *W. R.*—I am sorry that you have been let in by this outside broker, but I cannot help you. Deal only with members of the Stock Exchange in future. I have always warned my readers to leave these men alone. *R. B.*—I have already published a number of instances of losses made through Percy Barclay & Co., and other syndicate touts, and need not, therefore, trouble you for a statement of your experiences. *Lycurgus.*—1. I really cannot advise you on this subject. You should consult your solicitor. 2. A sound and high-class London bank, unaffected by the Australian bank troubles. *Veritas.*—Ask for the terms of the Sun Life Office, the Scottish Widows Fund, and the Provident Life Office, and make your own selection. I do not recommend the Life office named by you. *A. N., Leek.*—No, I do not think for one moment that Duncan, Short, & Co. ever bought any stock in their so-called Louisville Co-operation. I have repeatedly advised my readers not to have anything to do with these or any other syndicate touts. *Flora.*—As you are determined to buy Colonial Government stock, you had better buy Cape of Good Hope or Natal Inscribed stock. Hold the investments named. *O. S.*—The reply which your bankers have received from the Inland Revenue authorities respecting the deduction of income-tax at the rate of 7d. in the pound on deposit interest paid on June 30 last, is identical with that received also by the Standard Bank of South Africa in a similar case. I fully agree with you as to the unfairness of the attitude taken up by the Inland Revenue, but I do not see how I can help you in your case against red tape. Other depositors are, of course, treated in the same way.

Home Rails.

G. N.—There is nothing very tempting about Great Northern Deferred as an investment. I should most certainly prefer Brighton "A." *Credo.*—Yes, the South-Eastern dividend is exactly as predicted by me, and this line is undoubtedly progressive.

American and Foreign Rails.

Hopeful.—The whole market has been greatly depressed, but I do not think there is any fear of default in this particular case. I am, however, making special inquiries. *Spes.*—I think both securities will continue paying interest, and prices will recover again when the panic is over. *Andur.*—It is stated that the interest on Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds is secured for four or five years to come, apart altogether from the revenue of the line. They should be held at these low prices. *Buttercup.*—It looks as if bottom had been touched. I cannot, of course, guarantee this, but with occasional reactions the course will now, no doubt, be upwards. You might safely average—for investment, of course. The Illinois Central is doing well, and Ohio and Mississippi are very promising. Atlantic Firsts are very cheap. *Tipperary.*—All the talk about the Atchison seems to be moonshine, and the bonds are recovering again. Certainly hold. *Berry Head.*—Erie have recovered part of their last fall, and should be held, as the receivership of the line is a friendly one, and a favourable change in the Money Market in New York might put it on its feet again. The Mining shares depend somewhat upon the course of silver. *S. M. F.*—It is impossible to predict the fluctuations in the American market in the near future, but any one buying now for *investment*, not for speculation, will make money in the stocks mentioned by you, Milwaukees, Atlantic Firsts, and Louisville, as in others. *A. L.*—I see no reason to sell any of the five investments named Nos. 1-5 at present prices. Atchison Second Mortgage bonds are very cheap and should recover. For the investment of £800 to £1,000 to produce 5 to 5½ per cent. you might select Brighton "A," Chilian Five per Cent. bonds of 1892, throwing in some Louisville and Nashville shares and Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, 1925. *Unglücklich.*—Yes; you should hold the Atchison Four per Cent. Gold bonds for a recovery. I have never recommended the purchase of Colorado Midland bonds, but you should not sell them now after the heavy fall. *Station.*—1. Yes; it is fairly safe to average for investment. 2. Yes; with respect to A, B, C, and D; doubtful as to E. 3. I should divide over the four first named. 4. Yes. 5. No. 6. You cannot do better. 7. You might find a better opportunity to sell a little later on. *Clef.*—If you hold the Milwaukees as an investment you should average. They will recover again. As Caratals stand you in so dear, you should buy more to average at the present low price. You will see from the remarks under "The Kaffir Circus" that the news is very good. *The Boy.*—You lost your market in these debentures, and must now wait for a recovery, which is pretty certain. You cannot deal direct with the jobbers, and I do not think that it was the fault of the brokers. *H. Barone.*—The interest on Pittsburg and Fort Wayne and Chicago Seven per Cent. guaranted was paid on June 15, and they would not stand at 155 if there was anything wrong. There is nothing against the other bonds referred to, but the crisis overshadows all. *James, Glasgow.*—It is improbable that Reading First Incomes will be assessed, should an assessment be made. You should hold them for a recovery. *Elyof.*—See under "Yankee Rails" respecting Erie, and hold; they will recover again. Louisville will also improve again. The situation will, in fact, change very suddenly.

Mining Shares.

Catarina N.—Whenever further favourable advices from the Caratal and Holcombe Valley Mines come to hand there will be a good market for them. No. 1. Caratal are 2s. 6d. shares, with 2s. 4d. credited as paid, so that there is only 2d. to call. 2. Yes, you can buy this quantity easily. 3. You should hold these for a recovery. 4. Yes. 5. Yes. 6. What interest do you require? Brighton "A" might suit you, also some of the substantial dividend-paying Mines like New Primrose or Nigels. Do not put the money into one stock only. *Nemo.*—Yes, you are liable for the call. 2. Yes, also in this case, unless you have bought fully-paid shares. *X. Y. Z.*—I am sorry that you should be disappointed in the New Mashonaland Exploration Company, but I predicted this from the outset. This Company has, as you say, gone into liquidation more than twelve months ago, and some statement ought to be made to the shareholders as to the state of affairs. If, as you state, the liquidator says that he is himself unable to get the requisite information, the position must be a very curious one. *T. P., Southport.*—With a little patience you will receive advices respecting the working of the new machinery at the Holcombe Valley property. If these are favourable, as I expect they will be, prices will advance sharply. *B., China.*—1. I think you ought to have the shares transferred to your name. You would otherwise expose yourself to considerable risk. 2. Some. 3. No. 4. You must not be prevented by any little inconvenience from selecting the best shares, such as New Primrose, Glencairn, Buffelsdoorn, Afrikander, Oceana, and Oceana Development shares. *Parkes.*—Your stocks have suffered by the severe depression. You should hold Nos. 1-3, and 5, they will recover again. As to No. 4 the reply is no, this has been most disappointing. *Carpe Diem.*—Hold Balkis Eersteling, they will improve. *Theta.*—1. Do not average yet, I will give you timely notice, and I consider the prospects encouraging. 2. I should not lock up money in the railway in question. *G. H.*—I do not see how I can help you further concerning the Sapphire and Ruby affair. Masterly inactivity seems to be the only course. The liquidator would probably have to take some steps, but he would not, perhaps, care to spend much money in law costs. I greatly sympathise with you. It is a costly lesson. *Nemo.*—Glencairns have been depressed with the rest of the mining market. You may look for a crushing for the last fortnight in July in a few days, with the reconstructed battery. Hold. *F. S., Southport.*—Shortly. The mine is doing well. *Scot.*—I should not operate yet in the mining shares referred to. If you desire a cheap mining share you cannot do better than buy Caratals at about 9d., prospects being very good. See under "The Kaffir Circus." I quite agree with you that Mr. John Smith's tips are worthless. *Constant.*—1. You are entitled to the dividend. 2. No reason to sell these in the existing depression. 3. You could not have compelled the firm to book shares to you at the prices given in their list. The

price is now about 20s. Take care not now to be bounced into the shares at 2½, the figure mentioned in your letter to the firm. 4. If the agreement was made as you state, they cannot close your account so long as you pay your differences. You will find it more profitable to deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. Don't buy more shares than you can pay for. *H. C. W., San Remo.*—What you require has been forwarded to you. *A. B.*—With reference to the New Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Company there is no market for these Debentures. You had better write to the Secretary of the Company and see if he can negotiate a sale for you. The Debentures have, of course, a charge on the property of the Company.

Industrial Companies.

S. G., S. W.—You should hold St. Louis Brewery shares for a recovery. *D. R. O.*—When the prospectus of the Automatic and Horton Ice Company was published, I commented adversely upon it, and I see no reason to alter my view. Sell if you can. *Ill Advised.*—The present is a time of great depression, and no matter what investments you might have had, they would have gone down, the very highest class stocks yielding from 2¾ to 3¼ per cent. alone excepted. But that rate would not have satisfied you. I think you should hold your shares, and New Primrose are certain to come right, whatever may be intermediate fluctuation. *A. H. R.*—Hold the Brewery shares. They will recover again. Company is doing better now. *Jumbo.*—I really do not know much about these newspaper enterprises, but if you can get a decent price you had better sell. *Dauntmore.*—A. No reason to sell now. Hold B for an improvement. C is doing better as per report of meeting just held. D. Some efforts are being made to pull this round. You may feel sure that I am watching these enterprises very carefully. *Bess.*—You had better wait until this stock comes more prominently before the public. *Oudeis.*—The offices of the Brussels Palace of Varieties have been moved to 56, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C. I have never advised this investment. *Bristol.*—The Company has suffered in common with most industrial concerns. It is thought that the prospects are likely to improve.

Mixed Investments.

L. H., Stockport.—Yes, the proposed private trust of Louisville, Milwaukees, Atchison "B" bonds, Johannesburg Waterworks, Kilkivan, and Caratal Mining shares would answer your purpose very well. *Trust.*—Brighton "A" will yield over 5½ per cent., Guinness Debentures 4 per cent., and you can get 4½ to 5 per cent. in sound American Railway bonds. *62.*—This is a bad time for selling such Trust Debentures, the position is not, moreover, desperate according to the last report. *Crédula.*—These appear to be £1 shares, with 19s. paid. Hold for the present. Put the money into Brighton "A." *Destitute.*—1. You should have sold Canadian Pacifics before the fall, when I advised their sale. At present low price hold for a recovery. Hold also No. 2 and 3, they appear to be doing well. No reason to sell No. 4. Sell No. 5. The Founders' shares in question are worthless, and so are the Syndicate shares. Yes, you should buy Cordoba and Rosario Debenture stock and Costa Rica "B" bonds to average.

Various Investments.

Silver has moved within narrow limits during the past week, opening at 32⅞d., dropping to 32⅛d., and recovering to 32½d. Far be it from me to wish to predict the future course of this metal, which depends upon so many different eventualities, but it would almost appear as if, even after the repeal of the Sherman Bill, the very low quotations predicted by some wiseacres, such as 25d., would not be reached, for the very good reason that many of the silver mines are being shut down. Rupee Paper has shown some dulness, and certainly is not fulfilling the sanguine hopes of the speculators who so largely embarked in it on early tips. The India Council is also at present very unsuccessful with its remittances on India, but this should be a temporary trouble only. Mexican Rails have, after a further decline, recovered somewhat, chiefly owing to the cumbersome "Bear" account in the First Prefs., which has caused a stiff backwardation to be charged. This is not, perhaps, a very solid basis for a recovery, as long as the price of the white metal remains so low, but the tip is going round all the same that there is to be a turn upwards. The declaration of an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent per annum by the directors of the Paccha and Jaz Pampa Nitrate Company fully confirms my prediction of three months ago. The position of the nitrate producing Companies is, on the whole, satisfactory, the price of nitrate having recovered again, but the general depression prevents for the present any recovery in the prices of the shares. The action taken by the Bank of England has created a fresh change in the position of the unfortunate South American and Mexican Company, and it now looks as if this concern would have to pass into liquidation without the possibility of forming an Assets Company to facilitate the realisation. The reckless statement made by the City Editor of the *Standard* to the effect that the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation was issuing a circular to its shareholders inviting them to subscribe for an issue of Second Debentures is emphatically contradicted. The question now arises, Why was such a mischievous falsehood invented and published? The reports of the East and West India Dock Company and of the London and St. Katherine Docks Company are melancholy reading, and fully bear out the discouraging views which I have for some time been obliged to express to inquirers in "My Letter Box." I have received the following communication with reference to the Oriental Pension and Guarantee Fund:—

> You have been good enough to insert one or two paragraphs in your paper with reference to the way in which money has been spent in the liquidation of the New Oriental Bank at the expense of the shareholders. May I ask you to allot a small space to the grievances of the shareholders in the Oriental Pension and Guarantee Fund? This body was composed entirely of employés of the Bank, and the amount due to them represents their savings. These savings were largely monthly payments which they made to build up the fund. Since the failure of the Bank, more than a year ago, only one dividend has been paid (amounting to about a third of the sum due), and as many of the subscribers have been thrown out of employment, and also held shares in the Bank (every penny of which they have lost), it seems a monstrous thing that they should be kept out of their own money any longer, especially as nearly the whole of the fund is invested in easily realisable securities.

I really do not know who is responsible for the administration of this fund, but, on the face of it, my correspondent appears to have a very serious grievance.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

A PAWNBROKER'S PLEDGE.

IN a small and somewhat seedy by-way, within a hundred yards of Regent-street, is to be found the emporium of that well-known pawnbroker, Mr. Zacharias. It is a dingy, shabby-looking shop enough, and its three golden balls are so begrimed with smoke and dirt that you scarcely notice them hanging out above the doorway. But friend Zacharias is too notorious to need any advertising; and plenty of customers, great and small, find their way into that poky little door at the side of the shop, without requiring to have their attention called to it.

If you were to watch there, near the corner, at any hour of the day, you would be surprised to see how many people pass in and out of the door under the golden balls. All ages, many classes, both sexes, are familiar there. Some walk boldly in, with the self-possession of frequent custom; others slink guiltily in, as though bent on the commission of some deadly crime; and a few—but these are the very green—make a point of carefully examining the unredeemed articles exposed for sale in the window, thereby hoping to make passers-by suppose that they are only intending purchasers.

It is with one of this latter class that we are now concerned. She was a youngish woman, shivering with the cold, who, despite her many evident tokens of poverty, still carried in her face and manner an unmistakable air of gentle birth and breeding. It was a vain pretence for her to survey the rings and watches in the window so carefully, as if she could not settle which she should buy. Those hungry, hollow eyes, that pinched face, those threadbare garments, bespoke, alas! too clearly, the state of her purse, and showed that the getting and not the spending of money was her object in visiting Mr. Zacharias.

By and by she slipped quickly in at the side-door. The

Birds of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

pledge-office was empty, except for the pawnbroker himself, who was sorting and ticketing some bundles at the back of the counter. He was a short, obese little man, with a very white face and very black, sharp eyes, out of which shrewdness and suspicious cunning peered upon an evil world. He was not an amiable character. It was commonly affirmed that the devil himself would have had the worst of him in a deal. And his heart was as hard as Parian marble. But, for all that, he had an extensive *clientèle*, chiefly because he was not over-particular or over-inquisitive about the proper ownership of the goods which were pledged with him, merely remitting a liberal discount in his own favour to cover risk.

As the woman approached the counter, Mr. Zacharias came forward and asked her briskly what was her business.

She fumbled for a minute in her pocket, then produced a small gold bracelet, and, pushing it nervously across to the pawnbroker, inquired, in a low voice, how much he could let her have upon it.

He took it to the light, and, holding it up there, examined it carefully.

"Two—ten," he answered, on his return.

"Can't you make it three pounds?" she asked timidly.

He shook his head. "No," he rejoined, with decision. "Two—ten's the highest I can go."

The woman hesitated. Then she held out her hand for the bracelet.

"I can't take less than three," she said.

"As you please," returned Zacharias, shrugging his shoulders. "Wait a minute, though" (balancing the bracelet on one finger, and suddenly changing his tone). "Is it a matter of importance to you to have the three pounds?"

"It is."

"Ah, well, it's rather weak of me, for the security ain't a bit worth it; but still, if you're very hard up I'll accommodate you to the extent of three sovs. There now!"

Mr. Zacharias made this offer with a particularly virtuous and generous air, as of one who makes a great sacrifice to benefit a fellow-creature, and assumed his most benevolent expression, which was not, however, very engaging at that.

The woman thanked him, and stood looking anxiously and nervously about her while Zacharias made out the pawn-ticket. As soon as this, together with the three sovereigns, was handed to her she at once bade him good evening, and hurried, almost ran, from the office.

When she was gone the pawnbroker called up an assistant to mind the shop, and betook himself into a small back parlour, still holding the bracelet in his hand. He turned up the gas, sat down at the table, and, placing the article before him, gazed at it with critical eyes.

"Strange," he reflected. "Very strange indeed. I knew it at a glance. The bracelet which I made all those years ago for Lady Branksome, according to her special design. I wonder how that young woman came by it! Odd, her bringing it to *me* of all people! Very odd!"

The pawnbroker's recollections carried him twenty years back, to the time when, before he set up in business for himself, he had been head designer and workman in the employ of a certain distinguished firm of jewellers in Bond-street. While so engaged, he had been commissioned to make a bracelet for a lady customer, one of the requisites in which was that it was to contain a locket with a secret manner of opening, which to outward appearance should simply have the effect of a solid ornament.

Mr. Zacharias had carried out this design by attaching to the bangle three circular pendants, set with small opals; the middle one of which could be opened, as desired, by carefully removing one of the stones and pressing a spring beneath. On closing it, the opal could easily be replaced by bending the light gold setting back into its former position. Altogether, it was so ingeniously constructed, and so exactly like the other two dummy pendants, that no one, not in the secret, would ever have discovered the opening.

The peculiar make and appearance of the bangle, when the woman had handed it to him just now across the counter, was enough to tell him, at a glance, that it was the very one he had made himself so many years ago, recalling to his mind circumstances which he had long, long forgotten, and awakening in him the dormant curiosity—which he had felt at the time of making it—as to the object of that secret compartment. That it would now contain any clue to satisfy such curiosity was improbable, surmising—at least, as Zacharias did—that Lady Branksome, who was notoriously in financial straits on account of her husband's extravagance, had sold the bracelet along with other jewellery. For she would, of course, have emptied the locket before parting with it.

But it was just possible that the bracelet had been stolen from her; in which case the clue to the mystery might still remain there.

With no very keen hopes or high expectations, the pawnbroker found the right stone on the central pendant; carefully bent back the gold setting with the point of a jeweller's knife, removed the opal, and pressed the spring. The locket flew open, and there fell out on to the table something which made Zacharias literally gasp—a diamond of extraordinary size and brilliancy, which flashed and glittered with dazzling effect in the full rays of the gas-light.

The pawnbroker inspected the splendid jewel, with eyes that blazed and sparkled almost as brightly as the object on which they were bent. That it was a stone of the first water, worth many thousand pounds, it scarcely needed his professional acumen to determine. It was a fortune, and a handsome fortune in itself! How had it come there? Presumably, Lady Branksome had placed it in the secret locket. But for what reason? And yet was it likely that when she was known to be in such straits for cash she should have kept this priceless stone, and not have converted it? Zacharias knitted his brows, and pored, in puzzled absorption, over the flashing brilliant.

Perhaps, however, Lady Branksome had nothing to do with it. She might have sold the bangle years and years ago. One thing, at least, seemed clear now—viz., that the article had been stolen, for the woman who had pawned it could not have known of the secret locket and its contents. Three sovereigns! How Zacharias chuckled! A thousand times that sum would be below the proper value of the pledge. . . .

After ruminating for nearly an hour over his extraordinary find, he replaced the diamond in its hidden abode, and locked the bangle up in his private safe, determined to await the upshot of events. For the person who had lost it was certain to advertise for it, and that would give him the necessary clue to its ownership; when he arrived at that he could then decide how he could best turn the matter to his own pecuniary advantage, and how far it would be safe to try and sell so conspicuous a stone.

That evening a piece of intelligence reached him which appeared to throw an extraordinary light upon the affair. A constable came into the pledge-office with a roll of large handbills, one of which he left upon the counter for Mr. Zacharias' perusal, stating that he was under orders to distribute them among all the jewellers and pawnbrokers in the district.

The contents of the handbill were as follows:—

METROPOLITAN POLICE.

TO DIAMOND MERCHANTS, PAWNBROKERS, AND OTHERS.

TAKE NOTICE that WHEREAS some time on the morning of July 22, a LARGE AND VALUABLE BRILLIANT was stolen from the GREAT TIARA now on view with the other wedding presents at the IMPERIAL INSTITUTE,

A REWARD OF £250

will be paid to any person giving such information as shall lead to the recovery of the diamond and the conviction of the thief.

(*By order*) JOHN JONES, Chief Commissioner.

Such were the lines in the handbill that were printed in heavy type. There was attached, also, in smaller

print, a technical description of the stone—for the benefit of experts—which left no doubt whatever in Mr. Zacharias' mind that the diamond found by him in the secret locket was one and the same with the brilliant filched from the great tiara.

But who could have stolen the jewel? And how, when so carefully guarded, could it have been possible to wrench it from its setting unperceived? . . . Ah! . . . The colour came and went in the pawnbroker's Israelitish face, and he breathed hard and quick with excitement. . . . For he suddenly remembered having seen it in the papers that Lady Branksome, who was *persona grata* at Court, was on the committee of ladies appointed to superintend the grouping and arranging of the presents! . . .

Mr. Zacharias felt so feverish and excited over his discovery that he took his hat and went out for a walk in the night air to cool his heated brain and collect his reasoning faculties. He was so absorbed in his reflections that he walked aimlessly along through street after street, without in the least noticing where he was going. But, strange to say, in the course of these peregrinations he stumbled upon the one link he needed to make his chain of evidence complete. On pulling up opposite a corner shop in Oxford-street to take his bearings, his eye fell upon the following poster conspicuously placed behind a gas-jet in the window:—

£10 REWARD.

LOST, in or near the IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, on July 22, SMALL GOLD BANGLE, with gold and opal pendant.

The above reward will be paid to any one who returns the bangle to

LADY BRANKSOME
—, Mount-street,
Grosvenor-square, W.

As he read this, you might easily have knocked Mr. Zacharias down with a feather. Here, in black and white before him, was the one fact he wanted to know—viz., the present rightful ownership of the bangle. What could now be plainer? The proverbial pikestaff was nothing to it. Lady Branksome, taking advantage of her exceptional facilities, had evidently filched the diamond and hidden it in the secret locket; and the bracelet, to which the latter was attached, had been stolen from her as she was leaving the Institute. And further, naturally supposing that no one except herself knew of the opening in the locket, she had boldly advertised for it; never expecting—as indeed how should she?—that the pawnbroker to whom the thief offered it should prove to be its original maker.

"But, expected or not expected," Mr. Zacharias soliloquised with elation, "so it is, your ladyship, and I've only to say the word to put you in quod, and that £250 into my pocket."

The pawnbroker passed a sleepless night, trying to decide what course would pay him best; for from the very outset, no other aspect of the affair had engaged his attention for an instant. Two hundred and fifty pounds were a tidy little sum; but still to gain it by the surrender of a jewel worth twelve times the amount hardly seemed good enough. On the other hand (as had doubtless been calculated in assessing the extent of the reward), it would be difficult to sell the stone in its present form; the risk would be too great. . . . Yes, ah, yes! *That* would be the best; to keep the diamond for the present, on the chance of the reward being increased; and in the meantime to blackmail Lady Branksome by dark hints of exposure. Hard up as she was, she would doubtless contrive, by some means or other, to raise the sum demanded, which (for the first time of asking) Mr. Zacharias determined to fix at £500. Having duly arranged his plan of action, the pawnbroker went next morning to Mount-street, and requested an interview with Lady Branksome. Her ladyship, after some little delay and difficulty, consented to see him, and he was ushered into her august presence.

"Good morning, Mr.—Mr. Zacharias," she said, stiffly, glancing at the card which he had sent in to her. "As I understand that your business is pressing and important, I have, at some inconvenience to myself——"

"It *is* most pressing and important," he interrupted her, fixing his keen eyes upon her face, and coming straight to the point. "It relates to the lost bangle for which you are advertising."

"Oh, *that* is it!" she exclaimed, quite changing her tone, and speaking with unaffected anxiety and eagerness. "Have you—have you—brought it with you?"

"No," he replied, quietly, "it is not in my possession. But I know where it is, and might get hold of it for you. Only——" Mr. Zacharias made an impressive pause, and looked very straight indeed into her ladyship's face.

"Only what!" she cried, impatiently.

"There is a little matter," he went on, slowly and incisively, "which must be first of all settled. The matter of a certain valuable diamond——"

"Good God!" she gasped, suddenly turning an ashen white, and trembling all over. "You have discovered my secret."

"I have, your ladyship. It is all as clear as daylight to me. Your connection with the arrangement of the wedding presents—the time when the diamond was stolen—its discovery in a secret locket attached to your bangle, of which you alone were aware—these points make the case complete and conclusive, as you must see."

She had given a little start, and had opened her trembling lips to speak; but either words would not come or she had thought better of it, for she remained silent, looking with frightened eyes into Mr. Zacharias's evil, ugly face.

"W-w-hat do you mean to do?" she murmured at length.

"A reward of £250 is offered, which I have merely to reach out my hand to take," he said, with a menacing smile. "But I should be sorry to consign your ladyship to hard labour, I should indeed. I therefore propose to hold my tongue, in consideration of which you are to pay me—£500."

"And the diamond?" she exclaimed.

"The diamond," he said, "will be retained, at present, by the person in whose possession it now lies."

Lady Branksome looked helplessly from side to side, evidently chafing with suppressed fury under the cool insolence of Mr. Zacharias' demands. But—and he knew it too well—she dared not show fight.

"I have not the money now," she said sullenly; "but I will try to raise it by to-morrow. Call again, then, at the same time."

"Very good," he answered, with insulting politeness; "and, for your ladyship's sake, I hope that the amount—in cash—will be ready for me when I call."

As soon as he was gone, Lady Branksome rang, in a great hurry, and ordered her carriage; and, twenty minutes later, she was driving rapidly to Scotland Yard, for an interview with her friend, the Chief Commissioner of Police.

"If only the news may fail to reach him for an hour or two," she murmured to herself as she went. "Fortune favour me in this!"

* * * * *

Mr. Zacharias, highly satisfied with the manner in which he had conducted his interview, was just taking an extra glass of wine, on the strength of it, after luncheon, when he was fetched away from his bottle to see two gentlemen who had called on important business.

The pawnbroker was not very pleased at being thus disturbed, and he was still less pleased when he found that his two visitors were from Scotland Yard. But he received them with that suavity which he always showed to officers of the law, and asked them, with some inward uneasiness, how he could serve them.

The answer which he received took him aback not a little.

"We have come," said one of the officers, in a confidential voice, "to see you about that diamond stolen from the Imperial Institute, as we understand that you are in possession of important evidence on the subject."

"How the deu——," began Mr. Zacharias, unable to

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BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Has been awarded Five Gold Medals.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER Guaranteed to be free from alum.

repress a start. "I—I—that is, I do not quite understand you!"

"Come, my good sir," interposed the other officer, briskly, "that won't wash, you know. I may as well tell you that we have had a watch set on Lady Branksome from the first, and, in point of fact, your conversation with her this morning was overheard. You must hand over both diamond and bangle to us immediately, and also be prepared to give your evidence at the Westminster police-court to-morrow morning."

"I have not either diamond or bangle in my possession," replied Zacharias, doggedly.

"Won't do," laughed the officer. "Come! No nonsense! I have a search warrant, which I shall execute at once, if you refuse. And, furthermore, I shall arrest you, on suspicion, as a receiver. If, however, you hand over without a fuss, and give your evidence properly, you will be indemnified against risk, and perhaps get some of the reward. Which is it to be?"

The pawnbroker, inwardly cursing his own precipitation in visiting Lady Branksome, but feeling himself "held" all round—for, apart from other considerations, it would never do to have his place searched—produced the bangle with a very bad grace; and, with still worse grace, showed the detective, at his request, how to open the secret locket. The two officers carefully examined the diamond; and, having satisfied themselves as to its being the right one, took their departure, leaving Mr. Zacharias in a far from enviable frame of mind.

Next morning he had the following letter from the Chief Commissioner's secretary:—

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that the diamond, supposed to have been stolen from the Imperial Institute, has been duly found, having merely slipped from its setting and fallen underneath the velvet covering of the stand, where it escaped notice. The diamond found in your possession—which has been mistaken for the other, to which it bears a close resemblance—proves to be the personal property of Lady Branksome, to whom it has accordingly been restored, together with the bangle.—Your obedient servant, THOMAS SMITH.

Such was, indeed, the case. Lady Branksome, an eccentric woman, had treasured up that one large diamond (the only one of her family jewels which had not long ago been converted) as a safe provision for her daughter. In order to keep its existence from her spendthrift husband's knowledge, she had hit upon the peculiar expedient of shutting it up inside the secret locket. When Zacharias accused her of stealing the brilliant from the great tiara, she had just heard of its having been found. But, with commendable readiness, she had seized the opportunity to outwit the impudent rascal and insure the restoration of her own jewel.

MUSIC.

THE DEPARTED OPERA SEASON.

THE opera season ended on Saturday, and Sir A. Harris is already thinking of its successor. He has, I believe, not yet secured Covent Garden after next spring, but no difficulty is anticipated on this head, while the De Reszkes, who are now engaged only season by season, have promised to come back, and the manager has visions of mounting Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," Cowen's "Signa," Mascagni's "Vestilia" and "William Ratcliffe," and very possibly Puccini's "La Ville," or "Manon Lescaut," and Verdi's "Falstaff." Sufficient unto the present year is the business thereof, but it may fairly be said in passing that if the manager proposes to get through this Brobdingnagian list of novelties during the summer of 1894, he will have to engage a double chorus and orchestra, or to begin his rehearsals a good deal earlier than he started them this year. "I Rantzau," "Amy Robsart," and "Mefistofele" this summer required no fewer than twenty-three band rehearsals for a solitary performance as to the first two works, while Boito's opera, which needed even still further preparation, could eventually not be given at all.

In his closing speech Sir A. Harris declared that the season had proved a financial, as it undoubtedly has been an artistic, success. It certainly has given the company a good deal of work. In eleven weeks, which included sixty-four working-nights, five-and-twenty operas were mounted, five of them being absolutely now to England. The most successful was "Pagliacci," which was played twelve times; while, at the bottom of the list were "Irmengarda," "Rigoletto," "La Juive," and "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," which were given only once. Three of the novelties, "I Rantzau," "Amy Robsart," and "The Veiled Prophet," were likewise performed only once, but the last-named work, belated until the final night but three of the season, is to be revived next year. "Carmen" has crept up again in the opera lists, and it was given seven times, mainly, of course, owing to Madame Calvé, whose impersonation of the dare-devil gipsy-girl is one of the finest performances now to be witnessed on the operatic stage. M. Jean de Reszke has stuck to his old repertory, Lohengrin, Faust, and Romeo being the parts most frequently repeated. "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" have, however, far and away earned most money this summer, and to a manager who in less than three months has to deal with a turnover of something like £50,000, such successes must always be very welcome. Some of the Wagner operas—"Siegfried" at Drury Lane, for example—have drawn much less than usual, and if the German colony desire Sir Augustus Harris to continue the Wagnerian season in the Teutonic tongue, they will have to rally in support of it in far greater numbers than heretofore. Operatic representations are organised for profit, not for pastime.

The last of the productions of the season was Professor Stanford's "Veiled Prophet." It would, perhaps, have been better if a work like this, entirely new to England, had not been given at the fag end of the summer; and, still better, if, when Dr. Stanford had the chance of a rehearing at Covent Garden, he had come forward with an opera of a newer cut. The "Veiled Prophet" contains some very charming music, particularly the Oriental dances and songs in the harem scene, but it is hopelessly overweighted by an absurd libretto. Its first act is poor, and the duets with which each act is bountifully provided are all a great deal too long. To the vast majority of the audience, who nowadays do not read their Thomas Moore, the reason why the false prophet veiled his face must have been quite incomprehensible. In the original legend Mokanna, whose eye had been hurt in battle, wore a mask, pretending that his countenance was too radiant for mortal eyes to look upon. Signor Ancona's handsome face was, however, plainly visible through the thinnest of gauzes, and, so far as the audience could observe, the deformity could have been nothing worse than a pimple on his nose. The operatic hero who sings a passionate tenor solo, and forthwith goes to sleep in the most uncomfortable attitude, shading his face with his hand and slumbering placidly on while Mdlle. Zucchi and a bevy of houris dance round him, and Miss Lucille Hill sings literally at him the daintiest of soprano airs, is also nowadays an absurdity to a public accustomed to have its operatic wares dished up hot and strong in the style of "Pagliacci." Then, again, there is the grotesque incident of the moon in the third act. The false prophet, to astonish his disciples, who are on the point of deserting to the enemy, promises to perform a miracle by causing the moon to arise out of a lake. He utters the monotonous incantation, and forthwith there appears a luminary as big as a soup-tureen, travelling millions of miles a minute across the sky, while the deluded Persians, after the manner of the operatic chorus, show their surprise by turning their backs on the strange thing and singing wildly to the footlights. The suggestion which has been mooted in some quarters, that Mokanna was able to do this moon-making, thanks to his superior knowledge of astronomy, is not justified by the facts; for in the original of D'Herbelot, from which Moore derived the legend, it is expressly stated that the

BRANDAUER'S CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS. Neither scratch nor spurt. Glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. A 6d. assorted sample box of any stationer.

prophet repeated his strange trick every night for a couple of months. But the whole thing savours of pantomime, and in modern opera it is supremely ridiculous. I find it a more pleasant task to speak of the literary excellence of Mr. Barclay Squire's verse wherein, by the way, whenever practicable, he quotes Moore himself and of the beauty of much of the music. The heroine's long solo in the first act, the female choruses, tenor song, ballet music, and Fatima's air in the second, and the watchman's song, the duet for two women, and the heroine's new air in the third act, are numbers which amply demonstrate that even the composer of "Eden" is, when he likes, a master of genuine, unforced, and most acceptable melody.

A good deal of fuss is being made in Worcester because a strong contingent of the Leeds choir have again been engaged to reinforce the local chorus. The rights of local amateurs may, however, be all very well, but the Worcester committee have to consider the success of the festival, and without the Yorkshire voices the west country chorus would not make a particularly brave show. Something seems to be required at Worcester akin to that accomplished by Mr. Lee Williams at Gloucester, where in the intervals between the triennial celebrations the local talent is thoroughly worked up. The weak point of the Worcester festival really, however, lies in its programme. A prospectus which boasts no further or better novelties than a "Te Deum" by the assistant organist and a short orchestral piece by Dr. Hubert Parry is hardly worthy of a musical festival.

At the Promenade Concerts which open on Saturday week it is proposed to perform M. Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila" as an oratorio in French, with Madame Sanz as the hair-cutting heroine and the composer as conductor. An oratorio in French at a Promenade Concert will be a strange experience, although to hear the music may be interesting enough. Among the débutantes at these concerts during the season will, I hear, be a soprano negress.

The affection of the Welsh for their Eisteddfodau is notorious, and for the national celebration at Pontypridd it has been found necessary to set up a pavilion capable of holding 20,000 people. In other words, the building where the contests are held and the concerts are given is a good deal more commodious than the Albert Hall. Pontypridd is among the coal-fields of Glamorganshire, which boast some of the finest voices in Wales.

If the requisitions of the County Council in regard to Covent Garden be well founded, the authorities have not taken steps before it is full time. The document is addressed to the owner, and not, of course, to Sir A. Harris, who is merely tenant from year to year. But considering that the Opera-house is during several weeks in the summer nightly filled with the flower of the British aristocracy, and during the autumn by large audiences of the middle-classes, the Council are right in insisting that scenery and lumber shall be moved from under the auditorium, or the floor be made fire-proof, that the painters' store-room and lamp-room be moved from under the stalls (a queer place, by the way, to put a lamp-room), the lumber and beer store be removed from under the gallery, which is certainly not an ideal spot for the storage of beer, the ceiling of the gasmen's workroom under the stage, and the property stores above the ceiling of the auditorium be made fireproof, and the lumber and properties be removed from the space under the entrance vestibule (or crush-room), now, it appears, used as supers' dressing-rooms. After this formidable catalogue, it seems almost simple to require that bolts, locks, and fastenings, should be removed from all doors used by the audience, and that all barriers should be made to open outwards. Six months is allowed to do all this. Six days would appear to be nearer the mark.

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LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a Philistine of the Philistines, but with all the brute power of Goliath of Gath. He is a braggart, too, like Goliath—a British braggart of the blatant type he sneers at as distinctively American. When one of his "Three Musketeers," Ortheris, swaggers: "I'm a private sorvin' of the Queen, an' as good a man as 'e is, for all 'is commission an' 'is airs an' 'is money," Mr. Kipling comments: "Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping." Yet no music-hall Jingo thunders more frequently or more furiously on the big, big British drum than Mr. Kipling. There is also in many of his stories a note of personal, as well as of patriotic, arrogance, which grates upon you, suggesting that Mr. Kipling is intoxicated with his sudden success. But, indeed, some of the stories in "Many Inventions" (1) would suggest this by their mere appearance in the collection. Only a truly colossal conceit of himself or scorn of his public can account, for instance, for such slobbering imbecility as "Brugglesmith" being offered to you as something so irresistibly humorous that "never since the Metropolitan Police was founded did three policemen laugh as those three laughed at the story of the sinful old ruffian in the ambulance." Well, it is just possible that a brutal street boy might find matter for a flying grin in the sight of a drunkard being wheeled along in an ambulance; but it is not possible that any sane creature should find fun in Mr. Kipling's elephantine elaboration of this farce of the gutter. If "Brugglesmith" is brute farce, "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" is brute melodrama. Is this butcher's description of the murder of a woman by her husband art, or nature, or humour, or pathos, or such a shrill screaming parody of them as an Arkansas penny-a-liner might furnish to his paper?:—

> The voice ceased as the grip tightened, and Tom heaved Badalia against the bed. Her forehead struck the bed-post, and she sank, half kneeling on the floor. It was impossible for a self-respecting man to refrain from kicking her; so Tom kicked with the deadly intelligence born of whisky. The head drooped to the floor, and Tom kicked at that till the crisp tingle of hair striking through the nailed boot with the chill of cold water warned him that it might be as well to desist.

Possibly Kiplingites will find something exquisite in the humour of this description, and something intelligible in that crisp tingle, chilling as a spurt of cold water, of a woman's hair *felt or forced through a nailed boot*, but for my life I can neither see the fun, nor the force, nor the sense of it. And I defy even a Kiplingite to see any meaning, moral, or interest in the pretentious parable, "The Children of the Zodiac"; but, on the other hand, I defy any one, however antipathetic to Mr. Kipling, not to enjoy the singular imaginative force and reach shown "In the Rukh" and in "A Matter of Fact," and the luridly vivid descriptions through which you seem to see the sea and the forest scenery by flashes of lightning.

It is a little blinding after seeing things by flashes of lightning to put your eye to Mr. Henry James's microscope, and watch the exquisitely, if finically, minute movements he delights to trace. Mr. Henry James opens his collection of short stories, as Mr. Kipling closes his, with a parable, which, however, is spoiled by the precisely opposite defect to that you find in "The Children of the Zodiac." For while Leo, the Girl, the Bull, the Ram, and the Crab remain to you as mere and

(1) "Many Inventions." By Rudyard Kipling. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
(2) "The Private Life, and Other Stories." By Henry James. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
(3) "The Shadow of Desire." By Irene Osgood. (New York: The Cleveland Publishing Company.)
(4) "From Whose Bourne, and Other Stories." By Robert Barr (Luke Sharp). (London: Chatto & Windus.)
(5) "Verses." By Dora Sigerson (London: Elliot Stock & Co.)

dull symbols as the x and y of an algebraic equation, the personages of "The Private Life" are so real that you resent the discovery at the close of their being but figures in a somewhat shallow parable. There is no need of all this supernatural machinery to explain why an author should be "an inspired idiot," and "write like an angel, but talk like poor Poll;" nor to account for the exclusively social existence of Lord Mellifont, who, unlike all other apparitions on record, appears only to numbers. All this supernatural machinery is as much out of proportion to its purpose as though the Ghost had really appeared to Hamlet only to assure him:—

> There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
> But he's an arrant knave.

Far more unaccountable is the appearance — especially amongst Mr. James' cynical personages—of an incredible *ingénue* who dies of the mere shame of having made an indirect, though successful, proposal to a young gentleman! Accounting on her death-bed for her otherwise inexplicable death she confessed "I broke out to him, I told him," she began at last. But she couldn't continue; she was powerless to utter it. "Yes, I know what you told him. Millions of girls have told young men that before." "They've been asked! They didn't speak *first!*" And of this, and this alone, a perfectly healthy young girl dies! Don't you feel inclined to use the tremendous language old Sam Johnson used to the clerk who came to unburden to him a conscience crushed with the sense of guilt? "I—I have been in the habit of taking odds and ends of twine from the office," faltered the clerk. "Oh, well; tell your employer and there's an end on it." "I have told him," he moaned, "and he said it didn't matter." Whereupon old Sam lifted up his voice in such a roar of rage that the morbid penitent nearly fell back down the stairs. It is not on record, however, that he died of remorse. The heroine of "The Shadow of Desire" (3) is by no means of the over-sensitive sort that would

> Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

She is, however, an interesting, natural, and even admirable study which redeems an otherwise inartistic and somewhat prolix story. Of more uniform interest are the three stories in "From whose Bourne" (4), the first of them being manned mainly by spirits of the dead. I remember one of the most popular of our novelists saying to me once, with a sudden gasp of horror, "Suppose we were to go on in the next world as we left off in this, and pretty much in the same dreary round!" This precisely is what the disembodied spirits in "From whose Bourne" do in their groping efforts to trace home a supposed murder. To most readers, perhaps, the moral of the story will be that of the poem in which the soul of a dead wife is permitted, at the cost of a millennium of purgatory, to return for a moment to earth to see her husband, and sees him issuing from the church with his bride! Returning to serve out her millennium of purgatory, she is informed by an angel that she has served the whole thousand years of torture already in the anguish of that glance which told her she was forgotten. Exquisite is the treatment of a similar subject in "All Souls' Night," which I have come upon in a collection of "Verses" (5) by a poetess who has a future, and a brilliant future before her—Miss Dora Sigerson. These "Verses"

> Are of imagination all compact.

If you are as sick as I of the thin tinkle of most modern verse, where an affected and fantastic obscurity is so made to conceal a lack of ideas that you cry, "Il dit tout qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien à dire," you will welcome the singular wealth of imagination, and depth, and delicacy, and wistful Irish tenderness and weirdness of such poems as "The Flight of the Wild Geese," "The Little Brother," "Eclipse," "Remorse," and "Good-bye." For my own part, I may say that, albeit not given to poetic abandonment, I read these exquisite poems, and many others in the volume, again and again. —Believe me, dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You ask me what are now the regulation width and style of fashionable skirts. They are greatly various in character. The tailor-made dresses measure about four yards or four-and-a-half round the hem, but elaborate gowns for afternoon or evening wear are much wider. One is always sure to see the latest fashions at Jay's, so I went there to see for myself what the new skirts are like before answering your question. I saw a perfectly lovely evening dress in white satin, the skirt very wide round the feet where it stood out in bold pleats, but fitting closely to the figure on the hips. The bodice was covered with accordion-pleated rose-pink chiffon, and over the skirt the same soft fabric fell in vandykes with the loveliest effect, the kiltings falling open and thus making the tender tone of pink look paler still at the edges. The sleeves were cut like large lily petals in white satin, with the pleated pink chiffon falling over them. A band of white satin formed a belt, being fastened with a rosette at either side. Low on the skirt in front were two rosettes, white and pink. The bodice was finished round the top with a little beautiful real lace in a warm tone of cream colour turned back from the shoulders. A group of shaded pink roses was fastened at the left. The whole dress was just like a flower. Another evening gown was in black satin, with a very full skirt, the breadths being cut in a new way, so that they turned out in points about the feet. The bodice was all jet and cream-tinted lace, a corselet of the former ending in a point at the back, while in front it was slightly opened up towards the waist. The rest was all lace, except that the short sleeves were composed of several double frills of black chiffon, with a deep fall of the creamy lace over them. At the back this lace was carried on down to the waist in a cascade. You cannot imagine what a becoming bodice this was. A little cluster of shaded pink and red geraniums with velvet petals was fastened in the front.

A sweetly pretty low bodice for a girl, to be worn with a pink silk skirt, covered with pink lisse and with three kiltings of the latter round the hips, was in pink satin, with pink lisse gathered over it in *bébé* fashion. Frills of pink lisse and of cream trimmed it round the shoulders, and the sleeves consisted of the same, with a bow of black velvet above them. A cluster of black blow-aways, with a few sprays of white jessamine, was fastened on the bodice. A band of black velvet was fastened at the waist with a pretty paste buckle. For a matron a silk dress in a tone of aubergine had been designed, the skirt trimmed with a very deep flounce pleated on and made with two rows of cream-coloured guipure, under which a band of pale heliotrope silk, which showed through the meshes of the lace. Above the flounce and hiding its point of junction with the skirt, was a row of jet embroidery in a leaf design. The bodice was rather elaborately arranged, with full pieces of the aubergine standing out above a full trimming in front. You would have much admired a simple black cloth, the skirt of which was unlined and finished with a few perpendicular rows of black braid, alternately short and long. The bodice was a short coat, coming to the waist, and worn with a white shirt and a black satin tie with very wide ends. The coat, which was much the same shape as an officer's undress jacket, was arranged with braid as described above. The fronts are turned back and trimmed horizontally with braid of two different lengths in alternation. The whole effect is smart and rather coquettish, and this is assisted by the sailor hat of grey felt with up-curved brim, trimmed with black, one or two quills of peacock glinting tints being thrust into the loops of the bows.

We also saw a lovely tea-gown made of soft white

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crêpe de chine, embroidered with fine black jet beads. A zouave in heliotrope cashmere was of the shape that is cut up the back and rounded off, and was covered with a lovely embroidery of silver, jet, and silk cord in two shades of mauve. This zouave ended in wide sleeves across the front, and the crêpe de chine fell loosely from the bust over a tightly fitting lining. It was a charming tea gown, so graceful and poetic. The way in which the Watteau at the back floated out from under the zouave was particularly pretty.

Some of the new felt hats are very becoming, the brim being turned up at any sort of angle, and pinned back with large jet stars, the trimming consisting of black ostrich feathers. A little bonnet with a gold crown jewelled with pearls and emeralds was smart, and a very large Gainsborough hat in black velvet, with splendid feathers for trimming, was very effective.

Mabel has just made for her mother a quite lovely dinner dress of velveteen in the softest and brightest possible shade of heliotrope. As you know, they are very poor and have to manage to be as well dressed as possible, as the friends with whom they associate are all well off, and they must either give up society altogether or else appear sufficiently *bien mises* not to offend people's susceptibilities. This is one of the cruel necessities of poverty. One *dare* not be as openly and honestly poor as one would like to be, for the feelings of friends and relatives have to be considered. However, Mabel is very clever, and as she learned the real, original, and genuine system of scientific dresscutting, of which so many worthless imitations have of late sprung up, she can make her own and her mother's dresses and mantles as well as a professional. She declares that new materials are so cheap, they can dress for very little money. She bought a length of beautiful summer cloth for 15s. the other day, enough to make a skirt and coat. Her mother's velveteen dinner gown she has made with a square bodice, trimmed with some lovely old lace in a delicious tone of deep cream colour, and the elbow-sleeves have deep falls of the same. The front breadths open over cream-coloured satin, which Mabel has embroidered along the hem, and in light sprays of irregular height up the front, with gold and crystal beads and chainstitch. You cannot think what a lovely gown it looks, and Mabel is so delighted with her nice old mother in it. Watching them together, and seeing how devoted they are to each other, it occurred to me that poverty has its silver lining. When the nature and disposition are good and sweet, they seem to be made better and sweeter by a few hardships, and when people share these together uncomplainingly and pleasantly, it promotes affection and good feeling. But oh, Amy! Does not poverty soon find out the selfish ones and show them up in a strong and vivid light?

I have received the following amusing letter from "An Old Bachelor":—

Flowers are always lovely, even artificial ones worn in hats and bonnets are charming, and for many reasons. In the first place they have none of the horrid suggestiveness of the murder of the innocents about them, like the feathers and tiny stuffed birds that are worn as head-gear, or as the still more cruel aigrette that so many affect. Then again, artificial flowers supply such a truly womanly means of livelihood in their manufacture; made by women to be worn by women.

As an old bachelor, but not a misogynist, I am a great admirer of the fair sex, and thoroughly appreciate anything pretty they wear, but I cannot abide feathers and birds upon the top of their sweet faces—it gives them such a wild Indian, cannibal kind of look. But, oh! crowned with flowers I think them completely adorable. Alas! that even to this there is a great if or why! If they only would wear flowers in their proper seasons; or why will they flaunt all the wrong flowers at the wrong moments?

Perhaps it is only that I am growing old, but surely the year already gallops too fast away, and, therefore, why keep us perpetually reminded of it? The woman who in January wears clusters of primroses on her head is saying to you, "Be quick, be quick, it is time for you to be paying your March quarter's bills," and this before you have recovered from Christmas. Oh, the cruelty of it! You have hardly regained your peace of mind from being hustled in this way, when "Primrose Day" really comes round, and then some woman (lovely woman, of course!) sits before one at an afternoon concert or matinée crowned with roses, probably a hat with large bows of magenta velvet, and a garland of pink roses, which not only gives you an inward cramp from the dread of colours, but flusters you by suggesting the end of the season, the house painters invading your body of holes, and you vainly and perspiringly packing your portmanteau to escape from your chamber for a short holiday abroad.

And this gives you another great heave forward to hurry the year mercilessly away, and this in April, it is really too thoughtless and provoking of women. But I shiver to think of it, I have often seen poppies and cornflowers and such like harvest thanksgiving decorations sported in May, and so on through the year.

It only remains to be seated comfortably in church, say, one balmy day in July, and to be awakened ruthlessly from a happy half slumber by seeing a lady decked with holly sprigs on the top of her dark tresses; one will wake with a horrible start, and a feeling of over extension and over weight, and the sense of a surfeit of beef and turkey, and realising that here, just before one is the plum pudding arrived already, and only waiting to be set alight.

If the dear fair ones cannot be satisfied with nature's glorious variety and choice of flowers and foliage for each successive season, and give us the enjoyment of each to its full extent, then maybe they will forgive an old man's suggestion; suppose they wore mistletoe all the year round on the top of their heads, surely that would meet the requirements of all parties!

The "Old Bachelor" is quite right. But we all do such dreadful unorthodox things just now, do we not? We trim washing-gowns with velvet, satin, or moiré silk. We wear the most screeching mauves and blues, greens and yellows, violets and purples in combination, and young girls go to balls with masses of diamonds about them, while old ladies wear bonnets garlanded with daisies or forget-me-nots. And then, too, how many women have of late committed the atrocious solecism of wearing pearls in the daytime?

I have a letter from Ursula in which she says:—

During this last week Edinburgh has been absolutely excited, and although to you, my dear but Sassenach friend, this may convey nothing, I assure you that it is most unusual for such a thing to be chronicled in the dead season. The why and wherefore have been the simultaneous holding of the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show and a monster Carnival, Floral Fête and Fancy Fair (nothing like a comprehensive title!) in aid of the Simpson Maternity Hospital and the Institution for Incurables. These two entertainments existed within a stone's throw of each other in the Stockbridge Park and Cornely Bank Grounds respectively, and although beforehand there was some slight friction in consequence between the promoters, I am glad to say that it was all smoothed down and both sides have scored a great success. The crowds have been enormous, the admissions to the Cattle Show on one day exceeding 36,000 for example, and the street traffic in the neighbourhood was, of course, to correspond. Not being very well versed in bucolics, I cannot discourse learnedly about the Agricultural Show, but suffice it to say that there was a splendid turn-out of horses, from the Clydesdale giants to a diminutive pony, with an equally tiny foal, the latter being about the size of a collie dog; that we were able to admire the fine Highland cattle with the greater appreciation from the fact they were on the other side of a stout wooden fence; that the display of agricultural implements was both extensive and—let me write it gently—wearisome; that the milking machine attracted a large crowd; that there was the usual number of fat and panting sheep and other unhappy prize animals; and, lastly, that the refreshment stalls seemed to be doing an enormous trade. Close by was the Collie Dog Show, where one saw "Heather Chance," the collie presented to H.R.H. the Duchess of York by Miss Leith and a few other ladies; "Ben," the celebrated card-playing dog, and other specimens of their kind.

In the Carnival all was noise and frivolity—bands playing, pipers skirling, people chattering, laughing, and shouting, and every form of diversion was there. Striking-looking Irish gipsies told your fortune after you had been up in the balloon, or taken a ride on the merry-go-round. Then you could watch the 12th Lancers performing their picturesque musical ride, or thrill with horror at the mimic battle (which included the storming of a farmhouse, capture of spies, fierce firing, and death on the field), gallantly fought by the 91st Highlanders, refreshing the inner man afterwards at the Café Chantant, while listening to Durward Lely. If your purse was full you could speedily empty it at the flower stall or country market, even before reaching the large marquée in which the fancy fair was held; and this even after, perhaps, resisting the many young men and maidens who were roaming about with those fatal raffle-books in search of victims. There were certainly some wonderful prizes to be gained by the lucky few. Fancy a Whitechapel cart for 6d., an Erard grand piano for 1s., a first-class ticket for a trip to South Africa by the Union line for 2s. 6d., or a billiard-table for a shilling, and these are only a few. Other pitfalls for the unwary and opulent were shooting-galleries, a theatre of entertainments, a doll exhibition, cocoa gardens, and a circus.

The principal stall in the Fair was presided over by the Marchioness of Tweeddale and Mrs. J. P. B. Robertson, wife of

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the Lord President. The distinguishing badge here was a yellow sash, which was worn by Lady Tweeddale on the first two days, with a black dress, the skirt formed of two deep flounces of accordion pleated crêpon, each edged with two bands of narrow satin ribbon, the body slightly trimmed with cream guipure lace, and a tiny black and yellow bonnet. On another day she wore dark blue. Mrs. Robertson appeared on the first day in cream satin striped with blue. The adjacent "Incurables" stall was in charge of Lady Campbell of Succoth and Miss Stirling, the badge being sashes of a pale shade of crushed strawberry; and the Highland stall, presided over by Miss Colquhoun of Luss, was draped with the Colquhoun tartan. The tempting-looking sweet stall found a large share of patronage, and amongst other prettily-decorated tables were the "East Lothian" and "Trinity."

The Carnival was opened on Tuesday by the Lord Provost, who was accompanied to the platform by Lady Tweeddale, the Hon. Mrs. Hope of Belmont, Miss Muir (whose engagement to Colonel Wauchope, Mr. Gladstone's opponent in Midlothian, has just been announced), and other personages of light and leading both masculine and feminine, while the Lord Mayor of Dublin performed the same office on Friday, and in company with your Lord Mayor, Sir Stuart Knill, visited the Carnival in State on Saturday. Every evening the grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, &c., and there was a fine display of fireworks by Messrs. Pain, so that altogether the energetic managers had catered for the amusement of the populace in every possible way.

I fancy you will approve of this recipe for crab scallops:—

Mince finely the whole of the meat from two parboiled crabs; put it into a saucepan with a wineglassful of white wine, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a nutmeg grated, and pepper and salt to taste. When the mixture comes to a boil add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, two boned, blanched, and pounded anchovies, and the beaten yolks of two fresh eggs. Stir this into the heated crab until all is thoroughly blended. Butter half a dozen scallop shells, sprinkle on them finely-minced parsley, fill with the mixture, and screen with breadcrumbs. Lay on each shell a tiny piece of butter and hold a red-hot salamander over it. Stick small three-cornered pieces of toast around and in the scallops. Arrange them on a white china dish, outlining each shell with well-washed and drained tips of watercress. Send to table hot and serve with half lemons.

This is a perfectly lovely cake jelly:—

Cut the top from a round stale sponge cake, and remove the inside, leaving a wall and ground an inch and a half thick, line the interior with cold jelly, which is nearly set, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. When this is firm, place in the centre a tall narrow jar filled with broken ice, around it pour alternate layers of jelly and newly-made jam, allowing each layer of jelly to set before the jam is added. When the cake is full, remove the jar and fill the space with whipped cream, replace the top of the cake and fasten it on with jelly. Spread over the top with a wet knife the following icing:—Mix six ounces of castor sugar with the juice of an orange, and beat for half an hour. Decorate with candied cherries and slices of angelica.

Have you ever tried mushrooms and tomatoes cooked together? If not, you will thank me for this recipe:—

Remove the peel and stalks from seven or eight good-sized fresh mushrooms; lay them, the hollow part upward, on a buttered sauté-pan, put a small piece of butter on each, season with salt and pepper, cover with a lid and cook them in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Meanwhile, prepare a similar number of round pieces of toast buttered on both sides. Fry an equal quantity of thick slices of ripe tomatoes. Now place a slice of tomato on each piece of toast, and finish with a mushroom on the top. Dish on a white paper and serve very hot.

And this is an excellent way of stuffing mushrooms:—

Remove the stalks and peel, and scrape out the gills from a sufficient number of large fresh mushrooms. Fill the hollow part with good veal forcemeat, smooth it with a palette-knife dipped in hot water, egg the farce, and cover it with nicely-browned bread-crumbs; place them in a buttered sauté-pan, and bake them in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. Dish each mushroom on a round piece of fried bread, and serve with white sauce, which should be flavoured with the stalks of the mushrooms.

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Splendid position facing the sea.
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According to the position of rooms selected.

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Newest and best Hotel.
Delightful position, fronting the sea.
Terms most moderate.

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Under English Management.

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Well known for Wedding Breakfasts and Dinner Parties.

TABLE D'HÔTE OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Covered Communication to three Railway Stations.
The only Terminus Hotel of the Brighton Railway Company in London.
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PATRONISED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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A permanent or transient home of quiet elegance, with generous management, and a cuisine of noted excellence.

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Situated in the most fashionable, convenient, and healthy locality. Artesian Well Water. Electric Light throughout. Moderate Tariff.
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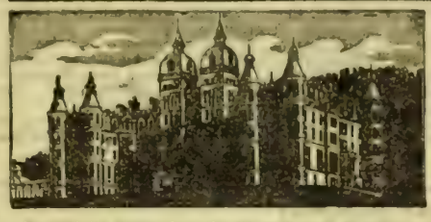

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Beautifully situated on the River Tweed, 20 miles south of Edinburgh. Over 30 acres of Pleasure Grounds, including Lawn Tennis and Bowling Greens, Golf Course, large Conservatory. Bedrooms are very large and airy. Magnificent scenery. Splendid drives. Terms from £3. 3s. per week.—For rooms apply to the MANAGER.

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Packed free of charge on receipt of cheque.

Two-person size, complete, as sketch, with Silver Plated Kettle Regd. Spring Screw Cap, £2. 17s. 6d., or all fittings Silver Plated, £4. 10s.

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N.B.—Either of these "En Routes" fitted with Drews' Patent Railway Attachment, lid and fall tray. Two-person size, 7/6; Four-person size, 10/6 extra to above prices.

NOTE.—All "En Routes" are now fitted with Drews' new patent sponge-packed lamp, with entirely new system of burner, specially adapted for travelling purposes, being superior in every way to the old lamp and boiling kettle more quickly. These lamps fit all Drews' baskets and can be had separately. Polished Brass, 5/-, Polished Nickel, 7/6.

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CHEAP EXCURSIONS will run from Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations:—

EVERY FRIDAY at 10.15 p.m., a Special Cheap Excursion to Exeter, Okehampton, Plymouth, Barnstaple, and Ilfracombe, &c., the Tickets being available to return on the following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight following the day of issue.

EVERY SATURDAY at 8.10 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., for 8 (to certain Stations), 10 or 17 days to PLYMOUTH, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, Tresmeer (for North Cornwall by 8.10 only), Bude, Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), Radstock, Bath, &c.

At 8.40 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. for 8, 10, or 17 days to ANDOVER, MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CHELTENHAM, SALISBURY, YEOVIL, AXMINSTER, HONITON, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive.

EVERY SATURDAY at 10.10 a.m. to Winchester, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, and Bournemouth, for 7, 9, 14, or 16 days.

At 12.5 p.m. for 10 or 17 days to WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, Christchurch, Poole, Wimborne, Wareham, Swanage, Lymington (for Yarmouth and Freshwater), NEW FOREST, &c.

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At 1.20 p.m. for Southampton, Cowes, Newport, Gosport, Salisbury, Winchester, Basingstoke, Romsey, Fareham, &c.

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ON SUNDAY, 6th AUGUST.—Special Cheap Excursion at 8.0 a.m. for Yeovil, Seaton, Sidmouth, Exeter, Barnstaple, Torrington, Ilfracombe, Tavistock, Devonport, Plymouth, &c., the Tickets being available to return on Monday 7th, Saturday 12th, Monday 14th, Saturday 19th, or Monday 21st August, by certain Trains. On Bank Holiday a *Special late Train* for London will leave Plymouth Friary at 10.0 p.m., Exeter 12.15 midnight, calling at principal Stations. The Cheap Tickets are available by this Train.

For full particulars and times of return Trains, see handbills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or by post from the Office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

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CALAIS and back on Bank Holiday. Charing Cross and Cannon-street, dep. 8.0 a.m., 17s. 6d. (1st cl.), 12s. 6d. (3rd cl.). Cheap Tickets will be issued from 4th to 7th August, available until 12th August. Charing Cross and Cannon-street dep. 8.0 a.m. or 8.15 p.m. 31s. (1st cl.), 26s. (2nd cl.). Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will also be issued on 5th August, Charing Cross and Cannon-street dep. 8.0. a.m., 22s. (1st cl.). 13s. 6d. (3rd cl.).

PARIS and back. Charing Cross and Cannon-street, dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (2nd cl.), 30s. (3rd cl.), 2nd to 7th August. Tickets available for 14 days.

BRUSSELS and back, viâ Calais. Charing Cross and Cannon-street, dep. 8.0 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 54s. (1st. cl.), 40s. 6d. (2nd cl.), 25s. 9d. (3rd cl.), 4th to 7th August. Tickets available for 8 days.

BRUSSELS and back, viâ Ostend. Charing Cross and Cannon-street, dep. 8.0 a.m., 10.0 a.m., 5.55 p.m., and 8.15 p.m. (1st and 2nd cl. only by 10.0 a.m. and 5.55 p.m. Trains). 40s. 7d. (1st cl.), 30s. 1d. (2nd cl.), 19s. 11d. (3rd cl.), 4th to 7th August. Tickets available for 8 days.

OSTEND and back. Charing Cross and Cannon-street, dep. 8.0 a.m., 10.0 a.m., 5.55 p.m., and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (1st cl.), 25s. 6d. (2nd cl.), 4th to 7th August. Tickets available for 8 days.

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ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEERNESS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER. From LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (3rd cl.).

BANK HOLIDAY.

Ashford	3s. 6d.
Tunbridge Wells	4s. 0d.
Other Stations	5s. 0d.

Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness, 2s. 6d.

Children under Twelve, Half-Fares.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

Cheap Tickets from Country Stations to the Sea-side and other Stations.

Various special Alterations and Arrangements.

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Atlantic to Pacific. Many optional routes, including Niagara and Chicago. Break of journey allowed.

New steamships, 5,000 tons each, of New Zealand and Australasian S.s. Co., largest, fastest, and finest running from American Continent to Australasia, leave Vancouver about as follows:—

S.s. WARRIMOO .....September 14th,
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For NORWAY,
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The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," *i.e.* inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest fiords.

For SICILY, GREECE, the LEVANT, and CRIMEA,
leaving 2nd September, for 46 days.
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For MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, WEST INDIES, AZORES, &c.,
leaving 22nd November, for 65 days.

The Steamers are fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, &c.

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Blended Tea ... 1/4, 1/8, 2/- per lb.
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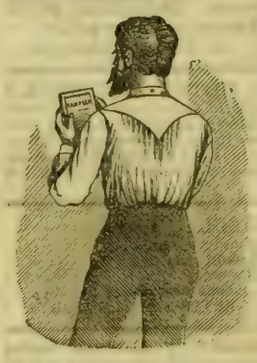

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(FORTNIGHTLY) FROM NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Shortest route to Norway. Only one night at sea.

By the ALBION STEAMSHIP CO.'S (Ltd.) Fast and Splendidly-fitted Yachting Steamer

"MIDNIGHT SUN" (Captain NIVISON, R.N.R.), 3,020 tons, 2,860 horse-power.

Fares from 12 Guineas, including a sumptuous table.

NEXT SAILINGS—JUNE 17; JULY 1, 15, 29; AUGUST 12, 26; SEPTEMBER 9.

All applications for Berths to be made to the Yachting Steamer "MIDNIGHT SUN" Passenger Office, 4, Lombard-street (Tel. Add., Tourist), Newcastle-on-Tyne. Write for Itineraries.

"JAP" CARPETS

We have just received a shipment of Carpets and Rugs of Japanese Manufacture from our Agents in Hiogo, and as we are able to sell them at a very low price, we offer them to our Customers in preference to submitting them to the Wholesale Trade. They are novel and artistic in design and colouring, and of thick pile.

CARPETS.				RUGS.			
8 feet long	by 6 feet wide	... ...	28- each.	3 feet long	by 1 ft. 6 in. wide	...	2/6 each.
10 „	9 „	... ...	50- „	4 „	2 feet wide	... ...	5- „
12 „	9 „	... ...	63- „	6 „	3 „	... ...	8/6 „

A FEW MIRZAPORE CARPETS, 9 ft. by 6 ft. ... 27/6 each.
KURD RUGS, 5 ft. by 3 ft. ... 5/9 „
BANGALORE RUGS, 6 ft. by 3ft. ... 5/- each.
KURD CARPETS, 9 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. ... 21/- „

Catalogues of all the best Floor Coverings free.

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LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.
Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

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ST. EMILION .... CLARET .... 18/- per dozen.
MEDOC ..... CLARET .... 15 6 per dozen.
ST. GEORGE'S ... CLARET .... 13/- per dozen.
Price List of other CHATEAU CLARETS, from 21/- to 74/- per dozen, posted on application. LE MONNIER & CO., JERSEY.
CARRIAGE AND DUTY PAID.

THE ROYAL WEDDING PERFUME.

H.R.H. The Duchess of York has graciously accepted a supply of "ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE," describing it as a "Charming Scent."

It is the "sweetest of sweet odours." Atkinson's is the only genuine.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

"The Cup of the Prince, the Peer, and the Peasant."
"The most popular and healthful Beverage of the Century."

By Her Majesty's *Royal Letters Patent.*

"MERSANO"

A SPARKLING NON-ALCOHOLIC WINE.

Recommended by all the leading medical faculty as the only perfect and health preserving table drink. The most welcome friend in every sick room, and indispensable in every table.

CERTIFICATE OF HONOUR and GOLD MEDAL have been awarded for the special excellence of "Mersano."

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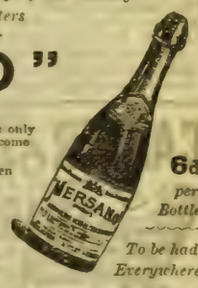

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FITTINGS

Electric Light Works

3 BERNERS ST. W

Protection from Chill in every Climate!

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TRADE MARK.

PURE WOOL **CLOTHING**

TESTED FOR PURITY,

NON-SHRINKING, AND STRENGTH.

(THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.)

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LITERARY MACHINE

For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1 1s.

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Walking Machine for the lame

Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2. Exercising Chairs £5. 5s. Reclining Boards £1. 1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d. Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.

Carrying Chairs, £1. Bed Tables 7s. 6d. Crutches 10s. 6d. Folding Couch Chairs 10s. Bed Rests 10s.

BATH CHAIRS

From £1. 5s.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS

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From £1. 10s.

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COMPLETE Establishment for Natural Beauty includes MOST ARTISTIC MANICURING, 4s. 6d. SKILFUL CHIROPODY. Full line of Toilet Articles and Manicure Cases complete. New American LONG WAISTED CORSET, 12s. 6d. None better sold. RUPPERT'S DYSPEPSIA CURE and LIVER REGULATOR. Best article ever sold, Vegetable, 4s. 6d.; and the only RELIABLE SKIN TONIC on the market. Does not bleach or whitewash, tones, cleanses, and invigorates. Don't forget, there is only one CELEBRATED LECTURESS, one ANNA RUPPERT, who has given her life to this branch. Send 4d. for her new and Illustrated Book of Beauty—valuable hints. SKIN TONIC, perfectly harmless. Price, 10s. 6d.; three bottles, 25s. Sent all over the world. All matters sacred. Correspondence cheerfully solicited. No charge for advice, either in person or by letter. Don't forget THE ONLY

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The ONLY Antiseptic Saline.

SALT REGAL

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver.

At all Chemists throughout the world, in bottles, 1/6 and 2/9.

Office: 49, ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

SIX GOLD MEDALS. *Non-Mercurial.*

Goddard's Plate Powder

THE BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., everywhere

THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH.

WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement and biliousness, it has been pronounced by medical men of high authority as most efficacious.

"I use the Aerated Pitkeathly largely, and value it."—Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

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Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: *"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."* Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors,

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ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

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Have been favoured with Orders for Photographic Apparatus from
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Has a finder the exact size of the plate to be used.

Has dark slides of a novel description and adapted for Plates or Films.

Can be focussed even during the transition of the object to be photographed.

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Can be used as a Hand Camera as well as on a stand for ordinary photography.

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PUREST IN ENGLAND.

BOURNE TABLE WATERS

SODA, SELTZER, LITHIA, POTASH, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE, ETC.

Supplied in 6 Dozen Cases Carriage Paid by

Analysis, &c., on Application.

R. M. MILLS & CO.,
BOURNE,
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And of all CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, &c.

CARPET CLEANING.

CARPETS and TAPESTRIES Cleansed from dust by PURE AIR.

Impossible to damage the most delicate fabric.

Collection and Delivery free.

Send for Prices and Particulars to your Upholsterer, or

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N.B.—The Trade and Public are invited to visit our Works, and convince themselves of the bona fides of our process.

BENGER'S FOOD.

For Infants, Children, and Invalids.

"Humanly speaking, 'Benger's Food' entirely saved baby's life. He could digest nothing until we began the 'Benger.' He is now rosy and fattening rapidly."—*Extract from Private Letter.*

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

TINS, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., OF ALL CHEMISTS, &c.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed it leaves no unpleasant odour.
IS NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.
Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

Prepared only by the

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

IS THE BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

Prevents the Decay of Teeth.
Renders the Teeth Pearly White.
Is perfectly Harmless and Delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER.

Put up in Glass Jars, price **1s.**

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd of August, 1893, at 10 a.m., and will CLOSE for TOWN applications on or before FRIDAY, the 4th of August, at 4 p.m., and for COUNTRY APPLICATIONS on or before SATURDAY, the 5th of August.

THE SAVOY HOTEL, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1883.

SHARE CAPITAL — — — — — — £200,000.

ISSUE of £125,000 FIVE PER CENT. DEBENTURES, ranking after an issue of £200,000 Four per Cent. Perpetual Debenture Stock, secured by Mortgage on the Freehold, and having a floating charge on all the other property of the Company. The Debentures will be of £100 each.

Directors.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Lathom; Sir Arthur Sullivan, Kt.; Hwfa Williams, Esq.; Michael Gunn, Esq.; R. A. Handcock, Esq.; R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq., (Chairman).

Bankers.—Messrs. Goslings & Sharpe, 19, Fleet-street, E.C.

Auditors.—Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, & Co., 4, Lothbury, E.C.

Brokers.—Messrs. Linton, Clarke, & Co., Bartholomew House, E.C.

Secretary and Registered Offices.—C. F. Munro, Beaufort House, Beaufort-buildings, Strand, W.C.

Trustees for the Debenture Holders.—Herbert Gosling, Esq. (Messrs. Goslings & Sharpe); R. D'Oyly Carte, Esq. (Chairman Savoy Hotel, Limited).

Messrs. Goslings & Sharpe are authorised to receive Subscriptions for the above Debentures at Par, payable as follows:—**£5 per cent on Application; £10 per cent. on Allotment; £25 per cent. on September 1st, 1893; £60 per cent on October 1st, 1893—£100.**

The Debentures will be registered in the books of the Company, and the interest will be payable half-yearly, on January 1st and July 1st, to proprietors registered on December 24th and June 24th of each year. The first warrant will be issued on January 1st, 1894, and will be for the amount of the interest calculated from the dates on which the several instalments fall due and are paid. The Debentures will be repayable at par on the 1st day of July, 1918, or at the option of the Company they may be paid off at any earlier time at a premium of 5 per cent. on six months' notice being given.

PROSPECTUS.

The issue of the Perpetual Debenture Stock and of these Debentures is made to enable the Savoy Hotel, Limited, to acquire the freehold of the hotel premises situate on the Victoria Embankment, London, and to pay off the existing Six per Cent. Debentures.

The principal and interest of the Perpetual Debenture Stock is secured by a first mortgage of the hotel premises and by a floating charge on all the other property of the Company, including the valuable wines, stock, &c. The land is all freehold (land tax redeemed), but that on which Beaufort House stands is subject to a rent charge of £100 a year.

The present issue of Debentures will be secured on the whole of the above properties and assets, subject to the mortgage referred to for £200,000.

The hotel and the land held therewith were valued by Mr. Robert Vigers for the Law Debenture Corporation, Limited, who issued the Debenture Stock, and annexed is a copy of his report:—

4, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.,
April 21st, 1893.

To the Directors of the Law Debenture Corporation, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,

THE SAVOY HOTEL AND BEAUFORT HOUSE.

I treat this property as freehold and land tax redeemed, and offered as a security free from charges of all description, except a rent-charge of £100 per annum issuing out of the land on which Beaufort House stands.

Its situation, with approach from the Strand, and good uninterrupted frontage to the Victoria Embankment, is excellent either for the hotel or for residential chambers.

The building was constructed in the first instance for chambers, and the arrangements of suites of rooms is very convenient. As a hotel it has been proved to be suitable, and no doubt with proper management it will as such continue a remunerative property, but in the event of its ceasing to be used as a hotel, it will be a good property to let as chambers, and in this event an outlay of possibly £10,000 might be necessary for internal alterations.

The buildings are sound and good, and have as far as possible been erected of fire-proof material, and with the view of making them of such a character that they will cost a minimum sum to keep them in good repair and decoration.

The rooms and passages are all lighted with electricity, and the fittings and plant are suitable both for hotel or chamber purposes.

The hot and cold water supply is as good as can be found in any establishment of the kind, the water supply being obtained from the artesian well upon the premises, which, I understand, has never failed.

The Hotel building contains 300 rooms upon the principal floors, with numerous other rooms, offices, and cellarage in the basement.

The land comprises an area of about 33,200 feet, and having been proved available and suitable for lofty buildings, it is worth, in my opinion £208,000

Add cost of buildings		320,000
Add furniture, fittings, electric light installation, plate, linen, china, glass, &c., at cost price	£31,630	
Deduct 50 per cent.	15,815	
		15,815
Add for goodwill two years' profits of £38,645		77,290
		£621,105

This, in my opinion, is ample security for an issue of £325,000 Debentures, viz., £200,000 First Debentures, and £125,000 Second Debentures.

The Hotel has been proved to be a profitable undertaking, and the profit of £38,645 made in 1892 would pay the interest on both series of Debentures, and leave a very large balance.

In the event of the premises ceasing to be used as a hotel, I am of opinion that the building, having regard to its suitability for conversion into chambers, would produce a net rental of far more than the amount required to satisfy the interest upon both series of Debentures, and that when so converted the property would still remain a sound security for £325,000 (three hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds).—I remain, yours obediently, (Signed) ROBERT VIGERS.

The profits for the year 1892, as certified by the auditors, were £38,645, subject to the ground-rent and Debenture interest now to be extinguished. The yearly profit will be chargeable with interest on the £200,000 Four per Cent. Debenture Stock, amounting to £8,000 per annum, and on the £125,000 Five per Cent. Debentures now to be issued, amounting to £6,250 per annum.

The profits for the current year continue to be quite as satisfactory as in 1892, and taking the profits of that year as a basis, the following result is shown:—

Profit at the rate of last year			£38,645
Deduct	4 per cent. on £200,000	£8,000	
	5 per cent. on £125,000	6,250	
			14,250
Surplus Revenue after paying all outgoings			**£24,395**

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. If the amount allotted is less than that applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on allotment. Failure to pay any instalment will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Application for a settlement and quotation will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange in due course.

The original valuation of Mr. Robert Vigers, the Trust Deed, and the Form of Debenture, can be seen at the Offices of the Company.

Applications must be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and delivered with the deposit at Messrs. Goslings & Sharpe, Bankers, No. 19, Fleet-street, E.C., where Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained.

28th July, 1893.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,

and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

Himrod's Cure for Asthma.

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A free Sample and detailed testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all wholesale Houses.

TOO FAT. Dr. GORDON'S Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS,

rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely "free from any poison "or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious "ingredient, and is a "good, safe, and useful "medicine."

ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

Warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

ANÆMIA
Or Bloodlessness.

DEEKS' ANÆMIA PILLS.

Blood Producing. Tonic. Non Constipating.

IN BOTTLES OF ALL CHEMISTS. Half course, 1s. 6d.; whole course, 2s.; or

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ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited,
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.

General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.

C. HARDING, Manager.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEN,
Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates, upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.

[ESTABLISHED 1867.]

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,

From **£30 to £5,000,**

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.

FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO

A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.

Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.

Apply to the SECRETARY.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be mentioned. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES.

Parr's Banking Company and the Alliance Bank, Limited, as Bankers of the Company are authorised by the Directors to receive subscriptions at their Head Office, Berthol mew lane London, E.C., or at any of their Branches.

The Subscription List will be opened on Wednesday August 2nd, and will be closed on or before Saturday August 5th, for town and country.

†A. B. C. CONCESSIONS, Limited. AERATED BREAD COMPANY'S CONCESSIONS; (Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 1890, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.) Capital £150,000, in 150,000 Shares of £1 each. First issue of 100,000 Shares, at par, payable as follows: 5s. per Share on application, 10s. per Share on allotment, and 5s. per Share one month after allotment. Fifty thousand Shares will be reserved for future issue whenever Capital be needed for the purposes of the Company's business, a moiety of which the Shareholders of the Aerated Bread Company will have the option of subscribing for, at par.

DIRECTORS.

Vincent A. Applin, Esq., late Secretary of the National Exhibitions, Earl's Court.
*Marcus John Bolton, Director of the Aerated Bread Company, Limited.
Alfred Pickard, Esq., Engineer.
*John R. Whitley, Esq., late Director of the National Exhibitions, Earl's Court.
Managing Directors—
W. Rosbury Few, Esq.
Arthur Whitley, Esq.
* Will join the Board after allotment.

Bankers—Parr's Banking Company and the Alliance Bank, Limited, Bartholomew lane, E.C., and their branches.
Brokers—William Godfrey & Co., 1, Copthall-court, E.C., and Stock Exchange; Redding, King, & Co., 14, Angel-court, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Solicitors—Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., 17, Throgmorton-avenue, E.C.
Auditors—Ogden, Palmer, & Langton, 6A, Austin-friars, E.C.
Secretary—John Oates.
Temporary Offices—51, Cheapside, E.C.

†So called because the Concessions comprise (1) an exclusive Licence under Patents taken out for the benefit of the Aerated Bread Company, and (2) the goodwill, rights, and privileges pertaining to "Staminal Foods" which were originated, and are solely manufactured, by that Company.

PROSPECTUS.

The "A.B.C. Concessions, Limited," has been formed for the purpose of acquiring from the Aerated Bread Company, of London, a section of their business, viz.:—

(1.) The A.B.C. Licence. An exclusive Licence, except within a radius of five miles from the Royal Exchange, London, to use, sell, or let on hire the Aerated Bread Company's Patented Pressure-Heaters and Machines connected therewith, in the United Kingdom. This Company acquires the exclusive right to manufacture, sell, and use the Pressure-Heaters and Machines throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, with the exception of the London district.

(2) The A.B.C. Staminal Foods.‡ The goodwill, rights, and privileges pertaining to "Staminal Foods," for all parts of the world, except within the above-mentioned radius, but this Company will acquire the right to sell "Staminal Foods," also, within this area, if the buyers be shippers or wholesale factors.

The A.B.C. Licence. This Company acquires an exclusive Licence (subject to the above-mentioned reservation) to use eight different patents and all future improvements thereon.

Among the principal factors which have contributed to making the Aërated Bread Company one of the most successful trading concerns in England (its £1 Shares are quoted at £7 15s. to £8 per Share) are the valuable Pressure-Heaters and Machines covered by Patents, which enable the Aerated Bread Company to supply tea, coffee, and cocoa rapidly, of unsurpassable quality, and freshly made, either in small or large quantities. It is intended that this Company shall manufacture the Pressure-Heaters and Machines and sell them to the proprietors of hotels, restaurants, clubs, stores, and schools, &c., and to refreshment contractors, private families, and others. It is further proposed to let the patented Pressure-Heaters and Machines, on hire, to the above classes of customers, and others, at remunerative rates, with option of purchase, and, in certain districts, to sell sub-licences for their use, enquiries for which have already been received.

Hitherto the supply of the Pressure-Heaters and Machines covered by these Patents has been exclusively limited by the Aërated Bread Company to their retail depôts in London, for the purposes of their own business, where they have proved a great success. The more recent of the Patents taken out have effected such important improvements in the utility and value of the inventions as to ensure a large trade in the manner above indicated, and this branch of this Company's business will be materially extended by the opening of a warehouse in London, where the Pressure-Heaters and Machines will be kept in stock, ready for immediate delivery. The Pressure-Heaters and Machines are also adapted to numerous other Trades, from which a lucrative business is expected to be realised.

The Pressure-Heaters and Machines have been largely instrumental in increasing the dividends of the Aërated Bread Company, in recent years, and if this Company considers it desirable to open Depôts in several of the larger provincial cities (similar to the Aërated Bread Company's London Depôts), their successful working will be dependent in a great measure on the use of these Pressure-Heaters and Machines. All the improvements which have been made therein, from time to time, are covered by the above-mentioned Patents.

In order that this important branch of this Company's business may forthwith become a profit-earning one, arrangements have been concluded by which, for the present, the Pressure-Heaters and Machines will be supplied to this Company by the same makers, who have hitherto manufactured them for the Aërated Bread Company.

The A.B.C. Staminal Foods.—These foods, the result of careful and extended scientific research, are preparations of cocoa, oatmeal, sago, tapioca, wheatmeal, &c., for use both in liquid and solid form (including biscuits, &c.). They contain, in large proportion, brain and muscle-forming elements, thoroughly incorporated, are perfect in solubility, and possess the important qualities of being not only nutritious and easy of digestion, but also an aid to the assimilation of other foods.

This Company will acquire all the rights of the Aërated Bread Company to manufacture and sell "Staminal Foods" in all parts of the world (except within a five-mile radius from the Royal Exchange), the Aërated Bread Company undertaking to furnish all the requisite information, and communicating from time to time, without further charge, whatever improvements may be introduced into the processes of manufacture; but it is not intended that this Company shall at once commence to manufacture, it being deemed more expedient, for the present, that this Company should purchase "Staminal Foods" from the Aërated Bread Company, on terms and conditions which will leave to this Company a very satisfactory profit.

The Aërated Bread Company will transfer to this Company all orders for "Staminal Foods" received by them from any part of the world, except from within the above-mentioned five-mile radius, and also all such orders from that district for "Staminal Foods," the destination of which is the provinces, or which are for shipment abroad.

"Staminal Foods" have not been advertised or offered for sale outside the London district, yet the quantities sold by the Aërated Bread Company have increased yearly. With so vast a field as that covered by the Concessions, which this Company acquires, the business should become one of considerable magnitude.

The Aërated Bread Company have been, and are, so fully occupied with the management of their London Depôts, that they have not sought to do business beyond the Metropolitan area, which still offers scope for further development.

During the negotiations between the Aërated Bread Company and the Vendor to this Company, facilities have been afforded him of gaining considerable experience in connection with the organisation and management of the Aërated Bread Company's business, and the Vendor has agreed to take an active part in the development of this Company's affairs, and to join the Board after allotment. One of the Directors of the Aërated Bread Company will also join the Board of this Company.

Having acquired the above-named exclusive Licence and Concessions, it is the intention of this Company to take a leading position in connection with the development of other scientifically prepared hygienic foods for the million.

The large income realised annually by the Aerated Bread Company from their business (now exceeding £) is another indication of the probable character of the business to be undertaken by this Company, which will comprise (1) A wholesale trade in "Staminal Foods," at home and abroad; (2) The sale of Licences to use the patented Pressure-Heaters and Machines to retail dealers; (3) The selling and letting on hire of these Pressure-Heaters and Machines throughout the United Kingdom (except within the five-mile radius from the Royal Exchange), and (4) The opening of a retail trade in Depôts similar to the Aerated Bread Company's London Depôts, on account of the larger provincial cities.

Mr. John Robinson Whitley, who is the promoter of, and Vendor to this Company, has fixed the price to be paid by this Company to him for the Licence and the Concessions, at £75,000 in cash, and 75,000 fully paid £1 Shares of the Company, of which the Aerated Bread Company will receive £15,000 in cash and 15,000 fully paid £1 Shares, the Vendor defraying the cost of printing and posting the copies of the Prospectus, and of the charges and fees of solicitors and brokers, in connection with the formation of this Company, up to, and including, allotment.

The following Agreements have been entered into: (1) An Agreement dated March 14th, 1889, between James Childs of the one part, and Hayward Tyler & Co. of the other part. (2) An Agreement dated August 14th, 1889, between James Childs of the one part, and the Aerated Bread Company, Limited, of the other part. (3) An Agreement dated July 28th, 1893, between the Aerated Bread Company, Limited, of the one part, and John Robinson Whitley of the other part, for the purchase of the Licence and Concessions. (4) An Agreement dated July 29th, 1893, between John Robinson Whitley of the one part, and this Company of the other part, for the resale of the Licence and Concessions to this Company at the price above mentioned.

Copies of the above-mentioned Contracts and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the temporary offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company with the amount of the deposit. If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant.

‡ The Trade Mark, comprising this designation, was duly registered June 22nd, 1882, for bread, biscuits, staminal foods, &c., and April 17th, 1888, for cocoa, chocolate, and cocolate, and it appears upon all packets and tins containing the various "Staminal Foods."

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803, 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subd. Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total funds, £1,600,000.—E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER .. .. £31,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS .. .. £6,400,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
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63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £16,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

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HEAD OFFICE:—
WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.

BANKERS:—
CAPITAL AND COUNTIES, Ludgate-hill, Long Acre, Piccadilly, and Brighton Branches.
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COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.

£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
£10 COMMANDS £1,000 STOCK.
£50 COMMANDS £5,000 STOCK.
£500 COMMANDS £50,000 STOCK, and so on in proportion.

NO OTHER LIABILITY WHATEVER.

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LONDON, BRIGHTON, MANCHESTER, AND DUBLIN.

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BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING.

Sold only in 1-Ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-Ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets containing 12,
And Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

By Royal Warrants of Appointment to HER MAJESTY the QUEEN,
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales; H.I.M. The Empress Frederick; H.M. The Queen of Denmark, &c.; and under the Patronage of the Courts of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and Greece, &c.

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IMPERATIVE CAUTION.

EGERTON BURNETT'S SERGES are only sold direct from the JUBILEE ROYAL SERGE WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOM. Any person offering for sale Serge, pretending it to be Egerton Burnett's, is liable to legal proceedings for obtaining money under false pretences.

And other Pure Wool Fabrics and High-class Washing Materials in the Latest Styles for Ladies, Children, and Gentlemen.
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SOAP MAKERS
BY
Special Appointment
To HER MAJESTY
The Queen
and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS The
Prince of Wales.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE. No. 753.—IN MEMORIAMS TANZAS ON THE LOSS OF H.M.S. "VICTORIA."

IVANHOE (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 758.

Though it is not at all certain when Parliament will rise for its autumnal holiday, it is not probable that the recess will be very long delayed. It is thought, therefore, that this event may be so far anticipated as to make it the subject of our weekly competition, in the following way. It is proposed to offer the usual prize of Two Guineas to that competitor who is most happy in suggesting

THE PLACES AT WHICH IT WOULD BE MOST APPROPRIATE FOR THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO PASS THEIR HOLIDAYS, VIZ., MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, MR. A. J. BALFOUR, SIR W. HARCOURT, MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, MR. JOHN MORLEY, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, AND MR. TIMOTHY HEALY, FURNISHING IN EACH CASE A BRIEF REASON WHY THE SUGGESTED PLACE IS SUITABLE FOR THE PURPOSE NAMED.

Only one place should be suggested for each politician named, and all answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 14, next.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 754.

It will not be possible to make the announcement of the Prize winner's name in this competition until next week.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. O. R.—The Puzzle Cheques are sent out in batches periodically.

JULIEN.—I am much obliged to you for your kind suggestion.

N. B.—Your letter did not come into my hands until after you had left London.

CARTLEAN and ZEALANDIA.—Your Shakespearian quotations on Lawn-Tennis safely reached me, and ought to have been acknowledged last week.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 755.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

STANZAS INTENDED TO SUGGEST THE COOLING SENSATION MADE BY THE TINKLING OF ICE AGAINST THE SIDE OF A GLASS.

Like a dewdrop's plash in a fairy well,
Like elfin chimes of a crystal bell,
The clear sweet chink, the mellifluous clink,
Of *glace* with glass, in an ice-cool drink.
Netherby.

The musical clink
Of the ice on your wine-goblet's brink.
Bret Harte.

At the brink the crystals clink in tinkling morrice,
Lilting lightly on the shivering champagne;
Who may catch their cooling chirrup, save a Horace,
Or Catullus in his dainty-welling vein?
Gee-Dux.

Delicious dreams of coolness o'er me pass,
The ice clinks lightly in the slender glass;
Lazily I watch its cool clear crystals swim,
And list its tinkling ring against the rim.
Burgage.

Cooling morsels swim and sink,
From bubbling depth to foaming brink,
Singing 'mid the fizzing drink,
Ting-a-ting with pleasant chink.
Awful Warrior.

Tinkle, tinkle, little glass,
While the summer moments pass,
While the crystal ice I drink,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tink. Beta.

Tink, tink! a silvery sound, tho' faint, so clear,
An echo it might be of sweet bells rung
In far-off elfland, falling on the ear
So full of promise to the parched tongue.
Bobus.

O drink delicious, foaming to the lip,
Where bright ice-morsels cool the hissing bowl,
Colliding, tinkling, as I idly sip—
Thou art a poem to the thirst soul. Hugo.

The icy crystals tinkle in my glass,
The cold dew sparkles on its frozen side;
My vintage chills like glacier stream; alas,
To think that e'er must ebb such wintry tide.
Mona.

Let the bucket arise from the mossy old well,
And the water-drop's tinkle be heard through the dell;
Fill the glass up with ice, and then fill it again,
It surpasses in coolness the best of champagne.
D. E. F.

Ice—ice—ice,
Tink—tink—tink,
Once—twice—thrice,
Drink—drink—drink. Alpha.

How the cold-frosted, opal-hued goblets entice,
As the lemon in fragrance upcurls,
To the glug-glug of claret, cascading down ice,
'Mid the frolicsome frou-frou of girls.
Goat.

A marble hall; cool fountains softly sprinkling
Their million jets 'mid palms that wave between,
And far away, like sleigh-bells gaily tinkling,
Sweet music flowing from a harp unseen!
Sea Dew.

How musical the tinkling
To thirsty souls
Of glist'ning ice set clinking
In crystal bowls! Fig.

From yon snow-clad mountain river
Fill my goblet to the brim;
That my parchèd throat may shiver,
Ice must on the surface swim. Gil.

Ping, ping! the tingling hailstones crisply clink
With a clatter, pit-a-patter, on my glass of ice-cold drink;
Pelt, pelt! the icy pellets fall like rain,
Sharply stinging with their pinging, icing well the draught I drain.
Bel Demonio.

A SHERRY COBBLER.

"With beady bubbles winking at the brim,"
The crystal tube, stirring the ice-blocks, goes,
Tunefully tinkling 'gainst the tumbler's rim;
Adown my throat, the liquid amber flows.
J. McGrigor Allan.

Limpid, pellucid trickles from the lips
Of Nereids, the cool flood,
Sprinkling and splashing the chill sod—and drips
In pools where lilies bud. Esperanza.

By the rippling brook we wandered, my heart's delight and I,
Where gurgling waters from the rocks rolled musically by;
And playfully we swished the drops that from a mossy chink,
Fell merrily on the shimmering stones with pleasant, plashing clink. Emily Culverhouse.

Gaily I drink while the ice gives a chink,
Bobbing and tempting my lips with its blink,
Catching my eye with its sparkle and twinkle,
Charming my ear with its jingle and tinkle.
Stanchion.

A cone of ice, by lemon diadem'd,
Laved by the ripples of the tinted cup,
The crystal bowl surrounding it all gemm'd
With frosted dew, and then I drink it up!
Seejaem

Weary and hot we seek a welcome shade,
And quaff the cooling cup by Chloe made.
Chink! chink! Seducing sound, we think, to drink,
Against the tinkling glass the twinkling crystals clink. Eboracum.

When wearied, languid, jaded, parched,
O! seek some glacial drink;
The ice, so crystalline and clear,
Sinks quickly, clink, clank, clink!
Gradatim.

The slippery block of ice is dropped in the glass so thin;
The liquid grows frigidly cold with that tiny iceberg within.
You lift it up—bump goes the ice—a cooling drink to take;
Oh when it trickles down your throat it makes you shiver and shake. Victor.

Starlit sky and plashing water; willows stirred by rustling breeze;
Coolest raiment, soft and scanty; dreamy tales of northern seas;
Icy cold the crystal goblet, crystal-clear the floating ice;
Scent of dew and fresh-mown meadows; this my summer paradise. Eva Charlotte.

The melting depth, where slanting sunbeams seek
To bathe, and on each flowing drop to dance,
Seems almost in soft ecstasy to speak,
Answering with secret sound the wistful glance.
Mos.

Crystal-clear and crisply crashing,
Ice and glass together clink,
Like the fairies' sleigh-bells clashing,
Rings the tiny tink-a-tink.
Wildfowler.

THE MERMAIDS.

Spent by the blazing noon, we mermaids swim,
Through rippling crystal, to our cavern dim;
Seek, there, the coolness of the nether deep,
And, sheltered by cærulean shadows, sleep.
Jap.

Better, to thirsty souls, than chink of gold,
The "tinkling," crackling sound of brittle ice!
In crystal goblet sparkling, clear and cold,
Melting, in "champagne cup!" what drink so nice? Cæsar's Corner.

Take a clear-cut crystal bowl, half fill with glist'ning fresh-crushed ice;
Lightly toss in candy sugar, and a fragrant lemon slice.
Fill to brim with ruby claret, set 'neath trees by grotto cool;
With the ice still twinkling, tinkling, drink from frosted glasses cool. Imara.

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatet ungula campum";
Well does this line imitate horses' hoofs when they gallop and stamp 'em.
But, to describe what we're asked to, it seems to me very hard, I know:
Molliter in vitreo pulsat dum frigida vino.
Note.—Virgil's well-known line:
Vitreum vinum, the bright wine—frigida, to agree with glacies, understood. Plumepierre.

Tinkle! tinkle! Jingle! jingle!
Silvery ice and champagne mingle;
And the crystal cup is ringing
Like sweet sound of fairy singing.
Paramá.

Stella, let the beaker's brim
Catch the star-shine from thine eyne;
Whilst upon the beady wine
Icy crystals clink and skim.
Moonlighter.

A dripping-well in a deep glade,
Where fern-grown stones, half ice-inlaid,
Receive the chinking drip, chink, drip
Of ice-flakes from the fountain's lip.
Celia O'North.

Gaily lapping the mossy stone,
Rippling and splashing with silver tone,
Like the tinkle of fairy bells,
The flowing water gurgles and swells.
Collis.

The sound of ice in tankard can
Be set in lines and made to scan,
Then drop it, let it sink and clink
The side, then let it melt, then drink!
Turns.

Ice tinkling silv'ry in cup, sparkling merrily,
Clinking against the cool sides of cut glass;
Ah! to a thirst one such a drink, verily,
Carries "délices" that naught can surpass.
Malignant.

When the soul is athirst what sound may surpass
The gurgle, as liquid and ice commingle;
The delicate tingle, the musical jingle,
As the lumps ring melodious peals on the glass?
Netherby.

In India.

Drink! drink! for the day is hot!
"Gilde low, belata panee!"*
Tink, tink! put in a lot!
"Burruf! burruf!"† will do for me.
W. S. R.

* "Bring quickly soda-water." † "Ice! ice!"

Jingle, jingle, list how the tumblers clash,
Hearing, seething, see the bright liquor flash:
Freezing, freezing, hear how the ice lumps pass,
Plunging a ringing chime into the tinkling glass.
Waggy.

The clattering ice falls ringing in the chalice,
As it tinging, tinging bubbles head the brim;
Cool drinks! nectar sipping, sink all malice,
And bless the tiny tinkling icebergs as they swim.
Dry Fly.

Bring forth the ice—come, let it clink—
To make for me a freezing drink,
Combined with raspberries cooled in snow,
I quaff it, and then take a row. Singelet.

Distinct, and clear, and cold, they strike the brink,
These crystal chips of ice, each time I drink;
Delicious rest is found, I truly think,
Whilst listening to their quick metallic tink.
Bennie.

Swelt'ring, I swallow tepid muck
The whole year round,
So that some ice within my glass
Would be all sound. Jasmine.

Tell me now of sounds that cool;
The splash of water in the pool,
The murmur of the summer sea,
The sheep-bells' tinkle on the lea.
Vicar.

Above the ice the sun was glittering bright,
Icicles sparkled in its brilliant light;
Hark! with a crack the glacier dashed apace,
And flashed and sparkled in its mad, wild race.
Scotland Yard.

Cool, sparkling champagne cup in crystal glass,
Most welcome 'neath shady trees on grass;
The crackling icicles rising, sinking,
Go tinkling 'twixt cup and lip while drinking.
Dora.

There's music in the trickling rill,
That ripples o'er its pebbly bed;
Furrowing a channel down the hill,
Eager the nobler stream to wed.
Excelsior.

At the brink the cooling crystals clink and glisten,
Here a cymbal, there an icy-tinkling bell,
Like the tiny strains of flower-music—listen—
For a fairy-prince's wedding in the dell.
Gee-dux.

'Tis sweet when summer's fire is overhead—
Fresh fruit before, and boughs above me spread—
To hear within the crystal beaker's pool
Ice fragments tinkling, musically cool.
Cestrian.

Dental operatic wrenches,
Fines from melancholic Benches,
Law costs, writs, etcetera, still
Certainly instil a chill. E. C. L.

And it's oh! for a dream in some shady bow'r, with a brook gurgling by o'er the stones,
To think that at last we've got rid of our flesh, and nirily sit in our bones;
Then, grateful we'd think of the wittiest clerk who first formed this scheme that so nice is,
Surrounded by myriads of phantom-like forms, of pretty, pale girls eating ices. Wild Cat.

List to the song of the sea and the shingle,
Sweetness and coolness they melt and they mingle;
Like the tinkle of bells with silver tongue
Is the song of Old Ocean, ever young.
Lancastrian.

Oh! for a rest in shady groves, a screen from noon-tide heat,
Where purling brooks run temptingly your out-stretched hand to greet,
Whose cooling waters whisper tales of meads and pasture fair,
And the tinkle of the sheep-bell is wafted on the air. Cecil Culverhouse.

The cooling drink stands waiting for the ice,
On foaming surface throw the lemon slice;
Now lift and quaff! Ah! what delicious sound,
Like bells—against the glass that ice clinks round!
Bill Brewer.

The sound of the whispering breeze,
As it sighs through the tops of the trees;
The tap of the woodpecker's beak
On the bark of the iron-bound teak.
Heurteloup.

A fairy well of crystal thin,
Naiad, fling thy necklace in;
Hear the wild enchanted thing,
Tinkle, jingle, clank and ring.
Point d'Espoir.

Cooling splash of tinkling rill,
Waving leaves of daffodil;
Twinkling ripples singing clear,
Tinkling, sprinkling far and near.
Boiled Rice.

Refreshing and sweet to the ear, I think,
As you lift the glass and its cooling drink,
Are the pieces of ice, as they kiss the brink
With their sharply clear and silvery tink.
Snooks.

When feeling faint from heat some sultry noon,
How sweet a treat, in cosy bar saloon,
To slowly sip the fizzing iced champagne
Whose cool deliciousness thrills through each languid vein! Shamrock.

Scene: At the Empire American bar.
Enter: Two chappies—"genus, la-di-da"—
With thirst all aflame. On the gong they tink, tink!
Soon ice-chips and ivories pleasantly chink.
Gherkin.

Soft as the song of a rivulet rolling in miniature billows,
Kissed by a summer zephyr breathing sweet scents o'er the lea,
Tossing its crystal dewdrops in the cool shade of quivering willows,
Slipping by Iris and Dogrose, and bubbling its way to the sea. Falcon.

The icy clappers 'gainst the crystal bell
Ring out, as from th' enchanted depths of some cool well,
A silvery chime, like echoes of the tune
Of fairy symphonies thro' summer nights in June.
Poppy.

It is too hot to think,
And the cool chink and clink
Of the ice on the brink
Of my glass, bids me drink.
Albericus.

The breezes blow from the frozen North,
Aurora Borealis blazes forth,
An iceberg floats in the glassy main,
And the Arctic voyagers shiver again.
Hope.

What cooling sounds fall on my ear!
The murmuring rushes in the mere,
Old Ocean's song on the shingly strand,
The burn's glad notes in my fatherland.
Gyton.

The running water sings a song,
Twinkling gaily it flows along,
Ripples laugh like silver bells,
Fairy feet twinkle in mossy cells.
Comtesse Olga.

A gentle tinkle falls on the ear:
Lemon and ice, in water clear,
Bubble and splash as we drain the bowl,
Cool and delicious for thirsty soul.
Ivy Leaves.

'Tis dropped in the glass—how it cheerily rings!
The sweetest of music is its rustling clink.
Deliciously cool the sensation it brings—
Refreshingly bracing to look on or drink.
Tommy Atkins.

I prithee, pretty Phyllis, trip away and quickly bring
A little drop of whisky, and cool water from the spring;
A tiny bit of sugar, and some lemon-peel in chips,
And apply a beaker brimming with the nectar to my lips. Whig.

When high and strong is summer's noontide glow,
'Tis nice to sit in cavern's rocky cell,
While on the senses steals with freshening flow
The cold, clear trickle of its crystal well.
Camodein.

COALS.—The Marquis of Londonderry supplies SEA-BORNE COAL from his DURHAM COLLIERIES; Londonderry Wallsend, 27s.; Pittington Wallsend, 26s.; Primrose, 25s. 6d.; Seaton Wallsend, 24s. per ton. Cash on delivery.—Seaham Wharf, Nine Elms-lane, Vauxhall.

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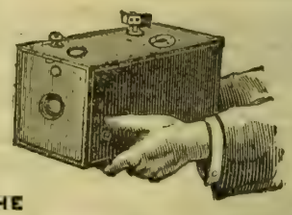

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which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. **Sozodont** is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

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Among the ancients, if two persons were suspected of having committed a crime, and it was not clear which was guilty, the better-looking one was released and the other punished. Whether rightly or wrongly, people are still largely judged by their faces. High character may shine out through every feature and yet the face be made almost repulsive with pimples or other disfigurements. Much harm may be done to the complexion by strong, highly-scented, coloured soaps, and the public is appreciating more and more every day the importance of a pure soap for toilet use. In perfect health the skin may withstand powerful or impure soap, but not so if there be a little dyspepsia or biliousness. A soap which embodies the most modern advances in manufacture is "Vinolia" Soap, which is guaranteed pure by the makers, and is one usually recommended by medical men and especially dermatologists.

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"Vinolia" Cream (*for Itching, Face Spots, &c.*), *1/1½ and 1/9 per box.*
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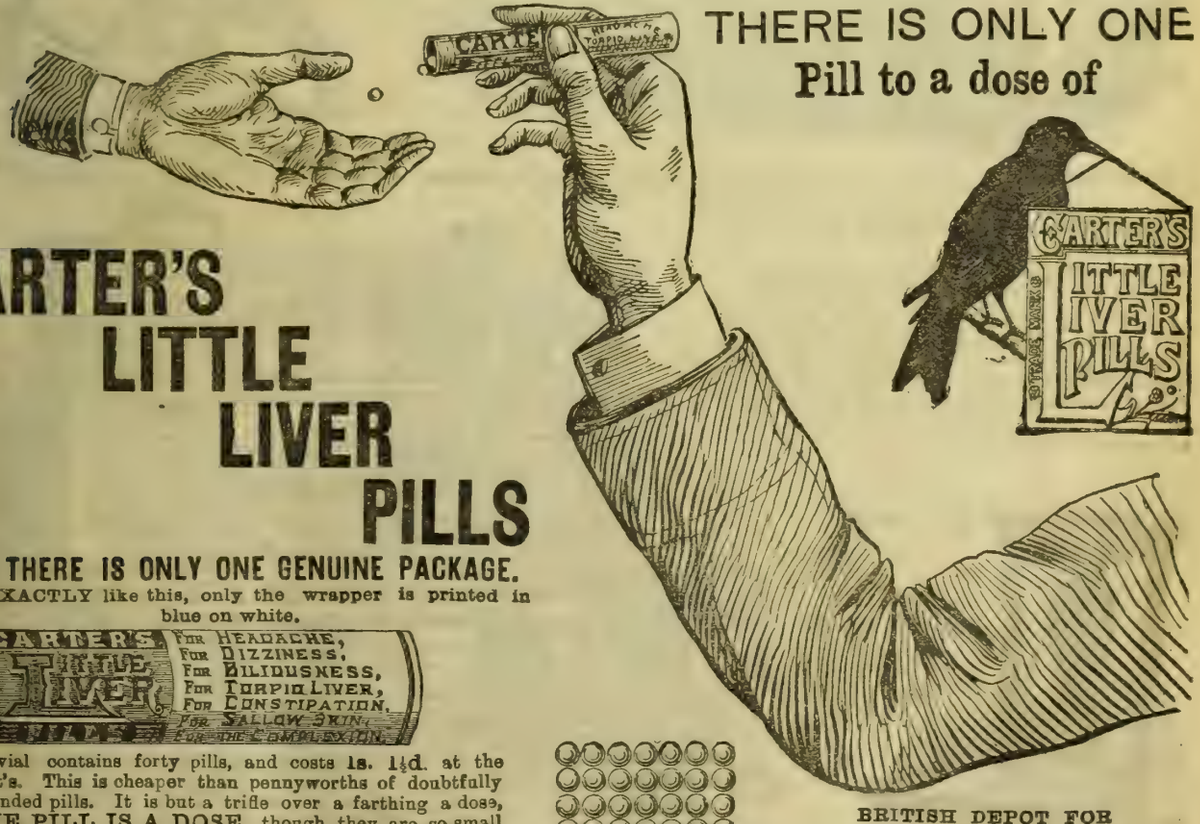

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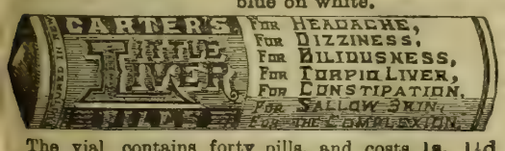

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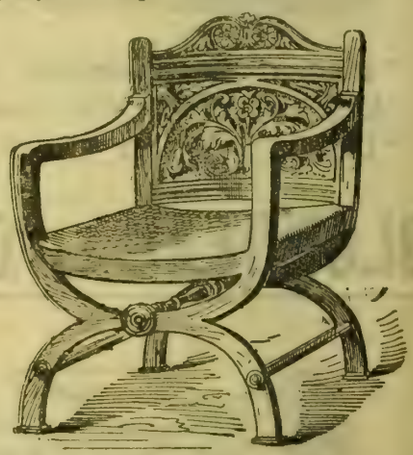

The QUATFORD ELBOW CHAIR, in finely carved antique oak; seat 17½ in. high, **£2 18 6**

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici.—*Cicero.*"

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to hold a Council at Osborne on the 22nd or the 23rd, just before the Court proceeds to Scotland. The usual Council at the close of the Session will be held this year at Balmoral.

Her Majesty proposes to erect a cairn, as a memorial of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York, on the Coyles of Muick, near Ballater, where there is already one cairn, raised by the Queen in remembrance of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On one of these Coyles is still to be seen the Laird's Bed, a sloping rock, where Gordon of Abergeldie took refuge when he fled from Birkhall after the rebellion of 1715.

Extensive alterations are to be carried out during the next two months in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. The Queen and the Royal family occupy a large gallery which is approached from behind by a staircase. This arrangement does not suit the Queen, who now finds it troublesome to get up and down these steps, which is the reason that her Majesty has always attended a special service in the mausoleum at Frogmore during her recent residence at the Castle. It is proposed, therefore, to place the Royal gallery on a level with the floor of the chapel.

The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen are coming to England next month on a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. The Hereditary Princess, who is the eldest daughter of the Empress Frederick, has been for many years a prominent figure in the Court society at Berlin, but H.R.H. and the Hereditary Prince are about to take up their residence at Meiningen, and the Prince has resigned his appointment in the Army, in consequence of the precarious state of the health of his father, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

One of the magazines has published an account of the Princess of Wales's pets at Sandringham, in which it is stated that her favourite mare, Viva, "accompanied the Princess to France on the occasion of the wedding of H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale." There is certainly a grave error in the statement, for the wedding of the Duc d'Aumale took place nearly forty-nine years ago, consequently before the Princess of Wales was born.

The Prince of Wales, who is to arrive at Homburg on Saturday or Sunday next, will stay there for three weeks, after which H.R.H. is to pay a short visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg, and then he will go to Denmark for a week before returning to England. The Prince will be in Scotland for about a month from the middle of September.

It is probable that the Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York will pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden in the course of the autumn.

Where is adulation to end? The Duke of York, probably, has his fair share of good qualities, and is neither better nor worse, wiser nor less wise, than the average young man of the period, except that he has had the advantage over many of them of having knocked about the world as a sailor. But the stars in their courses are called on to testify to his being a perfect intellectual and moral phenomenon. His nativity, it would appear, was "truly regal," and for this we have to be grateful to Aries, Mars, Leo, Jupiter, Sagittarius, Venus, Taurus, and Saturn. Thanks to the stars, he is "benignant, good, fond of dancing, zealous, abhorring wickedness, delighting in the arts, affectionate, refined in taste, easily reconciled, tractable, entirely amiable, philosophical, of scientific mind and good genius, poetical, delighting in learning and elegance, luxurious, intelligent, emulous of worth, judicious, and high-minded; indeed, England will be proud of her fifth King George, and his fame will descend to posterity as one of the wisest and best of monarchs." And only to think that, had his Royal Highness not have been heir to the Monarchy, we should never have known what the stars had done for him!

Several papers have announced that the Duke and Duchess of Fife intend to reside for some time at Innes House, their place in Morayshire, which is quite a mistake. They merely went over to Innes last week for a couple of days, in order that the Duke might take part in some county functions, and the place has been let for the shooting season to Mr. G. Williamson. The Duke and Duchess of Fife will leave Duff House, their Banffshire place, in a few days for Braemar, and they intend to reside at New Mar Lodge until the end of October.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who are to be abroad during the next few weeks, have been invited to join the King and Queen of Denmark's family party at the Castle of Fredensborg during the visit there of the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duchess of Teck, who is now staying at the baths of Neuenahr, near Bonn, is a first cousin of the Queen of Denmark, who was a daughter of the late Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel, the eldest brother of the late Duchess of Cambridge.

I learn that the Emperor William has invited both the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York to attend the German autumn manœuvres, which are to be held next month in Alsace-Lorraine; but his Majesty's uncle has been long engaged to go to Hungary, and his cousin will be then in Denmark.

The late Grand Duke of Hesse was never tired of recommending the waters of Nauheim to his English relatives, and he cherished hopes of being able some day to induce the Queen to visit his favourite watering-place; so that he would have been delighted to hear of Princess Christian's arrival there, more especially as she will probably be followed very shortly by the Duchess of Connaught. Nauheim is a pretty little place, between Frankfort and Cassel, with a large kursaal and a very well arranged bath-house. The waters are strongly saline, and they have a great reputation in Germany.

A report having got about that typhoid fever is prevalent in Aix-les-Bains, Dr. Brachet and other leading physicians have published a letter in which they state that the health of the town and neighbourhood is excellent, and that there is not to their knowledge a single case of typhoid fever or other infectious and contagious disease. A private letter that I have received from a friend staying there assures me that the reports alluded to are entirely destitute of foundation.

The Braemar Gathering is to be held this year at Old Mar Castle on Thursday, August 31, and the Queen has expressed her intention of being present, with a number of "Royals" from Balmoral, while parties will be brought by the Duke and Duchess of Fife from New Mar Lodge, and by Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson from Invercauld House.

Lord Houghton entertained a party of visitors at the Viceregal Lodge last week, the chief guests being the Zingari, who are visiting Ireland earlier than usual this year on their annual cricketing tour. Matches were played each afternoon, when there were large gatherings on the Viceregal ground to enjoy the play, with the added attractions of a military band under the trees, and tea and refreshments in tents. The military predominated largely amongst the spectators, Dublin being at present deserted by Society. Whether the many understand and are capable of appreciating cricket, it is certain that they appreciate military music, and perhaps even refreshments. Several dinner-parties were given at the Viceregal Lodge during the week, amongst those entertained being the Lord Chancellor and Sir Gerald and Lady Fitzgerald.

Dublin and the neighbouring seaside resorts are expected to be crowded for the Horse Show week. Most of the rooms in the leading hotels are already engaged. The number of those from across the water—whether ocean or Channel—who attend the Horse Show grows each year, and if the favourable weather continues, the forthcoming show will be an unprecedented success. Amongst the visitors to Dublin during the week will be Lord Roberts, with Lady and Miss Roberts.

The Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, is at present shut up, Lord and Lady Wolseley being absent from Ireland. It is rumoured that Lord Wolseley is not anxious to stay long in Dublin. The pay of the Commandership of the Forces in Ireland is not commensurate with the position, and the amount of entertaining expected from any one who holds it. Very often, however, in years previous to Lord Wolseley's time, the entertaining did not get past the expectation stage.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam have gone to Ireland to pass the autumn at Coollatin Park, county Wicklow, where they will reside until they return to Wentworth Woodhouse in November for the hunting season. Mr. Henry and Lady Mary Fitzwilliam will entertain a small party at Wentworth during the Doncaster race week.

Lord and Lady Zetland have been cruising off the Orkney and Shetland Islands during the last week, in the late Duke of Bedford's steam yacht *Northumbria*, which they have hired for three months.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster are about to take their final departure from Clieveden, where they have been residing almost entirely since the middle of May, and after a short stay at Eaton Hall they will go to Scotland to pass the shooting season at Stack Lodge, Sutherlandshire, which is one of the residences in Reay Forest, and they are to entertain a party there for deer-stalking and salmon-fishing.

Lord Ripon and Lord de Grey will have a party at Studley Royal for the opening of the shooting season on the famous Dallowgill Moors, which are among the best in Yorkshire, and usually afford very heavy bags of grouse.

About thirty years ago, the late Mr. Money-Wigram paid £49,000 for the Esher Place demesne in Surrey, and he subsequently spent £14,000 in improving the property. The other day Esher Place was offered for sale at the reserve of £29,000, but there was not a single bid. It is close to Claremont, and it is one of the most attractive residences in Surrey.

Judging by a wine list sent me from one Chicago hotel, I should imagine that the McKinley Act includes among other things a tax on drinkers of intoxicants. I confess I did not know that the teetotaller was a native production of the United States, but he is evidently "protected"

For the Truth Serial List, see page 301 in the present issue.

For Amusements, see page 303.

at Chicago, as will be seen by the following items. These are the prices for whole bottles of the cheapest wines in each class; the others range upwards:—

Medoc	1.00
St. Julien	1.50
Sauterne	1.50
Macon	2.00
Hochheimer	1.50
Sherry ("Table")	1.50
Beaune	2.50

Champagnes, regardless of brand, are all 4 dols. a bottle, except Piper Heidsieck, brut extra, which is 5 dols.

Can any reader of TRUTH tell me where to find a young lady with (natural) hair more than 6 ft. 9 in. in length? A member of the Reform Club (belonging, I take it, to one of the old Whig families) has a relative whose hair reaches the aforesaid length; and he has asked me to try and find out whether this is, in the language of sport, "a record." I feel a delicacy myself about asking my lady friends to let me measure their back hair; but I am confident that in the event of any lady possessing locks measuring 6 ft. 9 in. her friends will have heard about it, and be willing to divulge the secret. I don't know whether my friend at the Reform Club intends to offer a prize to any one who can beat his records; but I would suggest that, if the Committee would allow him to get up a show of back hair at the Club, it would be a new and attractive feature in that institution.

A valuable diamond-headed pin was picked up two or three weeks ago in Sloane-street. An advertisement appeared in the *Morning Post* stating that whoever took the pin to a certain house in a fashionable district of London "would be rewarded." The pin was brought, and the reward claimed. The butler, who opened the door, said that his mistress would send the reward, but nothing of the kind was done. After a few days a lady wrote to the owner on behalf of the girl who had restored the pin—a servant-girl at a lodging-house—but no reply was vouchsafed. What, then, could have been the meaning of the advertisement? Perhaps that honesty is its own reward, or that the restoration of the pin would be rewarded in the world to come. But it hardly requires an announcement in the *Morning Post* to tell us this.

An elaborate biography of William James Fox, written by his daughter, will be published in the autumn. Fox, who died in 1864, was the most eloquent Unitarian preacher of his day, also a zealous political agitator, and for many years a prominent member of the House of Commons. He was a graceful writer, and a keen and discriminating critic. Fox was a regular contributor to the *Westminster Review*, and for some time he wrote slashing political articles in the *Weekly Dispatch*, under the pseudonym of "Publicola."

I am glad to hear that Messrs. Black are publishing an unabridged edition of Lockhart's delightful "Life of Scott," in five volumes, at fourteenpence each. Lockhart's book is generally acknowledged to be the best biography in the English language, next to Boswell's immortal work, and it is full both of instruction and entertainment. Mr. Gladstone declared the other day that no library should be without the Waverley novels, and, most assuredly, it might be added that no library should be without Lockhart's Life of their author.

Not long ago an individual applied to the custodian of a certain Cathedral library for permission to examine a valuable manuscript book, which is one of the gems of the collection in question. No sooner had the visitor left the library than the custodian looked into the volume, and, to his rage and horror, he discovered that three or four leaves were missing. He hastily consulted with the Canon in residence, and then rushed to the police-station, the result being that the visitor was brought back in custody. The Dean, who was also in residence, was communicated with, and he came at once to the library, where the prisoner and his captors were waiting. This divine asked for the volume, looked at it, and then demanded the catalogue of the Cathedral collection, wherein—lo, and behold! there was discovered a note stating that these leaves in this book had been missing when the catalogue was compiled, more than a hundred years ago. Of course there was nothing to be done but apologise to the visitor for the outrage to which he had been subjected; and he, being something of a philosopher, contented himself with recommending the Cathedral authorities always to have an official in attendance in the library whenever the old books and manuscripts are being examined by strangers.

Brighton College held its speech day on Tuesday last, and there was special interest in the proceedings owing to the fact that the new Head-Master had to give an account of his first year of office, and a very satisfactory account it was. The Examiner's report was most flattering, and he compared the work at the College very favourably with a much larger school which he had just previously examined. Brighton College, in addition, however, to its scholastic advantages, claims to hold the record of public schools in the matter of health, and there is no gainsaying that it has produced some fine athletes as well as some excellent scholars, and I only wonder that it is not even more popular, though I am glad to see that it is gradually pushing its way to the front.

In a paper read before the British Medical Association last week, Dr. R. B. Rentoul, of Liverpool, strongly advocated the registration and inspection of still-born children. This seems to me a highly desirable reform, for I have little doubt that among the thousands of children interred as still-born every year there are many who have been born alive and died through neglect or violence. The present state of the law indirectly encourages crime of this kind, and the fact that England is almost alone amongst European countries in dispensing with the registration of still-births, is far from creditable to us.

The Bishop of Winchester's living of Meonstoke, Hants, which is worth £1,100 a year, according to the "Clergy List," has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles John Hume, who had been rector for sixty-one years, having been presented by Bishop Sumner in

C.O.M. WHISKY.—This well-known Brand, 50s. [illegible]
C.O.M. WHISKY. [illegible]
C.O.M. WHISKY. [illegible]

1832. Mr. Hume was formerly well known in the diocese as having been instrumental in abolishing the Sunday Fair at Farnham, where he was Curate for several years, and his good work there caused his preferment to the living of Meonstoke. He was an old-fashioned Evangelical, an admirable preacher, and indefatigable in his parochial work.

Mr. J. D. Allcroft, who died last week, was an enthusiastic and a most munificent supporter of the more austere section of the Evangelical section of the Established Church, and he will be a great and irreparable loss to the Church Association. Mr. Allcroft was a disciple of Charles Simeon, and, following his example, he purchased a number of important livings, with the object of securing them for the Evangelical Party. He was a very generous supporter of many religious and philanthropic institutions.

The *Daily News* on Friday gave publicity to a painful scene which occurred at Portsea Cemetery. Three funeral parties were kept waiting for some hours through the failure of a Curate to keep his engagement to conduct the services. Incidents of this kind are frequently reported, but, as in this instance, the name of the defaulting cleric is almost invariably omitted. I would suggest to my contemporaries that if they have any genuine desire to put an end to such scandalous negligence they should give the name of the guilty party. Dread of an exposure would prove a wonderful aid to the memories of these reverend gentlemen.

Some inquiries have been made of me as to the position of my promised investigation of the finances of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. From one cause and another, over which I have had little or no control—the last of them being the heavy and protracted inquiry into the affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg—I regret that I have been unable to conclude my researches at St. John's Hospital. The arrival of the holiday season is, I fear, likely to delay the matter still further. It is due, therefore, to the Hospital authorities that I should now state that they have fully acted up to the promise they made to give me access to the Hospital books and other information necessary to form an opinion; and although I have only as yet gone superficially into the matter, what I have seen leads me to believe that a very different state of things now exists in regard to the financial management from that which has previously called for unfavourable notice in TRUTH. It is impossible at the present stage to give a final opinion; but as I understand that subscriptions have been held back in expectation of the result of my inquiries, I think it right to make this statement.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund for poor London children:—C. H. T., 10s.; Officers of H.M.S. *Blonde*, £3; J. C. K., £3; S. F., £1; X. Y. Z., £3. 3s.; Pringle Hughes, £5.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one half West-end price. PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate-street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

A non-commissioned officer has asked me to use my efforts to improve the language of Thomas Atkins This N.C.O. draws an alarming picture of Tommy's vocabulary, and asserts that within his experience it has greatly deteriorated. As I said the other day, when appealed to respecting the language used by officers, I don't quite know what I can do. It seems to me a matter for the Chaplains' Department. Indeed, I am surprised to hear such a complaint at all, in view of all that I have been told as to the magical powers of the young ecclesiastics with whom Dr. Edghill has leavened the Service. If it be true, as I am credibly informed, that the language of officers is occasionally not all that could be desired, I would suggest that reform should begin in that direction and work downwards. I happen to know that this is a matter on which the Commander-in-Chief holds very strong views, and I think that H.R.H. and the Chaplain-General should lay their heads together and start a little crusade.

Personally, I am indifferent to the use of bad language by anybody, because I regard it as meaningless. Expletives are merely inarticulate expressions of temper, like the corresponding noises made by animals. If they are offensive, it can only be from the tone and manner in which they are uttered. In that case, they stand precisely on a level with making a grimace, or putting the fingers to the nose. The other day an excited Unionist hurled the word "bloody" at his Irish opponents in Parliament. The fact being undeniable, he forthwith wrote to the papers to explain that he used the word in its "Pickwickian sense"—that is to say, in a sense which not one in a hundred of those who heard it would attach to it. The word in itself is really inoffensive, though it is both stupid and low; but the Unionist was more anxious to have it understood that he had intended to be offensive than that he had used a low, but meaningless, word in a moment of excitement. This shows how false are current ideas on the subject of "bad language."

It is, of course, better that men should express their meaning intelligibly—supposing them to have any meaning capable of expression—than that they should fill up the gaps in their discourse with odds and ends of speech borrowed from bargees and costermongers. But in practice this is evidently regulated by fashion. After what we have seen lately, I should say that there is rather a run on bargees' and costermongers' lingo just now, even in august circles; and very likely it is owing to this that my friend Tommy Atkins has been using such exceptionally bad language. No doubt the tide does set this way now and then. It did a century ago. But when it comes to quarrelling with the fashions, who will have the courage to begin? Not I.

An expert in such matters gives me an explanation of the difference in the price of khaki clothing in the bazaars and in the regimental tailors' shops, respectively. It is this: Native merchants get material at "trade" prices,

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whereas regiments pay the "market" prices; and European labour costs more than native labour, while the native workman takes lower wages from his own countryman than he will from a European. This explains the *how* of the thing, but hardly the *why*. Why should not the Indian Army authorities be able to buy cloth at "trade" prices? and why, if the Indian merchant can get the garments made up cheaper, should not Tommy be allowed to avail himself of the difference? Of course, if the regimental tailor employed European labour, it may be said that there is better workmanship to show for the higher price; but I understand that the master-tailors are largely assisted by natives.

Apropos to what I said last week about Tommy's brass buttons, I have, by a coincidence, just heard from a correspondent in the Far East, that these articles are highly esteemed in Thibet. The writer, who seems to know the country well, states that Indian rupees and the buttons of the British uniform have been regularly imported into that country from the days of Warren Hastings; and that nearly every regiment in the Service is represented by its buttons upon the persons of the Thibetan population—Llamas as well as laymen. At this rate, I shall hear next that even the Mahatmas are going about in Tommy's old clothes.

Luckily for the country, it is very seldom that a retired officer draws his pension for nearly seventy years. Mr. Stronach, of Ardmellie, Banffshire, who died recently at the age of ninety-eight, entered the Army in March, 1818, and retired in September, 1826. From that time he drew the half-pay on his commission until his death.

Last week I had a communication from Chatham informing me that the Royal Engineers there are "compelled to walk out now as if they were tied up in sacks, and with forage caps almost touching their ears;" and that in consequence they have to put up with "all sorts of remarks passed by civilians on their slovenly appearance compared to other corps and regiments." Another letter on the same subject, since received, states that what used to be a smart corps has been transformed into a detachment of "Guys," special soreness being expressed on the subject of trousers, which are said to be too large at the knees and too tight at the ankles. As it seems that there is some strong feeling in the corps on the subject, I trust that these growls may meet the eye of the Commanding Officer. From the allusion to the unkind remarks of civilians, and their unflattering references to other corps and regiments, I should imagine there is a lady in the quesion—perhaps more than one.

In consequence of what was said on the subject in TRUTH the other day I have received a very clear and succinct statement of the case of the Sergeant-Cooks. I cannot do better than give it verbatim:—

1. A Sergeant-Cook who does his duties conscientiously, is at work from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m. on seven days of the week.
2. He is expected to appear at all times clean and tidy, which, from the nature of his work, necessitates his continually putting his hand in his pocket, for clothing, &c.

[N.B.—Certain Commanding Officers, taking this into consideration, have supplemented the Cook's pay from Battalion funds, but this has not been done at all generally.]

3. The Sergeant-Cook is held responsible for bringing to notice all irregularities and neglect connected with the Companies' messing books; in doing this he is continually brought into conflict with the Colour Sergeants, who occasionally do their best to throw difficulties in his way. It is absolutely impossible for the Cook to perform his duty in this direction effectually, unless he is placed on an equality of rank with the Colour-Sergeants.

From the point of view of the Service, the third of the foregoing heads appears to be the most important. I appreciate, of course, that there may be another side to this question, and that it may be desirable to exercise some sort of check over the cook himself. The Aldershot system, however, makes him—and quite rightly, up to a point—responsible for the honesty and economy of the mess management, and if his responsibility is to be a reality, it must be accompanied by a measure of authority. I am told that there are cases in which men have passed through the School of Cookery with credit, but have failed utterly as regimental cooks, simply because they were not able to cope with the difficulties of their position away from the pots and pans. As regards the other two heads of the above statement, there can, I imagine, be little difference of opinion. The three points in the Army Cooks' charter shou 1 therefore be:—(1) Reduction of hours; (2) Allowance for clothing; (3) The rank of Colour-Sergeants.

The system of granting extensions of service to officers in exalted stations appears to be on the increase in India. The heads of the Military Accounts, Medical, and Survey Departments have each been favoured in this way within the last few years, and in the case of the last-mentioned official there is now talk of a further extension. The prospect of this last iniquity has already excited the utmost consternation and disgust, for no less than seven steps, which a few years ago a junior might have looked upon as certainties, have been recently suppressed. Jobbery of this kind, when perpetrated, as it usually is, in defiance of explicit rules, is at once an injury and an insult to those who are thus deprived of promotion; for while robbed of what they have a right to expect, they are invariably given to understand that it is because they are not competent to fill the place efficiently. "Il n'y a pas d'homme indispensable"; and least of all is a man indispensable when he is approaching, or has passed, his three-score years.

Some months back I had the pleasure of chronicling sundry welcome concessions made to Farriers of cavalry regiments. I understand that regiments serving in India have not got the benefit of these concessions—I refer more particularly to the Army Order which provides that a Sergeant Farrier, after three years' service as such, shall be eligible for promotion to the rank of Staff-Sergeant Farrier. A soldier ought not to be at a disadvantage because he is serving abroad; but in the case of India, at any rate, it seems that he very often is.

In connection with this point, I should like to ask why the increase of pay granted by an Order of August last to Quartermaster-Sergeants was not also given to Farrier-Quartermaster-Sergeants. The latter seem to have an equally good claim to it, and as there appears to be a disposition at present to do justice to the Farriers, I would suggest that this omission be now rectified.

Two discharged N.C.O.'s, both men of first-class character, have laid a complaint before me of their uncivil reception on Friday last at the office of the Association for the Employment of Discharged Soldiers. I am quite sure that the management would not approve of this sort of thing, and doubtless they will look into the matter. Not long since I had a similar complaint from Manchester or Liverpool, and from what I hear, I should say that the value of politeness is not sufficiently understood by the clerks in some of the Association's offices.

The answer which Sir John Hibbert gave to Sir F. H. Evans last week respecting the Temporary Civil Assistants of the Ordnance Survey can only be explained on the assumption that it was given under a complete misapprehension of the facts. Sir John Hibbert stated, with the air of one announcing a valuable concession, that fifty or sixty of the Temporary Civil Assistants are to be placed on the permanent and pensionable list. As a matter of fact, forty of those who are to be so treated are already in receipt of pensions for service in the Royal Engineers. Their service ranges from a few weeks up to fifteen years; they are already in receipt of the highest rates of pay, and they have never asked for any improvement in their position. On the other hand, a number of Temporary Civil Assistants, with from fifteen to twenty-two years' service to their credit, who, as I have repeatedly pointed out, have an unanswerable claim to pension, are left out in the cold—apparently for the sole reason that they have never been in the Army. It is important to note that these men have not had a fair chance of obtaining the rank of Superintendent, it being a standing rule that this position is "to be given to the Royal Engineers when practicable." The last step taken by the authorities appears to be only one more example of their determination to make the Ordnance Survey an exclusively Military Department.

Admiral Hillyar, who died on Thursday at Plymouth, was a very well-known officer, who had seen a great deal of service, and he had much distinguished himself on several occasions, notably during the first China war, at the capture of Prome, and during the Crimean war, when he was specially promoted for gallantry in the trenches before Sebastopol, while serving with the Naval Brigade. Admiral Hillyar's meritorious naval career terminated with his appointment to be Senior Officer on the coast of Ireland, from which he retired in 1878. All his ranks were gained for war services.

A correspondent writes:—

"Every one who has visited Malta of late years will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Harry, whose house and lovely gardens had become one of the great sights of the island. Mr. Harry, who has died at the age of seventy-six, had lived at Malta since his retirement from the Army. His house was a perfect museum, being crammed with curiosities and objects of art, and his gardens were famous for their profusion of beautiful flowers and plants, notably the roses and ferns. His informal afternoon parties were much enjoyed. One of Mr. Harry's latest visitors was the Princess of Wales, who spent a day in his garden during her stay at Malta last May.

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A country clergyman has favoured me with a somewhat lengthy dissertation upon the *Victoria* catastrophe and the lessons it conveys. With much that he says I agree. But I fancy it would hardly be prudent of me to publish it. If I allowed a parson to air his ideas as to how the *Victoria* should have been saved, some Naval officer would retaliate by expounding his views on the salvation of souls. This might prove embarrassing. My friend should bear in mind the old maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

My attention has been called to the case of the Begum Jamil Oon Nipa, daughter of the third son of Azim Jah Bahadur, first Prince of Arcot. As it is represented to me, the case appears an extremely hard one. The Begum's father received from the Government of Madras an allowance of Rs. 100 per month, and her stepmother, Ghousiah Begum, Rs. 900 per month, their annuities being derived from a settlement of the first Prince of Arcot upon his children. The father's allowance, by bequest endorsed by the Government of Madras, descended to the daughter. The stepmother also bequeathed her allowance to the same lady. The second bequest, however, was not ratified by the Madras Government, in consequence, it is said, of an official report, after some inquiry for the purpose, that she was an illegitimate daughter of her father. As the result of this decision, the stepmother having died, her annuity has reverted to the present Prince of Arcot.

The Begum's complaint is that the inquiry which led to her being pronounced illegitimate, and deprived of her share of the family inheritance, was held while both she and her stepmother were absent at Bagdad, and without notice to her, or opportunity being given her of defending her rights. If this allegation be correct, the lady has been most unjustly treated. She asserts that she can prove her legitimacy, according to Mohammedan law, and that she has obtained counsel's opinion in support of her contention. I refrain from speaking more forcibly regarding the case, because the Begum has already appealed to the Madras Government and the Governor-General without success, in face of which it is necessary to assume that there is another side to the question. But as the above allegations of the Begum impute gross injustice to both the Governor of Madras and the Governor-General, I hope that no time will be lost in explaining what this other side is.

A case of over-assessment to poor-rate, parallel to that at Croydon recently described in Truth, is reported to me from Hampstead. The Assessment Committee of that parish insisted on assessing a householder at £70, notwithstanding that he produced a letter from the landlord proving that the rent was £60; and, pending an appeal, the helpless citizen has to pay rates on the £70 valuation. This grievance would not be such a serious one if, on subsequent reduction of the assessment, the ratepayer were entitled to claim a return of the amount previously paid in excess of the sum properly due from him. That is the only fair course in such cases, and the Assessment Acts ought to be amended so as to give such a right.

Messrs. Rhodes & Evans, of Halifax, are, I do not make the slightest doubt, the most respectable of men and attorneys, but for the sake of their clients I trust that they will be wiser in their interests than in their own. There was a divergency of opinion at Sowerby Bridge respecting the action of the Local Board of Health in regard to the purchase of certain properties. I espoused one side, on which Messrs. Rhodes & Evans, being Clerks to the Board, wrote me a letter rectifying my "inaccuracies." I published a précis of the letter, and said that I would make further inquiries. On doing this, I learned, on the authority of several members of the Board, that the inaccuracy was on the side of Messrs. Rhodes & Evans This I also published, together with an expression of my astonishment that the Clerks to the Board should fall into error upon such a matter. Messrs. Rhodes & Evans thereupon commenced an action for libel against me, and the issue was heard last week at Leeds. Where the libel came in, I failed to perceive. The Chief Justice who tried the case pointed out that it was not, in his opinion, possible for newspapers to discuss anything, as in respect to a public body, if they were to be deemed guilty of libel should they demur to the assertions of the officers of the public body, and that, as a matter of proved fact, Messrs. Rhodes & Evans had been inaccurate. As to the question whether the contention of the members of the Sowerby Bridge Board who sided with me were right or whether they were wrong, his Lordship said that this had absolutely nothing to do with the case. The Jury awarded to Messrs. Rhodes & Evans the solatium of one farthing, adding their opinion that this verdict ought not to carry costs against me. This was the result of a compromise between the large majority of the Jury, who were in favour of a verdict for me, and of a small minority who did not see matters in this light; the majority considering that the verdict of one farthing against me would be more in accordance with justice to me than if the case were retried, owing to want of agreement amongst the Jury. For this I am greatly obliged to them, for probably a new trial, assuming that I should have won it, would have been more expensive than the payment of the farthing and my costs.

However, I cannot help thinking that in libel and such like civil actions it would be most desirable that the verdict should be the opinion of two-thirds of the Jury, instead, as now, of unanimity being required. In this instance the opinion of the majority was that there ought to have been a verdict for me. But the opinion of the minority prevailed, with the result that I have to pay a lot of costs for defending an action for libel when there was no libel, and when, even supposing that it be a libel to question the accuracy of a clerk of a Board of Health when writing as to what concerns the Board and in no way the personality of the writer, it was proved that the communication was inaccurate.

I rejoice to find that I was "a little previous" in regard to Mr. Roxburgh's salary. The Court of Common Council has not yet made up its mind on the subject. There is, therefore, time for this scandal to be averted, and with a view to that result, I would suggest that the City Fathers, before deciding that Mr. Roxburgh, after five years' service, is worth several hundreds a year more than any County Court Judge in the Kingdom, should take the opinion of those who practise in the Court upon this point.

They might also with advantage study a little scene which occurred in the Mayor's Court one day last week, when Mr. Oswald, Q.C., who was briefed for the plaintiff in a case some distance down the day's list, arrived in Court about twelve o'clock to find that the case had been struck out, although others in front of it had not been tried. Mr. Oswald, as is his wont, expressed his mind freely upon the iniquity of this and other proceedings in vogue in the Mayor's Court—and with good cause. It is the practice in this Court to call over the list at the commencement of the day's proceedings, when every plaintiff who is not present, or represented, is summarily dismissed. In other words, all parties who appear in the day's list are expected to be present when the Court opens, and then to sit kicking their heels until the Court is at liberty to attend to them, which may not be for five or six hours. The penalty for failing to do so is that the case is struck out, and the day lost, while heavy expense must be incurred in reinstating the case. In no other Court in the country does such a practice as this obtain. It only obtains in the Mayor's Court because that tribunal, being under the jurisdiction of the Corporation of London, is privileged to swell its fees by every device for tormenting suitors and frustrating justice.

Birmingham must be in a bad way. Not long ago Judge Chalmers referred to the alarming amount of perjury committed in the County Court. He intimated that even in his Indian experience he had never known such wholesale lying. It now appears that the bearing of false witness is not the only vice for which Birmingham exhibits an exceptional proclivity. In a money-lending case the other day a woman admitted that she had paid half-a-crown to have her husband's signature forged to a promissory note. Counsel remarked that such cases were not uncommon in that Court. "No," said his Honour, "I think 30 per cent. are forgeries." Far be it from me to suggest that there is any subtle relation between the political deterioration of Birmingham and its moral backsliding. At the same time, Judge Chalmers' statement that forgery and perjury are "demoralising the town," ought really to receive the serious attention of the eminent individual who is popularly regarded as the Boss of Brummagem.

The late Sir James Mackenzie made such a dreadful muddle of his testamentary arrangements that the lawyers have absorbed a considerable part of his personalty, and the attempt to settle matters by means

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of a private Act failed, as the House of Lords refused to pass the Bill which the trustees promoted. Shortly before Sir James Mackenzie died he added a holograph codicil to his will, which ran as follows :—

My executors may let Glenmuick until it is sold, but not to a cad, or one who would damage it, or be disagreeable to the Royalties, from whom I have always received the greatest kindness.

The project for an organisation of the Junior Bar, to be called the Bar Association, whose object will be to guard the interests of the unfortunate class of which it is composed, has not been taken up with much enthusiasm. I never thought it would. Such an organisation is in this dilemma: To be influential, it must contain a large proportion of juniors in good practice, and then it will be conservative. To be radical, it must consist of the briefless alone, and then it is impotent. The Bar Committee fulfils the first condition, and it will do nothing. The projected Bar Association, as far as it has gone, conforms to the second condition, and it is clear it will never be capable of doing anything. If dissatisfied juniors would be content to agitate for some definite and pressing reform, instead of starting associations with ambitious programmes, some good might be done. For instance, why do not they demand the publication of an annual balance-sheet by the Benchers of each Inn? It is a crying scandal that in this democratic age the funds of a whole profession should be administered by a set of men who are responsible to nobody but themselves.

Apropos of my remarks last week upon a poaching case at Newport, Isle of Wight, I have again been reminded of the monstrous monopoly which the Tories possess on the Bench of the island. There is, it is believed, one solitary Liberal on the commission of the peace, but this gentleman can scarcely be taken into the reckoning, as he lives in London. Clearly the Isle of Wight should be one of the first districts to receive the attention of the Lord Chancellor when he sets about the reform of the County Benches. The sooner he does this the better.

Mr. Justice Hawkins has again entered a strong protest against the practice of committing prisoners for trial at Quarter Sessions when they can be dealt with earlier at the Assizes. At Birmingham, last week, his Lordship found that there were twelve persons in custody awaiting their trial at the Sessions, which will not be held till October next. It is, as the Judge said, a monstrous thing that men and women, some of whom may be innocent, should be left to linger in prison month after month in this way, when they might just as well be tried at the Assizes. Fortunately, Mr. Justice Hawkins is always ready to take vigorous measures for the removal of such a scandal, and he decided to try the Sessions cases himself; or, if in any instance that was not practicable, to admit the prisoner to reasonable bail. If all the Judges would adopt a similar course, the Magisterial custom of sending prisoners over to the Sessions when Assizes intervene would soon cease.

I referred last week to a case in which a man was twice prosecuted for practically the same offence—first for poaching and then for killing game without a licence. The Supervisor of Inland Revenue stated (it will be recollected) that two other charges could also be brought against the defendant for shooting the same pheasant. This has brought me an inquiry as to whether, by adopting a similar course, it would not be possible to fine a man three times for being once drunk, charging him with being guilty of the offence (1) in a particular parish, (2) in the borough in which the parish is situated, and (3) in the county in which the borough is situated. Of course, this could not be done. It is only under the Game Laws that such an abominable system of persecution is permitted.

It is always a satisfaction to me to observe any sign of reform on the part of Justices whose misdeeds have called for censure in these columns. A short time ago I had to make some strong comments upon the action of the Aston Bench in sentencing a man to six weeks' imprisonment for being found asleep and snoring in a furniture van. Last week a similar vagrancy case came before the same Court, two men having been found sleeping and snoring in an empty bakehouse. Instead of repeating their former monstrous performance, however, the Magistrates discharged the prisoners. Some good, at least, is evidently done by a little wholesome criticism of the Great Unpaid.

It seems that I erred in saying that Sir Peter Edlin sentenced a young woman to three years' penal servitude for the theft of an umbrella. A gentleman who was in Court tells me that the prisoner was also convicted of two more serious robberies. She had been in trouble before for similar offences, and the evidence undoubtedly showed her to be a persistent and systematic thief. Considering all the circumstances, the punishment inflicted was not perhaps, excessive, and I regret that an inaccurate newspaper report led me to think otherwise.

By the way, would it not be advisable for judges to explain a little more explicitly the grounds on which their decisions are based? In these days sentences are subjected to a keen public scrutiny, which is, generally speaking, of great service to the cause of justice. But sometimes misconceptions arise which might be prevented or cleared away if Judges were not so prone to keep to themselves the knowledge on which they act. Why they should be thus reticent and regard the giving of an explanation as undignified is to me a mystery.

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The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. As an example of ruthless severity in dealing with the most trumpery offence against property, the performance of the Dover Bench will not easily be surpassed. Having regard to the circumstances, ten days would have been an excessive punishment if the prisoners had been grown up and incorrigible thieves, and that such a sentence should be passed on boys of fourteen, against whom nothing seems to have been known, is absolutely monstrous. Of what use are measures like the First Offenders Act, when their application has to be entrusted to such Solons as Messrs. Bradley and Edwin? Another case to which I would particularly direct attention is that from Belfast. It clearly shows that, however much of a Draco he may be in some matters, the Irish R.M. vies with the average English J.P. in the tenderness of his treatment for wife-beating brutes. An admirable example of the correct treatment for such ruffians was supplied at one of the Metropolitan Courts on Friday, when Mr. Sheil sentenced a man named Dawson to six months' hard labour and granted a judicial separation:—

Sheffield Police-court. Before Alderman W. J. Clegg and Mr. W. Llewellyn. Robert Riches, charged with assaulting Sarah O'Brien, who had given evidence against him in another case. The Chairman said witnesses would receive the protection of the Court. Fined £2. 11s. 6d.

Sheffield Police-court. Before the Stipendiary. Chas. Blackburn, charged with stealing a cabbage from a garden. Fourteen days.

Samuel Elsham, a small boy, charged with a garden robbery. Fined 20s.

Blackburn Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Kenyon, H. Livesey, and G. Green. Alfred Mason, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her in the eye and "kicked her up and down the mill-yard." Fined 20s. and costs, or a month.

Preston County Police-court. Before Messrs. D. Smith, W. P. Park, J. Statterthwaite, W. F. Anderton, and J. J. Sidgreaves. Thomas Southworth, charged with night poaching. Six months, and three months' further imprisonment in default of finding sureties.

Worksop Police-court. Before Messrs. Foljambe, Mellish, Eddison, and Huntsman. Henry Brown, convicted of an assault, which the Bench considered "most brutal," on a boy. Fined 40s. and costs.

Chester County Petty Sessions. Nathan Jones, charged, under the Poaching Prevention Act, with being in possession of rabbits and nets. Fined £5 and costs, or two months.

Edinburgh City Police-court. Before Bailie Macpherson. George Somerville, convicted of assaulting Margaret Aitchison. Without any provocation he struck her in the face, knocked her down, and kicked her. Fined £2.

Nelson Police-court. Mary Hay, married woman, charged with stealing a shirt from a shop. The Bench said prosecutor tempted people by exposing his goods. Twenty-one days.

Belfast Custody Court. Before Mr. Eaton, R.M. William John Mullan, a sailor, charged with assaulting his wife. A constable said prisoner "pounded" the woman in a frightful fashion, beating her about the face and head with his clenched fists. Her face streamed with blood. He had not contributed anything towards her support for eleven years. Fined 20s. and costs.

Petworth Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. G. Wilberforce and H. Upton. Thomas Whitehouse, charged with begging. Seven days.

Ilfracombe Police-court. Before Mr. C. H. Dickenson. John Williams, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Florence Busse, charged with begging. Seven days.

Reading Police-court. Before Messrs. Nalder, Clarke, and J. W. Hounslow. William Mabbett, charged with assaulting his wife. After spitting in her face, he caught hold of her hair, knocked her against a door, and struck her several times on the head. Bound over.

Reading Police-court. Before the Mayor (Mr. J. W. Martin) and Messrs. C. J. Andrews and M. J. Sutton. Elizabeth Caines, married woman, charged with being drunk and disorderly. Fourteen days.

Dudley Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Garratt, J. H. Smith, and J. Smith. John and Henry Marsh, charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting Henry Pelliter, tram-conductor. Pelliter was violently assaulted by defendants, and the Bench said they were desperate characters. Fined 2s. 6d. each for the first offence, and 40s. and costs for the assault.

Worcester County Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. Berkeley, T. R. Hill, P. S. Williams, W. Holland, and other Magistrates. George Gwillam, convicted of assaulting Mary Jones, a married woman. The circumstances were such that the Bench were doubtful whether they should not commit the prisoner for indecent assault. Fined £1, and costs.

Dover Police-court. Before Messrs. J. L. Bradley and H. F. Edwin. William Adams (14), George Edward Lawrence (14), and George Jones (12), charged with stealing some pieces of wood, value sixpence, from the ground in front of the Ordnance Stores. A policeman shouted to them, and they dropped the wood and ran away. Jones to receive six strokes with the birch-rod. Adams and Lawrence ten days each.

Bromsgrove Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. Smallwood and Wiggin. Daniel Binkin, aged 17, charged with stealing a tin of salmon. He had had nothing to eat for a day, and was penniless. The Bench were "reluctant to send him to prison." Fine and costs £1, or fourteen days.

Manchester City Sessions. Before Mr. H. W. West, Q.C., Recorder. William Gibson, Thomas Brown, and Joseph O'Brien, charged with breaking into a shop with intent to steal. Gibson, six years' penal servitude and three years' supervision; O'Brien, three years' penal servitude and two years' supervision; Brown, twelve months and two years' supervision.

Frank Ashton, convicted of stealing 14s. 6d. Five years' penal servitude and three years' supervision.

Wirksworth Police-court, William Johnson, pedlar, pleaded guilty to hawking without a licence. Seven days.

Mr. W. H. Bishop, of Croydon, writes to inform me that he retired from the Bench on the occasion of the hearing of the charge of trespassing in his garden, which was commented upon in last week's TRUTH. This is, of course, a sufficient answer to my remarks, and I am sorry that the local newspaper reports, which represented Mr. Bishop as sitting on the Bench, should have led me astray. As, however, Mr. Bishop had occasion to write me, I cannot help thinking it a pity that he did not answer my questions regarding his relations with Jabez Balfour and his works.

So far as the licensing laws are concerned, the Great Unpaid seem at present to be divided into two equally irrational classes—those who will believe nothing against a publican, and those who will believe nothing in his favour. The Truro Bench are of the latter class. Mr. Binmore, landlord of the Highertown Inn, was charged with permitting a man named Webber, who had absconded, to be drunk on his premises. The facts were of a most extraordinary character. Webber, who had been drinking cider in the house with a man named Rundle, was standing outside with Rundle, when a constable, who was a cousin of Rundle's, came up, and, having other business in the house, took Rundle in and stood him a pint of cider. Webber came in with them, and Rundle gave him some of the drink. The constable said that if he had known Rundle was going to do this he would not have given him the liquor, as Webber was drunk. This led to an altercation between Webber and the constable; after which the constable went off, laid his information, proved the case, and got the landlord convicted and fined. It had to be proved, of course, that Webber was drunk when he entered the house. The constable swore he was. Then why did he let the man come in and have more

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

BRUSSELS.—The GRAND HOTEL. Magnificent establishment. Central position. Latest English hygienic improvements. Post, telegraph, and ticket offices. Unrivalled *cave* and *cuisine*.—DUBONNET. Propr.

drink? Rundle corroborated; but Rundle was the constable's cousin, and had to admit that he and Webber had had exactly the same quantity of drink, namely, three glasses of cider apiece. The landlady positively denied that Webber was drunk, and denied that the drink he had had would have made him drunk; in which I should think any person of average intelligence would concur. Yet in this state of the evidence "the Bench were of opinion that the case against the defendant had been clearly proved." I should say that such a Bench is incapable of weighing evidence, and ought no longer to have the liberty and property of their fellow-subjects at their mercy.

The country Police-court reports just now teem with cases of mushroom stealing which admirably illustrate the eccentric variations of the Magisterial judgment. In some districts a nominal penalty of sixpence or a shilling is imposed; in others a precisely similar offence is visited with a heavy fine and costs, and poor defendants are sent to gaol in default of payment. It would be interesting to know how any penalty whatever comes to be inflicted in the majority of these cases. As a writer in the *South-Eastern Gazette* pertinently puts it, there is no statute against Trespass in Pursuit of Fungi. The defendants are prosecuted for stealing, and they can only be convicted if the mushrooms are cultivated. What do the Magistrates consider proof of cultivation? I suspect that many convictions rest upon extremely slender evidence in this respect.

At Liverpool Assizes last week, the captain and mate of a British ship were convicted of the manslaughter of a sailor. The evidence showed that the deceased was subjected to the most atrocious ill-treatment. He was knocked down, kicked, and jumped upon, beaten with ropes-ends and belaying-pins, and finally chained, with his hands above his head, to the mizzen-mast. There the poor wretch was again rope-ended, and left exposed in a nearly naked state to a cold wind and constant drenchings. Such a story may well, as Mr. Justice Lawrance said, make one shudder to think what is occurring on the high seas. Many people will, however, shudder much more at the thought that the ruffians found guilty of this diabolical cruelty were let off with nine months' imprisonment—probably less than they would have received had they committed some trifling fraud on the shipowners.

Another manslaughter trial at the same assizes brought out in striking contrast the different combative habits of two civilised races. An Italian organ-grinder was convicted of fatally stabbing a Lancashire collier. The latter did not, of course, use a knife. Like all true-born Englishmen, the Lancashire collier detests that as a practice worthy only of barbarians. He prefers "puncing," which means getting your adversary on the ground and then kicking him on the head with your clogs. The operation was so described by a witness, who frankly admitted that he had performed it many a time, and it appeared that the accused Italian had been treated somewhat in this style. After all, we have not much right to boast of our national dislike of the knife. A clog at the end of a muscular collier's foot is quite as murderous a weapon.

Two members of a German band who were haled before the Exmouth Magistrates the other day were found to have in their possession postal orders for £43. Of course, all the Teutons who favour us with their presence do not set up as philanthropists, and the defendants in this case made no secret of their intention to transmit the £43 to their relatives in the Fatherland. The fact that they had saved this sum in nine weeks is interesting as an indication of the profitable nature of their profession. However much its performances may be derided, a German band is obviously a paying concern. There is little doubt, indeed, that hundreds of more or less musical aliens obtain more money by a short summer visit to England than they could earn in a year in their own country.

I am, myself, a thorough-going Free Trader; but if ever I felt inclined to become a Protectionist I should certainly support the proposal of an Exmouth correspondent for a tax upon these German and Italian immigrants. There is surely enough native talent to provide us with itinerant musicians. Besides, how can the intelligent foreigner help looking down upon us as an unmusical people so long as we draw even our street bands from abroad?

The following description of Jabez Balfour by Lord Rosebery in his despatch to the British Representative at Buenos Ayres may interest the friends and victims of the exile:—

> Age 50, looks 55; height 5 ft. 6 in.; broad shoulders; very corpulent; hair dark, turning grey, parted in the centre, thin on top of head; eyebrows dark; nose short; face full, complexion florid; straggling beard; dark slight whiskers turning grey; dark slight moustache; appearance of having weak legs; usually dressed in dark jacket; gentlemanly appearance.

This is a very fair portrait in words of Balfour, except that I should have said that he looks (unless altered by exile) rather under than over fifty, is as round as a beer-barrel, and has a bloated and puffed-out face, with pendent cheeks.

Mr. Jabez Balfour did not spare money in improving his residence at Burcot, the tennis-court alone having cost upwards of £2,000, and in the course of seven years he expended about £25,000 on the place.

Victims of the irrepressible Stockham will see from the following letter that the advice which I have given them may be implicitly relied upon:—

> Dear Sir,—I am an old retired parson, and have been just such another ass as the Essex Rector in the matter of "the irrepressible Stockham." I, however, within forty-eight hours after the receipt of his circular withdrew my name from his list of houses to be let furnished. Upon this I had a bill for services, about £3. 0s. 9d.
>
> I at once put the matter in my solicitor's hands, and have refused to pay one shilling.—Yours, &c.

My correspondent is over modest, however, in writing himself down an ass. The asses are those who submit to Stockham's impudent demands.

The South of Ireland seems to be a locality specially favoured by the proprietors of the Spanish Prison Trick. I have already given one or two examples from that part of the world, and, unfortunately, in one of them

Spa, Belgium (10 hours from London and Paris.) Racing, tennis, golf, pigeon-shooting, &c. Splendid Casino, with theatre, &c. Waters unrivalled in cases of anæmia and dyspepsia.

no less than £40 was got out of the victim—which, no doubt, encourages the gang to renewed exertions in the same region. A letter of the usual tenor was recently received by a small tradesman in County Limerick, in whose neighbourhood the ubiquitous revolutionary treasure has also been buried. The local newspapers would therefore do well to warn their readers against this impudent fraud. The address given by the owner of the treasure in this instance was "Senora Dona Julia Royas, Calle de Molino de Viento, No. 28, piso 2°., Madrid."

I am told that on Brighton Pier some of the "penny in the slot" machines already bear the address of some one in the neighbourhood to whom application may be made in the event of the machine refusing to work after taking the money. Possibly the same plan is adopted in other places—at any rate, it is evident, from what has been done at Brighton, that the proposal which I made last week is a practical one. A correspondent writing on the subject suggests that municipal authorities should, by their by-laws, require a notice of this kind on all such machines. I doubt whether municipal authorities have the power to do this; but it might certainly be done by pier companies, railway companies, and others who allow the machines to be set up on their premises. They order this matter better in France, however, for I see that in Paris the Municipality have ordered all these machines to be removed from the streets.

The following advertisement, from the *Standard*, is highly characteristic of a certain type of parson. Such is the "high position" occupied by this cleric that he apparently expects a lady, not only to act as his housekeeper for nothing, but to contribute out of her superfluities to the household expenses in return for the distinguished privilege of ministering to such a family. Blessed are the meek!—

A clergyman, widower, with family, much needs a kind lady to superintend his household; she must have good means, *to keep up the high position*.—Address, in the first instance, O. A. M., &c.

As if it were not enough that private landowners should filch common rights and block public rights of way, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have now gone to work in this direction. A vigorous campaign has been opened at Childs Hill against an attempt to close a footpath leading from West End to Hendon Church. The antiquity of the right of way is proved beyond question, but the Ecclesiastical Commissioners unceremoniously put up a notice closing the path; and when remonstrated with by the Local Board, they only went so far as to offer to leave the path open on condition that the Board would go to the expense of fencing it—a proposal only one degree less impudent than their original proceeding. Not long since, the Commissioners enclosed and built over a common in the same district, known as Golders Green; and recently a piece of waste land adjoining Cricklewood-lane has been filched by them. By such methods is "the patrimony of the Church" acquired!

We hear enough of all the causes at work to ruin the British farmer, but, until I see very strong evidence to the contrary, I shall always believe that landlordism is the most potent among them. Here is a story strongly pointing to that conclusion. I give it exactly as the farmer himself gives it to me, with the exception that the names are suppressed. I suppress them partly because the nobleman on whose estate the case occurred is a minor, and apparently in no way responsible for the proceedings, and partly because I do not believe that it is such an extreme case that special odium should rest on those concerned in it. Rather I give it as illustrative of the process of confiscation which goes on in all directions. The "Protection" which farmers would go for, if they were wise, is protection against the landlord as he appears in the following narrative:—

I took from the late Earl —— at Michaelmas, 1888, a farm of about 160 acres, at 30s. per acre; a high rental, there being extensive orcharding upon the farm. His agent, Mr. ——, transacted the business with me. The agent had not then held this appointment long, and had had no experience in such matters. He had been unsuccessful in a very different line of business. He had then become organising secretary to the Conservative Association at a small salary, and the fact of his holding such office was supposed to have been the reason of his appointment by the late Earl to the agency. Upon my applying for the farm, he inquired as to my financial position, also as to whether I was an active politician, as the Earl would not upon any account accept a Liberal as tenant. My assurance that I did not take an active part in politics appeared to satisfy him, and I signed the usual agreement, which contained some most unjust clauses, one of them stating that the thirty-third section of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883, would not apply to this tenancy. Relying upon the reputation, the late Earl had for his honourable dealings with his tenantry, I raised no objection. The state of the farm was deplorable. This the agent freely acknowledged. The late tenant had lost during his tenancy of sixteen years a large sum. He was wholly without experience in farming, and the farm was therefore in a shocking condition. The agent, I should mention, at the time I took the farm, informed me that an allowance of 10 per cent. had lately been made to the tenants, and would, he had no doubt, be continued. I farmed the place for two years, paid full rent, and never had a penny allowance, although other tenants were receiving certain allowances. My crops, particularly the fruit, failed. The plough land could not be planted in consequence of its foulness. I fallowed it at enormous expense. I planted hops extensively (this is a most expensive operation), pruned orchards, laid out large sums in manure, &c. During this time, through no fault of mine, the receipts were not so large as the expenditure by 75 per cent. In the end, I found myself short of capital, and was unable to pay my rent, due in January, 1891. I asked for time, and offered security. In reply, I received notice to give up the place. At Michaelmas, 1891, I paid, and, after a difficulty, the notice was withdrawn. About this time the Earl died and left his affairs in the hands of trustees. My next crops again turned out badly, and I was unable to pay rent due to be paid in January, 1892. Within nine weeks I received notice to quit at Michaelmas, 1892, the agent stating that this notice would under no circumstances be withdrawn. Immediately after the next rent day the agent called and said he had instructions from the trustees to get the rent and he should have to distrain, but if I would make everything I had over to him, he would pay the pressing creditors and would not distrain. I did this. He charged me at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum for the advance. I appealed to the trustees to allow me to continue my tenancy and reap the benefits of my capital and time, and also asked the young Earl to intercede upon my behalf, but the agent told them that I could not go on, and my appeals were ignored. I am positive from what I have seen and heard that the reports the agent made to them were false, but I never had an opportunity of meeting them, and I had to leave. I had improved the farm by about £1,500. I was given £150 for hop planting. Certain things which ought to have been valued the agent would not have valued. Had I given notice of six months of certain claims for manures, &c., I could have substantiated them, but the agent took advantage of my not doing so, and would not allow anything. In short, I took this farm in a dreadful state four years ago, ruined myself in getting it in order, and putting it in a paying condition, and was then turned out because I was poor, and the landlord has reaped the whole benefit.

Herefordshire Cider & Perry, six distinct varieties. Gold Medal, Paris, 1888. The Bishop of Ely writes, 1892, "Your Cider & Perry are excellent." List from H. P. BULMER & Co., Rylands, Hereford.

BIRDS of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer.

The Lord and the Commons.

By a Rural Commoner.

[In the Grand Committee of the House of Lords, in considering the Bill to amend the law relating to commons, on Thursday last, Lord Salisbury attacked the measure, saying that, "the cry about the preservation of commons, except in the neighbourhood of large towns, had, he believed, a large element of bunkum. To nobody in the rural districts, except to those who rode on horseback, was it important that commons should be preserved."]

My lord, 'tis well known you've estates far-extending,
Have acres of gardens through which you can roam;
That the parks and the pleasances seem never-ending
Which amply surround your magnificent home.
You have lovely parterres decked with blooms that are rarest,
You have woodland and meadow, and upland and dell,
Where Nature has lavished her gifts which are fairest,
To add to the charms of the place where you dwell;
In short, blessed by Fortune, 'tis yours to possess
Ev'ry favour and gift that existence can bless.

Then, surely my lord, it is scarcely becoming
That *you* should our claim to the commons begrudge;
And, as the result of a biassed up-summing,
Should lightly dismiss our contentions as fudge.
You, at least, might have shown a more just disposition,
You, at least, might your cynical sneer have repress'd;
And have left us, to temper our wretched condition,
The rights that our fathers, unchallenged, possess'd.
You, dowered with plenty in basket and store,
Should not, at our cost, be so greedy of more.

The lords of the manor, you say, need protection,
Their fanciful wrongs you are quick to discuss;
But cannot you show a less partial affection?
Is there not to be also protection for us?
Are we to be robbed of the rights we've inherited,
To add to the landowners' ill-gotten gain?
Are we to be met by coercion unmerited,
To be forced from the commons by fraud and chicane?
And then, if we venture to mildly protest,
To be told that our plea smacks of bunkum at best?

If it's bunkum, my lord, for poor folk to be yearning
To breathe the free air where its scent is most sweet;
If it's bunkum to long from the road to be turning
To feel the soft turf 'neath our labour-worn feet;
If it's bunkum to love to lie down on the heather,
To list to the lark till it's lost in the blue,
To see where the earth and the sky meet together,
And to taste old delights which for ever are new—
If it's bunkum, my lord, of such joys to take heed,
Then our plea for the commons is bunkum indeed!

The life that we live knows but little of pleasure;
Our labour is sore, rough and hard is our fare;
Of the favours of Fortune, of wealth and of leisure,
'Tis little, alack! ever falls to our share.
Stop, my lord, then, and think what it is you are doing
When greatly abusing the might you possess,
And blindly the ends of your order pursuing,
You'd add to the hardships you ought to redress.
Stop my lord, then, and think, lest your folly you rue—
If our commons are doomed, why our Lords are doomed too!

The Canadian Government has decided to sell the Thousand Islands in the river St. Lawrence. There are upwards of twelve hundred rocky islands in this romantic group, and they are situated in an enormous expansion of the river opposite Kingston, and between the State of New York and the Province of Ontario. I should fancy that some of these islands might be converted into charming summer residences for millionaires.

A Trinidad paper, the *San Fernando Gazette*, has just published a strong article upon another aspect of the coolie immigration question, to which I referred a few weeks ago. From the last prison statistics for the island it appears that the convictions of coolies during the year 1892 were at the rate of over 20 per 1,000 of the coolie population. It is also stated that the majority of convictions are for the worst class of offences, highway robbery and robbery with violence, outrages on women, and unnatural crimes. These facts speak conclusively for the character of the coolie element with which the colony is flooded in order to benefit absentee landlords at the expense of the native labourer. There were, at the time of the last return, over 70,000 coolies in Trinidad. It stands to reason that, besides their being a standing danger to the rest of the community, contact with this horde of savages must exercise a demoralising effect throughout the lower ranks of the native population. Evidence that this is so is not wanting.

Whenever a Liberal goes over to the enemy, he is at once declared by the Unionist Press to be a gentleman, wise beyond the generality, and most influential. Such, a few weeks ago, was Mr. Bolton represented to be. Now it is the turn of Mr. W. H. Grenfell. His conscience will no longer permit him to remain true to a Party that allows the Irish to legislate upon British affairs, but that even if the Home Rule Bill does justice to Ireland, this is overweighted by the crime of not joining in a Conference to make silver a universal currency. The *Daily Telegraph* explains that Mr. Grenfell is a "man of character, of intellectual culture, and of varied experience in affairs," and his defection "is a serious blow to the Government." As a matter of fact, he is a young gentleman of wealth and fashion, who can punt and row to perfection, and who once held the important position of a Groom-in-Waiting, whatever that may be. His uncle is a bi-metallist, and he himself probably accepts blindly the opinions of his uncle, with as little knowledge of the currency question as a sheep that eats grass in one of his uncle's fields. Socially eminent he may possibly be, politically he is utterly insignificant. He is, if indeed he can be said to be anything, a Whig; and the sooner that the Whigs assume their true position as supporters of a Tory Government, the better will it be for the Radical Party. Mr. Grenfell, however, deserves approval for having surrendered his seat, and thus given his constituents an opportunity to elect a representative in accordance with their views.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* in alluding to an article in last week's Truth, in which the rival demerits of Herod and Judas were discussed, opines that I am not strong in my Scripture. Possibly; but in regard to the family of Herod I am strong. I know perfectly that there were several of the family. Herod the Great killed his wife Mariamne, Herod Antipas put John the Baptist to death, and Herod Agrippa was eaten by worms. Mr. Chamberlain, in indirectly comparing Mr. Gladstone to Herod, used the word in the sense that Pharaoh is used when reference is made to the old Egyptian Kings, and Cæsar when reference is made to the Roman Emperor. In like manner, Herod is a general term covering all the rulers of the Herod family in Judæa. In my remarks, therefore, I included all the family in the name of Herod.

Star & Garter Hotel, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, & healthy. Famed for its Guild and Corporation banquets, wedding breakfasts, balls, &c. Unrivalled winter residence.—Chas. James, Manager.

In one constituency—and I am sorry to say a Liberal constituency—the "mostly fools" dictum reigns supreme, if I am to credit a story which has appeared in the newspapers. The constituency is, it would seem, represented by a Liberal, and this Liberal had contemplated having some friends to stay with him in the country during the month of September. Assuming that the House would still be sitting, he had paired for the period of his party. On this, the Liberal electors notified to him that they could not allow any such proceeding, and told him that they expected him to be in his place prepared to vote, so long as the House sat. They do not wish their Member, so far as I can gather, to take an active part in discussion, and how anything is gained by this unfortunate man and a Conservative being forced mechanically to troop through a division-lobby every evening instead of neutralising each other by pairing, I fail to understand. I really am ashamed to think that Liberal electors should be such thoroughgoing asses.

I consider that the House of Commons is behind-hand in its work because (1) it met late instead of early; (2) before Easter more Bills were brought in than it was possible to pass in the Session in which Home Rule was to be pushed through; (3) the Unionists were allowed to fool away several weeks of precious time in abstract discussions upon the wording of the first two clauses of the Home Rule Bill. If we had by this time got through Home Rule, and made real progress in the Estimates, we might have had an autumn sitting in which one or two controversial British Bills might have been passed. But Home Rule will not leave the House before the end of August. Taking the number of days to be passed over the Estimates as the average that were occupied on them in each Session of the last Parliament, they will not be through before the end of September. Allow a holiday of six weeks, and this would bring us to the middle of November. This would leave us with not much more time than would be needed to pass the Employers' Liability Bill, the Indian Budget, the Appropriation Bill, and the various small non-controversial Bills that have reached their third reading. We may regret that there are not more hours in each day, and that there are not more days in each month; but this regret will neither increase the length of days nor of months. It sounds all very well to say that we will do this or that. But what we shall do must depend on what we can do.

My contention is, that we shall make no real progress by attempting to carry out a programme in which we shall probably fail. The best course would be to prorogue after the Estimates, the Indian Budget, the small non-contested Bills, and a Resolution carrying over Bills in which progress has been made to next Session, are passed. With the knowledge that Parliament would rise as soon as this modest bill of fare is over, an effort would be made by all to bring the Session to a close. The next Session might then commence on November 1, and we might, with a short interval of a holiday at Christmas, sit on until the principal British Bills of the Newcastle Programme have been sent up to the Lords. By this time next year we should in this way have made far more progress than if we engage in a fight to push through Bills this Session.

The real fact is this. Everything depends upon whether the next Session is to be a British Session, or whether we are to pass the time sending up Home Rule again to the Lords. We British have given up one Session to Home Rule, and, so far as regards the House of Commons, it will have passed. We have a right, therefore, to claim that our Bills be sent up to the Lords once, before the Home Rule Bill is sent up twice; all the more as sending it up a second time to the Lords will not advance Home Rule by one single day. The Irish ought to be—and I presume are—grateful to us for putting their Bill in the forefront. Our Bills are as important to us as Home Rule is to them. If the Irish are not prepared to do for us next Session what we have done for them this Session, the alliance which is based upon "give and take" must come to an end. No one is a more ardent Home Ruler than I am. But I am not one of those who live alone for Home Rule. I live for the triumph of Democracy in all parts of the United Kingdom, and I am not prepared to subordinate, in matters of procedure, everything to the arbitrary will of the Irish Members. This would, indeed, be a very strange mode of giving effect to an alliance between the British Radicals and the Irish Nationalists.

If we fail to carry our Bills, and if we go to the country with only Home Rule, we shall in all probability be beaten. To pass, therefore, British measures is as essential for the Irish as it is for us. The success of Home Rule, in truth, depends upon progress being made with British measures.

It is suggested by some very ardent Radicals that the Estimates should be closured. If this means that after each vote has been, if wished by any members, fairly debated, and any objections incidental to it answered, the Closure should be applied to the particular vote, I am all for the suggestion; but if it means that the Estimates should be reported to the House on a fixed day, and that the votes should be taken without debate, I am not for any such scheme, which would withdraw votes of money from the cognisance of Parliament. Even supposing that the Liberals were always henceforward in power, this would be most undesirable; but it is not likely that this will be the case. That discussions on Estimates are often abused, and much time wasted on unimportant items, is true. On the other hand, their submission to the House of Commons in detail gives Members the opportunity to raise all matters incident to every public department. A nice crop of jobs we should have, were this right of criticism to cease.

I hardly think that the objections to a House of Hereditary Legislators would disappear were these Legislators to be allowed to throw out any Bill coming from the Commons twice, and the Bill, if passed in the

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR has for over half a century sustained its high reputation as an indispensable toilet requisite. Delightfully cooling to the skin.—96, Strand; 180, Regent-st.; 64, Cheapside.

Commons a third time, then to become law. Whether there be two Legislative Chambers or one is a mere question of detail; that all Legislators should be elected to their functions by the people is a question of principle. This is why I have brought forward again and again a resolution against all hereditary rights to legislate. On my first moving it, a very few voted for it; when I last brought it in, the entire Liberal Party voted for it. It only remains, therefore, for the Party to give legislative effect to the principle that they have accepted.

It is said that a Bill abolishing the House of Lords would not pass, because the Lords would never assent to their own extinction. This is idle nonsense. If the country pronounces in favour of this extinction, it is no more likely that five hundred Lords would be able to resist the decision, than that a condemned criminal would not be hanged because he refused to express his approval of this mode of expediting his passage into another world. Were the Lords not to attend, this would be met by creating a sufficiency of new Peers, pledged to extinction, to secure a majority for the Bill.

There is nothing unconstitutional in this. When a Bill was discussed limiting the power of the Sovereign to create Peers, it was defeated on the ground that it would make the Peers independent of the will of the nation. The Ministers of Anne did not hesitate to create a batch of Peers to secure a majority. The Reform Bill of 1832 was passed by the following declaration being published:—

> The King grants permission to Earl Grey and his Chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of Peers as will be sufficient to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill.

The servile doctrine that a Prime Minister may not, as the executive head of the Government, bring the Lords into line with the Commons by new creations is a very modern one. If Mr. Gladstone, on the Home Rule Bill passing the Commons, were to make public a declaration such as that of Earl Grey, it would not even be necessary to create Peers. Their Lordships, as in 1832, would at once succumb. It is because this will not be done that I have very little heart in the proceedings of the House of Commons. To pass a Session in carrying a Bill through the Commons, and to allow the Lords to act on their declared threat to throw it out, is, to my thinking, a betrayal of the cause of popular Government.

There is little doubt that, had the Conservatives been in power, we might have gravitated into a war with France on account of the Siam incident. Our position was very satisfactorily stated by Lord Rosebery when he said that he declined to give any advice to Siam, as that country must settle its own differences with France; but that we had handed over to Siam certain territories abutting upon our frontier on condition that they were not ceded to any third country, and that Siam consequently could not cede them to France. The French at once admitted the force of this, and from that moment the entire question, so far as it regarded us, was settled.

The idea that, because we own India, we have a right to prevent any European Power from approaching its confines, does not hold water in the present day. We must accept the fact that our possession of a portion of Asia gives no special right to bar the entire Continent to all other European Powers. Of course, it would be advantageous to us if neither France nor Russia had any territories in Asia, because this would render it more easy for us to defend India. We have, however, to recognise facts, and that there are other Powers in the world as well as ourselves. I am myself a believer in a clearly-defined frontier. I have no great belief in buffer States. As matters stand, I think it very probable that Siam will gravitate within the sphere of French influence. But unless we are prepared to assert that this country is within our sphere of influence, I do not well see how this can be helped. At the same time I do not perceive the danger. India is a big country, with a huge army. The French territory in Asia is very small, and has practically no army. If we remain masters of the sea, I do not think that we have anything to fear from France, even should she be mistress of Siam.

But I do most sincerely hope that something will be done in regard to Egypt to place our relations with that country on a permanent and definite footing. The present state of things is a persistent danger to us. From the military standpoint we gain nothing from the occupation of the country; from the diplomatic standpoint we place ourselves in a false position. There are three ways in which the question may be settled: (1) by direct negotiation with France; (2) by direct negotiation with Turkey; (3) by direct negotiation with all the Great Powers. The latter would probably be the best, but if we could come before a Conference with a preliminary agreement with France this would greatly tend to a proper solution. I fully admit that there are difficulties, but I contend that the objections to doing nothing are greater than those to doing something.

SCRUTATOR.

"MACLEAN AND HIS SPONSORS."

THE article under the above head in last week's TRUTH has brought me a letter from the Earl of Dysart, enclosing the following copy of a letter to Angus Maclean, which it is due to his lordship that I should publish at once:—

> Ham House, Petersham, S.W.,
> August 2.
>
> SIR,—From an article in last week's TRUTH" I see that you still continue to make use of my name in connection with your society. I should be glad to know how it is that no notice has been taken of the letter which I wrote to you some time ago requesting you to remove my name immediately.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, DYSART.
>
> Angus Maclean, Esq.

I have also received communications from Sir Robert Rawlinson, Sir James Miller, Professor Wallace, of Edinburgh, Professor Sylvester, of Oxford, Baron de Bush, and Dr. Alberto Nin, the Uruguayan Minister. All of these gentlemen deny that Maclean has any authority to make use of their names. Several, having been members, have at different times withdrawn their names, and Dr. Nin is unaware that he has ever been a member. Sir James Miller's statement is a specimen of the way in which several "honorary members" have been treated:—

> On June 28 my attention was called to the then current number of TRUTH, in which my name figured as an honorary

member of the British and Foreign Association. I immediately requested my solicitors to see that my name was withdrawn from this list, and they wrote to Maclean to this effect. If the list which you publish is taken from a circular of a later date than the above, I shall be much obliged if you will inform me, that I may take such steps as will ensure my name being removed. I may say that I have no recollection of ever having given Maclean permission to use my name, though I find I did some years ago, deceived, no doubt, by some specious circular, send a donation to a society of some such name as this. Beyond this I have no connection with the so-called British and Foreign Association.

Sir Frederick Pollock writes me a letter, in which he states that he became a life member of the Association some years ago, in the belief that it was a genuine undertaking, and that as long as he continued to receive the journal of the Association, he concluded that it was doing what it professed to do. Sir Frederick goes on to say that he "does not conceive that he has any power to prevent the directors from publishing the fact that he was an original life member;" but he intimates that any one who infers from such publication of his name that he continues to approve of the Association, does so at his own risk. I should myself conceive that a "life member" has the power to resign his membership, and that having done so he can prevent his name being published among the present members. But in view of the past history of Maclean and his Association, and the facts in regard to him which I have recently published, the introduction of these legal subtleties seems a trifle out of place.

With regard to Sir James Miller's question respecting the date of the circular from which I quoted the names of honorary members, I cannot at the moment speak positively. Maclean, as I have explained, has been for some time past living by answering the advertisements of governesses, secretaries, and others in want of employment, and inviting the advertisers to call at his office in Westminster. He then invites them to subscribe to his Association as a simple means of obtaining all they desire, promising, if the victim shows any reluctance, that the half-guinea subscription will be refunded if an engagement is not secured in a specified time—though in no instance that I can discover has he ever refunded the money. The particular circular from which I quoted last week had been handed to one of the parties recently swindled in this way, but I cannot say whether this was before or after June 28. I may say, however, for the information of Sir James Miller and all others concerned, that Maclean appears to have had no new circulars printed for several years past. He is still using up his old stock, and most of them still bear the address at Temple Chambers which Maclean must have left at least two years ago. The address is altered by pen and ink, and the names of the few "honorary members," who have ordered Maclean to desist from making use of them, are usually eliminated in the same way. But this mode of procedure, of course, always leaves open a possibility that some of the names which have been ordered to be removed may still appear.

As regards the way in which the names originally got on to the list, I have no doubt that many of the "honorary members" are in the position of Sir James Miller; that is to say, "years ago, deceived no doubt by some specious circular," they sent a donation. That, however, is no reason why they—I refer to the large majority from whom I have still to hear—should look on indifferently while their names are used to back what has degenerated into a swindle of the lowest and most barefaced description. I must point out that I have as yet been unable to elicit any response from a number of persons whose names are peculiarly likely to impose upon girls and young men in search of literary or secretarial work—for instance, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Paul Blouet, Mr. Edward Terry, Lady Florence Dixie, and Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Since I last wrote on this subject, Mr. W. H. Grenfell has withdrawn his name from the roll of the Liberal Party, but I would suggest that it is of vastly more consequence to his fellow-creatures that he should withdraw it from the list of Angus Maclean's patrons.

Just as I am going to press I have received information that Maclean's holiday is likely to be prolonged indefinitely. He has never returned to the "Offices of the Association" in Millbank-street since he departed. The landlord has now entered and taken possession, and the room has been let to somebody else. For the present, therefore, the "British and Foreign Association" has a name but no local habitation, unless it be the particular spot where Angus Maclean is now hiding.

SANITATION AT ALDERSHOT.

In view of the probability, or possibility, of a discussion of the subject at some not distant date on the Army Estimates, I desire to draw attention again to the sanitary condition of Aldershot Camp. Since the matter was last referred to in TRUTH, some few attempts have been made to remedy the more glaring of the evils which I then pointed out. The new married quarters have been so far pushed on that it is not likely that women and children will be condemned to pass another winter in the ramshackle huts described in my previous articles. The threatened building round the Cambridge Hospital has, I understand, been abandoned, at any rate for the present. Progress has also been made towards providing the requisite sanitary accommodation in connection with the new barracks.

But while a few items like these are to be set to the credit of those in authority, there remains enough on the other side of the account to make the state of Aldershot a disgrace to the Government of this country. The first matter which calls for attention is the sewage farm, which under the influence of the drought and the hot summer appears to have developed into a public nuisance of the first magnitude. This sewage-farm has long since been officially condemned, and how it ever came into existence is a marvel. The site is within two or three hundred yards of the Camp buildings—the nearest being, as might be expected, the North Camp Hospital. The ground itself is probably the most unsuitable for the purpose in the district, there being

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

hereabouts, in place of the gravel which underlies the greater part of the Camp, a stratum of clay at a depth of a few feet, which effectually prevents the absorption of liquid matter. On to this spot is poured the whole sewage of the Camp; and, either from the surface soil having become saturated with sewage owing to the character of the lower strata, or from an unusual amount of evaporation and fermentation having been set up owing to the heat of the summer, the stench from the place is described as having been during the last few months perfectly intolerable. One witness with an extensive experience in some of the most odoriferous districts of Asia, deposes that he has never smelt anything approaching it; and I am informed that throughout the hot weather those persons whose quarters are within reach of the smell have been compelled to live with their doors and windows shut. The consequences of such a state of things are not likely to end in mere inconvenience. I understand that English cholera has been so prevalent in the North Camp during the summer as almost to amount to an epidemic. Sore throat has also been rife. That the sewage-farm is the source of the mischief in both cases there can hardly be a doubt. What the effects have been on the patients in the hospital only the doctors can say.

One of the worst omens for the future is that the string of huts dignified with the name of the North Camp Hospital has quite recently been beautified with a new coat of paint. This apparently implies that the huts are to have a fresh lease granted them, and the term for which their existence has been renewed is understood to be three years. I cannot say that the North Camp Hospital has, like the sewage-farm, ever been officially condemned; but by everybody outside official circles the huts have long since been pronounced a disgrace to the Government which puts them to their present purpose. That in the face of all that has been said on the subject—I may refer more especially to the denunciation of the shanties some two years ago in the *British Medical Journal*—it should be deliberately decided to utilise this wretched makeshift as a Hospital for another three years, is nothing less than a scandal. I understand that within quite a recent period there have been several deaths from erysipelas in the Hospital. This can only be the consequence of the foul condition of the huts and the accumulations of filth under the floors; and it would be well if exact particulars on this head could be obtained in Parliament. It should be added that in close proximity to the Hospital huts are now established a range of marquees holding the overflow of the infectious disease patients; so that between these and the sewage-farm nothing has been omitted which could bring the external surroundings of this precious hospital into keeping with its interior economy.

Another matter closely analogous is the want of decent hospital accommodation for women and children. For this section of the community a few beds are provided in a tumble-down shed, which for the most part serves the purpose of a lying-in ward. Cases which cannot be accommodated here are sent to Guildford Infirmary, or other places for which letters of recommendation can be obtained. It is idle for the authorities to plead that the money is not available to remedy this disgraceful state of things. The most scandalous point in connection with the present state of Aldershot is that, while women and children have been herded like beasts in huts which are scarcely weather-proof; while a sewage-farm which has been officially condemned is left month after month festering and breeding disease at the very doors of the Camp, while the North Camp is furnished with a "hospital" which would not be tolerated in a pioneer settlement in the backwoods; and while the women and children of the Camp are dependent for hospital treatment on the charity of neighbouring districts, money has been plentifully expended on such objects as racquet-courts, drill-hall, transport stables, and the utterly superfluous new church.

There seems every reason to hope that Lord Roberts will succeed Sir Evelyn Wood in the Aldershot command. I trust that nothing will occur to prevent this appointment; for nowhere else—outside the Horse Guards—could the talents and experience of the ex-Commander-in-Chief in India be employed with more advantage to the Army and the country. Should Lord Roberts go to Aldershot, before everything else his attention ought to be devoted to the matters mentioned above, and many others of the same class which I have no space to deal with now. I do not doubt that it will be, but it would greatly strengthen his hands if in the meantime Parliament were to express its mind freely upon the manner in which money has hitherto been muddled away, and the lamentable state of things now existing.

Caution.—The Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, W., beg to state that they have purchased the whole of the business of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, but the stock being old and unsuitable for the Company's trade was disposed of to the Public by Auction at Christie's, and any statement to the contrary is inaccurate and misleading. The Company, having also bought the dies of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, is the only firm in a position to supply the Goldsmiths' Alliance patterns.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

"FONETICS" IN FRANCE.

THE spelling reform which seven against four Academicians have recommended, will be a necessary one if the youth of France, to qualify at military and naval examinations, must learn to speak several foreign tongues. No language, I suppose, unless it be English, has more arbitrary rules of orthography than the French. Many of them have come into existence since Bonaparte extended, through his lyceums, a classical education to middle-class boys all over France. Were Voltaire to come to life again, he would be plucked at any examination, for spelling as he did when he wrote the works he left us. In orthography as now practised lies the great line of demarcation between the millions and the educated classes, middle and aristocratic. The professional beauty who has come from below has to keep a secretary to write her notes. Any patois-speaking country-girl who comes to Paris to look for service will in a few years talk better colloquial French than an Academician; but she can never learn to spell. At the last distribution of High School prizes at the Sorbonne, M. Schweitzer, a professor at the Rollin College, assured his youthful hearers that

they must give up the dream of a fusion of tongues in a universal Volapuk. They would have to learn, not only English and German, but Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Arabic, and possibly Chinese, to get to the front as commercial men. How, one asks, will they ever have the time? By, the answer is, simplifying spelling and making it more phonetic. It is proposed to drop the *ph*, making the *f* serve instead, in all cases. I must say that the former never puzzled me in my school-days. But I am told that the youthful descendants of illiterate forbears are driven wild with it, and that precious time is lost in consequence. M. Gréard, Director-General of Higher Public Instruction, is zealous for spelling reform, which is as zealously opposed by the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc can have no idea where the shoe pinches Board-school children and boys who have to cram for entrance into special schools, like the Polytechnique, Centrale (Engineering), Mines, and to pass for University degrees. He received, from the time he left the nursery until some time after he entered the Army, a most careful literary training. He has a retentive memory for words and objects that he sees, and an ear which would not be a guide to him in phonetic spelling. Insensibly from an early age he absorbed scholarship, and must have picked up foreign languages which were spoken all round him. From his mother and her old and confidential servants he learnt Viennese German and Neapolitan Italian. His elder brother and sister were Palermitans by birth, and at home in English, which they learned between 1815 and 1819 at Twickenham. There were English servants and teachers, and Louis Philippe, who had in his wanderings been a sort of husband of the English Princess Elizabeth (afterwards Landgravine of Hesse Homburg), was master of English, and at family gatherings at Neuilly used to read Shakespeare in that language. Every daughter-in-law of that King spoke French with a different foreign accent. That of the Duchesse d'Orléans, the most highly educated of them all, and a woman of a winged soul, was North-German. That of the Duchesse de Nemours was South-German, she being Viennese in breeding; of the Princesse de Joinville Brazilian-Portuguese; of the Duchesse d'Aumale Sicilian, and of the Duchesse de Montpensier, when she was a bride, Castilian, with a touch of Italian. With the exception of the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was a grand-daughter of Augustus of Saxe-Weimar, and in whose blood a taste for pure classical forms of speech ran, these Royal ladies mixed their native idioms with the French in which they chattered. All the sons-in-law had German accents—one that of Suabia, another of Vienna, and another of Thuringia. Nothing so much resembled the Babel of a first-class Continental table d'hôte as a family dinner-party at the Tuileries when Louis Philippe was King. It would have been impossible for a member of the inner circle not to pick up as many languages as a courier. I sympathise with the Duc d'Aumale in his desire to keep history alive in our forms of speech, and to show by the spelling the genesis of words. But life is not long enough, or the human brain big enough, to take in all that *must* now be learned, unless the superfluities are dropped. Nursery-maids and Anglo-Norman children were the creators of modern English. The servants spoke German, but, being unlearned, docked for our great benefit its bewildering inflexions. The children gabbled a sort of French, and both ended by sliding into the strong and composite yet simple tongue, which is conquering the world. Poets then came and beautified and fixed, without, however, casting the language in a rigid mould. They made it like shot silk, which changes its hues according to the light. One sometimes thinks it very German, but it struck Louis Blanc as corrupt French. I dare say there were purists who groaned over the disappearance of the inflexions and black-letter crabbedness, and others who were disgusted because it was not more Frenchy.

Outside the Academy, to which M. Gréard belongs, there are arrayed on the side of the reform he advocates some of the most brilliant Frenchmen of our time. Victor Hugo's son-in-law, Lockroy, Camille Pelletan, Dupuy, the Premier, who was formerly a professor, Leroy Beaulieu, and Bournouf, with many more persons of light and leading, are with him. They seriously object to children being tortured as they were by crabbed and pedantic rules of orthography, to the exclusion of more useful knowledge. Some of them propose that participles be declared invariable. They now vary in the most perplexing way, according in gender and number with the noun when it precedes the verb *être*, but not when it precedes the verb *avoir*. The exceptions are bewildering to a young brain. The cases of single and double letters also try the memory. Thus *patronage* comes from patron, *maçonnage* from maçon. Why one *n* in the former case and the double *n* in the latter? I don't see the harm of the *y*. Nevertheless, it is proposed to drop it, letting *i* invariably take its place. A knot of reformers have formed a *Société de Filologue*. If the French simplify their spelling, the Germans might try to make their genders less confusing, and to rid themselves of their Gothic characters in print and handwriting.

The denunciation mania still rages. M. Bourée, French Minister at Brussels, and whilom Minister at Pekin, is denounced for betraying the interests of his country to China for lucre when he was at the head of the French Mission to Pekin. We hear that the French Chamber of Commerce has been thrown into spasms of indignation by this libel. M. Bourée was an intimate friend of the late Baron de Billing, the most imaginative person that I ever knew, and the most pleasantly so when he romanced. Ferry, when Foreign Minister, took a dislike to Bourée, because Billing often took his part by getting himself interviewed about him. Bourée, I believe, did induce the Chinese Department for Foreign Affairs to accept a plan that he drew up for settling differences with China. If it had not been rejected, Admiral Courbet would not have lost his life prematurely, and the expense of the blockade and war he waged would have been saved.

I am often asked by English tourists what plays they had best see. "La Bouquetière des Innocents," which has been revived at the Châtelet, is a capital one. It is historical, melodramatic, spectacular, and exciting, and

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the action is supposed to go forward in the minority of Louis XIII. The flower-girl of the Innocents Church and Market is a Béarnaise, and god-daughter of the—in the first act recently murdered King Henri IV., and called after his first wife, Margot. Marie de Médicis, own grandmother of James II. of England, and an obstinate, infatuated dullard, is Regent. But Concini and his wife, Leonora Galigai, govern the Queen. As they wax rich and powerful the State grows weaker, and Paris is given over to their Italian "sbirri." Their plan is to get rid of Louis XIII., a sad, reserved youth, with a good deal of Italian penetration into character, and to set up his brother, Gaston, the darling son of Marie, in his stead. La Bouquetière was on familiar terms with the late King. She and one of his natural sons, Henriot, watch over Louis to defeat the incantations and the plots against him of Leonora and Concini. But Henriot is in love with the daughter of this criminal pair, who detest him for his devotion to the King. Meanwhile, a certain Jacques Bonhomme, a shoemaker, of the close of the Innocents Church, becomes enamoured of Margot and helps her and Henriot to baulk the Concinis. He is the pivot of the play, and becomes so in the following way. One night in the churchyard of the Innocents he overheard a gentleman of the Court—to judge from his habiliments and rapier—conspiring with Ravaillac to assassinate Henri IV. The crime was to be committed next day. Ravaillac had a religious medal which he broke in twain, giving one half to the nobleman. If one had a message to send to the other he was to entrust his half to the messenger as a sign that he really came from him. But the nobleman, who was Concini, dropped his half in the churchyard and Bonhomme picked it up. No sooner did Concini miss it than he rushed back to the churchyard where Jacques had just hidden what he had found in the carving of a stone cross. The shoemaker is suspected, arrested, and thrown into a madhouse, where he loses his memory and mind. But his confinement comes to an end, and he recovers his reason. What quite cures him is Paris getting into a state of red-hot anger against the Concini. In Act iii. Jacques and Henriot go to the stone cross to look for the half of the medal, they having learned that the other half was found on Ravaillac and is in the hands of justice. Should the two parts tally, what damning evidence there will be against Concini! But Leonora has discovered, by her incantations, their purpose. As Jacques is about to draw the piece he hid from under a carved ornament of the cross, he is stabbed, and left for dead. Henriot is seized by the sbirri and thrown into a room which is to serve as a place of detention at the Louvre. The prisoner, knowing the Palace of old, gets out and makes his way to the former bedroom of King Henry, now the chamber of Louis. The half-brothers are old friends and rejoiced to meet again. Notes are compared about the Concini, the story of the broken medal is told, and as the King is still a minor, he must act irregularly to get rid of these miscreants. When he finds the half medal of the churchyard tallies with that taken on Ravaillac, he no longer hesitates. Vitry, the Captain of his Guard, is secretly ordered to avenge King Henri, and stabs Concini in the Louvre. Leonora is sent to the Bastille, and thence before the Sorbonne, which orders her to be executed as a witch, and her body burned. But Henriot saves her daughter to marry her with the King's approval. Margot, who has been a devoted nurse to the wounded Jacques, becomes his wife.

We see the bridal parties in the costumes of old Paris on the Pont Neuf. They are there to see Louis XIII. go in state to Notre Dame to return thanks for being saved from the sorceries of Leonora and the murderous designs of Concini. This final scene is splendidly spectacular. The acting is good. But how those who saw the play when it was brought out twenty years ago miss Marie Laurent! She multiplied herself in it, the parts of Margot and Leonora having been assigned to her. Her personations of both were splendid. She was so frank, so open-hearted, so vigorous, so good-natured as the Bouquetière. As Leonora she was sinister, and made flesh creep and blood run cold. Madame Teissandier now discharges the same double task, and certainly with talent. But she is too much the fine lady as Leonora, who was the foster sister of Marie de Médicis and a carpenter's daughter. Mdlle. Mellot is perfect as Louis XIII., who is just fourteen. She must have read up well the different sketches of him, her rendering of the part being so historically correct. Her treble voice is sweet and in the order of nature, seeing what the King's age is supposed to be.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—I have received the following ungracious complaint. Plutocrats plainly regard the poor from a very incorrect standpoint:—

SIR,—Bank Holidays cause an over-crowding of the thoroughfares, railways, and parks, as also of every place of entertainment. They are, in consequence, a source of material inconvenience to many whose means permit of their living generally in comfort.

Bank Holiday people scatter orange-peel and paper bags about the streets, and they smoke execrable tobacco. I pay an exorbitant rental for a house in the West-End purposely to escape such annoyances. My interests, then, should be protected.

Those who have to work to live are manifestly inferior to those who have not. The former practically exist upon sufferance. It is plain, then, that our convenience should be consulted before theirs.

Why should the people require rest, change, and amusement? They are unaccustomed to these luxuries, and they only render them discontented with their ordinary circumstances. Besides, they might as reasonably require to be provided with champagne, shilling cigars, stalls at the opera, and other similar aids to rational existence.

It is unbecoming for the workpeople to take holidays when thousands around are clamouring for employment.

Bank Holidays cause grievous loss to merchants and manufacturers, and as these are the chief producers of public wealth, their loss is a national loss.

Work is ennobling. It is necessary for health. It also protects men from mischief.—Faithfully yours,

MIDAS.

This is a most unbecoming spirit. The extravagant aristocratic magnificence of these upstart gentlemen threatens to bring even superciliousness into disrepute.

* * * * *

Lord Spencer has definitely refused the succession to the Viceroyalty of India. The choice now lies between

Lord Herschell, Lord Cromer, and General Lord Roberts. Though an ambitious man, it is very unlikely that Lord Cromer would accept the appointment, for he suffered much there from the climate when Private Secretary to Lord Northbrook some twenty years ago. Besides, the health of Lady Cromer would not permit of her accompanying him to India, and, as his children are at school in England, he would also be practically prevented from seeing them for fully five years. Another consideration to be taken into account is that Lord Cromer is by no means a wealthy man, and that by accepting the Viceroyalty he would forfeit his pension in the Diplomatic Service.

Lord Cromer would, of course, wish to be appointed British Ambassador at Constantinople, but it is almost certain that the Sultan would refuse to sanction his appointment. Moreover, having been for all practical purposes absolute ruler over Egypt for close upon thirteen years, Lord Cromer has been spoilt for the delicate management of questions which is necessary in diplomatic transactions.

Lord Brassey would make an excellent Viceroy of India. He possesses great administrative ability, has a charming manner, and is extremely wealthy, whilst Lady Brassey would be an admirable Vice-Queen.

It is understood that several vacancies in the Diplomatic Service will occur before very long. Sir John Walsham will retire shortly and not in the very best of spirits; for, like several other of our distinguished diplomats, he has a serious grievance against the Foreign Office authorities. Both Sir Robert Morier, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and Lord Vivian, the Ambassador at Rome, are suffering from ill-health. Mr. Austen Lee, whose name has so frequently been mentioned in the recent "forged documents" scandal in Paris, may be expected to secure one of the earliest desirable appointments. What would best suit Mr. Lee's abilities and experience would certainly be to succeed Mr. Joseph Crowe as Commercial Attaché for Europe. He is an accomplished linguist, and was for some years official secretary to Sir Charles Dilke, whose acquaintance with commercial matters is not only very large but extremely valuable. For some reason all the newspapers, including the *Times*, persistently refer to Mr. Austen Lee as "Secretary of Embassy" at Paris. This is utterly incorrect, for the Secretary of Embassy there is Mr. Edmund Phipps.

Several new departures in the autumn manœuvres of the West-end clubs are noticeable this year. White's Club will shortly close for repairs and redecoration, but the members, instead of accepting the hospitality of some similar institution, are to be accommodated at Willis's Restaurant, where the first floor is to be reserved for their use, whilst the same tariff for meals will be charged as they are in the habit of paying at their own club-house.

On the 19th, the Bachelors' Club will, for the first time upon record, only partially close, and the wing of the building usually reserved for ladies will be devoted to the use of the members.

The members of the Guards' Club, which is to be closed from the 20th inst. until September 20, will be entertained by the Marlborough and by the New Club in Grafton-street. The latter, which was started with the purpose of supplying an unpretentious and inexpensive club suited to the more recent requirements of young men in the West-end, has achieved remarkable success, and is now established firmly as one of the serious institutions of the sort in London Club-land. An eighteen-penny luncheon and a half-a-crown dinner, both simple and excellent, are attractions which meet a severe want in these days of universal depression.

The St. James' and several other clubs will not close at all this season, and, indeed, the general tendency is to abolish the complete closing of clubs for annual repairs. What alterations and improvements are necessary can be effected by closing individual rooms without placing members to the inconvenience of being locked out. Meanwhile, as the attendance is much decreased during the months of August and September, the servants can be given their well-earned holidays in batches.

The Ranelagh Club at Barn Elms will be kept open throughout the year instead of closing, as Hurlingham does, at the commencement of August. The proprietors of the Maison Dorée Club have also decided to keep their establishment open all the year round, representations having been made to the Committee that it would be a convenience, if this were permitted, to Members of Parliament and others compelled to remain in town.

As the shooting season is upon the point of commencing, it may be advisable to mention the latest addition to modern scientific convenience. It appears that there now exists at Leadenhall Market an extensive refrigerating depository where, at a very small charge—I believe twopence annually for each deposit—game and all similar perishable articles are kept for use at any time during the year. Last season a large number of sportsmen preserved game here, and by this means were able to have partridges and pheasants throughout the close months.

The question of Sir Frederick Burton's retirement from the Directorship of the National Gallery has been started prematurely. It will not be very long, however, before the matter really does come within the field of practical consideration. Mr. Poynter, the Royal Academician, appears to be popularly nominated as his probable successor, but it is inconceivable that an artist who earns some four or five thousand a year by his paintings should voluntarily give this up merely to secure a post of distinction which, though it carries with it a Knighthood, is otherwise only remunerated with a salary of a thousand a year. Upon the other hand, the duties and labours accompanying the office of Director of the National Gallery in its present extended state would not permit of the holder also carrying on his own private profession.

In no important National Gallery upon the Continent is an artist appointed to the office of Director, for the very simple reason that from the mere training which he has undergone his judgment has become prejudiced, and his taste leads him to give distinct preference to some particular school of art or to some particular period. Such a prejudice, of course, is altogether undesirable in an official who has to be mainly responsible for accumulating representative pictures in a great National collection. Mr. Sydney Colvin, the present Chief of the Print Department at the British Museum, on account of his large experience of pictures and liberal-minded taste, would be the most suitable nominee for this post, when the time arrives when Sir Frederick Burton is unfortunately compelled to resign the office which he has administered with such discretion and distinction.

Great regret will be felt at the death of Lady Bolsover, which occurred at the close of last week. Since the accession of her stepson to the Dukedom of Portland the late Lady Bolsover had played a prominent part in London Society. In consequence of her death, the Duke's proposed house-party for Doncaster week, at which the Prince was to have been present, has been given up.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE ridiculous scare about Isinglass having subsided, Mr. McCalmont's horse is now a very firm favourite for the Leger, 6 to 4 having been betted on him during the last few days; and as there seem now to be more layers than takers, it is probable that still longer odds will soon be asked for, if the horse goes on all right. Isinglass is now in fairly strong work at Newmarket, and he is going very much better on the turf than he did when he was being trained for the Derby on the tan. He will come to the post at Doncaster in the very best possible condition, and it seems to me that he is sure to win the Leger; but, nevertheless, I advise people who fancy him to wait until the day of the race. It is better then to lay 2 to 1 or 5 to 2, when the horse is fit and well in the paddock, rather than now to lay 6 to 4, with all the manifold risks of the next month to encounter. Isinglass has not run a hard race this year nor, indeed,

has he ever been really punished, and I fully expect that he will win both the Leger and the Lancashire Plate. It may be hoped that next year we shall see him running against Marcion for the Ascot Cup.

Ravensbury looks better than any one could reasonably expect to see him after the tremendous amount of work he has gone through this season; but I have not the very slightest fancy for Mr. Rose's horse, who has been three times easily beaten by Isinglass this year, and I fail to see how any rational being can expect him to reverse the Two Thousand and Derby form. As to Ravensbury having really given serious trouble to Isinglass at Epsom, that is a mere fairy tale, for Mr. McCalmont's horse won easily, and if they had run another two hundred yards he would have been further off than he was.

Directly after Ascot I recommended Phocion as being the best outsider in the Leger, and Lord Ellesmere's horse has made a still further improvement in his looks during the last few months, and he goes as well as possible in his gallops. Phocion is sure to stay the course, and I shall be surprised and disappointed if he does not get a place. He has an engagement at Sandown Park on the Friday before the Leger is run, but he will not be seen out until Doncaster, and whatever may be his fate in the great race, he is tolerably sure to win the Scarborough Stakes on the following day.

Medicis is very little better than Mountain Chief over six furlongs, but I should fancy that Baron de Rothschild's horse likes a much longer course, and he would no doubt lose both the four-year-old and Le Nicham if they were galloped over the Leger distance. I indicated Medicis as a promising outsider before his race at Sandown Park, when he stood at very long odds, but my expectations do not go so far as to lead me to anticipate that he will beat Isinglass. He is merely a good place investment, but if any of my readers have backed him at a long price they will do well to hedge, as he (according to present arrangements) is to be sent to France next week, in order that he may run for the Grand Prix de Deauville on the 20th. No English horses have been entered for this race, and the French lot are so exceedingly moderate that Medicis ought to win easily; but, of course, a journey to France and back, with the chances of a rough passage across the Channel, will not improve his prospects at Doncaster. I should think that he is a certain starter for the Leger, whatever he may do at Deauville, for Le Nicham has not the most remote chance, as he could not stay the course.

The outsiders are a dreadfully bad lot. Some crack-brained simpletons have backed The Jew down to 20 to 1, but 2,000 to 1 would be a short price to take about the horse, judging from his public form. The Jew has only distinguished himself when his opponents have been very moderate indeed. Peppercorn is doing plenty of work at Newmarket, but he can have no chance whatever for the Leger, and is more likely being prepared for the September Stakes at Sandown Park. Tanderagee is a non-stayer, and unsound in his wind, so he is not likely to be seen at the post for the Leger. Harbinger is another animal which has no chance, and Childwick could not stay the course, while Dame President is a roarer. Fealar is a very bad horse, and Canning need not be thought of after his exhibition at Goodwood. The backers of Self Sacrifice and Pergamos surely ought not to be suffered to go at large. They are both handicap horses of by no means high class. Silene is more likely to start for the Park Hill Stakes than for the Leger. Royal Harry need not be thought of so long as three or four of the more fancied candidates keep well. The Duke of Portland will show himself to be very silly if he starts Raeburn, as that horse has repeatedly demonstrated his utter incapacity to stay even a mile, and he cannot have the ghost of the shadow of a chance over a mile and three-quarters, especially as the Leger will probably be a fast-run race this year. Raeburn might be trained for the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, but he has not been doing well during the summer, and the best policy would be to throw him up for the remainder of the season. The very disappointing career of this horse leads one again to wonder why on earth the Duke of Portland did not send Mowerina to Galopin after the success of Donovan instead of keeping her to his own horse.

It was not because Sempronius was amiss that he was kept away from Goodwood, where his only engagement was the Richmond Stakes, which was won by his stable companion, Galloping Dick. Sempronius is in reserve for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, where he will meet the Illuminata colt at even weights, and, in my opinion, it is lucky for Bullingdon that he is not entered for that race.

If the amateur who laid 20 to 1 against Bullingdon for the Derby at Goodwood (10 to 1 having subsequently been accepted) had taken the trouble to look up the colt's engagements, it is probable that he would have refrained from any such harum-scarum speculations. Last year it was expected that Bullingdon would turn out a failure, so forfeit was paid for him for several stakes in which he had been engaged as a foal, and he was not entered for the Middle Park or Dewhurst Plates, or for the Two Thousand or Newmarket Stakes. The consequence is that he will not meet the Illuminata colt until Epsom, and he is tolerably sure to be a good favourite for the Derby during the winter, inasmuch as he has only easy engagements for the remainder of this season. In the Buckenham Stakes Bullingdon will again meet Glare and Speed, and, having beaten them at Goodwood, he may reasonably be expected to beat them again, especially as he is still capable of much improvement. Then he is in the Rous Memorial Stakes at Newmarket (5 lb. extra), the large entry for which includes nothing better than Speed, Theseus, and Hornbeam. His last engagement as a two-year-old is the £2,900 race at Liverpool in November, when he might meet Galloping Dick and Delphos, but he is not likely to be seen out after the First October Meeting. Bullingdon can evidently stay, and he is very game, judging from his second race at Goodwood. It happens that Sempronius is not engaged in the Derby, so that at present Bullingdon seems to be held safe for that race only by Lord Rosebery's colt. The Two Thousand will be a very interesting race next year, and Mr. D. Baird may yet discover a very formidable candidate for Epsom in that good-looking and highly-promising colt, St. Florian, who ran so well with Bullingdon in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, and he is still exceedingly backward. I hear that St. Florian will now be reserved for the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park, run on October 6. Galloping Dick might show his best form at Epsom, which is an excellent course for rogues, but I fancy that this colt will presently discover himself to be deficient in stamina. Bullingdon's backers for the Derby must not forget that his half-brother (by Bend Or), Orion, was a very smart two-year-old, but he never did any good afterwards.

Orme's next and last race is to be the Limekiln Stakes of £1,000, which is run on the first day of the Houghton Meeting, and the course (R.M.) will exactly suit him. The entry includes Orvieto, Suspender, Simonian, El Diablo, Buccaneer, and Le Nicham.

If Childwick can stay the A.F. course, he would have a very good chance of winning the Lowther Stakes of £1,000, which is run on the same day as the Middle Park Plate. He would have 26 lb. the best of the weights with Isinglass, and 20 lb. with La Flèche. I should fancy that this is the race which Childwick will go for.

There will be racing next week at Stockton, Wolverhampton (Dunstall Park), Nottingham, and Portsmouth Park, but interesting sport can be expected at only the first of these meetings, which will extend over three days.

On Tuesday, at Stockton, there is a large entry for the Wynyard Plate of £600, and I shall plump for Lord Zetland's Galingale, who has been well tried at Newmarket. On Wednesday, fifty-eight three-year-olds are

Family Washing only.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

left in for the Great Northern Leger of £800, and they are a poor lot, including nothing better than Inferno, Charles the Third, Low Moor, Canning, Queen of Navarre, Erin, and Carnton. I shall predict the success of Canning, who will have very much the best of the weights. The Hardwicke Stakes of £500 has a huge entry, but cannot now be dealt with, as several of the animals engaged will be running this week at Redcar. On Thursday the Zetland Plate of £500 is a certainty for Marcion.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN, The Stock Exchange settled down to business again during the past week, and although the feeling is still nervous, and the prevailing holiday influences are opposed to real activity, there has been a considerable improvement in tone and a partial recovery in prices. The paramount interest is, of course, still in the American market, in which prices, although fluctuating widely, have on the whole been on the up grade.

Stock Exchange Prospects.

There is no doubt that investors, wise in their generation, have been buying and taking up cheap stocks in this department and in other markets to a considerable extent, and, whenever this movement has reached a certain volume, and the surplus stock thrown over by weak speculators have been absorbed, a further substantial improvement may be looked for. Already European investment purchases of Yankee securities have done their share towards shipments of gold from this side to New York, some £2,500,000 in all having been despatched, which should go far to relieve the monetary stringency in the United States. The great scarcity of currency—partly due to hoarding—is, in fact, the weakest point in the Yankee position, and whenever it is remedied there will be a marked change in the Wall-street market, which is every now and then disturbed by reports of bank failures in the interior, and by sudden spasms such as followed the collapse of the pork corner in Chicago. The meeting of the U.S. Congress should, however, eventually lead to a better state of things, and the view of usually well-informed authorities is that Yankee Rails will now gradually, and with occasional reactions, advance to a higher level. The Continental Bourses have pulled themselves together again, and South American securities have withstood the weakening influence of the political troubles in the Argentine Republic better than might have been expected. The Mining market, too, has displayed greater strength, partly in sympathy with the American market, and had it not been for the uncertainty still prevailing with respect to the Matabele King's probable action against the British Chartered Company of South Africa, the recovery would have made greater progress. The advance in the Bank rate from 2½ to 3 per cent. is a wise measure, as it will protect the gold reserve of the Bank of England at the right moment, and attract fresh supplies of the precious metal. On the whole, the result of the week's events is, therefore, encouraging, and there is thus a prospect of the various members of the "House" who have been heavily hit, or have been "helped" last settlement, pulling through their difficulties, unless unforeseen troubles were again to cause a temporary set-back. The "House," by the way, is taking its holiday sadly, and writing, as I do, from one of the southern seaside resorts usually much frequented by the members, I notice the absence of many of the shining lights, who used to represent the Stock Exchange with so much dash on former occasions. Let us hope that, by the time the next Bank Holiday comes round, the balances at their bankers will again permit the usual trip to the sea.

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Home Rails.

The dividend announcements of the week have again borne out my anticipations. On June 13 I estimated the dividend, for the half year ending June 30, of the North-Western at 5¼ per cent., against 5¼ per cent. for the corresponding half of 1892, making 6¼ per cent. for the whole year ending on that date. This is exactly the distribution now announced, "Brums" at 168, therefore, yielding 3¾ per cent. on the investment. The Great Western dividend, which was estimated by me at 4¼ per cent., against 4¼ per cent. for the past half of 1892, turned out still worse, viz., 4 per cent., so that the dividend for the whole year ended June 30 last, amounts to only 5¼ per cent. On this basis, Great Western at the reduced quotation of 156 yield only about 3¼ per cent. on the investment. The weekly traffics generally have been unfavourable, chiefly owing to the comparison having been with the week before Bank Holiday last year. This week the comparison will be reversed, but the unsettled weather and the coal strike do not exactly justify any sanguine estimates. The Scotch stocks, especially North British Preferred and Deferred have been bought to some extent from Glasgow and Dundee, but it remains to be seen if the movement will prove more lasting than the last few abortive attempts to put quotations up. There is so far no improvement in other low-priced stocks, such as "Saras" (Sheffield Deferred) and Districts; neither have Chathams displayed any special strength, although the Chairman, Mr. J. S. Forbes, spoke at the meeting of shareholders with his usual eloquence, and had, on the whole, some comforting news to impart. Brighton "A" have moved sharply at times, and would have maintained their rise had atmospheric conditions been more propitious. A portion of the usual clique went on the "Bull" tack in the middle of the week, putting the price at one time up to 150½, much to the chagrin of their former allies, but the latter had their revenge when *Jupiter Pluvius* interfered, the quotations receding again. I have already stated that I do not advise speculation in the volatile "Berthas" at present, but for investment they may be recommended as yielding a better return than any other Home Railway stock. By the way, my whilom correspondent, the "Little Field-Marshal," sends me a line thanking me for my remarks concerning him, and informing me that he has paid his creditors 10s. in the pound, and will probably be able to pay the balance shortly. I hope to see him reinstated in due time, for the Brighton market is not complete without him. South-Eastern Deferred have made an attempt to rouse themselves from their stupor, but the times and the weather have been against them.

The Yankee Crisis.

Now that Congress is assembling at Washington, and that undoubtedly an earnest effort will be made, not only to repeal the mischievous Sherman Silver Bill, but also to place the financial and currency requirements of the United States upon a stable basis, it is not improbable that my anticipations of the last month or two will come true, and that those who have availed themselves of my strongly-urged advice to buy substantial dividend-paying as well as low-priced Yankee stocks at the very moderate prices then prevailing, will have reason to congratulate themselves. The lowest price at which Louisville were sold—or, rather, given away—in the panic was 50½. They touched yesterday 58, while Milwaukees, which fell at one time as low as 49½, are up to 56, with corresponding movements in the rest of the active list. There are, of course, still many unfavourable features in the position in the United States, the principle trouble being the scarcity of currency as a result of hoarding. But this trouble can no doubt be cured by wise legislation, and it is, under all the circumstances, not surprising that the "Bears" in New York have commenced to cover, as President Cleveland might easily spring a mine upon them. As an illustration of the extent to which the "Bears" in Wall-street will go, the following little tale, as told by a New York financial paper, is of interest:—On Tuesday morning, U.S. Government Fours were 111 bid on the Stock Exchange. Shortly afterwards,

Mr. A. J. Weil, through a broker, offered 50,000 dols. down to "110¾ for currency," at which price Mr. Pliny Fisk bought the bonds. On Wednesday morning Mr. Weil personally delivered the bonds, and Messrs. Harvey Fisk & Son tendered him the amount in five-dollar gold pieces, which Mr. Weil refused to accept, stating that he wanted currency. Mr. Fisk insisted that five-dollar pieces were currency. Later, Mr. Weil's brother called and renewed the demand for currency, and was refused. The firm notified A. J. Weil & Co. later that unless the bonds were delivered before 2.15 o'clock on Wednedays they would be bought in under the rule, and about 1.15 Mr. Weil's representative called and accepted the gold for the bonds. Such sharp practice as this to affect the Money Market is a novelty even in Wall-street "Bear" tactics, and it is said that the Governing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange is likely to investigate the transaction. There is no doubt, however, that investors both in this country and in the States have made the task of the ursine party more difficult of late. A large number of orders for "odd lots" are reported from Wall-street, and if a glance could be got at the the transfer-books of many corporations, says the *Wall-street Daily News*, we doubt not they would show a steadily diminishing proportion of stocks in brokers' names. Investment purchases have also been very important on this side, and large blocks of shares are in course of shipment from New York. It is partly this movement which has lowered the New York exchange, and made gold shipments from this side possible. But the large grain shipments to Europe must also be telling on the balance of trade. Those for the week ended July 14 were the largest during the year, while the exports of corn were 1,183,000 bushels, compared with 586,811 for the corresponding week of last year. It will be seen from the following table that the exports of the six weeks up to the middle of Jnne have been almost steadily increasing, while at the same time last year, with better crop prospects at the time, they were irregular and averaged much less. The wheat export figures for the six weeks ended July 14 were as follows in the two years:—

	1893.		1892.
June 9	3,610,500	.....	3,052,797
June 16	3,834,840	.....	3,336,346
June 23	3,553,000	.....	2,457,820
June 30	3,971,300	.....	3,216,745
July 7	3,677,900	.....	2,060,504
July 14	4,184,630	.....	2,583,155

With regard to further gold shipments, it is understood that the Bank of France will be prepared to part with some of its millions, which is a promising feature. As regards the unsettled financial and commercial condition in the States, although greatly to be deplored, it should prove a powerful weapon in the hands of President Cleveland to bring the silver men to reason and carry his measures. Under all the circumstances I look for a gradual improvement in Yankee stocks, of course with occasional reactions, upon which investors will do well to buy. I consider Louisville, Milwaukees, and Atchison Second Mortgage bonds the best purchase; but cheap stocks, such as Atchison shares, Erie, Readings and Reading First Income bonds, Central Pacifics, and Atlantic Firsts also deserve attention. With reference to the position of the Atchison Company, the *Financial News* published a few days ago some interesting remarks based on information obtained from the London agents, according to which the results of the past year showed a surplus over fixed charges of 2,500,000 dols., equal to nearly 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock. I fully agree with my contemporary that, with such a balance in hand, the "A" and "B" Second Mortgage bonds under 40 look extremely cheap. There is, of course, the question of the floating debt of between 6,000,000 dols. to 7,000,000 dols., but 17,000,000 dols. of assets have been put up as security, and under all the circumstances there seem to be no grounds for anxiety. Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks have moved with the Yankee market, but I like the former much better than the latter.

Foreigners and South Americans.

The Siamese difficulty is at an end as far as it was a disturbing factor in the markets, and the "Bears" will have to look for other bogeys to achieve their purpose. An attempt has been made to rig Spanish, but this must remain an unprofitable move. It is true that the Cortes have separated, but the necessity for raising the wind remains, and the time cannot be far distant when a serious crisis will have to be faced. As to Italians, they do not recover from their weakness, and indications are towards lower prices. Some trouble was reported from Paris on pay-day, an important operator not having paid his differences. Portuguese seem to be a dead market, but Russians have at last given way slightly in view of the Russo-German tariff war and the reported need by Russia at home of a portion of her balances in Paris and London. The disturbing feature in the South American market remains the political trouble in Argentina. Several of my daily contemporaries are talking very glibly about these events, but they do not seem to understand the position. This is no upheaval against the National Government. On the contrary, the latter, since Dr. Del Valle has formed a Radical Ministry, has tacitly encouraged the Radical Party, who are at present the aggressors in the various provinces, and only its policy of non-interference has rendered the movement possible. Santa Fé seems now to be in the hands of the Radicals, whose leader, Dr. Alem, is looked upon as an honest and honourable man, and a thorough-paced reformer. That he should be determined to put an end to the disgraceful political and financial mismanagement of these Provinces, and especially of Buenos Ayres, is not surprising, and the expulsion of Governor Costa from La Plata will be hailed with satisfaction by all well-wishers of the country. What position that modern Cincinnatus, General Roca, the Conservative leader, will eventually take, it is impossible to say. He has resigned the Presidency of the Senate, and once again signified his intention to withdraw from public life. But I daresay he would not refuse to obey the call of duty, should one of these days the Presidency again be offered to him. The worst feature is that the present National Government, and especially the President, are not strong enough. To the foreign creditors it is not material which party gets the upper hand in this struggle, so long as the country at last settles down peacefully, as all parties appear to favour the settlement with the bondholders which has recently been agreed upon. The documents have arrived in Buenos Ayres, and the ratification of the agreement should now promptly follow. The commercial progress of the country is so far satisfactory, although the high gold premium is a disturbing factor; but that is due chiefly to the disturbed political outlook. Whenever the present troubles are over, the gold premium will drop, and a sharp recovery in the Government and Railway stocks may be looked for. There has been a moderate recovery in the so-called silver securities which had been unduly depreciated, especially Mexican Six per Cent. Government stocks and Peruvian Corporation Debentures. It would not be surprising to see this improvement gather strength when once the U.S. Congress has pronounced its decision on the silver question. Chilians and Brazilians would show less weakness if the exchange would improve more steadily. The former should, in any case, be held for a smart advance, as the interest is quite safe. Uruguay bonds are being kept down by the Argentine muddle, which also unfortunately affects such stocks as Costa Rica "A" and "B" bonds. The latter, however, are remarkably cheap.

The Kaffir Circus.

The market for South African Mining shares has shown a distinctly hardening tendency, and it is evident that it would require but a moderate buying movement to bring about a marked advance. The apprehension of trouble to

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

the British Chartered Company from Lobengula has caused great weakness of the latter shares, which has reacted on other Land shares, although it is difficult to see why that should be, except for the reason that some holders of shares in Transvaal Land Companies are also interested in the Chartered Company. To these my advice is, as it was when Chartered shares stood over 10s., to get out as soon as possible. Amongst Witwatersrand Mines, Salisbury, Village Main Reef, Geldenhuis, New Primrose, and Glencairns have been the strongest, and with the announcement of the July crushings greater animation is expected. Afrikanders are steadier at 25s., and advices from the property continue favourable. This also applies to Buffelsdoorn, from which mine active operations will, no doubt, be reported next month. Oceana shares have improved, and there has also been a reviving demand for Oceana Development shares. Quotations are, however, still very low, and purchases now made will, no doubt, look very cheap in a few weeks. Diamond shares are recovering but slowly from the heavy slump, De Beers being quoted 15½, New Jagersfontein 15¼. With reference to the Nyassa Company, I learn that a first sub-Company will be launched almost immediately. Negotiations for the sale of two blocks of agricultural lands to a second sub-Company are also stated to be in progress, the amount involved as purchase consideration being put as high as £1,000,000. There seems, therefore, a prospect of the Nyassa shareholders receiving a big plum shortly, as, on the completion of these sales, the Company would be in a position to distribute a dividend and bonus of 200 per cent. on its present paid-up capital. The Company is also, I hear, sending out its general business manager and an experienced geologist to its territories in Africa this month. The African Gold Recovery Company are again looking for an increase in their July output upon the June "record" output of 27,400 oz. The Transvaal Gold and Exploration 5,000-ton plant started on July 10, and the Buffelsdoorn 8,000-ton plant a few days ago, while several other large plants are approaching completion, including the Langlaagte Estate 30,000-ton plant, and the Sheba 5,000-ton plant. Amongst Australian Gold Mines a recovery has taken place in Aladdins to 1½, the blocks of shares which were thrown upon the market by recent failures having now been absorbed, and passed into strong hands. As the recent decline was due only to extraneous reasons, the improvement is likely to make further progress, the more so as favourable crushings are again expected. This also applies to Wentworth Priority and Ordinary, which are recovering at ¾ and ⅜ respectively. Great regret has been caused by the sudden death on Wednesday last of Mr. Arthur Forbes, senior partner in the firm of Arthur Forbes & Co., of 16, Cornhill, Australian Mining Brokers, who are chiefly connected with Queensland Mines. Indian Mines have improved during the week, thus fulfilling my anticipations. In American Mines, Holcomb Valley have improved to 1s. The news received by cable from this very promising Californian Gravel Gold Mine is to the effect that the Bucyrus Steam Shovel works well in the gravel, and that the rest of the machinery is now on the road. This is most satisfactory news, and there seems to be every prospect of good results at an early date.

The Caratal Mine.

In midst of the general collapse in the Mining Market the shares of the Caratal Gold Mining Company have shown remarkable strength, large blocks being daily bought, with the result that the quotation has advanced to 10½d.-1s. 1½d. This, it should be understood, is the price of shares of 2s. 6d. each with 2s. 4d. credited as paid. The upward movement has been caused by the receipt of favourable advices from Mr. Alfred Bull, one of the Directors, who is now on the property, and by the anticipation of yet more important news. I have already stated that Mr. Bull has had the Company's title to the mine fully confirmed by the Venezuelan Government. According to the *Mining World*, he has also arranged with the local creditors of the old Company, whose claims in the aggregate amounted to between £3,000 to £4,000, to "take 80 per cent. in paper—in other words, in shares—and 20 per cent. in cash, after cutting down many of their accounts to the fine edge of nothing." To that extent the Company's available working capital is, therefore, increased. Mr. Skertchley, the well-known mining engineer, is at present engaged in taking numerous assays of the large accumulation of valuable tailings on the property, which are expected to realise a small fortune for the shareholders. But this is not all. I hear of negotiations having been opened in another direction by Mr. Bull, which, if successful, would greatly enhance the value of the shareholders' holding. The arrival of favourable news on any one of these various points would, no doubt, further stimulate dealings in these shares, which, being still very low priced, offer an exceptional opportunity for a little speculation, as the chances of a big rise can be secured with very little outlay and a merely nominal risk.

An Australian Bank Depositor's Complaint.

On July 6 I referred to the complaint of a depositor in the City of Melbourne Bank, at the manner in which he had been treated by that institution. He had a deposit for three years with the Bank and on the expiration of that period, on May 15, the deposit receipt, duly endorsed, was presented to the Bank by his bankers, the Clydesdale Banking Company's London branch. Payment, was, however, refused on the ground that the depositor's signature did not correspond with the signature given when placing the deposit three years previously, and on the following day the City of Melbourne Bank suspended payment. There was, it appears, some change in the signature, as the depositor (a medical man) had lost part of his right hand in the meanwhile through blood-poisoning, and was therefore under the necessity of writing with his left hand. But on two occasions—viz., May and November, 1892—interest receipts with the fresh signature were accepted by the Bank without demur. The depositor has since had a lengthy correspondence with the Official Receiver of the Bank, copies of which he has forwarded to me. I cannot, obviously, find room for the whole of the letters which have passed, but the following final communications will explain the position:—

July 28, 1893.

Sir,—I am desired by the Official Receiver to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 26th inst., and in reply to point out that you are wrong in your statement that it was within his power to declare that your deposit receipt was entitled to priority of payment. It was not a question of accepting the statement of the Bank authorities against your own. The facts of the case appear to be incontrovertible, and although the Official Receiver recognises that the non-payment of your deposit receipt upon technical grounds is, no doubt, a great hardship to you, still the Bank appears to have been justified in its action, and I have to express his regret that he can give you no further answer than that contained in his previous communications.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

W. J. Warley,
Assistant Official Receiver.

To J. W., Esq.

July 29, 1893.

Sir,—I am in receipt of yours of the 28th, the terms of which do not lead me in the slightest degree to acknowledge the justice or equity of your action. You say "the facts of the case appear to be incontrovertible." You mean, I suppose, the facts as presented by the Bank authorities and stated by you in your letter of the 11th. In my reply I distinctly took exception to their plea that "my signature had never come under their notice, as the interest warrants were payable by the Bank's cheques on the Royal Bank of Scotland," and showed further that it is not the usual practice to refuse payment in the way they did, no fewer than three other Australian Banks having at the same date paid up my deposits on a similar signature without any demur whatever. And yet with these palpable objections, as well as with the other statements and arguments which I adduced, you adhere with a tenacity worthy of a better cause to the views of the Bank authorities and endorse their action. You admit that the refusal to pay was based on a mere technicality, and that it "is a great hardship" to me. With this faint glimmer of something approaching to equity one would have supposed that you would, at least, have had the generosity and courage to say to the Bank authorities, This person may in your eyes be technically in the wrong, but he has given ample reason for failing to notify his change of signature. You have had his money for the time stipulated, other Australian Banks have without hesitation

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paid his deposits on a similar signature; pay you in like manner or give priority to his claim and so avoid bringing a stain on the good name of British finance. As you have failed to do so and appear determined to abide by your original decision, I cannot but regard your action as inconsistent with your judicial position. —I am, yours truly, J. W.

To the Official Receiver.

These letters will sufficiently show the arguments used on both sides. I must confess that the case strikes me as one not only of great hardship, but also of great injustice to my correspondent, and I still hope that the authorities of this Bank, which shortly intends to re-open for business, will deal with this case fairly and equitably. The manner in which it is at present being conducted is certainly not encouraging to British depositors.

My Letter Box.

I am again obliged to remind my readers that I can only reply to communications which are accompanied by the names and addresses of the writers, not, of course, for publication, but as a token of good faith. All anonymous letters will be consigned to the wastepaper-basket. Some delay must necessarily occur in answering questions which entail special inquiries. My correspondents will also greatly simplify my task by reading my weekly letters carefully through, as these frequently contain remarks on the very subjects on which information is sought. I again repeat that I can accept no fee for replies in "My Letter Box," and that I cannot undertake to answer by letter. I must also absolutely refuse to execute any orders for stocks and shares, or to act as an intermediary in any way.

Government, &c., Bonds.

Secundus.—Yes, Costa Rica "B" bonds are a promising speculative investment. *H. G., Oporto.*—Interest on the Greek Funding Loan is paid six-monthly in cash. I do not know of any sale of the Bank shares in question, and the present time is, moreover, extremely unfavourable for the purpose. *Old Soldier.* —1. I should not sell Brazilians now; on the conclusion of the political troubles a recovery is probable. 2. You are aware of my view of Italians, but I do not wish to persuade you. If you are in doubt, sell half and purchase cheap U.S. Railway stocks, such as Louisville, Atchison Second Mortgage "B" bonds, &c. Mexican Sixes have improved, and will go better in time unless some further collapse in silver should occur.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

T. N. P.—This is one of the Trust Companies which I have adversely criticised from the outset. Sell. *Consul.*—Thanks. I am glad to hear that you and your friends have benefited by my advice with respect to the Australian Banks. *B. B.*—This is one of the Australian Land Companies, concerning which I have advised many of my readers in "My Letter Box" for a year or two to get out. I am afraid that the future of the reconstructed Company will not be very promising, and it would be preferable to get out. Should this not be possible, would it not be wisest to join the reconstruction and then sell? *Juggins.* —The firm of outside brokers in question has gone into bankruptcy, and I cannot therefore help you. Why did you not heed my repeated warnings? *Hereford.*—There are better investments to be made in the well-known Transvaal Land Companies. *J. D., Liverpool.*—I will try to obtain the required information concerning the Austrian Lottery bond for you in Vienna, and communicate the result to you.

Home Rails.

Index.—Have you read my article regularly? I have so frequently advised purchase of Berthas of late for investment that you ought to have got in at bottom. But they are still cheap. *Rollo.*—Some speculative revival is probable in the low-priced Home Railway stocks such as North British and Caledonian Deferred, Sheffield Deferred, and Little Chathams.

American and Foreign Rails.

B. T. K.—You do not forward your full name and address on your post-card. I have repeatedly explained that the reason of the fall in Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds is the silver crisis, which has caused all Mexican securities to depreciate; but as the interest is secured for four years to come, apart from the revenue of the line, the fall is greatly exaggerated. Hold. *J. C. A.*—Hold your Northern Pacifics by all means. Your intended small investment in Norfolk Prefs, Milwaukees, Louisville, and Atchison "B" is very promising and you should act at once. In fact, I hope that you have bought already on the strong advice given by me last week, as you would in that case have got in cheap. *Asset.*—You should hold Argentine Great Western Debenture stock now; it is just as likely to go ahead as the bonds mentioned. Why not buy Brighton "A" for permanent investment—they pay you over 5 per cent.? *Devon.*—I dealt last week, under "Yankee Rails," with the mischievous invention of a receivership for the Atchison line, and I hope that you have acted upon my strong advice to buy Atchison Second Mortgage bonds at the price then prevailing. Yes, Central Pacific and Reading First Income bonds are also a good purchase for investment. *T. A. P.*—Hold the Ohio and Erie. There seems to be no fear of an assessment of the latter. See under "Yankee Rails" in last week's issue. *Auclia, Yeovil.*—I have not changed my view concerning Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds. The interest is secured for four or five years, and that surely will give time to cure the Silver trouble. *G. H. Y.*—I thoroughly agree with your remarks concerning the recklessness of the City Editor of the *Standard* in falsely announcing a receivership of the Atchison line. Such mischievous statements tend to bring the trouble about in times of panics like the present. See remarks under "Yankee Rails" in last week's issue. *J. R.*—Hold Erie. The reply is not at all in harmony with subsequent articles in the same paper. See under "Yankee Rails." *E. P.*—Louisville and Nashville shares. *J. M. S.*—I have not changed my opinion of the bonds, the interest on which is secured for some four years irrespective of the revenue of the line. I called them a speculative investment in the sense that they are not on a par with gilt-edged stocks. *J.*—I consider all the Yankee Rails mentioned, including Atlantic Firsts, as very cheap, and likely to rise as soon as the monetary position in the States improves. *Tipperary.*—Yes, you might buy some Atchison Four per Cent. First Mortgage bonds to average, as you propose. *G. H. H.*—I should say that these bonds are quite safe, but I do not like to advise you to put too many eggs into one basket.

Mining Shares.

Orme.—The question is, if you want to invest in dividend-paying mining shares or not. If the former, you cannot expect to get them at rubbish price. But if you want low-priced shares for a little gamble, you cannot do better than buy Caratals or Holcomb Valley at 10½d. to 1s. 1½d., which may, on the receipt of favourable information, easily double their price. *W. P. N.*—The journal in question is not evidently aware of the real position of Oceanas, which should be bought. *P. S. B.*—I subsequently advised the clearing of a profit in Poormans, which you could have done. The decline, however, is due only to the general depression. You should hold New Primrose for a recovery, also Day Dawn P.C. *Bunker.*—The depression in the Mining market alone is answerable for the decline in the shares referred to. You should hold all the shares No. 1-12, if you can, for a recovery, as they are well selected. Zoutpansberg will eventually touch much higher prices. Hold, and buy more to average. I do not recommend purchase of the Land shares last mentioned by you. The making-up prices were again put very low by the dealers. *Stace, Brockley.*—Yes, both the South African Companies are very promising as a speculative investment. Little Chathams will probably recover when speculation revives. *Militia.*—The new issue was made at a price considerably above the present one, and I suppose the interest was paid so as to secure its being placed. But I agree with you that this action of the Board requires explanation. *A. P.*—The whole of this department is depressed, and there is no option but to hold for a recovery, which, I am informed, is certain to come about, there being no reason for the fall. I will do my best to obtain further information. *Bovine.*—Under the circumstances it will be preferable to hold, but not to buy more yet. A recovery in both Mines may, however, be looked for. Amongst the thirteen Mines mentioned, Nos. 1, 3, 6, and 12 are the most promising for a small sum. *L. A. C.*—1. I will make further inquiries. 2. No catch. 3. Caratals are a low-priced and very promising Mining share, likely to advance to higher prices. 4. The *Financial News.* *Red Cross.*—Yes, Zoutpansberg Land shares are extremely cheap, and should be picked up. They will at least double their price in a short time.

Industrial Companies.

Avalon.—You will find some comment on this Land Company under "Various Investments." *Z. Y. X.*—I have advocated the sale of these Dock securities for some time, and should advise you to sell on any possible improvement. *Avalon.*—You will find the Middlesbrough Town Lands Company referred to under "Various Investments." *Leatherhead.*—The report is certainly favourable, and I believe that a recovery in these Brewery shares is fully justified. The Board do not appear to give the shareholders information early enough. *Puzzled, Cardiff.* —This is an old dodge; have nothing to do with it. *Laurels.*—After the heavy fall, and in view of the general depression, I think you had better hold both shares in the hope of a recovery. *Secretariat.*—Thanks, I do not consider the Electric shares in question a promising investment just now. *T. O. W.*—You do not state what the amount of your holding is. The affair has a suspicious look, and I think you had better do nothing. The remedy is clearly against the underwriters. The certificates of the Mining shares ought to have been delivered to you by now, although the reconstruction may have caused some delay.

Mixed Investments.

Paterfamilias.—In your position you ought to be satisfied with the present yield of your sound securities, and not to go into speculative stocks. *Dubious.*—1. Yes, these bonds are cheap and worth buying to a moderate extent. 2. Not yet. 3. Very speculative at present, but if you can lock them up for some time, you might average. 4. No, other cheap Gold Mining shares, such as Buffelsdoorn, Glencairns, or Kimberley Roodepoort, would be preferable. 6. I think you have no option but to consent. *Grange.*—I do not think that you can do better than buy Louisville and Nashville shares. If you want a good dividend-

paying Mining share, New Primrose or Nigels should suit you. *Perse.* Certainly hold 1 (Peruvian Corporation Debentures), and buy more to average. I am afraid prospects of No. 2 are not satisfactory; hold 3, it is a sound investment. Nos. 4 and 7 will no doubt recover again. This is hardly the time to sell 6, and with respect to No. 5, I cannot obtain any reliable information. *A. C.* Yes, the proposed little Trust of De Beers, Louisville and Nashville, Uruguay bonds, and Caratals would be very suitable. The latter shares can be bought freely in the market, but you should buy at once. *C. A. C.* You should hold No. 1; there is nothing in the rumour mentioned by you. As soon as the Chilian exchange recovers there will be a marked improvement. 2. Premature reports. Both Pacena and Jaz Pampa and Nitrate Rails are doing well, and should be held. 3. Do not average yet. *E. N. M.* No reason to sell the American and other Railway bonds. Hold also Chilians, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Debentures, Great Northern Preferred, and the rest of the stocks. The Trust shares are not very promising, but a recovery is not improbable. When that comes about, sell. With regard to the Australian Company, I do not see how I can help you. I have warned my readers against this kind of investment for years.

The Oriental Pension and Guarantee Fund.

With reference to the letter which appeared in last week's issue from a correspondent, who claimed to speak in the name of the shareholders in the Oriental Pension and Guarantee Fund, I have received the following communication from the solicitors to the liquidators.

3, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.,
August 3, 1893.

We notice in the article in your paper of the 2nd inst reference made to the Oriental Pension and Guarantee Fund, Limited, in which you accept the representation of a correspondent, and state that he appears to have a very serious grievance. As no application has ever been made by the shareholders, and, as probably the gentleman who is writing to you has never made any inquiry himself, we think it is only fair, on behalf of the liquidators, that the short facts should be stated. The Fund was formed by contributions from the members who hold stock in respect of such contributions and the interest thereon. There also was a further fund built up by the premiums that had been paid upon the guarantee policies. The policies of guarantee expired in September, 1892, but provision was made by these policies for the funds to be held in hand for twelve months, in order to enable the liquidators of the bank to make necessary inquiries and claims. On November 8, 1892, the Guarantee fund went into voluntary liquidation, and immediately thereupon every member of the Fund received the full amount that he had subscribed to the Fund and for which he held stock.

The remaining funds could not be divided because of certain legal questions that were raised by persons who were members, or had been members, of the fund, and a summons was at once taken out for the purpose of having these questions cleared up. The difficulties were communicated to the stockholders, and it was not until August 1 that this summons was finally decided by Mr. Justice Kekewich, and upon his decision immediate steps will be taken to complete the division.

In lieu, therefore, of the stockholders having anything to complain of, they have had the full amount contributed by them, and every effort has been made to hasten the division of the property as much as possible, and the Liquidator of the New Oriental Bank has waived his right of retainer. We may mention that the articles were so drawn as to raise very numerous legal questions.—Yours, &c.,
Foss & Ledsam.
Solicitors for the Liquidators.

Having made some further inquiries, I have come to the conclusion that there is no reason for complaint on the part of those interested in the fund at the action of the liquidators, who are three former employés of the New Oriental Bank, acting on behalf of their confrères, and my correspondent will therefore have to withdraw his criticism. The amount of £7,148 has been divided amongst the stockholders, and now that Mr. Justice Kekewich has given his decision, the final division of the remaining £13,337 will be made. Had not the articles been drawn in a very awkward manner by the then solicitors, much of the trouble and delay would have been avoided.

Various Investments.

Silver has improved to the extent of about 1d. during the week, being quoted 33½d., but this has been rather owing to the continued shutting up of silver mines, and to a moderate demand for the metal for the East, than to Mr. Balfour's appearance at the Mansion House in the interest of bi-metallism. In my opinion Mr. Balfour has made a double mistake. As a political party leader it did not become him to champion so prominently a cause upon which his own party is very much divided, while bi-metallism in this country is so forlorn a hope that even Mr. Balfour's eloquence cannot establish it. The speech was more especially mischievous on the eve of the meeting of the United States Congress for the express purpose of repealing the Sherman Bill, as it might create an impression amongst the American silver men that there was a chance of England backing them up, which is, emphatically, not the case. Rupee paper has hardly undergone any change during the week, but Australian Government stocks have hardened, and if this improvement should continue, large holders of these will get an opportunity of realising, without loss, at least part of their holding, so as to reduce their risk. That I consider advisable, as further spasms in Australasia are quite on the cards in view of the unsettled condition of trade, and of the likelihood of further mercantile failures. The shares of the three Australian Banks which have weathered the storm have improved, which is satisfactory. The Eastern Banks continue protesting against the treatment accorded to them by the Government in the matter of their silver exports to India before the closing of the Indian Mints, and I must confess that they have a very good case as regards the silver afloat at the time when the momentous decision of the India Council was so suddenly taken. Mexican Rails are again on the down grade notwithstanding the better tendency of silver. The fact is that the recent improvement to 61 in the case of the First Prefs. was entirely due to "Bear" repurchases, and as these have now apparently been completed for the present, a reaction has set in. Trustees and Executors shares have improved to 4 discount now that the *Standard's* story concerning an alleged new issue of Second Debentures is exploded. The passing of the interim dividend by the Salt Union and the consequent fall in these shares to 3½ lends force to my repeated remarks concerning this Company, and those who have cleared out on my advice have reason to congratulate themselves. Ever since the formation of the Company I have expressed the view that this monopoly would not answer, and events have justified the strong view which I have taken. The English shareholders of the Middlesbrough Town Lands Company who attended the extraordinary general meeting on Friday heard a very sorrowful tale from the President. Having gone in for the formation of subsidiary Companies at a very inopportune moment, the Company, in order to keep afloat, has to create a mortgage on the whole of its property for the sum of £75,000, the debentures being offered to the shareholders. Whether the latter will respond seems more than doubtful. There appears to have been a great want of forethought in the financing of this concern.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

THE DISCIPLE AND HIS MASTER.

"I SHALL probably return by the 6.30 train this evening," said Mr. Sloman to his pupil, as they parted at the railway station; "but if by chance I am unexpectedly detained at the British Museum, I shall be back for certain by the 9.15."

"Very good, sir," replied young Lord Dreux, turning away with a smile which was reflected on the countenance of his tutor.

They were both of them inclined to take a cheerful view of life that morning, and each went his way with the gratifying conviction that he had succeeded in making a fool of the other. Charles Algernon Alston, Viscount Dreux, had for some time given great anxiety to his noble parents. His general conduct was highly unbecoming, and he appeared quite regardless of all that was expected of him as heir to an ancient earldom and bearer of a name to which a long line of ancestors had imparted a certain cachet of respectability. His expulsion from school and his subsequent rustication at college had deeply mortified his relations, while his idleness and extravagance caused

them the keenest distress. But their uneasiness grew into positive alarm when they became aware of his deplorable taste for low company, and were informed of the persistence with which he frequented questionable places of amusement. A vague but disquieting rumour had reached their ears that he was falling under the influence of some feminine member of the dramatic profession, though they were unable to obtain definite information on this point. Had they done so, they would have found that things were even worse than they supposed, for the young lady for whom Viscount Dreux had formed a penchant was no other than Miss Florrie Flitters, the music-hall celebrity, whose characteristic rendering of the popular ditty, "Catch 'em on the Hop," was nightly applauded with frantic delight by her numerous admirers. It was decided that a vigorous effort should be made to keep him out of mischief, at any rate during the few remaining months of his minority. With this object he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Nicodemus Sloman, his father hoping thus to postpone, if not to prevent, the sowing of a crop of wild oats which would certainly be some day reaped in shame and sorrow.

But in making this arrangement for young Dreux, the old recommendation, "Set a thief to catch a thief," had been unintentionally put into practice. The tutor was altogether unworthy of the confidence reposed in him, and there was a very wide difference between Mr. Sloman as he really was, and Mr. Sloman as he appeared to the world. He had formerly filled the post of domestic chaplain in several aristocratic families, where his plausible manners and gentlemanly appearance had always created a favourable impression. In fact, he was generally taken at his own valuation wherever he went, and many excellent people had the highest opinion of him. He had but recently returned from abroad to settle in a picturesque village in Surrey. Here, he said, he intended to devote his time chiefly to literature, and he had already commenced the opening chapters of an exhaustive work on the "Shepherd Kings." The preparation of this book, he explained, would necessitate repeated visits to the British Museum, and he had chosen his present residence in order that he might be within convenient reach of London. But Mr. Sloman, in his excursions to town, was wont to combine with the small proportion of work which he talked about, a comparatively large share of amusement which he thought it unnecessary to mention. While supposed to be poring over mummies or deciphering inscriptions, he was more frequently enjoying the society of certain light-hearted acquaintances, who were hardly fit companions for a person of his age and position.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Nicodemus Sloman was scarcely the most suitable "guide, philosopher, and friend" that might have been selected for Lord Dreux. But whatever commandments the tutor's elastic conscience may have permitted him to break through, he had always rigidly obeyed that unwritten law which decrees, "Thou shalt not be found out."

Now, Mr. Sloman was a widower, and he had an only daughter, who earned her living as a governess in Germany. No sooner had he obtained some insight into the character of his new pupil than he began to reflect what an admirable thing it would be if he could but manage to bring about a marriage between the Viscount and this young woman. Unfortunately, there were difficulties in his path, and he did not exactly see how they were to be overcome. He could not summon his daughter home, for such a proceeding as this would at once rouse the suspicions of the Earl and Countess. They would not dream of permitting their son to remain in a house where a pretty girl was continually at his elbow. They would at once remove him, and in so doing they would only be obeying the dictates of common sense, since from time immemorial it has been the custom of young fellows to fall in love with their tutor's daughter. Under these circumstances, Mr. Sloman had written to his beloved child, explaining to her the ambitious project which he had ventured to form for her settlement in life, and pointing out the obstacles that seemed destined to prevent its fulfilment. In reply he had received a touching assurance of the most filial anxiety to further his wishes in every possible way, together with a suggestion which was both startling and audacious. Mr. Sloman was compelled to admit his daughter to be his superior in fertility of resource, and he thankfully acknowledged that the pains which he had bestowed on her education and training had certainly not been thrown away.

Two hours after the tutor's departure for London his hopeful pupil might have been found in the drawing-room of a pretty cottage on the outskirts of the village, where dwelt a lady with whom Lord Dreux had recently made acquaintance. Miss Nancy Bell, as she called herself, was possessed of considerable personal attractions, and a very short space of time had sufficed to put the young people on a remarkably friendly footing. Indeed, the Viscount professed himself to be her warm admirer, and he seized the opportunity to call on her whenever his tutor's back was turned. To say the truth, there was not much difficulty about this, for Mr. Sloman rarely made any inquiry as to the direction in which his pupil took his walks abroad.

"And where's the old Johnnie this morning?" inquired Miss Nancy Bell.

"Gone to the British Museum," answered Dreux; "so the coast is clear."

"Ah!" she replied, "that's all very well for to-day. But I have been considering matters carefully, and I've come to the conclusion that this sort of thing won't do."

"What sort of thing?" he added.

"Why, your coming here so constantly, you know. Of course, I needn't tell you that I'm delighted to see you, but if you don't look out you'll do it once too often. Some well-disposed person will give a hint to Mr. Sloman, and then he will never let you out of his sight."

"Why should anybody bother to tell him?" said Dreux. "He is a newcomer here himself, and you and I are both total strangers to the inhabitants. Who would have anything to get by telling tales?"

"Oh," she answered, "wherever one goes, there are plenty of people quite ready to make mischief. No, it's too risky, my dear boy, and for your sake it is necessary to be prudent. So I have made up my mind, and I am going to London almost immediately to stay with a friend."

"Is this a polite way of pointing out that you are bored to death with me?" he asked sulkily.

"I?" exclaimed Miss Nancy. "How can you be so unfeeling and so ungrateful when I am putting myself to the greatest inconvenience entirely in your interests?"

"It's very kind of you," he replied, "but I assure you I'm quite capable of looking after myself."

"I don't doubt it for a moment," she said, "but it is as well to be on the safe side. I dare say you have had more than enough of this dull place, and you can easily get a fortnight's leave from your tutor. Then you will come up to London and we shall meet again there. You will be out of reach of Mr. Sloman, and we can have a real good time."

"I wish to goodness I *could* get up to town," said Dreux, disconsolately, "but the governor has taken care to prevent that. He has given old Sloman a list containing the names and addresses of certain people, and, unless I am invited to stay with one of them, the orders are that I'm to go nowhere at all. Of course, the governor knew beforehand that it's a thousand to one against any of them inviting me to stay. My relations are not so keen to have the pleasure of my company, I can tell you."

"Oh, but that is a difficulty which we can arrange quite simply," answered Miss Nancy. "You have only to give me the rough draft of a note of invitation from one of these people, and I will copy it and post it in London. How is your tutor to know whether the letter is genuine or not?"

"By Jove! that's a bright idea," observed Dreux. "I'll write it out at once if you can find me a piece of paper."

Writing materials were quickly produced, and the Viscount hastily scribbled a few lines of pressing invita-

THE MALVERN HILLS.—Most delightful of English Watering-places. Air pure, dry, invigorating. Lowest death-rate (certified), pure water, perfect sanitation. Matchless scenery, charming walks and drives, hunting, golf. Frequently visited by Royalty

tion, which he addressed to himself and concluded with the signature of one of his maiden aunts. The feelings of the lady in question may be dimly imagined could she but have known how her graceless nephew was taking her name in vain. Miss Nancy Bell put the document in her pocket.

"Then we may consider that settled," she said. "You will be sure to come?" she added, with a pause of momentary uncertainty.

"Sure to come?" he repeated. "After being shut up for three months in a hole like this, do you think the prospect of a fortnight in town isn't attractive enough in itself, to say nothing of seeing the prettiest and jolliest girl in the world there?"

"So you are pleased with my plan?" she asked coquettishly.

"I should think so," he replied with enthusiasm. "There is only one woman on earth whom I really care to see, and since you are giving me the chance of that, I feel I'm the luckiest fellow alive."

It was a curious thing that as Mr. Sloman walked home from the station that evening he should happen to come across Miss Nancy Bell in a secluded lane. It was still more singular that the two did not meet as strangers.

"Well," asked the Rev. Nicodemus, "how are you getting on?"

"Splendidly," was the answer, in tones of unmistakable triumph. "Everything has been decided. I am going to London at once, and he is to follow directly afterwards. You may safely bet every shilling you are worth that at the end of a fortnight I shall come back as Viscountess Dreux."

"Do you think a fortnight is long enough?" inquired Mr. Sloman.

"In my opinion it will be ample time," she said. "But of course, if I find that it isn't, he will have to write to you for extension of leave."

"Exactly," he assented. "You will let me hear how things go?"

"I'll let you hear pretty quickly if anything goes wrong," she returned. "But in a case like this the less one writes the better. So you will understand, if you please, that 'no news means good news,' as they say."

"Very well," he said. "I suppose you are certain of him?"

"Quite," she answered, emphatically. "He is head over ears in love with me, and the thing is really as good as done."

"I congratulate you, my dear," said Mr. Sloman, with heartiness, "You have managed the whole affair to perfection, and you certainly deserve your success. His father and mother will make themselves disagreeable, but you mustn't mind that."

"Of course they will be nasty; but what if they are?" she answered, "Very likely they will say unpleasant things about you when they know everything, and you may have to go abroad again."

"I shall be the last to complain in that case," he said. "I am quite willing to make any reasonable sacrifice for your sake. Do you want any more money?"

"Not yet, thanks; I have plenty to go on with."

"Then we will part company for the present," said Mr. Sloman. "It is as well to avoid observation just now, and somebody might happen to see us together, so good-bye."

"Au revoir," replied the young lady carelessly, and the Reverend Nicodemus walked on towards his dwelling, rejoicing in the conviction that, although in this instance, he had been at some trouble and expense to cast his bread upon the waters, it was coming back buttered with as little delay as possible.

A few days later Lord Dreux, with a perfectly grave face, announced that he had just received an invitation to stay with his aunt. He presented the letter for his tutor's inspection, and Mr. Sloman, in a becomingly serious manner, granted him permission to accept his relative's proffered hospitality. Having thus performed to their own satisfaction their respective parts in this little comedy, pupil and tutor shortly afterwards exchanged a cordial farewell. The Viscount went off to London exulting in his newly-won liberty, and congratulating himself on having so easily befooled the simple-minded divine. Mr. Sloman remained in the country to continue his literary labours, and to chuckle at intervals over the guileless fashion in which young Dreux had rushed headlong into the trap that had been laid for him.

The time wore slowly away. The Reverend Nicodemus heard not a word either from his pupil or from the enchantress who had bewitched him. In spite of himself, Mr. Sloman was beginning to grow anxious. He had been assured that silence would mean success, and he felt confident that whatever Lord Dreux might be doing, he must still be unremitting in his attentions to Miss Nancy Bell, otherwise she would have written to complain of his conduct. Nevertheless, Mr. Sloman would have been glad of definite information. He was fearful lest any untoward event might occur to mar everything. If Dreux, for instance, should happen accidentally to run against one of his relations in London, some awkward questions might be asked, and unpleasant explanations would probably ensue. On the whole, however, the tutor thought there was but little chance of this. The shooting season was at its best, and the Viscount's noble relatives were mostly in the country, absorbed in the slaughter of pheasants. Should any of the family by ill-luck turn up at this inconvenient moment, Mr. Sloman felt with relief that he himself would be perfectly safe. He had given Lord Dreux permission to stay with his aunt, and for doing this no blame could be attached to him. If the Viscount had thought proper to deceive him, and to go elsewhere, he would naturally plead utter ignorance of the fact.

He was well pleased to have his doubts and misgivings at length set at rest, by the arrival one evening of a letter addressed in his pupil's well-known handwriting. He could scarcely control his anxiety, as he hastily tore open the envelope, but uncertainty was speedily changed to rejoicing when he had mastered the contents of the following note:—

Hôtel Métropole, Thursday.

DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you that I was married this morning. Perhaps you will think I have taken rather a hasty step, but I can assure you this is not the case. I have not yet told my people anything; I am afraid it will be rather a shock to them at first, especially to my father and mother. But I feel sure that when they come to know my wife, they cannot fail to love and admire her. I should be exceedingly grateful if you would kindly give me your advice as to the best way of breaking the news to them. I fear there will be some unpleasantness, but it would be a great advantage for me if they could be brought to see the matter in a reasonable light. They ought to know that I am the best judge of what constitutes my own happiness. You have always shown me so much kindness that I hope you will help me now if you can. Trusting you will forgive me for all the trouble and anxiety I have caused you, believe, me yours truly, DREUX.

Mr. Sloman was alone in his dining-room and about to sit down to dinner when the above communication was put into his hands. As there was nobody present to be scandalised by its effect on him, he may be pardoned for giving vent to his feelings without any constraint.

"Victory!" he exclaimed, flourishing the missive above his head. "I have played for a high stake, and won it."

Then he went to the sideboard and mixed himself an unusually stiff tumbler of whiskey and soda, which he drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom. This done, he left his dinner untasted, and went straight into his study to compose and dispatch his reply without loss of time. Lord Dreux duly received it the next morning:—

East Muggleton, Thursday night.

DEAR DREUX.—Your letter has just come to hand, and has occasioned me the greatest astonishment and consternation. I need hardly point out that you have acted in a most inexcusable manner, and have shown a total want of consideration for the feelings of your parents. Your marriage will undoubtedly be a terrible blow to them, and you cannot expect to escape from the consequences of their very just and natural resentment. I will say nothing here of your dishonourable conduct towards myself. Earnestly as I had looked forward to better things from you, I

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

wish to keep my own regret and disappointment completely in the background. I trust you are beginning to realise the extent of your wrong-doing, and that you will endeavour to make your future conduct atone in some measure for the pain you have inflicted on all who take a sincere interest in your welfare. While condemning, in the strongest terms, your heartless behaviour to your relations, I am still willing to make due allowance for the impulsiveness of youth. I will therefore come to London to-morrow, and will call on you at the Métropole, in order that I may personally advise you as to the course you should pursue. For the sake of your parents, with whom I deeply sympathise, I would gladly do whatever is possible to soften the shock of this disastrous intelligence.—Yours truly,

NICODEMUS SLOMAN.

Mr. Sloman was as good as his word, and went up to London the following day. He began to find that he was getting nervous as he approached the temporary abode of his pupil; but he was in unusually good spirits notwithstanding, and felt that when once this somewhat awkward interview was over he should have little left in life to wish for. "She has done it cleverly—very cleverly indeed," he reflected. "He is such a young ass himself that it's really a fortunate thing for him to have married a woman with brains enough for both."

The expected meeting was not destined to take place just yet, however, for Mr. Sloman was informed, on inquiry, that Lord and Lady Dreux had gone out, and were not likely to return till between six and seven o'clock. He therefore left a message to the effect that he would call again, and decided that in the meantime he would occupy himself, first of all, by securing a room for the night. He accordingly bent his steps to the same house which Miss Nancy Bell had made her headquarters in town—this being a place where he was well known, and had often stayed before.

The first person he encountered on ascending the staircase was Miss Nancy Bell herself, and, as may be imagined, the astonishment was mutual.

"Good Heavens! What are you doing here?" he cried.

"What on earth has brought you up to London?" she exclaimed.

It was impossible to proceed with the necessary explanations on the staircase, so the lady dragged him without ceremony into her sitting-room, where she repeated her question.

"Why, of course, I'm here in consequence of young Dreux's marriage," he said.

"Marriage?" she cried; "you don't mean to tell me he's married?"

"What?" he said, aghast, "hasn't he married you?"

"Not he!" she replied. "I begin to think," she continued furiously, "that he never had the slightest intention of it."

Mr. Sloman gave a kind of gasp. He opened his mouth as though to answer, but consternation had temporarily deprived him of the power of speech.

"I understand it all now," she went on. "That pupil of yours is very far from being the idiot we supposed him, and he has simply used me as a blind to cover his goings on with somebody else. He has come to see me every day and taken me about to different places of amusement, yet all the while he has been playing his own game and laughing at me in his sleeve. I got a hint yesterday morning from a friend of mine, that he had been seen several times in company with a girl whom he admired long before he was put under your charge. Unfortunately, I didn't believe there was any truth in the rumour."

"Well," said Mr. Sloman, "you seem to have made a mess of it altogether, and you have only yourself to thank for your infernal stupidity. Now you will have to clear out, and you must go as soon as possible."

"Of course I shall go," she answered. "I shall return to Germany at once. But it's all your fault from beginning to end, papa. At your age you ought to be a better judge of character."

Mr. Sloman rallied his scattered senses, and tried to pull himself together. He had some vague idea that it would be expedient to make the best of a bad business, and he therefore went back to the Métropole a little later.

Lord Dreux professed himself delighted to welcome his tutor.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, heartily. "It was awfully good of you to come and see us at once. Let me introduce you to Lady Dreux—not that it's exactly necessary I think, for she tells me you know her already."

The Reverend Nicodemus stepped forward with a bow, but the words of greeting died away upon his lips as he found himself face to face with Miss Florrie Flitters, of music-hall celebrity.

"Oh, Mr. Sloman," she said, sweetly, "how delightful to meet an old friend like yourself! Of course you'll stay and dine with us?"

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

IT has for the past few years been the absurd custom of our music managers to crowd seventy or eighty concerts a week into June or early July, and to leave August and September practically musicless. I dare say something of a similar sort would have happened this year were it not for the fact that the Royal Marriage happily killed the concert season early in July, and that a new man has arisen to resume the Promenade Concerts in early August. Mr. F. Sinkins was originally a singer in the choir of Exeter Cathedral, but he came up to London a few years since as a concert agent. At first I fear he did not set the town ablaze, a fact which he may perhaps attribute to the dulness of the London intellect; while others may recollect that whatever it may be in the West Countree, there is a strong objection here to paying threepence or anything else for concert programmes. Now, however, Mr. Sinkins, feeling his feet, has launched out, and with a spirit which does him credit. He has taken Covent Garden for a certain period at a rent, I learn, of £190 a week plus the salaries of certain members of the permanent staff. He, moreover, has engaged a band for five weeks certain, with Mr. Betjemann as leader and Mr. Cowen as conductor, and he has likewise retained several well-known artists, such as Mesdames Ella Russell, Marie Roze, Valda, Palliser, Duma, Thudichum, McKenzie, Belle Cole, Swiatlowski, Hilda Wilson, and Nettie Carpenter; Messrs. Ben Davis, Dufriche, Piercy, Houghton, Black, Bispham, Oudin, Slivinski, Fry, Wolff, and Ysaye. Miss S. Jones, an American singer, who calls herself "The Black Patti"—a ridiculous name which she would do well to drop—will appear, and an engagement has also been accepted by Mr. Sims Reeves (whose "thankful, final, and grateful farewell" took place in May, 1891, at the Albert Hall, when Mr. Irving delivered a very touching valedictory address) to sing at a dozen more (and more or less absolute) farewells, at a lump sum of £1,000. He has also offered another veteran, Madame Patey, a fresh engagement prior to her last farewell, and he has conceived the extraordinary idea of producing M. Saint-Saëns' Biblical opera, "Samson et Dalila," as an oratorio in French.

The Covent Garden audience need not be timorous about "Samson et Dalila;" for unless they have some objection to the inclusion in oratorio of dances by the Priestesses of Dagon (Dalila at their head) in the Philistine Temple, they are not at all likely to be shocked. M. Saint-Saëns has even dispensed with the jawbone of the ass, a fable which to so excellent a Hebrew scholar would be sufficiently nonsensical. An eminent Divine has strongly insisted that at Lehi (Anglicè "Jawbone") at the summit of the hill called Chamor (Anglicè "The Ass") the Samson of the Israelities detached a boulder of the rock, and, rolling it down the mountain, killed many Philistines. In the days of William Tell, the Swiss at the battle of Morgarten performed a similar feat against the soldiery of Leopold of Austria. M. Saint-Saëns, however, makes his hero pluck the sword from the Philistine chief and kill him; but Samson is afterwards captivated by Nautch dancers, and by the singing and allurements of Dalila, until, in the last act, he is bound in prison, his hair, as is

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

suitable to a prisoner, being cut short. The fact that Dalila is actuated by wholly patriotic motives, and merely proposes by her skill as a coiffeuse to save her native city of Gaza, may be accepted as an example of the history of Samson written up to date.

The Americans have an idea that no singer has any real right to pose as a great prima donna until, at least once, she has been the victim of a jewel robbery. Madame Nordica has long been recognised as a popular prima donna in this country; but in American eyes the fact that she had never suffered a jewel robbery was against her. I hope, therefore, I may congratulate Madame upon the fact that her diamond brooch, valued by the singer at £250, was supposed to be missing from the drawing room at Osborne. From Osborne and the Medina Hotel messengers were, however, sent, and on the morrow the missing brooch, I am delighted to learn, was found in the Royal drawing-room. Whether Madame Nordica is in the habit of taking off her brooch when she begins to sing, or whether the full power of her splendid voice sent the trinket flying, is not disclosed, and, perhaps, we may take with a pinch of salt the Daily telegraphese of the statement that "She gave the alarm instantly, the House was filled with policemen" (I wonder how many policemen it would take to "fill" Osborne House), "and the utmost excitement prevailed." Had it been so, for a moment the Crown of England might have trembled in the balance.

Madame Patti will leave Liverpool on October 28, for her farewell visit to the United States. This "farewell" does not in any way imply that the great prima donna intends to retire into private life, and, indeed, her arrangements with Messrs. Harrison for her tours in this country even now extend to 1895. But Madame Patti does not propose to revisit America after the present tour, which will consist of forty concerts in all the great cities of the Union, from New York to San Francisco, and from November 9 to mid-April. Almost every concert will include an act from one of the favourite operas of the Patti repertory, sung in costume; and, before the season closes, Signor Pizzi's new one-act opera will be produced. Signor Nicolini will accompany Madame Patti on the *Lucania*, but most of the members of the troupe, which include Madame Fabbri, MM. Lely, Novara, Galassi, Marcheroni, and Arditi, will sail by the *Paris* from Southampton on the same day.

Somebody has written an elaborate analytical notice of Dr. Stanford's "Veiled Prophet," with particulars of many of the leading motives. In the prelude two of them, it seems, represent the veil. How on earth I, or any other music-lover, could possibly suppose that these two subjects were typical of the absurd piece of muslin which Signor Ancona wore over his nose perhaps somebody will explain. There is also a theme of Daybreak and another of Universal Love. Things of this sort ought to be labelled. Only the other day a musical impressionist talked of a certain phrase as being typical of Revenge, when it proved merely to be the awakening of nature in the forest.

For the veil worn by the false prophet at Covent Garden, however, Signor Ancona was, I believe, personally responsible. It was certainly not the thing which either composer or librettist desired, and the idea seems to have been borrowed from a lady's "fall." Nor, of course, do the stage directions indicate that the tenor hero should go to sleep with his chin resting on one hand, while airily-clad girls are dancing round him, and a sweet-voiced damsel is singing at him. These and other absurdities will doubtless disappear when the opera is revived next year; and they will further point to the unwisdom of producing an important work at the fag end of the season, when adequate stage rehearsals are impossible.

Mr Norfolk Megone again this season has the direction of the orchestra at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, the members being selected from the best London concert orchestras, with Mr. Joseph Harman, of Hallé's Manchester band, as leader. Two performances will be given daily until the end of the season in October, and Thursdays in each week are "classical" nights.

The Liverpool Town Council have adopted the very happy idea of setting aside, out of the money devoted to technical education, a sum for the proper training of school teachers, and particularly those engaged in Board and elementary schools. There are, according to Sir John Stainer, about three millions of children in the United Kingdom earning the grant of a shilling a head a year for singing music at sight; but, although the youngsters may be good readers, it is very rare that attention is paid to their voice production, so that in many cases the voice is ruined before the adult age is reached. The scholarships now founded at the Liverpool Music School will enable school teachers themselves to be taught the very useful art of voice production, and the effect upon the rising generation is likely to be great.

Mr. David Baptie has just collected, and is passing through the press, a series of biographies of no fewer than 1,100 Scottish musicians. The book, of course, goes back to the early part of the fifteenth century, when James I. of Scotland was a notable musician, and, says a chronicler, "His truly excellent composition, 'At Beltayne or Peblis,' is still held in high esteem," although, unluckily, it is now lost. Later on in the fifteenth century, John Broun, a lutare or lute player, had seven oxen for a music lesson, while the "twa fithelaris," or fiddlers, who sang "Graysteil" before James IV., received three sheep. If Madame Patti had lived in those days, she might easily have collected enough stock to open a butcher's shop.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Messrs. Methuen, in their advertisements of what, to my thinking, is an admirable novel, "Dodo," (1) sarcastically print in parallel columns conflicting notices of the story. It is droll, certainly, to read strophe and anti-strophe as thus:—

> The story is told with charming grace and considerable power, whilst the dialogue is a perpetual feast of epigram and paradox.—*Speaker.*
>
> "Dodo" is a delightfully witty sketch of the smart people of society. The writer is a showman with keen insight and sympathy, and he is a true artist.—*Spectator.*

> A hopelessly commonplace story of a heartless and wholly frivolous woman.—*Whitehall Review.*
>
> We cannot remember to have met a more unpleasant person than Dodo. She swore like a trooper, smoked like a furnace, and behaved like a cad. The author's style is almost as base as his heroine's.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Not less droll is the similar perplexity of the late Bishop of St. Andrew's, expressed in his preface to the second instalment of his autobiography—"Annals of my Life, 1847–1856" (2)—as to whether the first instalment was "a dull, heavy, straggling patchwork," as one critic pronounced it, or "written in such admirable English as should give it a place near the graphic narratives of Hume and Gibbon," as another wiseacre maintained; whether, again, his verses were, as one expert expresses it, "among the best things of their kind I have ever read," or, as another has it, so bad that it was a pity their baldness was not hidden under a Latin wig. But the explanation of this confusing conflict of expert evidence lies in the heading of Messrs. Methuen's advertisement of "Dodo": —"*Contemporary* Criticism." Critics are unanimous only about books which have received already the *imprimatur* of time or of some papal pronouncement; but about other books—as criticism in England is neither an art, a science, nor a profession—*quot homines, tot sententiæ*. On a new book by a new writer, opinions are as arbitrarily various as tastes, and are unanimous only and servilely, and often insincerely, about established reputations. With a

(1) "Dodo." By E. F. Benson. Two vols. (London: Methuen & Co.)
(2) "Annals of My Life." 1847—1856. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L. Edited by W. Earl Hodgson. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(3) "A History of Marlborough College during Fifty Years." From its Foundation to the Present Time. By A. G. Bradley, A. C. Champneys, and J. W. Baines. With numerous Illustrations. (London: John Murray.)
(4) "The Early Days of Marlborough College." By Edward Lockwood. Illustrated. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)
(5) "A Short History of China." Being an account for the General Reader of an ancient Empire and People. By Charles Demetrius Boulger. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)
(6) "Aurangzib." By Stanley Lane-Poole, B.A. "Rulers of India Series." (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.)

débutant, reviewers go by their own judgments, and as Pope sings:—

> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
> Go just alike; yet each believes his own.

When, however, time or some contemporary pope classes an author with the classics, then the critics, as Suckling sings, set their watches accordingly:—

> But as when an authentic watch is shown,
> Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
> So in our very judgments.

The Bishop of St. Andrews, however, who twice gave the casting vote for his own appointment to the see, was little likely to have been disconcerted by the hostile opinions he quotes in his preface, especially when "The Annals of My Life" read like a volume of printed testimonials of an applicant for a situation. No doubt there were people who, through what in Christian charity we may call invincible ignorance, did not take Dr. Wordsworth at his own valuation; but it is hardly fair to class Mr. Gladstone among these miscreants. When under Dr. Wordsworth's wardenship, Trinity College, Glenalmond, was foundering beneath a load of over £10,000 of debt, while, as he frankly admits, his broken health, and the distraction of numberless episcopal calls and claims, more than ever disqualified him to pilot the water-logged craft, Mr. Gladstone, it is true, advised or compelled his resignation. Why? Because the Bishop was a political opponent!

> I am afraid it must be said that Mr. Gladstone was not sorry to find in these pecuniary difficulties an occasion for suggesting the removal of the Warden, who, however, was in no degree responsible for them.

The head-master of a public school in no degree responsible for its commercial failure! And why? Because, as a note gravely informs you—

> It was a remarkable coincidence that other similar institutions, such as Radley and St. Columba's, in Ireland, fell into pecuniary difficulties, which involved a change in their administration about the same time.

Was Mr. Gladstone at the bottom of these administrative changes also? Surely the worthy Warden here stultifies himself? The commercial failure of Glenalmond adequately explains the call upon its overworked and broken-down Principal to resign; while an adequate explanation of this commercial failure itself might perhaps be found in the following sentence in the Warden's letter justifying some expulsions from the College:—

> However, it will be a satisfaction to you to know that all our trouble has arisen where we might have expected it, and *nowhere else*—*i.e.*, from two schismatics and one Presbyterian, of all of whom we are now happily rid, one having been expelled, and the other two taken away; but how much mischief they may have done beforehand neither I nor anyone else can tell.

Fancy any modern school flourishing under such media-val management! While on the subject of public schools I must mention the excellent "History of Marlborough College"(3), a co-operative work produced in celebration of the jubilee of the school by Messrs. Bradley, Champneys, & Baines. I confess what fascinated me most in this history was the account of the frightful sufferings of the wretched children, shuttlecocked in the early days of the college between brutal boys and almost more brutal masters. In one account "Early Days of Marlborough College"(4)—you are told that "Occasionally two masters would be caning at the same time with the rhythm of blacksmiths hammering on an anvil." Do you remember Mr. Penley in one of his grotesque impersonations while being vigorously and simultaneously thumped by two aggrieved husbands, wistfully moaning, "I wish you'd toss for me!" Hardly less harrowing are Messrs. Bradley, Champneys, & Baines' account of the flaying alive in school of a poor child under a master's cane, and of his being kicked, cuffed, bled, and bullied diabolically out of school by the boys. It is a heart-sickening story, not only of the proverbial brutality of boys—

> As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows
> To pity, more from ignorance than will,

but of the infernal tyranny of masters,

> When a master lost control over himself in his efforts to wring some note of pain from a peculiarly heroic victim; the former gave up exhausted, but the latter had to be consigned to the sick-room, where strips of his shirt were extracted from his lacerated back by the tender hands of Dr. Fergus.

What a comment upon

> Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,

that the ferocity of the middle ages should linger latest in our public schools! However, you might fairly contend that the *raison d'être* of such schools is not the mere and discouraged accident of scholarship, but games; and surprising certainly is the fatuity of masters and managers, who, in these days of the abolition of privilege and the universal establishment of competition, do all they can to handicap their charges in the race of life. By the way, I have come upon in an interesting and, in view of the Siam imbroglio, an opportune book—"A Short History of China" (5)—a Chinese settlement of a difficulty arising out of their system of universal competitive examination, of which we have heard something at home. The Irish, it is said, get a disproportionate share of competitive appointments, owing to their superior quickness and precocity; and the Chinese solution of this difficulty, if applied here, would be a pressing of the principle of Home Rule to an extreme and unwelcome limit:—

> As all the honours were being carried off by students from the Southern Provinces, who were of quicker intelligence than those of the North, it seemed that in course of a short time all the posts would be held by them. Accordingly it was decreed that all competitors for literary honours should be restricted to their native districts.

I have left myself space only to mention the latest accession I have seen to the admirable "Rulers of India" Series—"Aurangzib" (6), by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole.—Believe me, dear Mr. Wyndham, yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—It seems at least a month since I wrote to you last, so much that is novel and interesting having happened since then. I am writing this from The Hague, where we arrived in time for breakfast on Monday morning, having crossed from Harwich to the Hook on Sunday night. This new way saves the long, slow steaming up the Maas to Rotterdam, the rail taking only twenty-five minutes, while the boat requires an hour and a half. We had an excellent passage, the boat being a very good one, with hardly any perceptible motion. The gruesome preparations made by most of the passengers in the ladies' cabin for possible mal de mer rather frightened us, so we stayed on deck till the very last moment. It was quite lovely. The moon shone brightly on the water, and we passed quite close to several light-ships, and also to the bell-buoy, or whatever it is called, that is fastened out at sea opposite Dovercourt. It has the saddest sound, ringing out there all by itself, sometimes loud and sometimes low, and we were glad to get out of hearing of its sorrowful voice.

After spending most of the night on deck, Maud and I were rather dishevelled, as you may imagine, and it was agreeable to find spacious lavatories at the Hook, and an attendant who spoke English fairly well, though obviously Dutch. We produced our little bit of soap, put carefully in a corner of our hand-bag for this occasion, and enjoyed a refreshing application of cold water, while the Pater and Charlie passed our travelling bags through the Customs. We managed with very little to carry, which is always

GLACIER is a substitute for stained glass, which has been before the public for nearly 15 years, and more appreciated to-day than ever before as a necessity for the decoration of windows. The list of houses, churches, mansions, public buildings, hotels, &c., that have had it, and the windows of which can be pointed to with pride as specimens of rich decoration, is well worth your perusal. The effect is as good and the price about one sixth to one twentieth of stained glass. To be had in every town in the kingdom from agents, or from the manufacturers and patentees, McCAW, STEVENSON, & ORR, LIMITED. Linenhall Works. Belfast.

advisable on the Continent. Father and Charlie had one small portmanteau between them, while Maud and I managed with a very light valise, in which we had each a light skirt and a blouse, in addition to brushes, combs, and other necessaries. This saved all trouble of having the luggage registered, for we kept our bags with us both in train and steam boat, and economically used the trams instead of cabs. Consequently, our journey cost us very little. The buildings at the Hook are very spacious, covering quite an expanse of land. We breakfasted in the refreshment room, and very much enjoyed the delicious coffee after our night on board the boat. The train started at a quarter to seven, the carriages being most luxuriously upholstered in scarlet velvet and made so that travellers can pull out a pillow under the window and push up the dividing arm, thus being enabled to lie very comfortably at full length. As we passed along in the bright morning sunshine, the novelty of everything was enjoyable. We saw our boat steaming up the Maas, and soon left it far behind. The peasants in their blouses of Cambridge blue, the unknown large birds, and the frequent windmills, all gave us an exhilarating sense of the unusual. We got to the Hague at 7.30, and made our way to the Hotel Central by train, which starts from the Dutch railway and goes through the city. It is a very fine one, with large open squares and an abundance of fine trees on either side of the principal streets. We found the hotel very full, but after a short delay were given bed-rooms, and after getting rid of the dust of travel, we made our way to the breakfast-room. The head-waiter and the door-porter here both speak English very well, which is good for us, for not one of our party knew a single word of Dutch when we arrived. The chambermaids are all Dutch, and we could not get on at all with them, every attempt to make ourselves understood in French or German ending in a hearty laugh on our side and good-humoured smiles on theirs. However, we all sallied forth after breakfast, and our first purchase was a dictionary and a phrase-book. Both of these are for Dutch people learning English. None were to be had giving the two languages the other way about, so that we found ourselves provided with carefully minute instructions as to the pronunciation of our mother tongue, while we were left completely in the dark as to that of Dutch. We found that the chambermaids and shop-people of the lower grade pronounce g like k, t like d, and so on, but we are now able to understand them, and make ourselves understood. Dutch sounds very like infantile English sometimes. "Een kop koffie en brood en boter" sounds rather like a nursery request for coffee, bread and butter, does it not?

When we started, we all resolved that we would carefully avoid sight-seeing, such as galleries, museums, cathedrals, &c., for we found when abroad before that these tired us out and took up all our time. Do you think us dreadful Goths for this decision? We have rigidly kept to it, and have not even seen Paul Potter's "Bull," except as photographed in the windows, nor have we any wish to make closer acquaintance with a peculiarly disagreeable masterpiece of Rembrandt also in the Gallery here, showing a doctor dissecting a corpse. All our time is spent at Scheveningen, which is quite the most delightful seaside place we have ever seen. We like it far better than Trouville. To get there, we have only to walk about a hundred yards from this hotel to the Rhenish railway station, opposite which is the starting-place of the electric trams. They run every five minutes. The fare to Scheveningen is 15 cents. (3d.), and we are about a quarter of an hour on the way. Arrived there on the first occasion, we looked in vain for the sea, but, following the other people up a steep, short hill, we soon heard the roar of the waves, and at the top came in sight of the wonderful sea. It was a new sensation. The Dunes, as the long, low sandhills are called, are sufficiently high to protect the houses from sight or sound of the sea. Behind these are miles of sand, stretching far on either hand, and along these come rolling in the great breakers, foaming over and over, even on the calmest days. The Kurhaus, a magnificent building on the top of the Dunes, as well as the hotels, in one of which the King and Queen of Saxony are at present staying. The sands are covered with hundreds of people, for this is the height of the season. The greater number of the people are seated in the "wind tools," as the high, hooded, wicker chairs are called here. There are hundreds of these, and the charge is 10 cents (2d.) from 7 o'clock to 12, also from 12 o'clock to 5, and another 10 cents from 5 to 9. There are tents which can be hired by the day, week, month, or season. Each has four chairs and a little table. The bathing machines are at either end of the populous part. Men and women bathe together, but there is very little swimming. They bob up and down and splash very much, with great laughing and fun. The place is a perfect Paradise for children. They build fortifications of sand ever so high, and surround them with a fosse into which the incoming tide may flow. Not only children, but grown up men and women join in this amusement, and it is funny to see parties of young men and girls busily at work making castles of sand and looking quite seriously intent upon the pastime.

It is perfectly lovely to sit in those great wicker arm-chairs and look now at the sea and then at the thousands of people who throng upon the sands, most of them well-dressed and belonging to the educated classes. It seems delightfully odd to hear them all talk and not know a single word that they say. Now and then a phrase sounds just like English and we look up with great interest, but only to find that it was an illusory momentary resemblance between the two languages. There are scores and scores of boy soldiers, probably cadets, upon the sands, their dark blue uniforms with orange facings and tassels on the shoulders brightening up the crowd. They all wear swords, some of them of a very businesslike length, others short like toy swords and hung on to the right shoulder with gilt chains. We have seen several flourishing flirtations, many of them diligently prosecuted on the front of the electric trams where it is quite the fashionable place to stand with the driver. Such is the competition for this position that it is often quite difficult for passengers to get in or out among the press of people. On the beach there are small boys in sailor dress who carry about iced lemon squashes on metal trays, the charge for which is 6 cents, a little over a penny. We could not get anything of the sort in England for that price, could we? Opposite the Kurhaus there are planks arranged down to the sea, or rather high-water mark, and on either side of these are booths or stalls where fruit, cakes, lemonade, delft, and shell boxes are sold. Some of the sellers speak English, but we now begin to make ourselves understood in Dutch.

The money is a little confusing at first, but when once it is impressed clearly upon the brain that six guilders are half-a-sovereign, and that three are five shillings, it is easy enough. We are taking home a complete set of Dutch silver and bronze coins: a large one like our crown, worth 2½ guilders, a guilder or florin, value 1s. 7¾d., a 25-cent. piece, and a 10-cent. piece. In bronze we have a 2½-cent. piece, a 1-cent., and a tiny little baby piece worth half a cent.

There is a large café restaurant attached to this hotel, and there we dine in the evenings. There is a high glass roof, and it is almost like being in the open air, the front of the café being open to the street. Lots of people come in to lunch and dine, and there is a festive air about the whole arrangement. The dishes are occasionally of an unusual kind, but we can have English dishes if we wish. The omelettes are quite superb, and the salads make me long to ask for the recipes for you. England seems such a long way off when we are dining at one of the square tables, with a band of music somewhere near and the electric light shining on the coloured glass canopy, the doors and pillars of which are wreathed with flowers and creepers. Yesterday evening a very pretty woman came in with her maid, and both dined together. It was nice to have such a charming face to look at while we enjoyed our repast. The maid had the same dishes

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as the mistress, and some of her half bottle of champagne. Where would one see such a thing in England?

We saw some beautifully-dressed girls at Scheveningen. One was in blue-and-white striped flannel, with a pale blue silk blouse and a twist of pale blue silk about her waist, caught through a long silver buckle about 6 in. in height. The figures of the Dutch ladies are wonderfully different from those of the Germans, being upright and full of dignity, though without stiffness. The children are beautifully dressed here, especially the boys, none of whom wear trousers, but well-fitting knickerbockers, which do not go in creases and wrinkles, but fit quite closely and comfortably to the legs.

The waiter hands us the London *Times* every morning at breakfast, and we often wonder how it is that people know in a moment that we are English, addressing us in what they intend to be that language. The funny things that happen are innumerable. Father asked for armchairs on the sands at Scheveningen, and the man brought us four donkeys! The idea of our party, including the portly Pater, careering about on donkeys was irresistible, but the man seemed to see nothing amusing in it. We hurriedly hunted up "armchair" in the dictionary, and pointed to those about us, and were soon supplied with what we wanted. A man who was carrying a piece of wreckage on his shoulder informed Maud that "A sheep is bruk up over daar," and when Maud, in concern, thinking he meant that a shipwreck had just taken place, asked "Where?" he responded with "You spik no English. I taught you wass English," and gave her up in despair. He meant that his log of wood came from some wreck at sea.

It is so delightful here that we shall stay as long as we can, so it is just possible that my next week's letter may be dated from here.

Frances, who is staying at Brighton, sends me the following account of the "Sussex Fortnight":—

No better sign of the times has been given than the experience derived by the really select few who enjoyed the "Sussex Fortnight." Glorious Goodwood was, I doubt not, as glorious as ever to those that were present, but, alas! they were, as compared with previous years, very few and very far between. And even those who were present seemed to be there on the cheap. In fact, Goodwood's glory appeared altogether second-hand. What I mean by this is that the past glory of Goodwood has primarily been dependent, I take it, upon the people who attend there, and secondly (personally I consider that this should come first) upon the dresses that are worn. Now, these latter were at this year's meeting distinctly second-hand. They had all been seen before, and in several instances (as the song says) "many a time." It is, however, out of date to discuss Goodwood now. But the same state of affairs was conspicuous the following week at the Brighton and Lewes races. These, I know, are not "Society gatherings;" but they point, even more than Goodwood does, to what the "condition of the money market" really is. Now, things must indeed be bad; in fact, *bad* does not express the deplorable state of affairs during the last week. Take, for instance, the Métropole at Brighton. This year the theatrical world, as represented by its more attractive personal items, was almost non-existent. The Stock Exchange, which usually is in full bloom during the fortnight, was solely represented, as far as my information went, by two successful "Bears" (what that means I don't quite understand), and three gentlemen who had failed to meet their engagements. Naturally, this gave a very depressing effect to the whole surroundings, and very considerably limited the numbers of the company present, and the interest in those who had managed to put in an appearance. Fortunately, on Wednesday the Middlesex Yeomanry, otherwise the Duke of Cambridge's Hussars, came to the rescue, having decided to spend their ten days' drill at Brighton—the men being quartered at the Grand Hotel and the officers at the Métropole. They have given a much-needed fillip to the otherwise lamentably depressing condition of affairs, and this week, what with their sports on Wednesday and their inspection (with luncheon afterwards) on Friday, we are looking forward to quite a lively time.

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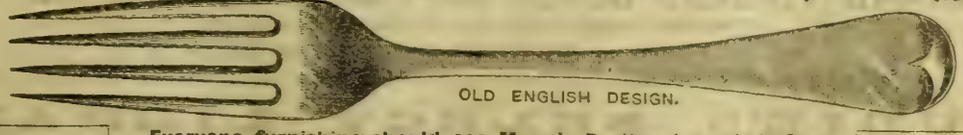

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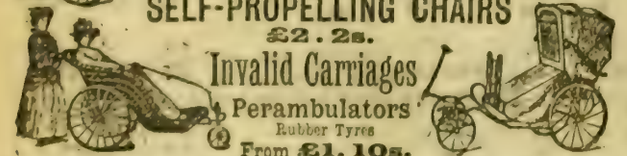

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Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

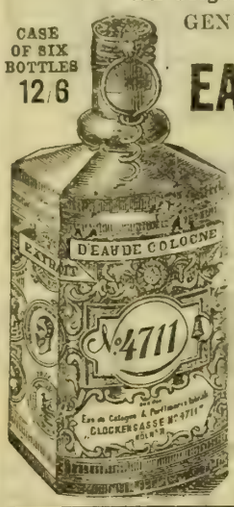
CAUTION.—Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS'

CASE OF SIX BOTTLES 12/6



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THE PUREST & STRONGEST, YET MOST DELICATE EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: "Anyone desirous of getting a thoroughly genuine Cologne, cannot do better than send for a bottle of the '4711' Double Extract. Once having used it, repetition is a foregone conclusion."

Large selection of Choicest Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple Concentrated Extracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse.

Of All dealers in Perfumes, or at the LONDON BRANCH:

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(ONE DOOR FROM BROOK STREET.)

Price Lists on application to Mr. C. REUTER, Manager. And at

COLOGNE, NEW YORK, VIENNA, RIGA, and ODESSA.

ESTABLISHED 1818.
Ten Prize Medals.

PETER F. HEERING'S

COPENHAGEN

CHERRY BRANDY.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, and at all Bars and Hotels.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the WORLD.

PREVENTS THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Is Partly Composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,

Only put in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Prevents the Hair from Falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no Unpleasant Odour.

IS NOT A DYE.

Should be in every House where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

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LINEN SHIRTS,

Tailor-Made

Direct from Ireland.

Save 30 per Cent.

Made of the most durable Long Cloth, and fitted with the finest Linen Ireland can produce.

MADE TO MEASURE.

FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED IN THE LATEST FASHION.

Half-a-dozen Pure Irish bespoke Shirts, securely packed, delivered free to any address in the Kingdom for 33/-, 39/-, or 45/-. Foreign Postage Extra.

Sample Shirt to Measure, Post Free for 5/6, 6/6, or 7/6.

Dress Shirts with fine Irish Linen Fittings, Six for 39/-, delivered free. A Sample Dress Shirt to Measure, Post Free for 6/6.

Old Shirts re-fitted with New Irish Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neck-bands for 2/3 and 2/9 each. Returned Carriage Free. Coloured Shirts, best quality. French Cambric 30/-, Oxford Cloth 33/- per half-dozen. Patterns Free. Four-fold Irish Linen Collars, best quality, 7/6 per dozen. General Catalogue post free.

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A PHOTOGRAPH IN EVERY PACKET.

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CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

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ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,

From £30 to £5,000,

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ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.

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Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.

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A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. ; *Personal visit preferred.*

Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.

Apply to the SECRETARY.

The Burglar Bewildered.

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THROUGH THE

HOMACOUSTIC

WHAT IS THE HOMACOUSTIC?

The HOMACOUSTIC is a contrivance connected with Speaking Tubes, which entirely supersedes, for indoor purposes, not only the Telephone, but all other existing arrangements for indoor inter-communication.

HOW WAS THE BURGLAR BEWILDERED?

The owner of the house fortunately had a Homacoustic commutator fixed in his bedroom. This commutator placed him in direct communication, not only with his butler's room, but with seven other rooms in the house.

Directly he heard the Burglars he explained the state of affairs through the Homacoustic to his butler, and to the occupants of the other rooms; arranged what should be done, and they were thus all enabled to pounce on the Burglars together, and catch them red-handed, without their being even aware that their presence was so much as suspected. There was no ringing of electric bells, no creeping about the house to warn the inmates, NO PERSONAL DANGER.

The Homacoustic is far more dreaded by Burglars than any existing arrangement of "Protection from Burglary," for whereas when an electric bell rings, though it may probably arouse the inmates, it also acts as a warning to the Burglars themselves to be off.

NO HOUSE IS REALLY SAFE

—— WITHOUT THE ——

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Independent of its protective advantages, the Homacoustic is invaluable in all private houses for everyday use, and in all properly arranged business premises it is an absolute necessity.

The Homacoustic is automatic, not mechanical. Once fixed, always in working order. Its first cost is its last cost.

With the Homacoustic there is no blowing into pipes. The automatic whistle is always in position. One speaks and listens at the same time. The tube is closed when not in actual use. Ordinary speaking tubes can be utilised.

The HOMACOUSTIC SAVES TIME, TEMPER, & TROUBLE.

HOMACOUSTIC SPEAKING TUBE COMPANY,

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Why, an ATTACHMENT TO A SPEAKING-TUBE,

by means of which you can carry on a sustained conversation, and need only have one instrument for 6 or 8 Tubes.

Of all Speaking-Tube Fitters, or

THE HOMACOUSTIC SPEAKING-TUBE CO.

Show Rooms—22, Queen Street, London, E.C.

(NEAR MANSION HOUSE STATION.)

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OAKES & Co.'s SUPERS

NO. 3,

THE PAGODA BRAND. QUALITY & FLAVOUR UNEQUALLED.

The Cheapest and Best INDIAN CIGAR in the Market.

SAMPLE BOX of 100 SENT to ANY ADDRESS for FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

OAKES BROS. & CO., 46, NEW BROAD-STREET, SOLE IMPORTERS.

CORNS! BUNIONS! NAILS! And all Diseases of the Feet Successfully Treated, Without Pain, by Mr. GARDNER, 85, Regent-street, W. Highest surgical testimonials (Sir Wm. Jenner, &c.). Also testimonials from the Prime Minister, Bishop of London, H.R.H. Prince Christian, &c. **CORN, BUNION,** and Chilblain Ointment absolutely cures gouty and all painful affections of tender feet, soft corns, stiff and enlarged toes and joints, &c. Post free 15 stamps. **SKIN TONIC BALSAM** gives great **PURITY OF COMPLEXION,** removes Redness, Roughness; also promotes healthy action and Softness of the Skin. 19 or 38 stamps.

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Send for Prices and Particulars to your Upholsterer, or

The Compressed Air Carpet & Tapestry Cleaning Co.

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N.B.—The Trade and Public are invited to visit our Works, and convince themselves of the bona fides of our process.

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KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING.

Black Handle .. 5/6 | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Rus. Leather Case, 21/- | Duplex Strop 7/6
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MAPLE & CO. "ABOUT OUR HOMES." (Hazell, 1s.). Maple & Co. will be happy to SEND a COPY of this little BOOK, which contains much interesting information upon DECORATION and other matters in connection with modern furnishing, free of charge, upon application.

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1,000 BEDROOM SUITES

1,000 BEDROOM SUITES at from 70s. to £300, forming a selection without parallel in the world, in every conceivable variety of style and design, and every description of woods at prices ranging from £3 10s. to £300, thus readily suiting every class of residence. Every one about to furnish should visit the Exhibition of Bedroom Furniture.

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The Largest and most Convenient

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD

EASY CHAIRS

FIVE HUNDRED TO SELECT FROM

MAPLE & CO. have always on show an immense assortment of their world-famous, luxuriously comfortable Easy Chairs, Lounges, and Settees, in various shapes and coverings, all ready for immediate delivery, and at most moderate prices. A Comfortable Easy Chair is always an acceptable present.

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NEZOOM CARPETS

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MARZA WINE IS INVALUABLE FOR CONVALESCENTS, ESPECIALLY AFTER ACCOUCHEMENT, INFLUENZA, &c. FOR DEBILITATED MEN, DELICATE WOMEN, GROWING CHILDREN, AND ALL FEELING BELOW PAR.

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AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL —FOR— PURITY, PALATABILITY AND EXCELLENCE.

RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS FOR

ANÆMIA, INSOMNIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BRAIN FAG, INDIGESTION, MENTAL DEPRESSION, EXHAUSTION, VOCAL FATIGUE, NEURALGIA, &c.

MARZA WINE makes rich red blood and gives tone and vigour to all the vital organs.

Price 3/9 per Large Bottle, 42/- per doz. Everywhere, or Carriage Paid of THE MARZA CO. Ltd., 19, Wilson Street, London, E.C.

RHEUMATISM, &c. Great English Oil of Peppermint Cure (as recommended by a sufferer in this paper, page 142, 27th July) never fails to cure the very worst cases of RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, HEADACHE, &c. Send name and address for full particulars free of THE MELANOCA COMPANY, Mitcham. Hundreds of testimonials. Please mention this paper.

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Fresh, Clear, Firm Complexions, and a Beautiful Figure.

ANNA RUPPERT, the Eminent Lecturess, under Royal patronage, can give you all that is required to make you an envied woman. Try RUPPERT'S SKIN TONIC. Harmless, effective, and permanent. Does not require continued use; refreshes and makes any complexion firm and girlish. Nothing magic, but a perfect tonic, used locally.

ARTISTIC MANICURING.—Have your hands and finger nails made beautiful, 4s. 6d.

BEST CHIROPODIST in London; reasonable.

SPECIAL LONG-WAISTED CORSET (perfection), 12s. 6d.

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BEAUTIFUL Illustrated BOOK, "NATURAL BEAUTY," contains much valuable information. Sent to any address, 4d. in stamps. All advice upon the subject of Face, Hair, Hands, Feet, and Figure given freely. No charge. Consultation with Mrs. RUPPERT daily between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. All clients' names sacred. All letters in perfect confidence. Special treatment for special cases. Don't suffer with red faces, acne, eczema, oily skins, &c. Write at once, for SKIN TONIC has been subjected to the best doctors in England and pronounced harmless and beneficial. 10s. 6d. per bottle; three bottles (usually necessary), 25s. Call or address, the Complexion Specialist,

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JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.

Oriental Tooth Paste.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

Is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.

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ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors,

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Dr. GORDON'S Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS, rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

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THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH.
WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement and biliousness, it has been pronounced by medical men of high authority as most efficacious.

"I use the Aerated Pitkeathly largely, and value it."—Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

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LARGE CASH BONUSES

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ESTD. 1810.

Apply for NEW PROSPECTUS at the Chief Office, 63, THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS, *General Manager.*

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AND ALL OTHER ACCIDENTS INSURED AGAINST BY

The Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST COMPANY PROVIDING FOR

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

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Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEN,
Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.
Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

DOMINION of CANADA. — Quebec Central Railway Company. Issue of £100,000 Five per Cent. prior lien Bonds of £100 each, being the balance of a total issue of £300,000, authorised by special act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, of which £200,000 are issued and quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List. Repayable at par on the 1st February, 1908.

These Bonds constitute a first charge on the whole undertaking, of about 212 miles of railway, at the average rate of only about £1,415 per mile. 152 miles are in full operation, and have earned in each of the past four years more than sufficient to pay the interest on the entire issue of £300,000.

Issue price £102 10s. per Bond of £100, payable as follows:—

£5	0	0	per Bond on Application.
£27	10	0	,, on Allotment.
£35	0	0	,, on 15th September, 1893.
£35	0	0	,, on 15th January, 1894.
Total £102	10	0	per Bond.

Half-yearly Coupons are attached, payable in London on 1st February and 1st August, the first Coupon being payable on the 1st February, 1894.

Payment may be made in full under discount at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum.

The Quebec Central Railway Company are prepared to receive applications for the £100,000 Bonds above referred to.

A survey of the route of the Chaudière Valley extension, originally contemplated by the Company, having been made, it has been found that a better route can be obtained by starting from near Tring Station on the Main Line, and continuing for about 60 miles, to a connection at Megantic with the International Railway (Canadian Pacific, Montreal and Halifax Short Line), which has been adopted, and the Subsidies voted by the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures have been transfered to the new route.

The Directors have received from Messrs. Holt & Lukes, Contractors, of Montreal, Canada, a satisfactory tender for the construction of the Tring and Megantic Branch, and the Contract will be given out so soon as the legal formalities are completed.

Through Trains, with Parlour and Sleeping Cars attached, already run daily between Levis (opposite Quebec) and Boston, and between Levis and Portland (Maine), also through Cars daily between Levis and Springfield for New York. When the Branch is completed it will form part of the shortest route between Quebec and the Maritime provinces.

Scrip certificates to bearer will be issued against letters of allotment and the bankers' receipts. The Bonds will be delivered after payment of the last instalment.

The Bonds are to bearer, but may be registered in the name of the owner at the office of the Company in London.

Applications for Bonds must be made on the form annexed to the prospectus.

In the event of no allotment being made the amount paid on application will be returned without deduction.

Should a less number of Bonds be allotted than are applied for, the balance paid on application will be applied towards payment of the amount due on allotment.

Failure to pay the amount of any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company and of Martins Bank, Limited, the Bankers.

DIRECTORS.

Edward Dent, 11, Old Broad-street, London, *President.*
Horatio Brandon, 15, Essex-street, Strand, London.
Alexander Bremner, 38, New Broad-street, London.
Edmund Etlinger, 27, Cavendish-road West, London.
Frederick H. Norman, 68, Lombard-street, London.
Joseph Price, 5, Great Winchester-street, London.
Samuel Gurney Sheppard, 57, Old Broad-street, London.
Frank Grundy, Sherbrooke, Canada.

BANKERS.—Martins Bank, Limited, 68, Lombard-street, London.
SECRETARY.—T. Lindley.
No. 5, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C.
August 9th, 1893.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803, 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subd. Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total funds, £1,600,000.—E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASSETS OVER .. .. £31,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS .. .. £6,400,000.

This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.

Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.

A. MUNKITTRICK, Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.

(FIRE.)

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £16,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

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No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
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WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.

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LONDON AND MIDLAND, Newgate-street and Tooley-street Branches.

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FULL PARTICULARS of SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for DEALING sent post free on application.

COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.

£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
£10 COMMANDS £1,000 STOCK.
£50 COMMANDS £5,000 STOCK.
£500 COMMANDS £50,000 STOCK, and so on in proportion.

NO OTHER LIABILITY WHATEVER.

JOHN SHAW, STOCK AND SHARE DEALER,
LONDON, BRIGHTON, MANCHESTER, AND DUBLIN.

THE

GRESHAM

LIFE OFFICE,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

THOMAS G. ACKLAND, F.I.A., F.S.S., *Actuary and Manager.* JAMES H. SCOTT, *Secretary.*

WEST-END BRANCH—3, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Sir FRANCIS OSBORNE, Bart., *Local Secretary.*

FUNDS.

Assets	Exceed	£5,000,000
Annual Income (1892)		£913,602
Total Payments under Policies		£11,000,000

Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Scale of Annuities. Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions. Also to Corporate and other Public Bodies, upon Security of Rates, &c.

PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to the Head Office as above.

SAVOY HOTEL & RESTAURANT.

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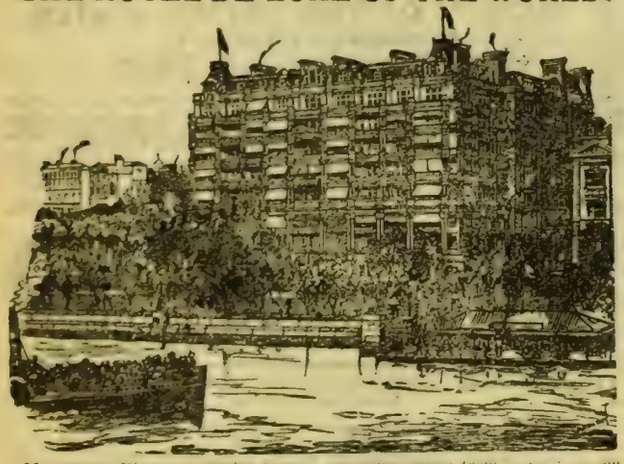

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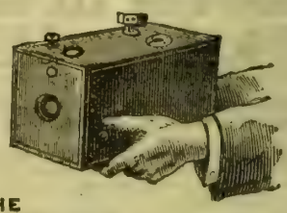

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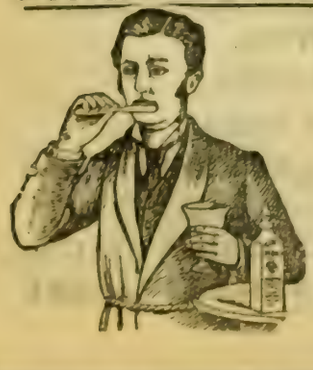

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 754.

This has proved a somewhat difficult competition to decide. That Shakespeare was well acquainted with the game of *Tennis* is certain, and many competitors gave quotations actually referring to that sport as implying that the Bard had an anticipatory knowledge of Lawn Tennis. But this I consider was hardly a fair interpretation of what the puzzle demanded to be done. Several other competitors, with notable industry and ingenuity, constructed out of a number of Shakespearian extracts a kind of running commentary on Lawn Tennis. These were exceedingly cleverly done, but it is obvious that, having regard to the conditions laid down in giving the puzzle, the prize cannot be awarded for any such collection of quotations. At the same time, I cannot but heartily commend Dora, Leaf Rule, Zealandia, Mrs. E. Culverhouse, Infelix, Helen G. Burton, Ivy Leaves, Moonlighter, and Caledonia for the very exhaustive collection of quotations made by them. I have decided to award the prize to ADA for the quotation taken by her from the 35th Sonnet.

PRIZE QUOTATION.

"All men make 'faults.'"

This passage, it seems to me, implies a wonderful anticipatory knowledge on the part of Shakespeare of what was going to happen when Lawn Tennis became the fashionable pastime it now is. From my knowledge of the game all men do make "faults," in marked contrast to the lady players, who rarely attempting a very hard "service" make a correspondingly small number of "faults."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.

The wasp is very much in evidence just now. The newspapers, in fact, are full of this insect and its phenomenal doings; and, so far as the silly season has gone, the sea serpent has, in comparison, been literally nowhere. Many of the bad qualities of the wasp have been already pointed out, but it possesses another drawback which I have not yet seen alluded to; and which renders it especially interesting from the point of view of a Puzzle Editor. That is to say, the wasp possesses a name for which, so far as I am aware, no perfect rhyme has ever been found. I am, of course, assuming that the word is pronounced as though spelt "wosp." Experience has repeatedly proved how ingenious TRUTH Puzzle competitors are in finding rhymes for the most difficult words; and it is, therefore, proposed to offer another opportunity for the display of this rhyming skill. The usual prize of Two Guineas is offered, that is to say, to the competitor who best succeeds in composing

A COUPLET OR QUATRAIN IN ANY ORDINARY METRE, AND ON ANY SUBJECT, IN WHICH ONE OF THE LINES SHALL END WITH A RHYME FOR THE WORD "WASP" AS USUALLY PRONOUNCED.

All answers must reach me, at the latest, by the morning of Monday, August 21 next.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 755.

This competition is one in which I can scarcely hope that my decision will commend itself to all those who are interested in it. It is certain that a verse conveying "a cool sensation" to one reader may have no such effect on another. For myself, however, I have taken great pains in the matter, having read all the verses received under conditions of time and temperature which it seemed to me would make my judgment more likely to be correct. As a result I have decided that the stanzas which most successfully carry out the requirements of the competition are those sent by NETHERBY and SEA DEW. The Prize has, therefore, been divided between these competitors.

PRIZE STANZAS.

Like a dewdrop's plash in a fairy well,
Like elfin chimes of a crystal bell,
The clear sweet clink, the mellifluous clink,
Of *glace* with glass, in an ice cool drink. Netherby.

A marble hall; cool fountains softly sprinkling
Their million jets 'mid palms that wave between,
And far away, like sleigh bells gaily tinkling,
Sweet music flowing from a harp unseen! Sea Dew

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of IVANHOE, winner of Prize No. 754, are W. J. MCCOMBE, Esq., 22, Frederick-square, Posnett-street, Belfast.

*** The real name and the address of GOODLES, winner of a half of Prize No. 750, are J. P. YABSLEY, Esq., 40, Bromar-road, Denmark Park, S.E.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—I am obliged to you for sending an amended version of your lines on the sinking of the *Victoria*.

STANCHION.—I regret the misprint in your Shakespearian quotation, which should have read, "Then Angelo thy faults thus manifested," &c. The word "Angelo" is not very distinctly written, however, in your original answer.

H. W. TRENCHARD.—It is now too late to give the Puzzle you suggest. A similar one will, however, be probably given before long.

NEWNHAM.—It was not possible to find room to publish even a half of the quotations received.

IRISH.—Your suggestion is a very good one, and I am much obliged to you for sending it.

AICHDOUBLEU.—Your lines in answer to Puzzle No. 755 arrived too late for publication with the rest.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 756.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED VERSES ON THE MODEL OF PRAED'S "GOOD-BYE TO THE SEASON."

***** A considerable number of the verses received are not written in the required metre; and thus are rendered ineligible for the competition.—THE P. E.**

We've dragged out the season's elastic
To well nigh its uttermost stretch,
For Paddy's necessity's drastic—
Poor downtrodden, clamouring wretch!
But now that, by help of the closure,
Home Rule is set up on its feet,
We'll pair with complacent composure,
And shake off the dust of the street.

No more need we crowd to the lobbies,
Or snigger at Wallace's wit.
We'll leave the guffaws to the bobbies;
We've paired and 'twere folly to split.
We're quit of the Whip and the Teller,
We've finished with gibes and abuse,
We're weary of badgering Mellor;
Let politics go to the deuce.

We've wept for our hapless *Victoria*,
Sea-swallowed in Tripoli Bay;
We've shouted a "Hoch!" and a "Gloria!"
For happy Victoria May.
Were Mounseer but sated as I am
Of questions, divisions, and House,
He'd stop potting natives in Siam,
And leave us in peace with the grouse.
Awful Warrior.

Here's Gladstone in capital feather,
And Sexton triumphant at last,
For there's no longer any doubt whether
Their Bill for Home Rule will be passed.
'Tis a time to be marked with red letter
By the "items" I cannot recall;
By the few—very few—who know better,
And the rest who know nothing at all.

What a hub-bub the thing has created—
This union of brass and of clay—
With Paddy, who'll never be sated,
And John Bull, who'll be called on to pay;
What a fuss it has made through the season,
What a time it has wasted in vain,
This commixture of folly and treason,
This last product of G.O.M.'s brain.

That open discussion would kill it
Its backers too certainly know,
So many the blunders that fill it,
So strong the attacks of the foe;
But, thank Heaven, the fight's not yet ended,
Though some to their trust are untrue;
For the country is yet well defended,
And the Lords it will never get through.
X.Q.Q.

'Tis going, 'tis gone, somewhat chequered
Has been its career, sooth to say,
The sunshine has beaten the record,
And "town" has been festive and gay.
But not all unmixed was the blessing
(As few blessings are, to say sooth),
The harvest lookout is distressing,
Our crops are destroyed by the drouth.

Such a gath'ring of Royalty's cousins
Was ne'er seen in London before;
Crowned heads have been with us in dozens,
Royal Highnesses, too, by the score.
But, alas! at the height of the season
(Let charity mingle with blame)
Our ships have gone down for no reason,
Our mines have blown up for the same.

The Wedding was splendour's quintessence,
There was ne'er a more happy despatch;
And George and May "know by these presents"
How well we are pleased with the match.
But while with its hand in our pocket
Joy cheated the moth and the rust,
The Mansion House Fund like a rocket
Went up, and came "down with the dust."
Marplot.

Good luck to the Bride and the Bridegroom!
They're gone, but their presents yet stay,
The Institute "fellows" denied room,
That they may be there on display.
The Queen and the Royal relations
Have parted (in tears, we don't doubt);
The Princes, at steamboats and stations,
Have joyfully bowed them all out.

The sportsmen who cheered Orme at Goodwood,
To Scotland, for shooting, are bound,
Though some, in a seafaring mood, would,
Of course, on the Solent be found.
But still at St. Stephen's we languish,
And still through the lobbies we trot;
Still fiendishly gloat o'er the anguish
Of Mellor, when tempers grow hot.

Though weary of Bartley's amending,
And Joseph's "ferocious" attacks,
While votes on Supply are still pending,
We dare not attendance relax.
But once the long Session is over,
And Home Rule the Commons has passed,
We'll off to Chicago and "Grover,"
To visit the World's Fair at last.
Netherby.

The wedding is over. The presents
Now claim the attention of all;
The public, both townsfolk and peasants,
Still storm the Imperial hall.
There, diamonds of the first water,
And jewels of every hue,
Showered down upon England's fair daughter,
Are spread for our wondering view.

There's more than one elegant carriage,
With horses and harness complete,
To honour this popular marriage,
And ponies, both pretty and fleet.
There's a sewing-machine and typewriter,
When useful employments delight,
For hours that are gayer and brighter,
Pianos to music invite.

See fans of all fashions and sizes,
Of pictures a gallery fair,
And painting whose beauty surprises
On panels of porcelain most rare.
'Tis well to have lineage royal,
When Hymen invites one to bliss.
What nation than England more loyal?
What wedding more favoured than this?
Excelsior.

Farewell to the season just waning,
The season of one eight nine three;
It hasn't been spoilt by the raining
And hailing we gen'rally see.
The weather's been very propitious
(The sun—oh, how hot it can be!),
And certainly quite as delicious
As that at the Queen's Jubilee.

The season, though one of great gladness,
Was marred by a shocking event:
The nation was plunged into sadness,
On Tryon's great blunder intent.
The Duke with his bride now rejoices
(At present on honeymoon bent),
And hundreds and thousands of voices
Shout welcomes and welcomes well meant.

And now all from town are departing,
Away from the dust and the smoke,
And hansoms and growlers are darting
About, filled with luggage and folk.
But stay! there are some, please remember,
Who don't think it much of a joke:
The Commons must sit till September,
Bound fast by Home Rule's Irish yoke.
Stanchion.

Good-bye to the Season! It leaves me
With quite a small pang of regret,
No single event in it grieves me,
And nothing I fain would forget;
I saw all its sights and its glories,
The Drawing Rooms, concerts, and balls,
Old Gladstone attacked by the Tories,
And nothing dismayed at their calls.

The Queen has been getting quite young, Sirs,
She opened the Institute new,
And there, while the masses gave tongue, Sirs,
I got a magnificent view;
I watched my dear boy, who's at Eton,
Play marvellous cricket at Lord's,
Though one should be very discreet on
Such subjects when feats he records.

I saw the brave show at the marriage
Of Prince George and fair Princess May,
I watched the bright bride in her carriage,
And saw her speed blithely away;
I saw all the Opera splendid
With lights and with roses galore,
And now I have done what most men did,
And hied me away to the shore. Almaviva.

Alas for "M.P.'s," since their labours
Are past, I'm afraid, near an end.
Neither "Reds," nor their opposite neighbours,
Would like to their "Parties" offend;
So there they must stay in their places,
And long weary hours endure,
And try with inglorious faces,
To banish the thoughts which allure.

Their dreams are of moor and of mountain,
They walk home, instead of "cabbing," for change.
They pass by the Shaftesbury fountain,
And glare at that monument strange;
Let it only reminds them of "questions"
Anent our disorderly streets,
And in hopes to forget these suggestions,
They push home to lose care 'twixt the sheets.

How "riling" to read in a letter,
From one who has managed to "pair,"
That he finds himself very much better,
And, eke, that the weather keeps fair.
But things mundane, we know, have an ending,
And tho' worried "M.P.'s" now feel sore,
Let us hope, when their ways they are wending
From Town, they'll forget what they bore.

Plumepierre.

HER FIRST SEASON.

Good night to the Season! 'tis ended,
Farewell to flirtation and fun;
For the curtain, alas! has descended,
Ere it seemed that the play had begun.
Farewell to the park and the carriage,
The fresh morning rides in the Row,
The pomp of the Princess's marriage,
The Imperial Institute show.

The Sunday parade and the dresses,
The decorum of dinner and drum;
The balls and the bouquets, and guesses
From whom they could possibly come.
The wagers, the luncheons, the coaches
At Ascot or Sandown or Lord's;
The laughter, the chaff, the reproaches,
The pleading of passionate words.

The watching for one who ne'er misses,
Who is constant, and tender, and true;
For the clasp of a hand, for the kisses
Which I oughtn't to like—but I do.
Good night to the Season! 'tis over,
But I'll bear it as well as I can,
For at least it has brought me a lover,
Which I hadn't—before it began.

Kathleen.

Hurrah! we leave London to-morrow,
I thought, with a sense of delight,
When, feigning a lachrymose sorrow,
I wished both my daughters good night.
This season has altered completely
Some notions of living in town,
Though my wife just now whispered sweetly,
"You must have enjoyed it, my own."

Enjoyed it! By Jove, if a camel
Delights in the load on his back,
If fishes are pleased with a trammel
When skilfully laid in their track,
Then have I imbibed a full measure
Of joy in the regions of bliss.
Our road up the mountain of pleasure
Was hot in a season like this.

The Derby, the Wedding, the Cricket,
The Pictures, the Dinners, the Balls,
And Ascot (two guineas a ticket),
To say nought of opera stalls.
Led on by the soft wiles of beauty
(I mean of my daughters and wife),
Like a slave I've stuck to my duty,
And shortened the years of my life.

Offa.

The season is over and ended,
Desolation reigns over Pall Mall,
Tall youths and fair maidens have wended
To mountain, to moor, and to fell.
No steeds in the Row are seen prancing,
Their riders have vanished away;
There's an end to the music and dancing,
The jewels, and costly array.

The American heiress has taken
Her millions to spend them at Loo.
The English milords are forsaken,
And all look exceedingly blue.
The wedding we're thankful is over;
The papers again we can read.
Princess May can be left with her lover
The Sandringham cattle to feed.

'Twas a season of sunshine and sorrow,
Knells mingled with marriage bell gay;
Smiles followed by tears on the morrow
For our sailors in Tripoli's Bay.
Bright jewels the fair bride adorning
Were matched by the tears flowing free
From the eyes of sad widows moaning
Brave men sleeping under the sea.

Vicar.

And now the great season is ending;
But what has it left in its train?
I hear shouts of triumph ascending;
I hear a long echo of pain.
In a glow of great splendour and gladness,
It dawned like the seasons of old,
Till a hush of deep sorrow and sadness,
On the evening of bright June was told.

And then with a sound of rejoicing,
The sweet month of July was hailed,
When arches, and banners, and mottoes,
Round the squares and the wide streets were nailed.
With the bells from cathedrals all ringing,
A procession in splendour passed on,
While the voice of a nation's loud singing
Was echoed through country and town.

And now the gay season is ending,
Leaving memories of pleasure and pain;
Good-bye! till with bright summer weather,
We hail it in sunshine again.
For some it came laden with gladness,
To deck their gold pathway with flowers;
For others the night of deep sadness
Has darkened its golden-voiced hours.

Oar Cross.

There's an end to the balls and the dancing,
There's an end to the dust and the glare;
In the Row are no thoroughbreds prancing,
In the Park are no mashers to stare.
No longer my brain must be worrying
Which dinner or fête to attend;
My hosts over Europe are scurrying,
To my desolate Club I must wend.

The Mall, with its diamonds sparkling,
At the wedding of George and of May,
Is now all deserted and darkling,
The belles of the season away.
My wife and my children are sailing,
Enjoying the sweet summer breeze;
While I the street 'buses am hailing,
And earning a few guinea fees.

The concert, the play, and the dinner,
Are all of them things of the past;
And I, a disconsolate sinner,
To the stool of my office chained fast.
My home's given over to paint and repair,
My study's no longer my own;
The end of the season to me means despair,
For in London I'm left all alone.

Ivy Leaves.

Good-bye to the pert London sparrow,
Adieu to the 'Varsity match,
Farewell to the "Eton and Harrow,"
As I dive down the after hatch.
No more of frivolities racy,
A truce to Society's lies,
My mainsail—Sir George Lewis *pace*—
I can fearlessly scandalise.

I gladly quit square, street, and place,
Have aimed my last handful of rice,
Morganatic'ly tied, the mainbrace
Is the chum I shall fitfully splice.
No more does the opera trouble,
Chevalier recitals are o'er,
And the rest, not at billiards, scores double
Sans frocks—what a blessing galore!

No music-hall syrens I fear,
Bars are not now a Gaiety tip,
The whistles—no soft ones—I hear
Never breathed from fair woman's lip.
Now swells, not of clubland, I greet,
Rising up with most graceful of bows,
The milkmaid may tread my old beat,
I make a fresh one to fetch Cowes!

Lister.

Welcome the season of yachting,
The harbour is crowded with craft;
And stewards are busy allotting
The cabins and bunks fore and aft.
The swift racing boats are all ready,
For there are matches to-day;
The signal gun booms—All now steady,
Spread out your white wings and away.

Society's darlings are present,
The snobs of Society too;
The Peer is there, so is the peasant,
All eager the racing to view.
Vanity stalks like the peacock;
But what does half the world say?
"See yourself as others"—oh, cruel shock,
Let 'em live in their plumage to-day.

Oh, welcome the gay yachting season,
While it's on take the fill of its joys,
For soon comes regret—but 'tis treason
To talk of this much to the boys.
The club boys, I mean; jolly fellows,
Who are in the swim to the last,
Carcening about on the billows
Long after the season is past.

Aichdoubleu

Farewell to the season in sorrow,
Farewell to its empty show;
Farewell to the swells who borrow,
Farewell to friend and foe.
Farewell, farewell to the season,
It has been, no worse than of yore;
It is never "a feast of reason;"
Don't we always say it's "a bore"?

A joyful farewell to Home Rulers;
May their vulgar laughs cease;
They have served as useful coolers,
And taught us the value of peace.
Farewell to the wearisome speeches,
From which we learnt nothing at all;
We hie to the river's beaches
From politics that pall.

Farewell to contention and riot,
The strife of Party and place;
Welcome Father Thames and his quiet,
His gudgeon, roach, and dace.
Farewell to the season of matches
'Twixt Prince and millionaire,
Miss Vanderbilt's one of the catches
Of this year's Vanity Fair.

Perplexed.

Good night and good reason, 'tis over,
The West-end no longer is gay—
The masher, fond maiden, and lover
Are gone to the seaside away.
There's nothing in town to invite one,
E'en Members in frenzy carouse,
All laws of precedence abandon,
And kick up a row in the House.

Good-bye for this reason, 'tis ended,
Festivities' brilliant display;
Departed the ones we befriended,
And joined the white Rose to its May.
There's nought been attempted left undone
To make the whole nation rejoice;
One blaze of delight lit up London,
And cheered them God-speed in one voice.

Good luck for one reason, 'tis over,
Fanatics no longer will bray
Of sycophants wrapped up in clover,
Or knighted in honour of May.
Dear TRUTH, I would rather abandon
All joy for the sorrow that's borne,
And grant a *Victoria's* pension
To widows and orphans we mourn.

Sol.

The Duke and his Duchess are married,
The functions endured and discussed;
In a week or two, who will have tarried
In town save poor wretches who must?
I really can bear it no longer—
Such dulness around, yet no rest;
Man's nerves should be very much stronger,
By modern inflictions oppressed.

Fate's death-wheel turns faster and faster,
Or so to the living it seems;
The air is all dark with disaster,
More horrid than horrors of dreams.
Then politics: Parliament's yellow
With jaundice of Irish disputes;
The country's as bad—not one fellow
But champions Home Rule or refutes.

Quite the newest new topic is Siam,
And possible ructions with France.
Who's not sick of it all? At least, I am;
I'll be off; let the world take it's chance.
Ten o'clock! Then I'll start by eleven.
What land shall my solitude screen?
Oh, is there a spot under Heaven
Where newspapers never are seen?

Mos.

Stanzas have also been received from Lancastrian, Grip, Cordova, The Ghost, Comtesse Olga, Mab, Qu'appelle, Cantab, A. C., Boiled Rice, Snowdrop, Esperanza, Bloater Paste, Milly, A. H. C., Adonis, Metheglin, Stroke Oar, W. W. S., Merry, R. W. Stepney, Nono, Vashti, America, M. M., Diaper, Blue Ruin, C. C. R., and Vampire.

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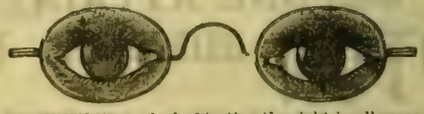

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici.—*Cicero.*"

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NOTICES.

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is to leave Osborne to-morrow (Thursday) week, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and her Majesty will arrive at Balmoral at three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 25th. The Queen will not travel by way of Portsmouth, but she is to cross from East Cowes in the *Alberta* to the Clarence Yard at Gosport, whence the special train of the London and North-Western Company's carriages, which is always used for her Scotch journeys, will convey her direct to Ballater.

The Prince of Wales paid a visit the other day to Mr. and Mrs. William James at West Dean Park, their place near Chichester. Mr. James has expended an enormous sum in altering, enlarging, and decorating the house at West Dean (which is one of the finest in Sussex) since he purchased the estate of 8,000 acres about two years ago from Mr. Bowyer. West Dean was long the seat of the Peacheys, who were raised to the Peerage in 1804 with the title of Lord Selsey. The grounds are very pretty, and there is a well-wooded park, from which are beautiful views of the South Downs. The Duke and Duchess of Teck were to have stayed at West Dean Park for Goodwood races, but they were kept away by the death of his sister.

Nearly a year ago I announced that the Duke of Connaught would succeed Sir Evelyn Wood at Aldershot, and my intimation was decisively contradicted in some carping quarters. A few weeks back I repeated my former announcement on the subject, and then the *Times* stated officially that the Duke would remain at Portsmouth until August, 1895. Now, his appointment to Aldershot is officially announced. The fact is that there was recently a hitch, which threatened to stop the Duke's promotion, but it has been overcome, after he had pretty well made up his mind to stay on at Portsmouth.

The Duke is a popular Prince, who, by all accounts, has never made an enemy, and he has the credit of being a capable soldier, with a genuine interest in his profession. Neither of these circumstances, however, is sufficient to justify his being appointed to the Aldershot command. Had there been no one else with pre-eminent claims to the post, it would still have been felt that the Duke of Connaught is selected, not by reason of his personal or professional merits, but because he is the Queen's son. As it is, his appointment means the exclusion of an officer with unrivalled qualifications for the post, and it will therefore justly excite indignation and disgust. Seldom, indeed, has Court influence been exerted with more flagrant disregard for the public interest. This job will only increase the anxiety which is felt in the country as to what is to be done with Lord Roberts.

On Tuesday next the Dowager Lady Erroll is to succeed the Dowager Lady Southampton as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen. She is to accompany her Majesty to Balmoral, and will remain at Court until September 12.

A correspondent writes:—

Heligoland has been ruined as a watering-place by its cession to Germany, and the splendid Kurhaus and bath-house which have recently been built are quite empty. Only "cheap trippers" now visit the island, which has been abandoned by the Princes, nobles, and merchants who used to come regularly every summer, and stay for weeks together. The immense fortifications which have been constructed have quite altered the island, which, moreover, now swarms with artillerymen, and officers belonging to every branch of the army are constantly coming and going. When Heligoland was given over to Germany by Lord Salisbury, it was announced by the Tory papers that the rights of those of the inhabitants who might choose to remain British had been thoroughly safeguarded; but this assurance has proved to be a perfect flim-flam. Any one who declared for remaining British was prevented from plying with boats, which practically meant ruin. Then a poll-tax of 120 marks a year was imposed on the Britons, and finally they were ordered to be officially described as foreigners, which meant that they were deprived of the right to acquire or to own property on the island.

There has been some lamentable muddling in the public band arrangements for the present season at Folkestone. For some years the matter was in the hands of a voluntary committee, which raised a considerable sum, and expended it on a few concerts by crack military bands. The subscriptions, however, fell away, and power was obtained by Parliament for the raising of a half-penny rate in aid of the public bands. The rate realised £320, and this was handed over to the old committee, reinforced by two or three representatives of the Corporation. The result of it all is that about £400 is being spent on fourteen military concerts, whereas the amount of the rate alone would have procured the exclusive services of a first-class band for six or seven weeks. The ratepayers, among whom there was a strong opposition to the band-rate, are chiefly to blame for this result. For less than 1d. in the pound they could provide a splendid band to perform in different parts of the town throughout the season; and if they had the sense to profit

by the example of Scarborough, Eastbourne, and other places, they would realise that no form of municipal expenditure yields a more substantial return.

Scarborough, however, cannot be held up in all respects as a model of municipal perfection. The Corporation some time back vetoed over-head wires. As a result of this, residents on the South Cliff have been for several months deprived of a telegraph-office, the Post-office having declined to lay wires underground. There is, in consequence, a delay of about half-an-hour in despatching and delivering all messages. The Telephone Company also decline to go to the expense of under ground wires, so that the South Cliff is deprived of a telephone service. The objections to overhead wires are notorious; but they are not stronger in Scarborough than elsewhere. If a municipality for the public benefit have them removed, they ought to make provision for laying them underground, or the public loses more than it gains.

A correspondent writes from Eastbourne:—

The hotel-keepers and tradesmen here complain that the town is not as full as it ought to be at this time of year, but those who have been on the Parade during the last few days have found it quite full enough for comfort. There can certainly be no good reason why the place should not be full. With the exception of Sunday, when the brilliant show on the front was rather marred by a hot and suffocating sea-fog, the weather during the past ten days has been simply perfect, and there is the usual abundance of entertainments. Mr. Norfolk Megone has a first-rate orchestra at Devonshire Park, and the illuminated fêtes there started a fortnight ago. Among theatrical attractions we have just had "Walker" and "The Bumble Shop," and are to have this week Miss Fortescue's and Mr. Ben Greet's Companies. The German Reeds are coming, and Madame Albu, assisted by Signor Tito Mattei, and other celebrities, is giving concerts at the Town Hall. Among the notabilities here during the last week I have noticed Count and Countess Festetics, Lord Sandford, and Mr. Edward Carson, M.P., who has been rusticating in company with Mr. Dunbar Barton. The Princesse de Wagram, who has been making a long stay here, is still at the Cavendish.

Another correspondent sends me the following concerning East Anglia:—

That great shoulder of England which Norfolk thrusts into the North Sea attracts every year an increasing number of visitors and summer residents. At Overstrand, which may be described as a kind of "Chapel of Ease" to Cromer, a village of smart bungalows has sprung up, and bathing and lawn-tennis are in great request. Until now, Overstrand has escaped the enterprise of hotel-keepers. Children with brown bare legs, and innumerable dogs, crowd the sea-front. The commissariat is very well done. Meat and fish, poultry and groceries, are in the hands of very civil and obliging East Anglians, and vehicles can always be obtained at the "White Horse," the solitary inn, which enjoys a monopoly of potables. Lawn-tennis, tea, and young ladies attract the clergy, while the much-abounding juveniles of both sexes disport themselves all over the place.

Excursions are not wanting for those inclined to explore this corner of very old England. Just where the Wash joins the German Ocean are curious old sea-ports, such as Blakeney and Wells-by-the-Sea, not to be confounded with the bishopric of Wells held with Bath in the West Country. More inland lies Houghton, where Sir Robert Walpole hunted by day and fared sumptuously at night. Sandringham and Lynn are not far off. Those loving quaint and weird memories can visit Blickling Hall, round which the phantom coachman is said to drive the headless horses and funereal coach; Felbrigge, made notorious by "mad" Windham; and lonely Stanfield Hall, the house once held by the Jermy family, massacred by the assassin Rush.

Doncaster is not likely to be a success this year from the social point of view. There will be no party at Welbeck Abbey, which has usually sent a contingent of at least thirty; at Wentworth Woodhouse there are to be only a few members of Lord Fitzwilliam's family; while it is very doubtful whether Lord and Lady Wharncliffe will have any guests at Wortley, and it is understood that Nostell Priory will also be closed. It is believed that Lord Scarbrough and Lord Houghton will have small parties at Sandbeck Park and Frystone Hall respectively, and, no doubt, there will be contingents from Brocklesby, Edenthorpe, Wheatley, and Escrick.

There were extensive festivities last week at Dalzell Castle, Lanarkshire, to celebrate the coming of age of the eldest son of Lord Hamilton, the Liberal leader of that county. On Tuesday night, Lord Hamilton gave a dinner to about three hundred of the tenants in the tennis court of the Castle, and Mr. Hamilton was presented with several addresses and a number of valuable presents.

The Dowager Lady Huntly, who died on Thursday, had been in failing health for a long time. She was almost unknown in society, having resided for many years past entirely at Orton Longueville, her place near Peterborough, where she was very popular indeed. Lady Huntly was a very clever woman of business, and she managed the family estates for many years with conspicuous ability, and was then much beloved and esteemed on Deeside; but a generation has passed away since she left Aboyne Castle. She was a staunch Evangelical, having been converted to Low Church principles in early life by her neighbour in Hunts, the famous Lady Olivia Sparrow who had great influence over her. Lady Huntly was more than thirty years younger than her husband (who died in 1863), and he was the son of the "wicked" Marquis, who was described by Lord Cockburn in 1846 as "the contemptible monkey-faced wretch of a beau who danced at Versailles with Marie Antoinette about sixty years ago, who is still grinning and dancing somewhere abroad at the expense of creditors who can't afford to let him die." Aboyne Castle then "exhibited all the signs of dilapidation and insolvency."

The death of Mr. Mackie, of Fyvie, has caused deep regret among all classes in Aberdeenshire, for he was well known all over the county, and was a universal favourite. Mr. Mackie took a prominent part in county affairs, and in every sort of local business, and he had been an enthusiastic Volunteer for thirty-three years. He was not only a first-rate man of business in his capacity as banker and merchant, but he was also a clever and successful farmer. He was always a keen Tory, but so genial in his politics (as in everything) that whenever the Liberals held a meeting at Fyvie, their Member or candidate (as the case might be) was always Mr. Mackie's guest for the night.

Great and universal offence has been given in the North by the Duke of Fife, by a very arrogant speech which he delivered at Elgin the other day, in which he advised all the young men of the county to emigrate. Surely the depopulation of the Highlands has been proceeding fast enough to suit even the proprietor of Mar Forest, wherein nearly 100,000 acres are set apart for the exclusive occupation of red-deer. The Duke of Fife and his predecessors have been always prominent on the black-list of those Highland landlords who have steadily discouraged agriculture in the interest of grouse and deer.

For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 354-355 in the present issue.

For Amusements, see page 353.

The recent show of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Edinburgh has proved a great financial success, the receipts having exceeded £4,880, this being £1,600 above the total at any previous meeting of the Society, except the Centenary Exhibition in 1884.

The annual meeting of the Isle of Wight Artisans' and Mechanics' Industrial Society was held the other day at Newport at a very inconvenient time in order to suit Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had promised to attend and present the prizes. At the last moment, however, when it was too late to postpone the meeting, Prince Henry sent a message to intimate that an engagement at Osborne would prevent him from attending. A great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at this exceedingly ungracious and inconsiderate conduct on the part of the "Governor and Captain" of the island, who certainly has not increased his popularity thereby.

Some long and very absurd obituary notices have been published in the newspapers of Mr. James Stillie, a well-known Edinburgh bookseller, who is described as having been a confidential friend of Sir Walter Scott, and as having been entrusted with the conveyance of the proofs of some of the Waverley Novels to Abbotsford. Unluckily, Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter" does not contain a single allusion to Mr. Stillie, although he gives copious details of every one who was ever brought into any sort of connection with his hero. If Mr. Stillie had really seen anything of Sir Walter Scott in private life, his name must have appeared in Lockhart's book. Considering the extreme care that was taken to preserve the secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, it is in the greatest degree unlikely that an apprentice and a mere boy was ever entrusted with the confidences of Sir Walter and his publishers.

Mr. Stillie was employed by the Ballantynes in their shops until 1825, when (at the age of twenty-two) he started in business on his own account. He became a good judge of old books and rare manuscripts, but his reputation as an expert has been considerably tarnished of late by the fact that he was one of the victims of Smith, the forger of Burns and other manuscripts. However, a man of nearly ninety could not be reasonably expected to retain his faculty of judgment in such delicate and perplexing matters.

Lord Carlisle has presented to the National Portrait Gallery Hogarth's celebrated picture of the "Committee of the House of Commons on the Fleet Prison," which had been hung for many years at Castle Howard.

The Archbishop of Canterbury having gone to the Continent, a notice has been issued requesting those having business with him to address themselves to the Archdeacons of Canterbury and Maidstone. It is to be hoped that no very urgent business will necessitate this course being taken, as the two Archdeacons are themselves away from home. Their official residences at Canterbury, like those of most of the other Canons and Minor Canons, are let for the summer season—a matter which causes no little discontent among the other residents in the city, who if they desire to let their houses, naturally suffer considerably by the competition of the cathedral dignitaries. Whether it is becoming for clerics in this position, occupying their residences rent free, to grab a few pounds per annum by letting them furnished, is a question worth their consideration, though I do not suppose that they will readily be induced to consider it.

Canon Wade, who died last week, was for more than half a century one of the most prominent, popular, and successful of the London working clergy. He was a genial Irishman, a man of many accomplishments, and a fine scholar; and he showed much tact at Bristol in his dealings with the late Dean Elliot, who was by no means disposed to facilitate the improvement or the extension of the Cathedral services. In later years, the Canon became widely known by his introduction of the Passion Music at St. Anne's every Lent. He was one of Mr. Gladstone's intimate friends, and they worked together in many ways, and were instrumental in establishing the House of Charity in Soho-square. It was Lord Hatherley who gave Canon Wade the Stall at Bristol, which he held during the last twenty-one years of his life, and he lived to see the Chapter revolutionised, and the Cathedral become the centre of Church work which he so ardently desired to make it.

Canon Cazenove was a very able, a very hardworking, and a most popular clergyman. He was one of Bishop Wilberforce's intimate and trusted friends ("good old Cazenove," as the Bishop defined him), and held the living of Reigate for some thirty years, and exercised a quasi-Episcopal authority over the town and neighbourhood. He was a zealous supporter of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, most munificent in his gifts to Church and charitable institutions, a delightful host, and a man of wide information and first-rate conversation.

Sir Walter Gilbey is again issuing his annual appeal that the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution shall participate in the distribution of the offertories collected at harvest festivals. No appeal could possibly be made for a better object. There is something, however, a trifle incongruous in the fact that Sir Walter should find it necessary to mention that the claims of the distressed agriculturists upon the Institution are this year stronger than ever, while he is at the same time appealing for liberal donations by way of thanksgivings for the harvest. I fear that those who are most immediately concerned in the harvest will be the last to find it a subject for thanksgiving. As long, however, as the price of the quartern loaf remains independent of the vagaries of the British climate, there can be no question that the rest of us have a great deal to be thankful for.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund for poor and sickly London children:—Margaret, £1; M. E. A. P., £1. 1s.; B. E. C., £5; Mrs. R. H., £4; Mrs. M. R., £5; X., £5; A. B., 10s.; S. B. S., £2. 2s.

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The appointment of Major-General Nairne to be Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, which has given much satisfaction in India, has been made, I hear, on the recommendation of Lord Roberts. Major-General Nairne has served in India during the greater part of his career, and he is a very able Officer, and most popular.

In view of the vacancy which will shortly occur on the Head-Quarters Staff of the Royal Marines, it is desirable that attention should be directed to the systematic evasion in recent years of the regulation which limits the time for which Staff appointments may be held. It is laid down that after five years' Staff employ an officer shall perform two years' regimental duty before being again eligible for a Staff appointment, and that after holding Staff appointments officers shall go to the head of the roster for foreign service. In spite of these excellent rules, one officer now on the Head-Quarters Staff, after having held an appointment for five years, was passed into another for a further term of five years. Another officer lately left the Head-Quarters Staff after nine years' service there, and the present Professor of Tactics at Greenwich has performed no regimental duty for about twelve years. There is a certain class of Service regulations which seem made only to be broken.

A detachment of the Cameron Highlanders is to be stationed in the island of Skye during the autumn, in the hope that a number of the young Highlanders may be induced to enlist, and other Scotch regiments are to be represented at Oban and at Stornoway with the same object.

From the amount of correspondence which I have received on the subject, it is evident that deep and wide-spread interest is felt in the use of bad language in the Army. But practically all that can be profitably said about it is said by a Cavalry officer, who assures me, as the result of many efforts which he has made to improve the language of his troopers, that the men simply don't know when they are swearing. It is an unconscious habit. A soldier, it seems, emits a profane or obscene expression—just as an American expectorates—without the slightest notion that he is doing anything which is open to objection. It is a highly gratifying circumstance, however, that everybody who writes to me on the subject refers more or less pointedly to the Commander-in-Chief as the party who must be looked to for any reform in this direction. From private information which I have received, I have reason to believe that the Chaplain-General has been making representations to this effect, and that the Duke may shortly be expected to express himself very strongly on the subject.

Last week I ventilated a complaint from Chatham respecting the unsoldierly garments which the Engineers there are compelled to wear when off duty. A complaint of precisely the opposite character has been provoked among the Highland Light Infantry at Aldershot by an order of the General Officer commanding their Brigade, forbidding the wearing of black patrol jackets by N.C.O.'s when in undress uniform in barracks. I gather that this is a special grievance of the Highlanders, who, unlike other battalions, have no other garments than their white cloth jackets or red tunics. The effect of the above order is, consequently, that a Sergeant has to sit in his Mess buttoned up precisely as he would be on parade. A white jacket also requires a good deal of cleaning before parade, so that if a Sergeant wears one in his Mess till 11 p.m., it is difficult for him to turn out spick-and-span by 6 o'clock next morning. Unless, therefore, the order was intended to annoy, it should be reconsidered.

The Middlesex Yeomanry completed their annual training at Brighton last week, and on Friday they were inspected by Colonel Gough, the Assistant-General-Inspector of Cavalry. It has often been my lot to speak very strongly about the value of the Yeomanry as an arm of the Service, and only a few days ago all that I have written on the subject was fully borne out at the inspection of a Regiment of Yeomanry in the North of England, which was shown to be beneath contempt as a military body. "One scabby sheep infects a whole flock," and it is the existence of some few Regiments of Yeomanry who are badly officered, badly horsed, and badly drilled that has given such a bad name to the Force as a whole. It is, therefore, a great satisfaction for me to be able to show a reverse side of the picture. On the authority of Colonel Gough, who is one of the most astute and strict inspecting officers we have, I am pleased to say that the Middlesex Yeomanry is not only a credit to the Yeomanry generally, but a credit to the Cavalry branch of the Service. Colonel Gough said that he had seldom seen a Regiment more cleverly drilled or more splendidly turned out, and he was most complimentary as to the general appearance of both men and horses.

The Duke of Cambridge ought indeed to be proud of his "Hussars," as the Middlesex Yeomanry are called. I think it would be both a kind and a judicious thing if H.R.H. were to show his appreciation of the excellent character the Regiment has earned by taking a little personal interest in it. This would probably do much to remedy the only fault Colonel Gough was able to find, viz., that the Regiment required to be double its present number.

Now it is clear from the excellent status of the Middlesex Regiment that, under proper conditions, Yeomanry can be made useful, and, I may add, ornamental, soldiers. Primarily, it seems to me to be absolutely necessary that the Colonel should be a professional, not an amateur, soldier. In Colonel Kenyon Mitford the Middlesex men have a man who knows what such a regiment ought to do, who further knows how to teach them, and who, more important still, sees that they really work. At the same time, he does not lose sight of the fact that he is dealing with a Volunteer

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force, and not with Regulars, and he is consequently not only respected, but he is highly popular. His efforts have been most energetically backed up by the Adjutant, Captain W. H. Mitchell, of the 14th Hussars, who, to the regret of the Regiment, has just completed his five years. The other officers, too, are men who take a thorough interest in their work, and I am glad to see that their ranks have just been strengthened by the addition of Captain Rawson to their number. Captain Rawson, it will be remembered, was the scapegoat of War Office weakness and incapacity in connection with the scandal in the 1st Life Guards—a scandal, by the bye, that I don't think we have altogether heard the last of.

It is a matter of complaint at the Curragh that the "night operations," which have been a regular weekly fixture since the commencement of the drill season, invariably take place on Saturday night. The operations keep the men out of their quarters till close on one a.m., which, when it happens every week, involves a substantial interference with the Sunday's rest. As Saturday night does not seem to be exclusively devoted to this kind of work at other stations, there can hardly be any valid reason why it should be so at the Curragh.

A resident at Warrington tells me that he has observed with astonishment a Staff-Sergeant, a Colour-Sergeant, and other N.C.O.'s apparently told off for the special duty of preventing children playing about a drain which runs beside the barracks. I share his astonishment, and it may be that my feelings are stronger than his, for as a taxpayer I object to soldiers being put to work which, I should have thought, ought to be performed by the Warrington police. Probably, if the soldiers thus employed were consulted, it would be found that their objections are even stronger.

So far back as May 18 I described the scandalous shortcomings of the transport arrangements at Aldershot for the removal of infectious cases to hospital. I regret to learn that up to the present no attempt has been made to remedy this glaring evil. Last week a poor wretch with scarlet fever on him was to be seen lying on a trestle waiting for removal to hospital from six a.m. till noon. This is a small matter in itself—though so serious in its possible consequences—and the application of a little administrative intelligence from the right quarter might have put it to rights in an hour or two. Is it too late for Sir Evelyn Wood to look into the matter before his departure?

A distinguished veteran in sanitation writes to warn me that my information respecting the Aldershot sewage farm may be derived from sources as "corrupt as the sewage." I beg my esteemed correspondent to at once dismiss this fear from his mind. My information respecting Aldershot sanitation, which is by no means confined to the sewage farm, is derived from sources quite above suspicion, and has been verified by the eyes and nose of a member of my own staff. I hear from Aldershot that one or two Volunteers fainted last week while passing this same farm. Whether these are the same incidents which have elsewhere been recorded as cases of sunstroke I cannot say, but if they are, I am disposed to think that there were other agencies at work besides the sun.

I have also the pleasure to record, with blushes which unfortunately there is no means of reproducing on paper, that my efforts to abate these nuisances have been publicly acknowledged, with thanks, in the columns of the *Broad Arrow*, where it is usually held that officialism can do no wrong. It is indeed a proud moment when a Service journal is found to solemnly admit that criticism on Service affairs in a paper (like TRUTH), written for civilians, may occasionally be productive of good effect where that of a Service journal proves abortive. After this I can reconcile myself to being told that I am given to mix up "genuine complaints with others which are just the opposite." The least that I feel I can do under the circumstances is to promise that, if the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* will kindly continue his laudable efforts to correct my imperfect information on military topics, I shall always be ready, as heretofore, to acknowledge my obligations to him in the most public manner.

Much annoyance and discontent have been caused at Taunton Barracks by a Regimental Order just issued, which enacts that all fresh milk used in the barrack-rooms or married quarters is henceforth to be obtained of one specified farmer. Two N.C.O.'s and a Bugler have already been in trouble for disobedience to the order. Two of them got off on the ground that their wives had taken in the milk without their knowledge; the third was severely reprimanded; and the C.O. has now given out that if any women take in milk contrary to the order they will be struck off the strength of the marriage establishment. It is difficult to conceive any valid reason for these extraordinary proceedings, inasmuch as the Hospital and the Officers' Mess are still supplied by two dealers interdicted by the order. The other farmers and milk-dealers in the place are naturally of opinion that the privilege has been obtained by undue influence, and knowing what I do of Depot management, I should be slow to say that they are wrong. The soldiers also object on the ground that the privileged dealer will not supply small quantities, and refuses to go round to the quarters with it. Why do Commanding Officers lend themselves to such fatuous aberrations?

The Volunteers who have been encamped this summer at Yarmouth have suffered the greatest misery and discomfort from the wretched quality of the tents supplied to them. The canvas would only withstand the rain for about ten minutes, and during some of the heavy showers to which we have lately been treated the occupants of every tent, with all their belongings, were completely drenched. I understand that the tents came from Colchester, and whoever is responsible for their

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

condition ought to hear more of it. It is a stupid as well as a cruel thing to treat Volunteers in this way. The service has enough drawbacks without gratuitously multiplying the discomforts and expense attached to it.

Another important circumstance has been brought to my notice in connection with the position of Sergeant-Major Kenyon, at Exeter Depot. This individual, it seems, holds a medal for "Meritorious Service," which carries with it eventually an annuity of £20. It seems an outrageous thing that, if the man has been guilty of such conduct as is imputed to him in the findings of the Mess Committee, he should be allowed to retain a reward of this character. The treatment of Kenyon and the position which he is now occupying are so utterly unprecedented that the Commanding Officer must either be in ignorance of the real facts or wofully blind to their gravity. It seems desirable, therefore, that the General Commanding the District should inquire fully into the case, and an opportunity for so doing will occur at the forthcoming inspection.

I understand that Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson has now been brought to trial at Bodmin, and found guilty, but the sentence upon him has not yet been promulgated. Under these circumstances, I think it better to refrain for the moment from any comment on the case; but I may say that there is a great deal in it which emphatically calls for further notice.

A comment in TRUTH of August 3 on the illegal award of a "minor punishment" to an N.C.O. at Hamilton, was thus criticised in the *Broad Arrow*:—

> Now, in the first place, was the offence really so very "trifling" as alleged? Secondly, would TRUTH prefer that no N.C.O. should be given a "chance," but invariably receive an entry in the defaulters' book, or be tried by court-martial? Many punishments are given which are not strictly legal, simply in order to avoid the necessity of entering a record of "trivial offences" in men's defaulter-sheets . . . . The probability is that the "injured" man in this case has been several times unpunctual in his return to barracks at midnight. Under such circumstances a lenient C.O. would be not unlikely to say: "If you can't return to barracks by twelve o'clock, I think we had better take away your standing pass for awhile, and see whether you can be in by tattoo."

As usual, this farrago of surmise and "probability" is utterly devoid of the slightest foundation of fact. I have further inquired into the case, with the view of testing the value of the *Broad Arrow's* probabilities. The delinquent is a Colour-Sergeant of thirteen years' service, eleven and a half of them as a Non-Commissioned Officer. During the whole of that time he has never been absent from a parade. For seven years prior to this occurrence he had no entry against him. The suggestion that an illegal minor punishment was given in order to avoid an entry in the defaulters' book is disposed of by the awkward fact that the man was severely reprimanded, and an entry of the fact made against him. The question as to whether the offence was "trifling" is equally disposed of by the fact that it consisted in his "having a few words" with his wife, on the strength of which a kindly-disposed Sergeant-Major reported him for making a disturbance in his quarters. Having thus demonstrated the value of his ingenious surmises, I would again point out to the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* the fatuous folly of endeavouring to get round facts of which you know nothing, by wild speculation in "probabilities."

Oddly enough, while counselling me to study "probabilities," and giving the foregoing object lesson on the advantages of such a course, the *Broad Arrow* overlooks the most weighty probability of all. Nearly all these Depots, and Hamilton most of all, are split up into cliques, and distracted by feuds and personal animosities. From what I know of life in these stations, I should say that when a Colour-Sergeant, who has a little difference of opinion with his better half, is first reported by a comrade to the Commanding Officer, and then sentenced by that Commanding Officer to an unlawful punishment involving a permanent blot on his record, the probability is irresistibly strong that the whole affair is the outcome of petty personal spite. That was the probability which first led me to comment on the incident, and the probability is strengthened by everything that I have since learned.

A question as to the legality of the same punishment as was given in the above instance, was asked in the House of Commons in April last. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman then stated that a Commanding Officer could legally take away a Non-Commissioned Officer's pass, and cause him to attend tattoo parade; *but only in the case of a Non-Commissioned Officer below the rank of a full Sergeant.* That, in the face of this, the General Officer Commanding the District should have refused to entertain the complaint made to him at Hamilton, is a matter strongly calling for explanation.

I hear with some surprise that the privileges conceded by the Railway Companies a year or two back to soldiers and their families on furlough are not considered to extend to Non-Commissioned Officers serving as Instructors of Volunteers and Yeomanry. That, at least, is the decision which the Great Western Company have recently arrived at in the case of a Sergeant-Major attached to a Volunteer Regiment, who applied for return passes at the single rates. If such is the general opinion of the Railway Companies, the General Managers by no means deserve all the compliments they received when their concessions to soldiers were first announced. An N.C.O. serving as Instructor to a Volunteer Corps has in every respect as good a claim to special treatment as though he were attached to a Line Battalion—if not better. Perhaps Mr. Agg-Gardner, whose agitation led the Railway Companies to grant soldiers a reduced rate, will look into this matter.

Evidence has frequently been given in these columns of the deadly monotony of garrison life at Gibraltar—so far as the rank and file are concerned. The place is little

BIRDS of a feather flock together. The first grey hair will soon have companions, unless their coming is rendered impossible by the use of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S World's Hair Restorer.

better than a prison to most of the soldiers stationed there, and it is to be feared that the demoralising effects of such a life are occasionally to be seen in the demeanour of troops who have spent a long period at the Rock. Under these circumstances, I would suggest to the new Governor that some relaxation might be made in the rules regulating the egress of soldiers from the fortress. Occasional passes might be allowed to Non-commissioned officers and men desirous of making excursions into Spain, and this should always be done, so far as the exigencies of garrison duty allow, when there are sports or other festivities going on in the neighbourhood. I am aware that N.C.O.'s can at present obtain such passes on application; but they have to be applied for several days in advance, and a man never knows for certain whether he will be off duty on the day for which his pass is granted. I am told that Staff-Sergeants are allowed monthly passes, and there is no reason that I can see why all N.C.O.'s should not have the same privilege.

Admiral Tryon's despatch-box, which was found floating after the *Victoria* had foundered, was specially made to contain the code of signals. Of course, it was desired to keep this code a secret, so, in order to provide against the risks of accidents, the box was lined with lead, and perforated with many holes, to ensure its at once sinking to the bottom of the sea if it happened to come into the water. It would be interesting to learn who were the designers of this box, which, being specially constructed to sink, floated safely, and is now at the Admiralty, a most practical proof of the fallibility of our experts.

A correspondent writes from St. John's, Antigua:—

It may interest some of the readers of TRUTH to know how strong is the spirit of kinship with our countrymen across the sea in this far-off and little-known corner of her Majesty's dominions. On the evening of July 24 an entertainment was given in our Public Hall for the purpose of raising a "contribution from Antigua" towards the *Victoria* Relief Fund. The programme comprised vocal and instrumental music, recitations (in which Captain Fleet of H.M.S. *Tartar* took part), and theatricals by local amateurs; and the performance was so successful that £27. 10s. was realised. I enclose you some verses which were written and recited on the occasion by a young West Indian.

Whether naval officers and seamen learn anything from the annual manœuvres of the Fleet I have no means of judging; but assuredly these operations are rich in matter of instruction for those who pay the piper. The chief lesson to be learned I take to be, that by the wisdom of the Admiralty and the dockyard authorities we are possessed of a fleet of ships a large percentage of which cannot be trusted to keep at sea for a couple of weeks without breaking down or otherwise getting into trouble, while whole classes of ships are unfit for the purpose for which they have been designed. From a useful catalogue published in the *Star*, I learn that in twelve days ending July 24 there occurred (apart from minor accidents) thirteen breakdowns of machinery sufficiently serious to necessitate the ships concerned putting into port for repairs. Still more gratifying to the public must be the discovery that the Admiralty have spent upwards of a million of money in building "torpedo catchers," which steam on an average three or four knots an hour slower than the torpedo boats which it is proposed that they shall catch!

A critic in one of the daily papers remarks upon the singular circumstance that, while a commissioned officer who loses or imperils a ship has to clear himself before a court-martial, officials in dockyards and at Whitehall, whose blunders lead to precisely the same result, are not only allowed to retain unchallenged their positions and their power for mischief, but never incur so much as a reprimand. Here we have in a nutshell the reason for the amazing catalogues of defects in design and construction which each year's manœuvres disclose in the Navy. Such revelations are unknown in the huge fleets owned by private Shipping Companies. Why? Because if shareholders discovered that their money was spent on ships that could not keep at sea for a week without a breakdown, or in purchasing costly craft utterly unsuited for the use to which they were to be put, they would make short work of the directors and managers whose negligence or stupidity led to these results.

The Southampton papers report a most amazing proceeding on the part of the Customs authorities. A young gentleman, whose name has somehow not transpired, but is said to be the son of a military officer, whose name also has somehow not transpired, was convicted and heavily fined by the Southampton Magistrates for smuggling 1,000 cigars, which are said to have been intended for an uncle who is "a fashionable physician" in London, but whose name also has somehow not transpired. A few days later a solicitor appeared in Court and publicly announced that the authorities had returned the fine. He added that this was done, "he believed, without the least solicitation." I should not share this belief unless I saw very strong evidence to support it; but, if this unprecedented favour was granted unsolicited, it is only the more reason why such extraordinary action should be explained. I have often protested against the extravagant scale on which fines for Revenue offences are assessed. If we are to have no fine at all when the sons of officers smuggle boxes of valuable cigars for the benefit of fashionable physicians, let us have the same rule applied to poor men who shirk the duty on a few ounces of tobacco. I am glad to see that one of the Southampton Magistrates has already pointed this moral.

Is there a branch of the S.P.C.A. at Southampton? If so, its officers and members would do well to look to the suffering inflicted on horses by the overcrowding of the tramcars. I am informed that on the Bank Holiday a car was seen coming up the High-street against the hill with twenty people in it in excess of the legal complement, and no extra horse. It is a disgrace to any town that such things should be allowed, but I fear that Southampton is not the only place open to the same reproach.

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LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING DR. WINTER BLYTH'S SANITARY REPORT FOR MARYLEBONE.

What place is this with clammy walls
Up which the loathsome cockroach crawls?
What place is this so dark and damp
Where at one's footfall rats decamp?
Where beetles swarm upon the stair,
And noxious odours fill the air?
Where woodlice to the flooring cling,
And spiders from the ceiling swing?

What place is this of filth and scum
Where God's own air can never come?
Where fœtid exhalations rise,
And corners yield a foul surprise?
What place is this of mildew stains,
And, as 'twould seem, defective drains?
What subterranean abyss—
What dark and dismal hole is this?

Is it some cell of olden time
Where convicts rotted for their crime?
Some East-end cellar dankly dim
Haunted by phantoms pale and grim?
Some human rat-hole where unspied
The troglodytes of London hide?
Is it Infection's favourite lair,
Where Fever mates with dull Despair?

Some gruesome home of Vice and Death
Where Sanitation gasps for breath?
Is it—but no! there's little need
With further queries to proceed;
There's no occasion long to seek
To know of what it is we speak.
It is a type of place well known,
Alack! in lordly Marylebone—
A West-End bakehouse, be it said,
Whence Dives gets his daily bread!

John Reekie, having been for thirty-two years in the service of the Corporation of Perth, applied for a pension on the ground that he was unable to continue at work. The Town Council screwed themselves up to the point of allowing him 5s. per week, but ordered the Harbour Master (in whose department the man was) to keep him at light work. I should have thought that after thirty-two years the man might have been allowed to retire on a pension sufficient to keep him; but (to my sorrow) I am not a Scotchman.

The contemplated job in connection with the Chief Constableship of Portsmouth, to which I alluded a fortnight ago, has been frustrated. A majority of the Watch Committee, it will be recollected, were pledged to give the appointment to Commander Bamber, one of their own number, and a borough Justice. Publicity was given to this little scheme before it could be carried out, however, and in consequence Commander Bamber has discreetly withdrawn his candidature.

The Portsmouth Corporation come in for some scathing strictures in the annual report of the Borough Auditors. In addition to grave complaints regarding the keeping of the accounts, it is stated that in the total of nearly £9,000 still outstanding on private improvement accounts, there are "sums owing by members of public Boards" to which attention has previously been called; that public men are among the debtors to another department; and that orders have been given to an employé of a member of the Council and to the partner of a member of the Asylum Committee in direct contravention of the law. It is further pointed out that one of the Asylum accounts includes "poultry and game of all descriptions, peas at 1s. 6d. per gallon, peaches at 6d. each, and grapes at 5s. and 6s. per lb., besides an item of 11s. for a chef." It is to be regretted that the auditors have not given the names of the public men whose accounts are allowed to be so long overdue, together with those of the consumers of the game and poultry supplied to the order of the Asylum Committee. As it is, however, the report contains plenty of facts and figures for the serious consideration of the Portsmouth ratepayers.

When once people are smitten with Sabbatarian mania there is really no limit to their idiocy. Envious, I suppose, of the fame which the Southport Corporation achieved by a similar measure, Mr. J. H. Bennetts last week urged the Penzance Town Council—which body he adorns by his membership—to prohibit the operation of automatic machines on Sundays. The Council, it seems, takes a share of the receipts of one machine, and the slot of the sacrilegious instrument is kept open on the Lord's Day. Therefore, argues Mr. Bennetts, the Corporation is encouraging Sunday trading! The appalling fact has been referred to the consideration of the Highways Committee, whose decision I shall await with interest.

A second illustration of the inscrutable workings of the Sabbatarian mind was furnished by the Bangor City Council. There the question was not Sunday trading, but Sunday bathing. A Committee reported that they "could not see their way clear to prevent persons bathing who desired to do so on Sundays," and, strange as it may appear, the Sabbatarian lights of the Council objected to this. Colonel Hugh Savage declared that he would not be a party to allowing Sunday bathing, Councillor Hugh Hughes denounced the practice as a desecration of the Sabbath, and, altogether, five out of thirteen members voted against the report of the Committee. These five, I presume, have discovered a new reading of the Fourth Commandment:—"Thou shalt keep dirty the Sabbath-day."

The attention of the managers of schools, asylums, workhouses, and all similar public institutions ought to be drawn to an inquest held last week upon a boy and girl belonging to Forest Gate Industrial School, who were found to have died from ptomaine poisoning, consequent upon eating putrid beef. It is a fact, which all those experienced in such matters will corroborate, that there are few institutions in which there is not need of closer supervision over the contractors who supply the provisions—more especially those of a perishable nature. In the Forest Hill case there must clearly have been gross negligence, or worse, on the part of some of the officers responsible for the passing and serving up of the meat which killed these children; and it behoves the Poplar and Whitechapel Guardians, whose children are exposed to such scandalous risks, to hold a searching inquiry into the whole circumstances. If they fail in that the Local Government Board should see to it.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland has lodged a claim in the Court of Session against the Trustees of the Sutherland settled estates in Scotland for £315,000, in respect of sums which are alleged to have been expended on improvements by the late Duke, during the period that he was tenant for life of the property "of the Earldom and estate of Sutherland."

Several of my contemporaries have been somewhat severe upon the Lord Chief Justice in connection with an incident at Leeds Assizes last week. Something said by a witness elicited a loud outburst of applause from the gallery, and his lordship at once ordered the arrest of the most prominent delinquent and committed him to prison for forty-eight hours. This has been criticised as a very harsh and arbitrary proceeding, but the Judge's censors have overlooked the sequel. Lord Coleridge, as is well known, holds very strong views as to the sanctity of a Court of Justice, and his object was to check unseemly demonstrations. Having shown that such contempt of Court would not be tolerated, he had the offender brought before him again at the close of the case, and with a few words of admonition liberated him. The indignation excited in the minds of some writers by the supposed two days' imprisonment of the offender was therefore uncalled for.

The following facts throw some further light upon the rent-collector Benabo, whose proceedings at Stepney were referred to in TRUTH of July 27. A gentleman took a house in Acre-lane, Brixton. The landlord had the misfortune to be in prison, and the tenant dealt with his son, who held a power of attorney. The house was mortgaged. The mortgagees took possession, and gave notice to the tenant to pay his rent to them. Demands were also made upon him for a year's ground rent and property tax, all of which he paid. The landlord came out of prison, and in July demanded the quarter's rent due at Midsummer. The tenant sent in reply a statement of his disbursements, showing that he owed no rent, and added that he could not pay any rent to the landlord without authority from the mortgagees in possession. No answer was given to this letter; but on July 29 the landlord came to the house accompanied by the above-mentioned Benabo, two other men, a policeman, and a van, and demanded admittance. The master of the house being away, they were asked to wait until his return in an hour's time. They declined, and proceeded to break open the front door with a crow-bar. They were then about to remove the furniture, but were fortunately prevented by the arrival of a friend of the master of the house, who succeeded in persuading them to wait till the pater-familias himself came in. On the return of that individual, and the production of his receipts, Benabo & Co. were of course compelled to retire. Had it not been, however, for the fortunate arrival of the friend, there is no doubt that the happy householder would have arrived to find his home dismantled; and there can be equally little doubt, I imagine, that this was the intention of the raid.

Several points of public interest underlie this story. As regards the part played in it by Mr. Benabo, it appears that this individual claims to be a sheriff's officer. There is no reason, of course, why he should have been aware of the outrageous character of the landlord's proceedings in this instance; but, comparing his appearance on this occasion with that which he made at the Thames Police-court a few weeks ago, and bearing in mind what the Magistrate said about him on that occasion, I should say that those to whom he is indebted for the official position he holds have a good deal to answer for. That the police should attend at the request of such an individual to countenance and support any illegality which an unscrupulous landlord may desire to perpetrate, is a monstrous state of things; and I would suggest to Mr. Asquith that he may, with advantage, reconsider the instructions which guide their conduct in such matters.

The evil, however, at the bottom of the whole business is the landlord's power of distress, and the absence of any effectual remedy to check the abuse of it. Until the law on this head is altered, such outrages must continue to occur. In the above case the tenant on making some inquiries at the police station respecting the assistance given by the police to Benabo, asked what would have happened if he had been at home, and had forcibly resisted the entry of his house and the seizure of his goods. An inspector humorously replied that he would have been arrested for breaking the peace; and no doubt this is what would have occurred. What a satire on our boasted freedom, and the doctrine that an Englishman's house is his castle!

I have it on the authority of Mr. Herbert Fuller, of Serjeants' Inn, that where rates are paid pending an appeal against an assessment, and the appeal leads to the assessment being reduced, the amount overpaid may be recovered by the ratepayer. This, as I stated last week, seems to me to be the only remedy which ratepayers can in reason require, and I hope that the publication of this information will prevent any further injustice being experienced under this head.

Mr. West, Q.C., the Recorder of Manchester, has frequently been the subject of unfavourable notice in these columns on the score of his Draconic sentences, but he deserves nothing but praise for sundry vigorous rebukes which he administered last week in the Salford Hundred Court to a barrister named McKeand, practising before him. Twice in the course of the cross-examination of one witness the Judge stopped this learned gentleman, informing him that he was bullying the witness, and making improper statements to the jury. The learned gentleman seems to have taken the rebuke very badly, and he informed the Recorder that he objected to his "unseemly interruptions"; but this will only confirm most observers in the view that the Recorder was probably right and the barrister probably wrong. There are too many McKeands at the Bar who seek to advance the interests of their clients at the expense of the interests of justice, and Judges are not half prompt enough in protecting witnesses against them.

B

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. My readers will, I think, agree with me that the singular decision of the Southampton County Justices in the horse-maiming case fully entitles these worthies to the premier position which they are assigned in the list. Mr. John Chafen should certainly esteem himself a lucky fellow in appearing before a Bench possessed of such an extensive and peculiar acquaintance with the practice of foreign countries. But, whatever may be done abroad, the ignition of a quantity of furze under an animal unable or unwilling to move will strike most people as an atrocious act of cruelty, which in England, at all events, ought to be severely punished. Apparently if a man set fire to a sty full of pigs he could escape punishment at the hands of Sir O'Bryen Hoare and his colleagues, by simply pleading that his object was to obtain roast pork, like Lamb's Chinaman. Two other cases deserving of special attention are those from Blackpool and Huddersfield. The former is noteworthy for the flagrantly unjust distinction which was made between a male and a female guilty of exactly the same offence; the latter for the relative importance which the Magistrates attach to the brutal ill-treatment of a wife and her children, and an assault upon the sacrosanct person of a constable:—

Southampton County Police-court. Before Sir O'Bryen Hoare, Colonel the Hon. H. G. L. Crichton, Mr. W. Ramsay, and Colonel Wallace. John Chafen, charged with maiming a mare. The animal having backed with a load of gravel into some furze, Chafen was asked to assist in getting her out. He set fire to the furze, and the mare was severely burnt and had to be slaughtered. The Chairman said it was a common practice in foreign countries to start animals by putting something under them and firing it. The Bench did not think defendant acted with malicious intent. Discharged with a caution.

Southampton County Police-court. Before the same Bench. Rose O'Brien and Lilian Joy, charged with sleeping in the open air without any visible means of subsistence. Seven days each.

William Primmer, charged with obtaining 1s. by false pretences. An ironmonger handed him the money for "a wet," as he had ordered half-a-dozen shovels for the Corporation. The order proved fictitious. One month.

Birkenhead Police-court. Before Mr. C. S. Samuell. John Clinch, charged with assaulting Elizabeth Kelly by striking her a violent blow on the face, dislocating her jaw and knocking her down. Mr. Samuell said it was a most unprovoked assault. Fined 40s. and costs.

Birkenhead Police-court. Before Mr. C. S. Samuell. William Brown, dock labourer, charged with smoking a pipe on the quay at Wallasey Dock. Fined £5 and costs.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Mr. Colmore (Stipendiary), Messrs. Fisher, Ryland, and Edwards, and Dr. Warden. David Marston and his wife convicted of cruelty to their four children, one aged six months. The case was a very bad one and the Bench said defendants were a disgrace to humanity. One month each.

Birmingham Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. George Payne (63), charged with stealing a hurdle. Two months.

Oakham Petty Sessions. Before Mr. A. J. Fludyer, Sir R. Cayley, Messrs. C. J. Noel, J. W. H. Dyer-Edgell-Hundley, and R. Tryon. William Gardner, charged with assaulting John Bardett, whom he struck as he was sitting on a chair, causing him to fall and break his collar-bone. Ordered to pay 5s. 6d. costs.

Oakham Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. William Peck (7) and John Peck (17) charged with stealing three tins of potted tongue, which they abstracted through the broken pane of a shop window. William, three strokes with a birch rod; John (a deaf and dumb youth), fourteen days.

Blackpool Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Fishor and G. Stewart. John Appleby, charged with indecent conduct with Mary Aspinall. Fined 10s.

Blackpool Police-court. Before the same Bench. Mary Aspinall, charged with indecent conduct with John Appleby. Fourteen days.

Newbury County Police-court. Before Messrs. A. R. Tull, Ll. H. Baxendale, M. H. Best, and A. Southby. George Webb charged with ill-treating a gelding. A piece of bone had been broken off the animal's hind leg, and in consequence an immense abscess had formed. Defendant left the horse lying in a field for two days without food or water. Fined £2. 15s., including costs.

Cockermouth Police-court. Before Canon Hoskins, Messrs. W. L. Alexander, A. J. S. Dixon, J. H. Jefferson, T. M. Harris, H. P. Senhouse, and T. Paisley. George Sharp, Robert Nicholson, and George Stamper, summoned for poaching in the river Derwent. Fined £21 each, or three months.

Callington Petty Sessions. Henry Sargent, son of a farmer, charged with cruelty to a steer. The animal having broken into his father's field, defendant deliberately fired at it, and a large quantity of shot was found in the breast, shoulder, and side of the beast. Find £1 and costs.

Tunstall Police-court. Before Mr. E. M. Wedgwood. Mark Winkle, a pauper, charged with taking whiskey into Spittals Workhouse, contrary to the rules. In default of paying 10s. and costs, committed for fourteen days' hard labour.

Blackburn Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Lund, T. Walsh, T. P. Ritzena, and A. H. Collam. William Howarth, convicted of assaulting his wife. He threw a step-ladder at her, kicked her twice, and was still beating her when the neighbours interfered. He had since deserted her. Fined 20s. and costs.

Preston County Police-court. Before Mr. J. J. Sidgreaves. David Pearson, pauper, charged with absconding with Workhouse clothes. Seven days.

Leicester Borough Police-court. Joseph Smith, charged with assaulting Sarah Street. He knocked her over two chairs on to the floor with such violence that two of her ribs were broken. He had disobeyed a summons in respect of a previous assault. Fourteen days.

Leicester County Police-court. Before Captain Pochin, Colonel Bellairs, Mr. E. R. Norman, and other Magistrates. James A. Herbert (17) and John T. Shaw, schoolboy, charged with stealing ten roots of thyme. Shaw, fined, with costs, 16s. 6d.; Herbert, three months.

Bradford West Riding Police-court. Emma Stead, charged with cruelty to her two daughters. She knocked one girl's head against a cupboard, knocked her down, and kicked her. She also attacked the other child and drove them both from the house. Fined 20s. and costs.

Boston Police-court. Before Messrs. S. Waddington, S. Sherwin, T. Small, W. M. Cooper, and other Justices. John Jones, charged with being found asleep on Bargate Green. One month.

Tain. Before Sheriff-Substitute Hill. George Munro, convicted of assaulting Alexander Ross, by striking him several blows on the head with a hammer. Fined £2. 2s.

Annan. Before Sheriff-Substitute Dunlop. John Niven, charged with poaching on the estate of Sir J. Fergusson. Sixty days.

Irvine J.P. Court. George Collins, convicted of assaulting Mrs. Goudie. He entered her house whilst drunk, struck her on the face, cutting her cheek, and gave her two violent blows on the breast. Fined 30s.

Airdrie Sheriff-Court. Before Sheriff Mair. Francis Clark, charged with poaching. Fined £5 or 60 days.

Huddersfield County Police-court. John Hill, convicted of assaulting his wife. After the assault he turned the woman and her children out of doors in their night-clothes, and kept them out, although it was a cold, wet night. Fined 40s. and costs. Hill was also charged with assaulting a constable, whom he kicked on the leg. Two months.

The compilation of my Legal Pillory week after week is a somewhat monotonous task. However necessary the work may be, one does not like to be always exposing the incompetence and injustice of Judges and Magistrates. I have thought once or twice that it would be an agreeable variation of my labours to publish an Anti-Pillory

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column in which bright examples of judicial wisdom might be held up for the admiration and imitation of erring functionaries. Hitherto the difficulty of finding these bright examples has made me hesitate; but at length I think the idea should be given a fair trial. At all events, I have the following case for this week:—

Wednesbury Police-court. Richard Small (10), and David Farmer (11), were charged with stealing some fish. Alderman Richard Williams, the presiding J.P., said he must enter his protest against being called upon to try children of such tender years; there were other ways of dealing with children besides bringing them to the Police-court. It was playing with justice, and people would think they wanted to manufacture cases. The prisoners, who had already been flogged by their parents, were discharged.

This seems to me excellent good sense, and it is such a pleasant contrast to the outrageous sentences on children which I constantly record that I gladly quote the Alderman's remarks. The Anti-Pillory being thus started, it only remains for the Great Unpaid to hasten into it from the Pillory—which is at present full to overflowing.

I owe an apology to the Aston Magistrates. Last week I mentioned that they had dismissed two charges of sleeping out, and I rashly assumed that they had repented of their former monstrous method of dealing with this so-called offence. On the day TRUTH appeared, however, a woman named Jones was brought before Messrs. Yates and Bolton and Dr. Griffiths, J.P.s, for sleeping on the footpath in Park-road, Aston, and committed to gaol for three months. The Bench have thus eclipsed their own notorious sentence of six weeks for sleeping and snoring in a furniture-van, and made it clear that they have no intention of mending their ways. As my remarks of last week may have seemed derogatory to the reputation for incurable woodenheadedness which these ornaments of the Bench are evidently anxious to maintain, it is only fitting that I should express my regret at having misjudged them. To set the Aston J.P.'s quite right with the public, I may add that their sentences are not always so Draconic. Their lenity was displayed on Friday, when a ruffian who had attacked his wife with a buckled belt, inflicting five severe wounds on the head, was let off with just a third of the punishment awarded to the woman Jones.

A Clifton correspondent has sent me reports of two cases tried at Bristol Assizes before Mr. Justice Grantham. In the first an ex-solicitor, named Munro, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for fraud. In the second a ruffian who had murderously assaulted his wife just before her confinement was let off with nine months' imprisonment. My correspondent, who knows a little of Munro, suggests that his punishment was exceptionally excessive. Without entering into the merits of the case, however, I may point out that there is nothing novel in the disparity of the two sentences. As my Pillory proves every week, offences against property are treated in this country as infinitely more heinous than offences against the person. The moral for persons with irresistible criminal inclinations is obvious. If they want to incur the least possible penalties, they should resort to personal violence against somebody rather than to robbery or fraud.

That there is one law for the rich and another for the poor is evidently the opinion of the Conservancy Board of the Lune, Wyre, Kear, and Cocker. At a meeting of this body the other day it was reported that Squire Ffrance, of Rawcliffe Hall, had been caught by water bailiffs netting in the Wyre without a licence. To his credit, one member, Mr. Hornby, urged that there should be a prosecution, and pointed out that near Garstang some poorer men had been punished for the same offence. But Mr. Hornby's colleagues would not for a moment consent to treat a squire like poorer men. Two or three members "thought" Mr. Ffrance did not "intend anything wrong," and so no proceedings are to be taken against him. How men who are not Squires are dealt with for these fishing offences, may be seen from a case in this week's "Pillory."

Mr. T. Whittaker, J.P., made an edifying exhibition of himself in the Scarborough Police-court last week. During the hearing of a charge of begging Mr. N. Todd, an officer of the local Charity Organisation Society, stated that the prisoner had had a little drink. Mr. Whittaker at once asked, "Was he drunk or sober?" adding that "he must have been either the one or the other." The witness declined to say positively that the man was drunk, and the Magistrate thereupon observed, "You have told a lie in the public Court." It is scandalous that a Magistrate should address such insolent and slanderous words to a witness. Far more scandalous is it that a gentleman who is unable to see any difference between having had a little drink and being drunk should be entrusted with judicial duties.

The readiness of the police to prosecute the humblest class of fortune-tellers has received a fresh illustration at Blackburn, where a man described as a labourer was last week sentenced to two months' imprisonment for practising in this line. The only evidence against the defendant was that of two policemen's wives, who were sent to him to have their fortunes told, and paid him eighteenpence each for two visits. The *agent-provocateur* method of obtaining convictions is in itself extremely objectionable, but the police seem determined to employ it. Why, then, do they not direct their wives to entrap some of the fashionable exponents of palmistry whose advertisements are to be found in the most respectable papers? It is ridiculous, not to say unjust, to punish ignorant men and women who foretell your future for sixpence or a shilling so long as better educated practitioners are permitted to do the same thing under a more high-

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sounding name for a fee ranging from one to five guineas. The latter, I believe, find it a lucrative profession, and one of the leaders might think it worth while to fight out the matter, and definitely settle the question whether palmistry is legal or illegal. If it be legal, the ordinary kind of fortune-telling ought not to be treated as illegal.

"The Black Sheep at Chipping Warden," alias the Rev. Edward Henville, is still realising all the capital that is to be got out of the fact of his son's gun accident. In the last letters which appeared in TRUTH, Henville gave out that the youth's fingers were to be amputated. He now announces that amputation has been avoided, but this is only the foundation for fresh claims on the charitable. If the fingers had been cut off there would be an end of the matter; but as it is, the doctor has had to be in attendance for a long period, and the bills are in proportion. I trust that no one will give to this reverend scamp, who, besides being one of the most energetic begging-letter writers in the trade, is a disgrace to the Church to which he is attached.

By the way, I see that in one of the latest appeals Henville uses as a reference the name of "the Rev. J. H. Oldrid, of Tunbridge Wells." In one case a lady wrote to this Mr. Oldrid on the strength of a similar reference, and so strongly did Mr. Oldrid recommend his brother of Chipping Warden, that Henville got the handsome sum of £10 out of the lady. Mr. Oldrid is, apparently a very old man. He was ordained in 1834, and has held no benefice since 1879. This, however, does not exonerate him from the responsibility he has assumed in connection with Mr. Henville. He is either aware of the disreputable character of the Rector of Chipping Warden, or he is in total ignorance of the man's career. In neither case is it to his credit that he should recommend Henville as a deserving object of charity.

While on the subject of current swindles it seems desirable that I should again sound a note of warning respecting the "Académie Parisienne des Inventeurs," for "the Professor Bottcher," the presiding genius of this concern, is just now uncommonly busy, and seems to be netting a good many victims — more especially in the manufacturing districts. Bottcher appears to be going the way of Angus Maclean. He originally baited his hook from the imposing address, "28, Rue Serpente, Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes," and his stationery still bears this heading; but, as a further note explains, the "offices of the Academy" have been removed to 57, Boulevard de Strasbourg. The Academy is there located in a small room up several flights of stairs, where, of course, its only visible representative is the Professor himself.

The "missing word" has re-appeared at Middelburg under the auspices of "The Anglo-Dutch Competition Company." A peculiarly tempting offer is made in the circulars of this distinguished firm, anybody who sends in subscriptions to the amount of £2 being privileged to be present at the opening of the sealed packet containing the precious secret. I can understand the attraction of the gambles in this form which have been stopped in England, for the parties who conducted them were close at hand and well known; but the people who can send their money on such terms to gangs of English adventurers on the Continent are only fit to be consigned to lunatic asylums.

Last week I was warning the South of Ireland against the Spanish Prison Trick. Now it is the turn of Scotland. The last attempt reported to me comes from Dundee. That anybody should attempt to get from a canny citizen of that town the sum of £20 by this cock-and-bull story of a buried treasure, and the mysterious trunk with the clue to the hiding-place, which must be redeemed to settle an hotel-keeper's bill, is by far the strongest proof I have yet received of the audacity of these swindlers. Either there must be several gangs running this trick or the chief operators have several depots and agencies. The letter to which I referred last week was written from Madrid. The address in the above instance is "Mr. Emile Fuy, Espana Industrial, Barcelona." All this ought to simplify the task of arresting the rascals if there were any real disposition to do so.

A paper called the *North Star* announces, as if it were a matter of some public interest, the result of an examination held at Middlesbrough by the "Kensington Society of Science, Letters, and Art." In this way the man Sturman keeps his ball rolling. Instead of puffing this arrant humbug, provincial papers would be much better occupied in informing credulous parents that this so-called "Society" is no Society at all, but a *nom de guerre* of Sturman, and that Sturman himself has admitted in an interview, which has been published in TRUTH, that "the exams are a bit wrong." The whole swindle is so hollow, and so obvious, that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who attempt to impose upon parents with the bogus certificates granted after these examinations are only one degree less culpable than Sturman himself.

Having the other day communicated to my readers information which I had received concerning the virtues of peppermint oil as a cure for rheumatism, I have been beset from all quarters by inquiries as to how the specific is to be used. I understand from the gentleman who swears by peppermint oil that it is to be rubbed in, or "painted on the affected parts with a camel-hair brush." I hasten to make public this additional information, as I had been myself under the impression that the stuff was to be swallowed, and I am told that a mistake on this head may lead to the worst conse-

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quences. By the way, my informant insists that it must be the best peppermint oil, which, I am glad to hear, is the home grown article.

A word to my correspondents in distant parts of the world. I am very glad to have information of public interest from any locality. I am also glad, wherever it is practicable, to do what I can in airing the wrongs of my readers, wherever they may be situated. The correspondence of TRUTH, however, has grown to such dimensions, and still grows in such an alarming way, that it is becoming impossible for me to deal with every appeal that is made to me. To take only the last week, I have had letters addressed to me on behalf of coffee planters in Coorg, a princess in the Punjab, washerwomen in Gozo, a farmer in Mashonaland, hospital patients in Valparaiso, taxpayers in British Columbia, telegraph clerks in Hong Kong, and English visitors to Chicago. I will keep all these matters before me, and do my best with them; but in view of the difficulty of making the necessary inquiries into the facts, and the superior claims of other matters nearer home, correspondents at this distance must not be surprised if their communications do not receive immediate attention.

The following appears in a Jersey paper. I should like to know more of the advertiser, who is, I take it, of nothing less than Royal or Imperial lineage. It is not enough for her to have a lady to do her housework and cooking, but she declines to be put off with a lady by education or manners (mere bogus articles), and insists on having a blue-blooded aristocrat to wait on her. Such a chance does not often present itself to those of our old nobility who are in reduced circumstances:—

WANTED, a LADY (by birth) to do Housework and a little Cooking, where no servants are employed; good salary.—Apply, Mrs. BENSON, "Holly Lodge," Five Oaks.

I made in a recent issue of TRUTH the following remarks:—"Directors are usually the dummies of some astute company-monger. He gives them their qualification and owns them. They shut their eyes to every species of roguery, pocket their fees, and allow shareholders to be robbed." For this I have been taken to task by a Director, who contends that it is a libel upon a class containing the average proportion of honest and honourable men. He also asks whether I seriously mean it to apply indiscriminately to Directors of railways, banks, and other sound commercial undertakings. I take it that what hurts my Director critic's feelings, is the word "usually," and perhaps it is a little too wide. There are, of course, Companies in which there is not every species of roguery, and in which shareholders are not robbed. Obviously, in these, no Director can be guilty of the conduct which I described.

But in every Company there are dummy Directors; what is more, in every Company of which I have any knowledge the dummies are in a majority, and the business of direction is in the hands of a small knot. The dummies are "usually" the nominees of the active Directors, and they occupy their position by virtue of their being dummies. When they do not shut their eyes to roguery (there being no actual roguery) they shut their eyes to errors and negligences, and they would equally shut their eyes to roguery if it existed. In these opinions, I believe that many honest Directors, who are not dummies, will concur.

The generosity of the Primrose League in providing refreshments and entertainments for free and independent electors is well known. From a paragraph in a Scotch paper it would seem, however, that the expenditure on these occasions is not always so lavish as outsiders might imagine. Recently, the members of the Lochmaben Flute Band were requested to attend a Primrose League "demonstration." They did so, meeting an excursion train at the station, playing down to the castle, and continuing their performance during the afternoon. For these services the bandsmen received from the Committee the sum of tenpence each! After this exhibition of stinginess, musicians accepting an engagement with the League will be well advised to make a definite bargain and not to leave their remuneration, like the guileless Lochmaben players, to "the goodwill of the Committee."

An Englishman in the Colonies, much concerned, like the rest of us, at the late fracas in the House of Commons, offers, through me, the suggestion that the electric light should be controlled by a switch at the side of the Chairman or the Speaker. Those functionaries would thus, at the slightest indication of an *émeute*, be able to plunge the House into darkness. This is certainly a novel and effectual way of "drawing a veil" over a disagreeable incident; but I suppose the House could not be kept in darkness permanently, and I am bound to say that I should look forward with anxiety to the spectacle which would be disclosed when the lights were turned up again. Perhaps, however, it is a little premature to discuss measures for dealing with a repetition of the incident in question.

The correspondence that has been published between Colonel Walrond and Mr. Marjoribanks as to whether Mr. Logan or Mr. Fisher was to rise first to express his regret for the scrimmage, the signal for which, as Mr. Fisher stated, was given by his assault on Mr. Logan, shows pretty clearly that, whilst Colonel Walrond, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. Fisher were under the impression that Mr. Logan would rise first, this had not been agreed to either by that gentleman or by Mr. Marjoribanks. I confess that I never understood why Mr. Logan should have risen at all. The gravamen of the whole matter was that an assault had been committed by one member on another, and, whatever observations may have been exchanged, the man in the wrong was the man who committed the assault. This was, according to his own admission, Mr. Fisher. The offence was not so much

against Mr. Logan as against the House. The incident is now closed; but the popular verdict will be that Mr. Fisher did commit an assault on Mr. Logan, and that Mr. Logan, although a far stronger man than Mr. Fisher, refrained from retaliating out of respect to the Assembly of which he was a member.

LORD "BALAAM" CHURCHILL AND THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

When Balaam, son of Beor, was employed to curse the Jews,
As a method (so thought Balak) of repressing them,
He, the reader will remember, was possessed of other views,
And occasioned much astonishment by blessing them.
So when Randolph is commissioned to extol our House of Peers,
And to magnify their doings by rehearsing them,
For our titled legislators he has naught but flouts and jeers—
In fact, he does not bless, but takes to cursing them.

Now, this is how it happened: When the Primrose Leaguers found,
That in spite of all their masquerading mummery,
The once deluded nation had a common-sense too sound
To be very long deceived by specious flummery;
When they saw that all the country t'wards Home Rule did more incline,
With a strength that tended much their pride to mortify,
They determined they would strengthen their defence's second line,
In other words, the House of Lords would fortify.

So they sent for Randolph Churchill (this the journalist records),
Knowing well his slashing style on things political,
And they said, "We want a leaflet backing up the House of Lords
In a conflict which it's clear will grow most critical.
A terse and telling leaflet" (so, apparently, they said)
"Which shall show—we do not stickle for veracity—
That our Upper House has always kept a wisely level head,
Always proved in time of crises its sagacity."

And Lord Randolph said, "Precisely!" and to work at once he went,
And dashed the leaflet off with such avidity
That next morning all the "copy" to the printer's had been sent,
And the Council got the proof with strange rapidity;
But they read it at their leisure, and they'd not perused it long
Ere of something unexpected they were sensible;
"This is ludicrous!" said one; quoth another, "It's all wrong!"
While a third remarked 'twas very reprehensible.

For instead of panegyric there was censure of the Peers,
For the way that they had hampered Nonconformity,
And defied the people's will by opposing every Bill
For reforming a political enormity;
Whilst in ending Randolph showed—for in logic he's not strong—
That *although* the Lords' past record's not a pleasant one,
And *although* in bygone crises they'd been generally wrong,
That they *therefore* would act rightly in the present one.

Their perusal being over, one would naturally think
That the Council would, as soon as they'd completed it,
Have condemned the fatal leaflet, and have taken pen and ink,
And, without the least compunction, have "deleted" it;
But, as though to prove what noodles Ruling Counsellors can be
(This by no means is the first time we've been hinting it),
They passed it for the printers by unanimous decree,
And have stultified the House of Lords by printing it.

Although the iniquities and crimes of Mr. Gladstone have been so long the theme of Tory writers, it has been reserved for the *Standard* to add an entirely new item to the catalogue. After discussing the prospects of the grouse season, and the effect of the prolongation of the Parliamentary Session upon the demand for shootings, that journal observes:—

> It is certainly unfortunate that one of the best seasons which have been known for years should be partially spoiled for no reason that will stand a moment's examination upon public grounds.

But though on public grounds M.P.'s should obviously be shooting grouse rather than attending to the business of the nation at Westminster, the *Standard* finds one consolation for its readers:—

> However, there are not so many sportsmen in the House of Commons as there used to be, so that the hardship will be less severely felt than it would have been a generation ago.

The moral which an elector of average intelligence ought to draw from this is that the number of sportsmen in the House should be still further reduced. There will thus be less fear of its being seriously argued that it is a public calamity for legislators to be engaged in their legislative duties instead of shooting grouse.

The question whether there are to be autumn sittings of the present Session, or whether the House is to be prorogued after the Home Rule Bill and Estimates are carried, and meet for a new Session in the late autumn, is, I believe, not yet decided. In the former case, the Unionists will probably discuss the Estimates during the entire month of September, and the autumn sittings will hardly commence before the middle of November. It would not secure above a month for legislation, as the Bills passed would have to be sent up to the Lords about the middle of December. On the other hand, were there a prorogation, probably the discussions on Estimates would be abridged, and the new Session might commence on November 1, in which case the debate on the Address might be got through and considerable progress be made in an important Bill or two before Christmas, leaving a clear field for British Bills next year. I am for prorogation, as against autumn sittings, simply because I believe that the former course would be more fruitful in legislative results, and I think that this estimate of the respective advantages of the two plans is gaining ground. As I have paired for the rest of this month and for September, I am perfectly unbiassed, for, whether

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the House sits two weeks or four weeks in September, it will not alter the fact that I shall be recruiting during that month my health abroad, and shall be back at home either for autumn sittings or an autumn Session.

One thing, however, I do hope. It is that, having carried Home Rule through the Commons by devoting an entire Session to it, we shall next devote an entire Session to British measures. To send the Bill a second time up to the Lords is mere swagger, very magnificent possibly, like the Balaclava Charge, but as thoroughly unpractical as that charge. When we have passed all our Bills once, and have exhausted the Newcastle Programme, let us, if it pleases any one, carry Home Rule a second time. We were sent to the House of Commons to carry certain British measures, as well as the Irish measure, and, having done this, to appeal to the country, if the Lords throw out any of our measures. To appeal before we have submitted to them all our measures, because they throw out the first one sent up to them, would be to play the game of the Opposition. Equally so, to my thinking, would it be to send up one measure twice, instead of sending up all once.

I shall never clearly understand why Mr. Gladstone did not bring in a Home Rule Bill giving immediate and full Home Rule to Ireland, and excluding the Irish Members from the Imperial Parliament. It seems to me that he would have found this as easy to carry as his Bill; it would have given satisfaction to Ireland, and left the field free in Great Britain for British legislation.

It equally surprises me how Mr. Balfour could have expected sensible men to vote for the exclusion of the Irish Members so long as Land, Taxation, and Constabulary were reserved from the control of the Irish Legislative Assembly. Obviously the Imperial Parliament could not have legislated on these matters without the presence of one single Irish representative.

If I have heard once, I have heard a hundred times during these Home Rule debates, some Unionist get up to deplore the subserviency of the supporters of Mr. Gladstone. But what does this subserviency amount to? That, deeming it desirable that the Bill should pass, they declined to vote for any amendment that would have defeated it. This seems to me to be a very reasonable position. On the other hand, it was reasonable for the Unionists who objected to the Bill to vote for any amendment that would have defeated it.

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SCRUTATOR.

TAKASHIMA'S SWEETHEART.

A WELL KNOWN West-end solicitor tells me the following story, which, besides possessing a tragic interest of its own, raises at least one point of considerable public importance. The heroine of the story may be known for the present as "Helena D." My reasons for not giving her name in full will not need explanation. She is a Lincolnshire girl, but during last year was living in domestic service in London. She there made the acquaintance of a Japanese gentleman, named Takashima. Mr. Takashima evinced a desire to improve the acquaintance. He explained that he was staying in England to learn the language, which he was studying at a school at Kensington, and that he was living at 8, Sussex-square, with his brother, who was, or had been, a Judge. After a short acquaintance and some correspondence, he offered marriage, and was accepted. The young lady, it would seem, loved the Japanese gentleman not wisely but too well, and before the engagement had lasted many months she made a discovery which rendered it necessary that the wedding should not be unduly delayed. Takashima was at Bournemouth at this time, and the young lady went down to see him there, with the result that the wedding was fixed to take place in the middle of January. Takashima returned to London a few days before the time appointed, and at once saw Miss D. and made final arrangements for the ceremony, which was to take place at a Registry Office. The happy day arrived, but at the appointed hour the bridegroom failed to present himself. Greatly alarmed at this, Miss D. went to 8, Sussex-square to inquire after him. She was there informed by a footman that Mr. Takashima was ill, but that he would write to her. She returned home, and in the afternoon there came, not a letter from Takashima, but another Japanese gentleman representing that individual. This visitor informed poor Helena D. that Takashima's account of himself was, from beginning to end, a pack of lies. So far from being a Japanese gentleman, highly connected, he was merely a valet at the Japanese Legation, which is located at 8, Sussex-square; and, what was of even more consequence to the unfortunate girl he had seduced, he was already married. After hearing this statement, the girl wrote to Takashima, and left the letter at the Japanese Legation the same evening. To this letter she received no answer. Her position was now a very alarming one, and, after a brief interval, she followed the advice given her, and consulted a solicitor, Mr. Arthur Newton, of Great Marlborough-street. Mr. Newton wrote to Takashima, requesting him to state at once what he was prepared to do towards discharging his obligations to the girl. This letter, again, Takashima did not answer; but immediately after it, the girl herself was favoured with a letter from another solicitor at the West-end, who informed her that he was instructed to arrange matters with her on behalf of Takashima, and requested her to call on the next day, bringing with her any letters which she had received from that deceiver.

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

She called at the appointed time, and the solicitor, or his representative, then offered her on Takashima's behalf £20, as compensation for the wrong done her, conditionally on her returning all Takashima's correspondence, and renouncing all further claims upon him. What was the girl to do? She was ill, heart-broken, and half-beside herself with disappointment and fear for the future. As the solicitor was careful to impress upon her, it was clear that Takashima, having a wife of his own already, could not fulfil his promise to marry her; and equally clear that, if so disposed, he could retire to Japan forthwith without paying her a farthing. It will surprise no one to hear that in this state of things the unfortunate girl was persuaded to accept the offer, and give up the letters. She signed a document of some kind, and received £5 down, and the balance of £15 was subsequently forwarded to her by the solicitor. I should, perhaps, here state that I have caused some inquiries to be made of the solicitor who acted on Takashima's behalf; and I understand from him that he was not directly instructed by Takashima, but by an official at the Japanese Legation, who is stated to have himself found the money which was paid on this occasion.

Twenty pounds would not go very far to carry the girl through the trouble now in store for her, and her subsequent history is as sad as might be expected. At the end of two or three months she found herself in want, and went back to Mr. Newton. She had not informed that gentleman of her previous negotiations with the solicitor on the other side. On hearing what had occurred, Mr. Newton wrote to Takashima, and to the solicitor who had represented him on the above occasion, but no answer was vouchsafed by either of them. For a time Mr. Newton lost sight of the girl. Then he received news of her from a policeman, who had found her in a destitute condition in the street, and had taken her home and placed her in charge of his own wife. She had remained there for some time, but being apparently too proud to live longer on the charity of the policeman and his wife, she suddenly left them and disappeared again. Then came the climax of her trouble. She was taken ill in the streets and carried to Paddington Infirmary. There a child was born, and there the wretched mother remained until a few weeks ago. From the Workhouse she wrote again to Mr. Newton, imploring him to try and do something for her. Mr. Newton relieved her necessities for a time out of his own pocket, and the last I have heard of her was that she had obtained a situation with a lady at Lancaster Gate, had been compelled to leave it by illness, and had once more gone back to the Workhouse Infirmary, having apparently not a friend in the world outside it, who would help her and her child.

The point to which I desire most strongly to call attention is the position of the man, who, from beginning to end of the events above detailed, has never disputed that he is the father of this child. It has been ascertained that he is, as Miss D. was informed, a valet at the Legation. Possibly he may think that in paying £20 he has done all that the occasion requires of him. I cannot say what the custom in such circumstances may be in Japan. His offence has been committed, however, not in Japan, but in England, and it is to English law that his victim should look for protection. The protection which that law ordinarily accords in such circumstances is that the father shall permanently maintain the infant; and the law further says that no payment of the kind described above shall stand in lieu of such maintenance. Why is the mother deprived of her ordinary legal rights in this case? For the simple reason that as the servant of a foreign Ambassador, Takashima is exempt from the jurisdiction of any English court. Proceedings which were attempted, in order to compel him to contribute to the maintenance of the child, were defeated from this cause, the Magistrate refusing to grant a summons. But it is not only the law which is in fault. Whatever the law may say, there is no doubt that Takashima's employers possess the power to force him to do his obvious duty to the girl and her child. Apart from the influence which a master can ordinarily exercise over his servant, an Ambassador has it in his power to withdraw his protection from his servant, and thereby hand him over to the law of the country in which he resides. Now observe what the attitude of the Japanese Legation has been in this case. On June 9 Mr. Newton, who seems to have left no stone unturned in order to get justice done to his client, wrote to Viscount Kawase, the Japanese Minister, asking for an interview on this matter. On June 13, no answer having been received, he wrote again. Down to the present moment the Minister has not accorded these letters the common courtesy of an acknowledgment. As the last of the letters was registered, there can be no question as to its having been duly received. The "comity of nations," on which depends the immunity of an Ambassador's household from legal proceedings, demands, I should have thought, better treatment than this. The Japanese, too, have the reputation of being such a scrupulously polite nation.

The wrongs of Takashima's unfortunate sweetheart raise, however, something more than a question of manners or courtesy. I would ask why, in a case of this kind, the law of any country should grant any immunity to the perpetrator of a foul wrong at the expense of one of its own subjects? The immunity from legal process of an Ambassador and his entourage depends in this country upon a statute of Queen Anne. The statute is old enough, but it rests on ideas and necessities still more ancient. I cannot see any reason for maintaining it. We should not ask for any British subject attached to an Embassy to a foreign State the right to murder, outrage, or otherwise injure the subjects of that State; neither should such a demand be made upon us. Particularly does this apply to offences against women. The position of a woman who places herself at the mercy of a foreigner is bad enough at the best of times; but it is almost too dreadful to contemplate, if a foreigner is to be free to commit here in the midst of us such a wrong as this Mr. Takashima has committed, without his victim having any legal means of redress.

Rational Dog Feeding.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, Spratt's Patent, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

PLAIN WORDS ON PRACTICAL JOKES.

One or two incidents that have lately occurred strongly suggest that the time has arrived for a little plain speaking on practical joking in the Army. The latest occurrence of this kind of which reports have reached London was as follows:—During the late Militia training the Hon. O. C. Molyneux, a subaltern of the 3rd Lancashire Fusiliers, was the guest of Colonel Marton, Commanding the 3rd and 4th Battalions Royal Lancaster Regiment. The two Regiments were encamped side by side. In the small hours of the morning Colonel Marton walked back with his guest to his quarters. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Molyneux's quarters were invaded by five officers of [the Lancaster Regiment, who seized the subaltern, and dragged him off to their camp. They there placed him under a tap, saturating him with cold water and mud. His uniform was treated by the same process, and utterly ruined. On making his escape, Mr. Molyneux went at once, as he was, to Lieut.-Colonel Romer, who was in command of his Battalion, and reported the occurrence, showing the condition of his uniform, and giving the names of his assailants. On the following morning, Lieut.-Colonel Romer, taking a very proper view of the matter, made a formal report of it to the Officer Commanding the North-Western District. His report detailed the facts precisely as I have now described them, adding that during the assault the Lancashire officers used the filthiest and most abusive language, and that the occurrence took place close to the men's lines and in the presence of several of them—a circumstance which adds materially to the gravity of the offence. He also stated that Mr. Molyneux was able to identify his assailants, and mentioned the names of two of them. The only result of their proceedings, so far as these individuals were concerned, was that they were ordered by the General to apologise to Mr. Molyneux, and to pay for the damage to his uniform.

I have spoken of this occurrence as a "practical joke" because it was so described to me, and the course taken by the General seems to indicate that he, too, regards the matter in that light. It may be that I am wanting in a sense of humour, or that military men look on these matters differently from civilians; but, in my humble opinion, there is nothing in the nature of a joke about it, "practical" or otherwise. Practical joking, it is true, is apt at the best of times to be characterised by a conspicuous absence of humour. In nine cases out of ten it is only a name for a spiteful trick played to gratify a personal grudge; but the trick may now and then be cleverly planned or lead up to a comical situation. There is nothing of the kind about the performance of these five officers of the Lancaster Regiment. It is simply a cowardly and blackguardly assault, with no more pretence at joking about it than if the whole five had set on their victim and thrashed him black and blue. Men do not do such things in jest; and it does not need the statement that the outrage was accompanied by the most offensive language to show that it was a deliberate display of malice. It was so regarded by Lieut.-Colonel Romer in his report. He there expressed his surprise at the occurrence, as the utmost good feeling had previously existed between the officers of the two regiments, thereby implying that this incident was the outcome of bad feeling.

On that view of it, serious blame attaches to the General, who allowed such conduct to go to all intents and purposes unpunished. One officer of high rank with whose opinion on the subject I have been favoured, declares that all the five men concerned ought to have lost their commissions. Personally, I should have been disposed to treat them more mercifully than that, because from the time and other circumstances of the occurrence, I should have concluded that they were all a little the worse for drink, and that on recovering their senses they would perceive that their conduct had been unbecoming both to officers and to gentlemen. But there can be no question as to the necessity of dealing out exemplary punishment of some kind to offences of this character. It may be said that the officers concerned were only Militiamen. For the credit of the Regular Army, I cheerfully give all possible prominence to that circumstance; but I am bound to add that to my knowledge the Regular Army is not blameless in this respect. I have had frequent evidence to the contrary, and it is only a few weeks since reference was made in TRUTH to a most cowardly and brutal attack made at an Irish station upon an officer whose only offence seems to have been that he was a "ranker." The idea is too prevalent throughout the Army that any form of rowdy violence may be perpetrated upon an unpopular comrade with impunity, provided it be done after dinner and be described as "practical joking." This idea is equally baneful in its effect upon the rank-and-file and upon the good name of the Army at large. For that reason it is desirable that the next General Officer who is apprised of conduct such as this at Bury should report the matter to headquarters, where I do not think such practical joking will receive much encouragement.

SHUCKBURGH OF BRISTOL.

Among the civil actions tried at Bristol Assizes was one of more than local interest, owing to the valuable light thrown by it on the character of one Edward Shuckburgh, a local money-lender, whose name will be familiar to many readers of TRUTH. Edward Shuckburgh was the defendant in the action. The plaintiff was his brother, Mr. Francis Shuckburgh. The matter in dispute was a sum of £227 odd, and certain other personal property, alleged to be due from Edward to the estate of a third brother, Thomas, deceased, of which Mr. Francis Shuckburgh was the administrator. The £227 was Thomas's share of the estate of an aunt, Rosina Shuckburgh, also deceased, and it was Edward's conduct in relation to this estate which is of so much interest to the public. It appeared incidentally that upon the death of the aunt, Edward had taken possession of the estate without disclosing the state of affairs to his brothers. When Mr. Francis Shuckburgh, accidentally hearing of the event, caused his solicitor to make inquiries, Edward wrote and informed him that if he thought he had any legal claims, he was at liberty to go to law, but

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

that such an attitude on his part might have the effect of defeating certain generous intentions towards him which he (Edward) had formed. Francis seems to have felt more confidence in his own legal claims than in his brother's generous intentions. He commenced an administration action, and thereupon Edward at once paid over to him his share of the estate. Thomas seems to have appeared on the scene about the same time, but he died within two or three months. When Francis, as administrator, claimed the amount due to Thomas, Edward asserted that he had paid it, and produced Thomas's receipt. As Thomas was only a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery, and was engaged to be married to a young lady at Aldershot, the fact of his having received £227 two months before his death was not likely to have passed unnoticed had it occurred. Francis did not assert that Edward had forged their brother's receipt, but he contended that Edward must have obtained the document without paying over the money, and this was the issue which the Bristol Jury had to try. The defendant, Edward, went into the witness-box, and swore that he paid the money to Thomas in notes and gold at his own office in Bristol, on the date of the receipt. Upon his cross-examination, it appeared that about the time of the receipt he had made two false statements in regard to Thomas's whereabouts, and that he had given no information to Francis of Thomas's death. It further appeared that immediately on Thomas's death, he had applied to the War Office for his brother's effects to be handed over to him; and that on the form supplied for the purpose he had signed a declaration that he was the sole surviving relative. Upon this evidence being extracted from him, his counsel threw up his brief. Mr. Justice Day informed Edward that it was lucky for him that his case was not being tried in the adjoining criminal Court, and the jury, after a short parley, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The net result of the case is, therefore, this:—The jury, by their verdict, find that Edward Shuckburgh endeavoured to rob his deceased brother's estate, for the purpose of depriving their surviving brother of his share of it, and that, in pursuance of this amiable project, he perjured himself in the witness-box. It is further proved that Edward had previously refused to hand over the share of one of his brothers in their aunt's estate; and that he had made a false declaration to the War Office in order to obtain exclusive possession of the other brother's personal effects. I invite special attention to these proceedings of Shuckburgh's for two reasons. In the first place, Shuckburgh conducts at Bristol an advertising loan office, and spreads his net with a special eye to the patronage of the medical and clerical professions, for whose benefit he makes a special parade of his own uprightness and integrity. In the next place, this same Shuckburgh, through his solicitor, Mr. Cumberland, had the impudence only a few weeks back to threaten me with legal proceedings unless I published, at his dictation, an apology for certain observations which had been made in Truth upon his circulars. On the collapse of the defendant's case at the trial detailed above, it was stated in Court by his counsel that his solicitor, the aforesaid Mr. Cumberland, had no knowledge of the false declaration to the War Office which put an end to the case, and all parties agreed in exonerating the solicitor from blame. That is highly satisfactory; but, as regards the threatened proceedings against Truth, I must repectfully observe that some further explanation is still due from Mr. Cumberland.

Let me once more recapitulate what happened between Shuckburgh and myself. In his character of the friend in need of the professional classes, Shuckburgh embellishes his touting circulars with letters purporting to be written by those who have done business with him. In one of these, reprinted in Truth of June 25, a Northumberland Vicar offers to satisfy anybody who may be referred to him of Shuckburgh's "bona fides." In another, a client, writing from "—— Rectory, Staffordshire," testifies to Shuckburgh's straightforwardness and promptness. In a third, an "M.D.," writing from "Suffolk," expresses himself "perfectly satisfied" with Shuckburgh's business methods I referred to these documents in Truth as "pretended testimonials." Nearly three weeks elapsed, when I received the following letter:—

19, Clare-street, Bristol.
June 10, 1893.

Sir,—I am instructed by Mr. Edward Shuckburgh, of No. 5, Bristol Bridge, Bristol, moneylender, to write you with respect to a paragraph inserted by you in No. 856 of Truth, May 25, 1893, asserting that my client was now distributing amongst the clerical and medical professions a sheet of pretended testimonials received from parsons and doctors who have done business with him. As this is absolutely untrue, and calculated to cause my client great injury and loss in his business, I must ask you whether you are willing to insert in your next issue of Truth an apology, which must be prepared by me, and for publication at your expense in four London or local papers my client may determine? Should you refuse to comply, my instructions are to commence proceedings without further notice, — Yours obediently, John Cumberland.

By way, presumably, of accentuating this communication, and showing how thoroughly in earnest Mr. Cumberland and his client were, a letter in identical terms was addressed at the same time to Messrs. Wyman & Sons, the printers of Truth. It not being my custom to comply with demands which are accompanied by the pointing of a pistol at my head, I did not answer Mr. Cumberland; but I mentioned in the next number of Truth that he disputed my description of Shuckburgh's circulars, and I added that if he would give me his personal assurance (as distinguished from his professional instructions) that the testimonials were genuine, I would accept such assurance, and give all publicity to it. From that day to this, although I recurred to the matter in Truth of July 20, I have heard not a word more from either Mr. Cumberland or his client.

Now, when Mr. Cumberland on June 10 informed me and Messrs. Wyman & Sons that "his instructions were to commence proceedings without further notice" unless we complied with his demands, he was either so instructed or he was not. The latter alternative implies that Mr. Cumberland stated an untruth with the view of intimidating Messrs. Wyman and myself into apologising to his client. Mr. Cumberland being a member of an honourable profession, that alternative must be dismissed at once. Accepting, then, Mr. Cumberland's statement that he was so instructed, I now ask him (neither Messrs. Wyman nor I having taken the slightest notice of his communication) why he did not carry out his

instructions? Did he, after reading my remarks in the subsequent issue of TRUTH, communicate with Shuckburgh and fail to satisfy himself of the genuineness of the testimonials? If so, I maintain that it was his duty to write to me and say so. It will be seen that, in the letter which I have quoted above, Mr. Cumberland states categorically that what I had said about the testimonials was "absolutely untrue." He gives this, not as his instructions, but as his own statement. Let it be granted, however, in his favour, that the contradiction is to be taken as "made on instructions." Let us suppose that a solicitor, a member of an honourable profession, makes (upon instructions) a certain statement to the editor of a newspaper, with the view of its being published; and let us next suppose that the solicitor finds that his client has wrongly instructed him, and that he (the member of an honourable profession) has consequently been made the medium for the publication of a lie. Is it or is it not the duty of that solicitor to at once withdraw his statement as publicly as he made it? I say that it is; and I should imagine that among the members of an honourable profession there can be no room for doubt on the point. So strongly do I hold this view that I would, if necessary, invite the opinion of the Incorporated Law Society on the point, it being one of great importance to all parties concerned—to lawyers, to newspaper proprietors, and to the public as readers of newspapers. For these reasons I hope that Mr. Cumberland will enlighten me further as to his relations with Shuckburgh in connection with the letter above quoted, and more particularly as to whether he still adheres to his declaration that my observations on his client's circular are "absolutely untrue."

I need scarcely add, however, that whether Shuckburgh's testimonials are genuine or forged is now a matter of very little moment. The verdict of the jury at Bristol Assizes, and his own statements in the witness-box, afford a testimonial to this usurer's integrity and truthfulness which renders any other unnecessary. Should the publication of this unsolicited testimonial cause, in Mr. Cumberland's language, injury and loss to Shuckburgh in his business, I shall be sincerely glad, and Shuckburgh will only have himself to thank.

"MACLEAN AND HIS SPONSORS."

Several further letters have been addressed to me by "Honorary Members" of the "British and Foreign Association" in reference to the recent articles in TRUTH under the above head. Foremost among them I have much pleasure in publishing the following communication which I have received from Sir Frederick Pollock:—

> SIR,—Having regard to the facts appearing in your current issue, I shall be obliged if you will allow me to say explicitly in your pages (which will be far more effectual than any communication to Mr. Angus Maclean, even if he be now discoverable) that neither Mr. Angus Maclean nor any other person acting under the name of the "British and Foreign Association" is now authorised to make use of my name for any purpose whatever.—Yours faithfully,
> August 11. FREDERICK POLLOCK.

Sir Fitzroy Maclean asks me to state that he wrote to withdraw his name from the Association some weeks back. Professor Darwin, of Cambridge, writes that he was induced to subscribe to the Association by the recommendation of another honorary member, but that, not seeing his name on some of the later lists, he supposed, until he saw TRUTH of the 3rd inst., that his membership had lapsed. He now sends me a letter which he has written to Maclean ordering his name to be withdrawn, as does also Mr. Daniel Barton, the British Consul at Geneva, who states, like several others, that he has no recollection of having ever become a member. Mr. W. H. Grenfell also informs me that he has now withdrawn his name.

It may seem to some that I have devoted an unnecessary amount of space and trouble to this now apparently extinct swindle. But I would point out to any who may take that view that previous experience has shown Angus Maclean to be somewhat of the same nature as those reptiles which, when their heads or limbs are cut off, speedily grow new ones in their place. At least twice during the last three years I supposed that Maclean was suppressed, but after a time he has begun to wriggle about again. Moreover, as he re-appears—to take a theosophical view of him—on a lower plane of existence at each successive re-incarnation, and resorts to baser tricks and stratagems in order to earn a livelihood, the oftener he is resuscitated the more objectionable he becomes. He has now disappeared for the time, but I imagine that he is carrying about with him all the original circulars of the "British and Foreign Association" still left in stock; and as soon as he can procure a few postage-stamps and a room to serve as the "Offices of the Association," I have no doubt that he will be at his old tricks, or new ones worse than the old. It is, therefore, of real importance that all those whose names appear in these circulars should formally wash their hands of him, and thereby make it the more risky for him to obtain money by advertising himself as connected with them. I hope that this will be appreciated by those "honorary members"—and there are still a good many of them—from whom I have not yet heard.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A TOILET IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.

THE other day, far off in the country, I got into a railway compartment in which there was only one person—a lady. In the course of the journey to town I witnessed the operation of a face and head toilet so perfect in its way that I felt as it went forward what a nice subject it would be to write about. The lady struck me as being a *petite bourgeoise* on an adventure bound. I took her to be thirty-five, but she might have passed for ten years younger, and was one of those women of whom the French say that "they are only the age they look." So few traces were on her visage of the flatness and tedium of highly genteel bringing-up and living that I concluded she was not of *la crême*. Her hat, a black and wide-brimmed Tuscan one, was trimmed with feathers, and sat jauntily on a head of thick light-brown hair, that went curling and waving about, and was of the texture of floss silk. The curls were so arranged as to show that they were no product of art, but grew out

of the scalp. The figure was one to set off to advantage the clothes it wore, and was corseted in a way to confine the waist merely, and to give relief and freedom to the bust. There was nothing particularly noticeable in the materials of the garments; but was not *la science du chiffon* displayed in the arrangement of folds and frillings? As to the countenance, it was singularly agreeable, it having at once a soft and a piquant expression, and making one feel that there was a deal of life behind it. The features were well proportioned, but the nose had a touch of irregularity. This, however, was not a defect, it being in keeping with a beautifully-formed mouth of the cherry-ripe sort. A fine full forehead, fair and smooth, and speaking dark eyes, showed that the lady was no fool. She was unveiled, and had on gloves the worse for the smut and dust that found their way into our compartment. Nearly an hour and a half passed in the heat of a broiling afternoon. Our compartment felt like a Turkish bath, and had the same effect on the skin. The lady read the supplements of newspapers, which are generally filled with stories and chit-chat. I was deep in a novel when not engaged in watching her, for she had excited my curiosity. I had noticed a collection of objects in repoussé silver attached to her girdle. They were expensive, and, seeming to be toys for grown-up people, it did not occur to me that they were the *objets d'utilité* which they turned out to be. We drew nigh to Paris. The lady suddenly took out of her pocket a silver box of pearl powder, and a case mirror of the same metal. She then undid from the girdle what I should have taken for a flask of smelling-salts, also encased in silver. It held *pâte d'amande* soap, which could be applied with a camel's-hair pencil, that lay as if it were a pencil in a silver tube. A small basin of impervious linen, that was folded up and hidden under the *porte bouquet* of a sheaf of roses, was in turn forthcoming. Concealed among the flowers was also an indiarubber flask, filled with water. It amused me to note how ingeniously this utensil was stowed away, the neck being in the stalks of the flowers and the balloon part uppermost, and masked with the delicate foliage and tendrils of the vine. The lady had pinned to her petticoat a small square of bath-towel, the size of a pocket-handkerchief. Having set her toilet utensils on the seat before her, she examined every bit of her face carefully in the tiny mirror. This done, she raised carefully the curls that clustered over her forehead, and pouring out water into the basin, lathered her face and proceeded to wash it. The only words she uttered during the whole journey were spoken here. "It's distilled water, the best water for the skin when one uses soap." With what minute care she washed, attending particularly to the eyelids and nostrils. The drying process was not less minutely gone through. I was, as the lady operated, reminded of the elegant daintiness of a cat when it washes its face with its paws. On being washed, she took from the silver objects suspended from the girdle a small case-comb, and passed it through the short, fine front hair which she had pushed back. It was then ready to be curled round her fingers. An R.A. might have done worse than watch how she manipulated these little curls so as to throw them into a wild grace, and to give value to the charming forehead and piquancy to the physiognomy. Instinct alone, I should say, prompted the fingers, as they worked lightly with the silky hair. Next, the face having had time to dry well, the lady dusted it with the *poudre de riz*, wiping the powder well off near the ears, and more gently farther towards the front of the face. It was allowed to remain thickest near the nose, though still not thick. The little she left was really an improvement, and made her resemble a pastel of Latour. Somehow it brought her face more into harmony with the *fla-fla* of her frillings, and cleared off just a *soupçon* of provincial style. She was not yet done. I had noticed what had seemed to me a large old-fashioned watch hanging from the girdle, and thought what a good effect its antique air had on this modern person. It simply contained a small coiled-up taper, a few small implements for manicure purposes, a tiny pair of tongs such as Spaniards use as cigarette-holders, a glass tube of carmine, and another of what seemed gum-water. In short, it held quite an arsenal of war implements for a beauty. Care had been taken in the *poudre de riz* phase with the toilet of the eyelids and crows'-feet that were just beginning to appear. They, and the flesh of the cheeks near mouth and chin, alone betrayed the thirty-five years. Well, the taper was lighted, and one of the small implements examined and discarded for a simple hairpin, the rounded end of which was held over the flame until it was well covered with lampblack, when it was applied with a strong, quick, dexterous touch to the root of each eyebrow, care being taken to keep well in the middle. Thus applied, the mark made with the hairpin was hidden in the somewhat scattered hair of the brows, and did not show on the white skin. One must have seen the lampblack put on to have been aware of it, so discreet was the application. Indeed, *discrétion* characterised the use which had been made of all the different aids to nature. The carmine was rubbed in dry on the cartilage dividing the nostrils, and but a mere trace of it was suffered to remain. It improved the nose by giving it more definiteness. A faint touch was also applied with a wee chamois scumbling-brush to the eyelids. Finally, that survival of lovely woman's slavery, and now her means of ambush, the veil, was donned, to blend, of course, and tone down any little crudities that had remained. It was new, of soft black net, and, being fastened on the wide brim of the hat, stood out well, in covering the whole face from the upper part. Its ends were dexterously twisted at the back of the head, to give it a smart, shapely air. There was a small parcel on the seat containing new gloves and shoes, both of which proved neat fits, and were perfect in their different ways. An old pair of shoes were taken off and thrown out of the window, and the new pair well twisted backwards and forwards until they were quite supple were slipped on. A final touch had yet to be given. A lace-edged lawn pocket-handkerchief that lay in a cardboard box (which in turn disappeared from the window with the dirty gloves of the early part of the journey) was folded

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

fanwise, and the central point stuck in a Swiss ceinture which held in a loose corsage at the waist. This last detail gave indescribable piquancy and freshness to the costume. We got to Paris. Somebody was waiting. I knew him by appearance. He was a Prefect who had, the papers next day stated, "just come to town to confer with M. Dupuy about the elections." The lady had come to meet him. Probably, as she took not so much as a dressing case with her, servants and others about her in her provincial home would have thought she had only gone a few stations off, to spend the day with some neighbourly family. She descended from the train with the lightness of a bird. The Prefect was respectfully *empressé*, but he could not help backing a few steps and exclaiming, "What a witch you are, to be so fresh-looking and *élégante*, after that eighty miles' journey in a railway-carriage, and not a *train de luxe* either!" Thought I, "You innocent man!" A neat brougham that was waiting whisked them away, he carrying the bouquet, and suspecting nothing of the water-flask and linen basin that were hidden in it. This high official had filled the prefecture of a department traversed by the railway by which I had travelled, and was promoted to a higher one by the actual Premier. I have been often asked what Prefects are good for. The toilet I witnessed in the train will perhaps suggest an answer.

The political world is not a sweet one. But it never was so noisome as since those high-minded and chivalrous gentlemen, the Marquis de Morès and MM. Déroulède and Millevoye, otherwise Wildoats, otherwise Eucalyptus, entered it. The Republicans were often rough and unpleasant, but I do not recollect them being ruffianly. In this respect the three "gentlemen" just named have outstripped De Cassagnac. The affair of the forged papers brands the trio, it being now evident that they—and, indeed, their whole gang—knew they were forgeries before they were read in the tribune. Comte de Dion had obtained proof of this from Mr. Austen Lee. The Comte, nevertheless, signed a letter jointly with another second of Millevoye releasing this person from the duty of fighting a duel with M. Clémenceau, whom he had libelled and insulted. The Comte gave the reason for the release. It was that he had seen the papers (which he knew were forgeries), and they so fully convicted Clémenceau of being a traitor that no man of honour could accept a challenge from him. It is now given as an excuse that Millevoye, being tall as a eucalyptus, he was certain to be shot, for Clémenceau had a right to use pistols, and, being a crack marksman, would prefer these arms to swords.

I always said that Norton was the man of straw of the gang, and that the forgeries never originated in his brain, and never could have. The Government, for some reason I cannot quite fathom, wanted to hush up the affair while prosecuting, but was unable to do so to the extent it tried. Norton gave a consistent story. Ducret did not. Millevoye simply made a grandiloquent speech, in which he showed address in slurring ticklish points. It gave out a false tone from first to last. Norton, I informed you long ago, was the man of straw who was to stand the racket should the gang be prosecuted for the forgeries. For what else would he have been, towards the end, given £400, which the accomplices hastily scraped together when they found they were treading on dangerous ground? He had been originally paid 8s. for each translation of the forged letters from French into English, the Marquis de Morès' governess (it was admitted at the outset) having translated them from English into French. Neither the investigating Magistrate nor the Chief Justice at the trial thought of asking who wrote them first in English, or of examining the governess. Norton let out that several drafts had been made of the Foreign Office Memorandum, establishing that Clémenceau, Rochefort, and Burdeau had been bought. He was not pressed on this point, the Judge feigning not to hear what he said. Nor was Baroness Kurth, a professional beauty, called on as a witness. Millevoye, she says, used to go to her soirées, and she warned him of the machinations of England. A point that should certainly have been cleared up was this: 100,000 francs were to have been raised by private subscription by Millevoye to buy the "documents." It was pretty certain that beyond the salary of 10 francs a translation Norton was not to get more. There would then be a balance of nearly 96,000 francs. To whom was it to go?

The Government, I think, was at first taken in, or pretended to be taken in, by the forgeries. Dupuy was hatching the speech that he made last week, and in which he opens wide the door to Clerical Conservatives calling themselves "ralliés." Clémenceau would have been in the time of incubation looked at as a future thorn in the Premier's side. Hence the encouragement given to the forgeries, and the astounding way in which Dupuy and Develle delivered themselves up to them. The attempts to hush up are explicable when one comes to this conclusion, but not otherwise. The Prime Minister, who was brought up in the housekeeper's room of Comte Benedetti, and, of course, would have a sneaking kindness for Millevoye because he is a Bonapartist, regretted that France is not under the government of a Venetian Council of Ten. Were it, and he at the head, he would say to Clémenceau, "In twelve hours hence I expect you to have disappeared." He also blurted out that he had been turning over in his mind all day how to impel Clémenceau to commit suicide. Possibly he thought that in seeming to believe the forged papers genuine he would accomplish this result. Badgered, hunted, abused, and distressed for money as Clémenceau was, it astonishes me that he did not give himself his *quietus*. He is fearfully hard up and has been to my knowledge for years. The news of his suicide on the evening of the day M. Dupuy wished for it was cried on the Boulevards. Several editors telephoned to *La Justice* to have particulars. Clémenceau answered them. He began in each case by asking a lot of them to deny the truth of the report. One of them insisting that he was well informed, his interlocutor said: "The person who answers you is Clémenceau. Good-bye." The day on which Millevoye was to have crushed him, Clémenceau was dropped by all but three or four friends. In the lobby he was avoided as if he were a

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

leper. One of the remaining friends went up to tell him of colloquies between Dupuy, Develle, and the holder of the damning documents. He then expressed commiseration. "There is one thing that annoys me," said C, "it is to hear every one putting an acute accent into my name." The kind friend took this hint not to keep on fussing and playing the part of a bore, and beat a retreat. The tide has since turned with a rush. That highway-gentleman, as Rochefort calls him, Morès, has gone to the Var for an electoral district, of which Clémenceau is candidate, to abuse him and otherwise stand in his way. Morès cuts now a sorry figure. To have borrowed 20,000 f. at 0 per cent. from unfortunate Herz and only to pay him at the end of two years, and that when he wanted to be at liberty to revile him—and he too a prisoner—was not what one posturing as a Bayard should do.

M. Dupuy's speech at Puy can be hardly called a programme. It admits of being turned into a roundelay. He spoke at as great length as though he were airing doctrines and creating a platform. The burden of his Jack Horner-like discourse was: "What a good boy was I, Dupuy, the poor process-server's son! How Dupuy loves Puy, and how Puy loves Dupuy!" This Dupuy is a massive man—short, thick-set, fleshy, and in constant good-humour with himself and the world. He is not an Auvergnat in his quickness to assimilate, and would be an ideal country *juge de paix*.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE harvest of a quiet eye, dear Lady Betty, gathers in a strange variety of thought, at times frivolous, at other times serious; now earnest then gay; whilst, with the man of the world, these reflections are apt to be coloured with a faint tint of cynicism which provides them with individuality.

Sitting one morning last week upon the summit of Wexcombe Downs, a fiery sun flooding the valley below with light, with only the sky-line around for a limit to the broad acres of princely Savernake, my thoughts not very unnaturally turned serious. Far as the eye could reach, field, forest, and flood, hamlets and townships, hills, hollows, and plains, lay spread the glorious demesne of the Most Honourable George William Thomas Brudenell-Bruce, Marquis and Earl of Ailesbury, Earl Bruce, Viscount Savernake, Earl of Cardigan, and Baron of ever so many other places besides in the various Peerages of the United Kingdom. For miles to the right were clustered the stately trees of Savernake Forest with the red deer peering timorously over the tall bracken, herds of fallow deer and droves of cattle leisurely seeking the cool of the shaded pool, the twelve-mile avenue of beech, unsurpassed in all England, and Savernake House for a centre to the picture, with its art treasures, heirlooms, and almost regal luxury.

To all of this and to much more besides only eight years ago did the present Lord Ailesbury succeed. To-day, just turned thirty, shattered in health and bankrupt, he has wrecked the fortunes of an illustrious house when at the very prime of its prosperity!

It is easy, of course, to blame others for the failure which they have made of their lives, but, as I gazed upon all the splendour which lay at my feet, I could not but feel pity for the lad who had squandered this magnificent inheritance. It required a special training to administer a property of such magnitude, and this training he never received. Semi-ruler over several thousands of tenants, he had obligations and duties to perform which only one in a million could have fulfilled. A great commercial business can be entrusted to the control of an able manager, but only the incessant personal attention of the owner himself can satisfactorily accomplish the task of ruling over so large an estate as Savernake. No mere generous outlay of money will make up for the personal interest that such a landlord should take in each individual tenant upon his estate. No wonder, then, that this poor lad, unaccustomed to country life, untrained to the management of an estate, and by nature opposed to the restraints of responsible Society, flung away the brilliant inheritance which was far too large for him to control. I cannot conceive a greater curse than for a man of his Bohemian disposition to be burdened with a property of this magnitude, which it requires the ability of a Statesman to administer properly. There is not one in a hundred thousand who could even conscientiously manage an estate of the size and of the importance of Savernake. No wonder, therefore, that with his tastes and with his disposition Lord Ailesbury was scared by the appalling task and was practically driven into a life of ignoble dissipation.

* * * * *

A distinguished politician has written desiring me to propose a compulsory close time for Members of Parliament. "It is both cruel and unwise," he writes, "to harass us day and night, summer and winter, as it is now rapidly becoming the custom to do. We are not vermin, and all other animals but these are protected by law." The phrase "other animals" must certainly be a slip, and, besides, though Providence created men, politicians have invented themselves, and the natural instincts of humanity, therefore, are not excited in their favour as they are in the case of the "other animals." Indeed, the more severely they are worked the sooner will they be exterminated—a circumstance which should very materially improve the prospects of the human race.

The Editor of the *Times* appears to have just discovered that the French detest the English as bitterly, if not more so, than they do any other neighbouring nation, and in a leading article on Saturday that paper astonished the world with a laboured attempt to account for the cause of this dislike to us. But the reason is a very simple one. We English are by no means a lovable race. We have many admirable qualities. We are a hardy, practical, persevering people; but these are not in themselves sympathetic properties. We are aggressive, self-assertive, purse-proud, and hypocritical. We are apt to sing psalms and pick pockets at one and the same time, and our neighbours, not altogether unjustly, therefore, resent the over-righteous tone that we adopt in criticising them and their concerns. Wherever the Englishman goes he has the fatal influence of spoiling even the most simple of characters. A few British tourists will make the inhabitants of the most inexperienced province shrewd, suspicious, grasping, and dishonest. This is within the common knowledge of any who have travelled in little-visited lands, and a consideration of this phenomenon will enable us the better, perhaps, to understand why our neighbours, and more especially the French, so heartily detest us. It is also a curious fact that whenever there are any General Elections to be held in the great Republics the most popular policy is to twist the tail of the British Lion. It would be instructive as a subject for the dull season to discuss the question, "Are we English really much superior to all other nations?" I think we are, but apparently our neighbours think otherwise, and it might be well, therefore, to discover whether we are mistaken or whether they are stupidly prejudiced.

It is ludicrous, of course, for the French to try to establish colonies in the face of the steady decrease of population which is evident in France. The chief purpose of a colony is to provide shelter for the overflow of population. The more France in its present condition extends its sphere of colonisation the more must it weaken itself, and we can therefore afford to look on with genial unconcern whilst it works out such a policy. Should

our race ever so increase that Siam would become necessary to us, we should have it. Till then let us possess our souls in peace.

With the thermometer at ninety five degrees, with everybody in a state of collapse, physical, financial, and social, it is impossible to provide news, for the very ample reason that there is no news to provide. This continued tropical heat is not only unnatural, but utterly unsuited to the conditions of life in England. We cannot grow grapes, and it is useless for anything else; besides which, it interferes terribly with conversation, for as the recognised basis of this in England is abuse of the weather, now that we can no longer depend upon it, there is nothing left to us but silence. It is really becoming intolerable. We look at each other, gasp, say, "How are you?" and then collapse. Japhet's task when in search of a father was mere child's-play as compared to that of the myriads of inhabitants of the British Isles in search of a second conversational phrase.

The marriage of Lord Terence Blackwood, younger son of Lord Dufferin, to Miss Davis, will take place in Paris in October next. Miss Davis is an American.

For many years in the autumn the Carlton and Junior Carlton Clubs have interchanged hospitality whenever repairs and redecorations rendered it necessary that either of these institutions should close. This season, however, in consequence of the prolonged sitting of Parliament, the Carlton is compelled to reserve its accommodation for the use of its own members. The Junior Carlton, which will close its doors upon the 19th inst., is, therefore, to find an asylum at the Conservative Club in St. James's-street, when the members will have an opportunity of passing judgment upon the much-disputed decorations which occasioned so severe a controversy at the Conservative Club a few months ago.

Much surprise and more regret have been caused by the intelligence, telegraphed from Geneva, of the death of Julia Lady Jersey, which occurred in Switzerland on Sunday after a short illness. The late Julia Lady Jersey was one of the most familiar figures in London Society of recent times. A daughter of the distinguished Statesman, the late Sir Robert Peel, a sister of the present Sir Robert, the brilliant orator, of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and of the late Mrs. Stonor, for many years the intimate friend of the Princess of Wales, Julia Lady Jersey possessed a large share of the ability and conversational talent of this gifted family. A staunch friend, Lady Jersey never permitted the fluctuations of fortune to interfere with her friendships, a reproach so justly advanced against many of the would-be men and women of the world of our day. She was wise in the ways of the world—but she was not worldly.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE are only ninety-five entries for the Cesarewitch, as against 120 last year, but in 1891 the number sank to eighty-six, so that this handicap may be regarded as holding its own to a wonderful extent, considering how very few horses can now fairly stay the course over which it is run. Marcion, who had at the last been made favourite, has not been engaged. The silly, eager, greedy herd of addleheads who are always rushing in and prematurely backing horses in this infatuated manner, live in a succession of chloroform dreams, or they would long ago have recognised the boundless and bottomless folly of speculating in this sort of fashion when in utter ignorance of the owner's plans. Marcion has not been entered for the Cesarewitch because Mr. Vyner hopes that he will win the valuable stake (£4,000 added) which is to be run for at Longchamps on the Sunday in the Newmarket Second October week. The entry includes La Flèche and Sir Hugo, and they will no doubt be the top weights. Lord Bradford's horse suffered severely from his race on the hard ground during the Craven Meeting, but he is now going on all right, and it is hoped that he will stand another preparation. It is, however, by no means a certainty that Sir Hugo will start for the Cesarewitch, as the race which Lord Bradford has in his eye for this horse is the Champion Plate, which is run on the Tuesday in the Second October week, and the entry includes nothing better than Medici, Raeburn, and Buccaneer. No fewer than thirteen horses from the Manton stable have been entered, of which seven belong to the Duke of Beaufort, whose best candidate will probably be Son of a Gun. Last year's winner has again been entered, but it may be hoped that this handicap will not again fall to so bad a horse as Burnaby, and Insurance, who then ran second, is also exceedingly moderate. The fact is that the field for last year's Cesarewitch was probably the worst that has ever started for that handicap. Buccaneer, Watercress, May Duke, Red Eyes, and Chesterfield are the best class animals among the remainder. The best three-year-olds are Sweden, Nobleman, Wolf's Crag, and Tressure, who is a really good stayer, and she would have won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot if there had been a strong run race. The most remarkable feature in the entry is the number of presumed non-stayers which have been engaged, including several animals which were much fancied for the Stewards' Cup and other T.Y.C. handicaps, notably Amandier, Prisoner, and Childwick. The entry includes Enniskillen, Seaton Delaval, Roy Neil, Bushey Park, Rigmarole, Ragimunde, Old Boots, Brandy, and Newcourt as a matter of course. There are eight French horses, of which Callistrate is the best, and I hear that a *coup* is contemplated with M. Abeille's steed, who ran very well indeed in the spring, but afterwards he seemed to lose his form. The French have only twice won the Cesarewitch, in 1885 with Plaisanterie, and in 1888 with Ténébreuse, and on each occasion a huge stake was taken across the Channel. There is one entry from Hungary—a four-year-old, by Doncaster, that belongs to Herr Blaskowitz, who won the Goodwood Cup fifteen years ago with Kincsem.

There are 121 entries for the Cambridgeshire, as against 131 last year and 124 in 1891, but in 1889 the number sank to 106. There has not been a more brilliant entry for this handicap since 1871, when Favonius, Sterling, Hannah, Corisande, Sabinus, Henry, and Digby Grand were all engaged. The Duke of Westminster has entered Orme, who will certainly be top weight, with La Flèche next, and it will be very interesting to see how Major Egerton handicaps them with Isinglass and Marcion. It had been expected that the Derby winner would have been entered for the Cesarewitch, as he is believed to stay well, but to have trained him for that race might have impaired his speed, and it is intended to win the £8,000 stake at Manchester with him, the distance being a mile. I hear from Newmarket that a hope is now entertained at Bedford Cottage that Suspender may stand training again, in which case he might represent Mr. MacCalmont in the Lancashire Plate, but I shall not believe in this horse again being seen on a racecourse until his number actually goes up. Suspender is entered for the Cambridgeshire, and so is Haut Brion, who will assuredly win a good handicap during the autumn if he goes on all right. I do not for a moment believe that the Duke of Westminster entertains any serious intention of starting Orme for the Cambridgeshire or any other handicap, and the Limekiln Stakes will no doubt be his next and last race. El Diablo will probably turn out to be the best of Colonel North's lot of six, which includes that very unlucky mare, Lady Hermit. The best class in the entry, in addition to the animals already named, is represented by Windgall, Watercress, Gantlet, Buccaneer, Clarence, Gangway, Nobleman, Ali, Simonian, Childwick, Euclid, Lauriscope, Esmond, Sir Hugo, May Duke, Comedy, Laodamia, Newcourt, Perigord, Convent, Curio, Wolf's Crag, Adoration, Siffleuse, Chesterfield, Tressure, Cabin Boy, Mrs. Butterwick, and Raeburn. There are fourteen entries from

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the Manton stable. Either Comedy or Laodamia will certainly be a good favourite, as the speculative public have been waiting all the season with patient expectation for the "slipping" of these animals. It is odd that while Amandier, who is believed to lack stamina, has been entered for the long race, Medicis, who is supposed to be a stayer, is only in the short one, as also is Le Nicham. There are nine French horses, including Callistrate and Seraphine. The French have often been very dangerous in this handicap since Palestro won for the late Count de Lagrange in 1861, and they have been seven times successful, and must have won at least £300,000 by their victories, the most profitable of which was that of Montargis, twenty years ago, when he won by the shortest of heads, and more than £70,000 went over to Paris in consequence. It is rather a surprise to find the name of Glenwood in both these handicaps, but I shall be astonished if he is a starter for either of them.

It may be hoped that both handicaps will be won by animals of good class, whose public form has been respectable and consistent, and not by some "thrown in" beast which has been dexterously "steadied." The hurly-burly which followed the victory of Comedy four years ago was useful, inasmuch as it served as a warning to "astute" owners; but the Stewards of the Jockey Club must not forget that such interference on their part must not be only occasional and transient, or it passes for weakness and caprice, and practically works out worse evils than a consistent, resolute, and systematic indifference. There must be one weight and one measure for all owners.

There was very good racing last week both at Redcar and at Kempton Park. Chin Chin was not sent south, so she picked up a small race at Redcar, where the principal two-year-old stake fell to Lord Zetland's Lucy Cross, by St. Simon, a filly which I mentioned some time ago as likely to be winning races about this time, but she is no flyer. Green Mint was greatly fancied for the Wilton Plate, but had no chance with Mr. Lowther's Carloman, who won all the way, and he must be a very useful colt. Mr. Vyner did not care to start Marcion for the three-year-old stake at Redcar, so Harbinger was made a great favourite, although the rush on him was most emphatically muddy-minded, for Peppercorn was sure to beat him on the Derby running, and Mr. Joicey's horse had the advantage of being fresh. It was a fine race, but Peppercorn won cleverly, and some distracted mooncalves have since mentioned him as a promising outsider for Doncaster; but 5,000 to 1 would be a short price to take about him for the Leger while Isinglass and other fancied candidates keep well.

During the last four months there has been a deal of elaborate noise raised about Government, a colt belonging to Baron Hirsch, and there could not have been more laudatory cackling about this creature if he had beaten Sempronius and Lord Rosebery's colt. Government has several times been withdrawn at the last moment from races, for he was regarded as being too valuable to be knocked about on hard ground. At last his *début* came at Kempton Park, and, as so often happens when the impending advent of a two-necked swan or a three-legged calf is proclaimed, it was a case of the mountain and the mouse, for Delphos, whose success I had predicted, gave him 19 lb. and beat him easily. It is clear that the idea of Government being a Derby colt is a fairy tale of the most crack-brained description. It is a pity that Delphos is not in the Derby, and, indeed, he has not a single engagement next year. I suppose his next race will be the £2,900 stake at Liverpool in November, which he looks like winning, as his penalties are neutralised by a 10 lb. breeding allowance, and he will be receiving 7 lb. from Bullingdon and 10 lb. from Galloping Dick. Siffleuse did not start for the three-year-old stake at Kempton Park, for which Queen of the Spring was a great favourite, but she had no chance with Avington. I hear that Siffleuse has begun long work at Newmarket, but she is not likely to start for the Leger if Isinglass keeps all right, and is more probably being prepared for the Park Hill Stakes, which will be worth more than £1,100.

There are forty-five entries for the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, which is not much of a subscription considering that the race is worth £1,300. The entry includes Newcourt, Shancrotha, Lady Rosebery, Nobleman, Concrete, Seaton Delaval, Watercress, Chesterfield, Burnaby, Prisoner, Childwick, and Sweden. No fewer than six of the entries are made by the Manton stable. The Portland Plate has obtained only thirty-seven entries, of which the best are Milford, Glenwood, Bill of Portland, Lady Hermit, Marvel, Tanderagee, Medora, Gantlet, Perigord, Prince Hampton, Minting Queen, and Siffleuse. Marcion cannot lose the Doncaster Cup, for, of course, there was no foundation for the crazy tales about the Duke of Westminster having decided to enter Orme in order to test his stamina in a conclusive way. The Duke knows very well that Orme cannot stay, or he would have entered him, as, owing to the peculiarly idiotic conditions, Orme incurred no penalty, whereas Marcion will have to carry 10 lb. extra for winning the Ascot Cup, and the distance is now only two miles. The crack-brained howlers about Orme's superlative merits will at least cease their jargonings about his staying powers after his owner's palpable and undisguised reluctance to run him for a Cup race, even with so great an advantage in the weights.

Isonomy still heads the list of winning sires, with eight winners of fourteen races, value £17,479, of which £13,740 has been contributed by Isinglass. St. Simon comes second, with twelve winners of twenty-five races, worth £15,560, his best representatives having been Mrs. Butterwick, Silene, and Simonian. I dare say that St. Simon will presently have a good two-year-old in St. Florian. Hampton is third, with sixteen winners of twenty-six races, value £14,394. His best representatives have been Phocion, Speed, and the Illuminata colt, and the last of these animals may be expected considerably to increase the amount of his winnings before the season closes. Everything now points towards the conclusion that Isinglass will head this year's list.

There ought to be some excellent sport at York next week, although the meeting has greatly diminished in importance during the last fifteen years. There is a huge entry for the Yorkshire Oaks, which looks like being a match between Siffleuse and Silene, each having 7 lb. extra to carry. The Prince of Wales's Plate of £1,000, which is the most valuable two-year-old stake at York, will be won by Galloping Dick if he likes to do his best, and in his absence Galingale might be able to win for Lord Zetland. There is only a small acceptance for the Ebor Handicap, and there will be no genuine betting on that race until the day of running. I fancy Pilot, if he is "slipped" for this event. The Ebor St. Leger is at the mercy of Marcion, but if he does not start Peppercorn ought to be able to win; and I expect that Mr. Joicey's horse will also carry off the Great Yorkshire Stakes, the entry for which includes Harbinger, Royal Harry, Medora, and Inferno. There are nearly a hundred entries for the Gimcrack Stakes, including Lucy Cross and Carloman, and the best from Enoch's stable ought to win this race.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—We are but slowly getting through the interregnum of dulness and inactivity which usually characterises the holiday season, and which is aggravated this year by the silver crisis and the unsettled financial condition of the United States. It is doubtful, moreover, if we shall see much movement during the coming account; but once we get into September some life should return to our markets.

The Outlook on the Stock Exchange.

By that time, too, some of the unfavourable factors which have been in operation so long will probably have lost their disturbing force. Foremost amongst these is the currency crisis in the United States, which Congress

is at present endeavouring to cure. As I anticipated, heavy gold shipments have continued from this side, and the premium on currency is disappearing in the chief American centres. Unfortunately, the heavy efflux of gold has now raised the value of money here, and thus, while the monetary outlook in Yankeeland is improving, apprehensions of dear money during the autumn are now rife on this side. A great deal must depend upon the action which may be taken by the Bank of France. If that institution were to part with gold to a considerable extent, the tension would be relieved. If, on the other hand, the usual illiberal policy were to be pursued in Paris, a 5 per cent. Bank rate would be a foregone conclusion. Not that this would do much harm in view of the restriction of speculative operations, but it would, no doubt, delay the incipient recovery in most departments. The American market is, of course, gaining more by the influx of gold to New York than it can lose by the rise in the value of money here, as further advances in Yankee securities must originate in Wall-street. Notwithstanding large crushings of the Witwatersrand mines, the Kaffir Circus has shown such persistent dulness that there are evidently still some weak spots in this department. That eventually a marked revival will come about need not, however, for a moment be doubted. Values have been well maintained in Home Railway stocks, but Foreigners do not promise well in view of the rising tendency of the money market. A curious effect has, by the way, been produced upon the bucket-shops by the recent very jerky movements in such securities as American Rails. Some of the large outside brokers, who used to work on the 1 per cent. cover system, are now refusing to do this business except with a 2 per cent. cover, as they have found to their cost that operators with some skill have the best of it when 2 or 3 per cent. advances or declines occur so frequently. The fact is that some unusually wide-awake punters took to running a "Bull" and a "Bear" at the same time, and in the same securities. As the changes on most days were much larger than the 1 per cent. cover, they were bound to win one way if they were sharp enough. Hence the revolt of the bucket-shop keepers.

Home Rails.

The Home Railway Market has been the steadiest of all during the week. The last meetings of shareholders have been held, and there is consequently no occasion for any speculative excitement. The payment of the dividends will probably induce some re-investment by holders who have fared better in this department than elsewhere, although they have had to put up with a slight diminution in the yield. Midlands have kept their price, notwithstanding the coal strike, which does not yet show any indication of coming to an end. The Board of Trade return for July, on the other hand, is encouraging, as far as the exports are concerned, and it is to be hoped that the present spasm in the money market and the coal strike will not again apply a check to trade and industry. The traffics of the Heavy Brigade during the next few weeks will therefore be watched with considerable interest. Brighton "A" have fluctuated within narrow limits, the brilliant sunshine acting as a support, although the Bank Holiday traffic has been disappointing. At 149 this stock is at a very moderate level, and were it not for apprehensions of a spasm in monetary affairs, it might be considered a good speculative purchase, especially as the comparison from the end of August will be with reduced traffics in 1892. As it is, it will be preferable to buy only for investment, and, as the yield is more than 5 per cent. per annum at present price, investors may safely put their money into "Berthas." The South-Eastern traffics have been fairly satisfactory, but Dover "A" are but slowly recovering from the blow which the "Read" failure struck them. At anything like 73 they are, however, a promising lock up. Neither Sheffield "A" nor Metropolitan Districts have improved upon their present very moderate values of 23⅜ and 24¼ respectively. Mr. J. S. Forbes, the Chairman of the Metropolitan District Company, descanted humorously upon the drawbacks to that undertaking of the fine weather in its competition with the omnibuses. He also, as might have been expected, replied to Sir Edward Watkins's remark at the Metropolitan meeting that the District Company were at their old games again, the "old game," as explained by Mr Forbes, being their wish to put District trains on to the Metropolitan line at High street, Kensington, against the Metropolitan's claim to run from Aldgate through High street, and put through trains on to the District line at South Kensington, the traffic involved amounting to £31,000. In the interest of both Companies, and also of the travelling public, it is to be hoped that this matter will be conclusively settled on an early date. The Scotch Companies have yet to make their dividend announcements, but the absence of activity in the stocks seems to indicate indifferent results.

Yankee Rails.

This has again been a week of fluctuations in Yankee Rails, and on occasional slumps cheap stocks could again be picked up. But an undercurrent of strength was to be observed, which invariably caused a brisk recovery to about the value prevailing a week ago, while a considerable advance was retained by such stocks as Atchison shares and Second Mortgage bonds, Norfolk Prefs., Erie, &c. Louisville and Nashville, as well as Milwaukees, were the most active stocks, and at no time touched the recent lowest points. It may, in fact, be assumed that prices of American Rails have now "gravelled," and that the movement will henceforth be upwards—of course, with reactions. The currency trouble in the States culminated during the past week in a high premium which touched 3 to 4 per cent. at one time, and stimulated gold shipments from this side. When all the gold at present on the way to New York has arrived at its destination, the financial situation there should be greatly relieved. As regards the chief source of all the trouble—viz., the mischievous Sherman Silver Act, it is satisfactory to find that Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury, has arranged with leading politicians for an energetic campaign in the House of Representatives, where the anti-silver men have a large majority. The silver men are indulging in a good deal of bluster, but I fancy that public opinion will be too much for them. Now that the Wilson Repeal Bill has been brought forward, everything will depend upon the intelligence, sagacity, and courage of those in charge of the measure. The most important point is that the first section of the Sherman Act should be repealed. With that section obliterated, further purchases of silver would be stopped, and silver dollars would be coined only when such coinage should become necessary to redeem the Treasury notes. If a substitute for the first section of the Sherman Act were to be incorporated with the repeal Bill contention would be promoted, and a great deal of time consumed in debate and in the explosion of demagogical pyrotechnics. To allow the free coinage men to dictate a substitute for the present mischievous law would, moreover, be equivalent to achieving a victory and then capitulating to the enemy. The most straightforward and easy thing to do is to pass a Bill for the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. Terms of agreement for future operations in silver can be better considered after repeal is accomplished. Should the Houses of Representatives pass the repeal Bill with a substantial majority, the Senate, although it is supposed to contain a majority of silver men, will probably have to follow suit. On the whole there is, therefore, a prospect of judicious silver legislation which should put an end to the prevailing distrust. According to mail advices from the States, investors are picking up stocks in small amounts as far as each buyer is concerned, but in the aggregate sufficient to make a great difference in the amount of floating stock. A Wall-street contemporary remarks that there will consequently not be enough stock to go around, and that the more the "Bear" interest depress quotations the faster the absorption of stocks by investors will go on, and the bigger "Bull" market we shall have when the current sets the other way. Under these circumstances, I keep to

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

my view that American Railroad stocks should not yet be run speculatively, but that investors will do well to buy substantial dividend-paying stocks, as well as low-priced speculative shares, on the temporary reaction, which will no doubt come about now and then on fresh "Bear" raids or unfavourable news. With reference to the Consolidation of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Ohio and Mississippi Railway Companies, I learn that Mr. Wells has arrived from New York for the purpose of completing arrangements. The financial position in Montreal has been somewhat strained of late, but some shipments of gold which have recently been made to that destination will probably remedy this. Canadian Pacifics have kept their price better than Grand Trunks; but if the Yankee market should improve, both will no doubt follow suit.

Foreigners and South Americans.

The steadiness of inter-bourse securities in midst of these times of crisis is remarkable, especially when it is considered that several of the countries whose bonds are still quoted at relatively high prices are in bad financial plight. Spanish and Italians are but fractionally lower, although it is not easy to see how either will provide for their needs now that it is getting more and more difficult for habitual borrowers to raise the wind. Italy is, moreover, suffering from a currency crisis somewhat on the pattern of that in the United States, but without possessing the immense resources and power of recuperation of that country. Greeks are low, chiefly owing to renewed weakness in Berlin, where a good deal of rottenness has of late been disclosed. Mexican Six per Cent. Government bonds have fallen heavily on sales from the same quarter. It appears that the reports made by the representatives of the firm of Bleichroeder, who had been dispatched to Mexico City with a view to ascertain the exact position there, have not been favourable, but much must depend after all upon the course of silver, and the white metal has shown remarkable steadiness of late. In the Argentine Republic the political position has somewhat improved through the resignation of the Governor and Vice-Governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres, and the disarming of the contending parties by the National Government; but fresh Ministerial changes are reported in the resignation of Señors Delvalle and Demaria, the Ministers of War and Finance, and the appointment of General Luis Campos and of Señor Terry in their stead, Señor Manuel Quintana taking the portfolio of the Interior. I anticipated from the outset that President Saenz Peña's alliance with the Radicals would not be of long duration. It is reported that Señor Demaria had ordered the prosecution of ex-President Juarez Celman for fraud before resigning, and this extreme step was apparently the reason of his fall. Señor Demaria does not appear to have taken any measures in favour of the foreign bondholders, and his retirement will not, therefore, be much regretted here. The weakness of the President is, however, the chief trouble, as a strong man at the helm is more than ever wanted. Chilians are firmer on the recovery in the Valparaiso exchange, but Venezuela are lower, and the rest of the South American market is lifeless, in sympathy with the general depression.

The Kaffir Circus.

Neither the elimination of the weak elements, the wholesale reduction of the account, nor the splendid crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines for July, which figured up to 126,169 oz., and constitute, therefore, the largest monthly output yet recorded (exceeding the June crushings, the previous record, by 3,262 oz.), have so far sufficed to infuse fresh life into the Kaffir Circus, even such substantial shares as City and Suburban, Jubilee, Meyer and Charlton, and Crown Reefs declining. There is better reason for the fall of ½ in Rietfontein, as the proposed arrangement for the appointment of a life governor, with a lion's share of the future profits, is deservedly unpopular. I recommended these shares from 40s. upwards, while they now stand at 5¼, but I cannot encourage such a gross departure from sound financial management. The New Primrose crushing of 7,552 oz. in July, against 6,961 oz. in June, was most satisfactory, yet it has not put up the quotation of the shares, which stand at 3¾, at which they yield on the basis of the last six monthly dividend nearly 11 per cent. per annum with every prospect of increasing returns. The Glencairn is now showing up again amongst the crushings with 1,382 oz. as the result of seventeen days' working in July. Having not only paid off the whole Debenture debt, also the cost of the reconstruction of the battery out of revenue, this mine promises now early and substantial dividends, and the shares at 30s. are very cheap. The Durban-Roodeport crushing of 5,415 oz., in July, was satisfactory, but that of the Nigel of 4,072 oz., showed a falling-off against the total of 5,155 oz. for June. The African Gold Recovery Company announces a yield for July of 27,890 oz. of gold from the Randt and of 1,500 oz. in other districts, total £29,390 oz. (as against 27,400 oz. in June), being over 22 per cent. of the total Randt output. Had it not been for the delay in starting the large 30,000 tons Langlaagte Estate Plant, the July return would have been still better, but this will now show in August. With regard to the future yield of the Randt Mines, the Johannesburg correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* expresses the following favourable view:—

> When the mines temporarily closed resume working in a few months, and the extensions to crushing and cyanide plant at several of the mines are in operation, the Rand output of gold will be materially increased. The general estimate here is that the monthly production will reach 150,000 oz. before the end of the current year, and that in the course of a year or two it will touch 200,000 oz. Another important result of the comparison of the one month with the other is to show that the grade per ton of ore treated has increased from 9·92 dwt. in June of last year to 10·20 dwt. in the month just concluded. This result is, no doubt, due in some measure to the improved treatment at the various mines, but some of the increase is also accounted for by the higher grade of ore which appears to be found the deeper the Rand mines are carried. This fact is of importance in view of the great tracts of deep levels yet to be opened up, and on which the whole future of Johannesburg hangs.

From the Klerksdorp district very satisfactory advices are still coming to hand, especially as regards the Buffelsdoorn Estate and Gold Mining Company. The second level is opened throughout for 2,000 ft., and ready for the mill. The third level is being driven on to the east, and very rich ore has been struck 200 ft. from the boundary. The winzes to the north on this level are nearly completed, and it is expected to be ready for milling by September. The Cyanide Works (a McArthur-Forrest 8,000-ton plant) to which I referred last week started on the 1st inst. on the tailings, which promise to yield a large profit, and are easy of treatment, being very good and free from acids. The erection of the new mill is going on with all speed. There has been no delay in transit, and it is expected to run early in September, when with results both from the mill and the cyanide plant a marked advance of the shares would seem to be a foregone conclusion. From the same district good news is to hand concerning the Afrikander Mine. The crushing for July was 301 oz., and the first return from the cyanide plant will be made early in September. It is, in fact, anticipated by those best acquainted with the property that an output of 1,000 oz. monthly will be reached at no distant date. This means early dividends, as the capital of the Company is exceptionally small. Dealings in the shares of South African Land Companies have been scarce, and prices are on the down grade, Oceana and Oceana Development shares being, however, comparatively well supported. Some favourable developments are expected almost immediately, which should cause a substantial advance. With reference to the Silati Railway, advices are satisfactory. The supply of labour is said to be fairly good. According to the *Gold Fields News*, the contractors (Messrs. Westward & Winby) have at work fully 3,000 hands, white and native. Over 20 civil engineers are already at work, and a fresh survey party starts immediately from kilo 53. Engineers are arriving from all parts—Cape, Natal, and England—while contractors of all kinds and colours, good, bad, and indifferent, are anxious to secure sections. For the present, short lengths of work are being constructed. One of the finest specimens of the engineer's

art on the line will be the Crocodile River Bridge, a handsome iron structure on heavy masonry piers. The total length of the Silati line is to be 32 kilos, or 200 miles, and although the first part of the line is through barren and unproductive country, the upper sections are in better and more favourable localities (amongst which there are a number of Oceana farms), which it is hoped will enter on an era of development and progress as soon as the iron horse opens up the way to the coast. Chartered British of South Africa shares have fluctuated between 21s. and 23s. 6d., and are not unnaturally out of favour with investors. The Matabele King has not, so far, taken any openly hostile measures, but that may happen any day. My view concerning the position is fully borne out by the following comment in the *Pretoria Press* :—

It has often been said that the Company would rejoice if Lobengula fully committed himself by some unmistakable hostile act, so that the Europeans could break Lobengula and absorb Matabeleland, which is believed to be the real land of Ophir; but whether this be so or not, it is certain that the Company is fully aware that it is not ready to hazard a conflict with the bloodthirsty potentate. How long the Company and the settlers will be content to exist on sufferance remains to be seen, but it should be recognised that Lobengula is a treacherous savage, in command of a very warlike nation bloated with a long career of almost uninterrupted success. It should also be borne in mind that should Lobengula determine on a grand attack he would sweep off every European in the country. Afterwards, of course, he would be annihilated, but it is not certain that Lobengula believes this, or whether in that case the belief would prevent him from taking full advantage of what must appear to him to be a glorious opportunity.

What would happen to the Chartered shares should Lobengula seize this "glorious opportunity" may be easily imagined. Much has been made by those connected with the Chartered Company of the judgment in the action of the Matabeleland Company against it. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Justice Stirling took a middle course, and the Matabeleland Company practically obtained all it expected to get, so that it is simply absurd to represent this as a victory of the Chartered Company. Diamond shares are dull, and Jagersfontein especially are depressed, there being apparently some weak spots still to be weeded out.

Australian and American Mines.

The Australian position is improving, as is evidenced by a recovery in the prices of Australian Bank shares and Government stocks. It may, therefore, be considered that Gold Mining shares will also follow suit. Some of the Charters Towers Mines continue to yield good results. The Mill's Day Dawn United reports a fortnightly crushing of 1,864 tons for 1,970 oz. of gold, and another dividend of 3d. per share. The Brilliant Block Gold Mine reports a crushing of 278 oz. from 307 tons. According to a cablegram from the Aladdin's Lamp Gold Mine 500 tons of low grade ore have been crushed for 330 oz. of gold, and the stopes in the 300 feet level show a good improvement. Advices from the Wentworth Gold Fields Proprietary state that the mill is running well on average ore, and that the vein in the 480 feet level of the new main shaft is yielding first-class ore. From the Croydon (Queensland) Goldfield advices are improving. The Manager of the Mountain Maid Gold Mining Company reports that the reef is 5 ft. in thickness and showing gold freely, and the Directors have let a contract for crushing 1,000 tons at 14s. 6d. per ton. A recent cablegram stated that 800 tons of ore had already been crushed for a yield of 620 oz. of gold (exclusive of concentrates) valued at £3 per oz. The Directors are removing the battery to the mine where there is ample supply of water from the deep workings to keep it going all the year round. At present it is situated about one mile from the mine, and relying on surface catchment for water. The Directors say that they anticipate that as soon as the battery is re-erected they will be able to pay monthly dividends. The shares are quoted in the London Market about 3s. to 3s. 6d. From the Croydon King Block it is reported that they are driving towards the rich reef of stone recently discovered in the No. 1 N., about 15 ft. from their boundary. The crushing from this rich strike is now to hand and returned 321 oz. of gold from 21 tons of ore, or over 15 oz per ton. The True Blue Block is also doing well. The Manager states that at 230 ft. a large reef formation came in of 3 ft. of good stone, and a recent crushing of 100 tons yielded 121 oz. of smelted gold. The Manager further states that he expects to have regular monthly crushings in future. Mail advices from Melbourne report a terrible shake up in silver mining shares, holders being in blank despair concerning the future of their stocks. The view is, however, expressed that ultimately the Broken Hill mines will survive many of the low grade American mines, and, although progressive ventures in that district may be hurt, leading mines will probably maintain their output and profit. I have received so many inquiries concerning the prospects of the Broken Hill Proprietary Mine that the following communication from a correspondent who has studied the position will prove of interest :—

Can you assign any valid reason for the present low price of Broken Hill Proprietary shares? Perhaps you will say on account of the drop and uncertainty of silver. But, so far as I can see, it would require an immense drop in silver to reduce the present rate of dividend of 2s per month, or 300 per cent. per annum, to any appreciable extent. I give you my figures :—

Return for Week ending August 3.

Treated 8,803 tons ore, equal to... ...		457,756 tons yearly.
Yield 1,081 tons lead ,, ...	56,212	,, ,,
,, 225,093 oz. silver ,, ...	11,704,836 oz.	,,

The capital of the Company is £384,000, consisting of 960,000 shares of 8s. each.

Lead, 56,212 tons, at £10 per ton	£562,120
Silver, 11,704,836 oz., at 2s. 6d. per oz....	1,463,104
Total	£2,025,224
Expenses, say at £2 per ton of ore	915,512
Net profit	£1,109,712

equal to 289 per cent. on the nominal value of capital, or about 50 per cent. on present value of, say 46s. to 47s. per share. I have taken silver at 2s. 6d. per oz., or the lowest point yet reached; say it were to fall to 2s., or 20 per cent., the profit would be reduced by £292,621, but would still be £817,111, equal to 212 per cent. on the capital, or yield 35 per cent. on current value of shares. So far the Company has been paying 2s. per month, or 300 per cent. per annum. As each fluctuation of 1d. per oz. in silver means £48,770 to the Company, or 12¾ per cent., when silver is at 2s. 7d. per oz. the Company would earn 301¾ per cent. I have taken expenses at £2 per ton, as against £1, or 5 dwt., for gold ore, which I should think is ample. Dundee.

I do not wish to assume the responsibility for this calculation, and the future of Broken Hill Proprietary must be so largely dependent upon the course of silver, which is in itself very problematical, that I should not like to prophesy. But, on the whole, it certainly looks as if the present price of the shares of 2¼-⅜ was unduly depressed. They are certainly on a very different basis than the various American silver mines, such as Yankee Girls, Montana, Elkhorn, &c., of which I have warned my readers for a long time, and which are all but snuffed out. A fair amount of dealings has again taken place in low-priced Gold Mining shares, especially Holcomb Valley and Caratal. With regard to Holcomb, operations at the mine are now in full swing, and news may daily be expected of first results. I am informed that these shares are very scarce in the market, holders not being disposed to sell at the present low quotation of 1s. per fully-paid share. From the Caratal property, Mr. Skertchly, the well-known expert and engineer, cables that he has made a survey of the tailings, that the quantity exceeds the 100,000 tons referred to in previous statements, and that they are in every way suitable for treatment by the cyanide process. Arrangements will therefore at once be made for the erection of plant for this purpose. As soon as Mr. Bull arrives here, some other important negotiations which he has initiated will be at once dealt with by the Board. I am not at liberty to disclose the nature of the *pourparlers* which have already taken place, but they are such as to promise satisfactory results.

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. Benjamin, in cases of need, to execute orders in 24 hours.

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds

T. N.—The financial position in Spain is unfavourable, and you must be aware that I do not advocate the holding of these bonds. *X. X. X.*—I should distribute the sum in question over half a dozen sound stocks. I cannot advise you about the stock mentioned by you; the only Cape Town stock quoted in London is the Five per Cent. City of Cape Town Debenture stock at 104-6. I should say that a little private trust of Brighton "A," Guinness's Five per Cent. Debentures at 123, Natal Four per Cent. Inscribed stock at 108, and New York Central Four per Cent. Debentures at 104, would suit you; to which you could add some of the stock mentioned by you. It is not advisable to put all your eggs into one basket. *Ubique.*—I should say you might hold both Australian Government bonds, Nos. 1 and 2, for a further improvement. Hold Quebec Central, they will recover with the Yankee market. 4. No reason to sell San Paulo (Brazil) Five per Cent. stock at present. As soon as the fighting in the Province of Rio Grande do Sul is over, there should be a recovery in Brazilian securities. *Joseph Pennywise.*—It is not unnatural that the terms for a Government life annuity should vary with the price of the Two-and-a-Half per Cents. The difference is, however, trifling. *Crofthead.*—It is very difficult to express an opinion concerning the future of Greek Monopolies. On the whole I should feel inclined to hold for the present. I do not like the Canadian Railway bonds in question, but it seems rather a pity to sell them during the present depression. I will give a list of American Railroad bonds of different classes next week.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Moffat.—This is one of several Anglo-Scottish Trust Companies which have not prospered. The Preferred stand at 1¼ to 1⅝, the Deferred at ½ to ¾. 1. There is no further liability. 2. See above. 3. Sell on a recovery. I should not have recommended the investment. *J. B. G.*—Yes, it is a sound and old-established Life Office, with which you may deal safely. *Hammersmith.*—I really do not see why you should be in such a hurry to sell these London Bank shares out, the Bank is doing well. You should not, of course, put your all into such stocks. Sell half, and re-invest in Brighton "A." *Uncertain.*—I advised the sale of these New Zealand securities when they stood at much higher prices. After the heavy fall, you might now hold. *Melbourne.*—Australian offices appear to be improving and you can safely hold Melbourne Four per Cent. Harbour bonds now.

Home Rails.

Juno.—My opinion of "Berthas" is favourable for investment, but I cannot obviously tell what price they may reach, so much depends upon the money market. *R. W.*—The dividend on Brighton "A" is paid only once a year—it will be declared in January next. This stock was ex. div. on January 27.

American and Foreign Rails.

Vepery.—1. This Brazilian Railway stock will probably recover again, and there is no option but to hold. I should never have recommended the investment. 2. Sell these Italian stocks at once; the country's finances are in a bad way and there is no chance of a recovery. 3. You cannot get high interest if you want a thoroughly safe investment. English Corporation stocks would yield 3½ per cent., gilt-edged American Railway bonds 4 per cent. *Ignoramus, Fraserburgh.*—Yes, you will do well to average Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. The situation in the United States will improve gradually and so will the stocks. Louisville Six per Cent. General Mortgage bonds stand at 117-118, and there is nothing at present to affect them. For the investment of the sum mentioned buy Brighton "A," Atchison Second Mortgage bonds, Milwaukee, and Louisville and Nashville shares. *Billiter.*—1. Yes, the political troubles in Argentina are disappointing and are responsible for the rise in the gold premium. But a change will, no doubt, come about soon, and you should certainly hold Central Argentine for an improvement. You must not, however, expect a dividend until after the end of the financial year. 2. There has been a good deal of irresponsible "Bear" talk, but a recovery seems now probable. If better times come, this concern should look up again. *G. O.*—I will give next week a list of different classes of American Railroad bonds suitable for investment.

Mining Shares.

Kelwix.—The office of the Holcamb Valley Company is at 14, Cornhill, E.C. *Fleet.*—Neither of these shares of Transvaal Land Companies have been recommended by me, but both are cheap, and should now be held for a recovery after the heavy fall. *Dundee.*—The position of Broken Hill Proprietary shares must entirely depend upon the course of silver. The position is by no means unpromising, but it is impossible to make predictions in the present involved state of the silver problem. *Leonard.*—You should hold both Croydon King Block and Central Montrose. They will recover again when the depression in the Mining Market passes away. *Midland.*—I am making every inquiry concerning this Mine, and should advise you to hold in the meantime. *Q. C.*—1. After the heavy fall in silver, you might, as you propose, sell out the Australian Mining shares and buy Caratals instead. 2. There is little market for the Music Hall shares at present; you should hold for a recovery.

Industrial Companies.

L. C.—Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the European Sims-Edison Electric Torpedo Company, the investment must at present be extremely speculative. *Missolonghi.*—I am afraid that the agitation carried on by the shareholders has temporarily spoilt the market for the shares. Certainly the shareholders can be compelled to pay up the calls. There will probably be a recovery when the general depression wears off. *B. C. P.*—I must defer until next week the desired criticism of your twenty-six stocks. It is rather a large order. *Nearly Broke.*—1. The general industrial depression has affected this Company as it has every other similar undertaking, but I understand that a fair dividend is being earned. 2. The American shares will recover again.

Mixed Investments.

Beta.—A recovery will, no doubt, come about eventually in Atlantics, and if you are a holder you should not sell now. This also applies to Erie; everything depends upon the recovery in the American market generally. Peruvian Corporative stocks should be bought on any marked decline. *Cymro.*—Yes, nine of the ten stocks mentioned are very suitable for permanent investment. It would perhaps be advisable at present to steer clear of No. 9. *Anxious.*—You should not sell Cedulas now, as an improvement is probable. The American Railroad bonds should be held. I cannot make out the name of the Trust Company you mention. Kindly send full title.

Various Investments.

A somewhat curious movement took place during the past week in silver, the price advancing to 34¾d., and reacting to 34½d., leaving a rise of 1d. for the week. Considering that the United States Congress is now engaged in the discussion of the repeal of the Silver Bill, this improvement is somewhat surprising, and is, moreover, contradictory to the fresh decline in silver securities. Neither does the temporary demand for the metal for the East account for it, as there must be a considerable stock still available. Far be it from me to wish to predict the immediate future of silver, and it looks almost as if the metal would eventually settle down at something like the present value, but it would be natural enough if some violent spasm should first depress the price again, as the closing of silver mines can hardly yet exercise its full effect. A moderate advance has to be recorded in Colonial Government stocks, and in the shares of the three leading Australian Banks, and as the reconstructed Banks are gradually falling into line again, it seems probable that the Australian position generally will improve. There has been a complete collapse in the Tyre speculation in Dublin, accompanied by some failures. Those who are hurt in this insane gamble cannot complain that I have not warned them. Mexican Rails have recovered and reacted, being swayed on the one hand by the "Bear" account, and on the other by apprehensions of a fresh fall in silver. A decline in Nitrate Rails is apparently due to forced closing of some weak accounts. The ordinary shareholders in Samuel Allsopp & Sons, Limited, will gather little comfort from the chairman's statement at last week's meeting of shareholders, as the increase of some £40,000 in the profits over the previous year is evidently due for the largest part to temporary causes. What have the other Anglo-American Trust Companies to say to the annual report of the Car Trust Investment Company, Limited, just issued, according to which 8 per cent. is paid on the Ordinary shares for the year, while "the Directors are pleased to be able to state that, notwithstanding the recent depression in monetary circles in the United States, the Company has suffered no loss, nor is there any depreciation in their investment"? Why cannot the Boards of other Trust Companies do likewise?—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

P.S.—Tuesday Morning.—The settlement disclosed great scarcity of stock, and a further reduction of the speculative account in all departments. Positive evidence of large purchases having been made by investors was supplied by a very considerable "take up" of stock, especially in the American and Home Railway markets. Numerous small amounts of American Railroad shares have passed into investors' hands, and a backwardation of ⅛ to 1/16 was charged on New York Central and Lake Shore, while Canadian Pacifics were also shown to be over-

sold. The "Bears" had taken great liberties with Brighton "A," as proved by a final backwardation of ⅛, and rates in the Mining Market were also very light. Thus the first conditions for a more permanent recovery are established, and it may be taken for granted that as soon as a steady upward movement is initiated, the ursine party will, though unwillingly, convert it into a sharp advance. But no lasting improvement can come about without a more settled outlook in the Yankee market, and it will, therefore, be necessary to watch developments in Wall street and Washington very closely.

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QUEER STORY.

A RECORD FOR THE "TWELFTH."

THE whole of England, or of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales for the matter of that, does not contain two better grouse moors than those of Dammingham and Kersingham in North-East Yorkshire. These two properties adjoin one another, having a common boundary line of more than five miles; and as their size is about the same and both are equally well stocked with birds, there is naturally a good deal of rivalry between the respective owners, and sometimes even open quarrelling, consequent upon alleged infringements of boundary rights.

At the time when our story opens, the rivalry had degenerated into permanent ill-feeling of a distinctly rancorous type. For Sir John Damms, the Squire of Dammingham, had gone abroad, and had let his moors to a Liverpool merchant, named Figge, a somewhat purse-proud and bumptious individual, who very speedily made himself obnoxious to Squire Kerse, the owner of the adjoining property.

The Squire was what is called a survival. He belonged to that period, two or three generations back, when landowners in country districts were small kings; and he regarded the levelling tendencies of the present day with dismay and disgust. Trade of any description—even banking or brewing—he despised; but grocery (which was the source of Figge's fortune) positively stank in his nostrils.

"Fancy John Damms letting his place to a cad like that!" the Square had exclaimed, on first hearing about the new tenant of Dammingham. "He ought to have had more respect for my feelings. However, don't let the fellow try to interfere with *me*, that's all; else he'll soon have reason to wish himself away from Tom Kerse's neighbourhood."

In due time Mr. Figge took up his residence at Dammingham. He was an exceedingly wealthy man, and he spent his money in the district with a lavish generosity which made him "go down" well enough with the surrounding gentry; that is to say, the latter visited at Dammingham, ate Mr. Figge's excellent dinners, drank his choice wines, shot his grouse, rushed him for subscriptions to every conceivable institution, and—sneered at him behind his back.

Squire Kerse, however, was not of this sort. Although he was proud, overbearing, hot-tempered, and inconceivably prejudiced and obstinate, he still had the merit of being downright. From the outset, therefore, he showed his new neighbour very openly in what contempt he held him. He would not let his wife call upon Mrs. Figge, nor his own sons and daughters so much as speak to the young Figges; while he himself, whenever he met the grocer, stared blankly into his face and passed him by.

Now Mr. Figge was a proud man too, in his own way, and rather bad-tempered to boot. So he lost little time in retaliating on the Squire. When your estate has a common boundary with your neighbour's of five miles or so, it goes hard but you can find a hundred ways of annoying him. Mr. Figge, showing particular ingenuity in discovering such methods, and the Squire taking care to give as good as he got, there was soon a miniature war raging between their respective underlings across the boundary.

Matters were in this acute stage when the Twelfth of August approached (towards the close of Mr. Figge's first year in his new tenancy), and he and Squire Kerse began to organise their shooting parties for that eventful day. Even when Sir John Damms was at Dammingham, there had always been a strong rivalry between him and his neighbour anent the size of their respective bags on "the Twelfth"; but this year Squire Kerse's keenness to overtop the Dammingham bag amounted to a positive mania. It would be an indelible disgrace, he told himself, if that braggart grocer cad were allowed to kill a bigger head of game than he, Thomas Kerse, the best shot in Yorkshire, and the descendant of twenty Nimrods. No, come what might, he would eclipse and extinguish Figge utterly; and let him see that, however well up he might be in sugar and raisins, he was nothing better than a duffer in matters of sport.

Full of this resolve, he issued invitations to the nine best shots among his acquaintance, all of whom accepted; and (as Mr. Pinfire, the head keeper, observed to a henchman carrying one of the game-bags) the party that started from Kersingham Hall on the morning of the twelfth comprised "ten as downy marksmen as t' North Riding could put up."

Birds were plentiful everywhere that season; and Squire Kerse's moors were unusually well stocked. Hence the "ten downy marksmen" had ample opportunity for showing their skill; and of this they were not slow to take advantage. So little so, indeed, that when the party halted at mid-day to enjoy a well-earned lunch, they found that they had accounted for three hundred head of grouse. The Squire was radiant with good humour. This was the biggest bag ever made in a morning over that moor.

"I fancy," he said to one of his guests with whom he was taking wine—for the Squire was a desperate fellow to practise obsolete customs—"I fancy that our neighbour the grocer will hardly have topped that—eh?"

"No fear," laughed the other, quaffing his liquor. "We may rest easy on that score."

Just as they had finished luncheon, they were joined by an acquaintance, a gentleman-farmer in the neighbourhood, Parkinson by name, whom the Squire had generally included in his invitations for the Twelfth, but had omitted this year as not being a sufficiently good shot. He was an easy-going, good-natured man, however, and evidently was not at all offended, for he greeted Squire Kerse with his usual heartiness.

"Have some lunch, Parkinson?" said the Squire.

"Thank'ee very much, Kerse, but I've lunched already—with Figge's party, over at Dammingham. I was walking with them all the morning. But" (dropping his voice, and speaking in the Squire's ear) "I was obliged to come away at last; for really I could stand the fellow no longer. Just because he's had a good morning, he is boasting so insufferably about it that it makes one quite sick."

"A good morning—eh?" queried the Squire. "What's their bag?"

"Three hundred and sixty-two head!"

Squire Kerse's face fell tremendously.

"How many guns?" he asked.

"Eight," was the reply.

The Squire bit his lip, and looked glum and savage. All his good humour had vanished to the winds.

"Just before I left him," continued Parkinson, confidentially, "he had heard from a bumpkin emissary that your morning's bag was only three hundred head—to ten guns. My word! you should just have heard the vulgar beast crow. 'Hooray!' he chuckled. 'Wiped old Kerse's eye with some effect!' And altogether he was so boastful and offensive that I could stand him no longer, and, as I told you, I left him and came away."

The Squire turned purple with rage and mortification. He was so nearly choked by these sensations that he could not speak.

"I devoutly hope," Parkinson went on, "that you'll pull up your lee-way this afternoon, and end up with a bigger bag than that bounder; for, if you don't, he will be quite insufferably cock-a-hoop for months to come."

"Yes, damn him!" growled Squire Kerse, viciously.

The shooting after lunch, however, was not nearly so good as it had been in the morning. The Squire himself was so angry and jealous that he acquitted himself disgracefully, missing bird after bird, until he was in a state bordering on lunacy; while the other sportsmen seemed distinctly below the mark in point of accuracy.

"I tell you what it is, Squire," said Parkinson (who was walking next to the host, at about five o'clock in the afternoon), "I'm afraid it's all up, worse luck! and that that infernal Figge will have 'wiped your eye with some effect,' as he boasted."

Squire Kerse, whose face was an apoplectic purple, and whose eyes were now rolling like a maniac's, gave vent to his feelings in a volley of robust Yorkshire.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for anything," went on Parkinson in a vexed and mortified tone. "Not for anything. I've always taken a sort of family pride in your moors, Kerse. However, it's no good fretting I suppose. The thing's practically done, unless" (a bright idea suddenly striking him), "unless——"

"Unless what?" demanded the Squire, irritably.

"Why," explained Parkinson, "It's awfully unsportsmanlike and all that sort of thing, of course. But to sell that beast Figge one would do almost anything. And—and—you—er—see—er——."

"What the devil are you driving at, Parkinson?" ejaculated the angry Squire. "Do for goodness sake come to the point, and don't beat about the bush in that ridiculous manner."

"What I was going to suggest, in point of fact, was this," said the other, dropping his voice and speaking into the Squire's ear, "You could, if you liked—just to sell that bragging counter-jumper—get—in fact, *buy* fifty brace or so of grouse and add 'em to your bag."

"Oh, come!" answered Squire Kerse, with a scornful laugh, "that would be playing the game low down with a vengeance. Besides," he added, "it would be impossible to buy birds in that quantity to-day; quite out of the question. There has not been time for them to reach the dealers."

"There you're wrong, Kerse," replied Parkinson, speaking yet more confidentially. "You know Feathermore, the big game dealer in Bradford? Well, he always has hundreds of grouse for sale by the afternoon of the Twelfth, which he buys up in the morning from surrounding moors, and makes a jolly good thing out of it, too; for the rich manufacturers are deuced particular about having grouse for dinner on the Twelfth, and don't mind what they pay for it. So that if you liked——"

"No go, I'm afraid, Parkinson," said the Squire, shaking his head, "I couldn't stoop to it, really."

"As you please," rejoined the other. "I quite appreciate your feelings, of course. But I thought that just for a joke, you know, and in order to sell that fellow Figge. However, if you can't stomach it, there's an end of it."

But there was not an end of it. For Parkinson, who evidently had his knife into Figge even more than had Squire Kerse himself, kept returning to the charge with all kinds of persuasive logic; until the latter began to waver in his refusal, and at last actually gave his consent to the plan. In calmer moments he would have rejected the bare idea with utmost scorn. But in his present jealous and furious frame he was almost mad, and—we must charitably suppose—scarcely accountable for his actions.

Of course it was a dead secret between the Squire and Parkinson. The latter undertook to drive over in the pony-cart to Bradford—only four miles distant—at once; and there to fill two of the empty game bags lying in the cart, in which he was to bring back the grouse straight to the Hall, in order that when the day's bag was laid out there on the lawn—as was the Squire's invariable custom—these bags containing the purchased birds might be brought out with the rest. To preclude suspicion, and to make the whole thing more natural and likely, Parkinson was to take with him in the pony-cart the birds shot since luncheon; but to keep them there until he had made his purchase in Bradford, and then unload the whole freight at once.

These, and other necessary details, were quickly and quietly arranged, and Parkinson took the pony-cart and drove off; no one but the Squire knowing on what errand he was really bent. The latter now began to feel uneasy and uncomfortable, and to regret that his anger and jealousy had surprised him into so unworthy a trick. In fact, had it not been too late, he would doubtless have changed his mind and abandoned the unsportsmanlike plan. That, however, being impossible, it only remained to hope that Parkinson (who was particularly shrewd and capable) would carry his part through all right and do nothing which—fearful thought!—might lead to the exposure of the ruse.

The two hours which passed between his envoy's departure to Bradford and the return of the shooting party to Kersingham Hall were full of anxious moments for the Squire; and when the time came for laying out the game upon the lawn, to be inspected by the whole party, he was quite pale with nervous excitement. Parkinson, indeed, tipped him a reassuring wink, as much as to say that all was right. But Squire Kerse felt very uncomfortable nevertheless, and wished that the whole process were safely over.

Mr. Pinfire, the keeper, and his assistants began to turn out the contents of the game-bags one by one. All went well until they came to the last bag; and then — horrors! What did this mean? With a frightful oath, the Squire turned round to where Parkinson had stood a minute before. He had vanished. And then the poor old gentleman realised that he had been intentionally sold by his disinterested adviser, and rushed, nearly crazy, into the house, followed by the unrestrained guffaws of all his guests.

Their mirth was excusable. The poulterer's hand was all too apparent in that last bag; for every bird in the hundred had been neatly plucked and trussed!

* * * * *

The one thing needful to make Parkinson's mean revenge more bitter was supplied to poor Squire Kerse next day, when he learned that, owing to a family bereavement, Mr. Figge had put off his shooting party at the last minute, and had never been out on the Twelfth at all.

MUSIC.

ENGLISH OPERA IN THE PROVINCES.

THE Carl Rosa troupe started their season at Dublin on Monday, and the tour—the eighteenth annual journey of this company—will last till April, or perhaps a little later if the proposals for a London season, at present somewhat nebulous in character, assume more solid form. It is an open secret that the present tour is likely to prove a highly important one in the history of the Carl Rosa enterprise, and incidentally in the fortunes of English opera in the provinces. It is to this troupe, that for practically a whole generation, opera-goers in country districts have mainly had to look for these favourite entertainments. At any rate, since Carl Rosa first started an opera company in 1875, their performances have been visited by upwards of four millions of people in almost every city in the Kingdom—a fact which is quite sufficient to show how important the Carl Rosa business is to the musical community. It would, of course, be absurd to lay too much stress upon the fact that during the past two or three seasons the shareholders have not received any dividends. All speculations of this character have to pass through times of difficulty, and the last year or two has not been an absolutely fortune-making epoch for the majority of managers of public amusements. But during the last Carl Rosa season the tide, to a certain extent, turned, and there was a small balance to the good, which, if insufficient for dividend, was, at any rate, an encouragement. This year, too, the authorities have listened to advice, and have resolved to cut unduly high salaries. I have no doubt in the world that the artists were fully worthy the huge fees they were paid,

but it was, nevertheless, a commercial fact that no enterprise of this sort could stand the strain. One lady, I believe, received £100 for three performances weekly, another took £60, and a singer and his wife £100 a week. Carl Rosa himself, a shrewd and business like man, who did not spare capital if he could perceive a return, but who knew perfectly well that his coat must be cut according to his cloth, never paid any such salaries to his travelling troupe. It was an effort which cost him many a heart ache to give an artist of the rank of Mr. Santley £80 per week, and the cardinal point of his policy was to personally train up the younger generation of artists at a moderate salary to take the place of the elders. This he was competent to do, for besides being a man of business, he was a musician of the first rank—a rare combination of qualifications which enabled him to make his fortune, but which it would be mere flattery to pretend that any one now connected with the Carl Rosa management can lay claim to. Nevertheless, thanks, it is understood, partly to the intervention of Mrs. Rosa, a return will this year to a certain extent be made to Carl Rosa's old policy, and reliance will be placed upon works rather than upon artists. Last year Madame Burns and Mr. Crotty, and this year Miss Ella Russell and Madame Estey (the latter for causes incidental to the lives of married sopranos), will not be members of the company; so that, although the troupe is still undoubtedly a strong one, it will be interesting to watch the result of the experiment of dispensing with some of its chief stars.

The two operas which will probably prove the biggest "draw" during the coming season are "Cavalleria Rusticana," which has already been given in English, and "Pagliacci," the English version of which will be produced in Dublin next week. The Rosa Company were, I fear, unwise, or, at any rate, unlucky, in not securing the sole rights in each work. Mascagni's opera will this winter be given in the provinces by other and rival troupes, sometimes at cheaper prices than the Carl Rosa Company charge; while "Pagliacci" will, I believe, be performed by at least two other companies, and will be introduced to Scotland by Sir A. Harris's troupe before the Carl Rosa people can get there. "Tannhäuser" has, I learn, already proved a success, and hence the determination to revive "The Flying Dutchman," which Carl Rosa himself once sardonically declared was one of the most profitable things he ever produced; for, after he had got all his money out of it, the ship and stock, which were fully insured, were burnt in the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Massenet's "Le Cid," which is in contemplation, has, I understand, not yet finally been decided upon, but it is hoped that after the New Year Mr. Hamish McCunn's "Jeannie Deans" will be ready for Liverpool. It would, however, be far better to postpone "Jeannie Deans" for a short London season, which, at whatever cost, is now necessary for the well-being of the Company. Rosa himself always preferred to produce in the metropolis his novelties from native pens, well knowing the valuable advertisement thus afforded to his provincial tours. The plan of remaining a considerable time in each of the larger towns is for many reasons a good one, and this year the Rosa people propose to adopt it very freely. The Company will be a month in Dublin, three weeks in Manchester, a similar time in two of the Scottish cities, and about two months in Liverpool.

A statement is going the rounds concerning the so-called "Black Patti," and asserting that Madame Patti had spoken of her in very complimentary terms. The "Black Patti" (who, by the way, is known at home as Miss Jones) may, of course, thoroughly deserve all the praise which but for one little accident the great singer might have offered her. It is, however, a fact that Madame Patti herself has never seen or heard her dusky namesake.

Madame Patti, by the way, will return from America next April at least £40,000 richer than she went. She is to be paid a minimum of £1,000 per night for forty concerts, plus all expenses, from which it will be perceived that it is about four times better to be a great songstress than an Archbishop.

Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has recently finished a sacred oratorio, "Bethlehem," and he has now started work upon a comic opera. "Les extrêmes se touchent." Dr. Mackenzie, by the way, will not go to Chicago, owing to the failure of the season there. So the production of "Bethlehem" will be again postponed.

The Promenade Concert season opened at Covent Garden on Saturday night with excellent promise. Mr. Sinkins, who is new to this business, has, of course, to learn some details by experience, among other things that people nowadays do not want the conventional vocal waltz, but do desire to know by newspaper advertisements an outline of the suggested programme of the evening. Still he has secured a capital band, into whose playing it is hoped Mr. Cowen will soon be able to infuse a little more vigour and "go," and he has engaged a fine list of principal vocalists, together with Mr. Charles Fry, an excellent elocutionist, and the Meister Glee singers. It was a notable sign of the times that the audience crowded round the band-stand to listen to M. Ysaye's performance of so uncompromising a work as M. Saint-Saëns' violin concerto in B minor, and strolled away when any vocalist came forward to sing an operatic ditty. The fact is that the more frivolous class appear to have deserted the promenade concerts for the music-halls, and that the genuine musical amateur—an enthusiastic person, who exists in his thousands in London—is now being attracted to Covent Garden. There was little, too, of the frail element, once so greatly in evidence at this sort of entertainment, and the smoking-gallery appeared to be a good deal better patronised than the liquor-bars. Whether all this is to the advantage of the management, time, of course, must show; but it at any rate indicates that the director of the promenade concerts now has to cater for a higher class of audience than his former patrons would care to pretend to be.

Mr. Sinkins has, by the way, secured Covent Garden for a term of eight weeks certain. The Sims Reeves performances will commence on September 1, and when the aged tenor sings the audience will be seated, promenading being allowed only in the lobbies and behind the band-stand. This, I suppose, is intended to impart a sort of dignity to the proceedings, although why it should be considered *infra dig.* to stand up while listening to a vocalist I, for one, do not pretend to understand.

Madame Patey has wisely resolved to give a series of farewell performances in the provinces before her final appearance in public. I should, indeed, not be surprised if her final farewell concert at St. James's Hall were postponed till next year.

The dates of the Philharmonic concerts next season have now been fixed, and it appears that the first two performances will be given on Wednesday evenings, while in April, directly after the opera season opens, the concerts will be transferred to Thursdays. Now, Thursday is always one of the most important nights at the opera, and the question has already arisen, and will certainly again arise, why some of the Covent Garden players should be allowed to upset all the opera arrangements for the sake of four or five concerts at St. James's Hall. Last season "Mefistofele" clashed with a Philharmonic night, and eventually could not be given at all, and one of the novelties likewise had to be postponed for the same reason. I am sure no reasonable man would blame Sir A. Harris if he insisted that his orchestra should choose between the Philharmonic and himself, or, in other words, should decide whether, for the sake of these five Philharmonic concerts, they are willing to relinquish a season of sixty or seventy nights at the opera. The same trouble arose in Sir Michael Costa's time, and Costa absolutely refused to allow any member of his band to accept a Philharmonic engagement. The difficulty might easily be avoided if the Philharmonic directors changed their dates to Wednesdays.

Sir Augustus Harris has, I think prudently, deprecated the idea of a portrait, and has expressed a wish that, if the funds of the proposed testimonial to himself allow of it,

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the money shall be devoted to an operatic scholarship at the Royal College of Music. The Royal Academy already has such a scholarship, founded out of his own private pocket by the late Carl Rosa, but from the time it was inaugurated, nearly twenty years ago, to the present day it has, I believe, not given us a single opera singer of mark. The projected Royal College scholarship will, I hope, be more fortunate, although it is, I fear, a fact that the recruits to the operatic stage come mainly from private teachers. Whether it was wise to start a Harris testimonial at all is another matter, which concerns Mr. Russell, its projector, far more than Druriolanus, its recipient. Of course, to have been fully successful, the fund should have been organised in June, and not at a period of the year when the subscribers to the opera, who are among Sir A. Harris's staunchest admirers, are away from town. Sir Augustus would himself, perhaps, have preferred that an expression of popular favour should have taken the form of increased subscriptions to the opera house.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We like this delightful place better than ever. We spend every afternoon on the "Zee Strand" at Scheveningen (please pronounce it Shenningen), and keep our comfortable quarters at the hotel in the Hague. I must tell you something about the dress we see here. There is every possible variety, as you may imagine, the thousands of visitors including Germans, French, and Dutch, with a sprinkling of English. The latest emanations from the brain of a Worth or a Redfern rub shoulders with the quaint costumes of the native women and girls, and the severest of travelling dresses may be seen in close proximity to the most elaborate composition of silk, muslin, ribbons, lace, and velvet. The fashions of the day after to-morrow may here be gleaned, and after a few days' observation we are delighted to find that there is no alarming width in dress skirts. White serge is in greater favour than any other material for ladies' wear, and the men adopt it pretty freely too. A daintily-garbed Frenchwoman wears white serge cut to perfection and fitting to a nicety, but without one atom of trimming anywhere. The perfectly plain skirt falls in uninterrupted lines to the feet, and the small coatee—a cross between an Eton jacket and a Figaro vest—is as guiltless of trimming as the skirt. The shirt is of snowy silk, and the tie is white, this touch being in accordance with one of the latest whims of fashion. The hat is white felt, very soft, thin, and light, with a narrow band of white trimming round the crown for sole trimming. The gloves are white wash-leather, and the large sunshade is made of serge like the dress, with a band of plain white ribbon for a border. This costume illustrates the true Parisienne's idea of a suitable get-up for a morning or afternoon spent in a big wicker chair by the sad sea waves. Light summer cloth comes next in favour to white serge. Two tall English girls, whose lovely complexions and beautiful figures attract attention wherever they pass, wear respectively white cloth and pale fawn-colour, of irreproachable cut and finish. There is very little navy blue to be seen, brighter tones of that colour being in great favour this year. Uniform blue is in demand, such as Prussian soldiers wear, and a still lighter tint, which might almost be called convolvulus blue, though that does not quite accurately describe it, is much seen, not only in cloth and crépon, but cotton materials. A handsome cloth gown in this colour is turned back with golden-brown moire, the bodice being made with two collars and three revers, one on the top of the other. Another blue gown, in this medium shade, is faced with scarlet, and round the skirt runs a wide band of scarlet. A belt of the same, passed through two slits in the coat, disappears for an inch or two at either side and is visible again in front, holding in the folds of a white silk muslin blouse trimmed with a deep fall of cream-coloured guipure lace. A scarlet silk tie, barred with an echo of the blue in the cloth, is tied round the neck in the deftest possible little bow. The sunshade is white, as are the great majority, whether the costume be coloured or otherwise. Skirts and coats of light, striped flannel are seen in great numbers, and, being of the genus tailor-made, are for the most part untrimmed. Gowns of fancy material have two little frills set on half-way down the skirt, and three at the edge. A gown of palest grey crépon has these frills in apple-green silk. The revers of the bodice and the sleeves are in the silk, and a belt of the same is gathered on to a wide foundation and fastened at the back under two rosettes. The collar is finished in the same way, with folds of the green silk, and ends at the back under a rosette. Another crépon dress is white, with frills of crépon in pale rose-pink. A blouse of pink silk is caught in at the waist with a band of wide ribbon, striped white and pink. The hat, made of fancy white straw, is lined with rose-pink chiffon, and trimmed with a few folds of the same and a couple of small white wings. Numbers of tartan silk blouses are worn with white or coloured skirts, and tartan sashes of considerable width are tied on over white or cream-tinted gowns. A charming dress is in very soft white muslin with a wide border of grey-blue woven in with the fabric. A wide silk belt exactly matches the grey-blue, a frill of which is turned back from the neck. Many of the bodices are cut with low necks, and lots of girls wear their pearls at Scheveningen, the idea being that the sea-air improves their colour. Quite three-fourths of the young girls wear half-length coats of drab or biscuit cloth, some of them very elaborately braided and made with cape-collars, or bold, pointed revers. Over white muslin gowns these coats are in much request. Not a single waist cape is to be seen in this fashionable assemblage. A cream-coloured cloth gown is made with a tightly-fitting bodice with small, triple shoulder cape, the edges of which are pinked out. This gives them a very light and pretty effect. A pink Empire sash is worn with this, being made with five knots of pink ribbon in front, from each of which radiates a line of pink ribbon, all of them meeting in the centre of the back under a rosette. A pink crêpe-de-Chine tie with embroidered ends exactly matches the tint of the ribbons, and pink wings in the cream-coloured felt hat carry out the scheme of colour to a consistent conclusion. A soft pale grey cloth suit has the cape collar buttonholed round with silk, and the triple basque is finished in the same way.

The children are beyond measure happy with their spades and pails, the latter painted in the red, white, and blue of the Dutch flag. For the most part, the youngsters are in holland, batiste, or white linen. There is no navy blue serge in this hot August weather. Few of them have shoes or stockings. A small Dutch boy guards a miniature mountain of these chaussures while the owners run in and out of the sea, dig deep holes, or build high castles with a Dutch flag flying from the top. A lovely little French girl wears a frock of warm buff-coloured cotton, speckled with scarlet dots, and bordered above a tiny flounce with a row of scarlet braid. The deep sailor collar is bordered to match, and the sleeves have their modicum of the braid as well. The beautiful child-face looks out from the depths of a big white sun-bonnet, much beruffled with fine embroidery. Neither shoes nor stockings encumber the shapely little legs which, as we look, come flying in before a pursuing wave, in company with many other pairs of youthful legs, the owners screaming in delight at the frolicsome mood of their playmate, the sea. There are hardly any sailor suits on the boys, these being appropriated by the lads who vend lemonade and coffee in connection with a refreshment stall by the planks which are laid down opposite the magnificent Kurhaus on the sand. The very small boys have brown holland suits, and the tall ones wear short navy-blue jackets and tightly-cut knickerbockers, quite without fulness, and meeting the dark-blue stockings at the knee, where they are fastened with a buckle. The neat finish of the boys'

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dresses is noticeable. When they throw off their jackets they show the belts of broad silk webbing in scarlet and white or blue and scarlet, and the fine shirts with close lines of blue or red on white. Scores and scores of young cadets in military uniforms mingle with the crowds on the sands, with here and there a naval uniform among them; and there are always groups of Scheveningen girls, with their quaint caps tied closely on their heads, and suggestive of nightcaps, and their many petticoats, which give them an appearance of enormous width. They wear petticoats as English wear jewels, to show their wealth. A well-to-do girl wears nine on week days and fifteen on Sundays. They are made of good, expensive material, and must be dreadfully heavy. On Sundays, too, they wear their silk aprons, three breadths of handsome silk in each, and on the day of rest they give up their everlasting knitting, which, on weekdays, they carry on as they walk about. They all wear earrings, even the tiny two-year-old girls. In strong contrast with the characteristic costume of the fisherwomen and girls is the hideous travesty of fashionable English dress in which the shopkeeper class array their small girls, with the crudest tones of pink, yellow, red, blue, and green heaped together on one little frock or hat. Thus, every possible phase of costume for daylight wear is to be seen here.

A delightful way of going to Scheveningen is by the horse-tram under the trees, which form an avenue nearly three miles long. So close are the splendid old oaks and elms that one could easily touch them from one's perch on the top of the conveyance, and the effect of the long glades with the sun shining through the trees is wonderfully fine. On the left, as we go from the Hague, is a wide high road, bordered with beautiful villas, the lawns of which are covered with the greenest grass I ever saw, greener far than even that of the Emerald Isle itself. As we pass, we see the carriages of the owners waiting, and admire their splendid horses, only a few of which have their tails docked in the ugly and rather cruel English fashion. On the other side of the tramway is a deep, thick wood, so you may imagine what a lovely drive it is. This route takes us through the village of Scheveningen, which consists chiefly of one long and rather narrow street. We saw the notice up "Kamer te huren"—rooms to let—in many houses. Visitors find the hotels and pensions much cheaper and pleasanter than apartments.

About five o'clock, when the fashionable folk go in to tea, the solid Dutch women of the village, shopkeepers, landladies, and others of a similar class, come out on the sands. They are very big and broad, though the men are seldom tall. It is funny to see these heavy women plunge into the holes dug by the children in the sand, and scramble out anyhow. They have a way of leaning over on each foot, as they tread on it, which imparts a curious waddle to their gait, but they look so thoroughly good-humoured and jolly that one feels a traitor in writing ill-naturedly of them.

The young Dutch girls of the cultured classes have round pink and white faces, with blue eyes, and, as a rule, lovely teeth and very fine hair that, without having much colour, glistens in the light. They are very pleasant to look at, and have plump figures and very good carriage. They understand flirting, of course. What girls do not? But they practise the art with a soft demureness that in no way interferes with the play of bright eyes and the smiling of rosy lips and very white teeth. We watched several interesting cases during our stay.

Father says we shall have to go back next week, and we are very sorry. We find that returning by the Hook instead of Rotterdam gives us exactly five hours and a half longer at the Hague. This makes all the difference in leaving leisure for a comfortable dinner. For those who cannot eat on board a boat, and there are many such, this is a very great consideration.

I have received the following from Frances:—

You remember that I told you last week we had the Middlesex Yeomanry down here for their annual drill, and I also mentioned that we were looking forward to a very exciting week. We did not anticipate in vain, for we have had a most enjoyable time since I last wrote you. On Tuesday the Brighton Corporation very liberally placed the entire Pavilion at the disposal of the Yeomanry, where the men gave a largely attended smoking concert, followed by a ball. We were not, however, present ourselves, but were told that both functions were a complete success.

The sports on Wednesday we thoroughly enjoyed, and we heard some military people near us declare that the "lemon-cutting" compared excellently well with the "lemon-cutting" at the Military Tournament in town. The Colonel of the Inniskillings was the judge, and several of the officers and their wives were present. The clown—who is, or rather was, a Sergeant of the Inniskillings—was highly amusing on a trained horse belonging to Colonel McKean. Any damage or mischief he got into was quickly "put down to the Yeomanry." I rather trembled for the poor Yeomanry, however, when I heard that Colonel Gough, one of the strictest Inspectors sent out for such purposes, was to inspect them on Friday. You will be glad to know though that he spoke most highly of them. We had glorious weather for the inspection, and some of the frocks were charming. The Baroness McKean, who is very pretty, wore a soft figured crépon in black, with three rows of black velvet, alternating with guipure embroidery, and deep epaulettes of similar lace on the bodice. Many white veils were worn, but unless they are very transparent, they entirely spoil a pretty face.

We were lucky enough to have invitations for the luncheon after the inspection, which was held—the luncheon I mean, not the inspection—in the lovely Clarence Rooms of the Métropole Hotel, instead of in a tent, as we had it last year at Richmond. Over 300 were entertained most admirably, and the hotel chefs certainly did their utmost—and most successfully too—to excel themselves. We are very sad, however, now, for the Yeomanry left us on Saturday, and Brighton, I am afraid, is given up for the next few weeks to most undoubtedly worthy, but equally undoubtedly uninteresting, excursionists. Still, our season will soon be on, and we are looking forward with every confidence to an exceptionally good and long one.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Every man's mind is his kingdom, in which none dispute his right to reign supreme. It is, however, one thing to have a right, and quite another to have the power of exercising it. Though every one is entitled to make up his own mind, the average man is a very feeble hand at the process. Great minds alone do not seem to have the difficulties in this way that beset smaller ones; in fact, the difficulty and labour of making up the mind is apparently in inverse ratio to its extent. And the little mind—especially if there be very little of it—takes the most making up of all. As an average woman, I own to many vacillations and waverings in the matter of making decisions, with a decided bias towards inviting extraneous aid to help them. Even with regard to a special toilet to be worn on a special occasion, how often one goes through perfect agonies of doubt and the most desperate mental conflict! Is not the wild appeal for outside help in the decision the invariable end of the struggle? What wear and tear the consideration of the summer change causes those who, wishing to go abroad, have the whole world lying before them for choice! Probably the difficulty of making up our minds in such cases has been the "making" of most of the health resorts in Europe. Do not half of us consult the doctors as to where we ought to go, not because we feel any real need of medical advice, but just to throw on their shoulders the burthen of choosing for us? To do them justice, they never fail us. In exchange for the guineas which infirm wills rather than infirm bodies have led us into spending, we get cheerfully and definitely scattered over the Continent, to be amused at Homburg or bored at Royat, to be grilled in Wiesbaden or chilled in the High Alps, and so on.

Only, above all, one should exercise a wise discretion in selecting a consulting physician. I speak with the melancholy experience of one wise after the event. Could you, could any one, in this age, have imagined the possibility of being ordered, just plainly and simply, sea bathing at a seaside resort in one's own country? Such a common, one might almost say, brutal prescription! Brutal in its simplicity and plainness! As if one were of the commonplace organisation of the last generation, instead of being a child of the end of the century, all nerves and complications and mystery!

With saddened souls we have been settled at the seaside for the last three weeks, with nothing but a beautiful open sea, a wide-stretching pebbly beach, and a lovely neighbourhood; a well-wooded country extending to a background of mountains. I don't know what one would do but for the bathing. It is the dark, deep shadow of the morning that makes the rest of the day bright by contrast, if only the stickiness were more transient, and the damp clamminess of the hair less clammy. By the way, how impossible it is, with no matter what kind of bathing cap, to baffle

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the attacks of the sea water on one's hair. The only sure way is to do as a neighbour of ours does, leave it with one's other adjustable belongings in the bathing-box when going into the sea.

We were much disappointed regarding the manœuvring fleets. For days we vainly sought them on the horizon, and succeeded in seeing nothing beyond a few torpedo boats and small gunboats. We had hoped for a battle within sight of our coast. Was it not inconsiderate to have had all the battles take place so far out in the Channel? And just at a time when the disaster to the *Victoria* had sharpened our interest in naval matters, and our ignorance of the subject of war-ships had been somewhat enlightened by an attentive perusal of the proceedings of the court-martial.

Dublin has been given over to cricket matches—most of them rather poor—at the Viceregal Lodge, and the Polo Tournament in the Phœnix Park. Crowds assembled each day to witness what were sometimes most thrilling polo contests. The game can be very lively indeed; one cannot but wonder in the general wild and rushing confusion of ponies and men that more accidents do not happen. At this season the Phœnix Park is almost entirely in military occupation. Between cricketers, polo players and their spectators, members of every branch of the Service, like the salmon in Galway river as described by a native, "do be jostling one another" daily in and around the cricket and polo grounds. Amongst the gilded youth lately arrived in the Dublin garrison is Prince Francis of Teck, whose regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons, is stationed at Island Bridge or the Marlborough Barracks—I forget which. He is an object of much interest, shining now in the new glory reflected from a brilliantly-married sister. What a difference a good marriage of one member can make to an entire family in any class of life! How it throws out family virtues and discovers new attractions! In fact, its power of transformation equals that of a magician's wand.

Next week the Horse Show is expected to crowd our capital, as it was never crowded before. We are only nervous lest public affairs should interfere with our great national autumnal festival. Fancy losing all the Lords from our Show, at which they generally muster in such force. In this melancholy case, however, it is to be hoped that the ladies will not also fall off. As at present arranged, the times are too uncertain to count absolutely on social arrangements. Lord Houghton will have a party for the week, and all the big houses in Dublin and the neighbouring counties will be full. There will be no party at Abbotstown, owing to the death of Lady Victoria Hamilton's mother, Lady Charles Wellesley. Are not military authorities inconsiderate? The Scots Guards are to leave Dublin in the *Assistance* in the beginning of the Horse Show week.—Yours ever,

CLARE.

I have recipes for an entrée and a sweet to send you this week. I hope you will like them. This way of preparing chickens in mango sauce has a most sublimising effect upon them:—

Prepare a young chicken for roasting, and then lard it with strips of sheep's kidneys and truffles placed in uniform rows (two of kidney and one of truffle) down the centre of the breast of the bird. Set it in a dutch-oven before the fire, baste frequently with butter, and while this is cooking prepare half a dozen mangoes (Bombay) in the following manner:—Cut them into slices, and blanch them by putting them in boiling water for ten minutes. Next place them in cold water for one minute to cool, then drain, and set the slices in a stew-pan with a gill of hamcoulis, and let them simmer for five minutes. When the chicken is ready, dish up, and, after removing the hard substance from the mangoes, pour the sauce over it. Garnish with slices of lemon cut into X-shaped pieces, and tufts of parsley between.

Apples done in simulation of an Alpine glacier are not only delicious, but make a very pretty dish:—

Put in a stewpan 4 oz. of castor sugar, 2 oz. of butter, 1 gill of water, the grated rind of a green lemon, 1 oz. of mixed lemon peel, and a blade of pounded cinnamon. Stir it over the fire till it is a thick syrup. Peel and core half a dozen Wellington apples (do not break them in doing so), dip them several times into the hot syrup, and fill the hollow caused by the removal of the core with marmalade. When cold, cover them with a rich, thin paste; cut the remainder of the pastry into long, narrow slips and twist it round the apples in a spiral form. Bake in a quick oven, and when done sift sugar over each and glaze with a salamander. Dish on an ornamental paper, and serve with glasses of custard to each person.

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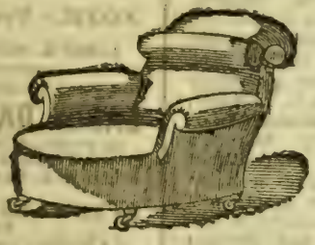

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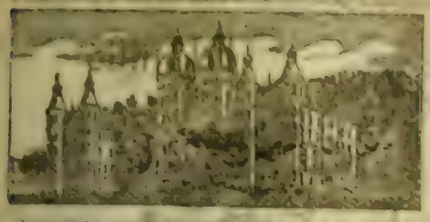

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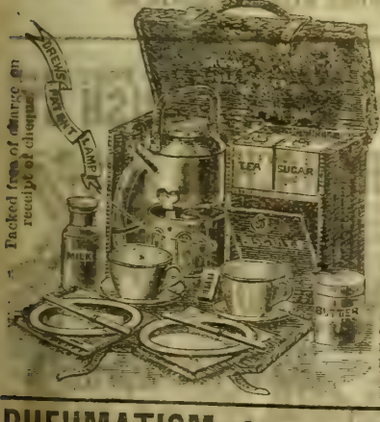

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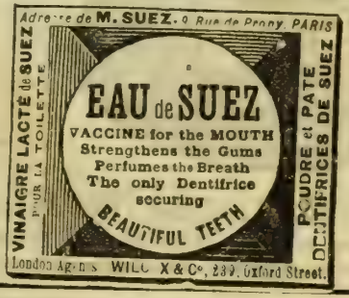

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To HER MAJESTY

The Queen

and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS The

Prince of Wales.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2 2s. will be given every week for the best ENIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THE NOMS-DE PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above. All post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 754.—SHAKESPEARE ON "LAWN TENNIS."

ADA (real name and address will be given next week)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£0	14	0
NEWNHAM	,,	,,	,,	...	...	...	...	...	0	14	0
CANI	,,	,,	,,	...	...	...	...	...	0	14	0

*** Through an oversight, I made an erroneous announcement last week. I find that Ada's quotation was also sent by Newnham and Cani, so that this Prize will have to be divided into three equal parts.—THE P. E.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 755.—COOLING STANZAS.

NETHERBY (real name and address will be given next week)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£1	1	0
SEA DEW	,,	,,	,,	...	...	...	...	...	1	1	0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 756.

It has been decided to give the prize for this competition to AWFUL WARRIOR, whose verses were published in TRUTH for August 10. I would at the same time mention for commendation the verses sent by Eboracum, X. Q. Q., Harpiot, Netherby, Sartor, Moe, Offa, Plumepierre, Kathleen, Excelsior, Tanchion, Almaviva, and Vicar.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 760.

A frequent contributor to the Puzzle Pages has written to me the following letter:—"Dear Mr. Puzzle Editor,—I want your advice. I have a fortnight's holiday awaiting me, and I calculate that I must content myself with spending £20 at most during the trip that I hope to make. Now what I want to know is, how I can turn my time and my money to the best account in acquiring relaxation and health? It may be well to add that I am young (26), fairly energetic, a resident in London, and have seen very little of my own country, and nothing at all of the Continent. Will you, then, be kind enough to give me your counsel on this important matter? and oblige.—Yours faithfully,

"A FREQUENT COMPETITOR."

Let me say at once that I do not feel competent to advise my correspondent in so important a subject. But it has struck me that by appealing to the general body of TRUTH competitors information may be gained which will prove useful, not only to "A Frequent Competitor," but to many other readers of this page. It is proposed, therefore, to offer the usual Prize of Two Guineas for what shall be considered

THE BEST ANSWER TO THE QUESTION PROPOUNDED BY THE CORRESPONDENT WHOSE LETTER IS PRINTED ABOVE; THAT IS TO SAY, IN WHAT WAY CAN A FORTNIGHT AND £20 BE SPENT TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NAMED?

All answers, which must be made as brief and practical as possible, must reach me by the morning of Monday, August 28 next, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLUMEPIERRE.—I regret the misprint. "Quatet," in the first line of your stanza, should, of course, have read "quatit."

M. M. W.—Very many thanks.

COLLERS.—No such puzzle has been given in TRUTH.

LISTER.—Thanks for your letter. I had already noted the omission of the word "full" from line 4; and the substitution of "now" for "new" in line 5.

E. C. L.—Your lines were not disqualified.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 757.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODIES, NOT EXCEEDING 240 WORDS IN LENGTH, OF THE STYLE OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNWRITTEN STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOLDIERS THREE."

"Mulvaney," sez he, "the chaplain's throubled at the men don't attend the second service." Now," he sez, "tis not in my line to give what o calls a word in season, but I would like to gratify Mr. Townsend. Can you see your way to doing anything?" "Yes, sorr," sez I. Wid that I tuk a plug f tobacco and three fingers of whisky and went for think ut out. (You didn't know the chaplain as as, sorr?). The saints reclaim him, for 'tis a pity a ood man should be d——d all for a difference of pinion concarning the Blessed Vargin. Fwell I ought ut out, and between this an' that, twelve en stayed next Sunday and twelve the Sunday ter. 'Twould all have been well but for the aplain himself, for 'twas he that spoiled the thrick r bein' over grateful. Comin' off parade, he stops e Major, speaking low, but Curzon, he sez out ud, "'tis none of my doin'," sez he, "'tis Mulvaney ou've got to thank." "And so I will," sez he, "for word in season may save many sowls. But I would ave you know, Sergeant (I was Sergeant thin) that ney must come willin'." I would not have the men erced." "'Tis all right, sorr," sez I, wishful to atisfy him, "there will be no throuble wid the en. I told thim it should count as fatigue." But was not right . . .—Outsider.

WHOLESOME TALES FROM THE PLAINS.

It was the ball night, and the station, after simering for weeks, effervesced, like the "Simpkin," id boiled over. Everything reached its crisis. acillating Subs. proposed, made desperate by a mperature like Yehaunum, which neither unkahs nor thermantidotes could palliate. Deoted wives stipulated for the promotion of their usbands from the "Powers that were"—and got But the köil warbled sweetly, and the deodars at inviting shadows beyond the moonlit randahs, where, at his charmer's feet, the Boy om Home pleaded with the fervour of youth and a thermometer at 110 deg. "Get it for me," Mrs. Foxvine said, "and I'll love you always; otherwise—I must try to forget you." Alas! Delilah was not the last of her race! Her parting words were: "Good boy! To-morrow, then." Outside, Private Murgatroyd discoursed on the Boy from Home, saying: "That's a swate lady-like crathur, but he'll be afther spoilin' his complexion soon, I'm thinkin'." "He's game, though," responded Atkinson. "You should 'a seed 'im when that there elephant shikarred 'im t'other day." The morrow brought the Chota Bursat, and Mrs. Foxvine fled to join her husband at the Hills, settling her little accounts first. Her note said, "Thanks so much. Good-bye." The Boy looked peaceful enough that night, though. "Dead?" said his Colonel, horrified. "And mortgaged his pay for two years!" "Dead-drunk," replied the Doctor, briefly. "That burnt letter could explain why, I dare say."—Heron.

GLOSSARY:—Simpkin, Hindustani for champagne. Yehaunum, Hades. Thermantidotes, window-fittings for creating currents of cooled air. Köil, the Indian nightingale. Deodars, a species of cedar tree. Shikar, chase, hunting. Chota Bursat, the small rains preceding the monsoon.

FROM "THE JUNGLEPORE MIRACLE."

I laped over ould Coffeeskin's shlapin' black carkis, doubled up the stair, an' through the jooled curtain beyant. Holy mother av Moses! There was meself on a bit av a low platform, in the face av the congrigation, all salaamin' double before a big thafe av a Bingal tiger, standin' wid his back to me, divil take his bad manners! Faith, I nivir stopped to shalute the company, but dhropped on the sate av me trousies benathe the hinder inds av him, prayin' blessins backwards, on the ondacint conspicuity av the widdy's livery; an' consecratin' all the fat fryin' on the tiger's high althar to the privit consumption av the holy Vargin, conditionin' she'd get me clear out av this shcrape. Thin the praste, in a whole blache-green av white linen, howlin' glory—be loud enough to soften the heart av a green gooseberry, let alone a tiger's wid a bellyfull av sthraw, ups an' stritches out his arrams to me. Wid wan heave I tuk the ould man-eatin' effigy aff his glue futhoulds. Thin wid a roar to terror-sthrike the whole British Army (always barrin' Bobs Bahadur, that's a tough little man, an' knows whin there's more sound than sinse in a tin-kettle), I shprang clear into the midst av the knalin' naygurs on the flure, wid the tiger on me back. A yell like forty dozen coortin' cats—a scutther—an' silince. Thin—but that is another story!—Netherby.

And the yellow whisky fiend stood at his side, and he was blind, blind, blind; for he was only a man, a man of human blood—blood that, dried in the scorching sun, you can scrape to powder, like the bloom of a brown sugar-stick. Poor devil. He had been reading of the Indian Service. They do now. He mumbled about (keep your seats! it's the same tale) Bulblarney and Craisie, and slobbered "Gorum ba' 's time." They called him Great Scott Simpkins. His boots were off. They don't use Pear's soap on active service. Chuggle, chuggle went the rains. He reached over the punkah for a box of tin soldiers, and lit a Vevey Fin. I gave him that. "Oh, I don t care a dim what the Sergeant says, and the Corporal he can t find me" (to the tune of the Girl not in Front), came a voice from the tent-peg, and was immediately followed by the owner. Six feet four, moustache eighteen ounces. Scotkins sprang to meet him; he had had a soda. "Hullo Kid, how's the game?" "Well, you've got twelve months' leave, lucky skunk," answered K. "Have a peg," said Great, &c. He's dead now; but he got home, and murmured in Molly's ear:—"We Belong," "Sweet Dreaming Faces," "He had 'em again." His epitaph runs thus:—

I fought my fit
And had to git,
But my author's grit.

Garvinette.

TAILORS THREE; OR, THE DAGSBYS AND THE LAW-KNOCKER.

There had been a rat hunt which had lasted for thirty happy, howling hours. When it was over we were thirsty, so we adjourned to the hut under the Pont Neuf. When the snap of the shears on the wire of the champagne bottles was done, we fell into conversation. There was a soldier once who was shut up in a wine-cellar: but that is another story. So is this: Tedsloyd had just delivered himself of a tale in which there was something about himself and a sweater in an astrakhan collar. "So a' slit's back cap from waist to nape, and a' was in smitcher's t' matter o' six months." Macblarney woke up at this. He had been "playing wid the butt" on the back of an elephant in the Lowther Arcade. "Phwat is ut, sorr?" said he, handing me a pair of shears. "'Tis the only snippers that I love. Shure, 'twas thim I tuk wid me whin I cut over Pegg Boosey and lathered Arteris here whin he was dramin'. Lay thim by till the reck o' the canvas has gone off 'em, and thin kape thim bright wid wash leather." "Ow," whined Arteris, in a kind of low chant, "I'm pinin' for the slums, and the stink o' the mud under Waterloo Bridge." "Shut up, little man," said Macblarney. "Shure, 'tis the widdy's own tallypone, sorr, that will be playin' umbrageous——" Cutter Dagsby: "Yes; Baillin's coming (aside) with his patent measuring-tape." Mrs. Dagsby (hiding her face in the cotton-box): "The remnants—the inevitable remnants." . . . . "As ganger, if the boss be so moved to favour the unworthy. For I have nine little pigs, and some pigeons in the back kitchen." "Eleven o'clock, gentlemen!"—Mulu.

'Twas in India (of course it was) and around the mess-table the officers were congregated. Drinks were rapidly disappearing with the facility known only to residents in tropical countries. Suddenly the Major called out to a young ensign who, in a reclining attitude, was busily engaged thinking of nothing. "Don't move," cried the Major. "Keep perfectly still for the sake of your young and budding life." Like a statue sat the young man, but, being a slim young man, we cannot say he looked like a model of Hercules (there wasn't muscle enough). Expectantly he waited, thinking probably the Major was joking. The latter, beckoning to an attendant for a saucer of milk (we wonder whether they get it pure in India), placed it on the floor, and forthwith there glided towards it a cobra-de-capello, who had been squirming up the ensign's leg. The Major fired, and the Major's bullet shattered the head of the intruder, and all was over. "Major," said the trembling ensign, "You have saved my life. Shake!" They shook.—Alchdoubleu.

A NEW-YORKER IN LONDON.

Here I am, just in the zenith of a London season, when fashion's men and women are working day and night to make the season pay. After being tossed about for seven days on the grey herring-pond, there is nothing more delightful than to spend a few summer days and nights in this biggest of all big cities. You move along so easily, unless the slippery asphalted roads or some dropped orange-peel suddenly change your perpendicular position into a hopeless horizontal one, or a bicycle smashing you up. No Irish policemen here as in New York, but the lampposts just as groggy. What are those poorly dressed, half-starving people rushing to that window for? "All the winners" by telegraph. "Hooray!" they shout. Orme added another few thou. to the millions of his noble but melancholy owner. There was another racer a little while ago when the benevolent Jabez made tracks with his Liberator swag. Costermongers' and other street-sellers' cries everwhelming. Everything is red here, as if to set the sun on fire: Post-office vans, pillars, fire-engines, soldiers' uniforms, women and children's dresses, sun-shades—all blazing away. Muscular exercises everywhere. Street-fights, cricket, football, boxing, and cock-fights sub rosa. Home-fights many. About a fortnight ago the House of Commons had again taken up this favourite old pastime. No iced drinks here. Hot grog all the year round. Lots of preaching and hobbies of all kinds—teetotallers, vegetarians, Sabbatarians, anti-smokers, anti-vaccinators, anti-vivisectors, modern-thought men, Shakers, Quakers, Lost-Ten-Tribe men, &c. Underground Railway fearfully crowded, two persons for each seat. I have seen the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Victoria is small and stout, not particularly gracious. Who can tell where the Royal shoes pinch? Albert Edward, comfortable, jolly, best of friends with all the crowd, who shout "Hooray!" and cheerfully pay their taxes. But who comes here along Piccadilly, white waistcoated, flower buttonholed, wearing gally his eighty-three years, and to whom we all uncover, though some well-dressed women hiss. Surely it is none other than England's G.O.M. We go up and introduce ourselves. Very pleasant is the old man, friendly greeting and inquiry about America, and so we pass on.—John Boldiu.

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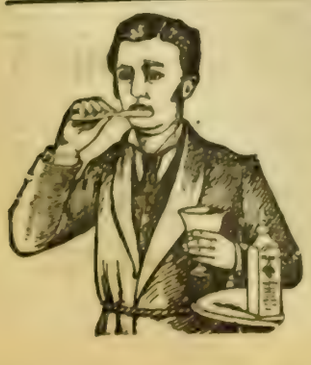

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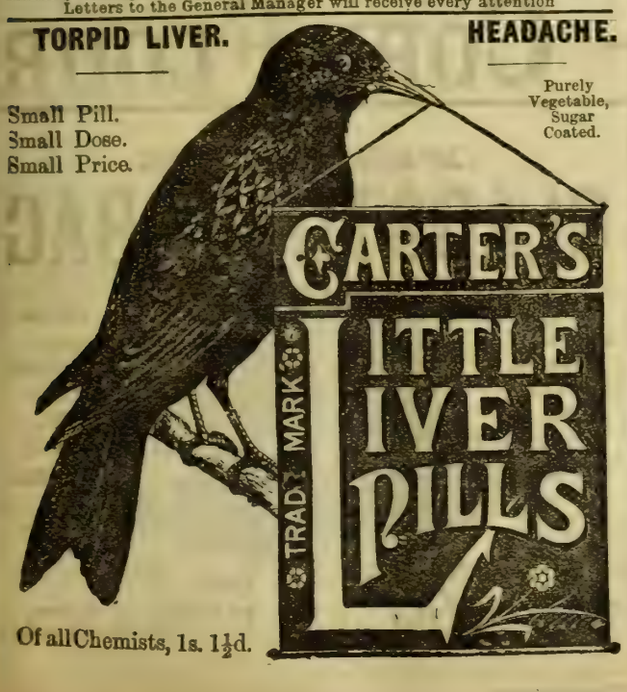

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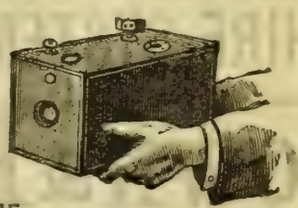

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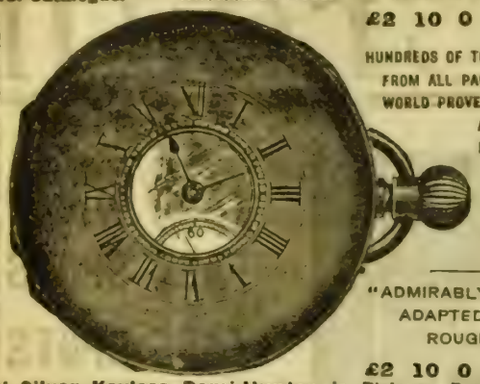

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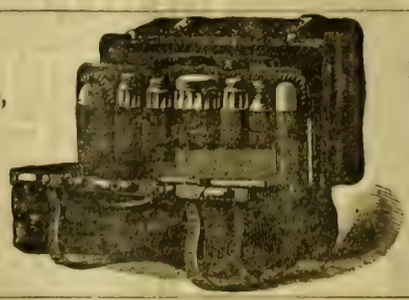

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NOTICES.

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

ONE of the morning papers, in a somewhat highflown notice of the late Sir Arnold White, states that the "mysteries" connected with the will of the Prince Consort "were locked in his faithful bosom." There were no "mysteries" in connection with the Prince Consort's will, except that the Queen (to whom the whole of the Prince's property was bequeathed) would not allow the will to be proved in the ordinary form, nor has it ever been deposited at Somerset House.

While the Court is at Balmoral, the Grooms-in-Waiting on the Queen will be Lord William Cecil, Mr. Alexander Yorke, Major Legge, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton respectively.

Lord Acton, who is now at Osborne as Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen, will cease his attendance on the day of her Majesty's departure for Scotland. There will be no Lord-in-Waiting while the Court is at Balmoral, so that Lords Brassey, Monkswell, Hamilton of Dalzell, Drumlanrig, and Camoys will all miss their turns when the Court comes south to Windsor in November.

A house is being built in the grounds at Balmoral, within a few yards of the Castle, for the exclusive occupation of the Queen's Munshi and Indian Secretary, Hafiz Abdul Karim, who has been over at Bombay since her Majesty returned from Florence. This new house does not increase the "amenities" of Balmoral from the picturesque point of view.

The Prince of Wales is expected to arrive at Braemar from the Continent about September 21. The Prince will stay with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, until October 7, when he comes south in order to attend the Second October Meeting at Newmarket.

A weekly contemporary announces that Princess Maud of Wales is just going to pay a visit to her late governess, "now married and living in Devonshire." Princess Maud has gone abroad with her mother, and has no more intention of visiting Devonshire than of going to Pekin, and her late governess left that county some time ago and is now living in the neighbourhood of London.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who leave Portsmouth next week, are to take up their residence at Bagshot Park towards the end of October. It is to be hoped that the Duke does not propose to "work" the Aldershot command from Bagshot.

I learn that the intended visit of the Grand Duke of Hesse to the Queen at Balmoral has been abandoned, as H.R.H. has been ordered to take a course of waters at Bad-Nauheim, where Princess Christian is staying, and he will reside there for several weeks. The Grand Duke Ernest is by no means in strong health, and he has been much shaken by an accident which he recently met with at Darmstadt while playing tennis

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The Emperor and Empress of Russia and their family are to arrive at Copenhagen next Saturday, and the Princess of Wales is expected there from Norway. The King and Queen of Denmark's party at Fredensborg Castle will also include the King and Queen of Greece, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Duke and Duchess of York. The Prince of Wales is expected to arrive at Fredensborg from Homburg about September 11

The Duke of Cambridge is to leave Homburg this evening or to-morrow on his return to England. H.R.H. will be the guest of Lord Wharncliffe at Wortley Hall during Doncaster race week, and he has several visits to pay in Yorkshire and in Scotland during the next month.

Changes are taking place at Buckingham Palace, where both the Inspector and the Housekeeper have just been pensioned off. Mr. Collins, who has resigned the office of Inspector, has been a member of the Household since the reign of George IV., and he has apartments at Kensington Palace. The post, which is worth £500 a year, with a residence and numerous perquisites, has been given by the Queen to Mr. Taylor, the Inspector at Holyrood Palace. Miss Thornton, the Deputy Housekeeper, has been in the Queen's service for nearly half a century. Her place is worth £110 a year, with board and lodgings. The Housekeeper at Buckingham Palace

supervises not only the servants who are permanently employed there, but also the Queen's "travelling staff" of domestics, who move about wherever their services may happen to be required. All the servants, except the members of the Queen's "personal" household, are paid by either the Lord Steward or the Lord Chamberlain.

The annual Horse Show held in August by the Royal Dublin Society, at Ball's Bridge, near Dublin, has grown to be an event of such importance that, even before the week devoted to it, large crowds arrive in the Irish capital. At the end of last week most of the hotels were already crowded, notwithstanding the great heat. Dublin, however, from its nearness both to sea and mountains, never gets hot like London. There are very few days on which refreshing breezes from either the one or the others do not temper the heat of the sun.

Whether at Christmas-time or in Midsummer, race-meetings are in season in Ireland; in fact, there is no month of all the twelve months of the year in which they are not held in some part of the country. On Saturday, the vigil of the Horse Show week, the races at Leopardstown drew together a large number of the sporting world. Irish Society in general was also largely represented in the enclosures and on the stands. The weather was brilliant, with, at times, more than enough of breezes from the surrounding mountains.

The following experience may convey a useful hint to travellers in Switzerland. A lady travelling with her daughters wrote to the proprietor of the Beau Rivage Hotel, Interlaken, to know if they could have rooms on the second floor. They received an answer by telegraph that rooms would be reserved as desired. On arrival, they found that the rooms reserved for them were on the third floor. On their refusing to take these, and preparing to depart, the landlord demanded 50 francs. They declined to pay, whereupon he refused to allow their luggage to be removed. They went to a lawyer, but had to pay the 50 francs before the luggage was released. At this period a male relative appeared on the scene, and sent a message to the landlord that unless the 50 francs were repaid by a specified time, an action would be commenced, which led to the money being at once returned. I hear of a similar trick being played upon English travellers at Chamonix. It seems clear, however, from the foregoing narrative, that such demands are not likely to be persisted in if firmly resisted.

Why is the Club train from London to Paris or to Cologne so empty? It starts at a most convenient hour, and it is faster than any other. There are, I presume, two reasons. The first is that there is an extra charge of five shillings; the second is that a small boat conveys the passengers across the Channel. I should fancy that ordinary fares and a large boat would fill the train. People are so made that—although probably the difference in price may be of small importance to them—they dislike the difference, whilst the internal arrangements of many are so fashioned that a lively little boat for the Channel passage disagrees with them, or at least they fancy that it may. Financially the Club train is, I believe, not a success; but, before taking it off, I would, were I one of the railway magnates in authority, try the two changes that I suggest.

The international train services between London and Cologne are open to improvement. If a person starts by the 11 a.m. train he has to kick his heels at Brussels for several hours, and only arrives at Cologne at 5.50 a.m., at which hour he also arrives by the Club train. From Cologne, should he wish to go to Frankfort or further south (which is the case with most tourists), he must either take a slow train or wait for the 9.45 express, in either case reaching Frankfort at about the same time. Surely this might be amended. There would be no great difficulty in arranging that a passenger starting from London at 3 p.m. might reach Frankfort at 10 a.m., and get to Bâle in the afternoon. In summer the German railroads would gain by this arrangement, for many tourists would betake themselves to Switzerland by the Rhine route were the train service better managed.

Sleeping-cars on the Continent are, as most people know, dearer than in England. This is because the Continental railway Companies do not have sleeping-cars of their own, and charge the sleeping-car Company a heavy tax for each passenger using them, in addition to the ordinary fare. This is an absurdity, for the rolling stock of the railway Company is saved by the sleeping-car being substituted for it. I do not, however, so much complain of this, as of the railway Companies insisting that a person taking two places, *i.e.*, a cabin to himself, has to pay not only double sleeping-car fare, but also double ordinary fare. Now, many people object to being shut up in bed with a stranger in a cabin, and it seems to me that, as a matter of convenience, a passenger ought to be allowed to take a cabin to himself, if it so pleases him, by paying double sleeping-car fare. One of the objections to the two in a cabin is that the berths are so arranged that, when one wishes to go to bed, the other is forced to follow his example.

The train of the future is the corridor train. In a few cases this has been adopted in England; on the Continent it is only, as yet, used in Austria. In that country, sleeping-cars are not needed, for the two seats in a compartment opposite to each other pull out until they form a bed by meeting. A tip to the guard generally secures the two seats, but I should prefer that a passenger could secure them by some reasonable extra payment.

In no country in the world is railroad travelling so cheap as in Austria and Hungary, since the zone system has been adopted. The railroads earn far more by these cheap fares than they did before the reduction was made. And it is a matter of surprise to me that, with this experience of the monetary advantages of cheap fares, the plan is not tried elsewhere. There may be, and there no

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 400 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 405.

doubt are, many able railroad administrators; but, taking them collectively, they are a conservative set of asses, regardless alike of the true interests of their shareholders and of the comfort of their customers. I never travel by a railroad without wishing that I were just born; for I am convinced that the next generation will have many advantages over us in the matter of travelling. In all such things it is truly wonderful what a difficulty our old friend Common sense has in making headway.

Boscombe, the pretty eastern suburb of Bournemouth, will receive a substantial rise in the world by the opening of the sumptuous Hôtel Burlington, on the site of Sir H. Drummond Wolff's former residence, Boscombe Towers. The hotel occupies a magnificent situation, with a grand view of the Channel to the South, while the back rooms look into the pine woods, or over them to the New Forest. In its internal arrangements and fittings the new hotel is fully worthy of its position, and as it will be under the same management as the Burlington Hotel in Cork-street, its prosperity is not a matter about which there will be any doubt. With this addition to the accommodation of the place, it behoves the natives to apply their minds with renewed energy to the question of providing amusement for their visitors.

Brighton, whatever her other shortcomings, offers unrivalled attractions to visitors in the matter of churches; and considering how many strangers are within her gates on Sunday, this is only as it should be. Yet another addition to the church accommodation of the town is being taken in hand at St. Michael's Church, which is at last to be completed, after a lapse of thirty years from its foundation. St. Michael's, which stands on the highest ground at the west end of the town, is already a conspicuous feature in the landscape, but is destined to become yet more so, for the new buildings—which include a north aisle, erected as a memorial of Mr. Val Prinsep's mother—are to be of exceptional height and solidity. Great praise is due to the Vicar (the Rev. C. Beanlands) for the resolution with which he has pursued the original design of his church, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, and it is to be hoped that he will find many sympathisers ready to assist in meeting the heavy outlay which is now being incurred.

With reference to the band question which is agitating Folkestone, I have received a letter from Mr. Harrison, the Town Clerk, informing me (1) that the Committee appointed to administer the Band Rate is entirely composed of members of the Corporation, and (2) that there are to be in all thirty-nine concerts to September 29, and others in October, if funds permit. With regard to the last point, the statement that there would be fourteen concerts was an accidental error for which I am solely responsible. I still think, however, that the town is not getting as much as it might have got for its money, and the Town Clerk seems to admit that the result is not altogether satisfactory by making the following excuses for it:—

"The question whether the Band Rate should be spent on military concerts, or in the engagement of a special civil band, is a perfectly fair and reasonable one, and has been fully considered by the Committee; and your informants know perfectly well that it had been found to be impossible to do otherwise *this season*, beyond engaging military bands, owing to the Band Rate of 1d. (applied for to Parliament by the Corporation) being limited by factious opposition to 5d., and the very late period of the year at which the Band Rate Act received the Royal assent; and the Committee, always acknowledging that this question was deserving of careful discussion, have felt compelled to defer that consideration till the coming year.

"Factious opposition" is the name usually given to opposition by the faction which is opposed. If the Town Clerk, being, as he appears, desirous of enlightening me as to the merits of the dispute, will kindly inform me what the cost of procuring the Band Rate Act has been, I shall be in a better position to judge whether the opposition to the Act, which he styles factious, was reasonable or otherwise. I have been led to understand that the money spent on this Act would have been sufficient in itself to provide a band for two or three seasons. I should like to hear from the Town Clerk whether that statement has any foundation, and, if it has, why the alternative course of raising the Mayor's salary, and arranging with him to pay the band, or some other such expedient, was not adopted. The difficulty has been met in this way in other places, and if this course had been taken at Folkestone, not only would it have saved a heavy expenditure, but it would have obviated that unfortunate delay in making arrangements for this year which the Town Clerk deplores.

An incident which happened at Scarborough the other day is hardly calculated to encourage visitors to that attractive resort. A Mr. Turnpenny, a respectable gentleman from a Midland town, who was on a visit to the place, and a Mrs. Eaton, a widow lady, who formed one of his party, were pounced upon by the police on a charge of pocket-picking. This occurred on a Friday, and they were locked up on Friday night. On Saturday they were released on bail until Tuesday, when the charge was heard and dismissed, with expressions of regret on the part of the Bench "that the pleasure of their visit should have been marred by the unfortunate incident." The police do not seem to have had a particle of evidence against them, and the citizens of Scarborough may be advised, if only for their own sakes, to cultivate a little more intelligence amongst their constabulary—or else a little less energy.

Visitors to the Isle of Skye at this season of the year will do well to beware how they comport themselves on the "Sawbath." It seems that the hospitable natives of that region, when they see a stranger who holds other views than their own on the meaning of the Fourth Commandment, think nothing of "heaving half a brick at him." A foreign tourist tells me that he recently experienced this treatment at Portree, while taking a photograph in the town on Sunday morning. The missile whizzed past his head, and on his expostulating with the individual who had thrown it, the latter announced his intention of kicking over both the artist and his camera, though he did not carry out this threat. It appears from this, therefore, that "Thou shalt not take photographs on Sunday" is the latest clause which Sabbatarian zeal has added to the Decalogue.

C.O.M. WHISKY.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case [illegible]
C.O.M. WHISKY. every Ra[illegible]
C.O.M. WHISKY. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

A Lesson from the Hot Weather.
By One who has Learned It.

My fellow-sufferers, attend!
Last week's fierce heat is at an end.
The glass, which then in sun and shade,
Such very startling records made,
In Piccadilly stands no more
At heights suggestive of Lahore;
The sleep we wooed so long in vain,
Comes to our weary eyes again.

Sunstroke, which on its victims fell
Alike in Putney and Pall-mall,
Pro tem. has left us; and one thinks
Of other things than cooling drinks;
But, fellow-sufferers, beware!
We soon may have again to bear
The sweltering heat-wave of last week;
Again for coolness have to seek.

What shall we do, then, in such case?
How shall we try the heat to face?
If we have learned the lesson well,
Taught by the fate which us befell,
'Twill be our first, our chiefest care,
To see at once to what we *wear*;
From head to foot to overhaul
What we our "summer clothing" call.

The hard high hat of course must go,
The swathing scarf, the throttling bow,
The useless vest, the hot cloth coat,
The stiff, starched collar round our throat;
The polished boots that draw the heat,
These must be taken from our feet;
The board-like cuffs that chafe the wrist,
These, never wanted, won't be missed.

Then, moved by reason, let us choose
A pair of limp, cool canvas shoes;
A suit of flannels, soft and white;
A "Panama," wide-brimmed and light;
And, thus attired, go on our way,
Careless what fools or snobs may say,
And ready to defy anew
The heat and Mrs. Grundy too!

Sir Francis Jeune is taking the waters at Carlsbad, and Lady Jeune, who is now at Arlington Manor, their place near Newbury, is going shortly to Scotland to visit her sister, Lady Tweeddale, at Brahan Castle, Ross-shire.

During Lord Aberdeen's absence in Canada, his place as Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire will be filled by Sir John Clark, of Tillypronie. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are to leave Liverpool for Quebec in the Allan steamer which sails on Thursday, September 7, and they will visit Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley Park before their departure from England.

No one is more glad than I am that Miss Borthwick is about to be married, and no one wishes more joy to the happy pair. But I regret very much that the auspicious event should be made the occasion for a number of ill-advised busybodies to go touting for subscriptions to a wedding present among those who do not share my cordial feelings towards Sir Algernon Borthwick and his family. It is the more to be regretted, as the wedding present appears to be essentially a political demonstration. The circulars in connection with it are issued from the office of the Kensington Conservative Association, and state that it is desired in this way to mark the public appreciation of the Parliamentary services of Sir Algernon Borthwick. The Kensington Liberals, strange to say, do not appreciate these services at all, and they naturally resent being asked to give their money for such a purpose.

The papers have in many cases been wildly astray in their notices of the Dowager Lady Midleton, whom they described as having been "a true grande dame," and "a prominent figure for many years at Court and in Society." Lady Midleton was quite unknown in London Society, as she never mixed in it at any period of her life, which was passed in the country, at Bath (where her husband was rector for many years), at Wells, and at the Exeter Deanery, and during the last twenty years she had lived at Richmond. Lady Midleton, who was universally beloved and respected, was a very good woman, truly religious, and most munificent in her almsgiving of all kinds.

Mr. "Frank" Bland, who died a few days ago, was for many years one of the most intimate friends and most constant associates of Charles Dickens, of whom he was the confidential medical attendant, and he acted in the same capacity for Wilkie Collins for more than thirty years. He was a very clever man in his profession. Mr. Bland's close connection with Dickens made him a well-known figure in many literary and theatrical circles, and he was always very popular in society. He had considerable influence over Dickens, and in May, 1869, he came prominently before the public in connection with the sudden stoppage of his patient's public readings, which were then in the height of their popularity. Dickens had then been for some time in failing health, and he reported such alarming symptoms in his letters that Bland rushed down to Preston, and found him on the very brink of a paralytic stroke.

Sir Edward Hamley was a man of consummate ability, and thoroughly practical. He was far and away our most eminent writer on the art of war, and French, Germans, Americans, and Russians have all studied and warmly praised his professional works. Sir Edward Hamley also wrote some excellent novels, and he was a regular and brilliant contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was shamefully treated after the Egyptian War of 1882, when he won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, but did not get the credit which was his due from Lord Wolseley, who had designed another arrangement with a view to the glorification of the Duke of Connaught. It is lamentable that so able a soldier should have fallen a victim to the jobbing of the Horse Guards gang.

Mr. Duncan Macpherson, who died on Thursday at Findynate House, his place in Perthshire, came pro minently before the public a few years ago in consequence

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, Manager.

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

of his pertinacious attempts to stop people from passing through Glen Doll, the result being that, after much litigation, the right of way was established. Glen Doll path was the ancient cross-country route from the lowlands of Forfarshire and Deeside, and continued access to it was much desired, as the scenery is very beautiful, and it is a favourite resort of botanists and geologists, who find there a rich harvest. Mr. Macpherson, who was a younger son of Mr. Macpherson of Drumnagask, passed nearly thirty years in Australia, where he made a very large fortune as a sheep farmer and land speculator. He returned to Scotland in 1882, and purchased estates in Forfarshire, Perthshire, and Midlothian, all of which were greatly improved by him. Mr. Macpherson took no part in public affairs, but devoted himself entirely to the management of his various properties. He was a very shrewd man of business.

A paragraph has gone all round the papers, which originated with an evening journal, which states that Lady Tryon "has refused to accept the pension of £600 a year to which she is entitled as an Admiral's widow." As a matter of fact, the pension of an Admiral's widow is £120 a year, which is usually increased if the officer has been killed in action or drowned while on service; but it certainly would not exceed £200 a year. Any such pension, moreover, is only conferred upon a widow whose private means are limited, and every one knows that Lady Tryon has a large income. It is a common delusion that such pensions can be claimed as a right, but it is utter nonsense.

The best bags of the season have been made in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Lord Ripon's party of six guns had a series of grouse drives on Monday sen'night over the Dallowgall Moors, which are a few miles from Studley Royal, and they killed about 630 brace, although the birds were very wild and by no means so numerous as usual. On the Tuesday there were drives on Harper Hill, and between 400 and 500 brace were bagged.

The Duke of Devonshire's party of seven guns, at Bolton Abbey, had five days' shooting over the Hazlewood, Barden, Campsey, and Rylstone Moors, and they killed about 1,100 brace of grouse. Lords Rowton, Hindlip, Lurgan, Stanley and Charles Montagu, and Mr. Chatham were the guests.

Somewhat remarkable results have attended the labours of the Crofter Commissioners in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. On one of Lord Zetland's estates the rents have been reduced 24 per cent., and 31 per cent. of the arrears have been cancelled. On another of Lord Zetland's properties the rents have been reduced 31½ per cent., and 79 per cent. of the arrears were cancelled.

The volume entitled "Memorials of St. James's Palace," upon which the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal has been engaged for several years past, and which will be published in the autumn, ought to be very interesting, as all the private archives in the Lord Chamberlain's Office have been placed at Mr. Sheppard's disposal as well as the Chapel Royal records, and he has, therefore, been privileged to overhaul a great mass of quasi-private papers containing much curious information.

The Primate has presented the Rev. Henry Venn, who is a grandson of the famous Evangelical Rector of Clapham, to the important living of Minster, Kent, which is worth about £700 a year with house, and which has become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Albert H. Sitwell, who was presented in 1869 by Archbishop Tait.

The rectory of Rawmarsh, Yorkshire, which is worth about £400 a year, with house, has fallen to Lord Herschell by the death of the Rev. Sir William Mahon, who had held this living forty-nine years, having been presented by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst in 1844.

Professor Fuller's dreadfully sudden death is sincerely and widely regretted, and his loss will be very keenly felt by his parishioners and neighbours. Professor Fuller was a man of great learning, and he was an admirable writer, and had made very valuable contributions to "The Speaker's Commentary," and similar works. He held the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, and for the last nineteen years he had been Vicar of Bexley, a living which is worth about £600 a year, and in the gift of the heirs of the late Lady Sydney.

The Rev. Edward John Selwyn, who died last week, had for twenty years held the Primate's living of Pluckley, Kent, and he was previously well known as the very able and most successful Principal of Blackheath School, a position which he held for sixteen years. He was a fine scholar, and a man of marked administrative capacity. Mr. Selwyn was one of the best known, most zealous, and most popular parish clergymen in Kent, and his death is very widely lamented, particularly by his large circle of personal friends. The rectory of Pluckley, to which Mr. Selwyn was presented by Archbishop Tait, is worth upwards of £600 a year.

Bishop Clifford was one of the most popular Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in England. He was a man of great learning and a most accomplished antiquarian. His charming manner, his excellent conversation, and his wide sympathies made him everywhere a *persona grata*, and in the diocese of Clifton, where he was well known, he was universally beloved and reverenced. He had held his Bishopric for nearly thirty-seven years.

I understand that it is not correct to say that the late Canon Wade had anything to do with the foundation of the House of Charity in Soho. The real founder was the late Dr. Henry Monro, and Canon Wade was merely asked to join the Committee as the Rector of the Parish.

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers, solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

The following advertisement, it need scarcely be said, is taken from the *Morning Post*. The Rector of Halton, it seems, does not hold with the Scriptural maxim, "Put not your trust in Princes." In this he no doubt shows all the wisdom of the serpent, for there are among the "nobility and gentry" only too many who will consider that the privilege of being educated with "a Young Prince" outweighs any other educational advantages:—

Rev. H. A. Grantham, Rector of Halton, Bucks, wishes to receive four pupils, sons of nobility and gentry, as companions to a Young Prince.

I hear that the public are still prevented, in the name of the Dowager-Duchess of Athole, from walking round the outside of Dunkeld Cathedral. Two visitors, who desired to inspect the exterior of the building just before the morning service a Sunday or two back, were stopped, with divers threats, by a pair of hirelings, apparently placed there for the purpose by the Duchess. This has been going on for a long time, for it must be two or three years since I published a similar complaint on the subject, one of the parties "warned off" on that occasion being the late Mr. Cecil Raikes—then Postmaster-General—so that the Dowager-Duchess is no respecter of persons. The Dowager seems to keep guard over this sacred spot much as Miss Betsy Trotwood used to preserve the green in front of her cottage from the intrusion of donkey-boys. But in this case the usurpation is several degrees more offensive, and it is an astonishing thing that the natives of the locality should submit to it.

The following is an extract from a letter signed "A Priest," in the *Church Times*. It would be interesting to know what the country clergy think of this ingenious idea, and also to have the opinions of the squires and the eldest sons of the gentry upon it:—

Could not the country clergy do good social work by getting their squires to confession, or by excommunicating the eldest sons of the gentry until such time as they choose to do some hard work, or by preaching a course of sermons on the "Duty towards your Neighbour," applying it in its literal sense to rich and poor alike?

Lady Jeune writes to me as follows. I feel sure that her appeal will come home forcibly to all who have suffered—and I suppose that everybody has more or less—under the intense heat of the last week or two. More especially should the hard case of the children of the London poor commend itself to the charity of those who have the means to escape from town at this season:—

May I appeal once more to your readers for a little extra help for my holiday fund? The fund is getting very low, and I am inundated with petitions for money to send more children away. The oppressive heat of the last few days has increased sickness and weakness among the children, and the pathetic appeals I receive on all sides are really innumerable. I cannot send any more children away unless I get more money. We have all been suffering from the heat, but under mitigated circumstances, and I feel sure that those who have been able to enjoy their holiday without any discomfort will gladly help to send away a few children who have spent theirs in the hot-smelling, stifling courts and alleys of London, where their little faces have got pinched and wan, and their strength exhausted by the overpowering heat of this unusual summer. May I ask them once more for help to send some of these poor little people away?

Meanwhile, I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Fund:—R. C., 10s.; R. Whittington, £1. 1s.; H. Elliott Fox, £1; G. S. C., 5s.; E M. Hollings, 10s.

Intense disgust is felt, and is being very freely expressed, in India at the appointment of Colonel Bisset as Director-General of Railways. Colonel Bisset has held no appointment in the Public Works Department for eight years past. He possesses no exceptional qualifications which justify his being brought back, after an absence which must necessarily place him out of touch with those of whom he is to take command. On the contrary, even if military officers are to be regarded as having an exclusive right to the post, there are at least two Colonels R.E. in the Department eminently fitted for it. Colonel Bisset's return means that a number of officials will be disappointed of steps of promotion which they have well earned, and such a result is prejudicial to the *morale* of the Service as well as unjust to the parties who suffer. Lord Kimberley should think twice before allowing this job to become an accomplished fact.

I gather from the opinions of experts on the subject, that the reform carried out by the establishment of an Army Pay Corps is likely to leave open some grounds for grumbling, especially among the men in the lower ranks who have been complaining of the slowness of promotion. One "Disappointed" individual writing to me on this subject, states that after he has been seven years in the Army and three years in the Department, the effect of the new regulation will be to keep him for five years more before he obtains the maximum of 3s. 6d.; while a man considerably junior to himself both in the Army and the Department, coming under a different section of the Warrant, will reach the maximum after only four years in the Department and five in the Army. It seems to me that this growler is rather in the position of the labourers in the Gospel, who objected to the eleventh-hour man receiving the same pay as themselves. At the same time, when a Department is being reconstructed, and concessions made all round, I should have thought that the men who have borne the burden and heat of the day have a claim to benefits before the eleventh-hour men.

An officer writes from Simla:—

Thanks to you and to Sir Henry King, officers who, like myself, have attained to "Colonel's allowance" are now permitted to draw it in gold through their London agents, and to have it remitted to them in India at the current rate of exchange. But there is a small class of unfortunate and helpless widows and orphans of military officers out here who are still treated as unjustly as we were. I have no relatives or connections among this ill-used class, but, since through your efforts my own class has benefited, I feel bound to bring to your notice the fact that these widows and orphans are not allowed to draw in gold through their agents in London the small pensions for which their husbands or fathers have subscribed, unless they themselves go to England. If they remain in India, they are given very much less than the gold value of their pensions.

I am not quite sure that I know precisely to what class my correspondent refers, but from the last two sentences I take it to be the class whose pensions can be drawn either in England in gold or in India in rupees—the respective amounts having been fixed before the fall of the rupee. As the purchasing power of the rupee in India has not altered materially, I cannot quite see the

Family Washing only.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

hardship of this arrangement; since, presumably, these pensioners are living on their means and have no occasion to remit cash to England. If, however, it is seriously desired that they should enjoy the Colonel's privilege of drawing the pension in gold in England by their agents, and having it remitted to India at the current rate of exchange, I see no reason why they should not enjoy this privilege.

The concession now tardily made by the Indian Government in regard to remittances home by members of the Civil and Military Services is a much more important matter. That officers and Civil servants have got all they would have liked I do not suppose; but that they have got all that they could reasonably expect I strongly hold; for, hard as is the burden cast on the Anglo-Indian official by the fall of the rupee, equally hard is it that this burden should be transferred from his shoulders to those of the impoverished native taxpayer.

On the subject of the growls of the Army Medical Staff, a correspondent writes that "the grumbling and discontent (*sic*) is designed simply to keep the Medical Staff a preserve for the Irish Schools, and to frighten off the London men." This strikes me as what is called "thin." That there is a preponderance of Irishmen among Army doctors no one knows better than I do; but in what sense is the Department a "preserve"? Competition is open. If, therefore, Irishmen predominate it must be either because they show special aptitude, or because the other nationalities do not care to compete. In either case it is unnecessary for Irishmen to grumble in order "to frighten off the London men." My experience (which in this direction is as good as anybody's) is that there is as much grumbling among English doctors as Irish, and only the other day I reproduced a service gibe which described the Department as "a Scotch preserve." I am informed by the same correspondent that "the War Office Clerk has very little to do with the management of the Army Medical Staff." I am sorry that I cannot accept this information; but I claim to know as much about "the War Office Clerk" as my correspondent—probably a good deal more.

Another military correspondent writes thus on the subject of Sergeant-Cooks:—

> Aldershot may be an exception, as on that station the Sergeant-Cook is kept up to the mark by the Cooking Staff, and the uncertainty as to when and by whom his cook-house may be visited, but in less important stations his office becomes almost a sinecure; and so long as his cook-house is clean when the Orderly Officer pays his daily visit, and the meat fairly cooked, he has little else to trouble him.
>
> So far from raising his rank, I would abolish him altogether, and hand over the superintendence of the culinary department to some worthy old soldier who possessed, among other things, the knack of keeping his comrade cooks well in hand; for, after all, it is to the private soldier, cooking for a particular squad or company, and dining himself with them in a barrack-room, that his brother soldiers look for efficiency.

There must be something radically wrong with the regimental organisation where the Sergeant-Cook's office becomes a "sinecure." It has no more business to be so than the office of head cook at a club or a restaurant. The evidence which I have had is that a Sergeant-Cook who does his duty honestly has twelve hours' work a day before him, which seems by no means improbable. My view is that the Sergeant-Cook is the most important officer in a battalion; next to the Colonel, and every improvement in the feeding of the Army will add to his importance. To suggest that because he occasionally does not do or does not know his duty, "worthy old soldiers" should be substituted for Sergeant-Cooks throughout the Army, is about as sensible as to suggest that because there are lazy or incompetent Commanding Officers, all regiments should henceforth be commanded by worthy old washerwomen.

The remarks in TRUTH of the 10th inst. upon the sanitary condition of Aldershot have been more than justified by a virulent outbreak of typhoid fever in the North Camp, three of the cases, if not more, having proved fatal. If I am not mistaken all these cases have occurred among the Cameronians, whose scandalous removal to the deserted North Camp huts, after the riotous attack on their barracks by men of the Cavalry regiments, I denounced a few weeks ago. In a double degree, therefore, these poor fellows are the victims of War Office blundering, and I would not willingly stand in the shoes of the officials on whose heads rests the blame of their death.

Although there was some exaggeration in the stories current last week as to the casualties amongst the Volunteers at Aldershot, it is certain that there was a great amount of suffering, and, as the Secretary for War admits, at least one death. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman stated in the House, on the authority of Sir Evelyn Wood, that all precautions were taken to save fatigue to the Volunteers. But the men tell a different story, and the accounts of their marching and manœuvring hour after hour in the sweltering heat, with the resulting exhaustion and sickness, are far from pleasant reading. As the *Lancet* points out once more, in such an exceptionally hot season as we have just experienced, marches should, as far as is practicable, be undertaken in the early morning or in the evening, and the troops should march in the most open order possible. But the necessity of observing this common-sense rule never begins to make an impression on the military mind until the hot season is finishing, and the mischief has been done.

I understand that it is not correct that Sergeant-Major Kenyon, of Exeter Depot, is actually in possession of the meritorious service medal. He is merely a candidate for that distinction. The opinion, therefore, taken by the higher military authorities as to his claims has yet to be seen. In view, however, of what I have said in another column regarding the Depot Sergeant-Major of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, it is to be presumed that Kenyon will have the medal as a matter of course. By comparison with his comrade at Bodmin, he is indeed an exemplary soldier.

An incident which occurred the other day at a Sergeants' Mess in London throws a useful light on the

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influence wielded by the Sergeant-Major over his comrades. A Mess Meeting was held in the absence of the Sergeant-Major to consider the question of a forthcoming rifle meeting. A Colour-Sergeant took the chair, and stated that the Sergeant-Major would be unable to attend if they went on one particular day. Thereupon, the meeting decided, by eighteen to two, that they would attend on that day. At this moment the Sergeant-Major appeared on the scene. Some one suggested that the vote should now be taken again. This was done, and the meeting forthwith, by fifteen to six, reversed their previous decision, and decided to go on a day when the Sergeant-Major could attend. From this it would seem that the presence of this officer caused twelve men to change their minds.

With regard to the punishment of an N.C.O. at Hamilton Depot, to which reference has been made in the last two numbers of TRUTH, I think it right to say in justice to all parties concerned, that I have received a further communication which puts a different aspect on the offence of the Colour-Sergeant who was punished. I am told that the "few words" which this N.C.O. was having with his wife took the form of a serious assault and that as it occurred at night the incident occasioned a considerable disturbance. How far the lady herself may have been to blame I am not in a position to say; but on such evidence as I have I entirely admit that the Sergeant-Major was right in doing what he did, and I should hesitate to say that the Colonel was wrong in doing what *he* did.

A Devonshire correspondent writes:—

There is no foundation whatever for the announcement, which appears in *Vanity Fair*, that the Government will probably acquire Woodbury Common, between Exmouth and Ottery, "with a view to the extension of the recent manœuvres;" nor is it true that any such purchase has been "strongly recommended" by certain military experts. The whole story is a pure invention. Mr. Mark Rolle has *not* "hitherto resisted parting with the Common for building purposes," no offers of the kind having ever been made to him; nor, as a matter of fact, is Woodbury Common adapted for any such uses.

In view of the approach of the Indian trooping season, I have been asked to impress upon the authorities the desirability of a little more care in regard to the stowage and unloading of officers' baggage. The most serious ground for complaint is in reference to the unloading at Bombay, where it is the custom to pitch packages of every description overboard into barges, with a drop of some 20 ft. An officer tells me—and no one will doubt it—that he has seen strong packages smashed to matchwood under this treatment, and their contents lost or irretrievably injured; but the Government, as is their wont, repudiate all responsibility for losses so incurred. It is also a common complaint that directions as to luggage being placed in cabins are systematically ignored, while, vice versâ, luggage destined for the hold is considerately placed in the happy owner's cabin. Such carelessness may involve indescribable discomfort and misery for the whole period of the voyage, and there cannot be the slightest excuse for it.

Reluctantly, but firmly, I must decline to discuss further the apportionment of blame for the loss of the *Victoria*. I make this public announcement, inasmuch as I am still receiving from different parts of the Empire letters either defending Sir George Tryon or setting forth other novel views in connection with the disaster. I do not question that all these communications are distinguished by marked ability; but the loss of the *Victoria* is now, so far as I am concerned, a matter of ancient history.

A considerable proportion of my weekly correspondence is made up of doleful complaints from parties who have paid fees to employment agencies of one kind or another, and got nothing for their money. No doubt a vast deal of swindling is done under this head, especially on young men (and young women) from the country. In one case that I have lately heard of, a young man in want of a clerkship paid half-crowns to two agencies—one in Holborn and the other in the Strand—and not only got no offer of employment, but was unable to draw any further communication of any kind from the parties who had taken his money. But, unfortunately, not even the most respectable agency can guarantee employment to its patrons, and there are so many of these concerns that it is out of the question for me to attempt an inquiry into their respective merits. The only practical advice I can give to those who have to go to agencies to find employment, is to find out old-established offices which are doing a bonâ-fide business. There are plenty of them.

FROM THE PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS.

'Tis the voice of the Seal,
I can hear it complain—
"They have made regulations
About me again.
The English and Yankee
Have met and agreed
How in future they mean
In my case to proceed.
For weeks, I've been told,
There was learnèd debate,
That the counsel shed tears
As they talked of my fate,
And enlarged on the rules
As to frequent inspection,
By which 'twas declared
I shall now have protection.

"I am bound, though, to add
That I've not, on my part,
Received this 'good news'
With much gladness of heart.
This talk of a close time,
And *how* they can kill me,
Does not with a feeling
Of gratitude fill me;
For I cannot but feel—
And, in fact, most acutely
That all these restrictions,
Laid down so minutely,
Are only intended
In spirit and letter,
To enable the sealers
To skin me the better!"

A British resident in Spain writes to me very strongly on the practice of appointing foreigners to act as British Vice-Consuls in places where there is a British community

many members of which are qualified to fill the post. That this complaint is sound in principle few will venture to deny, and I would respectfully press the principle upon the consideration of our Foreign Secretaries, present and to come. A case in point was a recent appointment at Denia. This post became vacant a few months ago, and was applied for by three members of the English colony; but it was given to a Spanish gentleman related to the previous Vice-Consul. On a question being asked in the House of Commons with reference to the appointment, Sir Edward Grey stated that the new Vice-Consul is a British subject; but I understand that there is no foundation for this statement. The gentleman is a member of an influential Spanish family, and his appointment was no doubt due to the influence of his family, brought to bear through the British Ambassador at Madrid.

It will astonish a good many Englishmen, I imagine, to hear that in India municipal revenues are still raised by octroi duties. The table given below shows the scale on which such taxes are levied at Simla. Why is such a state of things maintained? The rulers of India know, of course, that these duties are bad in theory and odious in practice; but nothing apparently will persuade the Anglo-Indian official that the principles of government accepted by Englishmen at home can have any application to the peoples ruled by Englishmen abroad:—

Schedule of Octroi Duties leviable in the Municipal Town of Simla, sanctioned by notification in Part I. of the Punjab Government *Gazette* of February 12, 1880, and July 18, 1889:—

Articles.	Dues Payable.
Class I.—Articles of Food and Drink for use of Men and Animals.	
Grain of all kinds, and flour	Pies 6 per maund.
Sugar, white loaf or crystallised ...	Re. 1 ,,
Sugar, brown, crystallised	As. 12 ,,
Sugar, raw, gur, shakkar, molasses, and treacle	As. 8 ,,
Sparkling wines	As. 8 per gallon.
Still and plain wines and spirits ...	As. 4 ,,
Beer and porter	As. 2 ,,
Oilman's stores	Rs. 2 per cent.
Potatoes	As. 3 per mule load.
,, ...	As. 1 per cooly load.
Class III.—Articles used for Fuel, Lighting, and for Washing.	
Lamp oil of all kinds, except kerosine	As. 8 per maund.
Class VI.—Tobacco.	
Tobacco, Purbia	Rs. ,,
,, Calcutta	Re. 1 ,,
,, Country	8 ,,
Class VII.—Metals, and Articles made of Metals.	
Iron, manufactured, corrugated sheets, &c.	Re. 1-8 per cent.
1 per cent. on piece goods of all descriptions and textile fabrics.	

The following curious side-light upon Missionary enterprise is supplied to me from the Punjab:—

I notice in your paper a reference to the cost of converting Jews. It reminds me of the cost of converting the heathen in these parts. The Missionaries at Kangra have been at work since 1846, and have converted in that time *one* adult. The Moravian Missionaries at Lahoul have been at work about the same time and have converted one Lahouli and one Ladaki (adults). Of course they do better business with infants, some of whom are voluntarily brought to the mission by their parents, while others are sold in times of scarcity. You will be interested to hear what becomes of them. The children are brought up, of course, in the tenets of Christianity. When they arrive at marriageable age a board forthwith assembles and decides which maiden shall be given to which youth. The marriage is then consummated. Thus more little Christians are bred, just as you would fox hounds or horses, and so the Church of God increases. This is an entirely new view of the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. But why, I would ask, cannot this method of multiplying the saints be practised as well at home as *in partibus infidelium*?

The Canadian snobocracy have discovered what they regard as a serious blot on the escutcheon of the new Governor-General. It has leaked out that Lord Aberdeen is engaged in fruit-growing in British Columbia, and that he is about to establish a factory on his farm for canning fruit, and, Ottawa Society being of a very exclusive character, it is feared that the revolting intelligence may seriously interfere with his lordship's social surroundings. One newspaper which has been sent to me remarks that it will create no great surprise "if Ottawa's select few turn up their noses at Aberdeen because he runs a fruit cannery."

I wonder whether the fanatics who are all for stopping Sunday trade in every shape have ever given any thought to the results to the very poor in weather such as we have just been having. What must be the condition of bread, meat, and vegetables kept in a small sleeping apartment—with probably two or three people in it—through such nights as were experienced last week? A pleasant mode, truly, of preparing food for Sunday's dinner! At the best of times the closing of shops on Sunday is a hardship to those who have no convenient means of storing their food, and it ought to be mitigated by allowing retail traders to do business for an hour or two in the morning whenever they are willing to do so.

A correspondent writes:—

In this last decade of the nineteenth century, a town without either gas or water, and having a Mayor and corporate body together with a population of something like 5,000, is an anomaly not often come across. Yet such a state of affairs prevails at the present time in the ancient borough of Morpeth. The town's water-supply, never up to much at the best, has entirely failed. During the past two weeks the people have been dependent upon a single bore hole in the Market-place, from which the water has had to be pumped and then conveyed in barrels to various parts of the town. At its source the water had a slight taste of iron, but after its journey in the water-carts the taste much resembled that of the water taken for medicinal purposes at renowned watering-places. As it is only with the greatest difficulty that sufficient water can be obtained for purely domestic purposes, one may judge whether or not a bath is a "luxury." To add to the inconvenience, the Gas Company have intimated the fact that, owing to structural alterations at their works, they will be unable to light the streets for at least a month yet.

Notwithstanding the fact that the borough of Morpeth, politically speaking, is all "light and leading," it must be said that, for the nonce, municipal muddlers seem to have turned it into a place of darkness and retrogression.

The Master of the Bridgnorth Workhouse has appealed to the Guardians to relieve him of responsibility in connection with the vagrant wards. He pathetically explained that at present he runs a risk of being tried for manslaughter; for, owing to the inadequate accommo-

Rational Dog Feeding.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, Spratt's Patent, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

The Malvern Hills.—Most delightful of English Watering-places. Air pure, dry, invigorating. Lowest death-rate (certified), pure water, perfect sanitation. Matchless scenery, charming walks and drives, hunting, golf. Frequently visited by Royalty.

dation, he is obliged to put so many tramps in a bed that some of them may be suffocated. A truly Bumble-like solution of the difficulty was suggested by the Rev. G. E. Morris. Why should not the master refuse admission when the house was full? The master protested that he was bound to afford relief, but Mr. Morris's colleagues thought it such a good idea that they instructed a committee "to look up the law." The fact that vagrants turned away from the workhouse would be sent to gaol for sleeping out does not, of course, enter into the consideration of the Guardians. Perhaps the Local Government Board may have something to say on the subject.

An energetic advocate of reform in Folkestone Bumbledom has furnished me with a series of photographs, showing the kind of accommodation that is considered good enough for the casual poor at Elham Workhouse. It is highly probable that if Mr. Fowler had had the advantage of seeing these views of the stable, the dead-house, the pigsty, &c., he would not have felt inclined to accept without further inquiry the statements of the Guardians which were embodied in his reply to Mr. Hogan the other day. Mr. Fowler appeared to be under the impression that vagrants are only sent to the stable in times of exceptional pressure on the wards. As a matter of fact, the stable is occupied by vagrants almost every night; in the day it appears to be given up to a horse. Probably also Mr. Fowler was not aware that this stable has a dead-house adjoining it at one end and a pigsty at the other; that the "specially prepared platforms" on which the men sleep are four pieces of board nailed together, and raised four inches from the ground; and that the "mattresses" are calico bags filled with straw. The platforms and mattresses are a recent introduction, and are only sufficient for twelve men. When that number is exceeded, as it constantly is, the rest have to lie on the bricks.

That such a state of things should be allowed to continue month after month is a disgrace, not only to the Elham Guardians, but to the Local Government Board, whose duty it is to interfere. The officials in Whitehall, however, seem to be completely hoodwinked by the Guardians. When complaint is made of the hardship inflicted upon the poor in having to walk the six miles from Folkestone to the Workhouse, the Guardians reply that they send those who are aged or infirm by train, and in cases of extreme indisposition provide accommodation in the town. This explanation is apparently satisfactory to the Local Government Board. Its real value may be judged from the fact that, as I am credibly informed, out of more than 20,000 casuals dealt with during the last five years, not fifty have received the special treatment on which such stress is laid.

A Carmarthen correspondent has drawn my attention to some interesting figures which show how the Tory Lords-Lieutenant of Wales have packed the Magisterial Bench with men of their own politics. The worst offender appears to be Lord Ormathwaite, in Radnorshire. Of the hundred J.P.'s in that county only three are Liberals. In Monmouthshire the Duke of Beaufort has nominated 163 of his Party friends to the Commission of the Peace, as compared with eleven Liberals. In Brecknockshire, where Sir Joseph Bailey is Lord-Lieutenant, there are 114 Tory and ten Liberal Magistrates, and in Cardiganshire the numbers are 113 and seventeen respectively. The one Liberal Lord-Lieutenant mentioned in the return is Lord Kensington in Pembrokeshire, and even in that county ninety-six Tories have been raised to the Bench as against thirty-eight Liberals. But, of course, this scandalous state of things is not confined to Wales. In practically every county in England the Tories have the same virtual monopoly of the Bench. Thus I find that in Herefordshire there are 208 Tory Magistrates and only seven Liberals; in Shropshire there are four Liberals and 200 Tories; in Hampshire twelve Liberals and 234 Tories; in Nottingham five Liberals and 115 Tories; in Wiltshire sixteen Liberals and 186 Tories; in Kent twenty-four Liberals and 315 Tories—and so the proportion continues throughout the list of counties. It is in face of such figures as these that the Lords-Lieutenant have had the effrontery to tell the public that politics do not influence their appointments.

With the commencement of the Long Vacation the Benchers of the Inner Temple have begun the rebuilding of the old houses in Hare-court. The work is not started a moment too soon, as these old houses are some of those in the Temple to which I recently referred as being almost entirely without any sort of sanitary conveniences.

A Barrister who claims to speak with authority takes exception to the criticism of the Bar Association in TRUTH of the 10th inst. It so happens that I derived my former opinion about the Association from a barrister whom I also regard as a witness of truth. I am consequently not prepared to surrender it offhand. Here, however, is the account of the matter given by Barrister No. 2, and I hope it may be correct, for there can be no doubt that the objects which the Association has in view are of the best:—

> The Bar Association is in no way a rival of the Bar Committee, but stands in relation to that body in much the same position as the Reform League did to the unreformed House of Commons. It is an Association directed to the development of the Bar Committee, by increasing its powers, its representative character, and its machinery. Several members of that Committee are supporters of the Association because they believe that the former is a valuable instrument, and is capable of being greatly improved. Nearly all the leading Seniors and Juniors of the Common Law side have promised to support the Association, but the members of the Chancery Division have not yet been canvassed.

Doubtless many of my readers will recollect a libel action which was brought against me some years ago by Mr. Lewis Simmonds, who came out of the case second

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SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

best. The following extract from the report of a public examination in the Croydon Bankruptcy court last week will probably be found of interest :—

William Henry Longuehaye stated that in 1888 he borrowed of a Mr. Lewis Simmonds £200 on a bill of sale. The agreed rate of interest was 40 per cent. per annum. The capital was to remain. In the first two years he paid £160 interest, and in the next fifteen months £177, which included interest and law charges.

Mr. Registrar Fox : Then you paid back £337 ?

The Debtor : I should say more.

The Registrar : At all events, deducting £50 for which you were security for your brother, you paid back the amount of the capital and £87 besides, yet Mr. Simmonds, who is the petitioning creditor, says that £250 is still owing. You paid £287, and then there was a judgment for £469, which makes £756 total of the debt unpaid. The £200 loan has grown into £806, of which a sum of £200 is returned as "secured." I like to get to the bottom of these things, as some day there may be an application to prosecute in one of these cases.

Mr. D. E. Williams, the Cefn Magistrate whose action in regard to public-house licences has been the subject of some questions in Parliament, has been interviewed by the *Western Mail*. He stated that he had never granted a new licence, and never would, and that he would never sanction the transfer of a licence to a woman. With all respect to Mr. Williams's views, this declaration seems to me tantamount to a refusal to exercise the discretion with which the Legislature has invested him. The duty of a Magistrate in regard to licences is to hear and dispose of each application on its merits, just as he would any criminal charge brought before him. If, owing to the views which he has conscientiously formed, he says, "I will never grant any application for a new licence, no matter what grounds are assigned for it;" or, "I will never grant a licence to a woman," he is in precisely the same position as if he said (on conscientious grounds), "I will never grant a summons against a Roman Catholic," or, "I will never convict a teetotaller of larceny." A Magistrate has the same freedom as any one else to form and express his opinions; but clearly, if he holds views which prevent him discharging Magisterial duties as they were intended to be discharged, he is bound to resign his office.

Where this Mr. Williams got the idea that women are necessarily unfit to carry on the business of licensed victuallers I do not know; but it is an error which could only be made by one with little experience of the insides of public-houses. Not long since, I read some of the most sensible remarks on public-house management that I have ever come across, in a letter addressed to me by a lady publican, who herself hailed from the Principality. Some portions of it I published in TRUTH, thinking that it contained useful reading for some of the less level-headed apostles of temperance. I have no doubt that this Madame Boniface has done more for the cause of temperance in her neighbourhood than many rabid propagandists. On my own experience, I can assert that some of the best-managed and most comfortable inns in England are owned by women. Still more true is this of France, where one sees everywhere the landlord occupying a back seat, while his wife manages the house. Only a theorist devoid of all practical knowledge of the subject would pledge himself never to grant a licence to a woman.

Apropos to a recent reference in TRUTH to the amount of perjury in Birmingham law courts, a correspondent gives me his experience of a very similar state of things at Manchester, more especially on judgment summonses against County Court debtors. The following evidence might with advantage be submitted to the House of Lords Committee on the Debtors Act :—

In this town solicitors' clerks, boys of 18 or 19, are sent to conduct cases, and I have frequently myself heard them giving evidence as to the debtor's means, and asking for committal orders. An order of this kind usually means that the debtor's friends must find the money or off to prison he goes. . . . If the debtor is decently dressed and has a few friends who for old acquaintance' sake offer him little kindnesses, ask him to dinner, take him for a ride, or give him a cigar, the lawyer's task is an easy one. He has only to swear that he has seen any little circumstance of this kind, and forthwith the order is granted. I have known such orders made on evidence of this nature, where the debtor was utterly impecunious, and both the creditors and the solicitor knew him to be so.

Last week a schoolmaster named Cope was summoned at Rugby Petty Sessions for assaulting a little girl nine years old. He caned the child because she did not pay attention to her work, and the severity of the punishment was demonstrated by four black bruises on her shoulder and two on her arm. His defence was that he only gave her "an ordinary caning." The Bench expressed the opinion, in which most people will concur, that he "went too far," but, nevertheless, they dismissed the summons on payment of the costs. Why the Bench should have stultified themselves in this way it is difficult to understand; for, as the defendant "went too far," he ought to have been convicted. For the sake of his pupils, however, it is to be hoped that he will be sufficiently warned by the case to moderate the vigour of his "ordinary caning."

A well-informed correspondent has written me in reference to two Torquay cases—one of begging, the other of cruelty to a horse—which appeared in my "Pillory" a fortnight ago. He points out that Torquay, like other towns having a large number of villa residents, is one of the happy hunting-grounds of the professional tramp; in fact, he has become such a nuisance that a Mendicity Society has been established for his suppression. With this object, residents and shopkeepers are supplied with the Society's tickets, one of which entitles a beggar or tramp to a loaf of bread, while, if the case seems a deserving one, further assistance is given. Such a system being in operation, there is no excuse for mendicants waylaying people and extorting alms, and I readily admit that it is the duty of the Magistrates to punish those who so offend. As to the other case which was pilloried, I am glad to learn that the Torquay Bench do not generally err on the side of leniency in regard to charges of cruelty to animals, and that it is their almost invariable practice to inflict imprisonment for the ill-treatment of women, unless there are very strong extenuating circumstances. If they will continue to act upon the excellent principles set forth by my correspondent, the Torquay J.P.s will be in little danger of an appearance in the Pillory

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The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Without exhibiting any features of exceptional interest, it presents the customary instructive contrast between the lenity of the treatment accorded to defendants guilty of savage and blackguardly assaults on men, women, and children, or atrocious cruelty to dumb animals, and the unbending severity with which the Great Unpaid continue to visit orchard robberies and other petty larcenies and acts of vagrancy. In consequence of the tropical heat an unusual number of homeless and penniless wanderers have preferred to spend the night in the open air rather than in the stuffy casual wards. This is a very natural preference, but a monstrous law makes "sleeping out" a crime, which muddy-minded Magistrates delight to punish with hard labour. The folly and harshness of the law and of those who administer it have surely never been better illustrated than at Colchester, where a man who had sought a cool bed in a ditch was committed to prison for fourteen days:—

Willenhall Police-court. Before Messrs. Josiah Tildesley and J. T. Hartell. Joseph Wright, convicted of assaulting his wife by striking and kicking her. The Bench thought it a serious assault. Fined 20s. and costs.

Willenhall Police-court. Before the same Bench. James Legge, charged with vagrancy. Committed for 21 days in default of paying 20s. and costs.

Colchester Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Buck, C. H. T. Marshall, G. Moore, E. Worts, and J. B. Daniell. Henry Osborne Langley, charged with having assaulted his wife. He was under recognisances at the time. Ordered to find further sureties to keep the peace; in default one month.

Colchester Police-court. Before the same Bench. William Fisk, charged with sleeping in a ditch and being without visible means of subsistence. Committed for fourteen days in default of payment of a fine and costs.

Aldershot Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. F. H. Fitzroy, H. Foard Harris, and Major Newcombe. Horace Bedford, soldier, charged with indecent conduct with Jane Hill. Fined 21s.

Aldershot Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Jane Hill charged with indecent conduct with Horace Bedford. Six weeks.

Bootle Police-court. Before Messrs. T. A. Mack and J. P. M'Arthur. William Aynsley, charged with assaulting Mary Spiers. She was thrown down, striking her head against the pavement, and savagely beaten about the head and face, becoming insensible. Fined 20s. and costs.

Ilkeston Petty Sessions. Before Alderman W. Tatham and Mr. J. Ball. George Antliffe, charged with stealing peas and flowers from a garden. Twenty-one days.

Campden Petty Sessions. Before Canon Bourne, Mr. T. S. Shekell, and Mr. R. N. Chadwick. Frederick Herbert, a tradesman, charged with assaulting two little girls. He gave them a penny each "not to tell." Fined £2. 10s. in each case.

Ross Police-court. Before the Rev. E. B. Hawkshaw, Captain E. M. Allen, Mr. H. C. Moffat, and Dr. Strong. Frederick Healy, George Guy, and Frederick Hoare, charged with stealing apples from an orchard. Three weeks each without the option of a fine.

Bullingdon Petty Sessions. George Thorne, of High Wycombe, charged with cruelty to a horse. He beat the horse over the head and neck with an iron bar, and then knelt on its head till it was dead. A veterinary surgeon said the torture inflicted must have been very great. Fined £1, and £2 costs. Allowed a month to pay.

Bath City Police-court. Benjamin Bullock, pauper, charged with misbehaviour by climbing over the boundary wall of the workhouse; also with taking a quart of beer into the workhouse premises. Seven days.

Warrington Police-court. Before Messrs. John Fairclough, J. Geddes, and Councillor Fleming. John Allen, convicted of assaulting his wife, whom he struck in the eye, knocked down, and kicked. Ordered to pay costs and bound over.

Stone Police-court. Before Messrs. J. G. Child and G. Wedgwood. James Holding and Samuel Timmis, bootmen, charged with stealing a quantity of fruit from a garden. Fourteen days.

Herefordshire Cider & Perry, six distinct varieties. Gold Medal, Paris, 1888. The Bishop of Ely writes, 1892, "Your Cider & Perry are excellent." List from H. P. Bulmer & Co., Rylands, Hereford.

Wantage Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Colebrooke Carter and Mr. J. J. Eyston. Jonathan Tame, charged with cruelty to a mare, by withholding proper and sufficient food from July 14 to August 14. Fined £2. 6s.

Warwick Police-court. Before Alderman Stanton and Mr. W. Coltart. John Newton, charged with stealing 2 oz. of tobacco. Fourteen days.

Leek Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Robinson, W. S. Brough, A. Nicholson, H. Davenport, and Colonel Phillips. Alfred Fisher, charged with assaulting John Lindop, and John Brunt, charged with aiding and abetting. Fisher knocked Lindop down and then kicked him, breaking his arm in two places. Brunt egged him on. Fisher fined £5, Brunt 50s.

Smethwick Police-court. Joseph Henry Dabman, aged 15, charged with loitering with intent to commit a felony. The only evidence against the prisoner was that he walked down the street with two other youths at 12.40 a.m., and that they ran away when they saw two policemen. Fourteen days.

Paisley Sheriff-court. Before Hon. Sheriff Caldwell. David M'Killop, convicted of assaulting his wife by cutting her on the hand, beating her with his fists, and kicking her. Fined 20s.

Axbridge Police-court. Before the Rev. J. A. Yatman, Messrs. C. L. F. Edwards and C. J. Simmons. James Holbrook, George Norris, and William Rex, colliers, charged with poaching. Two months each.

Lisburn Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. T. Stannus, T. Dunlop Gibson, R.M., and J. Crossin. Mary Jane M'Kee charged with stealing a pint of whisky. One month.

Larne Police-court. Before Mr. David Nelson. Eliza Scott charged with vagrancy. One month.

East Harling Petty Sessions. Before Sir G. C. Nugent, Bart., Major Keppel, and other Magistrates. Thurston Gower and Harry Gower, charged with sleeping in a loft. One month.

Lynn Police-court. Before the Mayor. John Spencer, charged with sleeping out under a boat in the market-place. Fourteen days.

I am curious to learn the precise extent of the ill-usage which a wife must undergo before she can obtain a judicial separation at the Thames Police-court. Last week a brute named Edwards was convicted of assaulting his wife. It was proved that he struck her a blow in the eye, forced her against a wall, and punched her in the side with such violence that she became insensible and was removed to the London Hospital. Ten days afterwards she still suffered great pain and could scarcely walk. It was further stated that the defendant had previously assaulted the woman, that less than a fortnight before he had been bound over to keep the peace towards her, and that for upwards of two years she had had to maintain him and their children because he would not work. Mr. Mead correctly characterised the assault as a bad one and passed a well-deserved sentence of six weeks' hard labour; but at the same time declared that the case was "not sufficiently strong" to enable him to grant a separation. Truly a choice exposition of Magisterial inconsistency and injustice! It simply means that the unfortunate Mrs. Edwards must submit to another savage attack, and, perhaps, be carried again to the hospital, in order to secure legal protection from her amiable spouse.

It is always gratifying to see a stand made against Magisterial impertinence. At Poole Police-court last week a man was summoned for being drunk and disorderly, and Mr. Budge, solicitor, appeared for the defence. This was indicated in the ordinary way, but the information did not satisfy Mr. Norton, J.P., and he asked Mr. Budge whether he was representing the Licensed Victuallers' Association. Mr. Budge replied that he appeared for the defendant. Thereupon Mr. Norton turned to the defendant, and inquired whether he had retained Mr. Budge. As a matter of fact, the defendant

nd retained Mr. Budge. But the Magistrate's question, fter he had received one assurance on the point, was rossly improper and offensive, to say nothing of the rejudice in regard to such cases which it revealed. I am leased, therefore, to notice that Mr. Budge did not allow he incident to pass until he had entered a strong protest, nd told Mr. Norton that a more impudent question was ever put from the Bench.

As a tribunal for the perpetration of injustice, a Royal rish Constabulary Court of Inquiry seems fully equal o the average Court-martial. Such a Court, consisting f two District-Inspectors, was recently held at Taghmon, Wexford, to investigate a charge against Sergeant W. J. Byrne of having written three letters "to the prejudice f morality and the discipline of the force." It was lleged that the letters were addressed to Maggie Ennis, servant in the employment of Mr. J. Joyce, Clerk of he Petty Sessions, and an ex-Head Constable, and that hey were found in the girl's bedroom. Mr. Joyce leposed that the letters, which were signed "W.," struck him" as being in Byrne's handwriting, and two olice officers "believed" they were. This was practically ll the evidence—if it can be called evidence—in support f the charge.

The Court declined to allow the accused to be examined, ut he handed in a written statement declaring that the etters were forgeries, got up to ruin him, and the girl Ennis was called, and positively denied that she had ever eceived the letters, or that there had ever been any mproper relations between her and the Sergeant. She sserted, moreover, that Joyce had asked her to make an ppointment with Byrne, so that he could be watched; nd the girl's mother said Joyce told her "he would do is best on Byrne." Incredible as it may appear, the esult of these proceedings is Sergeant Byrne's dismissal rom the force, in which he has served for twenty-three years. As a Wexford correspondent puts it, if men are to be discharged on mere suspicion or on the "belief" of unskilled witnesses as to handwriting, nobody in the Service can be safe.

Judging from what took place at the meeting of the Glossop Watch Committee last week, that body itself needs to be closely watched. The Chief Constable submitted a report by one of his sergeants of a disturbance at an hotel in which the Chairman of the Committee (Captain Partington, J.P.), the Chairman of the Guardians, and other "gentlemen of the borough" were implicated. It was very much like an ordinary tavern row, most of those concerned being "far gone in drink," and the police being "pushed in all directions." Captain Partington's share in the affair was indicated by the statement that he "got hold of Goddard by the front and tie, and they began pulling each other about." If the offending parties had been working men the Chief Constable would, of course, have taken proceedings against them on his own responsibility. As they were not, he brought the matter before the Watch Committee—Captain Partington presiding. The Committee disposed of it by resolving that the report lie upon the table, and the Captain facetiously observed that it would do "to be read that day twelve months." This airy method of dealing with the business may suit Captain Partington and the select circle of the "gentlemen of the borough," but it is hardly likely to satisfy the rest of the inhabitants.

In regard to Angus Maclean and his "British and Foreign Association," I have received since my last reference to the matter letters from the following gentlemen advertised as "Honorary Members":—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Sydney F. Hoffnung, the Hon. Horace Hobart Hampden, Professor Alleyne Nicholson, and M. Paul Blouët. What all these gentlemen say amounts to this; that they have either no recollection of ever having subscribed to Maclean's Association, or that having been induced to subscribe years ago, they had forgotten its existence, and supposed, the journal having ceased to appear, that it was defunct. They now authorise me to say that they are no longer connected with Maclean, and that he has no authority to make use of their names. Should Maclean hereafter venture to issue any of his old circulars he will now have to eliminate the greater number of his former patrons. The "British and Foreign Association" has, in fact, ceased to exist, and any further attempt to obtain money in its name should be promptly made the subject of criminal proceedings.

My attention has been called to a very curious fact. Hobbs, the friend of Jabez Balfour in his prosperity, and now, in his adversity, the intimate of her Majesty's prison officials, was, like his patron, a very pious man. Among other good deeds, he gave a peal of bells to a Congregational Church in Croydon. These used to play with remarkable accuracy and precision. Strange to say, since Mr. Hobbs found himself in the dock, they have gone utterly wrong, and, in spite of all efforts, remain so to this day. I commend the matter to the attention of the society relating to spooks.

Mrs. George Hewson, of Ennismore, Listowel, is collecting in this country money and gifts in kind on behalf of distressed Irish ladies and children of the landlord class. To this there can be no objection whatever. But Mrs. Hewson also posts with her circulars tickets for a lottery which she is promoting "for one sad case." To this there is every objection. Lotteries are illegal in this country. The gambling instinct consequently cannot be invoked for the benefit of distressed English or Scotch women and their children (of whom there are quite enough), and it is a monstrous thing that distressed Irish people should have this advantage over distressed English and Scotch people.

I gather from the form of Mrs. Hewson's letter, which is a printed circular, with the names of Mrs. George Hewson and the lady to whom it is addressed written in, that this is in reality a circular, issued by some association, which

In preparation for the approaching sporting season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

benevolent ladies undertake to send out with their names upon it. In that case doubtless large numbers have been received in this country, and the recipients would do well to bear in mind that they are not, as they purport to be, isolated appeals from the individuals whose names appear on them, but part of an effort to raise money which is being engineered on a large scale.

By the way, I regret to see that the lottery for the benefit of the Church of SS. Augustine and John, Dublin, to which I have several times referred, is still being advertised by circulars in England and Wales. It is by no means creditable to those engaged in charity and Church work in Ireland that they should have recourse to methods which reduce them to the level of the touting, and often disreputable, agents of Continental lotteries.

I print the letter which appears below for the instruction and amusement of my lady readers. The postscript in particular affords striking evidence of what our domestic servants are coming to. It is only a short step from this to being asked to forward testimonials to character from your former servants:—

Cornwall, August 10.

Madam, I heard from Mrs. —— that you are in want of a nurse. I write to ask how many children you have, and what wages you give, and if you have your nursery waited on, and what you wish your nurse to do. I lived in my last place nine years; I left as I wanted a change. I have been taking £26 a year with all found. With my last baby I had the nursery waited on; before that I had a nursery-maid. If you think I shall suit you I shall be glad to hear from you soon.—I remain, Madam, yours obediently, Mary ——.

P.S.—How long did your last nurse live with you, and why did she leave?

My appeal for information as to the length to which ladies' back hair has been known to run has brought me evidence of one authentic case which completely eclipses the record of the friend of my friend at the Reform Club. In this instance the lady's hair measures 7 ft. 4 in. The fact is authenticated in the most satisfactory way by the certificate of a gentleman at Richmond, who is, I see, privileged by special appointment to dress several of the Crowned Heads of Europe. I do not know whether the lady in question is altogether to be envied, for two yards and a half of back hair must be a somewhat embarrassing adornment. Nature is, indeed, most capricious in the distribution of her favours; for, while this lady would, perhaps, gladly spare a few feet of her tresses, I happen to know several who are put to considerable expense in order to supply their deficiencies in this direction.

People who imagine that the age of serfdom is gone should study a copy of an agreement between a Wiltshire farmer and a labourer which has been published in *Land and Labour*. The labourer is engaged to serve for one year "more particularly in the capacity of cowman, but also in any work that may be required of him;" and he is to be "always at his work, at all hours and times required by the master or his agent." The labourer may thus be called upon to work eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, and the agreement provides that twopence may be deducted from his wages for every fifteen minutes that he absents himself by being late in the morning or otherwise. It is also set forth that he is to milk not less than ten cows at a milking, and that if any cow be found to be only partially milked a fine of half-a-crown may be imposed. For fulfilling these and other conditions, such as abstaining from the use of profane language—which this kind of servitude would be apt to provoke—he is to be remunerated at the handsome rate of seven shillings per week for the first half of the term and eight shillings for the second. Yet there are people who wonder why Hodge is discontented with his lot!

Concerning "Silly Season" Correspondence.

O Editors! d'you think it meet
To mark the Silly Season
By a negation so complete
Of common-sense and reason?
D'you think it wise, amidst this heat,
Suggestive of the Tropics,
Your brains to rack to find a pack
Of Silly Season topics?

Most subjects may, 'tis true, possess
A faddy or a "viewy" side,
But is it worthy of the Press
To make a jest of suicide?
The things most valued by our race
To flippantly disparage?
And, just to cheaply fill up space,
To make a mock of marriage?

Is it discreet to columns fill
With correspondents' vapouring?
To give a page to make a stage
For 'Arry's brainless capering?
To air the silliest conceits
That ever pleased the gapers?
And day by day, to make them pay,
To prostitute your papers?

No, no, if "copy" 'tis you lack
When London's season dwindles,
Are there no rogues you can attack,
No gross and open swindles?
Can you not seize the chance to make
Some effort philanthropic?
And end, for journalism's sake,
The "Silly Season Topic"?

I have received a good deal of correspondence with reference to recent remarks in Truth on the patent-medicine tax. No one, so far as I can see, can produce an intelligible argument in favour of the tax, while the objections to it are legion. I have much pleasure, therefore, in again recommending this impost to Sir William Harcourt for summary execution in his next Budget. The duty is theoretically unsound, as being an indirect tax on articles, many of which may be classed as necessaries. In practice, it is open to the further objection that the Government stamp, by which the duty is collected, creates in the minds of the ignorant the impression that the articles so distinguished are in some way approved by Government. There is no such tax at present in force, so far as I can learn, in any other civilised country, and the Americans, who formerly enforced one like it, have given it up. The only possible

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar has for over half a century sustained its high reputation as an indispensable toilet requisite. Delightfully cooling to the skin.—96, Strand; 180, Regent-st.; 64, Cheapside.

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

reason for maintaining it is the difficulty of supplying its place, and to a Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer that ought to be no reason at all, so long as the burden of taxation stands, as it does, in need of readjustment all round.

Unless we are to ignore every principle of Christianity of civilisation, and of justice, the Imperial Government must keep an eye on that speculating buccaneer, Mr. Cecil Rhodes. He managed to get a mining concession from Lobengula. This he converted, by the connivance of the Imperial Government, into a charter giving him a sort of lordship over Mashonaland and Matabeleland, the consideration being that he should make two Dukes life Directors of his Company. What he proposes now is set forth in a letter from the *Times* correspondent at Cape Town. It would seem that the fact of the existence of Lobengula is exercising a deterrent influence on speculators, and only Mr. Rhodes' friends are prospecting for mines, whilst there is a "conviction that within the zone hitherto reserved by Lobengula from the free observation of prospecting parties, important gold-bearing reefs and alluvial deposits exist." Lobengula and his people are, therefore, to be treated in the following way:—One thousand sharpshooters, armed with magazine rifles and having with them several machine-guns, are to be turned loose. In such a campaign, observes the correspondent, our losses would be nil; for we should "keep to the open country, and constantly harass the enemy by repeated attacks, and delivery of well-directed volleys, always keeping beyond the range of assegais." The operation, it is estimated, would cost about half a million, and owing to the rich gold deposits, it would probably prove highly remunerative.

In plain language, the meaning of all this is, that Lobengula owns a gold-bearing country, and objects to our taking the gold. Therefore he and his people are to be shot down, when we shall be able to loot the gold. The correspondent, however, explains that the Matabeles are to be killed, because it is monstrous that any Mashonas in the employ of our missionaries in Mashonaland are to incur the risk of being shot by Lobengula's Impis.

To me, the worst feature in our South African buccaneering is the hideous hyprocrisy beneath which we veil our greed for gold. It is like Mr. Jabez Balfour appealing to Heaven to witness the philanthropy that actuated him when engaged in financing. The South Africa Chartered Company is one of the worst Companies—in its financing aspect—that ever existed. It ought never to have obtained a Royal Charter. It, unfortunately, did so, and, as we have by granting it accepted responsibilities, the least thing that we can do is to take care that a gang of financiers do not murder thousands of Matabeles, living under their King, in order that the gang may get hold of some gold reefs, and bring them out as rotten Companies.

FIELALBO.—Cleans buff gloves, belts, liveries, girths, shoes, &c. Perfectly white. Guaranteed not to rub off. Supersedes pipeclay.—FIELALBO Co., 31, Francis-street, Woolwich. Sample free.

The plan of campaign of the Unionists is now openly avowed. In their contention that the Home Rule Bill was so complicated, and involved so many issues of detail, that an entire session ought to be devoted to it, there was, I admit, some force. But they now go further, and announce that, so soon as the Lords have thrown out the Bill, the House of Commons is *functus officio*, and that consequently they will do all in their power to prevent legislation, good, bad, or indifferent, in order to force an immediate appeal to the constituencies. This practically means that the House of Lords, in which there is a permanent Tory majority, may, by its action, oblige a Liberal Government, supported by a Liberal majority in the Commons, to dissolve Parliament, whenever the moment seems opportune to the Tory Party. Such a pretension cannot be entertained for a moment. But if the Tory party has the courage of its opinions, it ought to insist upon the Lords throwing out every Bill sent up to it by a House of Commons that it has condemned to dissolution. If the Lords will do this, I for one, shall not regret it, as it will be, not one nail, but the last nail, that is required to close the coffin which will be the last home of that Hereditary Legislative Chamber.

That the Home Rule Bill will be carried in the Commons and thrown out in the Lords is admitted. What then? It is clear that, as the bold policy of creating Peers in order to overcome the resistance of the Lords will not be adopted, the issue will be thrown back upon the electorate. But this will not be the only issue at the General Election. Assuming that the decision is for us, will the Lords accept it, or will they say, as now, that, owing to the many issues submitted, the elections, although in our favour, were not distinctly in favour of Home Rule? If so, how is the question to be decided? Are we for ever to pass Home Rule Bills and to see them thrown out by the Lords?

Of course, were the country practically united for Home Rule, the Lords would have to yield. But this is not the case at present, and, looking to probabilities, it is not likely to be the case at the next General Election. For this there are several reasons. The electoral man is a selfish animal. It is almost impossible to arouse enthusiasm in constituencies for what concerns others, and not themselves. Many, to their credit be it said, would give Home Rule to Ireland as a matter of abstract justice. Many deem that the country would collectively be benefited by placing the relations between the two islands upon a basis acceptable to Ireland. Many would wish the question to be settled in order to afford time for British legislation. Nevertheless, the result of the last election showed that there were more in Great Britain against Home Rule than for it; and I cannot help thinking that the plea that the voice of Great Britain should be potent in such an organic change in our Constitution as is involved in Home Rule will exercise a very powerful effect on the British electorate; that, in fact, the merits of the change will be merged in the question whether any change ought to take place without the assent of Great Britain.

This is why I so greatly deplore the Bill not granting immediate and full Home Rule, instead of reserving the main essential of Home Rule to the Imperial Parliament for a term of years. We thus deprive ourselves of the advantage of that craving for finality which secured us many votes at the last Election. A Home Rule Act, which renders it probable that during a term of years the Imperial Parliament will not be much more free to devote its time to British legislation than it is now, cannot create any great enthusiasm amongst those who would grant self-government to Ireland in order to ensure a clear field for domestic legislation in Great Britain.

I sincerely hope that the next General Election will result in an overwhelming majority for Home Rule. But it is obvious that, as sensible men, we must contemplate the possibility of the reverse happening. To take for granted that what we wish must occur is only worthy of fools. What, then, ought to be done? We ought to declare at once for Home Rule all round, and go to the Election with this cry.

In Ireland, Home Rule is a more pressing and immediate necessity than in the other parts of the United Kingdom, and whilst we should be prepared to grant self-government to Ireland, even if it be not desired by England, Scotland, and Wales, yet we ought to make it clear that our aim is to have four local Parliaments, with one Parliament sitting at Westminster, and limiting its functions to Imperial matters. Should we win the Election—as I believe that we should with this programme—it ought to be understood that we should proceed at once to give effect to it.

Nothing is more easy than to point to difficulties of detail in giving self-government to one portion alone of the United Kingdom, and retaining the other portions under an Imperial Parliament, which would be charged with all local affairs except those of Ireland, and also with many Irish local affairs, and in which the Irish would sit and vote on British local affairs. On the other hand, these difficulties would disappear were each component portion of the United Kingdom to have its own local Parliament. *Mutatis mutandis*, we might adopt the Federal system of the United States. The local Parliaments, like the State Legislatures in America, would be absolute masters in regard to all local matters within their respective areas. The Imperial Parliament would be absolute master within the matters reserved to it. There would be a Judicial Court pronouncing between the Imperial and the local Parliaments, should any conflict of interpretation arise. To say that such a system would disintegrate the Empire would be absurd; for experience has shown in America that, far from exercising a disintegrating influence, it unites an Empire. For my part, I should not object to the American "Referendum," were any change in this Constitution proposed.

What is our present position? We have an Upper House, which has become Tory in the party sense of the word, and the membership of which is utterly at variance with the most elementary ideas of democracy. We have a House of Commons that is so overcharged with work that business can almost be brought to a standstill by insisting that everything submitted to it shall be properly done. Our political Constitution, indeed, is little better than a pernicious farce; it has outlived its time. Instead of lauding this Constitution, we ought to laud our own excellences as a nation, because we somehow manage to get on under it.

I am a local optionist, but what can be more ridiculous than that the vexed liquor question in England should be solved by Irish votes; that England should impose upon Scotland an Established Church, although not one Englishman in ten thousand knows what this Established Church is; and on Wales an Established Church, to which the vast majority of Welshmen are bitterly antagonistic? Absurdities such as these might be multiplied by the thousand. And when we know that they might all be rendered impossible by a little boldness and common-sense, I refuse to believe that my country men are not prepared to deal with them in accordance with common-sense.

Our mania for long was to find stability in a system of government in which the monarchical, the aristocratic, and the popular elements balanced each other. The two first, however, have ceased to be ruling factors. The monarch is *nominis umbra*. The aristocracy is no longer powerful, as it was when its members were great territorial magnates, with a right derived from birth to a place in the councils of the nation. With few exceptions their wealth has disappeared, they are not even locally important, and their Legislative House has to be recruited from brewers who have pocketed millions by converting their breweries into some more or less rotten Company, from financiers who have financed themselves into wealth, and from Parliamentarians more painstaking than distinguished. Democracy has swallowed up its two opponents, and out of Democracy we must evolve the balance.

This can only be done by drawing a line between what is Imperial and what is local. We must educate all into being citizens of the whole country by making them citizens of parts of the country. The edifice should be built up from the village—the villager master of all village affairs, the inhabitant of a county master of all county affairs, the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, and the Welshman master of the respective affairs of each of these national divisions, whilst the Imperial Council of the nation should be the crowning of the capital. To me it is a matter of surprise that Conservatives do not perceive how stable a political edifice would thus be reared, and that Radicals do not perceive that centralisation makes men rather machines than self-governing citizens.

Hereford is a straw, but straws show which way the wind blows. I never regard it as wise to blink facts. A fool's paradise is, to my thinking, the very worst of

habitations. The Liberal Party has been in power for a year, and it certainly has not confirmed its position in the country. Why is this? At the commencement of the Session it brought in a vast number of Bills, without apparently considering that with Home Rule to be carried there could not be time to pass the major portion of them. As a matter of tactics I thought this a mistake, for it excited false hopes amongst those who do not know the time difficulty of passing many Bills in a Session. The payment of members might have been secured by provision being made for it in the Budget. This would have been a Radical bird in the hand. But the Radicals were told that, whilst they might, if they pleased, have a proviso inserted in the Budget securing payment to those Members who were without private means, payment to all could not be granted. The Radicals declined what they considered would make an invidious distinction amongst members. But why were they given the choice between this invidious distinction or nothing?

A resolution was carried affirming that County Magistrates ought to be appointed irrespective of the so-called right of the Lords-Lieutenant to select them. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster acted on this resolution. The Lord Chancellor has not given full effect to it, but appears to think that Lords-Lieutenant are sacred beings, whose likes and dislikes ought to be respected in regard to magisterial appointments.

In our foreign relations, we have taken no step to carry out the assurances given by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley before the General Election in respect to our position in Egypt, whilst we have assumed responsibilities in Uganda against the possibility of which we protested when the Conservatives were in power. Finally, we have a Home Rule Bill which withdraws from the Irish Legislature for a term of years the most essential elements of Home Rule, and leaves these to be discussed during this term *ad nauseam* by the Imperial Parliament. The Bill of 1886, which gave form to the views of Mr. Gladstone, has thus been whittled down. Why? This has not lessened the opposition of those opposed to Home Rule, whilst it has diminished the enthusiasm of those who hoped for a full and final settlement of the question.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. If we have not improved our position, but rather the reverse, our tactics have been bad, if our principles have been sound; and as it is in battles, so it is in politics—a good cause without good tactics goes to the wall. We must amend our tactics next Session if we are to regain the lost ground. Instead of trying to drive a dozen omnibuses through Temple Bar, we must bring in our Bills one after the other, and doggedly stick to each Bill until it goes up to the Lords. The Session ought to last eight months; allow three for Estimates, Budget, and current business, there would remain five for Bills. One month would suffice for fair and full discussion of each Bill. If we are able to send up to the Lords five important Bills, giving legislative effect to the Newcastle Programme, we should, I am convinced, be in a position to face a General Election without fear for the result. The Bills, however, must be no half-measures, but Radical to the core. If the Lords seek to amend them, we must accept none of their whittling-down amendments, but throw on the Lords the responsibility of having hindered the Bills becoming law.

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SCRUTATOR.

"TAKASHIMA'S SWEETHEART."

READERS of TRUTH will be glad to hear that the article which I published under the above head last week has not been written in vain. After its appearance, I received a visit from a legal gentleman representing the Japanese Legation, who informed me that the Minister, Viscount Kawase, having seen the article, and thereby for the first time become really aware of the facts, was most anxious that justice should be done in the matter. As regards my suggestion that the Minister's protection should be withdrawn, and Takashima be handed over to the English law, it was pointed out that even if this were done, and an order made against Takashima for the maintenance of the child, it would be impossible to prevent the man defeating the ends of justice by returning to Japan. The force of this I, of course, recognise. To avoid such a result, Viscount Kawase proposes, in a most generous manner, to himself offer "Helena D." some reparation for the wrong that has been done her. The precise form that this reparation shall take remains to be determined by further negotiation. In the meantime, however, I think it right to make the position of affairs public, in order to show the very prompt and liberal manner in which the case has been taken up at the Japanese Legation. By next week I shall hope to be able to report that Takashima's sweetheart is out of her troubles—so far as, in the nature of the case, it is possible that she should be.

THE SCANDAL AT BODMIN DEPOT.

The case against Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson, to which several allusions have been made in TRUTH, has ended for the present in the prisoner being reduced to the rank of Corporal. The circumstances, however, out of which this particular charge arose ought not to be lost sight of at this point. Two charges were preferred against Wilson of "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." They were founded on a letter addressed by him to the Officer Commanding the Depot on July 10. The first charge was that in this letter he "improperly accused Sergeant-Major John Johnstone, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, of continued robbery of the Sergeants' Mess, whereas the irregularities connected therewith as regards the above Warrant Officer, after having been made the subject of a Court of Inquiry, had been formally disposed of by superior authority." The second was that in the same letter he used the following "disrespectful

and highly improper language towards Captain and Adjutant Ralph James Wilbraham: 'The Sergeant-Major has been satisfying the vindictive spirit of the Adjutant.'" As already mentioned in TRUTH, the Court found the prisoner guilty on both charges. On such reports of the evidence as I have yet seen, the finding is most difficult to understand, and I am glad to hear that it is to be appealed against. I do not propose, however, to discuss here the merits of the verdict or of the sentence, for my view is that the trial was a farce, and, under the circumstances of the case, was bound to be a farce. On this point the reader will be in a better position to form an opinion when I have stated more in detail what those circumstances were.

Wilson has been in hot water more or less continuously since the early part of this year, when an allusion was incidentally made to his case in the article in which I first endeavoured to point out the worst shortcomings of Depot management. The Court of Inquiry, which is referred to above as having disposed of the imputations on the Sergeant-Major, arose out of charges then preferred by Wilson in a letter to the General Officer Commanding the Western District. Wilson took the irregular step of addressing the General, on the ground that the representations which he made to the Commanding Officer of the Depot were abortive. He was, in the first instance, placed under arrest for the technical offence of making a representation to the General otherwise than through the authorised channel. The Court of Inquiry, however, which resulted from his allegations, found that everything was practically as he had stated it. A more disgraceful catalogue of scandals could hardly be imagined. The Mess accounts had been most irregularly kept, and in places bore evidence of falsification. The Sergeant-Major had been receiving commissions systematically from tradesmen who supplied the Mess, which was, perhaps, the least of his offences, for I fear the practice is all but universal. He was in debt in the town, and had borrowed money from the bank, and one tradesman—he seems to have been a publican—had written to the Adjutant respecting his indebtedness. What was far more serious, he had borrowed money all round from the members of the Mess, and evidence was forthcoming, as might be expected, that those N.C.O.'s who were in his debt were favoured at the expense of their comrades. This matter had been brought to the notice of Colonel Swiney, the then Commanding Officer, so far back as July, 1890, by one of the Colour-Sergeants, who made a report in consequence of the Sergeant-Major having attempted to borrow half-a-crown from another N.C.O. on parade! Colonel Swiney strongly reprimanded the Sergeant-Major on this occasion, but he seems to have made no attempt whatever to ascertain whether such practices were continued. It is proved conclusively that they were. The Colour-Sergeant who reported the matter in 1890 (when he called four N.C.O.'s to prove his statements) gave the following evidence:—

Q. Did you think when the report was made that unequal justice was being weighed out by Sergeant-Major Johnstone?—A. Yes. Those were the grounds of my complaint to Colonel Swiney.

Q. Were the N.C.O.'s to whom the Sergeant-Major owed money more favoured than others?—A. I considered they were, and I made my report.

The official most favoured with Johnstone's applications for assistance was the Mess Caterer. An N.C.O. who formerly held that office deposed as follows:—

Q. Did Sergeant-Major Johnstone ever borrow money from you?—A. Yes. Once during that time he asked me to lend him £1. I told him I had no money of my own, and only Mess money, and that I could not lend.

Q. Do you think that the refusal of this money by you prejudiced you with the Sergeant-Major?—A. Yes. For instance, I was late for parade. I was brought up in front of the Adjutant, whilst other N.C.O.'s, equally late, were not brought up.

Q. For how long has this ill-feeling been going on between you and the Sergeant-Major?—A. The Sergeant-Major showed no ill-feeling towards me until he tried to borrow money from me, and *after that I could do nothing right.*

More damning evidence could hardly be given. This occurred as far back as 1887. The Sergeant-Major continued, by his own admission, to borrow money of the Mess Caterers down to April, 1892. Apparently it was usually the Mess money, for Johnstone was closely pressed as to whether his notes of hand were not accepted in lieu of cash when the accounts were balanced, and he asserted that he always repaid his advances in cash before the monthly settlements. An I O U of his, however, to the Mess Caterer, dated April 30, 1892, was put in evidence, and was proved to have been handed to the Mess President in lieu of cash in June, 1892. This circumstance was reported by the Mess President to the Officer then in command, which may possibly explain why the Sergeant-Major's April borrowing was the last one.

Such were the main points affecting Sergeant-Major Johnstone, brought out at the inquiry in March. To my mind they conclusively establish that the Sergeant-Major had grossly abused his trust and his authority, and that he is a man totally unfit to remain in the position he holds. No one capable of forming an unbiassed opinion on the facts will hesitate to concur in this view. On the other hand, Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson proved his allegations up to the hilt. He is therefore entitled to the credit of having committed a technical offence (thereby taking a most serious risk upon himself) for the purpose of exposing the gravest irregularities in the public service. For such action he is entitled to the gratitude of the public, and of all who have the best interests of the Service at heart. Now, observe the consequences of his action to himself and the Sergeant-Major, respectively. For Wilson, the Court of Inquiry was the beginning of several months' systematic persecution, culminating in a trial by court-martial, degradation, and the ruin of an honourable career extending over seventeen years. On the other hand, so far as the Sergeant-Major is concerned, the whole of these disclosures at the Court of Inquiry have passed practically unpunished. The utmost that I can find to have happened to him is that Colonel Gillies, who has recently succeeded Colonel

CAUTION. The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, W., beg to state that they have purchased the whole of the business of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, but the stock being old and unsuitable for the Company's trade was disposed of to the Public by Auction at Christie's, and any statement to the contrary is inaccurate and misleading. The Company, having also bought the dies of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, is the only firm in a position to supply the Goldsmiths' Alliance patterns.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

Swiney in the command of the Depot, "read over to him the General's decision." What that "decision" may have been I do not know; it is sufficient that it left Johnstone in full possession of his rank and honours, and free to use all his power to crush the man who had exposed him.

Concerning Wilson's treatment since the Court of Inquiry it is necessary to give a few details in proof of what I have said as to the impossibility of his receiving a fair trial at Bodmin. At the close of the Inquiry he was, of course, released, but with a reprimand, as though he had really committed a serious offence. In the Depot he was henceforth a marked man. Before the end of May he was made a prisoner on the ground of an offence which had been charged against him in *November, 1891*, the guard report on the matter having been mysteriously found and sent to Colonel Swiney for further inquiries. In point of fact, Colonel Swiney had dealt with the offence, such as it was, at the time by administering a reprimand, and making no entry of it. After twenty-two days under arrest on this trumped-up charge, Wilson was released without a word of explanation. A month later he made his new complaint to the Colonel respecting the state of things at the Depot, and was ordered for Court-martial. His treatment pending the trial—of which some particulars have already been given in TRUTH—appears to have been marked by every conceivable exhibition of petty and contemptible spite, and twice he successfully invoked the protection of the General. In the meantime similar treatment was being meted out to nearly all the men who had given evidence against the Sergeant-Major. Within a few days of the Court of Inquiry, one Colour-Sergeant who had given some interesting evidence, and who had not had a crime against him for eleven years, was severely reprimanded, on the evidence of the Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster, and packed off to join the Home Battalion in Ireland. Another Colour-Sergeant, one who had given evidence about the borrowing of money, and who had still two years to serve at the Depot, was quickly sent after him. A Sergeant and a Lance-Sergeant followed the same way. A Quartermaster-Sergeant, who had given important evidence, applied for his removal to a post in London; another man purchased his discharge, and so on. Thus by the time of Wilson's trial most of the men who had taken any part in the exposure of the Sergeant-Major's iniquities had been got rid of. Striking evidence was given at the trial by one or two as to the position at the Depot of Wilson and those who had given evidence on his side. From the following samples it will be seen that Wilson himself was practically boycotted all round, even his own friends being afraid to speak to him:—

Colour-Sergeant Keat said the members of the Sergeants' Mess had spoken but very little to the prisoner since March last. He did not himself, because he *did not think it would be to his advantage*, a Sergeant having been sent away a few months ago because he was friendly with the prisoner. . . . .

Edward Gent, formerly a Lance-Sergeant and assistant in the Orderly-room until May last, when he took his discharge by purchase, said his reasons for purchasing his discharge were that he would not join the service Battalion in Dublin, as ordered, having been previously promised by Colonel Swiney that his name should be registered for the Army Pay Department. He had never committed himself in the Depot or in the Regiment. [He was a man holding a First-class Certificate of Education, and had never been before an officer for an offence during his Army Service.] The only reason he could suggest for his proposed removal was that he had given evidence in the recent Court of Inquiry, which opinion was confirmed on the morning he applied for his discharge, when Colonel Gillies sent for him and told him he was only removing him for his own benefit, *because he was labouring under the evil influence of the prisoner*. . . . .

Sergeant Poulter said that he was sent away in May last from the Depot to the Home Battalion. He was in the habit of speaking to Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson, but the demeanour of the other Non-Commissioned Officers was not very friendly. He believed that was the cause of his removal.

Colour-Sergeant Riddle said that since March last his (witness's) treatment had been bad. He attributed it to the fact that in March last, when he was escort in charge of the prisoner, he attached something to some papers at the request of the prisoner. . . . Prisoner since March last had barely been spoken to in the Sergeants' Mess.

That in the face of such a state of things as this Wilson had little chance of finding men to come forward in the Depot in support of his further allegations against the Sergeant-Major, requires no argument. The result of the trial under such conditions was a foregone conclusion. But perhaps the most astounding point in this part of the case is the evidence as to the attitude of the new Commanding Officer, Colonel Gillies. One statement on this head will be seen above, in the evidence of Lance-Sergeant Gent. In the case of the Quartermaster-Sergeant whose voluntary removal to another billet in London has been mentioned, Colonel Gillies was proved to have written the following memorandum in support of his application:—

To Assistant-Adjutant-General.—Quartermaster-Sergeant Hamblyn, Army Pay Department, is a firm supporter of Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson, Orderly-room Clerk, 32nd Regimental District, *who has caused and still is causing much trouble here.* I therefore beg most strongly to recommend this application.

If it is clear that Wilson and all who had acted with him in March were placed under a rigorous boycott, it is here proved that the Commanding Officer was countenancing and assisting the operation. What is the meaning of these words, "has caused and still is causing much trouble here"? Some explanation is due from Colonel Gillies on this point. At the time of this memorandum, as at the time of the Colonel's speech testified to by Gent, there was nothing whatever against Wilson, except that he had rendered a valuable public service by exposing a course of scandalous misconduct. That his Commanding Officer should in an official communication describe this as "causing much trouble," and that he should deliberately set himself (as he has admitted he did) to hound out of the Depot all who had assisted Wilson in the performance of this service, is one of the worst features in a scandal which reflects nothing but discredit upon every one of the military authorities who have had to deal with it.

There is one other matter which I would gladly pass over, but some reference to it is necessary to complete the exposure of the utter demoralisation of this Depot, and the shameful remissness of the Officers who have had the facts before them. One of Wilson's allegations investigated at the Court of Inquiry in March imputed immoral conduct to the wife of the Sergeant-Major. Evidence was given of such conduct in the Sergeants' Mess, under the most disgraceful circumstances which could well be imagined. The facts were not, so far as I can perceive, disputed. They have been officially treated as established, a private soldier who was implicated in the allegation having been on this very ground removed

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

from the Depot. The lady remains to this moment in her husband's quarters. Now, I am no Puritan. Rather than the first, I would be the last to cast a stone at any woman whose frailty has been thus exposed. But this is a matter which has to be looked at from the point of view of discipline as well as that of abstract morality. From that point of view it is necessary to consider the position of the Sergeant-Major in a Regiment, and of his wife among the other inhabitants of the married quarters. I confess that the continued residence of Mrs. Johnstone at Bodmin after the evidence given at the Court of Inquiry fills me with amazement, and conflicts with every principle which I should have supposed would be applied to the presence of women in Barracks. Henceforth the least that can be expected is that the attitude taken by the Commanding Officer at Bodmin and the General Officer Commanding the District towards this amorous lady shall be adopted throughout the Army towards all officers' wives whose virtue proves unequal to the strain of military life; for there is far less need for a stern moral code where ladies of Commissioned rank are concerned than among those actually resident in Barracks. I am told that the other day when the proceedings at Wilson's Court-martial closed, and the finding against him was made known, the Sergeant-Major's lady was at her window with her friends, and jeered at the prisoner as he was removed. I doubt not that she is of Colonel Gillies' opinion, that Wilson is a pestilent fellow, "who has caused and is causing much trouble here." And with this dramatic tableau of Virtue triumphing over her persecutors, I cannot do better than close the history of Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson's efforts to purify a Regimental Depot.

The moral of the whole business is written large upon it. The first lesson I take to be, that it is the duty of a man set under authority to shut his eyes and hold his tongue in regard to all misconduct on the part of those above him, no matter how iniquitous in itself or how detrimental to the best interests of the Service and of the country. Any attempt on his part to secure the ends of justice, though he prove his case up to the hilt, will assuredly involve him in permanent inconvenience and ultimate ruin, it being the rule at present accepted and acted upon by officers of all rank in the Army that no breach of regulations, no professional misconduct on the part of one in authority, is so "prejudicial to discipline" as the conduct of a junior who presumes to expose his misdeeds. The other lesson of the Bodmin scandal, read by the light of recent occurrences at Exeter, Hamilton, and other places which have been from time to time referred to in Truth, is that under the present system the Regimental Depots tend to become sinks of iniquity and hotbeds of corruption. The state of things at present prevailing in many of them is not only intolerable in itself and contrary to all the best traditions of the Service, but must exercise a disastrous effect upon the whole Army, more especially in view of the fact that the Depots are supposed to be the training schools of all the Infantry recruits. Again, therefore, I appeal to the Secretary of War, with this object lesson before him, to institute a searching and independent inquiry into Depot abuses, and the best means of remedying them.

DOCTORS AT SEA.

It was recently remarked in Truth that "when the next Merchant Shipping Act is passed, it would be a great thing for sailors if provisions were enacted securing to the ship's doctor some measure of authority independently of the captain." From several communications addressed to me on the subject, I find that I am not the only person who has arrived at this conclusion, and the bearings of the subject are so important that I propose to point out somewhat more in detail the nature of the reform which is obviously required. Ships' surgeons, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging their views, are unanimous in testifying that, except for the purpose of doctoring passengers and crew, they have no power or influence in regard to the health and comfort of those on board. Nor is this any matter for wonder. If there is anything wrong in regard to the sanitation of the ship, the owners ultimately and the captain immediately are responsible for it. Except in the very rare case where the captain is at fault, and is allowing something which the owners do not approve of, a doctor has little prospect of doing any good by reporting to the owners; and even in that one case he may easily find that the captain has more influence with the owners than he has. In every other case, the doctor who protests either to owners or captain against sanitary evils of any kind, is simply in the position of remonstrating with an evil-doer upon the error of his ways. That is usually a useless proceeding, but in the case of a ship's surgeon it is likely to be worse than useless. For a ship's surgeon is the servant of the owners, and the subordinate of the captain. When he makes a complaint, therefore, he is casting an imputation upon his own employers and upon his own superior officer. Unless owners and captains are angels trading in the character of men of business, they will naturally regard him as impertinent and insubordinate; and the most probable result of his indiscreet efforts will be his own dismissal from the service, with a character by no means likely to secure him employment elsewhere.

That this is in practice a frequent result of a ship-surgeon's efforts on behalf of passengers and crew I can myself vouch. From time to time doctors have come to me for help under such circumstances, and I should have been very glad to ventilate their cases were it not that the same causes which make the doctor powerless go very far to tie the hands of the journalist who desires to assist him. He is one man, and usually a poor one, fighting against many, and those with money at their backs. Nothing is easier than to deny his statements and to misrepresent his actions; nothing is more difficult than to prove and justify them, the only evidence on which he can rely being that of seafaring men and travellers, who are usually at the uttermost ends of the earth at the moment when their testimony is required. The only occasion on which I have ever been called upon to pay substantial damages in respect of any statement made in Truth was in connection with certain allegations as to what occurred on board a certain ship. The experience which I gained on that occasion led me to resolve that never again would I commit myself to any specific statement of a similar nature. I mention this to explain why I refrain from

giving illustrations of what I have said above. I may mention, however, that Mr. Charles Leet, F.R.C.S., published some time back in pamphlet form his experiences in the service of three of the foremost Liverpool lines of steamships, and his statements alone—which were substantiated by correspondence and other documentary evidence, and which, so far as I know, have never been challenged—are sufficient to show the absolute impotence of a surgeon, even in the service of Companies of world-wide reputation. What is the case on the ships of smaller owners, trading to out-of-the-way places, may easily be imagined. In one instance, which came under my notice a year or two back, a surgeon was driven out of the employ of one of the smaller Oriental lines for endeavouring to protect some of the crew against the most brutal treatment. In referring to this subject last month, I gave the experience of a surgeon on board a Cape steamer, who had the courage to protest against various abominations, and even against a violation of the regulations of the Board of Trade. This medico was only insulted for his trouble. Such things are going on almost every day.

The remedy is obvious. A ship's surgeon should be in a position to snap his fingers at the owners and the captain, and to exercise an effective control over all matters relating to the health of passengers and crew. This can only be done by making him a representative of the Board of Trade, commissioned to report directly to that body on all matters within his jurisdiction, and responsible to them alone for the performance of his duties. The most effectual way of carrying this out would be the organisation of a Medical or Health Department of the Board of Trade, the head of which would act as medical adviser to the Board. I do not suggest that the surgeons should be paid officers of the State; but they should be, as now, qualified medical men, specially licensed by the Board of Trade, so that the Board would always have the power to deal with them if they failed in the discharge of their duties. The important point is that the doctor should be in direct communication with the Board. As a matter of theory, under the present Acts the ship's surgeon is supposed to report to the Board of Trade; but how this theory works in practice is shown in the pamphlet of Mr. Charles Leet, to which I have referred above. In their orders to ships' surgeons in the Atlantic passenger trade, the Board of Trade request a report at the end of each voyage on certain specified points, among others the following:—

> Has the ship been disinfected? (after any cases of infectious or contagious disease).
> Was the ventilation sufficient? If not, state where it was defective.
> Were any complaints made by the emigrants? If so, state what complaints, and what steps were taken in each case.

This report, the Board direct, shall be addressed to the Emigration Officer. In Mr. Leet's case, the Company give their own instructions to the surgeon, purporting to over-ride those of the Board of Trade. They direct him to furnish the Emigration Officer in future with "the following particulars," and the list which follows omits all the questions quoted above. Finally, as though to ensure that their instructions shall be carried out, and not those of the Board of Trade, they order that the report shall be sent in the ship's despatch-box under cover to the General Manager of the Company. Mr. Leet attempted to transmit a report direct to the Board, and was peremptorily ordered by the General Manager to sit down and write another. When one of the foremost Shipping Companies in the world acts in this way, what is to be expected of an unscrupulous or impecunious private owner?

There are two interests to be safeguarded in this matter: First, that of passengers; secondly, that of sailors. The former—setting aside emigrants, who are pretty well looked after—are the least in need of protection, because they can look after themselves, and make their voices heard, and are only temporary occupants of the ship. The sailors are always there, and are in a great measure helpless. What is necessary in the interest of passengers is efficient means of dealing with infectious diseases, effective disinfection, wholesome water supply. These requirements apply equally to the crew; but the latter need in addition security that they have proper sleeping accommodation (both in the matter of space and ventilation), wholesome food, proper sanitary appliances, and proper treatment (including exemption from work) when they are ill. For these purposes an officer is required on board ship with analogous powers to those of an Officer of Health on land, and with further special powers for the protection of sailors. There is, of course, a danger here that such an officer, instead of being, as now, a mere cipher, will be such an important personage that he will be courted and conciliated, not to say "squared." This should be prevented by systematically checking his reports, and by continually removing him from ship to ship. On the whole, however, the public may feel a fair amount of confidence in the integrity of medical men invested with such powers; and, even taking the lowest view of them, an honest majority would speedily work a complete transformation in some of the worst aspects of life at sea.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE LATE DR. CHARCOT.

DOCTOR CHARCOT'S life was one of uninterrupted good fortune. He was of *la petite bourgeoisie* by birth, but received the best education Paris could afford him. His father, a struggling carriage-builder, was not satisfied with sending him to a high school, but placed him also under the tuition of the most accomplished literary man and Professor of the time, M. de Villemain. His lessons were not lost on Charcot, and in his after-life they greatly helped to establish his reputation. Charcot's clinical lectures were models of clear and strong style, and had the beauty ensuing on those qualities. His was a many-sided mind. If he had studied music, and made composition his profession, he would probably have excelled in it. No great artist used his pencil with more talent. As a connoisseur he had but one equal—Rochefort. As a scientist he had in his special line no parallel, and, for his fame, he died in the nick of time, just as he was beginning to be an obstructive. His resemblance to Napoleon was remarkable. He accounted for it by saying that Napoleon was the

god, and much more, of the Liberal bourgeoisie to which his father and mother belonged for ten years before his birth. They looked upon him as a hero and a martyr. Charcot was, I should imagine, more like Julius Cæsar in disposition than Napoleon. Nobody was fonder of a high class of epicureanism, and nobody was more capable of sustained hard work. His application to professional duties and other work that grew out of them was unflagging from the time he took his degree, forty years ago. The splendid collection of paintings and curios amid which he lived, and the other luxurious conditions of wealth which were his, did not soften his fibre. At six o'clock in the morning he was at his desk engaged in recording the observations of the day before, and thinking out the indications of theories which they presented to his mind. Charcot was, however he might be out of sorts, never too ill to absent himself from the hospital where the best part of his life was passed, and the greater part of his medical experience gathered. It has a population of 7,000, and is to the aged, the mad, and the incurably hysterical women what the Hôtel des Invalides used to be to old soldiers. As he grew famous he may be said to have concentrated the eyes of the world on that abode of sorrow. He had to take measures latterly to keep out the fashionable world, who came from idle curiosity to see him stimulate those miracles in which hagiology abounds. The Church compared him to the Magians of Pharaoh, who imitated the prodigies accomplished by Moses and Aaron. I never heard of him making the blind see or the dumb hear, but he ordered cripples to rise and walk, and they did so. His private practice became enormous, though to keep it down he demanded enormous fees. A thousand pounds was thought not too much for going to Milan to consult with the physician of the Emperor of Brazil when poor Dom Pedro was lying there at death's door. But no rich patient ever caused him to forget the poor creatures from whom he gathered his knowledge. If his manner with them was rude and dry, and if he was sometimes remorseless in his experiments, he was full of pity for the permanent burden of affliction which it was their lot to bear. He had cases in the Russian Imperial family, but they were given the option of coming to Paris to be under his treatment, or of waiting until he was taking his autumn holidays for himself to go to Russia. Charcot, from being so much with neuropaths, began to see neurosis everywhere. He found it in Zola's uncleanness, and in the Mysticism and Symbolism and Sâr Peladanism of which for the last few years we have heard so much. He was not sure that it did not prevail in Wagner's music, which, he remarked, unhinged those who took it in. The German Emperor was as a "case" an object of his deepest and most watchful interest. It was rather disappointing to him that he continued to keep general paralysis at a distance.

Charcot generally asked neuropaths, who came to him for advice, whether they drank, took intoxicating drugs, smoked in excess, or had mad forbears. Only three persons in his long experience confessed on some of these points—unless first under the influence of the will. The neuropath, he found, thought himself or herself faultless. Men he also found were subject to hysteria. Its premonitory symptoms were overriding egotism. Whenever he saw any symptoms of paralysis, or some extraordinary capacity, say, for arithmetic, or music, or languages, he was seized with an unamiable longing to get hold of the brain of the person n whom he discovered the disease of abnormal faculty, and see whether it was localised there. A certain Dr. Burq or Burk—a man of genius whom the owls of the faculty took for a madman—was the first person who put Charcot on the track of electro-therapeutics, hypnotism, and other strange things into which he peered during the last fifteen years. The Salpétrière was opened to Burq by Charcot as a field for experiments. But the great professor might not have done this if the other had not been suffering from a peculiar paralytic affection; and the idea presented itself to him of getting Burq, who thought he could not live long, to present his brain for the museum. He then saw that the supposed lunatic was on the right course, and (must it be said?) he picked his brains. Burq was forgotten and effaced in the glory of him who drew his mantle to himself, and he made no bequest of his brain to him. It was in a railway carriage that Charcot received the news of Burq's death from Dr. Dumontpellier. "What," his immediate inquiry was, "has he done about his brain?" "It is buried with the rest of the body." "The monster!" And then, "It must have been a rare brain, both in its normal and abnormal aspects. There was also a paralytic twitch in the face, the like of which I had never seen. I longed to know exactly how it originated." On saying this the illustrious doctor, looking black as Erebus, sunk into a corner of the carriage, and did not open his mouth for the rest of the journey.

Charcot scouted the old Greek idea that divine light often enters through the chinks of cracked brains. I wonder what he would have said could he have foreseen that on the morning on which he was found dead two of his "subjects," agitated and weeping, came from opposite wards into the matron's room. They had had fearful dreams. *He* was dead, for they dreamed they saw him a corpse. The housekeeper had that moment had by telegram the first news of the event.

We have been quivering with indignation, though I don't see why we should, at the news of the Prince of Naples accepting an invitation to witness the coming manœuvres of the German Army in Alsace-Lorraine, while Prince Henry of Prussia would be watching those of the Italian Fleet off Genoa. Twenty-three years have passed since the Treaty of Frankfort was signed. However well the French may remember that Alsace-Lorraine was theirs before 1870, they should not expect the memory of other countries to be so fresh on the subject. It was hoped here that cholera might prevent the princely *chassé-croisé*, the King and Queen of Italy having but one son, whose precious life must not be exposed to the danger of being cut off by an epidemic. But it was not so. Prince Henry has gone to Genoa, and the Italian Prince is coming to be present at the house-warming of Urville, the new country residence of the Emperor near

Luxembourg, where the Princess Feodore, youngest sister of the Empress, is to be also a guest, and may become a *fiancée*. The Prince is to be present, in the uniform of the 13th Hessian Regiment, at a banquet and ball at the Bezirks Presidenz at Metz—an event which must cause no little annoyance here, and give more value in the eyes of the French to the "Russian alliance."

A Stuttgart friend tells me how it was the Prince of Naples came to be invited to Alsace-Lorraine. No love has ever been lost between the reigning families at Berlin and Stuttgart. Queen Olga kept an icy attitude to the last towards the Hohenzollerns. The present King rather inclines to imitate her. He and the Emperor had a battle Royal about the manœuvres, the King refusing to let them interfere with the harvest in his State. He stood out so hard that at length the Emperor decided they were to take place in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where there are more forests than arable land. The harvest in the plain skirting the right bank of the Rhine is gathered usually early, and there and in the Black Forest a Baden and a Würtemberg Army Corps were to simulate campaigning. This was done without consulting the Grand Duke. He took offence and telegraphed to Berlin that he was master of his own house, and had ordered the Commander-in-Chief of his Army not to let the Würtembergers come into Baden. This was a nice kettle of fish. There was no way of getting out of it unless by arranging for the Badeners and Würtembergers to manœuvre in Alsace-Lorraine. Hence the sudden orders sent to prepare there for the manœuvres on an unusually great scale. The invitation to the Italian Prince was sent long previous to these wranglings, and he thought that he was to keep on the right bank of the Rhine. The Grand Duke of Baden is a man of sense and of wide culture. His weakness is to like to appear a great potentate. I never saw a greater fuss made about a Sovereign at a railway station than there was about him one day that he came to Heidelberg when I happened to be there. Troops were under arms, chamberlains in uniform were in attendance, flunkeys were drawn up, and a grand carriage was in the courtyard. A red carpet was unrolled a few moments before he appeared. There was military saluting and stiff, respectful bowing, which he, being dressed as a General, returned stiffly in military fashion. He was devoted to his father-in-law, who had a kindly, unassuming way of taking people; but he ill brooks the ways of his Imperial nephew-in-law.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

CONFIRMED Cockney that I am, dear Lady Betty, the suffocating heat has driven even me to the country. Perched several hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by miles of faintly-scented firs, far removed from anywhere, from anybody, and from anything, I am proportionately desolate. London is overcrowded with people; the country is very much more overcrowded with insects. Compulsory practical zoology is not by any means enjoyable. Persecuting midges, irrepressible ants, prowling beetles, centipedes, curly earwigs, spiders, tiny creatures with shot-scaled backs, insects no bigger than dots—the variety and the quantity of crawling, creeping, hoppy monstrosities are positively bewildering. I shall for the future, however, be satisfied to take these upon faith, dried, scientifically classified, and pinked with pins in a museum. My present experiences of mites and bites are altogether too disturbing. Even at meals I have to defend each morsel against a cloud of wild wasps that buzz ferociously as they attack the food. And this they call "rest"!

The animal kingdom, indeed, has welcomed me with over-flattering effusion. A well-fed, well-bred young Londoner appears to be a decided delicacy to the insect world. In his "Holy Russia," Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace describes how a Caucasian châtelaine tortured her page-boy to death by turning him into a human pincushion, and piercing his bare body with myriads of pins. In a modified manner my present plight somewhat resembles his. Or, should it be explained upon the principle which made the Midlands miner call out, "I say, Bill, 'ere's a stranger; 'eave 'arf a brick at 'is 'ead"? No wonder that country people rise so early as they do! Knowing what I know now, I would excuse them if they never went to rest at all. A "Society for the Protection of Animals," indeed! What is sorely required here is a society for protection *from* animals. Even fresh air may be bought too dearly, and death from suffocation would be preferable to being devoured alive by microscopic midgets grotesquely designed with unnecessary legs. As if a mite barely raised the millioneth part of an inch above the ground could possibly fall even if it had but one leg! Then they grow a hundred!

But my greatest surprise is not only the quantity but the aimless activity of the ants. Resting anywhere beneath the trees I am surrounded at once by hundreds of ants with black heads, slender yellow waists, and big black bustles, that hurry over and under the dead pine needles and climb on to the fallen cones terribly busy about nothing. But however busy they may be they have every one of them time to spare to look round and nibble the stray stranger.

* * * * *

Up till now, from all accounts, Homburg has suffered, as most other places have this season, from the general depression. The arrival of the Prince of Wales there will, however, certainly attract a large number of those who derive pleasure from the mere contemplation of Royalty, and the empty tables upon the Terrace of the Kursaal may be expected, therefore, not to remain unused for long, now that the Prince has commenced his "cure." Whether the waters of Homburg do more good than does the regular life which it is the custom to lead there, is a question that the experts must be left to decide. But leaving the waters out of the question, a very satisfactory English substitute for Homburg might be found at my present retreat, which has the advantage of being only a little more than an hour and a-half from London. Not being a City man, and having hit upon a good thing, I do not intend to disclose my treasure to the world; nor do I propose that others shall enter into partnership with me in my fortunate find. It is sufficient to say that —— is several hundreds of feet above the level of the sea, that it is surrounded by miles of moor and pines, that the scenery is exquisite, that the air is excessively bracing, and that it is, moreover, almost as unknown as if it were twenty-four hours away from Hyde Park Corner. An enterprising "exploiter" who should purchase land here, erect a kursaal after the style of those German institutions, set up a good band, and establish a "health resort" organised upon the system followed at Homburg, could not fail, I imagine, to make a fortune. A considerable element in the success of Homburg is, that whilst the life there is quiet, the authorities contrive to contribute through the kursaal an element of brilliancy which no similar place in England has as yet succeeded in establishing. However, the precise whereabouts of —— shall remain a secret which wild omnibus horses shall not drag from me.

Many British patients, and especially Lord Rosebery, will lament the loss of the celebrated Dr. Charcot, who

The resources of Ulster House, Conduit-street, enable Messrs. BENJAMIN, in cases of need, to execute orders in 24 hours.

died suddenly on Wednesday last at Morvan. The late Dr. Charcot had of recent years become the chief European authority upon disorders of the nerves. It will be remembered that at the time when Mr. Gladstone was forming his present Ministry, Lord Rosebery consulted Dr. Charcot before accepting office as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Only a few weeks ago the late Dr. Charcot visited England, having been commissioned by the French Government to examine Dr. Herz at Bournemouth, and to advise whether it would be dangerous or otherwise that this person should be removed to Paris for trial upon the charges made against him in connection with the memorable "Panama scandals." The instant that it became known that the late Doctor was expected in London innumerable applications were addressed to him for professional advice, but in every case he declined to attend, and his whole visit to England barely extended over twenty-four hours.

The *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and several other papers announced on Monday last that "Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York attended by Lady Greville," &c., &c., &c., left London for York Cottage. This error has so frequently been made of late that attention should be called to it. By "Lady Greville" is, of course, intended Lady Eva Greville, daughter of Lord Warwick, the newly appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York. Lady Greville is a totally different person, being the wife of the present Lord Greville.

The Trustees of the Dysart estate, it appears, propose to erect buildings upon the picturesque wild waste lands that stretch from the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond down to close upon Ham House. The Dysart trustees may propose to do this as much as they please, but there can be very little doubt that the interference of Parliament would be called for if they ever attempted to give active effect to it. The view from Richmond Hill is both a metropolitan and national natural heirloom, and no number of trustees will ever be permitted to destroy this. All the same, the good people of Richmond must remember the proverb that "Heaven helps those that help themselves"; and though we have all of us a share in this property, it is for them for obvious reasons to enter into the thickest of the fight against its destruction.—Believe me to be, yours very truly,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club have published their official list of race fixtures for 1894, and they have most decisively ignored the request of several of the members of the Newmarket division that the order of the meetings might be as nearly as possible the same every year. As a matter of fact, there are many more numerous and more important alterations than usual in this list, and it seems that the interests of the various gate-money meetings are the paramount and absorbing object of the Stewards in making their arrangements. It is quite right that Kempton Park should have ten days, and that ten days should also be given to Sandown Park, but it is ridiculous that such a hugger-mugger affair as Portsmouth Park should be granted seven days. Six are given to Lingfield, which is an entirely new fixture; and the list was already of such inordinate length that any additions to it might surely have been dispensed with. Hurst Park has seven days, but only six are given to Gatwick, which is the most deserving and the best-managed of all these new meetings. The exuberant liberality of the arrangements for most of the gate-money meetings can only be attributed to the fact that relatives or friends of members of the Jockey Club are actively interested in them.

The season begins on Easter Monday (March 26), and that day is given to Kempton Park and Newcastle, Lincoln being postponed until Tuesday, and this meeting has been cut down to two days. It is a great pity that the Liverpool meeting was not similarly reduced. The second week has Northampton restored to its old days, of which it was most unfairly deprived this year, and it is followed by Croxton Park and Warwick. The third week has no fixtures of any importance, and the fourth is taken up with Epsom (April 17 and 18) and Sandown Park, while in the North there is a one-day meeting at Carlisle. The fifth week of the season has the Newmarket Craven Meeting, followed by Derby, and then (May 1) comes Chester, followed by Kempton Park. Why these two meetings should have been brought forward to precede the Newmarket First Spring it is impossible to understand. The Two Thousand week is placed just before Whitsuntide, and there are the usual holiday meetings on Whit Monday and Tuesday, while Manchester, which is given four days, ought certainly to have been reduced to three. Newmarket Second Spring comes on May 22, and is followed by a two-day meeting at Kempton Park. Bath and Salisbury, which came after Epsom last year, are now brought forward a fortnight, and they clash with York and Doncaster. A one-day meeting at Hurst Park is a most unseasonable fixture for the Saturday in Epsom week, and the same day in Ascot week is given to Alexandra Park. Brighton, which is postponed six weeks as compared with this year, being put off until after Epsom, is followed by Lewes. The week after Ascot, which meeting begins on June 19, has Newcastle and Sandown Park, and then follows the Newmarket First July (on July 3) and Kempton Park. Stockbridge takes three days of the next week, and then (July 17) comes the second meeting at Newmarket, which is followed by Sandown Park. Gatwick, Liverpool, and Leicester fill the week before Goodwood, which does not begin until July 31. Then comes a series of meetings arranged as they were for this year, but Doncaster is a week later (September 11), so that Manchester takes three days of the following week, and there is only an intervening week between Doncaster and Newmarket, when the First October Meeting begins on September 25, the Second October on October 9, and the Houghton Meeting on the 23rd. As to the "back-end" meetings, the first week has Lincoln and Northampton, and in the second (instead of Leicester and Liverpool, as this year) come Lewes, Liverpool, Lingfield, and Hurst Park. It is really scandalous that the Liverpool Meeting should have been given a fourth day. The next week is divided between Leicester (for which two days would have been an ample allowance) and Derby, and in the last week of the season, which finishes on November 24, come Warwick and Manchester.

The Two Thousand will be run on May 9, the Manchester Cup on May 18, the Derby on June 6, and the Leger on September 12.

Following the example of the Jockey Club, the Grand National Hunt Committee have produced an official list of cross-country fixtures, which reminds one of "all the contortions of the Sibyl without one particle of her inspiration." It is in the highest degree absurd, foolish, and presumptuous for the Grand National Hunt people to attempt to fix the dates for all kinds of Hunt and Regimental meetings, the managers of which must be guided by purely local considerations in making their arrangements. The Grand National Hunt authorities had better make haste to hark back and revoke their fatuous arrangements, or they will assuredly get into trouble.

Sir Hugo has been struck out of all engagements, so it may be taken for granted that he will never again be seen on a racecourse. I do not know whether Sir Hugo has met with an accident, but whatever the cause of his collapse it is very much to be regretted, and it is most vexatious for Lord Bradford, as he was growing into a magnificent horse, and looked like being a good stayer, and he had one valuable engagement which seemed to be a certainty for him. He was in next year's Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, in which he might have met La Flèche and Isinglass, and that rich race now looks like falling to Mr. McCalmont's horse if he trains on.

Sir Hugo will go to the stud next season, and he is to stand at Weston Park, his owner's place in Shropshire, and his fee is to be 150 gs., which is not a high figure for a Derby winner in these latter days, but which would

have been regarded as outrageously exorbitant ten or fifteen years ago, considering that for several years Isonomy's fee was only 50 gs., and Bend Or and St. Simon each commenced at 50 gs.

The feature of the very successful Stockton meeting was the complete and ignominious collapse of the horses owned by Lord Zetland and Mr. Lowther, whose colours having been so successful at Redcar (where they won five races out of twelve) were expected to be quite invincible last week. That Lord Zetland ought to have won the Wynyard Plate with the well tried Galingale was palpable to every one who saw the race, but his filly is evidently very far from being a flyer. Chin Chin ran very badly, and she is either out of form or else she has been preposterously overrated. It is quite certain that if Chin Chin had run at Kempton Park she would have been literally lost by Delphos, and if she was all right last week she must be a long way removed from the first-class. Lord Durham, who is staying at Marienbad for the benefit of his health, won two races, and the successes of his popular colours were received with enthusiasm by the crowd, who also loudly applauded the three victories of Lord Londonderry's animals. Lord Durham's St. Ignatius, about whom there had been a great deal of talk at Newmarket, grievously disappointed the expectations of his friends, and he is evidently very moderate, and so is Lord Londonderry's Hiawatha, although he did manage to win a race. Royal Marine, who had the character of being the best of Lord Zetland's two-year-olds, and who had been for some time in reserve for the Hardwicke Stakes, was made a great favourite for that race, but he ran very badly indeed, and Lord Durham won with War Sprite, a filly by Galopin, that had won a fair trial. It is clear that, with a very few exceptions, the two-year-olds of this season are a common lot, for they seem to be all heads and tails, and if there are any dark flyers in reserve we are not likely to see them out until the Newmarket October Meetings.

I saw it stated the other day that the running in the Great Northern Leger had disposed of Canning's Doncaster prospects; but surely nobody out of Earlswood would ever have thought for a single moment that Sir Robert Jardine's horse could, under any circumstances, have the most remote chance of even a place in the Leger after his lamentable exhibition at Goodwood. Canning may very likely make a good four-year-old, and the best policy to adopt with him would be to throw him up for the remainder of the season. Queen of Navarre gave Canning a stone and a clever beating, and she now appears likely to win the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster and the Newmarket Oaks. She was a very smart filly last year, but fearfully uncertain. Inferno, who early in the year was cackled about as likely to turn out a promising Derby outsider, has woefully degenerated, for a T.Y.C. Handicap, which he managed to win at Stockton, is his first success since he won a race at Redcar more than twelve months ago.

Marcion has been made favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and I hear that 16 to 1 has been taken about him, which seems an inconceivable price, considering that the weights have not yet been published. It is apparently thought that Marcion cannot be handicapped out of the Cambridgeshire, but there is a very much better lot of horses entered than was engaged in that race last year. Marcion, moreover, looks like developing into a grand four-year-old, and under the circumstances I should not fancy that Mr. Vyner will care to knock him about in handicaps. Major Egerton will find it very difficult indeed to adjust the weights of the "flyers" in the Cambridgeshire, as he must handicap them fairly with each other, and yet give the great legion of moderate horses a chance.

After Goodwood, Marly was extolled as being about the best horse in training over five furlongs. He is, no doubt, very speedy indeed when he likes to do his best, as was clearly demonstrated in the race for the Stewards' Cup, when he "chopped" half the field, but Marly has inherited the truly infernal temper of his sire, Energy, and he is evidently a most dangerous horse to back. Last week, at Deauville, long odds were freely betted on him for a five furlong race, but he was easily beaten for no other reason but that he would not try. It may be hoped, for the sake of the British backers, that M. E. Blanc will keep Marly in France after this.

If Raeburn goes on all right during the next month it is the intention of the Duke of Portland to start him for the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, as it is thought that he may have a chance of beating Isinglass over an easy mile, and with 10 lb. the best of the weights. The race, which is run on September 23, is worth £8,000, of which the winner gets £6,100. Ravensbury looks like stopping Raeburn's way in the Triennial Produce Stakes at Newmarket, and the Duke of Portland's horse is not likely to beat Médicis in the Champion Stakes, but he certainly ought to be able to win the Royal Stakes on the first day of the Second October Meeting, in which a wretchedly bad lot of horses are engaged, and the race will be worth £690, even if only two start.

There will be racing next week at Derby and at Sandown Park, and some good sport may be expected at both meetings. On Tuesday the principal race at Derby will be the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes of £1,000, the entry for which fills five pages of the book Calendar, and the owners' subscriptions amount to £995, so that only £5 has to be given from the fund. Chin Chin, Hornbeam, Grong, Millom, Strike, Xury, Grania, Government, Hiawatha, and the colt by Hampton out of Illuminata, are the best known of the animals engaged; but Lord Rosebery's colt certainly will not run at Derby, as he is in reserve for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Government has so great an advantage in the weights with previous winners that he ought to win the race easily unless there was some most egregious blundering about his trials. A number of moderate two-year-olds are left in for the Harrington Stakes on Wednesday, and, in the absence of Xury, Hiawatha may be able to win, as he has escaped a penalty for his victory at Stockton. The Breeders' St. Leger of £1,000 (the owners' entrances amount to £695) has a huge entry, including Harbinger, Son of a Gun, Quickly Wise, Low Moor, Royal Harry, Cairnton, Le Nicham, Harfleur II., Fealar, Sweden, Queen of Navarre, and Marcion. In the probable absence of Marcion, and as the distance is a mile, I shall predict the victory of Le Nicham, who is a smart horse over this distance, and if he is beaten it will be by Queen of Navarre.

The September Stakes of £500 at Sandown Park is a three-year-old race for which fifty-eight animals are left in, including Phocion, Watch Tower, Queen of Navarre, Nobleman, and Peppercorn, of which list (in the certain absence of Lord Ellesmere's Leger horse) I prefer Peppercorn. The entry for the Michaelmas Stakes includes Government, and he ought to win this race if he is kept for it, instead of being started for the more valuable event at Derby. Coldwell, if he is all right, might be able to win the Abbey Stakes.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—As I anticipated, very little movement has taken place in the Stock markets during the past week, holiday influences and fears of dear money causing operators to hold back, while the uncertainty of the outlook in the United States accentuates the weakness. The Yankee position, in fact, is the pivot upon which the general market turns.

Stock Exchange Prospects.

The Settlement was concluded without any hitch, the account was shown to be greatly reduced, and the position here is undoubtedly sounder than it has been for a long time, the weak speculative elements having almost altogether been eliminated. Had not the spectre of dear money been raised by further large gold shipments to the States, we should now be in smooth waters financially as far as this country is concerned, but it is evident

that the precarious position in Yankee-land cannot be remedied without some further spasm in our Money Market. The gold which has been poured into that country has, so far, had very little effect upon the currency famine in the chief centres, in fact, it seems that New York has not been able to secure much of the precious metal because Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston have been keenly competing for it. Again, I say that much depends upon the position which will be taken up by the Bank of France, and only if that institution parts more freely with gold to the States, can a further advance in the Bank rate here be averted. Home securities as well as Foreigners have been under the influence of the monetary outlook, the Kaffir Circus also losing the moderate recovery which had made itself felt. Thus the immediate future depends more than ever upon the course of events in America. At a given point the distrust which has caused the hoarding of currency in the States, will no doubt disappear, and the large shipments of gold now in progress may bring about this much desired change. But the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Silver Act would contribute more than any other event to re-establishing confidence, and although the silver Senators are indulging in a good deal of bluster, I am still in hopes that a strong vote in the House of Representatives may bring them to reason.

Home Rails.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of stock shown at the Settlement (as illustrated by a backwardation of ¾ on Brighton "A," ⅜ on Midlands and North-Eastern, and ¼ on Great Western) quotations in this department have not been maintained. The coal strikes, poor traffics, and the prospects of a fresh advance in the Bank rate furnished, of course, sufficient reason for the final weakness, which was accentuated in Midlands as being most heavily hit by the coal troubles. The Great Western and North-Eastern, however, retained a small advance, reckoning, of course, the dividends off. Great Eastern have been in fair request, the traffic being fairly satisfactory. The passenger movement on the line is being fostered with great care, and the East coast seaside resorts served by the line are reported to be filled to overflowing with visitors. Were it not for the coal strikes and the agricultural depression, we should already at present see that development of the line in which many of the permanent shareholders have so strong a belief. The Sheffield Company is suffering severely from the effect of the coal strikes upon the local industries, and an incipient improvement in Sheffield "A" has been nipped in the bud. On the scarcity disclosed at the Settlement, Brighton "A" were pushed up by a little "Bull" clique, which had been formed for the purpose of cornering the "Bears," of whom there are many. They succeeded in lifting the price to 151¼, and would probably have been able to engineer a further rise had not the further large withdrawals of gold, and the consequent fears of dearer money, been too much for them. A relapse to 148¾ has been the result. The Bank Holiday traffics of the Brighton Company and of most other lines has been disappointing (the total decrease in passenger traffics on all the lines being about £36,000), probably because many of the "trippers" had taken advantage of the previous fine weather to take their outing. The continuance of the brilliant sunshine should, however, eventually make up for this falling off. I have already stated that with September the comparison in the case of the Brighton line will be with smaller returns. I repeat my recommendation to buy "Berthas" for investment, but not to speculate in them just now. Dover "A" improved to 75 in sympathy with the sister stock, but they were knocked down again by the same untoward circumstances. The Scotch stocks have hardened on purchases from the North, especially North British, the inference being that the dividend will be more satisfactory than has of late appeared probable.

The Hoarding of Currency in the States.

It is useless to speculate upon the outcome of the deliberations of Congress at present sitting at Washington on the question of the repeal of the Sherman Act. The outlook varies from day to day, and much of the talk of the silver men is mere bounce. It may, therefore, still be hoped that the unconditional repeal, which would undoubtedly be the wisest measure, may come about; but the present week will furnish some indication of probable results. The currency famine in the States, which is at present forcing heavy gold exports from Europe, is another difficult point. It is, of course, due to hoarding. Savings banks and all other banks, Trust Companies, railway and other corporations, and individuals, particularly large employers of labour who need currency to pay wages, are all hoarders of money, so as to be prepared for emergencies. No wonder, therefore, there is not currency enough to go round and that it commands a high premium over certified checks, or that the banks in one city find it difficult to collect in actual money from those in any other city. That many banks are clearly responsible for the existing currency famine is shown by the statement of the National banks of the State of Pennsylvania outside the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. They held at the time of the last statement (July 12), 25½ per cent. reserve, or 10½ per cent. more than the legal requirement. There are 597 National banks in the State and not one has failed. There is no way of ascertaining how many of these banks have recruited their reserve at the expense of the large banks in the financial centres, but with some Chicago National banks carrying 40 or 50 per cent. reserve instead of the 25 per cent. required, and the National banks of interior cities carrying 25 per cent. instead of 15, no further statement is required to explain the existing stringency in the Money Market. If the banks set the example of hoarding, it is not at all strange that the public think it advisable to do likewise. It now transpires that a number of savings banks which had prided themselves upon their ability to stand any run, have been brought up sharply by Superintendent Preston, who has called their attention to the fact that they are illegally hoarding cash on hand, and that the idle deposits in some banks are larger than is permitted by Section 118 of the Banking Act. This state of things will, of course, mend as soon as confidence returns, and the large supplies of gold from Europe should in the course of the present week take some effect in this direction. In fact, the New York Bank statement just issued shows already an increase of 4,750,000 dols. in the specie held.

Yankee Rails.

Apart from the renewed scarcity of currency in the chief financial centres the announcement of a receivership for the Northern Pacific has been the leading "Bear" point in the Yankee market. I have frequently criticised the management of this Company, when still under the control of Villard, and, although the latter resigned the Presidency some time ago, he left a most unsatisfactory state of things behind him. The Northern Pacific collapse was, however, found to have been discounted, and after the announcement, a moderate rally set in for these stocks. Receiverships, in fact, do not at the present time inspire so much terror, as they are caused by the exceptional stringency of the Money Market, and do not exactly indicate, as they did formerly, that the position is rotten or that assessments will be necessary. Whether further receiverships will have to be faced must depend upon the course of money matters in the States. The Union Pacific seems to have been in the greatest danger, while the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé has apparently got through the trouble. President Reinhart has, of course, talked confidently all along, but that is no proof in the case of American Railroad directors who have so frequently denied the possibility of receiverships on the very eve of the collapse. It may, however, be worth while to give the following extract from the report of an interview with President Reinhart which appeared in the *Chicago Herald* a fortnight ago:—

It is fairly criminal that such unfounded rumours should be spread broadcast in regard to the condition of Western roads. The hope of a little temporary gain by some Wall-street pirates has led them to positively claim that the Union Pacific, the

Missouri Pacific, the Atchison, and other roads were going into a Receiver's hands. Last year we earned a net surplus of 2,500,000 dols., after paying all expenses and charges. That means we must have a decrease in earnings approximating over 400,000 dols. a month in order to endanger interest payments and other charges. Up to date then, to put any of these payments in jeopardy, we must have shown a comparative decrease of nearly 3,000,000 dols. The actual decrease is 180,000 dols. to date. In other words, our payments are absolutely certain, even if, for the balance of the year, we show a decrease of 900,000 dols. a month, an absolutely impossible amount. On July 1 we paid out 3,700,000 dols. cash in interest and charges, and have no other large sum to pay until January 1. Would we have paid out that vast sum if there were any danger of a receiver? Our floating debt is not troubling us. It is not due in a day, or a week, or a month, but is spread out over six months. I firmly believe we will show an increase in net earnings on the year's operations. There is practically no decrease so far, and any further decrease until September will be more than made up after that month. The present depression was foreseen and prepared for by us. A thorough and far reaching plan of consolidation has brought about a large saving in expenses.

What is perhaps more important than this utterance is, however, the fact that cablegrams received yesterday from New York state that the Atchison Company has made arrangements for the extension for five years of the 9,000,000 dols. Guarantee Fund notes falling due in November. Under these circumstances, the present quotations of the various Atchison bonds must appear very cheap, and so are also the various substantial American Railroad shares, such as Louisville, Milwaukees, Illinois Central, &c. By the way, it is now officially announced that the scheme of consolidation of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western with the Ohio and Mississippi Railway has been declared effective by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and that formal meetings of the shareholders of the two consolidated Companies will be held at Cincinnati on October 21 to confirm the consolidation, the union to take effect on November 1. The success of the consolidation being thus assured, prices of Ohio Prefs. and Ordinary ought to advance from the present very low level, the more so, as the net profits of both Companies continue to show large increases. In reply to a number of inquiries for American Railroad bonds which combine under the present adverse conditions reasonable safety with a satisfactory yield, I may mention the following:—

Bonds.	Price @	Yield per annum. £ s. d.
Mohawk and Malone Four per Cent. Bonds, guaranteed by the New York Central Railroad. Interest, March 1 and September 1, due 1991	102¾xd.	4 0 0
Manhattan Railroad Four per Cent. Bonds, Interest, April 1 and October 1, due 1990..	95	4 9 1
Willmar and Sioux Falls Five per Cent. Bonds, guaranteed by the St. Paul M. and M. Railroad and Great Northern Railroad. Interest June 1 and December 1, due 1938...	106	4 18 0
New York Ontario Refunding Four per Cent. Bonds, Interest March 1 and September 1, due 1992	83xd.	5 0 3
South and North Alabama Five per Cent. Bonds, guaranteed by Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Interest February 1 and August 1, due 1936	101	5 2
Chesapeake and Ohio Four and a-Half per Cent. Bonds. Interest March 1 and September 1, due 1992	72⅜xd.	6 8 2

Really gilt-edged bonds are, of course, New York Central and Hudson River Four per Cent. Gold Debenture Certificates at 104. From the above little list a yield of from 4 to 5 per cent. can be obtained with all reasonable safety, and the Chesapeake and Ohio bonds, although not gilt-edged, are certainly cheap. By the way, an example has been made by the Governors of the New York Stock Exchange of Mr. H. G. Weil, who has been suspended for one year owing to the circulation of false rumours. This is the extreme penalty short of expulsion, and it is the first time it has been imposed since, some years ago, a member was proved guilty of dividing commissions. As Mr. Weil is the only Board member of the firm, the house is practically excluded from the privileges of the Exchange for a full year. The charges were not made public, but Mr. Weil really was tried upon the general charge of circulating reports and of conduct detrimental to the interests of the Exchange. This mode of punishment might with advantage be administered to the London syndicate of liars.

The Grand Trunk Outlook.

The announcement by the Grand Trunk of a dividend at the rate of 2 per cent per annum for the half year ended June 30, against 2½ per cent. for the corresponding half of 1892, was in accordance with the market estimate, but the outlook is distinctly unfavourable, the last weekly traffic showing a decrease of £3,014, which is explained by a footnote, according to which the "freight movement is checked by the financial situation and want of confidence." My readers will recollect that I commented a few months ago very unfavourably upon the prospects of the Grand Trunk Company, and my anticipations have been only too completely borne out. The following communication from a member of the Stock Exchange, who is *not* a Grand Trunk jobber, bears upon this point:—

In two communications which appeared in your issues of April 13 and April 26 were discussed the dividend prospects of the various Grand Trunk of Canada issues for the current year. As the figures for the half-year ending June 30 are now available, I will, with your permission, place before your readers my estimate of the probable dividend to be received by the so-called Four per Cent. Guaranteed stock, any distribution on even the First Prefs. being quite out of the question.

Deficiency on the guaranteed dividend for 1892, ½ per cent. on £5,219,749		£32,623
Deficiency for the six months ending June 30 as compared with the same period of 1892, ½ per cent. for the half-year on the Guaranteed, being at the rate of ¼ per cent. per annum: viz., 2 per cent. against 2¼ per cent.	£6,527	
On the Chicago and Grand Trunk a deficiency of £40,900 against a surplus of £5,700	46,600	
On the Detroit and Grand Haven a deficiency of £22,500, against £13,600 ...	8,900	
		62,027
		£94,650
Total deficiency to end June		£94,650
Gross increase on main line and branches for six weeks to August 12, £19,148, say nett	£10,000	
Estimated gross increase for remaining twenty weeks to end December £64,000, say nett	32,000	
Deduct therefore		42,000
Estimated deficiency on "Guaranteed" dividend for year		£52,650

Equal to exactly 1 per cent., making the dividend 3 per cent., against 3⅜, which was paid last year.

Keeping the above figures in view, and bearing in mind that this unfavourable result is arrived at in the great exhibition year, I think even so determined an optimist as a Grand Trunk "Bull" will have great difficulty in discovering that First Preferences have any but the remotest chance of ever receiving a dividend again, and, for myself, I think a receivership a more likely contingency.

The appreciation by the market of the present unpromising position has been shown by a decline in the Guaranteed stock to 58, and in the First Prefs. to 42, this being a fall of nearly 5 points since the carry-over on Monday. Leaving my correspondent's threat of a receivership aside, I must confess that in view of the precarious financial position in Montreal, which the local Banks are trying to meet by importing gold, and the Exhibition disappointment, the outlook is not rosy; and even after the heavy fall the First Prefs., without the ghost of a chance of a dividend, are not a tempting purchase.

Foreigners and South Americans.

Apprehensions of dearer money have not been without their effect upon those inter-Bourse securities which, while standing at comparatively high prices, are under the suspicion that the finances of their respective Governments are in a critical state. Portuguese and Greeks have been through the mill, Spain and Italy have their troubles still to come Spanish have, therefore, declined 1, to 61¾, during the last few days, while Italians have lost 2, at 83½, and I should be surprised if a further fall could be obviated.

There has, on the other hand, been a moderate recovery in Argentine Government stocks, the Funding loan being quoted at 61½, chiefly owing to the more determined action of the new Cabinet in carrying out the proclamation of a state of siege throughout the country. This should facilitate the pacification. Argentine Railroad stocks are well maintained at their low quotations. According to a report sent out by the Directors of the Cordoba and Rosario Railway, nearly three-fourths of the preferred shareholders have consented to their share in the sum of £9,962, paid by the contractors under their interest-guarantee, being applied towards the payment of the Debenture interest now falling due, as far as it is not covered by the earnings of the road. The Directors propose to pay half the Debenture interest, due September 1, in cash, and to issue deferred warrants for the balance, such warrants to carry interest at 5 per cent., and to be redeemed out of any net earnings which may be available at the end of each financial year after providing for the Debenture interest. As this Company is making rapid progress, and shows continued large traffic increases, this practically means that the debenture-holders will eventually receive full interest as well as arrears in cash, and the present price of the Debentures must be considered extremely cheap. Peruvian Corporation stocks have recovered again, especially the bonds, which have risen 2½, while Mexican Government bonds have advanced to about 56. There has been no improvement in silver to which the greater firmness of these so-called silver securities can be attributed, but prices had undoubtedly been unduly depressed, and it is now stated that the next Mexican coupon will in any case be paid in full. Brazilians are firmer, and Chilians have hardened on a marked recovery in the exchange. Uruguay have passed through the usual fitful movements and are fractionally better on balance. The settlement of the City of Rosario Six per Cent. loans is at last approaching as the contract concluded *ad referendum* will be submitted to the bondholders on Thursday. Five coupons in arrear will be funded into Six per Cent. Currency bonds, and, as I foreshadowed some time ago, the interest on the original bonds will be paid, instead of in gold, in currency up to 1900, when gold payments will be resumed. It follows that the return to the bondholders will depend upon the course of the gold premium, which will, however, be undoubtedly be downwards. The Municipality of Cordoba does not appear to have got so far yet on the road to qualified honesty.

Kaffir and American Mines.

Hardly had the Kaffir Circus evinced signs of an incipient revival when the fresh scare in the Money Market caused a relapse. Thus, although the position, especially of the Witwatersrand Mines, is extremely favourable, prices are drooping again, even such promising shares as New Primrose and Glencairns standing only at 3⅝x.d. and 31 respectively. Meyer and Charlton, Rietfontein, and Village Main Reef have been especially flat. Afrikanders remain at 1⅛ to 1¼, Buffelsdoorn at 1¼, and advices from both these Klerksdorp Mines are excellent. African Gold Recovery shares have improved in Glasgow to 42s. 6d. Transvaal Land Companies have been adversely affected by a fresh relapse in British Chartered of South Africa. At the decline of the latter shares my readers will not have been surprised after my recent remarks, but why Oceana or other Transvaal shares should suffer in sympathy, it is difficult to understand. Oceana affairs especially are looking very prosperous. A meeting of the Oceana Coal Company was held on Friday when the resolution to alter the name of the Company to the Oceana Transvaal Coal Company, Limited, was unanimously confirmed. It was a mere technical matter, as a Company exists in South Wales under the name of the "Ocean Coal Company," and it was feared that confusion might be caused by the similarity of names. It will be remembered that the purchase money for the Coal Company goes as to ⅔ to the Oceana Development Company, and as to ⅓ to the Oceana Company. The directors have received advices since the issue of the prospectus that a further borehole has been put down on the Farm Modderfontein and two seams of coal struck; one 3 ft. thick at 56 ft., and the other 5 ft. 6 in. thick at 77 ft., the property thus being shown as extremely rich in black diamonds, which are so important to the development of the Transvaal. With the exception of a fractional recovery in Broken Hill Proprietary shares, Australian Mining shares show little change. Aladdins are steady at 1⅜, Wentworth Priority at ⅝-¾, Kilkivan (19s. paid) at 6s. to 8s. The confirmation by so high an authority as Mr. Skertchly, the well-known mining engineer, of the statement previously made by Mr. Bull, that over 100,000 tons of tailings of very considerable value are available on the Caratal Mine has led to renewed large dealings in these shares, which are quoted 9d. to 1s. For the benefit of those who have not fully grasped the importance of this announcement, it may be useful to mention that recent assays of these tailings yielded results of from 1 oz. 3 dwts. to 1 oz. 10 dwts. of fine gold per ton, and that the liquidator of the Company, Mr. Good, has stated that on this basis 50,000 tons treated by the cyanide process would give a net produce of 50s. per ton, or £125,000, so that 100,000 tons of tailings would work out to £250,000 net yield, a sum several times larger than the present capital value of the Caratal shares. The fact that Mr. Skertchly advises the treatment of these tailings by the cyanide process, therefore, holds out the prospect of big profits to the shareholders, who may, in addition, look to the mine itself as likely to supplement returns materially. Holcomb Valley shares are unaltered at 1s. fully paid, but cablegrams reporting first results by the machinery now at work may come to hand any day. If these are favourable, a sharp advance will come about, as the scarcity of the shares in the market is increasing, several operators, apparently, having taken liberties with them.

Tall Talk in Western Australia.

The view is generally held here that the mother country has been too lavish in its treatment of the Australian Colonies, and that it would have been much better for British investors if they had not granted such unlimited confidence to their Australian kinsmen as to deposit millions upon millions sterling in Australian Banks which have recently come to grief, if they had not bought shares in these Banks at high prices, and if they had not granted loans to a very pretty tune to the various Governments. But it seems that this impression is radically wrong, and that the mother country has in reality inflicted grievous wrongs upon these Colonies. At all events, if the *Perth Daily News* is to be credited, Western Australia has grave grounds of complaint. In discussing a Bill authorising the Government to issue Treasury Bills whenever they are in need of funds to carry on the business of the Colony, my contemporary gives vent to the following extraordinary sentiments:—

> It is also highly desirable that the Government should be armed with other powers of "raising the wind" in cases of need and emergency, otherwise than through the doubtful and indeed discredited means of recourse to the London Money Market for a loan. The system of local borrowing is one much to be encouraged, as by this means we do not send the interest out of the Colony, and we are spared the degradation of the Colony's good name, and the lowering of its reputation through the manipulation of a lot of greedy brokers and wire-pullers and the vapourings in the financial press of "hireling scribes," who are almost entirely ignorant of the countries whose resources and development they disparage and affect to scorn. The sooner Australia is altogether independent of the Home financiers and finds the money for her own development the better. We have paid far too high a price for British money, which is most readily and cheaply forthcoming for rotten South American States and Republics and for the warlike needs of semi-barbaric and often hostile powers in Europe. We are, indeed, deriving the reverse of an advantage from our connection with the Mother Country, which has proved an unkind parent to Australia in the day of her adversity, and has shown she is not to be relied upon. The Treasury Bills Bill is a very necessary and excellent measure, and we must trust that its ultimate effect will be to altogether prevent recourse being had by this Government to the London lender, who charges exorbitantly, lends grudgingly, and can say nothing that is good of us.

Western Australia has obtained various loans in this country, of which some £1,800,000 is still outstanding. The Colony began to borrow on Four and a Half per

Cent. Debentures at £96. 12s. per cent., but has placed more recent issues of Four per Cent. inscribed stock at 108¾ and 100¼ per cent. I have yet to learn that these are onerous terms for a colony with a very small population to borrow on. But the utter absurdity of these remarks will be readily understood when I state that Western Australia has recently been *begging* the London and Westminster Bank to bring out the balance of their last loan in London. Then, again, with regard to the tall talk of the Perth Government organ about Western Australia finding the money for her own development, it should be stated that when applications were sought a short time ago in the Colony for Treasury Bills, the public subscribed only £3,435, and the Government, out of the "Savings' Bank Deposits," made up the handsome sum of £20,000, in itself a financial stroke of a very questionable order. But perhaps the most audacious statement made by my contemporary is that the mother country had proved an unkind parent to Australia in the day of her adversity. This to British depositors of many millions sterling in Australian Banks, which have since suspended payment, with the result that the money is locked up for years, must appear cruel irony, the more so as the runs on the Banks were invariably started by the Australian depositors, who have had the advantage over home depositors all along, owing to the shorter periods of their deposits. Instead of an unkind parent, it is here, therefore, clearly the question of an ungrateful child, and if this is the feeling generally entertained by West Australians towards Englishmen, it is as well that it should be known in the "old country." Whether Australia has turned the corner, or whether she will take some years to recover her equilibrium I would not undertake to say. Of the various Colonies, Queensland and New Zealand are, in my opinion, by far the best, as there is a backbone to these two countries that the others lack. Western Australia is very poor in resources, as in the number of inhabitants, but phenomenal finds of gold have recently been reported, luckily for her—for in the gold alone her future lies. And it may be hoped that in the interest of Western Australia English money and English management can be attracted to work the gold mines. If, on the contrary, the mother-country should permanently refuse to embark any more money in the Colony, the outlook would be gloomy indeed, notwithstanding the Treasury Bill makeshift and the grandiloquent utterances of the Perth Government organ. But I do not see why a Colony should indulge in such serious aspersions upon the mother-county and the London market, whilst all the time they are begging for a fresh loan and a quotation on the London Stock Exchange for their Municipal Waterworks Company.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Tirnova.—The present downward career of Italians is distinctly in harmony with my repeated predictions. Why did you not sell long ago? *O. S.*—If you wish to invest in Australasian Inscribed Stock, Queensland and New Zealand are the best.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

J. A. M.—Both are sound banks, and you had better divide the investment between both. *Crieff.*—You have been very foolish to part with your money. Your best course is to write again and again on the chance of getting it. *W. A. B.*—You should avail yourself of an opportunity to get out of this Australian Land Company. *House.*—Have nothing to do with this concern for the present, but send me a prospectus, when I will advise you. *A. B. S., Birmingham.*—Please to forward a prospectus and terms of the policy. *W. F.*—You should take deposit receipts for the whole of your deposits in preference to shares. The documents have been returned.

Home Rails.

R. O.—You should not speculate in Brighton "A," which are just now greatly affected by the monetary position. As an investment the stock is very suitable. *Consul.*—The "Heavies" are affected both by the money outlook and the coal strikes, and the position is not, therefore, encouraging just now.

American and Foreign Rails.

J. C. K.—Under ordinary circumstances this guarantee would provide a considerable safeguard, but the tension in the American Money Market renders it less effective, especially as there is so much talk about the Pacific lines. *E. K.*—The chief reasons of the decline are the general depression, and the fear, premature so far, of Government interference. *Chef.*—All depends upon the monetary position in New York and Chicago, but it is now stated that the dividend will be paid in cash. I should hold, as all is already amply discounted in the low price. I cannot, really, undertake to reply by letter. *Sussex.*—Anything that can happen to these Companies is already discounted in the very low price of the stocks, which, on an improvement in the monetary position, will again rise. Hold. *Comet.*—Yours is a very fair selection for investment, and I see no reason for selling any of the American bonds, Nos. 1 to 8, under present circumstances. There is a fair prospect of improvement in the Brazilians of 1889 (9); the Bank shares, Nos. 10 12, are first class. No. 13 is doing well. No reason to sell Nos. 14 and 15 now. The two American Railroad bonds mentioned will do very well for further investment, as will also some of those mentioned under "Yankee Rails." *P. P.*—Nashville, Florence, and Sheffield Five per Cent. bonds are a good permanent investment, and still worth the price you gave for them. The other two bonds have declined, but should be held now. No reason to sell Great Eastern now, unless you wish to obtain a higher immediate yield, in which case Brighton "A" would pay you better. *Calgary.*—No, I should not recommend investment in these Canadian Railroad bonds. The American Railroad bonds mentioned in my letter under "Yankee Rails" are preferable. *Marah.*—1. The Grand Trunk Company is doing very badly, as you will see from the remarks in my letter of to-day. You had better invest the money in one of the American Railroad bonds mentioned under "Yankee Rails." 2. Of these three Australian stocks Queensland are the best. 3. Impossible to tell. Under the circumstances, you had better not buy Brighton "A." *F. S. E.*—Ottoman Railway from Smyrna to Aidin, £20 shares stand at 12. I do not look for a rise in the near future. Write to the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders respecting the Montreal and Sorel bonds. *The Boy.*—Certainly you should accept the interest as proposed; this Company will eventually pay cash in full. *J. T. R.*—Certainly hold No. 1 for a recovery. As affairs in Chili are improving, the Company No. 2 ought also to do better. 3. Hold the American Rails No. 3; they will recover again in the time named. *A Young Widow.*—1. Although I never recommended Northern Pacific Second Mortgage bonds, I should advise you to hold now. 2. No, do not sell these. You are quite right to stick to your Erie Seconds. *Sussex.*—You should hold the American stocks for a recovery, which will come about when the present crisis is passed. *H. R. S., Victoria-street.*—It would obviously be preferable if you would number the fourteen different stocks upon which you seek my advice. *Unglücklich.*—There is no fear concerning the interest on the First Mortgage bonds. You may safely await an improvement. The risk of a receivership is also passing away. See under "Yankee Rails."

Mining Shares.

R. P.—I can hear nothing concerning the Socorro and Santa Maria Mines. As the secretary writes that "no reports have for a considerable time been received from the mines, and that, in fact, the Companies are without funds for anything, and practically in liquidation," it is evidently one of the cases in which directors and promoters wish the ill-fated concerns to quietly go to sleep. If you will send me the original prospectus and last balance-sheet I will look into the matter. I cannot reply by letter. *J. C.*—The Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana is not prospering, as any one who read my comments on it from the outset would have known. A circular has just been issued to the shareholders on work done and prospects. *Glasgow.*—1. I have always expressed an unfavourable opinion of Tetuans. 2. Yes, prospects of Caratals are good, and you should buy more to average your old holding. *Constant Reader, Holstein.*—Hold both the South African Mining shares, they will recover with the rest of this market. *Ulsterman.*—Caratals have been repeatedly sold at 1s., and I do not think that you have been overcharged, but the commission is too heavy, it ought to be reduced by one half. *J. C., Barrow-in-Furness.*—I do not recommend any of the South African Mining shares. Nos. 1—4. Beware of these private tips. *M. A.*—1. Yes, you might make the exchange into Caratals. 2. No catch. 3. A fair investment for a small amount, but I should prefer Buffelsdoorn. 4. Do not average until I tell you. *Bina.*—Whenever the Mining Market improves, all the shares mentioned by you will recover, especially Glencairns. *Argyle.*—1. Will rank for dividend at the next distribution. 2. Not yet, expected in a couple of months. 3. Yes. 4. The Glencairn should pay early dividends. 5. Something like £12,000 has been paid off. 6. I cannot tell which will pay first dividend, but both Buffelsdoorn and Afrikander are good Mines. The subscribed capital of the former is only £40,000. 7. I do not think they are a catch. *A. Y. Z.*—You should hold the Mining shares for a recovery. You have done well to buy Holcomb. *N. H. F.*—1. The amount of the Cravens Caledonia dividend is correct. 2. Yes, I think they will recover, but do not average yet. 3. Shortly. 4. Hold all these shares for an improvement. You might buy some Caratals in addition.

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Industrial Companies.

Optimist.—I do not think much of the investment. *Bungalow.*—This investment does not appear to have reached the stage at which investment in the shares is safe. The purchase would be extremely speculative, especially as there is no market for the shares. *Bally-ghadarsen.*—In the present position of the licensing question investment in British Brewery Companies is not, perhaps, without some risk, but I suppose you have formed your opinion as to this. Of the seven Companies named, Nos. 1, 4, and 6 appear to be the best. I should not like to commit myself to a recommendation of the seven Industrial Companies named, but the Debentures of No. 1 and the Companies Nos. 6 and 7 should be reasonably safe. *Desolate.*—There is no market for the Automatic shares. Try to sell them through the Secretary. You have done quite right to buy Holcomb Valley shares. Favourable news may come to hand any moment. *Plymouth.*—I do not like this concern. Sell if you can. *M. R.*—I think you might risk holding.

Mixed Investments.

C. F. W.—These shares are a fair investment for a small amount, but no catch, and there does not seem to be any early prospect of a rise. *Rix.*—Brighton "A" will give you over 5 per cent., and you might also spread the investment over some of the American Railroad bonds mentioned under "Yankee Rails." *H. H. H.*—I know nothing of the Comet Publishing Company or of Messrs. Peddie & Johnson, late of Wine Office-court, Fleet-street; but suppose that it is owing to some oversight that they have not executed your order for books accompanied by postal order. *Constant Reader, Ramsgate.*—Guinness Five per Cent. Debenture stock at 123 should suit you. *E. P. V.*—Some news of the Mining Company's new property in the Mozambique territory is expected shortly. The other Company cannot be doing well in the present state of affairs in the United States. *A. B.*—No reason to sell Nos. 1, 2, 4, or 6. I do not care much for No. 5, or for the Canadian bonds, Nos. 3 and 7; in fact, I have always warned my readers against Qu'appelle Long Lake bonds (7). I have never recommended Mexican National bonds (8) but should not sell now after the fall. Hold Nos. 9 and 10 for the present, Sell the mines No. 11. If you had followed my advice you would have sold No. 12 before the collapse. Hold No. 13. *R. C. P.*—On the whole yours is a fair selection for permanent investment. No reason to sell Nos. 1–6 now. There seems no undue risk in connection with the Fire Assurance Company No. 7. Certainly hold the American Railroad bonds Nos. 8, 9, 12. No use to sell No. 13 now. Hold also No. 10, but No. 11 is doubtful—see remarks on the Grand Trunk Company in my letter. No reason to sell No. 14 to 26, as the risk is so well distributed. Your proposed new trust for £1,000 may be commended under the circumstances. The purchase advised in your recent letter of Brighton "A" and Brunner, Mond seems judicious, but I do not think much of cable property. *T. B. D.*—The Trust proposed by you for the investment of £5,000 (Buenos Ayres Great Southern Five per Cent. Prefs., Queensland Three and a-Half per Cent. Inscribed, Brighton "A," and Midland Ordinary) is quite suitable; but instead of Erie First Mortgage bonds you should select one of the American Railroad bonds mentioned under "Yankee Rails."

Various Investments.

Silver has suffered a moderate decline—to 34d.—during the week, but remains on the whole steady. Rupee Paper, on the other hand, has declined to 66¼, owing to a sudden change of front executed by the Government, which allotted India transfers at the low rate of 1s. 3¼d. So far the attempt of the India Council to maintain the parity of the Rupee at 1s. 4d. has been singularly unsuccessful, and it looks almost as if they were at their wit's ends what to do next. The rumours which have been current as to the probability of an early re-opening of the Indian Mints are, however, no doubt unfounded, as the Government once having taken the momentous step which has wrought so much havoc in our markets, will, no doubt, allow a reasonable time to elapse before discontinuing the experiment. So far as the improvement in silver securities is based upon the hope of a reversal of the policy of the India Council, it is not well founded. I do not know who is responsible for the vacillating policy which obtains at present at the India Office, but it is, undoubtedly, working most serious mischief. When the new departure as regards the closing of the Indian Mints and the fixing of the value of the Rupee was enacted so suddenly, I had occasion to comment upon the manner in which this measure had been exploited for their own gain by those who were in receipt of early and privileged information as to what was coming, and if there is any redeeming point about the change of front now executed by those who pull the strings it is the fact that these privileged speculators do not reap the large profits on their purchases of Rupee Paper which they had anticipated. Whether the closing of the Indian Mines and the fixing of the rupee were judicious measures the future only can show. They have, so far, precipitated a severe crisis in all silver securities and caused losses to be counted by millions sterling to the business community. But once the fatal step was taken, energetic measures should also have been adopted to give this new policy a fair trial, and rather than drop the parity of the Rupee to 1s. 3⅛-¼d. again after a few weak attempts to sell India Council Bills and Transfers, even a fresh Indian Sterling Loan might have been resorted to, so as to tide over the present period of uncertainty. Public opinion both here and in India condemns the latest departure taken by the India Office as paralyzing commercial and financial transactions, and working untold mischief. Having once fixed the minimum value of the Rupee at 1s. 4d., the perpetrators of this monstrous muddle ought at least to have stuck to the principle they had decreed until it was possible to judge of results. Mexican Rails have improved sharply on "Bear" covering, and in anticipation of a few good traffics, several cargoes having arrived at Vera Cruz. Colonial Government stocks and the shares of the three surviving Australian Banks have shown steadiness. I am glad to see that the Brush Electrical Engineering Company continues to prosper, a further dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum having been declared on the Ordinary shares, in addition to the interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum already paid for the half-year ended December 31, 1892. The following communication has reached me with regard to the unfortunate London and General Bank:—

> After waiting nearly twelve months, the unfortunate shareholders of the London and General Bank have had another dividend doled out to them by the Official Receiver, making 8s. in the pound. The original statement of accounts showed good debts exceeding £200,000, besides £93,228 of uncalled capital, to meet liabilities of £194,349. Thus far, only one-half of the calls have been paid, and not more than £27,028 of the debts have been realised. Strange to say, the amount of the latter is £1,600 less in the statement just issued than it was in the previous one three months ago. Bankruptcy bookkeeping needs an esoteric training to comprehend it. On the other hand, as usual, the expenses are mounting up. They were £1,607 in May. Now they are £2,803. At this rate, in another two years and a-half, when the last dividend may be looked for, the expenses will have swollen to nearly fifteen thousand pounds. The Official Receiver takes care to retain a balance of £5,661. No interest is allowed for this, at any rate to the creditors. It forms part of more than half a million of money belonging to helpless creditors in some two hundred Companies now being wound up. If the Bank had been placed in the hands of a private trustee, all the liabilities would have been discharged ere this.

If the circumstances are as stated by my correspondent things are clearly not as they should be.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY;

A CASE OF CHOLERA.

THE following story comes to English ears probably now for the first time. The facts embodied in it occurred some time ago; but for the sake of a certain great family involved, strenuous efforts were made to hush them up, and they have now only just reached me from a private source. They are, however, so instructive, and emphasise so strongly the barbarities which are still possible in a European country, in this nineteenth century, that I cannot forbear making them public, although, out of respect for my informant's wishes, I shall be purposely vague and misleading in the localisation and nomenclature.

In a far away corner of the great empire of ——lies a small township, which we will call P——. At the time of which I write it was even less accessible than it is now. And the inhabitants, farmers and peasants for the most part, knew little, and cared less, about anything beyond their own small neighbourhood. Not one in a hundred of them had ever been so far as the nearest big town of N——: and certainly not one in a thousand had

achieved the journey to the metropolis. Indeed, a man who had been there and back was regarded in the light of a great traveller, and was treated with marked respect accordingly.

The particular district in which P—— is was then ruled by a Deputy Governor, Count Y——, who was virtually sovereign of the place, and who in the eyes of the inhabitants was a personage of more importance than the Emperor himself. The Count was a just ruler, and merciful according to the standard of his country; so that he was generally liked by the people of his district. But the Countess, his second wife, did not share his popularity at all.

There was some reason for this. In the first place, she was beneath her station, being daughter of a wealthy tradesman in P——, and the people were jealous of her elevation. In the next, she was an upstart by nature as well as by circumstance, and took pleasure (as such upstarts will) in the mere fact of airing her authority. Fortunately, however, for the district, her husband was a strong man, and held the reins of government tight in his own grasp. So the Countess had little opportunity of carrying out her tyrannical inclinations, except on the few dependants of her household, whose life she certainly did her best to make a burden to them.

One of these unfortunates, in particular, a young girl named Myra, came in for an excessive share of the Countess's tyranny. The girl was pretty, even beautiful, and far more accomplished than her mistress, which was one reason for ill-treating her. But another and stronger one lay in the fact that the Count admired her and lost no opportunity of paying her attentions.

The social ethics of the country saw nothing very reprehensible in that. Conjugal fidelity on the part of husbands was a *rara avis* in the upper circles, at least; and wives were free to console themselves without scandal, that is, if they observed the ordinary rules of prudence. But Countess Y—— was too jealous to accept a divided allegiance complacently. And as she could not punish her husband, who cared not one jot for her reproaches, and only avoided her when she betrayed ill-humour, she vented her spleen upon Myra.

It was whispered in P—— that her ladyship had no true right to feel such violent jealousy; for that she, too, sought consolation abroad. And the name of Doctor Q——, her medical adviser, was talked of in this connection. He was a youngish, handsome man, of vulgar birth, but with a pleasant address and engaging manners, who spent a good deal of his time at "the Castle," (as the Governor's residence was styled), and undoubtedly enjoyed her ladyship's confidence and esteem. But doctors, especially young doctors, always occupy a delicate position in regard to their female patients; and scandals against them are so easy to circulate and so hard to rebut that they should only be received with the very greatest suspicion.

It so happened that at this time an alarming epidemic of cholera was raging through the southern division of the empire. It had not yet reached P——, but it was steadily making its way in that direction. And stringent orders had been received by the District Governors from the Minister of the Interior in regard to precautions against, and provision for, the much dreaded scourge. Pursuant to these orders, which bore the Emperor's own sign manual, Count Y—— started on a fortnight's tour of his Province, to superintend measures in the various townships, having first made all arrangements in P——, in case the cholera might appear there during his absence.

For a few days after the Count's departure, all went well. But then one morning a rumour quickly spread through the startled and terrified inhabitants of the township that a case of genuine Asiatic cholera had broken out in their midst, and had been immediately removed to the special hospital outside the town, set apart by the Governor for the purpose, and under the medical control of Doctor Q——.

Notices were shortly issued from the Castle confirming this rumour, and warning the inhabitants not to approach within a certain distance of the isolated hospital. Severe penalties (which lay in the discretionary power of all Governors in that despotic country) were threatened against any who should disregard the warning. But these were scarcely needed, for all were far too much afraid of catching the awful disease to go any nearer than they could help to the infected building.

In a place as small as P——, where every one knew every one else, details, even of a trifling character and relating to unimportant persons, soon got abroad. And it was not long before it was known that the case had occurred in the Governor's own household, and that the victim was Myra N——, maid in waiting to the Governor's wife. In that country people were suspicious. God knows they had had good reason to be so. And now they talked and whispered among themselves, with many dark hints, when they learned that the first victim of the cholera was—who she was.

In the tap-rooms of the town hostelries, when the liquor began to untie men's tongues, these dark hints assumed, on that first night when the facts were known, a more unguarded form. Mine host of the "Golden Fleece," who was a cautious man, and feared, not only for his licence, but his liberty, by many a whispered hush and hasty frown, tried to restrain his less prudent customers in their talk, though with not much success, for there were too many present, and they were too much excited, to be so easily silenced.

Now mine host had noticed something, which in the crowd and crushing of the tap-room had scarcely been observed, and certainly not treated as important by any of the others; and this was the presence of a total stranger among them. The latter had come in quietly, about the middle of the evening, and was smoking his pipe and drinking his beer, almost unobserved, in the chimney-corner; and by-and-by he got up, and took his departure as quietly as he had entered.

There was nothing at all remarkable about him, except, perhaps, his broad shoulders and powerful frame. But he seemed anxious, for some reason, to avoid observation; for he walked at a great pace, through the least frequented streets, and did not slacken his pace until he was well outside the town. It was moonlight, and the dark outline of the Cholera Hospital, on an eminence a mile distant, stood up very clear against the sky. Possibly the stranger knew nothing of the notice issued that day from the Castle. At any rate, he turned his steps straight for the plague-stricken house.

When he reached it, he knocked loudly on the door. His summons was acknowledged by the opening of an upper window, and a demand, in a woman's voice, who he was and what he wanted.

"I am a Government Inspector of Hospitals," he replied, authoritatively, "and I request immediate admission."

"But that is impossible, sir," was the reply. "Countess Y—— has given strict orders to admit no one, on any understanding whatever."

"Perhaps!" the stranger retorted. "But I am acting under warrant of a greater authority than the Countess. I bear the Emperor's commands to inspect cholera hospitals, and you will refuse me admittance at your peril."

The woman was obviously both impressed and frightened by his sternly uttered words, for, after a little further parley, and exacting from him a solemn pledge that he was what he professed to be, she came down and opened the door. An old crone she was of seventy and upwards, with bent shoulders and a wrinkled face, dressed in the shabbiest and most humble style.

"Are you the only nurse here?" inquired the stranger eyeing the hag with a sort of disdainful scorn.

She replied in the affirmative.

"Then how many patients have you?"

"One; an't please your honour."

"Male or female?"

"Female."

"Conduct me to her immediately."

The old woman scarcely hesitated; for she saw that the Inspector was no man to be trifled with; but turned round

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

and hobbled up the stairs before him with the candle and so into the room where the patient lay.

As they approached the great, old-fashioned bedstead, which was almost the only furniture in the room, the Inspector took the light from his conductor, and, going to the bedside, surveyed the patient critically. His brows contracted and his lips compressed themselves as he did so; but he did not speak a word—only set the candle down on a wooden table near, and proceeded to examine the girl more closely.

She seemed like one dead already. Her glossy black hair, tossed and strewed about the pillow in wild confusion, emphasised the ghastly pallor of her face, and were it not for the feeble moans of pain that now and again escaped her lips, a casual onlooker might well have imagined life departed.

After a silent examination of ten minutes the Inspector turned to the old crone, and demanded, with a certain fierce emphasis,

"Woman—do you know anything about cholera?"

"N—n—o, sir," she stammered, evidently frightened by his tone. "I never came across a case before, sir." But they couldn't get a nurse because of the infection, and I am poor, and the high pay attracted me. And Doctor Q——, he said that all I had to do was to carry out his instructions; and that I have done to my very best ability—I have, indeed, sir. I've given his medicine regular, every three hours—— "

"Let me see this medicine," he interposed, sternly.

She brought him a half-full bottle from the mantelpiece, and handed it to him. He pulled out the cork, just smelt the medicine; then, without more ado, opened the window and flung the bottle out.

"What *have* you done, sir?" ejaculated the old woman, with a dismayed cry. "What will Doctor Q—— say to me when ——."

"Never mind!" the Inspector broke in. "Have you mustard in the house? Tell me!"

"Mustard, sir? Yes!"

"Then bring me some, quick; and a jug of warm water."

The old woman, whose expression showed her to be equally divided between fear and amazement, hobbled off to execute his command, and soon returned with what he wanted.

He at once made a solution of mustard and water, and, with skilful, gentle management, contrived to open the patient's lips and pour a considerable quantity of the fluid down her throat. . . . In a very short time the natural result followed; and the old crone hailed it with another cry of dismay.

"Oh, sir," she said. "And Doctor Q—— told me that sickness was to be checked by every possible means."

"Indeed!" he answered, with a curious smile. "And this Doctor Q——; when will he come next?"

"Early to-morrow morning, sir."

"And I have heard that the Countess is so brave as to risk infection by visiting the patient?"

"Yes, sir. She was here to-day; and she will meet the Doctor here to-morrow."

"Good! I shall wait here till they both come."

"You wait here all night?" exclaimed the old woman, who, was, however, too much surprised already to feel much further wonder at any announcement on the Inspector's part.

"Yes," with another curious smile. "My having reversed the doctor's treatment may get you into trouble. I shall stay and bear the burden of his wrath myself."

* * * * * *

It was about eight o'clock next morning; and the patient, who had been watched and tended most carefully all night by the Government doctor, was already beginning to show marked signs of revival, when the sound of wheels outside announced an approaching carriage.

"It is the Countess, and Doctor Q—— is with her," cried the old crone, with a pale face, as she peeped out of the window.

"Good," said the Inspector. "I shall conceal myself behind yonder bed-curtain, and shall appear when I see fit. Take care you do not betray my presence. Now, go down and let them in!"

In a minute or two, the Countess and Doctor Q—— entered the sick-chamber. The latter immediately went up to the bedside to examine the patient, and was clearly taken aback to find her so much stronger and better. He muttered something, however, about this sudden increase of vital force being really a bad sign—"a last flare up of the expiring frame"—and, turning to the nurse, asked whether the patient had taken the medicine regularly through the night.

"No; she has not!" interposed the Inspector, in a stern, angry voice, as he strode from behind the curtain. "And you know that if she had, she would be lying dead before us now."

The doctor, startled beyond control by this sudden apparition, uttered a cry of dismay, and, turning ghastly pale, in vain made an effort to speak. But the Countess, whose spirit was far stouter than her confederate's, faced the intruder boldly:

"Who are you?" she cried, furiously. "What are you doing here? Do you know that you have violated our express edict? But you soon shall know it to your cost, rascal; for I will have you locked up in jail and whipped this very day!"

The stranger's eyes flashed fire, and his face grew all ablaze with wrath:

"Woman—adulteress—poisoner!" he thundered, in a voice that seemed to make the room shake. "You have talked to me like this—*me!* when I can crush you like a worm" (stamping his foot) "aye, and I will. For, learn, it is your Emperor that speaks!"

* * * * *

It has long been a matter of common knowledge that the Emperor of —— has a passion for medical study. And we read in our newspapers of that year how he made a round of all the cholera hospitals in his dominion (often incognito), and personally inspected their management and systems. . . . But out of consideration for Count Y—— the above story was hushed up, as such things can be in that despotic country. And it is now published for the first time.

The Emperor has often been decried for his acts of tyranny. Perhaps with justice. But when he packed off Countess Y—— and her paramour, the Doctor, to the mines of L——, without trial or examination, no one, we believe, was in the least indignant.

MUSIC.

GIRL STUDENTS AT MILAN.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds stating that the Queen, delighted with the singing of Miss Clara Butt, has resolved to send the young contralto to Milan in order "to complete her education." I have, of course, no present means of determining whether the paragraph is true, but it is very likely to be so—first, because Miss Butt is certainly by far the best vocalist which the Royal College of Music has yet produced; and, secondly, because the young lady's performance of Orfeo and her singing in oratorio called forth well-deserved compliments in the speech of the Prince of Wales. It is also very possible that her Majesty, who, of course, judges music from the light of forty years ago, and can have no possible means of knowing what is now going on in the Art world, may in sheer kindness of heart have decided to send Miss Butt to Milan, which in the last generation was the chief seat of vocal instruction, although it is now nothing whatever of the sort. In this case, however, the ancient dictum that the Queen can do no wrong clearly does not apply. Indeed, any such suggestion as that—despite the £150,000 of money which has been spent upon the South Kensington institution—a young English contralto, trained at the Royal College of Music, cannot be properly taught save in the capital of Lombardy, would be a direct slap in the face to the College authorities. The best teachers have, however, long since left

Milan, and have settled in London, Paris, New York, or elsewhere where fees are higher and students are more numerous and wealthy. Since the deaths of the elder Lamperti, Sangiovanni, and Nava, there exist no teachers in all Italy of the rank of Madame Marchesi in Paris, or Henschel, Randegger, Visetti, Shakespeare, or Tosti in London. Since Madame Albani, whose English debut dates back to a period when the present generation were young, there is hardly an authenticated case of a British singer, who, after an Italian training, has been enabled to win a successful career here without finishing her tuition in England. No doubt, in Italy plenty of experience can be gained upon the operatic stage, particularly if the student is willing to pay for it. Mr. Santley tells the story of how for something less than eight shillings he was dubbed in print the legitimate successor of Tamburini. Even in the present day a well-informed writer has placed it upon record that "an Italian début, in most instances, merely means the hiring of a theatre, and engaging a poor support, an orchestra, and a few Italian critics on the best possible terms." Even after this more or less expensive success has been gained, the artist stands no chance whatever of an engagement either in England or America—that is to say, the two countries where salaries rule highest. Sir Augustus Harris in his younger and less experienced days tried a good many Milanese singers, but almost to an individual they suffered severely from the tremolo, or, to adopt the terse language of the impresario, they were "jelly vocalists." An agent would nowadays smile at a débutante who could claim nothing but a Milanese education. Further evidence against the plan of sending young English students to Milan—evidence of a sort, too, which I should imagine would have great weight with the Queen—is afforded in a lengthy report officially made to the United States Government a few months since by Mr. George W. Pepper, American Consul at Milan. Consul Pepper certainly has no interest in decrying the city in which he lives, but in very plain terms he throws discredit upon the private teachers of Milan, hints that the Conservatorium discriminates against any but Italians, and roughly asserts that out of every hundred American girls who are foolish enough to study at Milan, not five afterwards have any chance of a bare living. Even the *Corriere della Sera*, which takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Milanese, and I may add does it very fairly, makes no attempt to controvert these official facts, but merely pleads that the funds of the Conservatorium are too limited to permit the education of foreigners, and that dishonourable and unconscientious teachers abound everywhere, so that their presence does not disprove the existence of honourable and capable instructors. No doubt there is something to be said in favour of the argument of the *Corriere;* but considering that able and conscientious teachers are plentiful in London, it would seem the crassest of folly for a young singer of the promise of Miss Butt to try experiments with the dishonourable or other teachers of Milan. Then, again, there is the self-evident necessity of an escort. Miss Butt is a lady of more than common beauty, and it is no reflection upon herself or the Milanese to point out that prudence and the good name which is all-valuable to a woman would suggest the impropriety of the solitary residence of a friendless girl in a foreign city. The experience of more than one artist, including the unfortunate English soprano who committed suicide some little time since, sufficiently indicates dangers which will, indeed, be self-obvious to every man or woman of the world. The case is not yet forgotten of a young lady student in Milan who in due modesty refused the atrocious advances of a wealthy Italian of middle age, whereupon the scoundrel in revenge caused his empty carriage to stop outside her door during the greater part of the night. Blackguards, of course, exist in all countries, and it is satisfactory to learn that this particular Italian scamp was publicly thrashed by some of the young lady's male fellow students, at the head of whom, I believe, was the composer of "The Midshipmite." But Consul Pepper very plainly points out the absurdity of sending girls unaccompanied to a city like Milan, where he states that "young ladies find etiquette forbids them to walk out unaccompanied, and hence are exposed to many annoyances." But, perhaps, the most striking portion of Consul Pepper's report is that which gives details of the cost of living in Milan. It has been admitted by most good judges that girls can be taught quite as well or better in London or Paris than in Italy, and the only advantage in Italian tuition has hitherto been supposed to lie in its cheapness. But Consul Pepper shatters this illusion, and the *Corriere della Sera*, in fact, admitting that he is right, cordially thanks him for telling his fellow-countrymen the truth. It is, it seems, impossible for a girl to live in Milan with any comfort for less than £8 per month, and even this does not provide for even simple luxuries. Lessons cost at least £4 a month, and this £12 a month even the *Corriere* declares to be a low estimate, and strongly advises "those who cannot afford the expense to keep away from Milan." The cost of living to an escort or companion, still without the barest luxuries, would be another £8 a month. These, I should point out, are official figures, prepared by the duly-accredited representative of the United States Government, and endorsed by a leading local newspaper, prejudiced, if at all, in favour of Milan. It is a simple arithmetical calculation to arrive at the fact that it would cost a student annually £144 to live alone, subject to many petty or real annoyances, and £240 to live with a companion, without railway travelling, holidays, or any sort of extras. And for all this she will gain a cachet which would be recognised by no British opera-manager, and will in most cases not be able to obtain for her a mere Italian début unless she pays heavily for it. Yet for little more than half the smaller sum the pupil could study under the best masters in the world at the Royal College of Music, or elsewhere in London, and could pay the cost of living with friends, or under kind, careful, and refined conditions at the Alexandra House itself. I have ventured to go into this matter in some detail, not, perhaps, so much for the sake of Miss Butt—because Sir George Grove may be trusted to look after the interests of the most brilliant of all his vocal pupils—as because I have more than once been asked by parents as to the advisability of sending their children to Milan for musical tuition. For certain special branches no doubt there are specialists in various parts of Europe. For opera there is no school better than that of Madame Marchesi, of Paris; for pianoforte better than that of Madame Schumann, of Frankfort, or M. Leschetitzky, of Vienna; or for violin better than Dr. Joachim, at Berlin. But the best all-round musical education can be gained as well in England as elsewhere, while for oratorio London is emphatically the only school.

At the Promenade Concerts the first "Classical" night was certainly not a very brilliant success, mainly because, for some occult reason, Mr. Cowen refrained from forming his programme of classical music. This week, therefore, he has harked back to Wagner for his mid-week attraction. It is, however, only fair to say that some sort of classical work—whether a Haydn symphony, or a Beethoven, a Schumann, or some other concerto—has been included in every programme, and has been far better appreciated by the audience than the lighter pieces.

"The Music of the Eisteddfod from the Period of the Flood to the Invasion of the Romans" is alleged to be the modest title of a work about to be published. Every one knows the story of the Welsh pedigree—it is, if I recollect rightly, of the Mostyn family—in which, after some pages of the family tree, a line is drawn, with the quaint remark, "About this time occurred the Flood." But the music of the Eisteddfod in the days of Noah would be a genuine revelation.

The collapse of music at Chicago gives the Albert Hall the première of Dr. Mackenzie's new oratorio, "Bethlehem." New oratorios of importance are usually first tried at the Musical Festivals, and "Bethlehem" will be the only great work of its sort which has been presented in the Metropolis for the first time in London for many years.

People who do not watch the course of music in the

country seem to labour under the impression that because a new oratorio is only heard once or twice in London it is forthwith consigned to oblivion. This, of course, is not the fact. The demand for new choral works in the provinces is very great—so much so, indeed, that Messrs. Novello find it advisable to engrave or print not only the vocal score, but also the orchestral parts. Provided that "Bethlehem" is given in the autumn at the Albert Hall, and is not delayed till the spring, it will probably attain its hundredth performance in England well within the twelvemonth.

I learn by a letter from Mr. Patey that Madame Patey proposes to take her farewell of London on December 12, and afterwards to have a long farewell tour of the provinces. After this, I believe, she proposes to enjoy a long sea voyage.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—The cackle of Woman's Rights advocates over the success of a dozen or so lady competitors in some Oxford or Cambridge Examination as conclusive of the intellectual equality of the sexes, assumes first that such examinations are a test, not of mere industry and intelligence, but of intellect—an unwarrantable assumption; and, secondly, that, even admitting this assumption, the appearance of an occasional giantess proves the average height of the sexes to be equal. The obvious answer to this old woman's logic is that if women cannot hold their own immemorial provinces successfully against men they are little likely to succeed in their invasion of ours. Their own immemorial provinces are music, drawing, cooking, and dressmaking; yet there is not a single female composer of eminence, not a single female painter of the first rank, and but two or three of the second and third; all *chefs* are male; and to men women must resort even for a perfect fit in frocks—the tailor-made gown. I have been set thinking upon this still-vexed question by two or three books I happened to take up in succession. Hardly had I laid down a pretty set of papers on "Great Characters in Fiction" (1) in which you search in vain amongst a crowd of women-novelists for a single reference to Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, or Sterne!—than I took up a very clever collection of essays by George Moore, "Modern Painting" (2) and read as follows from his paper on "Sex in Art":—

> In the higher arts—in painting, in music, and literature—the achievements of women are slight indeed; best when confined to the arrangements of themes invented by men—amiable transpositions suitable to boudoirs and fans. . . . . This conclusion is well-nigh forced upon us when we consider what would mean the withdrawal of all that women have done in art. The world would certainly be the poorer by some half dozen charming novels, by a few charming poems and sketches in oil and water colour; but it cannot be maintained, at least not seriously, that if these charming trifles were withdrawn there would remain any gap in the world's art to be filled up. Women have created nothing, they have carried the art of men across their fans charmingly with exquisite taste, delicacy, and subtlety of feeling.

Here follows a biting criticism of George Eliot, which would fling her gentle panegyrist in "Great Characters in Fiction" into a fit of hysterics. Nevertheless, Mr. George Moore's judgment can be impugned only on the ground of the acridity of its expression. But if the elimination of female artists, or even of female Senior Wranglers, would hardly be an irreparable loss to the world, what of the elimination of such woman philanthropists as are chronicled in the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' "Woman's Mission" (3), a series of Congress papers by eminent writers prepared for the Royal British Commission, Chicago Exhibition? Here you have work which the world could ill spare and workers it could hardly replace, and only replace by women. Most of it men could not even attempt, while the little of it they could attempt would need for its maintenance and for its assured success the nice tact, the sensitive sympathy, the untiring patience, and the divine devotion of women. It is a touching and astonishing record of work done, as Nature does it, slowly, silently, secretly, under the still sunlight and dews that fall in the darkness. Of half of these noble "charities that soothe and heal and bless" you have never heard the name, and still less are you likely to have heard the names of their modest founders. At their own doors they have found their "Mission," and in their own womanly way of gentle, quiet, patient persistence they have carried it out, yet the total results are beyond price and praise. But the total results, however considerable absolutely, are relatively inconsiderable compared with the numberless and pitiless needs crying aloud for such ministrations in every great town in England, Scotland, and Ireland. "Crying aloud" is an ill-chosen phrase, since the vast mass of this misery is dumb. Has the pathos of the expression "gone under" ever struck you? After an agonising struggle with the waves, in which you die many times before death, you sink and there is no cry out of the depths to tell where you have gone down. It is not often that any one re-emerges and survives to tell the tale as it is told in the artless and interesting "Life of an Artizan" (4), which I have just been reading. More than once in the naïve narrative you come across passages like this describing in a matter-of-fact way a matter-of-course state of things:—

> An unprecedentedly severe winter set in, and from lack of food and fire we suffered very severely. One night we thought our youngest child was dying from the unavoidable exposure to cold and want, and we had to break up one of our few remaining articles of furniture in the dead of the night as fuel to warm the child back to life. For two days not a particle of food had passed our lips, and for nearly a fortnight in this bitterly cold weather we had slept on the bare boards huddled together to keep us warm as we could.

Why did he not apply to the Guardians? you ask. He answers foolishly, you will say; yet such folly must be reckoned with when the cream of our artizans is in question:—

> I was severely blamed that I did not apply to the parish for relief, but I would rather have died from sheer starvation than, being so young, have degraded myself by making such an application.

Yet more heart-harrowing are the dumb despairing miseries of the labourer as described in a most interesting, instructive, and opportune book, Mr. Richard Heath's, "The English Peasant" (5). As you read again and again you are moved to cry, "Where are these civilising and Christianising and charitable agencies, the landlord, the lady bountiful, and the parson of each parish, of whom you hear so much at elections?" Christian and charitable! Are these landlords even commonly honest in their dealings with these peasants?

> Few things have more helped the mass of English peasants than the freedom they had enjoyed to use the common lands. From about the middle of the last century commenced that wholesale private appropriation of common property which has so largely helped to complete the ruin of the English peasant. Between 1710—the date of the first Inclosure Act—and 1760, only 334,974 statute acres were enclosed, while in the century which followed, more than *seven millions* of statute acres have been added to the cultivated area of Great Britain.

What have these land-grabbers returned the labourers for the loss of these commons? Not even hovels to pig together in.

> At Langtoft, two miles from Baston, a man was found living in a miserable house of three rooms, with his wife, her mother, and five children. The bedroom was a garret, the walls of which, leaning to, formed a ridge at the top, with a dormer window in front. "Do you live here to be near your work?" "No, men have to trail a long way to work." The man was working in Braceboro', six miles from home, and came back to his family every night! He lived there because he could get a tenantable cot, and was glad of it at any price, anywhere, in any condition. A girl belonging to one family of nine children was asked how they all got into one small bedroom, and she replied

(1) "Great Characters in Fiction." Edited by M. E. Townsend. (London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

(2) "Modern Painting." By George Moore. (London: Walter Scott, Limited.)

(3) "Woman's Mission." A Series of Congress Papers on the Philanthropic Work of Women. By Eminent Writers. Arranged and Edited with a Preface and Notes by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. (Royal British Commission, Chicago Exhibition, 1893.) (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

(4) "Lights and Shadows in the Life of an Artizan." By Joseph Gutteridge, Ribbon Weaver. With a Preface by William Jolly, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Coventry: Printed and Published by Curtis and Beamish.)

(5) "The English Peasant." Studies, Historical, Local, and Biographic. By Richard Heath. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

(6) "The Labour Movement." By L. T. Hobhouse, M.A. With a Preface by R. B. Haldane, M.P. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

that they had to lie like pins, heads and tails, next each other. In Grainthorpe a case was reported to the Board of Guardians in which the father, mother, and seven children were found in one room with only one bedstead, all ill of fever, no window, except one in the roof.

But the labourer and the artizan have now got into their own hands the power to redress their own grievances. How will they use it when they have realised their possession of it? Who is it says, "Nothing is more terrible than ignorance with spurs on"? As a help to the education of our masters Mr. Hobhouse has published a suggestive book, "The Labour Movement" (*), which puts its socialistic remedy clearly and succinctly, if not convincingly.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I wrote you last week from the Hague, which we were very sorry to leave, but father was obliged to be back in town for a few days in this week. I suppose you are pretty hot down in the country during this heat wave, but you really cannot imagine what it is like in London. The very sight of so many thousands of simmering fellow-creatures is in itself sufficient to make one feel frightfully hot, and, in addition to this, are the blistering pavements, the warmth of which when the sun is on them can be plainly felt through one's summer shoes. As to dress, one rather inclines to wish for the costume of the ladies of the First Empire, which was probably the scantiest ever known in civilised countries. We have hunted up all our thinnest gowns, and have gone in extensively for muslin blouses. Silk is too hot for wear. We find linen far from cool, though a suit of it looks delightfully so. This appearance is delusive, however. Linen is a non-conductor, and causes the body to be retentive of its own warmth.

There are some puzzles in London life that no one can ever make out. For instance, on one of the most broiling days of this most broiling week, we met a fairly well-dressed girl who was wearing a fur-trimmed jacket. It was difficult to form a guess as to why she should do so. We constantly feel puzzled about little things like this in our walks abroad. We sometimes see handsome sealskins on women in shabby shoes all worn down at one side, and hats of the most unkempt description. In Regent-street, only the day before yesterday, we saw a really handsome mantle of black satin and lace on a woman whose other garments—bonnet, gown, boots, and gloves—would have been dear at half-a-crown the lot. These are some of the incongruities of Metropolitan life.

We have been so tremendously hot that we have simply declined to get into our gloves when going out shopping. We tried in ever so many shops for old-fashioned lace "mitts," as they used to be called, which come up to the knuckles, but they are not to be had now. Mentioning this to our Aunts Tabitha and Jemima, whom we were helping to pack up for their yearly sojourn by the sea, they produced, after some searching, a few pairs of the most lovely old lace mittens, and presented them to us. What treasures some old ladies have stored away in wardrobes, and hidden in closets that breathe of lavender directly the doors are opened! One pair of these is in old lace of the most cobweb-like texture, and in a lovely mellow tone of soft cream colour from old age. Another pair is in Valenciennes, and there are two or three pairs in Chantilly. We feel quite cool and comfortable in these, old-fashioned as they are, and fervently wish they would come in again so that we might display our treasure-trove.

As to the attire of men, it is, like our own, of the most unorthodox description. Our legislators have, for the most part, abandoned the use of waistcoats, and appear in the House (which is intolerably hot, we are told, notwithstanding the excellent system of ventilation by pumping in supplies of pure air) in cummerbunds of various colours, or in bands of gathered black silk which hook up the back, and have pockets in front like the discarded waistcoats. I described these to you some time ago, when I saw them at Sampson's, and should not be at all surprised if the extraordinary heat should bring them into general use. After all, you know, the waistcoat is rather a senseless, inconsistent article of dress. The fronts of it are made of cloth, more or less warm, and the back is in thin lining. As for protection in cold weather, it is cut away just where the throat and chest are most likely to need it. Its pockets are its only real reason for existing.

Many of the postmen, cabbies, and omnibus drivers and conductors are wearing puggarees, so intense is the heat of the sun just now. I believe there is even some talk of putting the poor policemen into pith helmets. They must feel the heat of their present headgear very much. It is a stupid, hideous thing, anyhow.

There is plenty of room for tea on the terrace of the House of Commons now, when almost every one is out of town. You cannot imagine what a delightful place this is for that most enjoyable of meals. Our legislators are by no means cast generally in a stern, hard mould, as one might imagine who had not seen them in their hours of ease. Nowhere are such hearty bursts of laughter heard as on this terrace, and many of our members are quite as much boy as man. It is most enjoyable to sit at a little table and look on at what is passing immediately round us, and at the wonderful river flowing by with its varied freight, its puffing little steamers bowing to the bridges as they shoot under the arches, its laden barges, and a small boat now and then. It is good to be there at the sunset hour, and watch the effect of the changing light upon the water. What a different thing is tea under such conditions as compared with the cup one hastily and hurriedly imbibes in the neat but dreary room devoted to ladies' use upstairs near the Cage!

Mrs. Fourstars was saying the other day that whereas it is considered rather an excellent characteristic in a man to retain some element of boyishness on to middle age, and past it, a woman who exhibits youthful characteristics at the same age is regarded as reprehensibly flighty. The man is called "fresh, buoyant, and young at heart," while the woman is condemned in the awful word "kittenish." Is it not unfair? There is no reason why a woman should not feel as young at fifty as a man does at his jubilee; in fact, there is often more reason why she should. Women do not destroy their health, their figure, and their complexion with a daily succession of "drinks," as many men do. They don't damage their system with many cigars, nor do they indulge, as a rule, in the indolence that leads a man to hail a hansom rather than walk even a short distance. But if women look young, they are condemned all the same if they behave as if they retained any of their youthful freshness of feeling. Mrs. Fourstars says that when she sees her children enjoying a merry game of ball, she often feels that she could join in and be as pleased with the amusement as even the youngest of them. But if she did, those who happened to see her would probably at once condemn her. They would be quite pleased to see a father of some forty years or so enter into the game with his youngsters, but would vote the mother an elderly idiot; and yet a little lively exercise would be even better for her than it is for him, who has probably been out and about during the day, while she has been at home for hours looking after the household.

This reminds me to tell you that a friend of ours who advertised for a servant the other day, had rather an unpleasant experience in consequence. The very first who called in reply to the advertisement asked, on leaving, that her fares from where she was living might be paid, a request to which Mrs. Blank acceded. As she seemed an excellent servant, our friend went to see her late mistress on the following morning, and found that no such name or address was known in the locality. On her return home, after this expedition in the heat of a broiling day, she

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found another applicant waiting to see her, and was weak enough to pay her fares, too, on the woman representing that she had come from a long distance after the place. Before going to make inquiries about her, however, she telegraphed to the address given, and in the course of a couple of hours heard through the post-office that no such name or address was to be found.

I wonder how swindlers of that kind could be reached, and what would be done to them if discovered and prosecuted? It is particularly horrid of them to practise this sort of fraud, because by doing so they prevent ladies from paying the expenses of genuine servants who can ill afford railway fares, or even the few pence for omnibuses. We are told that it is a very common form of fraud, so that it is quite possible that these women make quite a comfortable little income by watching the advertisements, and calling on those who inserted them.

I want to describe to you the prettiest dress I have seen for a long time. The material is pale grey cloth of very light, fine, soft make. The skirt is plain, but is lined with rose-pink silk, and has a flounce inside the hem of the same colour and material as the lining. It is worn over a pink silk petticoat, frilled to match. A very pretty pink silk blouse, with a jabot of old lace, is worn under a short-basqued coatee of the grey cloth, which is open in front. The pink sleeves of the blouse show under the grey ones from the elbows to the wrists. The hat worn with this is of sunburned straw with a trimming of black velvet, and a couple of black ostrich tips, and one pink rosette at the back. Grey gloves and a grey sunshade lined with pink are the et-ceteras.

Do you call that a pretty dress? Both Maud and I fell deeply in love with it.

Here are several nice ways of cooking artichokes. Try some of them:—

Having boiled the artichokes, divest them of their leaves, trim the bottoms, and place a little mustard and cress in each; cut 4 anchovies and 2 gherkins into fine dice, add to it the minced breast of a cold chicken. Mix it with a small quantity of mayonnaise sauce, and put a portion in each artichoke; cover with a thin disc of aspic jelly; decorate the surface with hard-boiled white of egg and truffle. Arrange them on a dish-paper, and garnish with watercress.

And here is another way:—

Prepare the artichokes as directed in the preceding recipe, and season them with a little oil and vinegar. Pound 4 oz. of cold chicken with 1 oz. of butter, a dessertspoonful of cold white sauce, and a seasoning of salt and pepper; rub it through a wire sieve, put it into a paper cornet, and press a little of the purée on to the centre of each artichoke, put a little minced tomato salad on the top, ornament the edges with a piping of Montpellier butter, finish the top with a sprig of chervil, and arrange them on a bed of green salad. The Montpellier butter is made in this way:—Blanch a good handful of parsley with a few sprigs of tarragon and chervil, and a sprig of thyme, by plunging them for three minutes into boiling water, immerse them in cold water, and squeeze them dry in a cloth. Now put the herbs into a mortar with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, a tablespoonful of capers, 2 boned anchovies, a pinch of salt and cayenne pepper, and 2 oz. of butter; pound the whole thoroughly together, adding a dessertspoonful of tarragon and a few drops of chili vinegar by degrees; ascertain that the seasoning is palatable, then rub it through a hair sieve.

Another pretty dish is made by spreading the artichokes with Montpellier butter, then arranging alternate strips of white chicken, gherkin, and anchovy on the surface, and dishing each one on a round piece of fried bread. Garnish with picked watercress.

Artichokes dressed in this way make a superior entrée:—

Prepare the artichokes as already described. Then cut in dice some cooked chicken, tongue, and truffle, mix it with a little white sauce and the raw yolk of an egg. Put a portion in the middle of each artichoke, cover it entirely with chicken or veal forcemeat, smooth it with a palette knife dipped in hot water, decorate with crescent-shaped pieces of truffle, cover with a buttered paper and steam (without allowing them to boil) for half an hour. Dish them on a steamed border of forcemeat, pour a little white sauce round, and garnish the centre with green peas.

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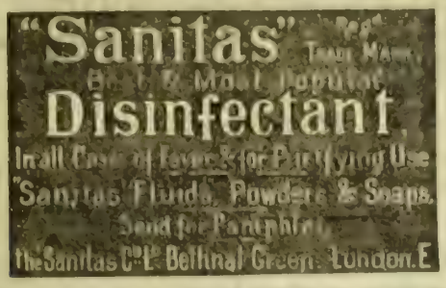

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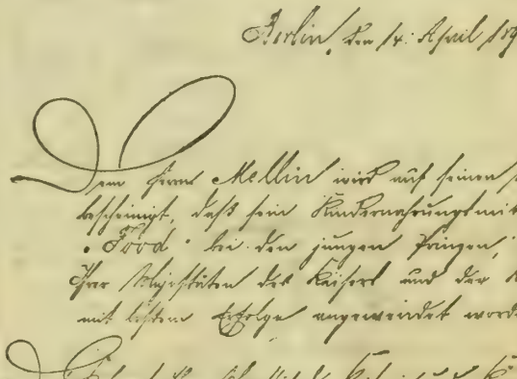

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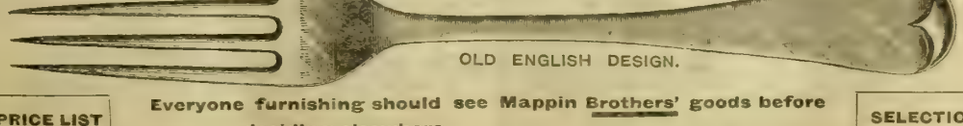

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Carrying Chairs, £1.
Bed Tables 7s. 6d.
Crutches 10s. 6d.
Folding Couch Chairs 10s.
Bed Rests 10s.

BATH CHAIRS
From £1. 5s.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS
£2. 2s.

Invalid Carriages
Perambulators
Rubber Tyres
From £1. 10s.

JOHN CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish St., Portland Place, London, W.
Telgrams—BATH CHAIR, LONDON. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the WORLD.

PREVENTS THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Is Partly Composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,

Only put in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from Falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no Unpleasant Odour.

IS NOT A DYE.

Should be in every House where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

PURE IRISH

LINEN SHIRTS

Tailor-Made Direct from Ireland.

Save 30 per Cent.

Made of the most durable Long Cloth, and fitted with the finest Linen Ireland can produce.

MADE TO MEASURE.

FIT AND STYLE GUARANTEED IN THE LATEST FASHION.

Half-a-dozen Pure Irish bespoke Shirts, securely packed, delivered free to any address in the Kingdom for 33/-, 39/-, or 45/-. Foreign Postage Extra.

Sample Shirt to Measure, Post Free for 5/6, 6/6, or 7/6.

Dress Shirts with fine Irish Linen Fittings, Six for 39/-, delivered free. A Sample Dress Shirt to Measure, Post Free for 6/6.

Old Shirts re-fitted with New Irish Linen Fronts, Cuffs, and Neck bands for 2/6 and 3/6 each. Returned Carriage Free. Coloured Shirts, best quality, French Cambric 30/-, Oxford Cloth 33/- per half dozen. Patterns Free. Four fold Irish Linen Collars, best quality, 7/6 per dozen. General Catalogue post free.

For Measure, send size of Collar, Chest, and Height, or an old shirt.

TAAFFE & COLDWELL,

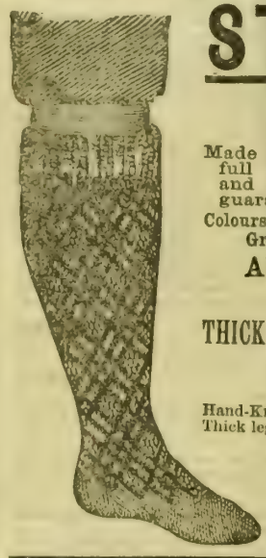
Army Shirt Tailors, 81, Grafton St., Dublin.

SPÉCIALITÉ:—THICK LEGS & THIN FEET.

A Want Long Felt, met at Last.

GOLF, SHOOTING, and CYCLING

STOCKINGS!



HOMEKNIT.

Free from all Seams.

Made of pure long staple Scotch Wool, full length, broad ribs, double heels and toes, most comfortable in wear, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Colours: Navy Blue, Black, Light and Dark Grey, Heathers, and Fancy Mixtures.

ALL SIZES—1/9, 2/3, 3/6.

Spécialité:

THICK LEGS and THIN FEET, **2/6, 3/6.**

THE HIGHLAND CHECK,

(As Illustration.)

Hand-Knitted, for Cycling, Golf, or Shooting, 3/6 & 4/6

Thick legs and thin feet 5/6

Postage, 3d. per pair; 2 pairs, 4½d.

Terms: Strictly Cash with Order

A. W. GAMAGE,

126, 127, 128, 129, HOLBORN, E.C.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

The **Y & N** Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort Guaranteed Wear.

Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. **4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11** per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every genuine **Y & N** Corset is stamped "**Y & N** Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

ARTISTIC HOMES.

"ABOUT OUR HOMES."

MAPLE & CO. "ABOUT OUR HOMES." (Hazell, 1s.). Maple & Co. will be happy to SEND a COPY of this little BOOK, which contains much interesting information upon DECORATION and other matters in connection with modern furnishing, free of charge, upon application.

BEDROOM SUITES

1000 BEDROOM SUITES

1000 BEDROOM SUITES at from 7os. to £ 100 forming a selection without parallel in the world, in every conceivable variety of style and design, and every description of woods at prices ranging from £3 15s. to £250, thus readily suiting every class of residence. Every one about to furnish should visit the Exhibition of Bedroom Furniture.

MAPLE & CO LTD

TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON

The Largest and most Convenient

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD

EASY CHAIRS

FIVE HUNDRED TO SELECT FROM

MAPLE & CO. have always on show an immense assortment of their world-famous, luxuriously comfortable Easy Chairs, Lounges, and Settees, in various shapes and coverings, all ready for immediate delivery, and at most moderate prices. A Comfortable Easy Chair is always an acceptable present.

TURKEY CARPETS

FINE QUALITIES

MAPLE & CO wish to direct special attention to some very choice Turkey Carpets now on show, remarkable both for their exceptionally fine quality and purity of colouring—many being exact reproductions of the most beautiful specimens of XVII. century art.

NEZOOM CARPETS

NEZOOM CARPETS

MAPLE & CO.'s NEZOOM CARPETS (Registered) are now on show, in all the new patterns and colourings. These carpets, being of the finest quality, and made entirely without seam or join, will wear admirably, and all waste in matching is avoided. List of Sizes post-free

The YŌST Typewriter

HAS NO RIBBON.

Awarded FOUR GOLD MEDALS

(Highest Award Wherever Shown)

TRADE MARK (REGD.)

PARIS, MONACO, KIMBERLEY, and LAUNCESTON.

Writes three times as fast as the Pen; makes several copies at one operation.

THE YOST IS BEING UNIVERSALLY ADOPTED. USED BY

ER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT. | THE KING OF WURTEMBURG. | THE EARL OF DYSART. | THE BARONESS DE WORMS.
HE EMPEROR OF GERMANY. | THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. | VISCOUNT EMLYN. | MR RIDER HAGGARD.
HE INDIAN and COLONIAL GOVTS. | THE EARL OF SEFTON. | THE LATE LORD MAYOR. | DR. NANSEN.

AND THOUSANDS OF COMMERCIAL AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd., 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

And at PARIS, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, and BELFAST.

Marza Wine.

The Latest, Most alatable & Scientific IRON AND COCA WINE.

PECIAL REPORT IN THE "LANCET," *July 1st, 189*.

"The Marza Wine is greeable to the palate, nd is valuable not erely as a stimulant ut also as a Tonic, om the presence of a onsiderable quantity Iron, also the prin-ples of the Coca Leaf, hosphorus, and Pep-ne. The formula of Marza Wine is a com-endable one and oughtfully planned."

MARZA WINE IS INVALUABLE FOR CONVALESCENTS, ESPECIALLY AFTER ACCOUCHEMENT, INFLUENZA, &c. OR DEBILITATED MEN, DELICATE WOMEN, GROWING CHILDREN, AND ALL FEELING BELOW PAR.

Marza Wine.

AWARDED THE **GOLD MEDAL** —FOR— **PURITY, PALATABILITY AND EXCELLENCE.**

RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS FOR

ANÆMIA,
INSOMNIA,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
BRAIN FAG,
INDIGESTION,
MENTAL DEPRESSION,
EXHAUSTION,
VOCAL FATIGUE,
NEURALGIA, &c.

MARZA WINE makes rich red blood and gives tone and vigour to all the vital organs.

Price 3/9 per Large Bottle, 42/- per doz. Everywhere, or Carriage Paid of THE MARZA CO. Ltd., 19, Wilson Street, London, E.C.

THE MAGIC COMB!!

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY.

No More Sloppy "Hair Dyes," "Restorers," or "Stains."

NO matter what colour your hair is—Grey, Black, or Golden—it can be permanently changed to any colour desired by simply using the "MAGIC COMB." All you have to do is occasionally to pass the COMB through the hair, moustache, or whiskers, when the colour desired will gradually be produced!!

THE COMB IS A MARVELLOUS CHEMICAL COMPOSITION, AND IS WARRANTED TO LAST 5 YEARS.

Notice. It will not stain the skin, but acts solely on the hair, producing the effects right to the roots. The greatest discovery ever offered to the world. Made in two sizes—for the pocket and for the dressing table.

PRICES: POCKET COMBS, 5/-; DRESSING COMBS, 7/6; SENT FREE AND SAFE PER POST. *Orders executed in rotation.*

NOTE.—The following colours can be produced, no matter what the present colour of the hair is: Black, Dark Brown, Brown, Light Brown, Golden.

Address: **MAGIC COMB CO., 120, MILE END ROAD, LONDON.**

Dressing and Pocket Combs sent together. 10/6.

FARADAYS' FITTINGS

Electric Light Works

3 BERNERS ST. W

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING.

Black Handle .. 5/6 | A Pair, Ivory Handles, | Duplex Strop 7/6
Ivory Handle .. 7/6 | in Rus. Leather Case, 21/- | Kropp's Strop Paste, 6d.
From all Dealers. — Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANISED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES & BEDSTEADS.

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED CARRYING ONE TON

At LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, and other EXHIBITIONS.

SHOW ROOMS:
128, BOLD ST., LIVERPOOL.

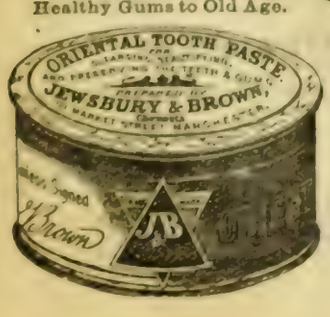
Catalogues and Prices free on application to the

LONGFORD WIRE, IRON & STEEL CO., LTD.
WARRINGTON.

Please mention this Paper.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.



Oriental Tooth Paste.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

£500 REWARD.

RHEUMATISM, &c., CURED BY MELANOCA,

The Great ENGLISH OIL of PEPPERMINT Cure,

After EVERY REMEDY has FAILED.

See this paper, July 27th, page 174, for its wonderful effects.
Cures Headache, Neuralgia, &c., immediately applied. First application relieves the very worst cases of RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, Lumbago, &c., and never fails to effect a permanent cure in a few days.

Full particulars FREE on receipt of Address.

The above reward will be paid to anyone proving that our Melanoca is not prepared with genuine ENGLISH Oil of PEPPERMINT, &c., also if the Oil of Peppermint as bottled, and sent out by us at 1s., 2s., and 3s. per bottle, is not genuine English.

THE MELANOCA CO., MITCHAM. Hundreds of Testimonials. Quote No. 25.

CANCIA'S PURE ITALIAN WINES.

RED.

Vino da Tavola..	14s. per dozen.
Chianti Melini... ... ... 18s. and	24s. ,,
Castel Ricaldone (Lavagnino's Shipping)	18s. ,,

WHITE.

Capri White Scala	24s. per dozen.
Sparkling Asti	36s. ,,
Vermouth Cinzano (Tonic). In litre bottles	30s. ,,

To be had of—

R. CANCIA & CO., LIMITED.

GENERAL DEPÔT:—
55, CASTLE STREET EAST, OXFORD STREET, W.
and all Wine Merchants.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS'

CASE OF SIX BOTTLES 12/6

GENUINE **NO. 4711** BRAND OF

EAU DE COLOGNE.

THE PUREST & STRONGEST, YET MOST DELICATE EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: "Anyone desirous of getting a thoroughly genuine Cologne, cannot do better than send for a bottle of the '4711' Double Extract. Once having used it, repetition is a foregone conclusion."

Large selection of Choicest Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple Concentrated Extracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse.

Of All dealers in Perfumes, or at the

LONDON BRANCH:
62, NEW BOND ST., W.
(ONE DOOR FROM BROOK STREET.)

Price Lists on application to Mr. C. REUTER, Manager. And at

COLOGNE, NEW YORK, VIENNA, RIGA, and ODESSA.

The ONLY Antiseptic Saline.

SALT REGAL

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver.

At all Chemists throughout the world, in bottles, 1/6 and 2/9.

Office: 49, ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors,
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

TOO FAT. Dr. GORDON'S Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS, rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London.

OMINION OF CANADA.

MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

ue of £196,000 Sterling 4% Debentures of £100 each. Redeemable in 1922 rest payable in London at half yearly. First Coupon payable February 1st.

Price of Issue, £98 16s. per cent., payable as follows:

£5 0s. on Application
45 10s. on Allotment
50 0s. on September 15th, 1893.

£98 10s.

he Bank of Montreal is authorised to receive Subscriptions for the above entures, which are secured on the whole of the property of the Montreal-eet Railway Company, and which rank with the existing £600,000 5% Mortgage ds issued in 1886.

his issue is made under Act 49 and 50 Vic., Cap. 86, and has been duly horised under resolutions passed by the Shareholders and Directors on gust 2nd and 3rd, 1893.

he Bonds are for £100 each, payable, Principal and Interest, at the Bank of ntreal, London.

oupons are due on the 1st February and 1st August in each year—the first upon for a full half year's interest being due on 1st February, 1894.

n July 13th, 1893, the Company stated their Assets to be as follows:—Real tate, £80,000; other Property, £50,000.

he Ordinary Stock of the Company is $2,000,000, fully-paid, and the present ted price in Montreal is 169 per cent.

he amount of Debentures may at no time exceed one-half of the paid-up pital of the Company. The Company has no further powers to issue fresh pital.

he Proceeds of the present issue are required for doubling the existing lines, extensions, and for the necessary outlay required for working the whole tem by Electricity.

t the foot will be found an analysis of statements furnished by the Secretary Treasurer of the Company, giving particulars of the present earning power d condition of the undertaking.

pplication must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and ged at the Bank of Montreal, 22, Abchurch lane, London, E.C., together h a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount of Debentures applied for.

he Subscription List will be opened on Tuesday, August 22nd, and closed on before Friday, the 25th August, 1893.

erip to Bearer will be issued against Allotment Letters and Receipts for the talment due on Allotment, and will be exchanged for Debentures after the al payment has been made.

pplication will be made in due course for a quotation for the Debentures on the London Stock Exchange.

orms of Application may be obtained at the Bank of Montreal, 22, Abchurch-e, London, E.C., or from Messrs. J. & A. Scrimgeour, 18, Old Broad-street, ndon, E.C.

LONDON, August 22nd, 1893.

ALYSIS OF STATEMENTS FURNISHED BY THE MONTREAL-STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Company was organised in 1860, and incorporated on 18th May, 1861, der the name of the Montreal "City Passenger Railway Company," with a pital of $300,000 which was increased to $400,000 in 1873, to $600,000 in 1876, d now stands at $2,000,000 fully paid up.

The original Bye-law or Agreement with the City of Montreal expired in 1885. that year a new Agreement with the City for the use of its streets, and for rther privileges, was entered into by the Company for a period of 25 years om the 12th September, 1885, to the 12th September, 1910, which has since en further extended to 1922.

The new agreement, which expires in 1922, gives the City the right then to quire the road, real estate and equipments, and also at the end of each bsequent term of 5 years after 1922, on the payment of the value thereof, th 10% added, and failing such acquisition by the City, the contract ntinues.

In 1886 the name of the Company was changed to "The Montreal Street ailway Company."

The Dividends paid by the Company for the last 10 years are as follows:—

1883 ... 7%	1884 ... 8%	1885 ... 7%	1886 ... 8½%
1887 ...14%	1888 ...10%	1889 ... 9%	1890 ... 8%
1891 ... 8%	1892 ... 8%		

The business of the Company continues to keep pace with the increasing pulation and rapid growth of the City of Montreal, as may be shown by the llowing numbers of passengers carried:—

In 1888	7,727,800
,, 1889	8,239,400
,, 1890	8,627,780
,, 1891	9,837,240
,, 1892	11,631,386

First 6 months of 1893, 7,900,990, as against 4,870,248 for same period 1892.

The total Bonded Debt of the Company, including this issue, will amount to 1,000,000, and there is no floating debt.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to DVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than heir own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the tock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers ay be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEN,
Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week: acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH. WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement and biliousness, it has been pronounced by medical men of high authority as most efficacious.

"I use the Aërated Pitkeathly largely, and value it."—Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

London: INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, Farringdon-st., E.C., and at Liverpool. WM. BEST & SONS, 22, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, W.

Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. Est. 1803. 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subscribed Capital £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total Funds, £1,600,000.—F. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited, No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
ESTD 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.
(PTO.)

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

Invested Funds, £16,000,000.

The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

ACCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

AND ALL OTHER ACCIDENTS INSURED AGAINST BY
The Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST COMPANY PROVIDING FOR
ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.
64, CORNHILL, LONDON. W. D. MASSY, A. VIAN, } Secs.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates, upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

JOHN SHAW, STOCK & SHARE DEALER.

HEAD OFFICE:—
WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.

BANKERS:—
CAPITAL AND COUNTIES, Ludgate-hill, Long Acre, Piccadilly, and Brighton Branches.
LONDON AND MIDLAND, Newgate-street and Tooley-street Branches.

DIRECT PRIVATE TELEGRAPH WIRE between LONDON and BRIGHTON Offices.

FULL PARTICULARS of SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for DEALING sent post free on application.

COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.

£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
£10 COMMANDS £1,000 STOCK.
£50 COMMANDS £5,000 STOCK.
£500 COMMANDS £50,000 STOCK, and so on in proportion.

NO OTHER LIABILITY WHATEVER.

JOHN SHAW, STOCK AND SHARE DEALER,
LONDON, BRIGHTON, MANCHESTER, AND DUBLIN.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY. UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,
From £30 to £5,000,
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. *Personal visit preferred.*
Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.
Apply to the SECRETARY.

Vinolia (SOOTHING)

(SOLUBLE) Powder

REDNESS
REDNESS
REDNESS
REDNESS
REDNESS
REDNESS

ROUGHNESS
ROUGHNESS
ROUGHNESS
ROUGHNESS
ROUGHNESS
ROUGHNESS

"Superseding the old toilet powders, which are apt to cause acne spots on the face, by blocking up the pores of the skin."—Lady's Pictorial.

1/-, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/- per box, in white, pink, and cream tints.

THE GREAT SECRET.

How LIPTON'S TEAS have reached a pinnacle of Success NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED by ANY TEA in the WORLD.

LIPTON BRINGS HIS TEAS DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE CONSUMER.

and is Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated TEA ESTATES, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea Land in Ceylon, viz.:—Dambatenne Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella. He has also extensive Export and Shipping Warehouses in Colombo and Calcutta, thereby

ABOLISHING ENTIRELY ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

WHY PAY MORE,

WHEN AT LIPTON'S YOU CAN BUY

THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD PRODUCES

NO HIGHER PRICE. At **1/7** per lb. NO HIGHER PRICE.

RICH, PURE, AND FRAGRANT.

1/- and 1/4 per lb.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Delivered carriage paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lbs. and upwards.
Samples sent free on application. A GUARANTEE.—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

LIPTON, Tea and Coffee Planter, Ceylon. The Largest Tea, Coffee, and Provision Dealer in the World

Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses—Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. *Ceylon Office*:—Upper Chatham-street, Colombo.
Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores—Hare-street, Strand, Calcutta. *Indian Offices*:—Dalhousie-square, Calcutta.

GENERAL OFFICES: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. *Branches and Agencies throughout the World.*

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS LIPTON'S TEAS SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE, AND THE SALE INCREASING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS ALL THE TIME.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 756.—LINES ON THE MODEL OF PRAED'S "GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON."

AWFUL WARRIOR (real name and address will be published next week)... ... ... £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 757.

This subject of competition proved, not unnaturally, one of exceptional difficulty; and few competitors attempted it. Of those who tried, it is thought that OUTSIDER proved most successful in his Parody, and the Prize will, therefore, be awarded to him.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 761.

This week, in accordance with what has become an annual custom in these pages, a Prize of Two Guineas is offered for

THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF SOME ENGLISH OR FOREIGN WATERING-PLACE IN TWENTY-FOUR LINES OF RHYMED VERSE, WRITTEN IN THE HEROIC METRE.

With a view of making quite clear what the heroic metre is, I append a couple of lines written in that measure:—

Sweet Shanklin, lovely village, where the fair
Most congregate to revel in sea-air.

There will be no objection, however, to a competitor ending some or all of the lines with two-syllabled rhymes, such as "lonely," "only," "mountain," "fountain," &c., thus increasing the number of syllables in the lines to eleven. No description, however, must exceed twenty-four lines in length; and all answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, September 4, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's gate, London, S.W. The answers must be sighted by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** ADA, the winner of a third part of Prize No. 754, has kindly requested that the amount due to her may be handed over to Lady Jeune's Holiday Fund. A cheque for 14s. will accordingly be sent to Lady Jeune.

*** The real name and the address of NETHERBY, winner of a half of Prize No. 755, are Mrs. Robertson, Netherleigh, Strandtown, Belfast.

*** The real name and the address of SEA DEW, winner of a half of Prize, No. 755, are C. D. Higgins, Esq., St. Enoch Station Hotel, Glasgow.

*** The real name and the address of CANI, winner of a third part of Prize, No. 754, are A. S. Hewett, Esq., care of Messrs. Richardson & Hewett, 101, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

*** The real name and the address of NEWNHAM, winner of a third part of Prize, No. 754, are E. W. Scarlett, Esq., the Post-office, Newnham-on-Severn.

E. G. L.—Thanks for your letter.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 758.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE PLACES AT WHICH IT WOULD BE MOST APPROPRIATE FOR SEVEN NAMED STATESMEN TO PASS THE RECESS.

The Closure-King should seek the Isle of Man,
And show the House of Keys his lock-jaw plan.
To Darwen, golfer Balfour, turn thy mind,
For there, perchance, the missing links thou'lt find.
Eastward Sir William Harcourt straight should run
To worship, as of yore, the rising sun.
Our Joe, who's 'neath a ban, should surely go
To Margate Sands, where twangs the old banjo.
To some hot clime should Morley hurry off,
Don flannels, and his irksome Ulster doff.
Marseilles would be Lord Randolph's best resort—
The Gulf of Lyons should furnish splendid sport.
Tim Healy should repair to famed Gravesend,
For there of Sexton he might make a friend.

M. T. P.

Mr. Gladstone to Brighton, to practise setting his foot down on the piers. Mr. A. J. Balfour to Crossmichael (Wigtownshire), to endeavour to smooth down the ruffled Davitt. Sir W. Harcourt to go to Grasse, with a view to recuperation. Mr. J. Chamberlain to Worms, to perfect himself in the life and death of Herod. Mr. J. Morley to resort to Barking, since the Government is said to be going to the dogs. Lord R. Churchill to Lyons, to pleasantly recall South African adventures. Mr. Tim Healy to Kilmacow (Waterford), to meditate on an improved system of boycotting.—Awful Warrior.

Mr. Gladstone to Peel (Isle of Man), because he changes his skin occasionally. Mr. Balfour to Stonehenge, a nice quiet place, handy for Salisbury. Sir W. Harcourt to Freshwater, he is so fond of it. Mr. Chamberlain to Palestine (Mr. T. P. O'Connor's personally conducted tour). Mr. Morley to Needham, accompanied by the Irish members without whom he can't be happy. Lord R. Churchill to Primrose Hill probably, no correct guess possible. Mr Healy will not leave the House.—Bill Brewer.

Mr. Gladstone in the Heart of Midlothian. Most of his constituents would now gladly confine him there, as a first-class misdemeanant, until the Home Rule craze has become a thing of the past. Mr. Balfour on Arthur's Seat, to be re-named the Seat of the Scornful. How refreshing to look down without palpable arrogance on a Premier, and, *vide* ista, a quondam leader. Sir W. Harcourt in Normandy, on a pilgrimage to the tombs and ruined castles of his Royal ancestors. Mr. Chamberlain in the Valley of the Usk. Chequered memories of the Table Round would haunt him there. Mr. Morley in Utopia; there alone could he find his ideal Irish statesman, a workable Clause IX., and a second Honest John. Lord R. Churchill at the foot of Arthur's Seat. The grace of humility might be fostered by constant looking up to his exalted henchman, and the Lion's Head would remind him of the Lions' Tale he brought home from S. Africa. Mr. Tim Healy will go, let us hope, to Bray, in Ireland. His voice has too many rivals in the House of Commons.—Eboracum.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone should go to Plymouth, because he is a first-class hand at plying his mouth. Mr. A. J. Balfour should go to Toulon, because he has been altogether too long in his opposition to Home Rule. Sir W. Harcourt should go to Conway, where he may, perhaps, con over a way to take off the penny from the income-tax. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain should go to the New Cut, so that, having already cut himself adrift from the Liberals, he may find out a way to cut himself adrift from the Tories. Mr. John Morley should go to Cowes, as a relief from Irish bulls. Lord Randolph Churchill should go to Cromer, to enable himself to crow more lustily than he has of late. Mr. Timothy Healy should go to Waterloo, as he could there study another plan of campaign.—Almaviva.

It passes the wit of man to find an absolutely appropriate place for Mr. Gladstone. We may either retain him at home, or send him to the Sister Island. In either case, certain incongruities and inconveniences would have to be faced. The first of the incidental questions attaching to retention is whether the full number of post-cards would be allowed him; on what basis, if that number was to be reduced, the reduction should rest. In the alternative scheme, if he goes to the south of the island he finds himself among a garrulous and impecunious race; if to the north, among a race who will not listen to his lessons, in church or out of church. Perhaps, on the whole, a certain gallant Colonel's in Cavan might be the least inappropriate, when the question, if Judas had committed treason in the present century would he have lost his head or his seat, might be satisfactorily settled. Mr. Balfour, on a provincial tour, in a van, with gilt ginger-bread, pretty pictures, and the latest nostrums, viz., "Bimetallic Elixir," "Fair Trade Panacea," and, above all, "Home Rule Pill," to be swallowed next year by John Bull (gilt and sugared, and labelled "Local Government for Ireland"). Sir Wm. Harcourt to the Highlands, to meet his cousins, the Guelphs and Hapsburghs. Lord Randolph Churchill to Gibraltar, to crack a friendly nut with his cousins (some of whom still linger on the Rock. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to Sir Roger de Coverley's, to meet his cousins, "the gentlemen of England." Mr. John Morley to Abp. Walsh's, where he can borrow his Grace's "Complete Letter-writer," and compare views on "the Currency Question," "Voltaire," "Rousseau," and what Newman meant by saying that he "would not dream of remonstrating" with the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Mr. Timothy Healy on a reading party with Mr. Mat. Kenny and Mr. John Deasy. Course: "Mill on the Degradation of Woman," "Burke on the Age of Chivalry," "Sayers on the Noble Art of Self-Defence," "Winslow's Hints on Etiquette," "Campbell on the Hindoos." Tutors: Messrs. Mahoney and MacDermot.—Gerardinus.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone should go to Jamaica and there learn the profession which he so strongly recommends to his fellow-countrymen of jam-maker Mr. A. J. Balfour, having so long taken an interest in crime in Ireland, might well study the Crimea (crime here). Sir W. Harcourt would be reminded of his royal descent by a week or two spent in King William's Town. Mr. J. Chamberlain should, undoubtedly, go to "Taunt-on" as he would not like to forego his favourite occupation till Parliament meets again. Mr. John Morley is recommended a trip to New Ireland to find a short relief from the troubles of the Old One. Lord R. Churchill will do well to go to Billingsgate to lay in a fresh stock of vituperative adjectives, as his own supply must be nearly exhausted. Mr. T. Healy might pursue his congenial occupation of insulting his political opponents by culling a few jibes from Algiers (all jeers).—Yoko.

Gladstone to Isle of May; subject of vacation study, perpetual youth. Morley to Isle of Man; subject for holiday study, evils of Home Rule. Harcourt, Isle of Coll; subject in idle hours, a new method of sus. per coll. for Tory obstruction. Healy to Isle of Mull; amusement for holiday, being up to snuff. Chamberlain to Isle of Muck; to find a pit for the author of the House of Commons riot. Churchill to the Isle of Yell; to practice the shriek of freedom and the Ulster war cry. Goschen to the Isle of Rum; to study after dinner the principle of compensation. Balfour to Isle of Heligoland; to study the philosophy of integrity of Empires.—Coquesigrue.

Mr. Gladstone to Belfast, where his reception would be most "warm," and where collars are so cheap. Mr. Balfour to Homburg, for he's a rare "Homburg"-er at times. Sir W. Harcourt to Australia, for a "solid" Chancellor of the Exchequer is badly wanted in those parts. Mr. Chamberlain to Madras, for no one can "Hindoostan"-d what he'll be up to next. Mr. J. Morley to the West of Ireland, that he "Mayo"-nly de-"Clare" "Ennis"-ort of good order. Lord R. Churchill to South Paddington, for he's a bigger "lion" there than any he saw in Mashonaland. Mr. Healy to Jem Mace's gymnasium to get his muscle "up" for the next Parliamentary session.—Shlowmow.

Balfour we will send to St. Andrew's to pursue his favourite pastime—golf. Sir Randolph Churchill to hunt red deer, the nearest thing he can get to lions. Sir William Harcourt to Scarborough, happy hunting-ground of all true Brummagemites. T. Healy to Ulster, among the Orangemen, as then he will get plenty of fighting. John Morley to Tintagel, to study King Arthur in his ancient home. Gladstone we will send to the Equator—the hottest place we can find.—Comtesse Olga.

Mr. Gladstone to Blarney, Ireland, to get fortified with a fresh stock. Mr. Balfour to Silverdale, Lancashire, to obtain fresh material for amplification of his lecture on Bimetallism. Sir W. Harcourt to Round Oak, to work up further particulars of the celebrated round-table meeting on Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain to Kilkenny, to read up for future guidance the historical battle of the cats. Mr. Morley to Clare, Suffolk, to bring to a conclusion his treatise on agrarian crime. Lord R. Churchill to East-End of London, for further study of the classic language of Billingsgate. Mr. Healy to Donnybrook, to acquire politeness.—A Daft Scot.

Mr. Gladstone to Washington, because it is "the city of magnificent distances." Mr. A. J. Balfour to the Chateau d'If, because the Island of "If" is the proper place for "philosophic doubt." Sir W. Harcourt to Quito, because he will have the world in equal halves on either side of him, and even a Chancellor of the Exchequer may there be quit o' (Quito) trouble about balances. Mr. J. Chamberlain to Belgrade, because it's the best way to turn over (Tirnova). Mr. J. Morley to Morley, because Morley and "honest John" naturally go together. Lord R. Churchill to Pau, because he will then be able to say, "Lions may lie in that direction but Irun in the other." Mr. T. Healy to Grave, because once there he will be free of the sexton.—Mulu.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Bedfordshire to get a good rest. Mr. A. J. Balfour to Mount Darling, because he's everyone's darling. Sir W. Harcourt to the gold and silver mines (Colorado) to study bimetallism. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to the Needles to study sharp points. Mr. John Morley to Newcastle to teach "compromise at the collieries. Lord Randolph Churchill to Old Head, Orkney, to try and get an old head on young shoulders. Mr. Timothy Healy to Bashan, to compare the bulls there with those of his native land.—M.S.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Jericho, as so many seem to wish him there. Mr. A. J. Balfour to St. Andrew's, for golf. Sir W. Harcourt to Iceland, to get an opportunity of cooling down before the next sitting. Mr. John Morley to Mount Fairweather, so that he may enjoy his holiday. Lord Randolph Churchill to Christian. Mr. Timothy Healy to Cyclades (sick ladies).—Victor

Mr. Gladstone [illegible] Mr. Balfour [illegible] by way of becoming perfect in the art [illegible] Sir W. Harcourt to [illegible] Mr. Chamberlain [illegible] Mr. Morley to [illegible] as far as possible from the "Black North." [illegible] R. Churchill to Coventry. Mr. Healy to Chesterfield, to learn politeness.—Bobus.

Mr. Gladstone to the country, which always agrees with him in the end. Mr. Balfour to his [illegible] for an extension of time to redeem his [illegible] Sir W. Harcourt to any watering place (with Log Bungalows). You are a licensed wit and [illegible] Option, Bill! Mr. Chamberlain to Buenos Ayres, to join the other runaway Liberator in raising orchids. Mr. Morley to India, the better to watch the ryot in the paddy fields. Lord R. Churchill to the lighthouse on Tory Island, where he cannot be overlooked by Jingo! Mr. Healy to Behring straits, for practice in catching the great [illegible] when Home Rule comes in.—Baritone.

Mr. Gladstone to France, to study the action of the guillotine. Mr. Balfour to Edinburgh, to make sure of the safety of Arthur's seat, in case he should be rejected at Manchester. Sir Wm. Harcourt to Bray (not after the manner of an ass, but), to study the career of a certain vicar, his political prototype. Mr. Chamberlain to Brazil, or one of its adjacent islands; there he could cultivate his orchids, and *Joannes [Joe and his] Island would not disturb the House of Commons. Mr. Morley to Sweden, where he could see, perhaps with envious eyes, Jonkoping [John coping] with no difficulty. Lord R. Churchill to Dalmeny,† where (even in a Primrose Habitation) his views on the House of Lords might meet with some opposition. Mr. Healy, anywhere, provided he's out of Erin [earin']. Or the whole seven might go to the Pacific Ocean, where they would be far from Ireland.—Bushranger.

* Joannes Island, off the coast of Brazil.

† The seat of Lord Rosebery, whose surname is Primrose.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Toulon (Tool-on); to Cape of Good Hope, where one hopes he may lose (like the Cape) even the name of storms. Mr. A. J. Balfour to Linklater, from his love of golf. Sir W. V. Harcourt to Mentone, as he is oft represented with exaggerated chin, or to Alaska Bay to search for the seal suggested by an old cartoon of *Punch*, where Sir William is represented trying on the Lord Chancellor's wig. Mr. Jos. Chamberlain to Algiers (all jeers) or the Solomon Isles. Mr. John Morley to Cape Resolution. Lord Randolph Churchill to the Balearic Isles, where he may go from Majorca to Minorca, as he seems to be no longer the power he once was in the Tory camp. Mr. Tim Healy to the Loyalty Isles.—Esperanza.

Mr. Gladstone (combining business and pleasure) will study at Donnybrook Fair still more striking measures of applying the Closure. Mr. A. J. Balfour will star it throughout the provinces in his favourite self-composed drama, "The Popular Public Secretary." Sir William Harcourt will be received with Royal honours in America, as the weightiest Cabinet Minister of Europe. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will remain at home, among the gentlemen of England, until he has screwed down the coffin of Home Rule. "Honest John Morley" will conclude his Irish tour by visiting Tory Island. Charmed by its novelty and solitude, he will console himself for impending loss of office by personally applying Pope's line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Lord Randolph Churchill will go to India to patent the best method of shooting tigers from trees. Mr. Timothy Healy will go to Rome for instructions enabling Irish Members to govern Ireland, England, and Scotland. — J. McGrigor Allan.

Mr. Gladstone, cruising between Scylla and Charybdis, to avoid the wreck of present popularity and the engulfing of a great reputation. Mr. Balfour to Hopetoun House, in mental view of the Treasury Bench. Sir W. Harcourt, "my ain fireside," safest from awkward questioning and observations. Mr. Chamberlain, the First Lord's seat on the Treasury Bench, trying if it is so comfortable as he supposes. Mr. John Morley, County Clare, trying to keep order there. Lord Randolph Churchill, Patagonia, where he must look up to somebody. Mr. Tim Healy, Jarrow, to gratify his liking for jars and rows.—Harold

Mr. Gladstone at the Convent of La Trappe, to enjoy the luxury of a new sensation. Mr. A. J. Balfour in America, taking a few lessons from Slavin and Sullivan for the better training of his party. Sir W. Harcourt on one of the Channel Islands, as we need a buffer between England and France. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in Staffordshire, contemplating a "Potter's field." Mr. John Morley in Essex, studying morals and manners, with a view to Irish improvement. Lord Randolph Churchill in Iceland, as a cooler is required for his "full-blooded" rhetoric. Mr. Tim Healy on the Pacific, for his constitution requires complete change.—Netherby.

Mr. Gladstone should pass his holidays at Axminster (Axe-Minister), to take counsel with himself. Mr. Balfour in Germany, because it is the region of the lynx (links). Sir W. Harcourt in an eating-house as waiter, because he's the coming man. Mr. Chamberlain on an elder-tree (. . . the hat . . . Judas left under the elder tree when he hanged himself. Jew of Malta). Mr. Morley in Cork, because he is keeping the bottled-up hot Irish spirit from escaping. Lord R. Churchill in a grave, because he expects to rise again. Mr. Healy in the Garden of Eden, because he could have no tail to his coat there.—Mona.

Mr. Gladstone to Ryde (to ride his Home Rule hobby), or Southsea (for bubbles), or Crediton (to get "credit on" the many promises made to the electors during the campaign). Sir W. Harcourt will have to try Freshwater or a Newhaven, for the electors will give a majority against Home Rule. He will then hand over (Andover) his portfolio, and wish he had not always sung to the tune of "Ever of Thee, my Gladstone (Hever in Kent). Mr. Morley being a "penman more" than a politician, Penmanmawr would be a good place for Mr. Morley's holidays. When Mr. Gladstone is ejected he will make a wry (Rye) face, and fall into the Slough of Despond. Mr. T. Healy to Littlemore, for when he gets Home Rule he will want more. He may find it a white "Elephant" (and Castle). Or he might try Bognor, in honour of Irish bogs, or Dunmow for bacon. Mr. Chamberlain to Sunderland, for he wishes to "sunder the land" into allotments. When made a Lord Earlstown will suit. Lord R. Churchill to Lincoln, for he wants to add a link on to the chain which binds Ireland to England. Mr. Balfour to "Maiden-lane" to get married, or "Lordship-lane" to become a peer.—Beta.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone at Axminster. The very place for a Prime Minister whose recreation is chopping down trees. Mr. A. J. Balfour at Tees-dale, where he could play golf at ease, and not be teased with politics. Sir W. Harcourt at El Dorado, where he could dream of a big surplus for his next Budget. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Florida, where he could study the language of flowers to advantage. Mr. John Morley at Downpatrick, where he could ponder on the best way to raise up Pat in the social and political scale. Lord Randolph Churchill at Lyons, of course, with the proviso that "I" should be in evidence. Mr. Timothy Healy at Coventry, to which well-known place he has oft times previously sent some of his friends.—East Anglia.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone should go to the Straits of Messina to show his skill, and enjoy his old pastime of steering past rocks on which less fearless men are wrecked. Mr. A. J. Balfour to Port Said, and amuse himself by comparing what he said while in office with what he said when out of office. Sir W. Harcourt to Ireland's Eye, for the more he is seen the better he is liked. Mr. J. Chamberlain to Turn Again, an island in the Torres (Tories) Straits. Mr. J. Morley to Scilly Islands, lest his continual flow of wisdom raise him beyond the reach of ordinary men. Lord R. Churchill, Sweden, to (Sweten) his temper. Mr. T. Healy, Iceland, to learn how to keep cool.—Simla.

Mr. Gladstone to the Rocky Mountains, as it would make the rocks rejoice to uphold a Gladstone. Mr. J. Chamberlain to South Queensferry, as it possesses so many children, he could run over kids (orchids). Mr. T. Healy to Cork to be resoled. Mr. A. J. Balfour to Greenland, as surely it would be a place for putting greens. Mr. J. Morley to Pennsylvania, as he lives by his literary work. Sir W. Harcourt to be sent to Crewe so that he might row his own boat.—Training.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Hastings, where he may easily read his Bill a third time—at the hotel—and imagine himself William the Conqueror. Mr. A. J. Balfour to North Allerton, because he seems ready to fight the battle of the (double) standard. Sir W. Harcourt to Chicago, as claiming to be the "greatest politician on airth." Mr. J. Chamberlain to Siberia, because of his great gift for applying the knout. Mr. J. Morley to St. John's Wood-road, to meditate on the prospects of Lord's. Lord R. Churchill to Mount Hamilton, California, to study at the Lick Observatory the erratic courses of meteoric bodies. Mr. T. Healy to Timbuctoo, to escape temptation, coat-tails, like other garments being scarce there.—Mos.

Mr. Gladstone, having been likened to Herod should go to Worms. Mr. A. J. Balfour would most probably enjoy his holidays best at "Les Isles de Golfe." (Free translation, Golf Islands.) Sir William Harcourt, having done his best to ruin England during the present Session, ought to proceed to Rouen, France (ruin France). Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, according to the G.O.M., being the Devil's Advocate, should, during his holidays, seek the bubble reputation, not at the cannon's mouth, but at Boca del Diablo (Devil's Mouth, a place in Spain). Mr. Morley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, should utilise his leisure and go to Larne, Antrim, Ulster (to learn and trim Ulster). Lord Randolph, having seen lions abroad in the Veldt should visit them at home in Aden (a den). All the world exclaims should not "Tim book to Timbuctoo."—Chaucer, Junior.

Mr. Gladstone should go to "the country," because of the alterations in the Home Rule Bill. Mr. A. J. Balfour should go again to Ulster, because he could tell the natives that they have taken him too seriously. Sir W. Harcourt should go to Maine (United States), because he could study the "local veto" in actual working. Mr. J. Chamberlain should retire to Highbury, Birmingham, because he could search among his books for more scriptural allusions. Mr. John Morley should go to Newcastle because the electors would like to hear why the Newcastle Programme has been so neglected. Lord R. Churchill should go to Bradford, because he should ascertain whether he is really wanted there after all. Mr. Tim Healy should go to Coventry, because many people think it is the best place for him.—Leaf Rule.

Answers have also been received from E. N. S., Katrine, Uncle Tom, Sol, Boiled Rice, Allspice, Ivy Leaves, Suckthumb, Robert Blake, Brian Boru, Phœnix, Claymore.

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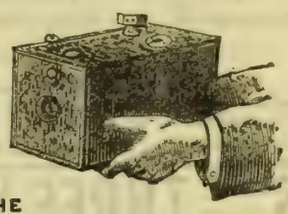

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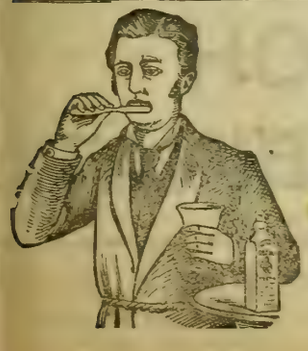

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

In answer to the announcement I made the other day as to the coming Truth Doll Show, I have received applications for Dolls from a number of ladies. What I wish to say to these ladies is that the delay in sending them their parcels arises from a cause over which I have no control. The fact is that, although I ordered the Truth dolls earlier than ever this year, I have not yet been able to get all of them delivered at this office. The large dolls have arrived, however, and most of these have already been sent out; whilst I am expecting the small ones every day. Meanwhile, I shall be very glad to receive any further applications for parcels of dolls, for the number to be dressed this year is larger than it has ever been before; and it would be of great assistance if I could have early intimation of the amount of help on which I can rely. I may add that those ladies who wish to dress the large dolls would do well to apply without delay.

The Queen intends to stay at Balmoral until the middle of November, and will then return to Windsor for a month before proceeding to Osborne for the usual winter residence.

During the next few months the sanitary arrangements at Buckingham Palace are to be overhauled, and I hear that the Estimates will contain an item of £3,000 on account of this work, and another sum will be asked for next year.

The Prince of Wales is to shoot with the Duke of Cambridge at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, during the second week in October, and also later in that month.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha left a sealed letter for the Queen, which was sent to her Majesty by a special messenger. The Duke also left letters for the Emperor William, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen has invited the widowed Duchess to come to England in the autumn on a visit to her Majesty, either at Balmoral or at Windsor Castle, whichever place may best suit the Duchess.

Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was on cold terms with his relatives in England long before the death of the Prince Consort. The Duke was offended because his brother's confidential correspondents were the late King of the Belgians and the late Emperor William instead of himself. He was indefatigable in addressing prolix dissertations upon political affairs to Prince Albert, who had no disposition to receive instruction either from his elder brother or from any one else. The Duke expected to be regarded as the head of the family, and wished to play that part *de facto*; but his attempts at interference were dexterously baffled by Prince Albert, who at an earlier period had succeeded, but not without difficulty, in putting a stop to the meddling of King Leopold, who had intended to act as his nephew's Prospero.

When Prince Albert died, the Duke fully expected that the Queen would constitute him her principal adviser, and that he would be able to play an important part at our Court; but her Majesty did not consult him about anything, and when he volunteered his views she paid no attention to his letters. The Duke protested with great warmth against the marriage of Princess Louise, and then he had a most acrimonious correspondence with the Queen. A new and even more serious cause of offence arose out of Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," and the Duke was restrained with difficulty (and only through the personal intervention of the late Emperor William) from publishing a refutation and correction of many statements in that book. A few years later the Duke decided to publish his own "Memoirs," and, having previously declined to give up to the Queen Prince Albert's letters, he exasperated her Majesty by publishing without permission a great deal of confidential matter respecting political transactions in which his brother had been concerned, and, if he had carried out his original intention, a great deal more would have been printed about Prince Albert and his public life than did actually appear.

Duke Ernest was fond of art, science, literature, and music, and he was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and a noted *bon vivant*. He considered himself to be a man of first-rate capacity, and for many years he seized every opportunity of putting forth his opinions, and interfering generally in political affairs. The old Kaiser humoured

Duke Ernest, of whom he was very fond; but the present Emperor commenced his reign by utterly ignoring his grand-uncle, who therefore ceased his visits to Berlin, and he had carefully avoided meeting his Majesty for several years past.

Empress Frederick, who is taking a course of the waters at Homburg, will go from that place to her château at Cronberg on the Taunus Hills; but her Majesty's plans during the next few weeks depend upon the health of her second daughter, Princess Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe, whose first accouchement is expected shortly to take place at Bonn. The Empress Frederick will probably come to England about the end of October in order to pay a brief visit to the Queen before going to Italy to spend the winter at Rome.

The Emperor of Russia is going to confer the order of St. Andrew upon the Duke of York. The St. Andrew, which is the first order in Russia, was founded in 1698 by Peter the Great. It has a light blue ribbon, and the insignia includes a gold collar-chain, and an eight-pointed star, with a blue eagle on it, which the Emperor always presents in brilliants. The Duke will probably be invested by the Emperor personally, during his approaching visit to the Court of Denmark at Fredensborg Castle.

Lord Rosebery, who has just returned from Homburg, has considerably improved his favourite Durdans domain, near Epsom, by purchasing the adjoining estate of Woodcote Grove, which it was feared in the neighbourhood would fall a prey to the speculative builder. Woodcote Grove is a very picturesque property, and it abounds in game.

A very choice and well-developed embodiment of the spirit of landlordism appears to flourish on the islet known as the "Calf of Man." Two visitors to Port Erin hired a boat, got into difficulties out at sea, and after rowing three hours for their lives against a strong current, succeeded in landing just at nightfall on the "calf." They made their way in an exhausted state to the house of the owner of the island, informed him of their position, and received the reply that they were trespassers, that they had no business on his land, and that they had better get into their boat again and be off, without loss of time. It was now dark. As it was a question between drifting to sea in an open boat and facing the wrath of the proprietor, the "trespassers" made free to remain for the night on the beach, whence they were rescued a few hours later. I have heard of South Sea Islanders killing and eating strangers who land on their shores, but it is something new to find that one of the British Isles is in the possession of an individual who warns shipwrecked travellers off his shores under threat of treating them as trespassers.

By an accident which I much regret the name of the late Mr. Frank Carr Beard, the friend and medical adviser of Charles Dickens, was given in last week's TRUTH as "Frank Bland."

Mr. Alexander Crum, of Thornliebank, who died suddenly on the platform of Thornliebank Station on Wednesday morning, was Liberal Member of Parliament for Renfrewshire from 1880 to 1885. He was a Director of the Caledonian Railway and of the Union Bank of Scotland, and held many other public positions. Lord Kelvin was his brother-in-law by his Lordship's first marriage to Mr. Crum's sister, who died many years ago. Mr. Crum married the eldest daughter of the late Bishop Ewing, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, in the Scottish Episcopal Church. He was much respected, and in his extensive print-works there were never any strikes. He founded, too, a workmen's club, and took a keen interest in everything which brightened his employés' lives.

A Manitoban, now in London, writes to me:—

It may be of interest to you to know that the fruit-canning factory, which this week's TRUTH states that Lord Aberdeen is "about to establish," is already a *fait accompli*. I do not think that "the Canadian snobocracy" will really allow this undertaking to qualify their respect for the new Governor-General. Those who know Canada best know that it is truly American in its readiness to worship "a real lord."

"A Modern Girl," who has read in the *Daily News* that "ringlets are to be worn again by ladies," sends me the following lines:—

"What! Go back to ringlets? Impossible quite!
What girl worth the name would become such a fright?
What girl but whose brain most indignantly whirls
At the thought of what's meant by returning to curls?
The papers, the fluids for curling, the tongs,
The meek, mincing air which to ringlets belongs,
And the dozens of things one would have to forego—
What! Go back to ringlets?
Oh, never! Oh, no!

"Just think, if you can, how we strong, healthy girls,
Should play at Lawn-Tennis, if hampered by curls!
Just fancy the state in which ringlets would get
At the end of a fiercely competitive 'set'!
Just think what weak 'service' the notion implies,
And what 'faults' we should make with our curls in our eyes!"
Unless back to Croquet we're ready to go,
Our answer to "Ringlets"
Is "Never! Oh, no!"

Their revival would mean the revival of gush,
The return of the giggle, the pout, and the blush;
The Album once more our approval would win,
We should make horrid mats with the wool of Berlin;
We should hold our heads sideways, and simper, and sigh,
And for sentiment sicken, and languish, and die.
So when back to ringlets we're told we must go,
We answer distinctly—
"Oh, never! Oh, no!"

Once more it seems necessary to repeat my annual notice that I cannot discuss in TRUTH the propriety or otherwise of hotel charges, unless in the most rare and extravagant cases. Whether 2s., 5s., or 10s. should be charged for a dinner, or 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., or a guinea for

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 460-461 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 459.

edroom, is a question on which I cannot pronounce an inion unless I have sampled the dinner or tested the rits of the bedroom. On one point, however, I have trong opinion. If a person writes for rooms, as one my readers did the other day to the Grand Hotel, westoft, and is told in reply that the rooms ordered ll be reserved, and arrives to find that the rooms erved are situated in some more or less undesirable lging-house outside the hotel, he has every reason to mplain. In point of law, so far as I understand the law, has a right to rooms in the hotel or to compensation breach of contract. And as the practice here referred seems to be on the increase among hotel managers, I ink it would be better if persons treated in this way re to assert their legal rights, instead of merely writing the newspapers.

There has been some outcry at Eastbourne against the iming of the Town Hall clock at night, and two mmunications on the subject were read the other day a meeting of the Town Council. One complainant posed that the strident voice of the clock drove itors away from the neighbouring lodging-houses. nother gave evidence as to the annoyance caused to alids, and various suggestions were made as to stopping for a certain time at night. The kind of intelligent d sympathetic consideration which these complaints ceived may be gathered from the following observations one Councillor Francis, who had all the Council but e on his side:—

t was all very well for people to come down there for a week l dictate to the Corporation what they should do. The clock s bought and established there, and by all means let them ep it going. Yield to the people coming down there for a few ys, added the speaker, and neglect the ratepayers, certainly

should have thought that the lodging-house keepers no lose their customers on account of the clock are rate-yers, and entitled to be considered; and I should have also ought that ratepayers living in the neighbourhood of e clock are just as liable to be disturbed by it as non-tepayers; and I defy Councillor Francis to explain how e ratepayers would be "neglected" (unless they are in e habit of fixing important appointments for the middle the night) by stopping the chimes, say, from midnight 6 a.m. All chiming clocks at night are abominable isances, perfectly useless, except, perhaps, to one person ten thousand, and a place to which people go for health rest—whether for a week or six months—is the last ere they ought to be allowed.

It is strange how, when some danger threatens, every e is at first excited about it, and how it has only to last people not to trouble themselves respecting it. Last ar, if one person had a stomach-ache in Russia, every one Germany and Italy was thrown into a convulsion of ar and imagined that he would catch cholera the next y. This year there is cholera in Russia, in Hungary, and Italy, with an occasional case in Germany, and no one ubles himself about it. It is accepted as one of the agreeable conditions of human existence that there are some cholera microbes in Europe, that wake up to vitality wherever the drainage is bad, and now and then spread themselves about. This is far more reasonable than the panic of last year. If cholera were raging in a place I should not go there; if I found myself by accident in a town where it was raging I should move off; but to pass one's time running here, there, and everywhere, so as to dodge the microbes is nonsense.

Cold Comfort.

O *Lancet*, *Lancet*, what d'you mean
By all this scrutinising?
Why do you so intently lean
To chemic analysing?
Do you intend to never cease
Your testings and your tryings?
To never let us rest in peace,
From your prolonged "Paul Pryings"?

Week after week your best you've done
To put us in a panic,
By hinting at the risks we run
From atomies organic;
Week after week with lively dread
We've heard you darkly mutter
About bacteria in our bread,
And germ-cells in our butter.

Each week produced its novel scare,
And hatched some new suspicion,
Till it was almost with despair
We ventured on nutrition;
For hazards well-nigh past belief
Alarmed the veriest glutton,
What with the ptomaines in the beef
And microbes in the mutton.

So that when came the spell of heat,
And ice 'gainst glass kept clinking,
'Twas with relief we ceased to eat,
And simply took to drinking;
For germs, thought we, in vain will strive
To gain their ends unpleasing,
Since no bacteria can survive
A thorough course of freezing.

But, *Lancet*, you, alas! once more
Have proved too, too informing,
For organisms, you deplore,
In London ice are swarming.
Thus, should the heat-wave surge anew,
'Twill swamp us altogether,
For how, if we iced drinks eschew,
Can we survive the weather?

The Tay net salmon fishing closed on Saturday night after the worst season which has been experienced for many years, and the tacksmen will be heavy losers, as the rents had been considerably raised owing to the recent good season. Salmon have been very scarce, and there have been no grilse. This ruinous failure is attributed to the operation of the heavy nets, which have lately been very extensively used in the lower waters of the Tay.

Bournemouth.—"Royal Bath." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

A paterfamilias with sons at Harrow calls my attention to a recent article on the sanitary condition of the school in the *British Medical Journal*, from which it would appear that Mr. Fowler was not altogether accurately informed in the answer which he lately gave in the House of Commons on this subject. I gather that the outbreak of scarlet fever last spring is not altogether a thing of the past; and it is clear from the statements of the *British Medical Journal* that there is considerable room for improvement in the way sanitary matters are regulated, if not in the sanitary condition of some of the houses. The attitude of the school authorities towards the local Officer of Health also appears to have been everything that it ought not to have been. It seems highly desirable, therefore, that both the residents in the town and the parents of Harrow boys should bring a little pressure to bear on the school authorities with a view of awaking them to a sense of their duties.

The *Athenæum*, referring to an article which is to appear in the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, describes Colonel McDonald, of Glengarry, who died about 1827, as "the last of the typical Highland chiefs, and the friend of Sir Walter Scott." Lord Cockburn gives the following account of the said Glengarry, writing in 1841:—

> He was famous in his day, and by flattery and the affectation of Highland usages had the good fortune to get Sir Walter Scott to immortalise him in several of his works as a fine specimen of the chieftain. But none knew better than Scott that he was a paltry and odious fellow, with all the vices of the bad chieftain, and none of the virtues of the good one; with the selfishness, cruelty, fraud, arrogant pretension, and base meanness of the one, without the fidelity to superiors, and the generosity to vassals, the hospitality, or the courage of the other."

Colonel McDonald, who called himself "Mac-Mhic-Alaister," ruined his family, and some years after his death his enormous estates in Inverness-shire (which extended from the sea at Loch Hourn to the Caledonian Canal at Loch Oich) were sold to Lord Ward and Mr. Edward Ellice, and the whole property is now owned by Mrs. Edward Ellice, of Invergarry.

The long-expected and much-talked-of "Life of Dr. Pusey," which was commenced by Canon Liddon, and which has been completed by the Rev. J. O. Johnstone, Vicar of All Saints', Oxford, and the Rev. R. J. Wilson, Warden of Keble, is to fill four octavo volumes! It really does seem to me that the compilers of all ecclesiastical biographies would do well to act upon the admirable principles of Dean Burgon:—

> I have long cherished the conviction that it is to be wished that the world could be persuaded that biography might with advantage be confined within much narrower limits than at present is customary. Very few are the men who require five hundred pages all to themselves—far fewer will bear expansion into two such volumes. Of how vast a number of one's most distinguished friends would 40, 50, or 60 pages contain all that really requires to be handed down to posterity.

The Lord Chancellor has made a most excellent appointment to the vacant stall at Bristol. The Rev. S. A. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, is a wealth Broad Churchman, who has devoted many years of h life to the poor people of his parish, in which he has dor a great work. He has been prominent and useful as charity reformer, as an advocate of popular educ tion, and as a Poor Law Guardian. Mr. Barnett widely known as presiding genius of Toynbee Ha He is popular in all circles, being most genial ar unaffected, and he is famous for his excellent table-tal The appointment will meet with universal approval. M Barnett's months of "residence" at Bristol will be Apr May, and June, but it is understood that he is to sper most of the year in that city, which, by the way, is h birthplace.

The Bishop of Winchester has presented Canon Host Rector of Farnham, to the Rectory of Meonstoke, whic is of the net value of about £850 a year, with house, ar which recently became vacant by the death of the Re Charles J. Hume, who had held the living for sixty-or years, having been presented by Bishop Sumner in 183 Canon Hoste is one of the most energetic, popular, an successful parish clergymen in the diocese, and his prefe ment meets with universal approval, but he will be muc missed at Farnham by all classes.

Canon Scott-Holland is to be in residence at St. Paul Cathedral during September, and he will preach o Sunday afternoons throughout the month.

The session of the Church Congress is to commence Birmingham on October 3, and the Primate, the Bisho of Durham, and Archdeacon Farrar are to be th peachers at the opening services. There will be a co cluding service on October 7 in Worcester Cathedral, a which the sermon is to be preached by the Bishop Peterborough, who was for some years a Canon Worcester.

There is a tremendous ferment among the Cheltenha Evangelicals because Canon Bell, the rector, has decide to introduce a surpliced choir into the parish churc This is regarded as "a dangerous innovation," whic manifests "Popish leanings" and "a tendency to Rome. The Low Church people of Cheltenham need not b alarmed, for several years ago a surpliced choir wa introduced into Bath Abbey (another Evangelica sanctuary), and no evil results have followed. Ther are now surpliced choirs in nearly all the large churche which are in the gift of either the Simeon Trustees o the Church Patronage Society.

The Rev. Foster Barham Zincke, who died last week had held the living of Wherstead for nearly half century, and he had been a Chaplain to the Queen sinc

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STAR & GARTER HOTEL, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, & healthy Famed for its Guild and Corporation banquets, wedding breakfasts balls, &c. Unrivalled winter residence.—CHAS. JAMES, Manager.

7, when he was appointed to that office on the ommendation of Prince Albert, who had such a very h opinion of Mr. Zincke's abilities that H.R.H. was ious that he should become the first Head-Master of llington College; and if he had accepted that post he ld long ago have been seated on the Episcopal Bench. Zincke's admirable series of educational works acted great attention nearly fifty years ago, and he also the writer of some delightful books of travel. was one of the very best parish clergymen in England. s not creditable to the dispensers of patronage that a man should have gone down to the grave without ining any of those rewards which are considered to be appropriate recognition of important and valuable lic services. He was an ardent Liberal, and worked for his party in Suffolk.

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he vacancy among the Queen's Chaplains-in-Ordinary ed by the death of Mr. Barham Zincke is to be filled he appointment of Archdeacon Sinclair. The next ncy is to go to the Rev. John F. Kitto, Rector of St. in-in-the-Fields.

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ry great regret has been excited in Dorsetshire by eath of Prebendary Nash, who had held the living of ddle for more than forty-one years. He was one of best-known parish clergymen in the county, having Diocesan Inspector of Schools since 1855, and he opular among all classes, and universally esteemed. unwearied promoter of all good works, Prebendary was particularly zealous in his support of the ty Hospital, and he took a very active interest in ffairs of that excellent institution. The living of ddle, which is worth about £350 a year, with house, he gift of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church.

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an article published in the *Birmingham Gazette*, tounding description is given of the state of on Parish Church in the County of Oxford. If, , the story had appeared in any but a staunch nd Church newspaper, I should have been almost d to regard it as too scandalous to be true. g Hornton on a recent Sunday, the writer of the found the churchyard in the possession of boys layed upon broken tombstones and railings, and of who sat smoking his pipe on one grave, whilst his browsed over others. Shocking, however, as the on of the churchyard might be considered, it thing in comparison with the spectacle presented church itself. Not a single complete window be found in the edifice. Pew-doors, torn or l from their hinges, were cast across other pews; and rubbish, fallen from the walls and roof, littered or. Before some brasses on the floor could be examined heaps of nutshells had to be moved aside. In one spot the floor had been rotted away by incoming rain. The cushions upon the altar steps dropped to pieces when picked up, and the communion-rail plainly showed that fowls had utilised the church as a roosting place. Everywhere could be seen the dirty accumulation of many months.

So disgraceful, in fact, is the state of this house of God at Hornton that Divine service is no longer held in it, the schoolroom being used. The scandal is not of recent growth. Thirteen years or so ago, soon after his appointment to the living, the Rev. Charles Heaven, Vicar of Horley with Hornton, issued an appeal for funds, and the article from which I have quoted states that "money was promised and money was collected, but not more than a few shillings seem to have been expended, and such is the state of the accounts that the exact amount the wardens cannot say." That the "sacred edifice" should be allowed to remain year after year in such a condition is, as even my Conservative contemporary admits, a standing shame to the Vicar, his parish, his Bishop, and his Church. From something which has reached me privately on the subject, I should say inquiry is needed at Hornton into other matters affecting the Church besides the gross neglect of the building.

An Aberdeen paper makes some comments very much to the point upon a recent charge of Bishop Douglas to the Synod of Aberdeen and Orkney, in which the following instructions are given as to the proper mode of receiving the Sacrament. I am always averse to criticising the religious opinions of my fellow-men, but this seems to me a good deal more like "anise and cummin" than religion:—

> It is pointed out that the palm, and not the back, of the hand must be presented; that it is entirely wrong to obtrude the tongue; that the head must be lowered to the hand, and not the hand raised to the mouth; that the chalice must be grasped firmly by the stem with the right hand; that it must be steadied with the left hand on the base of the chalice; and that the hand must not be put round the cup or bowl of the chalice.

I hear that at a certain village in the West of England, where the farmers have suffered seriously from the long drought, there was no celebration of the Royal wedding, because the Rector expressed an opinion that the agricultural depression in the parish was so severe that it would not be right to solicit contributions for any such purpose. The farmers were much pleased by the Rector's thoughtful consideration, and they not unreasonably expected that this ecclesiastic would presently manifest his sympathy with them in a practical way by remitting a portion of the tithe rent-charge. A few days before the audit, however, the usual notices came round demanding payment. It was still supposed that a part of the tithe would be remitted, and the farmers were vastly disappointed when on the appointed day they were all required to pay up their full

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amounts, nor were they even given an audit dinner. The Rector's temporary popularity has not unnaturally departed.

A lady asks me to remind my fellow-citizens who are leaving town of their duty to the cats they leave behind them. I am always glad to do this, having a weakness for cats myself. The most stony-hearted cannot fail, I think, to be moved by the following sad picture, which my correspondent draws :—

> Hundreds of cats are at this moment left to starve in all parts of our great Metropolis. Many are to be seen sitting on the door-steps of their once happy homes, looking in vain for the kind faces of those who once have fed them. The poor creatures are now searching greedily for a dry crust, hunted by boys and worried by dogs, which are set on them by those in the garb of gentlemen. We really find them reduced to living skeletons in all parts of this great city. . . .

Those who desire to alleviate the sufferings of "poor Pussy," should send her to the Cats' Home, College Park, Harrow-road, W., or, if they live on the other side of London, to the Dogs' Home, York-road, Battersea, where, I believe, they will always be taken in on very moderate terms.

I published a letter a few weeks back signed "Jobmaster," making a handsome offer to take parties of poor children for drives in the country free of all expense. As some of those who saw the letter may have thought the offer almost too good to be true, I may mention the experience of one lady who availed herself of it. The lady in question is interested in Bermondsey parish, and asked the firm who made the offer whether they would bring a party of poor children from this district to her house in the pine-woods near Esher. Not only did they drive down a party of fifteen children and give them a most happy day among the pines and heather, but they paid their railway fares to the starting-point at Fulham, and showed other little kindnesses in addition. Although the offer was made anonymously, I see no reason why I should not state that the credit of this kindly action belongs to the Coupé Company, of Britannia-road, Fulham. It seems to me that their example is well worthy of the imitation of other jobmasters, who at this season of the year have roomy carriages standing idle, and plenty of horses badly in need of exercise.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's fund for sending poor and sickly London children into the country for a holiday :—A B C, £2. 2s.; D, £25; Corney and Muriel, 10s.; W. L., £1. 1s. (also £1. 1s. towards this year's Toy Fund); Rosslyn Gardens, £1. 1s.; The Ghost, 10s.; H. LL, £5; S., £10; A Mother, £1; L. Granger, 10s.; Rusticus in Urbe, £10; Faith, £1; M. M., £3. 3s.; T. G., £1; B. E. P., £2. 2s.

Reluctantly, but firmly, I must again call attention to the presence at Beverley Depot of two Colour-Sergeants who have long since completed the tour of Depot duty assigned to them by the Queen's Regulations. No doubt both of them are worthy men and gallant officers, but the rules which are made for the rest of the Service must be applied to them also. It has taken me several months to remove certain Colour-Sergeants who were detained under similar circumstances at Hamilton, and I am prepared to devote an equal amount of time, and more if necessary, to their comrades at Beverley; but I trust that the authorities will not make this necessary. It would, I think, conduce to the rigid observance of the Queen's Regulations if, in cases where they are found to have been set at naught, the Officers responsible were punished in some way. Irregularities of the kind described above are, I believe, usually the result of private arrangement between the C.O. of the Depot and the C.O. of the Home Battalion.

The suggestion, which I did my best to dispose of last week, that Sergeant-Cooks should be abolished and their duties transferred to "worthy old soldiers," provokes the ire of one of my military readers, who says that, according to his experience, old soldiers are, of all men, the most unfit to be trusted in such a position. He adds "let any sceptic pay a surprise visit here, and he will find the Sergeant-Cook ready for him with a diet-sheet for any one's inspection, and every meal not 'fairly,' but thoroughly well cooked." I quote this because it comes not from Aldershot or any other big station, but from a Line regiment now in Ireland.

The *Broad Arrow* announces that in the event of Major and Staff-Paymaster J. Kitson being appointed to the command of the Army Pay Corps, "it is probable that Major C. M. Johnston, from Portsmouth, will go to the Discharge Depot." It so happens that Major Johnston went to the Discharge Depot about ten days ago. The *Broad Arrow's* probability is, therefore, in this case, a little more probable than usual.

A few weeks back I referred to the costs incurred by Cavalry officers at the autumn manœuvres. I have just had a conversation on the same subject with an officer of a marching regiment, who tells me that he is in very much the same position. The two chief items of expense seem to be (1) the cost of transport for necessaries, which officers have to bear themselves, and (2) the outrageous expense of messing. The first item amounts (per contra) to £60 or more per regiment; the second to 18s. or 2 per head per day. The two items bring the average expenditure per day up to about 25s. So that a subaltern in receipt of 5s. 6d. per day is nearly £1 a day out of pocket.

There are other items of expense which only fall on individual officers. For instance, every member of the Umpire's Staff, and all officers engaged on Staff duty, have to provide at their own cost three horses. Offic

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are specially selected for Staff duties which might be performed by Warrant Officers for the sake of economy, it being a rule that a Warrant Officer employed on Staff duty is entitled to an allowance of £1 per day, or more, to cover his additional expenses. Thus the General Commanding can cut down the expenses, and gain proportionate credit for himself, by appointing Commissioned Officers in place of Staff Officers.

The last arrangement is unfair to everybody. An officer employed on specially expensive duty ought not to be expected, whatever his rank, to meet the expenses out of his own pocket, unless, of course, his regular pay is calculated to cover such emergencies, which it certainly is not in this case. The same argument applies to the cost of transport of an officer's necessary baggage at manœuvres. The question of messing stands on a different footing. What is required here is that the expense should be cut down, which ought to be done by substituting for the ordinary extravagance of a mess something of the Spartan fare that would have to be accepted in the field—I don't mean on a bogus affair like the Egyptian parade, but in a real tough campaign. If manœuvres were reduced in this respect to something like the conditions of actual warfare, I don't believe that any officer worth his salt would object to roughing it for a time in a friendly country, and I am quite sure that all would be vastly better for it.

A bitter growl was poured into my ear the other day by a mounted officer engaged in the autumn manœuvres respecting a senseless order which requires jack-boots to be worn on the line of march and in manœuvring. Those boots are most awkward to walk in, and, as officers usually have to dismount as soon as firing begins, their movements may be seriously hampered by their boots. In addition to this, jack-boots necessitate the carrying of long trees, &c., and consequently make a heavy inroad on the regulation allowance of baggage. I take it that no officer would ever dream of going on service arrayed in these articles, and to require them at manœuvres would seem to be the result of a pig-headed desire to annoy.

I take the following extracts from a very forcible protest, addressed to me by an officer, against the new regulation which excludes Militia Subalterns from competition for the India Staff Corps. What the writer says has so much force that I only regret space will not allow me to give the whole of his remarks:—

It is well known to all who have any experience of the Service that the present system of recruiting the Staff Corps is not conducive to the Service interests of the Indian Empire. The young men generally appointed from Sandhurst are far less efficient at the outset than the large number of regimentally-trained subalterns of the Militia who are prepared to face the ordeal of competitive examination as a test of their superior professional qualifications.

The examination papers now given to Militia officers at their competitive examinations are so difficult that if they were set to the cadets at their final examination on leaving Sandhurst, very few of these young tiros would find their way into the regular forces. As a casual proof of this, I am in a position to state with confidence that the five Militia officers who obtained "Unattached List" commissions for the Staff Corps at the last two Militia Competitions were far superior in military education and attainments to the cadets at the head of the list on passing out of Sandhurst. Again, many of the Militia officers now serving in the Regular Army could easily have entered Sandhurst in the ordinary course, but preferred winning their commissions through the Militia, owing to the better professional training which that channel secured to them; and it is not a little significant that more than half of the officers now in the cavalry have obtained their commissions in this manner. Moreover, a large proportion of the present Adjutants of Regular regiments were Militia officers; while many of the successful candidates for admission to the Staff College have likewise hailed from the Militia and have passed in over the heads of officers who have been cadets at Sandhurst. Besides all this, it is an open secret that Commanding Officers of regiments have at various times reported that officers from the Militia are infinitely more competent than cadets in the performance of all regimental duties as well as in handling troops on the parade ground. . . . . .

It is, therefore, quite as much to the interests of the Indian Native Army as of subalterns in the Militia that the new regulation should be at once cancelled. I would go further, and suggest that more equitable rules than those now in force should be formulated at an early date for the future examination and selection of Unattached List officers as probationers for the Staff Corps. Under these rules, with the view of placing Militia candidates on an equal footing with those from Sandhurst, *special* half-yearly competitive examinations (for the *Unattached List* only) should be held at the end of June and December in each year. . . . . .

Some time back reference was made in TRUTH to the mischievous effects of Freemasonry in the Army, and the subject is one which sooner or later will have to receive the attention of the highest military authorities. A strongly-worded complaint on the subject has recently reached me from a regiment stationed at Poona. Among the facts set out are these: A Colour-Sergeant was discovered to have embezzled over Rs.400 from the Sergeants' Mess funds in the course of a couple of months. After being under arrest three days, he was permitted to refund the amount, and dismissed with a reprimand. On the other hand, a Lance-Sergeant, for the very ordinary offence of not relieving his sentries punctually, was deprived of his stripes and placed at the bottom of the roll of Corporals. Other similar inequalities are cited. If, as is asserted, Freemasonry is the sole reason for the discrepancy in these punishments, Freemasonry in the Army is antagonistic to the interests both of justice and discipline.

The Indian military authorities ought to look into the pay of the Warrant Officers in the Commissariat Department. A "Sub-Conductor," as he is called, receives Rs.125 per mensem. A Sergeant—giving him a wife and three children, which is about the average state of things—draws in pay and allowances over Rs.117, and gets his quarters free. The Sub-Conductor, having to pay Rs.7. 8a. for rent, the pay of the Non-Commissioned and the Warrant ranks stand as nearly as possible at the same point; and as the Warrant Officer has the anxiety of looking after his wife and family when he goes on field service, it is a question whether the N.C.O. is not the better off of the two.

The following is sent to me from Glasgow. My correspondent prefers to leave the name of the barracks in obscurity, but it cannot be difficult for the Military authorities to discover the *locus in quo*, and they will do well, I think, to institute inquiries for that purpose:—

There are certain military stations in the Scottish District which are also favourite seaside resorts. In the barracks at one of these there is an office, which every summer is converted into "married quarters" for the accommodation of the wives and

families of Warrant or Non-Commissioned Officers. The bedding for this purpose is lent from the hospital. This proceeding appears to be quite contrary to the Queen's Regulations. Lodgings are plentiful in the neighbourhood, and if you would kindly give publicity to these facts I do not think the authorities would allow such irregularity to continue.

Not long since I mentioned some of the inconveniences arising from the fact that the Telegraph Service at Malta is entirely worked by military operators. The arrangement has its inconveniences from the point of view of the men so employed. For instance, a few weeks back a mistake occurred in the transmission of one word in a message. The clerk who had made the mistake was forthwith arraigned before the officer commanding the company to which he belonged, as though he had committed some heinous breach of military law, and charged with having "wilfully and by gross carelessness" sent a telegraphic message improperly. Being found guilty, he was cautioned that if he repeated the offence he would be severely punished. "Wilfully and by gross carelessness" seems to be a contradiction in terms. It is absurd to suggest that the man "wilfully" made a mistake, and it is by no means certain that the mistake was necessarily the result of carelessness. I do not think that a soldier, who is put to do a telegraph clerk's work, ought to be subject to military discipline if he happens to make a mistake in that capacity. But if he is to be, many persons will probably be of opinion that it would be no bad thing if civilian clerks who make similar mistakes—and they are doing it daily—were visited with equal severity.

Several references have been made in TRUTH during the last twelve months to the complaints of the Telegraph Masters in India with regard to promotion under the present Director-General. I hear that a memorial to the Viceroy on the subject is now being promoted, and I wish it every success. There is nothing like an organised movement of this kind for securing attention to grievances, provided it be tolerably unanimous.

I am told that a man belonging to the East Surrey Regiment, who died at Malta a fortnight ago, after a few days in hospital, had on the day of his admission to hospital been refused permission to go on the sick-list by the officer on duty. As a consequence the man remained on duty all day in great agony, until he collapsed, and was carried to hospital on a stretcher. This is one of those incidents for the facts of which I cannot, from the nature of the case, vouch; but if the above account of it be accurate, the officer referred to seems to require a timely hint for his guidance in dealing with such cases.

Much unfavourable comment has been current in India upon the case of Sergeant-Major Willard, of the Assam Valley Mounted Rifles, who has been remanded to his regiment from the Unattached List, his demand for a Court-Martial being denied. Whether, under the circumstances, he has a legal right to a Court-Martial is a technicality on which I have no means of forming an opinion. But in a case of this kind, where a stigma is placed upon a man, which is calculated to prejudice him permanently, my view is that mere technicalities ought not to be insisted upon. The man ought to have a Court-Martial if he demands it, and the refusal of this satisfaction is calculated to provoke suspicion of the justice of the proceeding. In view of this, and of some of the statements which have been made respecting the case, the Indian Military authorities would do well to look into the condition of the force where it occurred.

I turned this week to the *Broad Arrow* in the expectation of finding the official explanation of the outrageous treatment of ex-Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson, of Bodmin Depot; but, to my amazement, I find that my contemporary "confesses to a distinct feeling of sympathy" with Wilson. I tremble for the future of the *Broad Arrow* if its Editor should often let his feelings get the better of him to this extent. It will never do for him to take up the rôle of Balaam, and, after being instructed to curse Tommy Atkins, to turn round and bless him. That, however, is after all no affair of mine. What I am concerned with is the significant fact that even the *Broad Arrow* is constrained to admit that the retention of the Sergeant-Major in his post, while Wilson is punished, is indefensible. The question now is, What is going to be done? Is this atrocious injustice going to be left as it stands, or is it to be corrected? The higher military authorities, before whom the case has still to come, have now an excellent opportunity of showing that they can occasionally be trusted to do justice in cases where there is not the slightest doubt on which side justice lies.

In fairness to Wilson, however, it seems necessary to take exception to the assumption of the *Broad Arrow* that he has been guilty of "indiscretions" resulting from "temper and verbosity." What evidence is there of this? I know of none. The only "indiscretion" which I can see on Wilson's part is that in the effort to expose iniquities of the worst kind he incurred the enmity of parties in a higher station, who were bound to prove in the long run stronger than himself. It would have been more "discreet," doubtless, to have shut his eyes and held his tongue; but to say this is to pass a damning censure on his superior officers, and, by inference, upon the principles on which the Army at large is governed. I repeat, this man Wilson has served his country with a clean record for over seventeen years, in the course of which he has worked his way up to a good position. He has come to grief because he called the attention of higher military authorities to gross misconduct on the part of his immediate superior. After having been degraded, he has now applied for his discharge. This means that the country is to lose a good soldier, of approved honesty, in order that it may keep a man of higher rank who has shown himself unfit

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for his position. Should no steps be taken to avert this result, I can only say that the sooner every honest man clears out of the Queen's service the better. It is no place for them.

In view of Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson's case I am not surprised to hear that an aggrieved warrior has assaulted Mr. St. John Brodrick with the view of calling attention to his wrongs. When a man cannot call attention to gross Departmental scandals without bringing about his own ruin, it is difficult to see what means are open to him of calling attention to his own private grievances, and he may be excused, therefore, for making a mistake, and taking any short cut which seems likely to lead to the desired end. There would be far less danger of such mistakes occurring, if men were free to unburden their minds to newspaper editors; and I would here point out that a great public service is undoubtedly rendered by TRUTH and other journals (if there are any others) which receive the confidences of public servants, and thereby enable the steam to escape, which, if it were bottled up, might lead to a serious explosion. I cannot find that Mr. Dunn ever communicated his wrongs to me, but had he done so he would doubtless never have felt under the necessity of laying violent hands on Mr. Brodrick.

Mr. Swift MacNeill's case is slightly different. Mr. MacNeill, it is true, when he fell foul of Mr. Furniss, was also labouring under a sense of injustice, his grievance being that justice had not been done to his features in a picture in *Punch*. This, however, is an almost universal grievance. Ladies, in particular, are known to cherish deadly resentment against those who take their likenesses, and I have been told by a photographer that many of his profession go in daily peril of their lives. It has often struck me as wonderful that the persons whose portraits line the walls at the Royal Academy do not assault the artists who have painted them. When one sees what is done in the way of bonâ fide portraits, it seems absurd to take offence at a caricature. I have always thought that if anybody in the House of Commons would be justified in assassinating Mr. Furniss, it would be Sir Richard Temple; but I have no reason to suppose that there is any enmity between them.

I learn from a naval correspondent that it was the Signal-Book Box, not the Admiral's Despatch Box, which was found floating in the sea after the foundering of the *Victoria*. But this makes no difference to the point; for the Signal-Book Box, equally with the Admiral's Despatch Box, is constructed to sink, and justified its designers by floating; while the ship, which was specially constructed to float, justified her designers by sinking. Another nautical authority gives me a very simple explanation of the failure of the box to sink. Holes to admit the water are carefully bored in the bottom, but nowhere else. The lead with which it is weighted keeps the box upright. The air inside consequently cannot escape, and the box floats. As I understand that all the Signal-Book Boxes in the Navy are of the same pattern as the *Victoria's*, I would suggest that a few holes should without delay be bored in their lids. There will then be a chance of their realising the designer's expectations.

Besides the Signal-Book Box, I hear that several other articles mysteriously found their way to the surface on the same occasion. Among them was a large old silver jug of considerable weight, enclosed in a leather-covered case. It belonged to an officer, who kept it in a drawer in his cabin. After the ship sank it was found floating in its case upon the water.

An extraordinary story reaches me from Portland respecting the treatment of a number of men belonging to H.M.S. *Vulcan*, on the departure of the ship from that station a few days ago. The men in question had gone on shore on leave of absence from Saturday till Monday, and in some cases till Wednesday. After they had left, the ship was ordered to Portsmouth. On the Sunday a man was sent on shore to hunt up all men on leave, and instruct them to be on board by eight a.m. on Monday, failing which they were warned that they would have to pay their own fares to Portsmouth. All the men in Portland accordingly came down to the landing-stage between half-past six and seven a.m. on Monday, but only to find that the ship had proceeded to sea two hours previously.

Some of the men then went on board the flagship, *Anson*, and applied for passes to Portsmouth, but they were refused any assistance, and told to rejoin their ship at once. Several of them had not the necessary cash (8s. 1d.) about them, and all were presumably liable to punishment for breaking their leave. It seems almost incredible that any class of men in the public service should be treated with such gross and cruel injustice; but I am afraid that there is no room for doubt about the facts in this instance. I trust, therefore, that Lord Spencer will cause some inquiry to be made into the matter. Not only ought the money which these men have been compelled to pay to be refunded, but the official responsible for their being left behind ought to be punished.

The Queen's Regulations for the Navy do not, so far as I can discover, contain anything which authorises a Captain to dispense with them at his own discretion. It would be interesting, therefore, to know on what ground the Officer commanding H.M.S. *Trafalgar* declines to allow his Chief Engineer to have charge of the engines and dynamos for generating the electric light. The *Trafalgar* has lately been re-commissioned, but under the same Captain as before, and both the last and the present Chief Engineers have been deprived of the charge of the dynamos and engines, notwithstanding the express directions on this point in Art. 803 of the Regulations. Even granting that the Captain has the right to dispense with these Rules, it seems extremely unfair that he should do so in the present instance, for in the event of anything going wrong with the electric

machinery, the Engineer would be held responsible by the Admiralty. This, however, is only another example of the kind of treatment which Engineer Officers have too long suffered in the Navy.

A traveller just back from Turkey gives me an account of his experience of English Custom House officers which seems worth notice. Two officers boarded his ship on entering port, and while the senior in rank was inquiring whether he had anything to declare, the junior gave his hand a surreptitious pinch. In Turkey, the land of backsheesh, the traveller would at once have realised what this meant. In England, he was not disposed to take the hint, and merely responded with a genial smile. An hour later the same officer, not to be beaten, came up to him on deck, and boldly pointed out to the traveller that he had forgotten him; whereupon, says my informant, "mollified by the comical expression of his face, and not having the heart to disappoint the poor fellow, I slipped a florin in his honest palm." Not for a moment would I suggest that this was wrong on the traveller's part. His experience, however, gives a striking illustration of the point which I have so often insisted upon in regard to the sweating of Customs officers. Apart from the indignity of having these men sponging for tips on all who land on our shores, what possible security can there be for the strict collection of dues when the collectors thus proclaim, as it were, their desire for bribes?

The Directors of the Great Northern Railway have just rejected a petition of the platelayers in their employ to have their wages paid weekly instead of fortnightly. It is an amazing thing that in times like the present Directors should show so little regard for the best interests of the men in their service. Few platelayers earn more than 21s. per week. Such wages mean living from hand to mouth, and if a man in such a position has to wait a fortnight for his money, it is a practical certainty that he must largely live on credit, and equally certain that he will have to pay for that privilege. It is a shabby kind of selfishness to set against this the trifling extra expense to the Company of paying wages weekly, as all other employers do, and I hope that the Great Northern shareholders will yet set their faces against such meanness.

In spite of the efforts which I made some time ago to arouse the sanitary authorities at Coleford and the Monmouth Districts (Urban and Rural) to a sense of their duties, this corner of the Kingdom still remains in a disgraceful condition. In a recent report of Dr. Fletcher upon this locality, he alludes to "the persistent prevalence of diphtheria." With regard to Coleford, he says that the Local Board "have in great measure failed to fulfil the important duties cast upon them." The condition of the Monmouth Urban District is stated to indicate "either indifference to the sanitary requirements of the town or culpable neglect;" a similar condemnation is passed on the Monmouth Rural District, and a shocking account is given of the condition of the wells "throughout the Forest District." Unless the inhabitants of these regions possess some infallible secret for warding off the attacks of cholera, they will do well to insist that their representatives shall at once put an end to these scandals.

Really, I marvel at the temerity of some of my provincial contemporaries. A Rhyl newspaper has recently had the audacity to criticise the St. Asaph Board of Guardians. Heedless of the extent to which Bumble's withers might be unwrung, it declared that the Guardians had "wilfully disregarded their functions." This was, of course, more than such a sensitive body could stand, and at a meeting on Thursday they considered how they should punish the daring sheet. Three intelligent gentlemen urged that the Board should bring an action for libel. An asinine law, however, will not permit the Board to do anything of the kind. Then it was suggested that the reporter of the offending paper should be excluded from the meetings, or that no official advertisements should be sent until the editor gave up the name of the writer of the article. It was hinted, however, that advertisements could be withheld without adopting a formal resolution to that effect, and eventually "a vote of censure was ordered to be passed upon the author of the article unless a communication was received to the effect that he was sorry for having made use of the words complained of." No doubt the unhappy scribe will apologise. He could hardly survive the censure of the St. Asaph Guardians.

An amusing discussion took place at the meeting of the Colchester Guardians last week, respecting a tea given to the Workhouse boys by General Miller. Thirty-two boys were sent out in response to an invitation from this hospitable officer, and the mirth of the Guardians was excited by the revelation that for two hours before the tea, and an hour afterwards, the youngsters were employed in pulling up weeds in the General's ground. Doubtless it was thought that this would be suitable recreation, and give them a good appetite for the tea. Even under such a condition, the outing was probably an agreeable change to Workhouse children; but the Guardians were apparently of opinion that the three hours' labour detracted somewhat from the generosity of the entertainment; and so General Miller was not accorded the usual vote of thanks.

The citizens of Cardiff are aghast at the result of an award just given in an arbitration, which has been some time in progress, to decide the price which the Corporation is to pay for certain land belonging to Sir W. T. Lewis, which is required for the purpose of a railway. Not only are the prices now fixed by the arbitrator (Mr. B. F. Williams, Q.C.) out of all proportion to the estimates of the Corporation surveyors, but while £160 per acre is the price of a certain portion of the land which is to be purchased outright, the arbitrator fixes £360 per acre as the price to be paid for the mere right to lay the railway for six years over another piece, said to be intrinsically more valuable. As one of the Aldermen has remarked to a Pressman, the ways of arbitrators are as inscrutable as those of Providence.

The letter which I published last week from Barrister No. 2 on the subject of the Bar Association has brought me another letter from Barrister No. 1, who adduces evidence in support of the views which I originally expressed. From my experience, however, of the learned members of this profession, I know only too well that if I published this letter from Barrister No. 1, it would only bring me a rejoinder from Barrister No. 2. At any other time nothing would gratify me more than that the Bar Association should be tried before me, with my readers as jury, and these two learned friends as counsel on either side. But I must decline to sit for this purpose in the middle of the Long Vacation, so the case will now be adjourned *sine die*, and the prisoner will be discharged.

With reference to the paragraph in last week's TRUTH on the subject of the County Benches, a Winchcombe correspondent expresses regret that I did not call attention to the case of Gloucestershire. The packing of the Bench with Tories is as gross in that county as in any of those that I cited. To show the spirit in which appointments are made, my correspondent mentions that one of the last names added to the Winchcombe Bench is that of a gentleman who resides in Yorkshire, but who happens, of course, to be a Tory. Yet whilst a useless appointment of this kind is made by Lord Ducie, it is notorious that great inconvenience is caused through the lack of resident Magistrates at Winchcombe. The whole of the duties of the Bench there devolve upon three or four gentlemen who, with one exception, reside four or five miles away from the town. The result is that if the one J.P. who lives only a mile and a-half away is not at home, people who want summonses or other documents signed have to tramp eight or ten miles. Why competent men residing in Winchcombe itself are not appointed, so as to put an end to this inconvenience, only Lord Ducie, the Lord-Lieutenant, can explain.

A notice has just been issued by the Chief Constable of Devon warning all whom it concerns of the penalties to which beggars and persons found wandering without visible means of subsistence are liable, under 5 Geo. IV., cap. 83, secs. 3 and 4. Here is the penalty for the third offence:—

> Imprisonment with hard labour until the next General or Quarter Sessions, when they may be further imprisoned for one year and flogged.

I would ask whether it is not time that such a detestable ordinance, which no Judge or Magistrate would now dare to enforce, should be expunged from the statute book? What, with the beneficent arrangements of Boards of Guardians like that at Folkestone and the spirited efforts of the Great Unpaid all over the land, things are surely made hot enough for the abandoned wretch convicted of the awful offence of not having a penny in the world, without making provision for locking him up for twelve months and periodically thrashing him. If we must have flogging by Act of Parliament, let us have it by all means for wife-beaters and child-torturers. It may possibly do them a great deal of good, but I do not see how it can cure an empty pocket.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. From the Southport and Prescot cases it seems that the prevalent fashion in chastising children in that part of Lancashire is to employ a rope-end. Vigorously applied to the bare back of the little one, it proves a most effective instrument of torture, and if the affectionate parent is so unlucky as to be haled before the Magistrates, the consequences are not serious—a trifling fine, or at the outside a very short term of imprisonment. Amongst other examples of the misplaced lenity with which offences against the person are treated, I would also particularly call attention to the case at Keighley. What the Bench characterised as a gross assault is visited with precisely the same penalty as an act of game trespass. But if the position of the parties had been reversed, and two poachers had been found guilty of grossly assaulting a gamekeeper, there is not the slightest doubt they would have been sent to prison for two or three months. However, it is something to the credit of the Keighley J.P.'s that they did at least convict the guardians of the sacred birds. There are plenty of courts in which it would be utterly impossible for a poacher to obtain even that approach to justice from game-preserving Magistrates:—

Prescot Petty Sessions. Before Mr. H. R. d'A. Willis and Mr. A. R. Gladstone. George Marsh, convicted of cruelty to a little girl, aged six. He beat her on the bare back with a rope. Her back was covered with bruises. Fined 2s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. costs.

Prescot Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. William Glendinning, summoned for game trespass. He was seen in a potato field with a dog, and showed it "something." Fined 10s. and 12s. costs.

Newport (Isle of Wight) Petty Sessions. Before Sir Graham Hamond-Græme, Bart., Lord Colville of Culross, Colonel Crozier, Mr. W. A. Glyun, and other Magistrates. Charles H. Moorman, bathing machine proprietor, charged with assaulting a little boy and his nurse. Finding the child on the wheels of a bathing machine, defendant threw him into the sea. He told the nurse that he was "drowning him," and that he would drown her too. He then violently pushed her backwards into the sea. Fined 10s. for the first assault and £1 for the second.

Newport (Isle of Wight) Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Charles J. Cole and Albert W. Ketcher, boys, charged with stealing plums from Lord Gort's garden. Cole seven days, Ketcher fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Sherborne Police-court. Before General Waller. Maria Brockway, charged with sleeping out. She was found in a meadow, sleeping beneath a tree. Seven days.

Cardiff Police-court. Before Alderman D. Lewis and Sir Morgan Morgan. Arthur Bennett, charged with being drunk, and with cruelly beating a horse on the head with a bucket. Fined £1 and costs.

Cardiff Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Hannah Welsh, charged with stealing a pair of slippers from a shop-door. Two months.

Cheltenham Police-court. Before Colonel Thoyts and Baron de Ferrieres. William Henry Driver, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her with a thick cane and threw a flat iron at her. Fined 10s. and costs.

Cheltenham Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Walter Stead and Charlotte Deakin, a wretched-looking couple, charged with sleeping in the area of an empty house. Ten days each.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Messrs. Bunce, Wallis, Marris, and other Magistrates. Henry Humphries, convicted of assaulting a woman with whom he cohabited. Her head bore evidence of rather serious injuries caused by prisoner kicking her and throwing a dust-preventer at her. Fined 20s. and costs.

Birmingham Police-court. Before the same Bench. Jas. Giblin and Hy. Blick, charged with stealing part of an iron gate. Three months each.

Nottingham Police-court. Before Messrs. E. Pratt and F. Carver. Edward Shemmill, aged 19, charged with begging. Seven days.

PFUNGST FRÈRES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

Southport Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. G. Ansterfield, J. A. Robinson, W. J. Robson, A. Pilling, and other Magistrates. James Hopkins pleaded guilty to assaulting his daughter, aged ten. Whilst the child was practically naked he thrashed her with a rope, and then tied her to the bedpost, leaving her without food for sixteen hours. A doctor said one of the bruises measured 9 in. by 4 in., and there was not a sound area of skin in it. Fourteen days.

Accrington Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Lipton, J. Blake, and W. Smith. William H. Kenyon, convicted of assaulting Mary Ann Durmody. He kicked her on the face and arms. Fined 5s. and costs.

Kingston-on-Thames Police-court. Thomas Brown, convicted of assaulting Thomas Bayton, whom he knocked down and kicked about the head, inflicting a wound which had to be stitched with silver wire, and breaking three teeth off close to the gums. Bayton's hearing had been seriously affected by a blow on the ear. Fined, with costs, £4. 13s.

Keighley Police-court. Two gamekeepers, charged with assaulting Abraham Sutcliffe, who was, at the same Court, fined 20s. and costs for trespassing. Sutcliffe said they belaboured him unmercifully with a "picking stick" and kicked him. After seeing Sutcliffe's injuries, the Bench said the keepers had been guilty of a gross assault. Fined 20s. each and costs.

Brigg Police-court. Before Messrs. V. D. H. Cary-Elwes, W. H. Coates, and R. Brooks. Wm. Florence, pedlar, charged with assaulting his step-daughter. He struck her two violent blows on the head with the stock-end of a whip, felling her to the ground and causing a nasty wound. Fined £2 and 13s. 4d. costs.

Lanark Burgh Court. Before Bailie Murphy. Ex-Bailie Watson charged with assaulting his servant girl, aged 14. He struck her several blows in the face, compressed her throat, and dashed her head against a wall. Fined £3.

Southampton County Police-court. Before Colonel Ward and Mr. W. E. Darwin. John Dean and Henry Jones charged with sleeping out in the open air. They said they had walked from Guildford and were fagged out and foot-sore. The Chairman said the Bench thought they would be dealing very leniently with the defendants by sending them to prison for seven days each with hard labour. Similar sentences were passed on a man and his wife who were found sleeping in a field.

Hinckley Petty Sessions. Mrs. Fanny Cooper charged with assaulting Clara Jeffcoat, her servant, a girl from the workhouse. The girl said that her mistress pulled her by the hair and struck her in the face with a brush, causing a lump. Previously, Mrs. Cooper had burnt her leg with a red-hot poker, knocked her about with sticks, and pulled her ears and made them bleed. Owing to the ill usage she suffered, the girl tried to drown herself. Fined £5 and costs.

Blackpool Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Fisher, H. Buckley, and J. Cardwell. Christine Fleming, aged 18, a servant, charged with stealing a pair of eye-glasses. Her first offence. Fourteen days.

Bath City Police-court. Henry Childs, aged 18, charged with using obscene language Fourteen days.

Long Melford Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. W. Poley and T. P. Hale. John Heard pleaded guilty to stealing mangold wurzel. Fined £2 or one month.

Lewes Petty Sessions. William Bradford, convicted of introducing a small quantity of rum into Newhaven Workhouse. Seven days.

Tunbridge Wells Petty Sessions. Harry Flint, charged with having fraudulently pretended to be a deserter. Fourteen days.

Wrexham County Police court. John Cummings, charged with poaching. Three months.

Whitehaven Police-court. Lowther Wilson and James Laughlin, charged with poaching. Fined £5 each.

Devonport Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. J. W. W. Ryder, J. C. Graves, W. Hawkes, W. Joll, and G. A. Rae. James Wallis, shoemaker, pleaded guilty to unlawfully pawning a pair of boot-uppers. Twenty-one days.

Glasgow Sheriff Criminal Court. Jane Blair convicted of stealing a door-mat. Six months.

Airdrie. Before Hon. Sheriff Russell. William Hutton charged with day poaching. Fine and costs, £3. 10s.

Last week I pilloried the Leek Bench for having imposed fines instead of imprisonment in a case in which a man was so brutally assaulted that his arm was broken in two places. One of the Magistrates, whilst admitting that the decision was, on the face of it, open to criticism, has brought under my notice certain facts which influenced the Bench, and which did not appear in the newspaper reports. It seems that the complainant, a man in great poverty, had himself offered to settle the matter for a money consideration, and out of the heavy fines the Magistrates were able to allow him a substantial sum as damages. On the other hand, if the defendants had been sent to prison the complainant would not have received a farthing towards the expenses of his illness. This explanation of their motive certainly puts the action of the Bench in a more favourable light. At the same time, ruffians guilty of such violence ought not to be allowed to escape with a mere pecuniary penalty, and it is to be regretted that the law does not make it possible for Magistrates to mulct them in damages as well as to send them to gaol.

In the Wolverhampton Police-court, the Clerk seems to consider it within his province to publicly admonish the Magistrates as well as to advise them. The other day a lad was charged with stealing a watch from a slaughter-house which he was in the habit of frequenting. Mr. Parker, J.P., having elicited that the prosecutor left the watch hanging up in the slaughter-house, ventured to observe that he ought to be ashamed of himself for placing such a temptation in the boy's way. Thereupon the Clerk, Mr. E. H. Thorne, sternly remarked that such an expression ought not to come from the Bench, that it would cause "no end of juvenile crime," and that the prisoner (aged thirteen) "was a scoundrel." I presume the Wolverhampton Magistrates are accustomed to censures of this kind from their Clerk; at all events, Mr. Parker seems to have submitted without a protest.

At Harrogate Police-court the other day a man was charged with selling lavender in the streets without a licence. The prosecution appears to have been a very harsh proceeding, for a resident assures me that the defendant and others similarly engaged were quiet, decent men, trying to turn an honest penny, and that they simply stood in the gutter with their boxes of lavender and caused no obstruction or nuisance whatever. The defendant told the Bench that he did not think he ought to have a licence "as flowers were perishable." Here a Police-Inspector brought his remarkable knowledge of botany into play against the defendant. "Lavender," said the officer, "was not a vegetable or a herb, but it was distinctly a scent." This scientific evidence settled the matter, and the Mayor forthwith committed the defendant to prison for seven days in default of paying 10s. and costs.

The Scarborough Borough Magistrates gave a droll exhibition of their wisdom and understanding at the recent Brewster Sessions. For a time all went smoothly, and licences were granted without difficulty, amongst them being that for the Grand Hotel, a large establishment which is under the management of Commander Green. Almost immediately after the Grand, the case of a smaller house came up, and the Chief Constable casually remarked that it belonged to a Company in the town, and was managed by a lady. Here a preternaturally smart J.P. thought he detected a flaw,

which he was prompt to expose. To grant the licence would be, he urged, to violate their rule, that the licensee should be a bonâ-fide landlord, and not a nominee of any Company or firm. But the Chief Constable felt constrained to point out that the circumstances were precisely parallel with those of the Grand Hotel manager, whose application had just been passed. This little fact had been overlooked by the wiseacres on the Bench, and it proved such a poser that they had to retire for a private consultation. The result was an announcement "that these cases would be put back," though the Grand Hotel licence had been already granted, if not signed.

It is, I know, risky to assume that the Scarborough Magistrates will take the right course. Still, I fancy that, after putting the parties concerned to unnecessary inconvenience, the Bench will, in the end, muster sufficient discretion to grant the hotel licences. Meanwhile, the matter is worthy of notice as an example of magisterial wooden-headedness. The rule directed against the tied-house system is, in its proper place, an excellent one; but it is monstrous to strain it against first-class establishments because they happen to be owned by hotel Companies. As a correspondent has written to me on the subject, it is lamentable, not to say disgraceful, that the power of granting or withholding licences should be in the hands of noodles who apparently cannot discriminate between an ordinary well-conducted hotel and a "tied" drinking den.

A Durban correspondent has forwarded me a report of the proceedings of the Supreme Court of Natal in reviewing a decision of a Local Board in reference to an hotel licence. The Chief Justice apparently regarded the proceedings of the Local Board as so remarkable that he suggested an account of them should be sent to TRUTH. In what took place before the Local Board, however, I fail to find anything more extraordinary than a remark made by one of the Chief Justice's colleagues in the Supreme Court. The question of the hotel licence was sent back to the Local Board for reconsideration; and as a reason for doing this Mr. Justice Turnbull suggested that the members might have been "overawed" by a "garbled scriptural quotation" in a temperance petition!

I hear with much satisfaction that a prosecution has been commenced against one of the Indian "oculists," to whose proceedings attention has once or twice been drawn in TRUTH. It seems highly desirable that the area of this prosecution should be extended, if possible, and I would, therefore, earnestly press on any persons who have had recent dealings with any Indian oculists to communicate with Dr. Hugh Woods, Secretary of the London and Counties Medical Protection Society, at 11, Archway-road, Highgate.

A curious Police-court story reaches me from Annan. It appears that at a recent sitting of the Bench, a man convicted of having, without any provocation, attempted to stab a local chemist with a pocket-knife, was let off with the small fine of five shillings. As Provost M'Lean, the presiding Magistrate, does not usually err on the side of lenity, the extremely light penalty imposed in this case naturally caused considerable astonishment. The decision may perhaps be explained by the fact that the defendant is a tenant of the Provost, and the Provost himself paid the fine.

An outrageously severe sentence was passed by the Hastings County Magistrates on Saturday in a case in which Thomas Dibley was charged with threatening and assaulting Police-Sergeant Stevens at Bexhill. The defendant admitted that he used threats, but said that he was provoked to do so by the Sergeant, who deliberately pushed him. As to the assault, the complainant himself only alleged that the defendant "pushed his face into his" and "stamped on his toe." On such evidence the Bench might reasonably have bound Dibley over to keep the peace, but, instead of doing this, they actually sentenced him to a month's hard labour, with a further month in default of finding sureties. Dibley is an ex-Police-Sergeant, and, I am assured, a man of good character, sober, and hard-working. The monstrous punishment inflicted on him for a first and very trumpery offence has, it is not surprising to hear, caused great indignation in the district, and I trust that the Home Secretary will at once release the man.

The suggestion has been made to me that if itinerant fortune-tellers are to be dealt with by fine and imprisonment, the owners of the automatic machines engaged in the same line of business ought to be similarly dealt with. I am bound to say that this seems to me unanswerable logic. If it be illegal for an individual to retail fortunes by word of mouth, it should be illegal for a Company to retail them by means of a "penny-in-the-slot" contrivance. This is a matter which the Anti-Gambling League ought to take up without loss of time.

I am told that it was not the convict Hobbs, but his friend and ally, Jabez Balfour himself, who gave the peal of bells to the West Croydon Congregational Church. He also presented a clock with an illuminated face, and a considerable sum was spent by him on strengthening the tower for the purpose of carrying the bells and machinery. In all, about £2,000 of other people's money was expended by Jabez upon this church, at which both he and Hobbs were regular attendants. The suggestion has been made that the clock and bells should be sold, and the proceeds given to the Liberator Fund; and really it seems to me that this would only be an act of common honesty.

The *English and American Register*, a journal published at Berlin and Dresden, gives prominence to an announcement that "The Society of Science, Letters, and Art of London, has founded a branch institute in Berlin." It seems desirable, therefore, that I should repeat for the benefit of Germans, and English and Americans in Germany, the information which I have several times given concerning this pretended "Society." The "Society" is the name under which one Sturman at

present carries on business at Kensington. Sturman was formerly a vendor on commission of worthless American degrees. His present business is (1) to sell to any fools who will buy them the fellowships and decorations of his so-called "Society;" (2) to obtain money by examining schools, and granting certificates to the pupils. No person of the slightest claims to distinction in Science, Letters, or Art has any connection with the concern, which has been denounced for years in TRUTH as an impudent swindle. Those who desire to learn more of Sturman's character are referred to an interview with him published in TRUTH of April 21, 1892. German and Anglo-German newspapers, please copy.

Mrs. George Hewson, of Ennismore, Listowel, co. Kerry, is engaged, it seems, in collecting money for the families of distressed Irish landlords by means of other circulars than the one noticed in last week's TRUTH. In another printed appeal, which has been circulated in this country, Mrs. Hewson states that she is trying to get thirty people to give her one pound apiece for the benefit of a lad whose case she thus describes:—

> The facts are these:—He is the son of an Irish gentleman of position, well known, but, owing to the heavy charges on the property and the non-payment of rents, he is quite unable to send his children to school this year. I am therefore trying to send this child of eleven to school, who will be utterly ruined if not now sent. May I ask your help? I shall gladly give any information or reference.

On the strength of the last sentence, a lady thus appealed to wrote to Mrs. Hewson asking for the name of the boy and other particulars. This was the reply:—

> MADAM,—Pray excuse delay in answering your note respecting the little boy. He is eleven, the son of a gentleman of position who is very old, the second son, and there is one younger. They are an old family, formerly, I believe, English. Owing to the state of Ireland, the rents being cut down and in some years not paid, also a heavy mortgage, there is no money to educate this boy, and I am trying to help, and have done so, but this next term is not paid. I need not say if boys are not educated they are ruined, and they can't be kept waiting "till times are better." If you could help I shall be much obliged.—Your obedient servant, LILLIE HEWSON.
>
> The Lord Bishops of Waterford and Limerick can give you any information respecting me.

It will be seen that the only additional information here vouchsafed is that the father is very old, that the boy is his second of three sons, and that the family is an old one, none of which facts throws any light on the *bona fides* of the appeal. The charitably disposed are expected to take it all on the word of "Lillie Hewson," and those who have the misfortune not to know this lady are expected to write to the Bishops of Waterford and Limerick for a certificate of her trustworthiness. If they are wise they will do nothing of the kind, but confine their charity to objects which they know something about. People have no business to appeal to strangers for money in this way.

An American citizen residing in Edinburgh, spending his entire income in Great Britain, paying Income-tax as well as local rates, and having even been invited to join one of the so-called "Conservative Clubs" which are ready to admit the whole world as members at a guinea a head, desires me to inform him whether he is entitled to the municipal and Parliamentary franchises. The answer is, No. What is more, I cannot see that the answer ought to be anything else. For very good reasons all States, so far as I am aware, require that foreigners before they can enjoy the rights of citizens shall renounce their foreign nationality. If my American friend desires to enjoy the privileges of a British citizen, he can do so—by becoming a British citizen.

Apropos to octroi duties in India, I hear that this mode of taxation is one of the blessings which British rule has brought to Egypt. It seems that taxes are in this way levied upon almost every article, including many necessaries of life, at all towns above the size of small villages. This little item should certainly be set off against the reduction of direct taxation which Anglo-Egyptian administrators boast of having accomplished.

The *Liverpool Post* publishes an article protesting against some fresh land-grabbing operations on the part of the Royal Niger Company, and complaining that the grievances of independent traders against the Company remain unnoticed. Liverpool people, and all others outside the privileged circle of Niger shareholders, have indeed good cause to cry out, and it is time that their cries were attended to. I would point out to the Jingo section of the Liberal Party, inside and outside the Ministry, that this is not a question of enlarging our sphere of influence, or hoisting the Union Jack in regions where it has not hitherto fluttered. The question is whether this bloated and tyrannical corporation is to be allowed to indefinitely extend the bounds of its jurisdiction, to crush out all independent traders within those bounds by arbitrary taxation, and to ignore the terms of its charter whenever it thinks fit.

I want to know upon what principle Peers are created by Liberal Governments? Why should Sir Arthur Hamilton-Gordon be made a Peer? He has been a Colonial Governor—so have a good many other persons. The Liberal Party has solemnly declared that hereditary legislators are an anomaly. Why, then, make more? Are we to run counter to our opinions in order to gratify the desire of nonentities to become hereditary legislators with the prefix of "Lord" before their names? It may be said that, so long as there is a House of Lords it signifies little whether there be many or few. But, if we are to act on this view, surely it would be well to make men Peers who are ready to pay for the honour, and to devote the proceeds to the party funds. The Conservatives almost invariably do this. Their Peers have secured to them the sinews of war. I would undertake to find twenty Liberal snobs, who have not been in prison, and who are just as respectable as any of the brewers and bankers who have been made Peers, who would each give £20,000 for a Peerage. Such a creation would, at least, put us in funds for a General Election. With £400,000 in the Party chest, we might pay for the election of a considerable number of excellent candidates, all pledged to the abolition of the House of Lords. Thus we should cook the hereditary goats in the milk of the kids.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

An esteemed correspondent sends me the following summary of the debate in the House of Commons on the Home Rule Bill:—

WHAT THE UNIONISTS HAVE BEEN SAYING.

"Somebody said, six months ago,
That something or other was so and so.
Old Gladstone was once against Home Rule,
He is *for* it now, and so he's a fool.
It's been said before, and we'll say it again,
That Irishmen all are knaves in grain.
Talk must go on in an endless flux,
For each clause in the Bill is a vital crux.
The Bill must be dealt with by men of pith,
Like Courtney, and Hobhouse, and Parker Smith.
On the old Constitution we take our stand,
Gladstone's determined to ruin the land.
This House of Commons is bribed and base,
But just watch for the Bill in 'another place,'
Where, before very long, it is bound to go,
To the friends of Jesse, and James, and Joe;
The will of the people may go to smash,
For the 'Noble Lords' will soon 'settle its hash.'"

THE RADICALS' RETORT.

"Well, that is a course that we'll not condemn,
Let *them* settle the Bill, and *we'll* settle them."

A paper called the *Penrith Observer* publishes a letter signed "A Tory Lady," and dated from "Tunbridge Wells," chiefly made up of passages such as these:—

THE GREAT BETRAYAL.

SIR,—Under Divine Providence we must now put our trust (humanly speaking) in the House of Lords, who, we are assured, will throw out the infamous Home Rule Bill. The present Government are simply "political thieves," with the greatest knave in the three kingdoms at their head. A gentleman in Rome at the time remembers how Mr. Gladstone was then and there received into the Romish Church, and the said gentleman remembers all the particulars. How could any honest man read the lessons in Hawarden Church, as Mr. Gladstone does when at home? I am not at liberty to give the gentleman's name. . . . .

No doubt there are many Tory females—ladies they can hardly be called—in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells capable of writing like this, but it is difficult to believe that any of them would select a Cumberland paper for the purpose. For my part, I regard the "Tory Lady" who is supposed to write this letter as equally mythical with the gentleman who witnessed Mr. Gladstone's reception into the Church of Rome, but who objects (very wisely) to come forward to prove this valuable historical fact. Who wrote the letter, however, is immaterial. The editor who publishes it knows that he is publishing a foul and malignant libel, which on its face proclaims that it cannot be proved, and which no intelligent person of any shade of politics would believe. He publishes it, of course, relying on the fact that the statesman whom he traduces will not consider the matter worth notice, and hoping that a few votes may thereby be gained to the party in the district. A journalist guilty of such conduct is a disgrace to his profession, and it is a pity that there is no summary means of removing him from the exercise of it.

By the way, the next paragraph of the letter to that above quoted, informs the reader that the apocryphal gentleman who witnessed Mr. Gladstone's perversion at Rome, also "states that the Crofters Commission in Orkney are so many licensed bandits." We are further told that "the gentleman has much property there." This really is a feminine touch. Apparently the reader is expected to regard this worthy gentleman, by virtue of his holding property in Orkney (and, doubtless, having his rents reduced), as a peculiarly high authority on the character of the Commission. As the worthy landowner has been in Italy (on a great historic occasion) he ought to know that a bandit is one who robs for his own benefit, not one who devotes himself to enriching others. And why this reference to the Crofters Commission in connection with our Government of "political thieves"? The present Government did not appoint the Commission, and it has been at work for many years under an immaculate Tory Ministry.

Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are really too kind. They are aware that the last election was won upon the general thesis that certain reforms were desirable in Great Britain and in Ireland. They now point out to us that so soon as the House of Lords has thrown out the Irish reform, we have no right to carry in the House of Commons the British reforms to give effect to which we also were elected. This is the same thing as asserting that the minority is to impose its will on the majority in respect to tactics as well as to principles.

Several sections of the British Radicals desire, they say, that the particular reform that is dearest to them should come first. To meet this these benevolent advisers suggest that there should be no British reform. Now, I should meet this eagerness by laying it down that reforms that concern all should come before those that only concern a section of the community. The first Bill of next Session should be one making the appeal to the entire nation at an election a reality. Mr. Fowler has brought in a Bill altering the system of Registration. It does not go far enough. Let us have manhood franchise, and let every man find himself on the Register automatically when he has resided for three months in the same place before the period of an election, be it a general or a by-election. This should be the sole list of electors, and no elector should be allowed to vote in more than one constituency.

The Bill might further enact that no Parliament should last more than three years; that in case of a candidate not obtaining a clear half of the votes cast there should be a second election; that all elections should be on the same day; that all returning officers' expenses should be thrown on the rates; and that all members should be paid. Either the Lords would throw this Bill out or they would not. Whether they did or whether they did not, would not hinder it from securing to us a majority, for it would embody in one great electoral charter all the alterations in the electoral law for which Radicals contend. To me it is just as important that the government of the United Kingdom should be in the hands of the people as that Irishmen should enjoy the advantage of self-government. Go, I say, to the country with this Bill, whether passed by the Lords or thrown out by them, and a declaration in favour of Home Rule all round, and we should get such a majority that we should be able to pass without difficulty every other Radical measure to which we aspire.

As a question of tactics, I have never quite understood why Mr. Gladstone preferred to carry the Home Rule Bill through Parliament in one Session, rather than devote three Sessions to it, taking it up in one Session at the point that it had reached in the previous Session. Several advantages were, as it seemed to me, to be found in this. The Lords would have been deprived of the plea that the greater portion of the Bill left the Commons without discussion. The country would have got so used to accept as inevitable Home Rule, that it would have been loth to negative it at a General Election. Three clear years would have been secured for a Liberal Government. Had this plan been adopted; had the Bill granted full and immediate Home Rule; and had the Irish, for a term of years at least, been excluded from the Imperial Parliament, I think that we might have gone to the arbitrament of the country with very little fear of the result. The reason why this plan, notwithstanding its obvious advantages, was not adopted, was, I take it, that Mr. Gladstone has more of the Napoleon in him than of the Fabius, who *cunctando restituit rem.* Like Napoleon, he prefers to precipitate a solution at the earliest opportunity, rather than to win by tiring out the enemy. With all his ability, his zeal, and his energy, had Mr. Gladstone been in command of the Roman armies against Hannibal, he would have forced on the fighting, rather than have let his opponent bleed to death by declining an engagement.

It seems to be generally considered by Unionists that to Clause 9 of the Home Rule Bill they are indebted to their victory at Hereford, and I am inclined to think that they are right. If so, it only shows that those Home Rulers who thought themselves wiser than Mr. Gladstone were mistaken. The Premier has never varied in his deliberate opinion that Irish Home Rule involved, as a necessary consequence, Irish exclusion from the Imperial Parliament. Many of his followers had, however, incautiously pledged themselves to the retention of the Irish, under the mistaken impression that this would reclaim the Liberal Unionists. These gentlemen had declared, during the discussions of the Bill of 1886, that exclusion was the rock on which they had split away. I never believed this. They had made up their minds for various reasons to seek salvation in the Tory fold. Their desire for retention was a mere pretext, and, had Mr. Gladstone proposed inclusion, they would have been for exclusion. The event has proved that I was not far wrong. In every detail the Bill of 1886 was a far better one than that now before Parliament. In insisting upon modifications in it, and forcing them on Mr. Gladstone as a condition of support, it has been the old story of grandchildren teaching their grandmother to suck eggs.

The reservation of land, constabulary, and taxation for a term of years from the purview of the Irish Legislature rendered it necessary that the Irish should vote for these matters in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Gladstone sought to meet this by what was called the "in-and-out" arrangement. But any "in-and-out" involved two majorities, possibly antagonistic, in the Imperial Parliament. This, it was self-evident, would destroy our entire system of Government, which is based upon the Executive being the outcome of the Parliamentary majority. Given the tortoise, and the world may rest firmly on its back, even though the animal is moving on. But try to pose the world on the backs of two tortoises moving in different directions, and all stability vanishes. The reservations, therefore, rendered it obligatory to retain the Irish, and the exigencies of Parliamentary Goverment rendered it necessary that, if retained, they should sit and vote for all purposes.

But is it conceivable that the English electorates will welcome with enthusiasm a scheme by which the Irish are allowed to settle many of their local matters as they please, and have what generally would be a casting vote on like British local matters? I have never thought that they will. This is why I hold that the only two ways to ensure the passing of Irish Home Rule are, either to exclude the Irish Members from the Imperial Parliament, or to establish local assemblies in all the component parts of the United Kingdom, with an Imperial Parliament in which all these parts are fairly represented, and which concerns itself alone with Imperial matters.

SCRUTATOR.

MARIENBAD.

IN the months of August and September it is as difficult to keep men to their homes as it is to keep the swallows in England when the moment for their annual migration arrives. Every year articles appear in the newspapers pointing out that it is foolish of Englishmen to go abroad when there are so many beautiful places for them to visit at home. Nevertheless, English people continue to flock to every Continental watering-place. The reason is that the sense and the surroundings are more entirely changed by crossing the Channel. With me, it is a question of waters. What the water may be does not seem to signify. They all produce a beneficial alteration in my interior; or, if it be not the waters, this is due to the open-air existence and the régime that accompanies them. I really believe that in the course of my life I have drunk of every healing well in Europe. I never consult a doctor, but on my arrival at a watering-place I buy a book, which tells me how much is to be quaffed, what I am to eat, and what not to eat. The whole thing is much like turning a horse out to grass. On the whole, I think that the waters of Marienbad are the most effectual in recuperating nature, although I confess that I never took the trouble to learn what they contain. Possibly, however, the result is obtained by the pine woods and the régime. The former surround the place; the latter is severe—a crust of bread and a cup of coffee for breakfast, a couple of slices of joint for dinner, a cup of coffee in the afternoon, and a slice of cold meat for supper. Fat and thin people come here—the fat get thin, and the thin get fat. The correct thing is to walk up and down hill for hours each day. This I never do. The age is given to athleticism. I suppose some persons like it. I do not, and therefore I

never hit balls with a stick or kick one with my foot, nor do I do much in the way of walking. All this is a habit acquired in youth, and the body so adapts itself to the habit that it cannot be shaken off. Never take exercise, and you never will want to, is a golden maxim. Tastes, however, differ; and if a man's taste leads him to walk ten miles a day, or to play for hours at tennis, Heaven preserve me from finding fault with him. I do not, however, see why he should despise me (I know that he does) because it is not my taste. I was talking yesterday to a renowned mountain-climber, who had ascended peaks in India in comparison with which the Alps are molehills. He explained to me how weary he had been, how cold, how he had suffered from headache, owing to the temperature of the air. "Then why, in the name of common-sense, did you not remain at the bottom of the mountains?" I asked. This evidently had never occurred to him.

Marienbad does not appear to find favour with Britons, for there are not above twenty or thirty Englishmen and Englishwomen here. If they do get to Bohemia for their holiday, they betake themselves to Carlsbad. Very probably their doctors advise the latter. This is because the doctors, as usual, know very little of the two places. The waters are identical in their composition, except that the Carlsbad waters are hot and the Marienbad waters are cold. But Carlsbad is a roasting, enclosed hole, whereas Marienbad is a thousand feet above the sea level, whilst the surrounding scenery of the latter is far more beautiful than that of the former. One advantage possessed by both Marienbad and Carlsbad is that the mania of converting rural into town life has not reached them. I have not seen a man or a woman in evening dress since I have been here, whereas at Homburg it is dress, dress, dress, from morning to night. There are, however, a vast number of Hebrew gentlemen from Galicia and other parts peopled by Jews, who are arrayed in long caftans to their feet and Wellington boots, and who wear long love-locks down their cheeks. These wondrous beings give Marienbad a local colouring.

FOLKESTONE BUMBLEDOM.

I hear with pleasure that the publication in last week's TRUTH of the facts respecting the treatment of casual paupers in Elham Workhouse was immediately followed by the despatch of a Local Government Board Inspector to Folkestone to make inquiries. It seems necessary, however, to impress upon Mr. Fowler and his colleagues that the Guardians who are responsible for this scandal are quite ready to throw dust in the eyes of the Whitehall authorities if they can do it. I mentioned last week that they appeared to have misled Mr. Fowler on one material point, on which a question was asked in Parliament. Notwithstanding this, I hear that the Inspector who last week visited Folkestone was taken over the Workhouse by one of the Guardians who has taken a prominent part in opposing any reform in the existing state of things. This is not the way in which the truth is to be got at. The best thing a Government Inspector could do would be to visit the Workhouse in the guise of a tramp, and learn by practical experience in that character exactly how tramps are treated. If Government Inspectors are too exalted, or too well paid, to condescend to this mode of investigation, they ought, at least, to visit the place by themselves, and ascertain either by observation or by inquiry of the officials what goes on. For them to go round under the guidance of Guardians whose administration has been impeached, and who are fighting hard against any change in the system, is a manifest absurdity.

The Guardians had their fortnightly meeting last week, and what passed throws valuable light on the frame of mind of the majority of these worthy individuals. Owing to the fact that attention has been directed in the London Press to the treatment of tramps in this Union, the matter was discussed at some length. It is true that a decision was arrived at to provide additional vagrant accommodation at the Workhouse for ten men and twenty women; but a motion of the Rev. A. J. Palmer, who seems to be one of the few fairly enlightened members of the Board, to erect a casual ward nearer to Folkestone than the Elham Workhouse was shelved, and the dominant faction in the Board seem to have been more anxious to convict the papers that have criticised them of uttering "lies," than to deal with the shameful facts which are beyond the possibility of denial. One Alderman Herbert seems to have held the leading brief for this party. He directed his attention specially to an article which has appeared in the *Star*. Almost every allegation in that article he said was false, but he only referred specifically to two or three. One of these was a statement to the effect that thirty-seven men had slept at one time in the stables, which are used as an overflow casual ward. "There had never been thirty-seven men," said Alderman Herbert, "in the stables at one time. *On one occasion only had there been as many as thirty.*" Now, it is no business of mine to defend statements made by the *Star*, but I happen to have a report of a meeting of this same Board, extracted from the *Folkestone Herald* of May 6 last. The report contains the following passage:—

> It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Peden, seconded by Mr. Swoffer, that that part of the report be adopted, recommending that platforms be erected in the stables for the tramps to sleep on, instead of at present lying on the floor. The latter gentleman characterised the condition of the present state of affairs as disgraceful. He had seen the poor things lying down on the straw in their wet clothes.
>
> The Master, in answer to a question, said *they had had as many as forty sleeping in the stables. Women tramps also had to sleep under the same conditions.*
>
> The Chairman: I have not heard of this before.

Here the Master formally makes to the Board a statement several degrees worse than that in the *Star*, which Alderman Herbert calls "utterly false." I italicise the remark about the women tramps, because Alderman Herbert denied last week, with equal vehemence, the statement that women also slept in the stables. It is unnecessary, however, to waste any space on this, for, after making his denial, the Alderman went on to contradict himself by explaining that on three occasions women had been put in the stable, merely qualifying the admission by the statement that the women were "kept strictly to themselves." What this means the speaker alone can explain. There is no more provision for separating men from women in this stable than there would be in any other. For the rest, the Alderman has himself proved that on several occasions women, and, on one occasion, children, have slept in this place at the same time as the men; and the Master is the

witness to the fact that as many as forty persons have slept in the building at once. According to the information which I have, this stable—apart from the initial scandal of herding men and women in such a place, and making them walk six miles for the accommodation—only measures 25 ft. by 12 ft. by 7 ft. The Local Government Board Inspector will, no doubt, have taken the measurements for himself, but if the above figures are accurate, or anything like accurate, this hovel into which, by the Master's confession, forty wretched outcasts have been crammed, has not sufficient cubic space for the accommodation of more than a dozen. It is, in fact, a question whether the Guardians responsible for this abominable treatment could not be dealt with under the Sanitary Acts.

It is unnecessary to press on the Local Government Board the significance of facts like these. There is no question here, as some of the defendant Guardians seemed to suggest last week, of pampering tramps, of providing them with the luxuries of a first-class hotel, and making Folkestone and its neighbourhood a sort of Promised Land, to which all the vagrants in the Kingdom will naturally bend their steps. It is simply a question whether in this particular Union the Guardians are to be privileged to treat the casual pauper in a manner at once inhuman, indecent, and illegal; or whether they shall be compelled to make the same arrangements as are made in other well-managed Unions. It is no doubt a highly convenient policy, and will always command the approval of a section of the ratepayers, to make things so hot for the "casual" that all his class will give the Union as wide a berth as possible. The policy, however, is contrary to the spirit of the Poor Law, and extremely unfair to the more conscientious ratepayers of neighbouring Unions. The Local Government Board exists, among other things, to prevent such anomalies, and no doubt it will see and do its duty in this case.

PEDAGOGUES' PLAYTIME.

We have reached a period in the summer at which the rapture with which parents welcome the return of their darlings from school has to some degree evaporated. I take for granted, of course, that all my readers *do* welcome their darlings with rapture, even the young scapegraces who are always in hot water at school, and are a perennial source of uneasiness at home—indeed, these not unfrequently get the warmest welcome. Such feelings, however, are transient. People there are, of course, who would like to have their children always with them. But the majority—including more especially those whose quivers are the fullest—prefer to take this pleasure by instalments, and they not unfrequently find that the smaller is the instalment the greater is the pleasure. For a day or two after they were home from school, Dick, and Tom, and Harry—not to mention Gladys, and Dorothy, and Marjorie—are a new and agreeable feature in domestic life. At the end of a week their society is apt to pall, and unpleasant traits in their characters to become manifest. At the end of a month their parents are too often counting the days till the end of the holidays, and even wondering why holidays exist at all.

This seems just the time, then, to re-open a very important question which was touched upon in TRUTH shortly after that auspicious event, the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of York. In honour of that occasion several schoolmasters, in the exuberance of their loyalty, decreed that the ordinary summer holidays at their establishments should this year be a week or a fortnight longer than usual. I asked upon this whether any corresponding reduction would be made in the school bills, or whether the idea was that parents were expected to show their loyalty by having their boys at home, and paying for them to be at school, while the loyalty of schoolmasters took the form of reaping the advantages of this arrangement. I further inquired by what right a schoolmaster, who has a holiday just as much as the boys when the school is closed, should give himself a fortnight's recreation, at the parents' expense, without so much as asking the parents what they think about it. No schoolmaster ventured to come forward in defence of the usages of the profession; but I had one or two letters from parents and guardians asking me to further ventilate the subject. I also received a very original and rational letter from a Scotch pedagogue, who endorses my views. As coming from a head-master (not to say a Tory), this expression of opinion has so much weight that I strain a point in order to give it at full length;—

SIR,—I was pleased to see your remarks about school holidays. I don't see how any rational person can take any other view. I consider that boys' parents have signed a contract in virtue of which I am bound to look after and feed their boys for a certain accurately-specified time.

I keep them to their part of the bargain. I will not let them disorganise my work by sending their boys an hour late, or taking them away early, or sending for or interfering with them during term in any way except for a cause sanctioned by me, acting, as I am bound to do, in the interest of the community as a whole.

On the other hand, any one parent has a right to complain if I fail to fulfil my part of the contract. By giving additional holidays at home I not only relieve myself from responsibility, but I put money into my pocket, in my own case about £10 per diem.

I have frequently set this point of view before my boys. Even when I married a wife I gave no extra holiday, and told them why. Further, I cannot see how giving holidays in this way is consistent with right views of work in boys' minds. They are only too apt to think that work is for the master's good and absence of work for their own. Do we not drive this idea into them by this absurd custom of giving casual holidays? Do we not say to them, "Some one has been married, or given in marriage; some one has won a scholarship; some eleven has won a match, therefore, we will give you a reward, *i.e.*, something which pleases you and is good for you"?

If it both pleases them, and is good for them, why not give it in any case? For the only theory of extraordinary holidays which will hold water at all is that, taking into account all the circumstances, such and such an amount of relaxation is, so far as it is possible to decide such a thing, the best that can be done for all concerned. If, *e.g.*, there has been extremely hot weather and people have become fagged, why, then, I say—and act accordingly—have a break of a couple of days. Let boys make camping-out expeditions, let parents who wish it, and who live in the country, have their boys home to live in the open air, let the hardest worked Masters go away, taking care that a sufficient staff of responsible people, Masters and Prefects, remain at school to look after the boys left, and organise plays and picnics for them. Or, again, an epidemic—say influenza—is disorganising work, and so lowering the whole vitality of the school as to become dangerous to its healthy tone and high spirits. Then, I say, state the facts honestly, in a circular. Let those parents who wish it remove their boys, and let us do as well as we can with the rest. Similarly, in a dangerously infectious epidemic, give the parents the option. On the other hand, in an ordinary case, say mild measles or scarlet fever, we do not give parents this option. There, our side of the contract comes in. We are not going to have the organisation of the school further broken up, and, possibly, a panic spread, because some selfish women are foolishly nervous about their own boys, and wish to teach them cowardice at the expense of the welfare of other people's children.

The upshot of the whole matter is that school should never have its holidays lengthened for any cause whatsoever, except such rare emergencies as need not be discussed here. And it should have no extra holidays given during term time, except for such

reason as I stated above, or in order to do something, e.g., be present at some public event or big show, or some exceptional match offered by a visiting team worth looking at, where the balance of pleasure and advantage may be supposed to make up for the loss of so much school work. I say this even of holidays given during school time.

But how any schoolmaster could ever relieve himself of such a large percentage of his responsibility, and impose, without compensation, or without the assent of every contracting parent, the burden of a week's additional maintenance on the home authorities, on such ridiculous pleas as a Royal marriage or a cricket match, passes my comprehension. I am, Sir,

A HEADMASTER AND A TORY.

I commend these outspoken sentiments to the attention of those English pedagogues who are accustomed to throw their boys on their parents' hands for a week or two at a time, whenever the school has won a boat race or cricket match, or a former pupil gains a distinction in after-life, or a Royal personage enters the bonds of wedlock. *Primâ facie*, such a course is utterly irrational. If an old boy has won University honours or become Prime Minister or Poet Laureate, that is a reason, not for dismissing the present generation of boys from their studies, but for enjoining upon them strict devotion to work, in order that they may emulate the achievements of the previous generation. If a race has been won by the school at Henley, or a match at Lord's, that is equally a reason for keeping the school together and maintaining its form, not for sending off the boys to loaf about in idleness at home. As for such an event as a Royal wedding, if the day is to be one of national festivity, I understand the meaning of giving school-children a holiday, so that they may kick up their heels with the rest of the nation; but why this event should be made a reason for giving the boys an extra week or two in their homes two or three months afterwards, to their own injury and their parents' pecuniary loss, I defy anybody to explain. At any rate, until such an explanation is forthcoming, those who suffer are entitled to assume that the schoolmaster, who gives the holiday and reaps the chief benefit of it, is actuated far more by a sense of his own interest than by a spirit of unreasoning devotion to the reigning dynasty.

The truth is that the schoolmaster is of all men the most greedy of holidays. In the ordinary course of things he enjoys an amount of leisure beyond that vouchsafed to any other class of men who have to work for their living. By gradual encroachments the summer holidays at most schools have now been carried to the length of seven or eight weeks. At Christmas four or five weeks have now become the usual allowance, and there is another holiday of three weeks or so at Easter. Not even the few barristers who can afford to be away through the whole of the legal vacations get such a lavish allowance of holiday as this. No other professional class gets half as much; many men would consider themselves lucky to get a quarter of it. Is there anything in the work requiring this extravagant allowance of play? Schoolmasters will, no doubt, pretend that there is, but I should like to know who will believe them. What does it come to? A six or seven hours' day, with a holiday or two half-holidays per week; an extra holiday generally about once a month; the work itself little more than routine—tedious, perhaps, but involving little heavy mental strain; and, finally, exceptional opportunities of recreation in the shape of all kinds of athletic games ready to hand. Every effort of "labour" to improve its position commands my sympathy, but I cannot at present see that this class of "workers" has a very strong claim to a further reduction of hours.

As for the boys (and the girls), far be it from me to say anything which may seem to imply that I grudge them holidays. "Over pressure" in schools is a pernicious evil. But where do we hear of it? Chiefly in the Board schools. Now, if anybody had proposed that all the Board schools should be closed for a fortnight in honour of the Duke of York's wedding, that might have been a good thing for some of the children; I am sure it would have been a boon to the majority of the teachers, who in this case do indeed lead lives of drudgery; and beyond all question it would have been a grand thing for the ratepayer, who in this case stands *in loco parentis*. But has anybody ever heard of "over-pressure" at Eton or Harrow, or any of the so-called "public schools" designed for the middle and upper classes? I trow not. My belief is that at most of these schools the normal holidays are too long, and that a less amount of vacation time more judiciously distributed would be to the advantage both of the boys and their parents. My impression is that to stop a child's schooling for seven consecutive weeks does almost as much harm as good, and to extend that time to eight or nine weeks increases by geometrical ratio the amount of harm. To those parents who agree with me, I would recommend that on first sending their boys to school they should have in black and white a clear understanding as to the length of the holidays; and I would further advise them to resist to the last extremity any attempt on the part of schoolmasters to depart from that understanding without their consent.

FUZZY-WUZZY *VICE* ATKINS.

I fancy that Mr. Kipling has somewhere speculated on the possibilities of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" as a guardian and champion of the British Empire. If he has not, it is of no consequence. If he has, I congratulate him on what seems a very rational and business-like notion. My attention has been called to it in connection with my friend Thomas Atkins's old clothes. As many of my readers are aware, the fate of the cast-off uniform of the British soldier has lately received some attention in these columns. Among others in distant regions of the globe who have helped to enlighten me on the subject, is a gentleman in South Africa, and it is the gentleman in South Africa who has impressed me with the martial capabilities of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." From what I can see of the bearings of the subject, I should be wanting in public spirit if I did not at once lay the idea before my brother taxpayers.

What suggested the idea to my South African friend—just as the tea-kettle suggested the steam-engine to Watt—was the sight of the native worker disporting himself in Tommy's old clothes. It seems that the contractors who relieve our thrifty War Office of these garments find an active market in Cape Colony and Natal, and it is the commonest thing there to see a native porter or waggoner adorned in the full uniform of some crack Line regiment. My friend protests against the phrase "degradation of the

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Queen's uniform" in this connection. The boot, he considers, is on the other leg. What must strike any beholder, he says, is that the new wearer is infinitely better adapted to display the uniform to advantage than the old one, the fact being that in nine cases out of ten poor Tommy's cast-off garments are several sizes too small for their new owner. Hence the momentous question, why not enlist the black man in the first instance? Zululand, Basutoland, and the adjoining regions are, I am told, potentially the finest recruiting-ground in the Empire. They contain an almost inexhaustible supply of stalwart warriors, who, if trained and led by British officers, would go anywhere and do anything. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," in the opinion of those who know him best, is a born soldier, and he has proved his mettle pretty conclusively on one or two occasions when he has come to close quarters with the British Army. Of all things he hates work. If he can help it, he will never do more than the minimum necessary to earn his day's bread. He has no affinity with civilisation, and if left to take his chance, he will probably disappear under the influence of indolence and strong drink, like the rest of the noble savages. But catch him young and discipline him, give him the certainty of a couple of square meals a day for an indefinite period, a fair allowance of pure idleness, and an occasional chance of a fight, and you have found a career for him which will suit him as well as it will you.

Of course, I know the indignation that will be raised in many quarters at the bare suggestion. I understand all the sentimental objections to handing over the glories of the Empire to the custody of "black men," not Salisbury "Hottentots"—there are plenty of them wearing the Queen's uniform already—but real genuine niggers. I know all about the disastrous consequences of depending upon "mercenaries," and that sort of thing. I can sympathise with the feelings of Sarah Anne at the prospect of being expected to walk in the Park with a coloured gentleman in the place of her magnificent Guardsman. But, after all, this is only sentiment. If you are an Imperialist, or a Federationist, or a Jingo, if you swear by the unity of the Empire and all that, you must recognise, of course, that "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" is just as much our fellow-subject as Atkins. If you cheer the Indian and Colonial troops when they parade through the streets in Royal processions, why should you have any scruples about enlisting the Queen's black men? And as for "mercenaries," although Mr. T. W. Russell does not like the word, where, I should like to know, would Marlborough and Wellington have been without their mercenaries? I will back "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" to give as good an account of himself when it comes to the scratch as some of the nondescript hirelings who rallied round the Union Jack at Waterloo.

As a business-like nation, we must learn to look at matters of this kind in a business-like spirit. In other words, the whole thing resolves itself into a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Tommy Atkins is costing us more and more every day. Notwithstanding that, he is in a perpetual state of discontent. He grumbles; he writes to TRUTH; he gets questions asked in the House; he even forgets himself so far as to mutiny. With a dangerous Democratic spirit abroad, he is likely to get more troublesome as time goes on. As a fighting man he may not have his equal on earth; but then you must not lose sight of the cost per pound avoirdupois. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" would probably be happy on 2d. a day where Tommy is discontented on a shilling. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" is not likely to grumble at his rations; "mealies" are his daily bread, and no contractor has discovered the meat which he will not be able to digest. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," as I am credibly informed, will actually do without barracks; he does not even require bedclothes. For choice he sleeps on the ground *al fresco*, and the only bedding he asks for is a block of wood to serve as a pillow. Against that, think of the Army Estimates, think of the £4,000,000 voted recently for merely improving the housing of our soldiers. It seems to me that this ought to decide the question at once. "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" has already got into Atkins's uniform. He had better now step into his shoes.

THE GREAT UNPAID.

I pointed out in a recent article some of the gross defects and abuses which warp and corrode the administration of the criminal law. In returning to the subject, I propose to make one or two suggestions as to how we may best secure a more perfect dispensation of justice. It has often been urged that the Magistracy should be shorn of many of the drastic powers which were conferred upon them long ago, not so much in the general interests of justice, pure and simple, as in the particular interests of the property-owner and the game-preserver. That there is here a considerable field for the reforming labour of a Democratic Legislature is undeniable. But I am afraid that the bulk of the evils revealed in the TRUTH Pillory week by week can never be eradicated by any mere amendment of the law. Whether justice or injustice is done must, after all, depend chiefly upon the skill, discretion, and disposition of those who occupy the judgment seat. And it is, I am convinced, quite hopeless to look for a uniformly intelligent and impartial application of the law under our present Magisterial system. One might as well seek to gather grapes from thorns. In an age of examinations, when even the postman who knocks at your door has to undergo some sort of test for his work, not the slightest proof of fitness for the office is required from the J.P. in whose hands your liberty may lie. He is enrolled on the Commission of the Peace because of his social position, wealth, or party services. Only too often, as my columns show, he makes it painfully manifest that he is not appointed because of his grace, wisdom, and understanding.

Consider what manner of men they are that have converted Justices' Justice into a recognised synonym for injustice. Take the average rural Bench. It is recruited mainly from the squire-archy with a few other kindred spirits, such as the Vicar or Rector, a retired military officer or two, and a stray specimen of the nouveau-riche. At his best the Squire is not an ideal Magistrate. His education and environment foster the notion that he is a being infinitely superior in all ways to the common people around him. He is one of the "betters" before whom they are taught by the Church to order themselves "lowly and reverently." Even if he could manage to

banish this idea when on the Bench, it would hardly be possible for his humbler neighbours to rid their minds of it. He must seem to them to belong to a privileged class empowered to enforce against the unprivileged laws which have obviously been, in many instances, enacted in his own special interests. However conscientiously he may endeavour to do his duty, his decisions will inevitably be received with a certain amount of distrust. It is unreasonable to expect Hodge, for example, to accept a game preserver as a fair arbiter in a poaching case. Apart from this objection, the country gentleman is not, as a rule, so prodigally endowed with brains as to become a good Magistrate without any training for the work. He may be a great success as a judge of horse-flesh, but a ludicrous failure as a judge of evidence. In some places, where he is seen at his worst, he is notoriously a dull, stupid, wooden-headed dolt, possessed of about as much of the judicial faculty as the parish pump. Yet, because he is the most important member of the local landowning caste, he is thrust into the position of Chairman of Petty Sessions. His sole conception of his functions is that he must visit with the most severe punishment at his command all offences which impinge in any degree upon the divine rights of the property-owner and game-preserver. Then there is the Parson. He is usually, I think, the most detestable figure on the Bench. Ask any rustic for his opinion, and nine times out of ten he will tell you that of all justices the most intolerable tyrant is the cleric. A pretty extensive acquaintance with Magisterial performances enables me to confirm this. Why reverend gentlemen, whose mission it is to expound a gospel of love and charity and mercy, should prove themselves to be destitute of those virtues the moment they get on the Bench, is a psychological problem which I cannot solve; but such is the fact. The parvenu, who sits alongside the Squire and the Parson, emulates them both in the maladministration of the law. Having made a fortune in trade, his absorbing passion now is to hide his plebeian origin, and bask in the sunshine of County Society. To be made a Magistrate is one of the first steps in his snobbish progress, and when it is accomplished, he strives to curry further favour by the vindictive exercise of his powers in the interests of his new friends.

Of the ordinary Borough Bench it is not necessary to say much. Generally speaking, it is almost as unsatisfactory as its county rival. The prosperous tradesman, who presides, may be in his proper sphere a most estimable individual, and he may make a well-meaning attempt to dispense even-handed justice. But how can he help blundering in a difficult and delicate vocation, for which, in all probability, he is equipped neither by required ability nor natural aptitude? He cannot weigh up the rights and wrongs of a complicated case like a pound of tea. Whenever he is puzzled he can, of course, refer to the Clerk, and, as a matter of fact, Borough Magistrates are in a great many cases solely guided by the advice of that official. This is, however, an extremely undesirable state of things, because it practically enables the Clerk to give decisions without bearing any responsibility for them.

If we are to have a substantial improvement in the administration of justice, a radical reform of the present rotten Magisterial system is absolutely necessary. In a word, the Great Unpaid must give place to Stipendiaries. I know the proposal alarms the long-suffering taxpayer. He has been assured not infrequently by the Great Unpaid themselves—that it will mean a frightful addition to his burdens. Considering the object in view, I do not admit that this ought to be an obstacle, even if it were true. But really I do not see why there should be any appreciable addition to the taxpayers' burdens. It is not part of my scheme to appoint a Stipendiary for every little petty sessional division, and to remunerate him at the same handsome rate as a Metropolitan Magistrate. In the big army of the briefless there are many barristers competent for the work, who would jump at the offer of a salary of, say, from £350 to £400 a year. In scores of small towns a Stipendiary would have nothing like enough to do on the Borough Bench, and, without being sweated, he could attend three, or four, or half-a-dozen Petty Sessions in the surrounding country. Many of the County Petty Sessions are held only once a fortnight, or once in three weeks, and there need be no difficulty in arranging circuits for the Stipendiaries. With experienced lawyers on the Bench, the clerks would have less to do, and their salaries might be cut down accordingly, the money saved in this way going towards the payment of the Stipendiaries. Moreover, to meet the fresh expenditure a new source of revenue might be created. I would not entirely abolish the Great Unpaid. Hundreds and thousands of worthy men derive inexpressible delight from the contemplation of the letters J.P. after their names. Not for the world would I rob them of this innocent pleasure. I would charge them for it, however. Those who covet the privilege of being on the Commission of the Peace would not object, I imagine, to a £10 entrance fee and an annual subscription of the same amount. And lest the barren title might not be considered worth the money, some ornamental functions could still be left for the unpaid Magistrates to perform. If they were so minded, they might sit on the Bench with the Stipendiary, as the Sheriffs do with the Judge at the Old Bailey, and they might transact the purely formal business of the Court, sign documents, and do anything else in which they would be harmless. But what, it may be asked, if the Stipendiary happens to be as unjust and unrighteous a Judge as the amateurs whom he supplants? Sometimes, no doubt, it would be so. But a paid official can be checked much more effectively than an honorary one. There should be some cheap and expeditious method of appealing from all magisterial sentences, and a judicial functionary might be entrusted with the duty of watching the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. The Stipendiaries' appointments would be annual, and when one was found to be guilty of flagrant abuse of his authority, or to be incompetent, his services would, as a matter of course be dispensed with. Such a scheme as this I have outlined might not provide us with a perfectly irreproachable administration of justice, but it would be far in advance of what we have now.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

LONDONERS THROUGH FRENCH OPTICS.

"CHRISTMAS NIGHT" ("Une Nuit de Noël") should have for its sub-title "or Londoners seen through French optics." What a number of events are crowded into that Christmas night at the Ambigu Comique! The drama opens on the day before Christmas, and we are forthwith presented by the authors, Camille de Roddaz and Maurice Lefèvre, to the leading characters save one, Conscience, who is ingeniously brought in towards the end in a sort of scene which affects one like the transformation views in a magic-lantern, or like the dream of Mathias in "Le Juif Polonais." The rising of the curtain discovers the business house of a great ready-made tailor, Cruck, to whom workwomen are, on the day before Christmas, bringing the clothes they have made for him at home. They want their poor wages for Christmas. He is harsh and exacting. What he thinks not well done he won't pay for. The sympathies of the audience were strongly enlisted by Clara (Marley), a pale-faced, starveling seamstress, who has a little sister down with fever. The "Song of the Shirt" was bad; but Clara could sing a more thrilling song of the gent's ready-made suit. One sees that she has slaved and sat up, and she is quite pathetic when Cruck is going to tear her seams, and she flings herself forward in an attitude of supplication to prevent him and get the wage that she has fairly earned. Cruck is rather a French than an English bourgeois in his love for his two daughters, Rose and Mary. He thinks of giving Rose in marriage to his general manager, a hypocritical wretch named Mackenzie. The worst of this person is that villains who go to see the play will be made by his black-dyed heart to consider themselves almost virtuous. The action is short, but the plot is involved. Rose loves a bookkeeper named Charley. This Mackenzie finds out, and employs for £100 one Sam, an individual who has a talent for forging, to manipulate the books, and establish in them the proof that Charley has embezzled £68,000. Not that he wants to have his rival prosecuted. He only wishes to have him in his power, and to oblige him to leave off admiring Rose, and to make him the vehicle for securing a profit of £20,000 to Cruck & Co. The forgery takes place on Christmas Eve. What is in his head is this. A ship-broker, named Morley, has refused to ship abroad goods of the house, remarking that whenever he took any they were heavily insured, and the vessel went down. So Mackenzie now wants to hide himself and partner behind Charley. But he suspects a dark trick and refuses. Sam forges again his name to get Morley to accept the cargo. One crime leading to another, he then compasses how to "remove" the bookkeeper. To this end he follows him to a midnight mass (in London!) and stabs him in the back. We next see a Christmas-tree party at Cruck's private residence. Rose is away, and Mary brings in, almost by stealth, the wife and children of Tom. They are to implore the dealer in gents' ready-made suits to take back Tom, who was a cashier in the house and dismissed for having, the day before, taken pity on Clara and slipped a shilling into her hand. Madame Tom has a *succès de larmes*. Young Bob, a shopman, expressing his warm sympathy for her, is also sent about his business. The return of Rose to announce that Charley has been murdered, and that Mackenzie is the murderer, spoils the fête. The villain smiles contemptuously at her charges, and shrugs his shoulders. I dare say on the London stage he would be more English than this. Rose faints. Cruck is going to her help, when Mackenzie hurries him away to go and present the forged paper to the ship-broker. This is done, and the cargo of goods doomed to sink will be on board the *St. Michael* next day at Wapping. A curious scene then follows. Morley's ships having been so often scuttled, it is not easy to secure a crew for the *St. Michael*. Bob turns up and signs an engagement to go to sea. Probability is not always kept in view, but as the scene passes in London, this does not matter to an Ambigu public. Another fearful improbability is what Charley next does, in the spirit, not of a bookkeeper, but of a Quintus Curtius. He has been told that it was to save old Cruck, Rose's father, from bankruptcy, that he was asked to be the man of straw. He resolves to do so, and, to wipe out the dishonour of being a party to a crime, resolves to go in the *St. Michael* as supercargo. Morley is surprised when Charley comes to sign, he already having his signature. The cat thus is let out of the bag. Who is the forger? Tom, advancing, thinks of good Rose and Mary, and says, to save their father, that he himself wrote Charley's name. I wonder where the Englishman is who would thus risk transportation beyond the seas for the hunks who dismissed him because he gave starving Clara a shilling. Rose shows herself as a true-hearted English girl up to date. When Cruck goes home, he finds Rose in a state of anguish and nervous excitement. She had followed Charley to Blackwall to retain him in England or share his fate, whatever it may be. Unluckily she was too late, and the ship had left her moorings. Rose gives the father a piece of her mind. She divines some black conspiracy, but has not got to the bottom of it. Cruck sends her to bed, and, being too tired himself to retire to his own room, drops down on a sofa, and is soon asleep.

We see in his dream Madame Segund Weber as an accusing Conscience. She throws in the face of this Scrooge his greed and hardness of heart, and then invokes dread visions, in which Cruck is tortured by revelations of the future. These magic-lantern effects enchanted the audience. The most terrible feature of Cruck's nightmare is that he had secretly sent £20,000 to France to keep it from his creditors, but he cannot say where this sum is lying, his brain being in the muddled, bad-dream state. He is thus punished through his avarice and affections. The play is Shakspearian in regard to the merciless clearing away of the dramatis personæ by death. One also traces the influence of Dickens. The names are homely in most cases, and Jack, John, Joe,

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come in nicely with Charley, Bob, Tom, and Sam. We have Madame Tom and Madame John. The toilettes of Rose and Mary were thought *ravissantes* and did not look at all as if made in London.

M. Lockroy is nearly recovered from the wound he received from the pistol of Moore, the cabman. The attempt to assassinate him relieved him from the necessity in torrid weather of making electoral speeches. Every one likes M. Lockroy. He is one of the brightest men alive and most amiable. This is greatly to his credit, he being a bundle of nerves which are apt to get on edge. If ever there was a perfect stepfather it was Lockroy. His wife is as reposeful as he is nervous. She has been in bad health for some time. She was for several days prostrated from having been suddenly informed by telegraph of the attempt to shoot her husband. Unfortunate Moore's head was turned by Victor Hugo's kindness to him as "a brother poet." He called the illustrious bard to his face "mon collègue." The right of Lockroy to deny himself to this bore has been a subject of hot debate at public meetings. No person of sense will hold that he was wrong, particularly as Moore did not belong to his constituency.

The inducements to the Duke of Edinburgh to remain an English Prince were the independence and dignity he enjoys as such, and his more than handsome annuity, with his naval emoluments. But the private fortune of his late uncle, which comes to nearly £800,000, is settled for life on the Dowager Grand Duchess, with reversion to the Grand Duke, whoever he may be, at the time of her death. She is old, and likely not to live long. The late Grand Duke often visited Paris, sometimes coming to stay for weeks here, and sometimes halting merely *en route* for Spain or the Riviera. He used to have in his suite a Spanish harpist, with her mother, and other musicians. A musical gift was in his eyes a patent of nobility direct from heaven. The Grand Duke and his musicians used to take part in concerts at the house of his cousin Prince Leopold, who had married a pianist, and used to live in the Rue Spontini. This petty Sovereign craved for fame, and rather suffered at his brother playing a brilliant part with the whole world for an auditorium. He longed to shine as a statesman, historian, and operatic composer. But he was too well off for that intense concentration of thought which produces works of genius, and did not fill a great enough place in the world to stand apart from his own merits on a high pedestal. A kinder man there could not be, but he was the autocrat of his little Court. His ideas were romantic, and sometimes ran away with him. As a writer, he was recondite, and it was sometimes a labour to follow his train of thought. I never came across more laborious pieces of writing than a brochure of his that now lies before me, and the letter to the Emperor Napoleon III., fished up by *Le Figaro*. It is on the interest and duty of France as a European Power to persevere in the Crimean war. One of the more recent productions of his pen was an attack in his short reign on the Emperor, and still more the Empress, Frederick. This came out anonymously, and was thought to have emanated from some underling of Prince Bismarck, until the author admitted its paternity. In reading the Grand Duke's memoirs, I was struck with different glaring inaccuracies. It was remarkable that the events he described the most inaccurately were those he witnessed. Success dazzled him—not that he was a base worshipper of it; but it seemed to him a sign of strength, and he was fascinated by those who knew their own minds and had strong character. For nearly sixteen years he professed himself an admirer of the late Emperor of the French, and sought to be his adviser. But he dropped him after Sedan, where he saw him for the last time, and came thence to Versailles, where he showed himself the votary of Prince Bismarck. The cult was sincere, and the Grand Duke lived in it to the end. Carlotta Patti's husband, Munck, was his favourite violinist. Not being under the spur of necessity, he did not specialise any of his talents. They might be said to have crowded each other out. At any rate, they grew weedy. The charming vein of melody and psalmody which nature gave him might have secured eminence for him as a composer, were he not ambitious of writing opera. "La Chiara" could only be played twice at the Paris Opera House, where the late Emperor had it brought out at considerable expense.

The party that has come worst out of the elections is the Royalist remnant from which *Les Ralliés* parted company some months ago. Their ill-success justifies the present policy of the Vatican, whose favourites would have been more successful had they not been suspected of wearing masks, and being ready to play into the hands of the Comte de Paris's agents. Comte d'Haussonville, the chief of these last, had a burning desire to get himself elected, and sought diligently for a constituency. Not a single Royalist who had any prospect of being elected would make way for him. This shows what their Royalism is; for it was well known that the Comte de Paris wished him to represent him at the Palais Bourbon. He could not think of putting himself forward in any of the thirty constituencies, which are merely Conservative, because it was impossible for him to hide his flag. Had he unfurled it he knew that there would not be the slightest chance of success. I am sorry that Comte de Mun is among the slain. He was a charming and picturesque figure in the different Parliaments in which he sat. His speeches had ease and polish, and were those of a really high-minded man. One always knew what he meant in the most eloquent flights. This was unfortunate for him, because his Christian Socialism was not practical. The plant of a factory using steam engines must turn out thousands of the same article to make it pay. He recommended a revival of the narrow trades corporations of former times, with their *jurandes* or appraising members, who fixed the prices at which manufactured articles were to be sold. This did not do for the working-class Socialists, who know where the shoe pinches. He was too near the Comte de Paris in

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sympathy for his conversion to Constitutional Republicanism to be believed, though it was sincere in this sense that Comte de Mun would not have ceased to be a *rallié* except with the Pope's leave.

The only newly-elected Royalist who can pass for being intellectual is Prince Victor de Broglie. Not that he is clever, but, like all his family, he is *très instruit*, and a likely man to collect his speeches and get into the Academy on them. The Duc de Rohan, better known as the Prince de Léon, has his old name and about £20,000 a year. They will not compensate the reporters, when he manages to deliver a speech, for his shortcomings in other respects. Comte de Montalembert owes his seat to the influence of his relatives, the De Mérodes, in the Nord, a district of which has returned him. The Pope would do a good service to the Catholic party in asking M. de Montalembert to pass on his constituency to Comte de Mun. When the Panama scandals were on, the time-servers and the trimmers watched to see whether the cat would jump in the direction of the Duc d'Aumale, to whom it was remarked M. de Freycinet was making up. The cat has jumped in quite another way. I cannot think of any other French Parliament that contained so many mediocrities as those who have been brought in by the first ballot, and there is not much room for hoping that the winners at the second ballot will be less commonplace. Not that men of talent are scarce in France; but the provincial electors, when they have to vote under the District system, will prefer rich mediocrities. Not that they are fond of wealthy persons as the English are said to love a Lord. But they are cowardly, and think that, money being irresistible, they will not, if they vote against the rich candidate, be *du côté du manche*.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

I AM still patiently continuing, dear Lady Betty, my study of the common curiosities of country life. I came to the country for fresh air; I also came for fresh butter, fresh fruit, and fresh food generally, for I supposed that in the country they grew beef, mutton, poultry, new milk, new-laid eggs, vegetables, rabbits, and other similar simple provisions, but it appears that this is not so.

Our village contains probably from a hundred to a hundred and fifty houses—new red-brick, Kate-Greenaway villas, some half-dozen commodious-looking stucco and stone residences, and the average sprinkling of dilapidated but picturesque old English cottages. It is a long, straggling place, and the population amounts, I should say, to a little less than that of Half Moon-street, Piccadilly. My chief guide, philosopher, and friend here is Mr. M——, the village storekeeper—a most intelligent and most obliging man. What Mr. M—— does not sell cannot be worth the selling. Boots and butter, sausages and starch, cigars, cigarettes, and suet, buttons and bread, liniment and lemonade—there surely never was before such a strange combination of commodities as are gathered together in this tiny store beside the village green.

I call on Mr. M——.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

"Mr. M——, you have perhaps heard of rabbits?"

"Yes, sir." (*Looks puzzled.*)

"You may even have occasionally seen rabbits?" (*The neighbourhood is overrun with them.*)

"Certainly, sir." (*Smiles.*)

"Well, do you think now that by any possible means, short of poaching, you could procure a couple of these for me?" (*I have been hunting around for them for close upon a week.*)

Mr. M—— instantly became grave. "If you could give me until Saturday, sir (*this is Tuesday*), I might, perhaps, be able to do so."

"Thank you. That's very good of you. And now about fresh butter?"

(*Brightening up*) "We have some excellent butter, sir—Normandy butter."

"No doubt, but what I require is pure, fresh English butter."

Mr. M—— promises to see about this for me too. The matter of vegetables is less satisfactory. Spinach, it appears, is utterly out of the question. Cauliflower?—ah, well—Mr. M—— does recollect that a farmer mentioned cauliflowers once, and he promises to try to remember his name.

The same difficulty applies to procuring ducks and geese. Everything which is grown in the country is sent up to London; everything which is produced abroad is sold in the country. Butter from Normandy, eggs from Brittany, wheat from Canada, cream from Switzerland, matches from Sweden, and cheese from America!

This inquiry has utterly upset my previous ideas of country life. There is a deal of spurious luxury and very little solid comfort. The new Kate-Greenaway cottages are not much better than card-houses; their walls are one brick thick, they do not exclude the heat of the sun from without, and they do not retain the heat of the fire from within. They are attractive, but uninhabitable. Japanese gold-embroidered screens—and salt butter; Liberty silk blinds—and villainous tea; piano—and no meat; bow windows—and none of that store of home-made housekeeper's wealth which has hitherto been associated with country life in England.

I write playfully, but a serious problem underlies this, which might be well worth the while of a practical philosopher to inquire into.

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In the country the animals bite—and the people backbite.

* * * * * *

An instructive and at the same time amusing discussion has been opened in the *Times* with respect to the misuse of words and to slipshod English. The universal vulgarising influence of America has exerted itself upon our language and upon our literature as it has upon our manners. But, apart from this, the tendency of the day in England is to be careless in this matter. The great rule in composition is to seek sense first and sound afterwards. This is as it should be, but for good composition both sense and sound should be studied together. The amusing element of the discussion is that connected with the use of the word *menu* as a synonym for "bill of fare." A correspondent writes to the *Times*, and indignantly denies that, rightly used, this word bears the meaning which we are accustomed to associate with it. This is, of course, ridiculous. In a French restaurant they hand you *la carte*, or the *carte du jour*, which is a general list of the dishes from which you can make a selection. The word *menu* applies to a set dinner, and as "bill-of-fare" is the only expression which we have in England for describing both, we have been compelled to adopt the French term to distinguish the latter from the former.

But why should we otherwise use French to describe the various dishes? A century ago French was the polite language; it was the language of diplomacy. This is no longer the case. It is now the language of cookery. Where there is a chef in the house it is obvious that for his convenience the various dishes should be described as he only knows how to describe them. But for an English cook to do this is mere affectation. Besides, the vast

majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen are utterly unable to recognise the different dishes when these are described in French.

* * * * *

Many will have noticed with regret the announcement of the death of Mr. Eustace Ramsay L'Amy. The late Mr. L'Amy, who was staying at Ostend, slipped, some three weeks ago, whilst walking on the *Digue*, and broke his leg in two places just above the ankle. He was at once carried to his hotel, where all attention possible was paid to him, and, in a few days, he so far improved towards recovery that little or no further anxiety was felt on his account. On Thursday evening, however, he suddenly became unconscious, and he passed away almost instantaneously, in the presence of his brother and a friend.

A wider subject for regret is the intelligence of the death of Mr. Henry Cadogan, Second Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, who died at his post last week after a few days' illness. For some years, however, the late Mr. Henry Cadogan had been suffering from ill-health. He was a son of Mr. Frederick Cadogan by his marriage with Lady Adelaide Paget, a younger daughter of the first Lord Anglesey. Mr. Cadogan entered the Diplomatic Service in 1881, his first appointment being that of Attaché at Washington. He served besides at Berlin, Darmstadt, Rio de Janeiro, Copenhagen, and Munich. His appointment to Teheran dated from August, 1891.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE summer yearling sales were a dreadful failure, but things are likely to be a great deal worse at Doncaster next week; and if one-tenth of the animals which are to be offered are sold at remunerative prices I shall be vastly surprised. The catalogue fills twenty columns of the "Calendar," and there is a great deal of most direful rubbish in it. Considering how difficult it now is to sell even the most fashionably-bred yearlings, it does seem a most hopelessly muddy-minded proceeding to waste money in advertising and sending up to Doncaster animals sired by unknown or unsuccessful horses; but this is a form of insanity which appears to be impregnable.

As a rule, the most successful of the breeders who sell at Doncaster are Sir Tatton Sykes and Mr. J. S. Harrison. There are only six animals from Sledmere this year, of which one is own brother to Mimi, and another is the brother to Childwick. There is a colt by Isonomy out of Re-echo, and an own sister to Queen's Pardon. Mr. Harrison's lot includes an own sister to Go Lightly, an own sister to Wedding Bell, and a filly by Bend Or out of Crucible. Mr. Snarry sends up five, of which one is a colt by Bend Or out of Festive, dam of L'Abbesse de Jouarre. Mr. Hoole makes the very sensible announcement that "there will be no reserve over 100 gs." on any of his yearlings, and it would be well if his excellent example were generally followed by breeders.

Galloping Dick was not sent to York for the Prince of Wales's Plate, which he could not possibly have lost if in his Richmond Stakes form, and Ryan's stable was represented by Springray, who was backed for a great deal of money, and so was Red Sky (who cost 700 gs. last year), but they both ran badly, and the race was won by Amiable, a moderate filly, by St. Simon, who is the joint property of the Duke of Portland and Lord Lurgan. The most promising animal which ran in the race was Wherwell, a very fine colt by Fullerton, which is owned by the Duke of Devonshire, having been bred by Lord Dudley. Wherwell is still backward, although he did win a trial at Newmarket, but he will be worth following. A very high opinion must have been entertained of this animal last year, as he commenced the season with no fewer than forty-seven engagements.

Captain Machell and Jewitt made a good bargain when they bought Go Lightly at the sale of "Mr. Abington's" stud for 1,000 gs., as she won the Convivial Stakes very cleverly indeed from Skirpenbeck, who was much fancied.

Self Sacrifice was generally regarded as an absolute certainty for the Ebor Handicap, and after the race there were vituperative cacklings about her bad luck in running from her supporters, some of whom are so infatuated as to insist that she still has a chance for the Leger. Red Eyes was backed for a great deal of money, and she is one of the best stayers in training, and would certainly have won the Cesarewitch if she had been kept for that race. It is vastly fortunate that Red Eyes was exposed at Goodwood.

After the One Thousand I was alone in maintaining that the result of that race was not the outrageous fluke which it was generally proclaimed to be, the fact being that a horde of people were then crazy about the perfectly imaginary excellence of Dame Président. That my opinion of Siffleuse was correct is now a certain fact, and she may justifiably be regarded as the best filly of the year, but they are all a moderate lot. Queen of Navarre was desperately uncertain last year, and she is evidently a most dangerous filly to back, for after her excellent form at Stockton nobody could suppose that she would twice be very easily beaten at York. Her defeats have the advantage, however, of opening up the Park Hill Stakes and the Newmarket Oaks.

If the Illuminata colt wins the Champagne Stakes it is almost certain that Lord Rosebery will run him for the Lancaster Plate at Manchester, in which he would meet Isinglass at 32 lb. and Raeburn at 22 lb. La Flèche will probably be started for this £8,000 stake, and she would have to give Isinglass 6 lb.

Baron de Rothschild, having won the Gimcrack Stakes at York, will have the privilege of paying for some of the wine which is drunk at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club in December, at which he is not likely to be himself present, but he may, perhaps, commission his cousin, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, to take his place, and make the speech which is always expected from the winner of the race. The Gimcrack was the most successful event at York, there being no fewer than seventeen starters, and Styx, who has improved since he ran in the Chesterfield Stakes with Speed and Throstle, won easily from Maundy Money, who was favourite on the strength of his having been well galloped, but the trial must have been a hugger-mugger affair, as the winner gave him 15 lb. Styx is a splendidly-bred colt, being by Tristan out of an own sister to St. Simon.

The Duke of Westminster has entered Orme for the Duke of York Handicap of £3,000 at Kempton Park, which is run on the Saturday before the Cesarewitch, and, the distance being an easy mile, the horse will very likely be started for the race. Orme is undoubtedly a real flyer over a mile, and if he comes to the post fit and well I would not look far beyond him for the winner, as he cannot be handicapped out of the race, for which Orvieto, Suspender, Siffleuse, Gangway, Phocion, Cabin Boy, Nobleman, and Haut Brion have been engaged. There are fifty-six entries, of which Colonel North contributes eight. Marcion would have been entered but for his valuable engagement at Paris on the following day.

I hear that Mr. H. L. Brassey intends to establish a large breeding stud at Preston Hall, his place in Kent, and it is probable that a number of mares will be purchased for him at the Newmarket autumn and winter sales. It will be remembered that several yearlings were bought at the summer sales for Mr. Brassey, who won the Halnaker Stakes at Goodwood.

A paragraph has been going round the provincial papers which states that "a great sensation" has been produced in turf circles by the scratching of The Jew for the Leger, as "he was one of the favourites for the race," and it is added that "an immense sum had been placed on him."

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

This is a farrago of nonsense. The Jew was never anything but a rank outsider, whose chance was held in boundless contempt by all rational people, and only a few stray bets had been taken about him, and these for small amounts. A month ago I pointed out the folly and absurdity of supposing that The Jew could have the very slightest chance of even getting a place at Doncaster, and my opinion of his Leger prospect was thoroughly justified by his complete and ignominious collapse at Leopardstown last week, when Delphos gave him such a rare dressing that he was at once scratched for his engagement next week.

THE DONCASTER PROGRAMME.

The Doncaster meeting seems likely to be a very tame affair this year, and it is high time for the programme to be revised and considerably strengthened. An enormous revenue is derived by the Corporation from the races, but the amount of money given to stakes is contemptibly small. A rich two-year-old stake ought to be established, and a good race for three-year-olds and upwards, on the lines of the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. The programme is altogether miserably meagre, and there is a nauseous plethora of small handicaps and selling races.

There will be only a very small field for the Leger, and I should fancy that people who desire to back horses for places will have to accept excessively close prices. Isinglass is going on as well as possible at Newmarket, and he will be brought to the post in the very best possible condition, for he has been improving every day since he commenced to be galloped on the turf. Isinglass has three times defeated Ravensbury this year, and he never had to be punished in order to make him win, and there does not seem to be any affinity with reason in the theory that Mr. Rose's horse will turn the tables because the course is longer and more severe, and I do not understand why some people should protest that he can stay better than the favourite, who has won all his races like a stayer. Phocion is doing well, and so is Ravensbury, and there can be no excuse if either of these animals disappoints its friends. A month ago I advised that people who had backed Medicis should hedge their money, and he was then at a short price in the betting. He was cleverly beaten at Deauville last week, and is now a doubtful starter for the Leger, and Le Nicham cannot stay the course. Siffleuse is more likely to be reserved for the Park Hill Stakes, and Peppercorn's chance now appears to be hopelessly forlorn. It must surely be lunatics who are taking 20 to 1 about Self Sacrifice, for after her defeat at York 200 to 1 would seem a short price to accept. Malchus can only be started because Mr. Vyner likes to see his colours in the Leger field. Peppercorn must have been amiss when he was beaten at York by Harbinger; and Mr. D. Baird's horse could not, under any circumstances, have the most remote chance for the Leger, as he cannot stay the course. The pace was wretchedly bad in the race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. If Harbinger starts for the Leger he will, of course, be ridden by Cannon, and Mr. Rose will then have to find another jockey for Ravensbury.

I find that out of ninety two-year-olds which were entered for the Champagne Stakes, forty-three declared forfeit on June 6, and it does seem a discreditably parsimonious arrangement that these minor forfeits (amounting to £215) should go to the fund instead of being added to the stake. The added money, which is nominally £500, is reduced by this ingenious device to £285, which is not a large donation towards the principal two-year-old race of the meeting, and especially as not a farthing is given, either directly or indirectly, to the great three-year-old stake. £1,000 should be added to the Champagne Stakes, and the conditions as to the sweepstakes ought to be altered, and winners of £500 or upwards should carry 7 lb. extra, or if a horse has twice won that amount, the penalty should be 10 lb. Mr. D. Baird has left in Sempronius and Galloping Dick, Prince Soltykoff has Speed, the Duke of Westminster has Sanderling (winner of the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood), while Lord Rosebery has the colt by Hampton out of Illuminata, and the race looks like becoming a match between this animal and Mr. D. Baird's representative. My own fancy is that Sempronius will beat the Illuminata colt, if he is all right. Lord Rosebery's colt beat Glare easily at Epsom, but Mr Cooper's filly cannot stay a yard beyond five furlongs, and when Bullingdon ran for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot (when he finished second to the Illuminata colt) he was preposterously backward.

The Filly Stakes, which is an event which ought long ago to have disappeared from the programme, has a very bad lot entered. Nineteen animals are left in for the Tattersall Sale Stakes on Wednesday, of which Ilium, El Guacho, and Sweet Duchess are the best, and I prefer the chance of the filly, unless Red Sky is better at the weights. The Rous Plate of £500 on Thursday has a huge entry, including Galingale, Lucy Cross, El Guacho, Wherwell, Queen's Favour, Wedding Bell, and Stowmarket. Wherwell ought to be able to win this race. The Wentworth Stakes will probably end in a walk over for the Duke of Devonshire's candidate.

Phocion cannot lose the Scarborough Stakes if he is all right on Thursday. Twenty-nine three-year-olds are left in for the Doncaster Stakes on Friday, which will be worth about £670. Marcion has no penalty, so the race is simply a certainty for him if he starts; but Mr. Vyner may possibly prefer to run him for the Doncaster Cup. In the absence of Marcion there is nothing in the entry that is likely to beat Harbinger, who will meet Canning on better terms than when he defeated Sir Robert Jardine's steed at Goodwood, and surely he could beat Red Ensign at even weights. The Park Hill Stakes, which will be worth about £1,150, looked a good thing for Queen of Navarre before her defeats at York. The field may also include Silene (who has been amiss lately), Evermore, Siffleuse, Tressure, and Harfleur II. I shall plump for Siffleuse.

The Doncaster Cup will be won by Marcion if he runs, and in his possible absence I can see nothing in the entry that is likely to beat Red Eyes.

The Prince of Wales' Nursery of £1,000, for which the distance is a mile, is always one of the most interesting races at Doncaster. St. Simon won this stake a few years ago with 9 st. on his back, and I suppose it was a remembrance of that achievement which prompted the entry of Delphos, who will certainly be the topweight. The entry includes Sweet Duchess, Xury, Sarana, Grey Leg, Wherwell, and Barboreen, as well as Vieux Saxe, which is the colt by Isonomy out of Dresden China for which Captain Machell paid a high price twelve months ago, and I hear from Newmarket that he is considered a likely animal to win a Nursery before long.

The handicaps at Doncaster cannot yet be dealt with, and my only advice to backers is to leave these events alone until the numbers are up, as the early betting on the Great Yorkshire Handicap and the Portland Plate is now quite unworthy of any notice whatever.

MAMMON.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

I HAVE the profoundest distrust of the Chartered Company of South Africa and of its President, Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Lobengula is the King of Matabeleland, where he resides, and he claims to be Sovereign of Mashonaland. A gang of speculators obtained a concession from him, granting to them mining rights and certain land rights in Mashonaland. The speculators on this formed two Companies—the first Company, called the Concession Company, with a capital of four millions (nominal, for no cash was paid), let these mining rights to a second Company, with a capital of one million, on condition that it paid to the first Company one-half of all net profits. A charter was then obtained for the second Company, the fact that one-half of net profits was to be retained by the speculators for themselves being carefully concealed. A portion of the

shares of this second, or Chartered Company, was distributed amongst the speculators, and a portion sold to the public. At once the most absurd and mendacious puffs in respect to the richness of Mashonaland were circulated, and the shares went up to 700 per cent. premium, at which price the speculators sold to dupes many of the shares that they had retained in their hands. What between these sales and the sales of the shares of the Concessions Company, for which the speculators paid nothing, they have probably pocketed several millions. Soon, however, it became clear that there was not gold in paying amounts in Mashonaland. The Company, therefore, got up a raiding expedition into territories belonging to the Portuguese, where they hoped to find gold, and managed at the cost of many lives to steal land. It would now seem that there is no gold there. At present the Company has not only spent its capital of one million, but it owes large sums of money to other Companies under the control of Mr. Rhodes and his gang. On this point a new light is thrown by a letter, emanating, apparently, from a well-informed source, which appeared in the *Financial News* of the 28th inst. The statements therein made as to the relations between the Chartered Company and the De Beers Company are very curious, and if they are well founded the former Company has not given credit to the De Beers Company in its accounts for advances, which have been made regularly for some time at the rate of £3,500 per month, and which are apparently still going on. It will be interesting to watch if these two Companies will make any statement with respect to this matter, and especially if the shareholders of the De Beers Company will allow this extraordinary state of affairs to continue. In Mashonaland there are about 2,000 Europeans, who are living by preying on each other. Something, therefore, has to be done, otherwise the Company would go into liquidation. This something has taken the form of a proposal to wipe Lobengula and his nation out of existence, in order to lay hands on Matabeleland, where it is hoped that gold may be discovered. With this view, a wolf-and-lamb dispute has commenced between the Company and Lobengula. That monarch sent some of his troops into Mashonaland The Company denies that he has any rights there, although as they derive their own rights from his paramount rights, if the one does not exist neither does the other. To punish him, he is to be deprived of Matabeleland, and his people are to be shot down with breechloading rifles and machine guns. But the climax of all this is that we are now told that we ought to pay for this wiping-out, and that, having done so, Matabeleland is to belong to the Company.

It is really full time that our good name should no longer be prostituted by a gang of gold-seekers. Of course, Mr. Rhodes and the gang declare that they are carrying out our Imperial destinies. As a matter of fact, they have lined their own pockets by foisting off shares on unwary British investors by financing tricks which Mr. Jabez Balfour must regard with admiring wonder. Neither ought we to spend one farthing for them, nor ought they to be permitted to "wipe out" Lobengula in order to get hold of his territories. Very probably there is not more gold in Matabeleland than in Mashonaland. But if the Company were to acquire the former, we should be told that gold is plentiful there, and this would enable the Chartered Company to borrow more money, and to sell more shares to dupes. This is the sole aim of the speculators. They are a curse alike to the natives of South Africa and to British investors. The former they shoot, the latter they rob. Mr. Sidney Buxton is now Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; when in Opposition he often denounced the "Chartered Company swindle." I trust, therefore, that he will have the courage of his opinions now that he is in a position to give effect to them.

Although the Chartered Company of South Africa is to the other Chartered Companies what Jabez Balfour was to other Company financiers, yet all these Companies are based upon the idea that, whilst we prefer to do our dirty work by deputy, they are to take profit, if profit there be, and to throw on us the loss, if loss there be. Take, for instance, the Chartered Company of East Africa; they went to Uganda, made a treaty with the King involving them in heavy obligations, and slew many natives; no sooner, however, did they find that they were engaged in a losing speculation, than they repudiate their obligations and throw them upon us. It is really a little too outrageous that we should confer on speculators the right of life and property in a vast area, and that when their folly and greed bring them into difficulties with the natives, they should require us to get them out of these difficulties. The system adopted by Queen Elizabeth might have been open to objections. She winked at buccaneering on the Spanish main, and, indeed, invested money in the business. But all happened at the risk and peril of the buccaneers. They took the risk of loss or gain, and if there was no gain, the Queen utterly repudiated them.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben,—The advance in the Bank rate to 5 per cent., which I have been predicting for some time, has now come about, and has, combined with the holiday influences now prevailing, effectually prevented any revival on the Stock Exchange. The demand for gold for the United States has slackened for the moment, but it is certain to revive again, and it is satisfactory to know that the Bank of France has now made a price for American eagles and Japanese yens, so that our Yankee cousins, should they want the precious metal very badly, can supply themselves from that source. They ask rather a stiff price for the eagles, although they have fifteen millions of them, with the bulk of which Messrs. Lazard frères supplied them last year. It is rather ingenious of our French neighbours to try and saddle the Yankees with Japanese yens during the present gold famine. They are unpopular coins both on account of their size (they are of the value of 10 yens or dols.) and of the inferiority of the gold.

Is the Crisis Mending?

The question is being asked in many quarters, if the crisis on the Stock Exchange is mending at last? I do not pretend to be able to answer this off hand, as the circumstances which have contributed to creating the present exceptional position are numerous. The effects of the Baring collapse are gradually wearing off, but at the next court of the Bank of England the Governor will hardly be able to make any very encouraging statement concerning the Baring estate, as prices of the securities held have undoubtedly fallen during the last few months. The political unrest in Argentina, too, is an unfavourable feature, and no important impovement can come about in the South American market generally until the Argentine Provinces are pacified, and the settlement of the foreign debt of the republic is confirmed by Congress. The Australian position has not further deteriorated, and although failures of mercantile firms are now occurring frequently, the banking position seems to be fairly sound, if the proposed remittance of £1,000,000 by the Government of Victoria in payment of Treasury Bills due in London at the end of the year does not unsettle things again. Then there is the latest trouble of the markets—the silver difficulty. Some of the silver securities, such as Mexicans and Perus, have recovered from the blow struck them by the closing of the Indian mints, and the price of silver has kept up so remarkably well, notwithstanding the growing certainty of the unconditional repeal passing the U.S. Congress, that it looks almost as if the worst were over. But more important than all these various features is the position in the United States. The vote of the House of Representatives in favour of repeal by a triumphant majority seems to assure also the adoption of the measure by the Senate, and if wise measures for dealing with the financial position generally and with the currency trouble in particular were devised, an improvement would be caused in American Railroad stocks which would favourably react upon all the other departments. Finally, the position of the Money Market has to

be considered, which is closely bound up with the Yankee troubles. The Five per Cent. Bank Rate is attracting gold to this centre, and if it should suffice and if the Bank of France should bear part of the burden of future gold shipments to New York, we may see a rapid improvement in the markets, especially as the speculative account is greatly reduced. This deduction is, however, based on a number of conditions, which have first to be fulfilled, and while considering the outlook distinctly more promising, I do not yet recommend speculative operations. Investment purchases of depreciated securities are most advisable, and it is practically the investor who will turn the position. He has already absorbed very considerable amounts of stocks and is still on the war-path. Should favourable advices come to hand from the United States, we may look for increased activity during the next two accounts, which will also see many of the holiday-makers back again.

Home Rails.

The coal strikes and fears of dear money are the bugbears in the Home Railway market, and as the unfavourable influence of the former has been illustrated by very heavy traffic decreases for the week, especially in the case of the Midland and North-Western Companies, a further fall has taken place, Brums declining 2½, Midlands 1½. Great Western are only ½ down, as the coal strike in Wales seems to be on its last legs. With regard to the strikes in the other districts there is, as yet, no prospect of an early termination, and the lines serving these will lose not only the coal traffic but also that connected with the numerous industries which are dependent upon coal for fuel, and amongst which half-time or total stoppage of work are now being reported. Even should the strikes not extend over a protracted period the Railways will have to suffer a serious diminution of revenue for the current half-year, and it is, therefore, not surprising that prices have given way. At the same time operators should be careful about attempting "Bear" sales, as there is already great scarcity, and there is not, so far, any indication of real stock coming out. Ever progressive, the Great Eastern is using liquid fuel in its engine works and for some of their engines in the present predicament. A sudden fall of 2½ in Great Eastern stock was somewhat surprising unless it be connected with the proposed issue of new capital. The talk about the cholera is exaggerated, and the appearance of isolated cases in Rotterdam and Antwerp so late in the season does not appear to possess any importance. "Saras" have again declined ½ to 23¼, the Sheffield line being likely to suffer a good deal from the indirect effects of the coal strikes. A fall of a point has put the Metropolitan Districts down to 22½, the lowest quotation on record. The very ill-advised operation of a syndicate, who made a large purchase some three months ago, when rumours of an arrangement with the South-Western Company were rife, is responsible for the heavy fall which has of late taken place in this stock. At that time they had to buy out another and more powerful clique, who had been nursing some £200,000 stock, and prices have been dwindling ever since. Brighton "A" are down two points partly on the advance in the Bank-rate and partly on indifferent traffics, but it should not be forgotten that the comparison will from September be with poor returns last year. Dover "A" have dropped as much as 1¾ in sympathy, and the Scotch stocks have also eased off notwithstanding fitful purchases from the North.

Yankee Rails.

A distinct improvement is shown in the New York Bank statement, which indicates the general recovery now taking place in the financial position in the United States. An increase in the reserve of the Associated Banks of 4,578,000 dols. for the week is, of course, a distinct advance in the position, as is also the gradual disappearance of the premium on currency. But the most important question is undoubtedly that of the silver debate at present in progress in Washington. With respect to this, the prospects of unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act are greatly improved, as the House of Representatives have voted repeal by an overwhelming majority of 239 to 110. Under these circumstances the Senate is expected to follow suit, although with a smaller majority. With the repeal of the Sherman Act it may be assumed that the hoarding of currency will come to an end, the more so as, no doubt, measures will be adopted for remedying the currency trouble, which was certainly most extraordinary. It was a wild scramble for the circulating medium, and some of the Wall-street papers seem to be quite proud of the commotion our Yankee cousins have thereby caused in the Old World. Thus we are told by the *Wall-street Daily News* that "New York had for the time being become absolutely the money centre of the world." I do not know that it is anything to be very proud of to become the centre of the financial disturbance in the world. This is how my Yankee contemporary follows up these remarks:—

> The only standard in this country now appears to be the certified check, and, according to the emergency, anywhere from 1 to 5 per cent. premium is paid for actual money. Small bills command the highest bid—say 4 to 5 per cent., and they sell at 1 to 2 per cent. over gold; gold ranges 1 to 2 per cent. higher than silver, while silver is in demand at 1 to 2 per cent. over certified checks. As long as these conditions exist here, an advance in the rate of discount by the Bank of England cannot possibly prevent such additions to our circulating medium as we are willing to pay for. How extraordinary the demand has been, and how keenly it is felt is shown by the fact that, since the imports of gold began, the Bank of England's discount rate has been advanced twice—a fortnight ago from 2½ to 3 per cent., and yesterday from 3 to 4 per cent. It is not at all surprising that the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street is frightened. Our concern is much more about the capacity of the Bank to meet our demands than of our ability to pay for the yellow metal if it is obtainable.

This certainly is rather tall talk to hold for the organs of a country which has made such egregious mistakes in its currency policy as to upset private and public credit, cause numerous failures, and drive several of its large railway systems into bankruptcy. Investment business appears to have been going on in New York to a very lively tune. Thus we are told that the number of stockholders in Western Union increased about 450 in the first week of August. They all took certificates for not more than 100 shares, and there was a large reduction in the amount held in brokers' names. The Rock Island claims transfers in the first four days of the month of 6,500 shares in fractional lots. The Milwaukee, in the same week transferred stock to 524 new shareholders, the total being about 13,000 shares, averaging only a little more than twenty shares for each name. The New York Central in three months increased its stockholders by 500, Manhattan 356, and Delaware and Hudson 154. On the first day of the opening of the Lake Shore books 307 new names were added to the list, of which 161 were for less than 100 shares. Similar investments have been made in Europe during the last month or two, and one fine day when confidence revives in the States it will probably be found that there is no more stock to be had except at much higher prices. For the week prices of most active stocks are distinctly higher. Atchison shares and bonds are especially strong, the Second Mortgage "A" bonds at 38 being 4 points up. I understand that on the conclusion of a certain operation, which is all but completed, this Company will be found to be on an altogether solid basis, and that the bonds will consequently improve rapidly. With respect to Milwaukees the statement is made that the 2 dols. dividend on the common stock will be duly declared, and this stock is about 3 dols. higher. A persistent attack has been made on Louisville and Nashville, for which the only apparent reason is the falling off in the traffics, which is certainly serious, but should be recovered again on an improvement in the commercial position, which will, no doubt, follow the repeal of the Sherman Act and the greater ease in the Money Market. Most other active stocks, including low-priced securities like Erie and Readings, are also better, and there is every prospect of this

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movement gathering strength as soon as financial matters in the States assume a more settled appearance. Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks have declined and recovered, and will, no doubt, at all events temporarily, follow the movements of the Yankee market. But the outlook for Grand Trunk shareholders, as explained last week, is not promising. The crisis has, moreover, caused very severe losses in Stock Exchange circles in Montreal, and many operators there are reduced to the state of lame ducks, and will, therefore, not be able to give much support to their favourite stocks in the near future.

Foreigners and South Americans.

Inter-bourse securities have shown weakness on the unfavourable monetary outlook, Italians and Spanish suffering most, although a slight recovery is shown at the last. Greeks and Turks, on the other hand, have eased off but slightly. Amongst South Americans, Argentine Government stocks are lower on a rise in the gold premium, but in their case an improvement is anticipated as soon as the disturbed provinces are pacified. A most reassuring feature is undoubtedly the statement that the Argentine Government have arranged to pay the September 1st coupon on the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Internal Loan of 1886 in gold at the rate of 63 per cent. As this is considerably above the price of the Funding bonds, it shows that the Government intends to act fairly to the bondholders pending the confirmation of the settlement concluded with the Rothschild syndicate. With regard to the latter, it will, of course, be included in the Budget which the new Minister of Finance is to bring in very shortly, and it is hoped that with the adoption by Congress of the settlement, Argentine securities will improve. Some recovery has taken place in Central Argentine Railway stock owing to an increase shown in the last traffic return, the impression prevailing that, with the pacification of the provinces, traffics generally will expand. Mexican Government stocks have improved on the official announcement that the October coupon will be paid in full. What the future will bring must in part depend upon the course of silver; but on the whole prospects are brighter. Peruvian Corporation stocks have been well maintained, and Ecuador bonds have improved on the contradiction by the Fiscal Agent of the Republic of any possible suspension in the service of the Debt. Chilians and Brazilians are steady, and with reference to Guatemala it is reported that remittances towards the payment of the next coupon have been received.

The British Chartered and Other Land Companies.

The leading feature in the South African market has been the collapse of British Chartered of South Africa shares, which have been dealt in as low as 16s. on the aggressive attitude assumed by the Matabele King. Readers of TRUTH will not have been taken by surprise by this development, and those who followed my advice will have greatly benefited. From the time when these shares touched 50s. I have been strongly urging their sale; and as late as a fortnight ago, when the quotation was still 38s. 6d., I asked what would happen to the shares if Lobengula were to determine on a grand attack. I then stated that he might take openly hostile measures any day—and so it has happened. I cannot see how such an attack is to be met by the Chartered Company in its present financial straits, and the British Government of the day will not assuredly pull the chestnuts out of the fire for Mr. Cecil Rhodes at the cost of a very serious colonial war. Under these circumstances grave events will have to be faced, and holders of Chartered shares must be prepared for a complete collapse whenever it may please Lobengula to hurl his warriors against the settlers in Mashonaland. But I protest against the absurdity of marking prices down in the whole South African market merely because there is a breakdown in the outrageous Chartered rig, and I trust that operators will come to their senses and not throw away sound stocks altogether unconnected with Mashonaland. Why, in all conscience, should the prices of Witwatersrand Gold Mining and of Transvaal Land Companies' shares, totally unconnected with Mashonaland and Matabeleland, decline on account of a Matabele rand? It is argued that the same men who are interested in the Chartered Company are also holders of other South African shares, and that their losses in the former compel them to sell the latter. But this, after all, only applies to the reckless speculators in Chartered shares, and not to the investing public, who have, I believe, kept pretty clear of this dangerous gamble—a fact for which I think I am entitled to some credit. So far, at least, Oceana shares have not been affected by the Chartered collapse. As all the Company's land and assets are in the Transvaal, it would, of course, be idiotic to sell Oceanas because the British Chartered Company is in sore trouble. This would be all the more unjustified as advices from the Transvaal concerning railway development are exceptionally promising. A number of new railway concessions are at present being discussed in the Transvaal Volksraad, "Oom Paul" having very sensibly adopted the policy of encouraging a movement which he could not in the long run hope to stop. According to a cablegram from Pretoria, dated August 25, the Volksraad has sanctioned the proposed extension of the Natal Railway system from Charlestown northwards into the Transvaal. It will be remembered that this is the line which is expected to run on its way to Johannesburg within a few miles of the property of the Oceana Transvaal Coal Company, so that the Company's collieries will be in close communication with Johannesburg, and will, therefore, obtain a share in the large consumption of the Witwatersrand Mines, which will be ever increasing owing to the opening up of the deep levels. In view of the large stake held by the Oceana and Oceana Development Companies in the Coal Company, this concession will, of course, prove of great importance to these Companies, altogether apart from the benefits to be derived from the construction of the Silati Railway, which is at present proceeding, and from the granting of other concessions. The shares in various Land Companies connected with or holding shares in the Chartered Company have, of course, declined, especially Exploring and Consolidated Goldfields.

Kaffir, and American, and other Mines.

The ominous news concerning the British Chartered Company has cast a gloom over the South African market, including the Randt Mines. As there is no connection between the two interests, the latter market will, no doubt, shortly shake itself free from the influence of the Matabele troubles, especially if the August crushings were to prove again satisfactory, which is generally assumed. In the meantime, however, a fall of ½ to ¾ has to be recorded in Rietfontein, City and Suburban, and Meyer & Charlton, and of about ¼ in Geldenhuis, New Primrose, Ferreira, &c., the advance in the Bank rate, no doubt, also contributing to the weakness. Intrinsic merit, however, will eventually tell in this matter, and holders of Randt shares generally should stick to their shares in anticipation of a marked recovery, which will come about sooner or later. Advices from the New Primrose Mine continue favourable; fifty new stamps have arrived on the property, and largely increased crushings may be expected as soon as this battery is erected. I also hear that the Kimberley Roodepoorts Mine has started crushing. There has also been a relapse in Diamond Mining shares, De Beers losing ¾, New Jagersfontein ½, the speculative position in these having been affected by the Chartered trouble. Indian Gold Mines have improved, Mysore gaining ⅛-¼; Nundydroog and Champion Reefs, ⅛. Having in a recent issue recommended caution to a correspondent who inquired concerning "The Black Horse Extended Proprietary Syndicate," I have received a communication from the Secretary furnishing some information on this syndicate which he hopes will "satisfy me that the syndicate is an excellent venture." The chief argument advanced is that it is the opinion of Professor Nicholas, F.G.S., that the rich lode of the adjoining Black Horse United Mine will be struck in the "Extended" property. I hope that the Company will

be fortunate enough to strike this lode, but so far there is only the opinion of experts as to possible discoveries to go upon, the subscriptions now invited being intended for a considerable extension of prospecting, and especially the following up of the reefs where gold-bearing stone has been discovered. I must consequently leave my readers to judge for themselves. Possibly the rich lode will be struck, but there is also a possibility that it may not be, and assays are not, moreover, given. Taking, therefore, into account the uncertainties of mining, I do not see how I can recommend the investment at the present stage of development. The silver trouble and the gold famine which has been caused by it in the United States are already having the effect of greatly stimulating the gold production in that country. From California the news comes that mines which had not been worked for years are being taken in hand, and in Colorado new gold mines are being started with the help of some of the miners whose occupation at the silver mines is gone, while existing gold mines are being rapidly developed. Thus the Springdale Gold Mining and Milling Company of Denver is, I understand, pushing its operations forward, and is expected, within the next three months, to show a considerable output and begin to pay dividends. The chief product of this mine is gold, although considerable quantities of silver are also obtained from the ore, which is sold to the reduction works. The Manager reports that there is an ample supply of ore, going 1,000 dols. to the ton, available. Caratals have been dealt in at from 9d. to 1s., and advices to hand by mail not only confirm previous statements, but give unmistakable evidence of the value of the property. Mr. Skertchly, the well-known expert now on mines, writes: "While thoroughly believing in the tailings scheme, I have still greater faith in the mine."

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

I.—Yes, Chilian Five per Cent. bonds of 1892 are a safe investment, and the interest is paid on January 1 and July 1. *E. J.*—You should hold all the South American Government stocks Nos. 5 to 9 for an improvement. Also hold Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Debenture stock (1) and Costa Rica Railway Six per Cent. Debentures (2) for an advance, but with regard to Nos. 2 and 3 you should avail yourself of any further moderate improvement (which is probable at present) to sell out. Both stocks will remain non-dividend paying for the present, and are not, therefore, suitable for investment. *C. Woode.*—1. The Colonial bonds are a fair investment. The Company No. 2 is reported to be doing well, and there is no reason to sell the Debentures now. *Medicus.*—Hold the Santa Fé bonds, but do not average yet, until the outlook is clearer. You might buy more Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Debenture stock, which is very cheap, and certain to recover. *W. F.*—The reply appeared in last week's issue, and the documents have been returned. *Dublin.*—You should hold the Mexican stocks, Nos. 1 and 2, also Peruvian Debentures. Hold also Northern Pacific Preference. An assessment is improbable.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Carlos, St. Vincent.—1. Yes, the National Model Dwellings Company was directed by some of the same clique as the Liberator. You had better write to the secretary for information as to the present outlook. 2. I see no special reason to sell the shares in these stores, which are quoted at about the price named by you. *J. C. E.*—These are bonds which had become due and are renewed. The position of the Company is improved thereby. *W. T. B.*—I cannot reply by letter. Had you and your friend read my remarks regularly, he would, doubtless, have sold his shares in the English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank long ago at a much higher price. At present the Bank is reconstructed, and it is advisable to meet the call. Presently the new shares will again be saleable, and then your friend can, if necessary, sell out. *S. Mary's.*—1. This is a substantial English Life Office, established about forty years. I should not exactly have recommended it in preference to others, but there is no reason for feeling nervous. 2. You should hold the Brewery shares, they will recover again. *B. H.*—Upon the whole I think you might risk holding the Trust shares, Nos. 1 and 2. *Bamfoozled.*—I should say that it would be preferable to hold the Debenture Corporation shares, as a recovery is probable. *Islander.*—Under all the circumstances I should say that a recovery is probable, and that it would be wisest to hold. *John.*—Yes, these trust shares should recover again, and you had better hold.

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 20s.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Home Rails.

P. R. O.—I should not advise you to sell Great Western now, as the coal strike in Wales is pretty well over. *River.*—Do not sell a "Bear" of the "Heavies," stock is too scarce. *Mab.*—Yes, you had better hold Caledonian for an improvement. Yes, I still look for a rise in the mining shares. Hold.

American and Foreign Rails.

A. P. D.—I have already repeatedly referred to this little game with Mexican Railway Second Prefs., which is being engineered by Mr. Mackusick, of the Universal Stock Exchange. *A. B. C.*—Yes, if you can lock up these American Rails for a month or two you will do well with them. You should divide the purchase over the stocks Nos. 1-6. *Bowler.*—It is satisfactory in these times of scarcity of money that the issue has been successful, and it is still hoped that interest will be paid on the Income bonds. *Knowledge.*—I do not advise purchase of Grand Trunk Second Prefs. American Rails, such as Louisville, Milwaukees, and Atchison Second Mortgage bonds are much better value. *Arikea.*—The present is an excellent opportunity for buying American Rails for a lock-up, and as you are prepared to do so for six months to the extent of £6,000 to £7,000 you should buy at once. You cannot do better than distribute the money over all the eighteen stocks named by you, with the exception of Nos. 7 and 8 (which are affected by the silver trouble), and 14, which is rather weak-kneed just now. *A. H. B.*—As you wish doubtless at once to receive full interest, you had better select Atchison "B" Four per Cent. bonds. *Aaron.*—I replied to your inquiry on July 27 under "American and Foreign Rails." You take an absurd view, considering that there has been a heavy fall all round, no matter what securities you may have held. I referred to Cordoba and Rosario in last week's issue under "Foreigners and South Americans," and if you hold this stock as an investment you will see it rise 20 or 30 per cent. at no distant date. *W. E. H.*—Missouri, Kansas, and Texas are a good lock up, and are also freely dealt in when at higher prices, but I do not recommend running a speculative purchase just yet. *Verax.*—Yes, your selection of New York Central shares (1), do. Debentures (2), Illinois Central shares (3), Louisville Four per Cent. United Gold bonds (5), is a good one for the investment of the £3,000, but I do not like Nos. 4 and 6, and should advise instead some of the American Railroad bonds mentioned in last week's issue under "Yankee Rails." *P. R., Manchester.*—I quite agree with you with respect to Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacifics, but, for all that, I do not advise "Bear" sales, as any improvement in the Yankee market would assist a rise in them. *Aberdeen Awa.*—You are correct about Grand Trunks. *E. J. M.*—Yes, Norfolk Prefs. are a good purchase at present prices. No dividend has been paid. I do not like the Automatics. *Devon.*—Yes, Reading First Income bonds, Ballemew Ohio Capital stock, and Erie Seconds are a good purchase. *L. D. S.*—You should hold all the shares mentioned, Nos. 1-6. As to No. 7 the answer is yes.

Mining Shares.

W. A. W.—Yes, the shares of the Oceana Transvaal Company are worth buying, and the offices of the Company are at Sun Court, Cornhill, E.C. *E. B.*—I think the Diamond shares are high enough under present circumstances. I should prefer New Primrose, and I certainly should advise you to buy Caratals. Their price is 9d. to 1s. Of the two foreign bonds named I should prefer Costa Rica "B." Yes, if you can take the shares up, you will be quite right to buy Louisville and Nashville. *Inquirer, Birmingham.*—1. Jumpers are a fair speculation at present price. 2. With a little patience you will see these shares recover again. Prospects are satisfactory. *A. G., South Wales.*—Hold Stanhope and Nigel shares, and sell Queen's Birthday. *J. S., Liverpool.*—The Poorman is a good mine, but I do not care for American Belle, while with regard to the Yankee Girl reconstruction, the present proposal has not received sufficient support, and a fresh scheme with much smaller capital is to be proposed at a special meeting convened. *Bolton, Notts.*—Have nothing to do with the New Viola reconstruction; it would be throwing good money after bad. *Tiro.*—Nyassa shares are £1, fully paid. The Baker's Creek dividend has been paid. *R. A. H.*—You are quite right to buy Caratals, and you could easily buy 300 shares. I have forwarded what you require. *Scrutator.*—You should hold these Mining shares, but do not buy any more until I advise you. I am watching developments closely. *M. A.*—1. Yes, I do expect an improvement. 2. I should certainly prefer Buffelsdoorn to the other South African shares mentioned. *J. M.*—I do not recommend you to sell these shares now, as a recovery is most probable. The commission charged to you is much too high. What you require has been forwarded to you. I have warned my readers so persistently of these Mashonaland enterprises that I am surprised you should have kept these shares. Get out of them as fast as you can.

Industrial Companies.

J. M. Co.—The shares of neither of these Companies are quoted officially on the Stock Exchange, and both are very speculative. *Optimist.*—A small local concern, the stock of which is not dealt in here. I am sorry not to be able to express any opinion.

Mixed Investments.

Miles.—1. The Eastern Banks must necessarily suffer from the silver trouble. The Bank mentioned by you is one of the best, but I advised investors a year or two ago to clear out in anticipa-

tion of what was coming. At the present reduced price it might be advisable to hold. 2. Doubtful, but you had better hold now. 3. Yes, hold. 4. The San Jorge Nitrate Company is doing very well. I do not believe in Government interference with the Nitrate Companies. Hold Nos. 5 and 6. It does not look as if silver would fall to the low level once predicted. The next Mexican Government coupons will be paid. *Anxious.*—I cannot advise sale of these Trust stocks at present low prices. Hold for a recovery. I do not consider Victoria Inscribed stock so desirable as Queensland or New Zealand, but as you have no very large holding you might await a possible improvement before selling. The Bank named is all right. *Dreadnought.*—1. I do not think much of the Railway stock, as the line is not progressive, but I suppose this is not the time to sell. The Gas Company should be doing well, but all such American industries are under a cloud just now. *Des Cœurs.* 1. Impossible to call up more on Kimberley Waterworks, as the £3 liability on the shares represents the guarantee on the Debenture bonds. Prospects are, however, discouraging. 2. There is every prospect of the Sherman Act being repealed, and that would be an event favourable to Yankee Rails. 3. They will recover. Hold until the depression is over. 4. If you are a holder, keep them, but do not buy now. *A. G., South Wales.* Sell the Messenger shares if you can. Hold the Tram shares. *Basha Bazouk.* For the investment of your £1,000 to yield 5 per cent. you might, as you propose, select Brighton "A" and National Provincial Bank shares, and add Chilian Five per Cent. 1892 bonds, or some of the American Railroad bonds mentioned in last week's issue. *Dame Mary.*—I do not care for these South African Debentures. It would be preferable to buy Transvaal Government Five per Cent. Loan at 104. *Jersey.*—1. Just at present circumstances are not favourable, but the management is good. Hold Nos. 2 and 3. Of the three mines mentioned under No. 4, Balkis are the best. I do not care for the other two. 5. Yes, a thorough change has taken place in the entourage and in the Board of the Caratal Mine. The management is very good. 6. Yes, hold. 7. Doubtful. 8. Yes, hold. You will have seen my remarks of a fortnight ago. 9. I am afraid that this is a very bad bankruptcy, with little prospect of any return; but I have not seen anything published about it. *Bath.*—1. Certainly hold Milwaukees. On the announcement of the dividend there would be a fresh advance. 2. You should buy Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds at 37½, ditto "B" at 40, and amongst the low-priced shares Erie, Ohio and Mississippi, and Readings. 3. Yes, you had better buy more Caratals to average your old holding. 4. What you require has been forwarded to you. 5. I am afraid that this is a very bad failure, and that you will not get much back. You must have seen my repeated warnings about these outside brokers. *H. A. B.*—I should recommend you to put the money into Brighton "A," Chilian Five per Cent. bonds of 1892, and some of the American Railroad bonds recommended last week under "Yankee Rails." This will give you the desired return.

Various Investments.

The uncertainty concerning the action of the India Council with regard to future allotments of bills on India has been weighing on the price of Rupee Paper, which has dropped to 64¾. Tenders this week were still lower, but no allotment was made, and it is to be hoped that a more spirited policy will be adopted. Silver has fluctuated within narrow limits, and the fact that the growing certainty of the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act has not, so far, brought about any further collapse in the white metal would appear to sustain the opinion of those who do not look for any further substantial decline. Mexican Railway stocks are the turn firmer on anticipations of better traffics for some time, but it remains to be seen if these will be fulfilled. According to a circular which has been issued by Mr. Edward H. Eldrid, who was formerly for a number of years associated with Messrs. C. de Murrieta & Co., he has acquired the goodwill of the firms C. de Murrieta & Co., and C. de Murrieta & Co., Limited, but without taking over any of the liabilities of either house, and he has, in complete accord with the Messrs. de Murrieta, established in the old offices at Adam's-court a new house under the style of Murrieta & Co. The intention is, of course, to keep together the connection of the old firm. The suspension of the Bank of Commerce, United Railways of the Havana and Regla Warehouses Company is an unpleasant incident connected with the crisis in the United States. The Mortgage bonds have, consequently, fallen heavily, and it is a satisfaction to me that I have invariably discouraged investment in these when applied to for my advice by correspondents, although it is now announced that the next coupon will be paid. One of my readers has addressed a lengthy communication to me concerning the English, Scottish, and Mercantile Investment Trust, from which I am only able to publish the following extract:—

> I know that a Company cannot muzzle you, and therefore to you I address the letter for publication, and at the same time to ask, through your columns, if there is no available remedy for the following, re English, Scottish, and Mercantile Investment Trust: A prospectus was issued by this Company, dated May 18, 1889, asking for £150,000 additional capital, and the names of the Directors given were Lewis H. Isaac, M.P. (Chairman), the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Viliers F. Dent, R. A. Germaine, T. G. H. Glynn. Was the Company solvent on that date? If so, why, at the meeting held in 1891, was it proposed, but not adopted, to pass the dividend altogether? In 1892 a so called reconstruction scheme was forced through to subdivide the Deferred stock, which was already non dividend paying, and in 1893 shareholders are informed that all the Deferred capital, some £125,000, is absolutely gone, and that only a portion of the Preferred capital can possibly be saved by carefully nursing the securities that are already pledged. All the above-named Directors have resigned, and leave shareholders who have trusted these men with their money to their misery, and with apparently utter callousness to their losses. Have these men the right so to act—attracting capital and trust by their names?

According to the report recently issued, £100,000 has been lost through permanent depreciation in the securities, but this appears to be only a portion of the loss made. At the meeting of shareholders held on the 14th inst. it was stated by the Trustees who have been appointed by the shareholders that the only way of saving anything for the shareholders lay in their ability to protect the assets and realise them from time to time as opportunities occurred. The Chairman gave it as his opinion that, if this were done, it might be possible to pay £2 to £2. 10s. per share on the Preference shares, while the Deferred shares might be considered as of no value. This is, indeed, a monstrous case of collapse of a Trust Company, and the mismanagement for which the former Directors are responsible must have been of an almost unique character. There ought to be some means of fixing the responsibility for some of these shocking losses upon the Directors, and I am surprised that the shareholders have let them off so easy. Another instance of gross mismanagement is that of the Globe Industrial and General Trust, the Directors of which appear to have gone so far as to run speculatively stocks upon which heavy losses have been made. Mr. H. Norman Wilson, of 30, Regent's Park-road, N.W., writes to offer to a reader of TRUTH, who has not the pleasure of his acquaintance, by letter dated August 15, on account of recent very heavy losses, ten Founders' shares (£10 fully paid) in the Alliance Financial Corporation, Limited, at £10. 10s., stating that the nominal price in the financial papers is £22. 10s. per share. I wonder what the real value of these Founders' shares actually is?—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

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QUEER STORY;

CHECKMATING A BLACKMAILER.

"ANY ONE call yesterday while I was out, George?" The speaker was our old friend, Mr. Hydenseke, the private inquiry agent, and the man he addressed was his solitary clerk and factotum.

"No, sir. At least I found this card in the letter-box when I came just now. It must have been left after hours last evening."

Mr. Hydenseke took the pasteboard and looked at it. It bore the inscription, "Major General Bullock, R.A.," and a few words to the effect that he would call again next morning.

"Umph!" reflected Mr. Hydenseke, "Major-General Bullock, who is he? Ah! I think I recollect the name. One of the Directors of that Loan and Mortgage Company which smashed up last month. You can show him in, George, when he comes."

"Very good, sir," and the clerk departed to his box of an office outside.

Mr. Hydenseke set himself to examine some papers in connection with a divorce case which he was working up for a member of the aristocracy, and had been so engaged for about twenty minutes, when General Bullock was announced—a fine soldier-like man, who carried his sixty-five years or so remarkably well. He looked, however, rather anxious and agitated, and appeared so much at a loss how to open up matters that Mr. Hydenseke found it necessary to give him a lift.

"Good morning, General Bullock," he said. "I have not the honour of your acquaintance; but I presume that you have come to consult me on some matter of business."

"That is so. Possibly you know me by name."

Mr. Hydenseke nodded.

"And possibly you also know that I was a Director of the West-end Loan and Mortgage Company, which is now in liquidation."

Mr. Hydenseke nodded again.

"I need not say," the other continued, "that my business is strictly confidential. The truth is—my connection with that Company has drawn me into a serious scrape."

"Ah," remarked the detective, "I see by the papers that the Registrar has been rather down on the Directors. Are proceedings contemplated against them?"

"Against the Chairman and two others," was the reply. "But not, so far, against me. For, beyond the fact that I was fool enough to lend my name to a concern of which I was wholly ignorant, nothing has yet transpired to my detriment."

"Is anything likely to transpire, in the course of further inquiries?" asked Mr. Hydenseke, briskly.

"That is just the point which has brought me to consult you. You are aware, of course, that Sellars, the late Acting-Manager of the Company, made himself scarce before the smash came, leaving behind him evidence enough to implicate him in at least a dozen charges of fraud?"

"Certainly, I am."

"Well, shortly before he bolted, he brought me a certain legal instrument—a deed of transfer is, I believe, its name—which (he told me), besides being signed by himself, had also to be countersigned by two Directors. I knew absolutely nothing of the business matters of the Company, but Sellars assured me it was all right, merely a form, &c., &c.; so I appended my signature, and thought no more about it. I have now discovered that the object of that deed was to perpetrate a fraud of the worst description."

"Ah! that's devilish awkward," commented Mr. Hydenseke; "for I do not see how the whole thing can fail to come out."

"Wait," was the rejoinder. "The transfer in question was, for some reason, never carried through. Whether the other side fought shy of the transaction, or whether Sellars funked it at the last minute, I can't say. At all events, it was not completed. But the instrument is still in existence, and has passed into the hands of an unscrupulous blackguard, who is using it as a means to extort money from me."

"Have you paid him anything?"

"Yes, more than £200 already; but his demands become every time more extortionate."

"Tut—tut. That's a pity," commented Mr. Hydenseke. "Always makes a case look so much blacker against you, if *that* has to be admitted. You should have left your solicitor to deal with him."

"It would have been wiser, no doubt. But the scoundrel himself deterred me; for, on making his first demand, he told me in his coarse, offensive language that if I set any lawyers upon him, he'd 'bust up the whole blooming show, right away.'"

"Do you know who he is, or how to get hold of this document?" asked the detective.

"No; neither. I suspect he is a confederate of Sellars. But I can say nothing for certain. I only know that by his habit of constantly following me about and accosting me in public places, with his outrageous demands for money, in the most insolent manner, he is making my life a perfect burden to me."

"Has he written you any threatening letters?"

"Not one. He has invariably made his demands by word of mouth."

"Umph!" said Mr. Hydenseke. "Pretty wide awake I have no doubt. And now, General, you wish me to take this gentleman in hand, I presume?"

"Ye-e-s, if you please," answered General Bullock. "At least, I want your assistance—immediately, if possible. Are—are—you engaged this morning?"

"I have nothing on, which is absolutely imperative," answered Mr. Hydenseke, referring to his list of engagements. "Why do you ask?"

"For this reason," the General replied, bending forward and speaking very impressively. "That scoundrel's demands have just reached a decisive point. He has offered (being, he says, in want of a large sum of ready money) to sell me the transfer out-and-out for £1,000 down; and has appointed me to meet him in the Park at eleven this morning, either to settle or decline the purchase."

"And if you decline?" queried Mr. Hydenseke.

"In that case, he threatens that he will sell the document to some enemy of mine, and he knows, worse luck" (added the General, gloomily), "that there is more than one person who would give a round sum for such a piece of evidence against me."

"Do I understand, then, that you desire me to be present at this interview?"

"That is precisely what I do wish," said General Bullock emphatically. "You see, Mr. Hydenseke, with my very scanty knowledge of such villains and their ways, I am more than likely to be overreached. But if you were by I should feel quite safe from that contingency. Besides," the General concluded, "as he is going to bring the document with him, I thought that perhaps it might—er—be possible—er—to—er—er—get it away from him without paying the money at all."

Mr. Hydenseke smiled.

"Rather a difficult feat, I should imagine," he remarked. "A rogue like that is sure to have his wits about him. . . . . And, further, would not the very fact of my presence put the fellow more on his guard, do you not suppose?"

"I have thought of that," answered the General. "And it occurred to me that you might come across me, by chance, while I was talking to him, and pass yourself off as friend of mine—say a fellow-soldier. You have rather a military appearance, Mr. Hydenseke."

"It seems to me," retorted the detective, consulting his watch, "that if the scoundrel is worth twopence in the way of brains, he will scarcely be taken in by so simple a ruse. . . . . However, if you wish me to be present, General, I will come; and as I see that it is more than 10.30 now, we had better, perhaps, make a start of it. I need hardly add that my time is my money."

"Oh, we shall not quarrel on that score," was the prompt reply. "And, look here, Mr. Hydenseke, if you can get hold of that document for me, I will, in addition to your regular fee, give you a couple of hundred down!"

The detective's sharp little eyes sparkled at the offer.

"It might be managed," he said. "It is just possible. But if you wish me to attempt anything of that sort—which, mind you, is a devilish risky proceeding—you must entice the fellow away from the Park. Better get him to come and lunch with you, I should say. Now, if you'll just excuse me a minute, I will get myself ready to accompany you."

So saying, Mr. Hydenseke locked away his papers in his escritoire, and, vanishing into an inner room, soon reappeared in becoming attire, and they walked down into the street together.

The detective's office was in Long Acre. It was decided, therefore, that they should proceed in company as far as the western end of Piccadilly, when General Bullock was to turn up Park-lane and enter the Park by Grosvenor

Rational Dog Feeding. Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, Spratt's Patent, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

Gate, while Mr. Hydenseke proceeded along Knightsbridge and approached the rendezvous (carefully explained by the General) from that side.

As they walked down Piccadilly, they were so absorbed in conversation that General Bullock actually collided with a lady coming in the opposite direction, to whom, of course, he apologised profusely for his clumsiness. She was a very pretty woman, and Mr. Hydenseke, who had a great taste for female beauty, eyed her appreciatively, remarking to his companion on her good looks after she had passed on. The General fully assented, and cast more than one languishing glance behind him, but without effect, and the two men fell to resuming their interrupted conversation.

When they reached their point of divergence, they stopped a minute or two to settle a few remaining details in their plans, and then separated, as arranged, the General proceeding up Park-lane, and Mr. Hydenseke along Knightsbridge. Passing a Post-office on the way, the detective stepped in, scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper, and despatched the note by an express messenger. Then he proceeded, by a somewhat circuitous route, to the appointed rendezvous.

At that hour of the morning there were few people in the Park, and Mr. Hydenseke's keen eyes soon detected General Bullock engaged in close conversation with a vulgar, over-dressed, little man, whom he rightly surmised to be his blackmailing antagonist.

Agreeably to the scheme which he had finally arranged with the General, he sauntered casually in their direction until he was close up to them, and then appearing to catch sight of his military friend for the first time, he rushed up to him and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Bullock, by George! I should have known you anywhere, though it is fifteen years since we last met. How d'ye do, old fellow? How d'ye do? By Jove, I am delighted to see you! I only landed at Plymouth last week. Just home from India, you know."

"And I'm equally delighted to see you, Chinley," replied the General, carrying out his part in the piece. "You don't look a day older than you did fifteen years ago. Hanged if you do! The climate of India has not damaged *you* much, that is quite evident. . . . Look here. You are not engaged this evening, I hope? You must come and dine with me and renew your acquaintance with Mrs. Bullock!"

"Right you are!" affirmed the *soi-disant* Chinley, with effusive heartiness. "Only too pleased, old man. . . . . But, I say" (pulling a long face, as the General made a half-movement to wish him good-morning), "when you meet an old friend for the first time after fifteen years, you're never going to put him off with about two words—for eight mortal hours. This gentleman" (indicating Bullock's vulgar companion, who had stood scowling rather sulkily at the interruption)—"a friend of yours, Ned?"

Looking decidedly uncomfortable, the General muttered an affirmative.

Chinley at once extended his hand to the stranger.

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," he said. "In India we always treat a friend's friend as an old friend already. And I insist, gentlemen, I positively insist, that you both come and celebrate this meeting by cracking a bottle with me."

"Oh, thank you very much, I am sure," answered the General, hastily, "but I am afraid we cannot come now. We——"

"Nay, nay. I will take no denial," interposed Mr. Hydenseke-Chinley, who was assuming, with admirable reality, that obtuse friendliness which cannot see when it is in the way. "I shall be seriously offended if you refuse; I shall, indeed."

General Bullock looked in despair at his companion. But the latter, not perhaps averse to the prospect of gratuitous champagne, and thinking, no doubt, also that this might be the best way to get rid of the persistent Indian, signified his readiness to fall in with the proposal. And the end of it was that the latter gentleman carried them both away bodily to a restaurant in Piccadilly, talking with extreme volubility all the way.

Having ordered a magnum of Bollinger, and a lobster salad into the bargain, Mr. Hydenseke-Chinley distributed them to his guests with no niggard hand, and especially did he ply the General's friend with the nectar-like fluid, until that gentleman, who took very kindly to the liquor, must have had a liberal quart beneath his belt.

General Bullock, who, it is needless to say, never lost sight of the object of all this hospitality, watched Mr. Hydenseke's movements throughout with a latent eagerness which he could scarcely conceal; and the look in his eyes grew painfully anxious when he saw the detective, whose sleight of hand was little less than marvellous, begin cautiously to explore the contents of the other man's pockets. It was while he was occupied with this delicate and difficult task that, finding himself in imminent peril of being "twigged," and wishing to divert his victim's attention completely, he sprang up and rushed to the window, exclaiming, with eager excitement—

"There goes Jack Belcher—by the Lord! I have not seen Jack Belcher for twenty years. Great Scotland, how fat he's grown! . . Jack! Jack! The rogue doesn't hear me. You won't object, gentlemen, to Jack Belcher making one of our party. Excuse me for half a minute. I'll have him in here before you can count ten! An awfully good chap. You remember him, Ned, of course?"

So saying, and without waiting to hear General Bullock's reply, he hurried out into the street; but he did not, strange to say, accost Jack Belcher or any one else. He merely hailed a hansom, and ordered the cabby to drive him, with all speed, to his offices in Long Acre.

He was met at the foot of the stairs by his clerk, to whom he tipped an inquiring wink.

"It's all right, sir," that functionary said. "I had your note in time. The General is here waiting for you now—has been here rather more than an hour, in fact. But I kept him, as you told me."

"That's well," replied Mr. Hydenseke. "I will see him at once; and I shouldn't wonder if I was able to relieve his mind a bit."

He proceeded immediately into his office, and there found a grey-headed stranger pacing up and down the room, with every evidence of uneasiness and agitation.

"Mr. Hydenseke?" he queried, anxiously, as our friend entered.

"The same, General Bullock . . . . I have just been spending an hour or so with a gentleman who has taken upon himself to personate you."

"Personate *me?*" exclaimed the General, in amazement.

"Yes—*you*. But just tell me this. Has a strenuous attempt been made this morning to blackmail you for a large sum?"

"Yes," was the reply. "That scoundrel has threatened and bullied me more violently than ever. He swears that he will set the police on me unless he is paid £400 by two o'clock."

"Ah!" commented the detective, complacently. "Just what I surmised. They have evidently been watching your movements lately; they saw you come here last night and drop your card in the letter-box, and they decided to bring off a final coup this morning, *before you could see me.* For London's getting rather hot for that gang, and they want the dibs to make a bolt with. It was with this object in view that they enticed me away from the office this morning."

Hereupon Mr. Hydenseke detailed as briefly as possible all those particulars of which the reader has been already apprised, the General listening with the greatest interest and wonder.

"As I did not know you by sight," Mr. Hydenseke concluded his narrative, "I was at first deceived. But it happens that I do know Mrs. Bullock by sight; and by the greatest good fortune, we ran up against her in Piccadilly this morning. The way in which my companion looked at her showed me that she was an absolute stranger to him, and I was at once awake. In about two minutes I saw through his game. But the neatest point" (Mr. Hydenseke chuckled and rubbed his hands with huge satisfaction) "has yet to be told. While we were drinking together, and your double was watching my apparent attempts to pick the other chap's pocket, I picked *his* pocket, ha! ha! ha! and nabbed that deed of transfer under his very nose."

"You have got it, then?" ejaculated the General, very excitedly.

"Yes; here it is," said Mr. Hydenseke, producing it from the breast of his coat. "Your impersonator valued the job at a couple of hundred," he added, meaningly.

"Well, the original shall go one better," rejoined the delighted warrior, in high good-humour. "He'll make it three."

MUSIC.

WANTED, NEW MUSIC FOR PARK BANDS.

NOW that the County Council have organised a complete system of open-air performances during the summer on the Embankment, in the parks, and elsewhere, it is hoped that British composers will be encouraged to add to our very scanty repertory of good wind band music from native pens. The musical adviser of the County Council, well knowing that the musical tastes of the greater public are very much higher than some of our concert entrepreneurs imagine, has endeavoured to improve the programmes of the numerous open-air performances for which he is responsible. He has succeeded in doing so to a considerable extent, but it is perfectly obvious that his efforts are more or less frustrated by the want of original music of a better kind. For many years bandmasters relied chiefly upon French works, but owing largely to the system adopted some little time since of charging *petits droits* for its performance, French band music is now going out of fashion. Bandmasters therefore depend for novelties mainly upon the various Band Journals published by the successors of the late Richard Smith, by Boosey, Wright & Round, Chappell, Ascherberg, Hawkes, Lafleur, Oertel, Phillips & Page, Rudall Carte, and many others. But so far as original music is concerned, it is practically confined to quick-marches, fantasias, and dances; so that if anything better is wanted it is necessary to have recourse to selections from comic or other operas and "arrangements." Selections from Sir A. Sullivan's comic operas are very popular, the Pageant, from Mr. German's "Henry VIII." music has of late been performed by nearly every brass band of consequence, and during the past year the publications for military bands have included such curious efforts as a transcription of Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony, a pot-pourri of "Lohengrin," and an adaptation for military bands of some of the "Hymns Ancient and Modern." But these things, however excellent they may be, cannot possibly prove so effective as music specially written for military bands by competent men. In France and Belgium, and also to a certain extent in Germany, this branch of composition has long been studied, and the greatest musicians think it by no means derogatory to their art to write music expressly for "the orchestra of the masses." Even Verdi in his younger days composed a good deal of music for brass bands. In England, however, the thing is left to the professional "arrangers" and to a few bandmasters. A young man, fresh from one of the Academies, at once plunges into a full-blown symphony, for a bare hearing of which he has to depend upon the kindness of Mr. August Manns, or he writes a string quartet, which, as English music is practically tabooed at the Monday Popular Concerts, has little chance of a public performance at all; or a grand opera, which is hardly likely to be represented on the stage unless the composer or his friends are willing to pay for it. It never occurs to the young British musician to seek the suffrages of the greater public, and thereby to make his name familiar to thousands who would otherwise never even have heard of it. The older men are in pretty much the same boat, wasting their energies upon big works and complaining that they cannot get a hearing. And all the time music of a high class, composed specially for wind bands, is urgently needed, and would be paid for liberally. Of course, in the writing of music for a military band, other qualifications are needed than would be required for a royalty ditty or a drawing-room show piece; but the thing is knack rather than skill, and it could easily be picked up by qualified men after a little experience. In the north of England there is an even still greater demand for park-band music than in London. In Lancashire and Yorkshire, wind bands abound. Almost every large factory supports one, and the working men, under competent instruction, make very good players. This movement in the manufacturing and mining districts is largely fostered and supported by a system of brass band contests, of which during the summer some hundreds are annually held, often for very valuable prizes, raised partly by subscription, partly by "gate-money." A brass-band contest in Yorkshire will attract thousands of people—almost as many, indeed, as a football match—and the spectators are very keen critics, frequently challenging the verdict of the judges, sometimes in the forcible manner not peculiar to Yorkshire.

Sir Arthur Sullivan proposes to return to town the week after next, in order to take part with Mr. Gilbert in the rehearsals for the new Savoy opera. The choral rehearsals will, I learn, commence on Monday next, and the leading artists will then have their music; the dialogue, in accordance with the Savoy custom, being given out later on. The secret of the story is being well kept, but, I understand, the report that the opera will be a skit on the music-hall craze is devoid of truth. Mr. Gilbert has been at Homburg, but has now returned to Graem's Dyke, that lovely spot at Harrow Weald, from the park gates of which his predecessor, Mr. Leslie, R.A., painted his popular picture. Sir Arthur Sullivan has for the past few months been rusticating at Weybridge, where, besides developing into a first-class rowing and punting man, he has learned to "cycle"—be it said on a bicycle made for one.

Mr. Collins, stage-manager at the opera, has also become a "wet bob," and at Marlow regatta he carried off the prize for the best decorated punt.

At the Promenade Concerts oil has at length been struck with a Wagner programme. The Wagner concert on Thursday attracted the biggest and best audience of the season, and the dose is consequently to be repeated this week. Of course Mr. Cowen could not offer a Richter concert performance of the Meister's music, and the "Tristan" prelude and closing scene, which is one of Richter's battlehorses, was at Covent Garden perhaps the feeblest effort of the evening. The "Siegfried Idyll" went best of all. At the classical concert Mr. Dawson played, and it was amusing to note how, in the absence from town of some of the musical critics, their deputies insisted upon treating the Manchester pianist as a débutant. But perhaps the finest thing of the week was the performance of Mozart's Symphony in E flat, which was listened to by nearly 3,000 people. Mr. Sinkins, indeed, fully appreciates the fact that good music is the best draw at a promenade concert, and a symphony or other classical work is now included in every programme. Nothing, indeed, could be more significant than the manner in which, after the Wagner section of the programme last week, the people cleared out when the dance music began. Mdme. Marie Roze, who has not sung in London for more than a year, made a successful rentrée at the Promenade Concert on Saturday; and next Monday the perennial Mr. Sims Reeves will once more appear.

Although there are persistent rumours that Signor Sonzogno proposes next year to have a London season with one of his travelling opera companies, I do not think it at all likely that he will come here on his own account. The initial difficulty, of course, would be a theatre, for Sir

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Harris holds Drury Lane, and his lease of Covent den, which expires next March, will with absolute ainty be renewed. Then again London opera goers k to Covent Garden as an Opera house, and have a lthy distrust for the average Italian singer. In all bability, therefore, Sir A. Harris will produce the best the Sonzogno novelties, which would, of course, suit energetic Milanese publisher just as well. Signor zogno has, I believe, made an offer to Sir Augustus to g an Italian troupe to Covent Garden or Drury Lane t year, but down to date the suggestion has not been pted.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

Y DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Do you remember Baron Alderson's piteous appeal to a prolix barrister o was cross-examining an atheistic witness interably ?—

Come, sir; do you believe in a future state?" asked this ocate, Alexander, of the witness.
Mr. Alexander, Mr. Alexander," the Baron cried, in pathetic onstrance, "Are you asking this witness his opinion whether shall ever get on to the next case?"

Of this pathetic appeal I was reminded upon trying to d a stupendous tome of six hundred pages, "The tobiography of an Old Passport" (1), written in a style ich reminds you of Milton's description of death :—

The other shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.

Here is a specimen taken at random from this vast ertebrate volume :—

Never so long as we exist shall we forget our first experience foreign town, nor could any better town for first impressions selected on the whole seaboard of the English Channel than twerp, to which we proceeded by sea from the Tower Stairs, ndon, on the first of August by the old *Soho* steamer, a boat ich, we doubt not, will be recollected by any who travelled n England to Antwerp some fifty years ago, if any such exist; never was a more rough, clumsy, top-heavy looking, though reality seaworthy vessel, which laughed to scorn the misery her passengers, and pitched and tossed and rolled from side side, as if enjoying the catastrophe to which every such pendicular or lateral motion gave rise.

Why shouldn't the whole six hundred pages be a single rgantuan sentence? I'm sure I don't know, and quite e the author couldn't say. In Mr. Barry Pain's Playthings and Parodies" (2), a smart book which I hope m not late in recommending to you, Mr. Rudyard pling's success is humorously traced to his adoption an opposite style to this which, "like a wounded ke" or, rather, sea-serpent, "drags its slow length ng." "Mr. Kipling," he says, "used more full stops n any man before him. Which was genius." But ely these fatuous puns in an amusing paper upon the oes of ladies' novels are unworthy of Mr. Barry Pain.

"And now," I asked, "can you tell me why all you people are ing on gates?" Flinging a handful of gold in my face to show profusion, he replied, "Because those who use us have no le; so we're compelled to sit on gates." "But," I urged, he critics are always sitting on the style of those authors." ndeed," he retorted, contemptuously, "then how do you ount for the critic on the hearth?"

A pun struck out impromptu in conversation may tolerable, or even admirable, but to construct entire paper in order to erect a poor pun on it as a statue upon an appropriate pedestal

) "The Autobiography of an Old Passport." By the Rev. Charles Smith Illustrated. (London: Digby, Long, & Co.)
) "Plaything and Parodies." By Barry Pain. (London: Cassell & Co.)
) "Donald Marcy." A Novel. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (London: liam Heinemann.)
) "Told by the Colonel. By W. L. Alden. Illustrations by Richard Jack Hal Hurst. (London: McClure & Co.)
) "The Great Peril," and "How it was Averted." By W. Laird Clowes. rinted from *Black and White*. (London: Offices of *Black and White*.)
) "Tavistock Tales." By Several Writers. (London: George Isbister.)
) "Mrs. Falchion." A Novel. By Gilbert Parker. 2 vols. (London: hmen & Co.)

Is as silly as what is architecturally known as a "folly." Nevertheless the description of the lady novelist's hero is entertaining and true. Read, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Donald Marcy" (3) and see what portentous creatures she has evolved out of her womanly consciousness as students of Harle University. Such a student upon his first going a green horn to India is, I think, called a Griffin; and this heraldic creature with the wings of an angel and the body of a beast fairly symbolises Miss Phelps' Harle heroes. The arch hero, Donald, with his lovely curls and lily white hands, is described by the author of "The Gates Ajar" as "looking like a fashionable angel." Yet anything more dastardly and diabolical than this young gentleman's "hazing" of Lee Calhoon I have seldom read; while his accomplices in the brutal outrage show themselves but girls in trousers on the first alarm. But the most terrible thing in the book is its humour, supplied by an Irish policeman in the invariable form of bulls of this machine-made order: "It's that dark, they might murther the President foreninst my eyes, and I shouldn't see him livin' till he lay dead before 'em." "Begorra, it's a corrups! But, be jabers! it's a *live* corrups!" You get at last to dread Jerry McCarty's humorous appearances as you would dread the infallible sign of an approaching Scotch mist. The author of "The Gates Ajar" must be a veteran writer by this, yet, if "Donald Marcy" had been published anonymously it would have been unanimously laughed at by the critics as the unpromising production of a girl in her 'teens. I suppose there is something irresistibly humorous in another American importation, "Told by the Colonel" (4), but only children and Americans, I think, could appreciate much of it. Perhaps it is too exquisitely subtle for my apprehension. Can you see anything singularly and subtly humorous in the idea—even as a parable of the result of Home Rule—of the transposition of a monkey and an organ-grinder? The monkey grinds while the grinder collects, and is checked by the simian holder of the chain and whipped mercilessly for any remissness. Or, again, is the idea of a kite with a negro lashed to it, coming down into a religious camp-meeting, frightening the congregation and damaging the clergy, irresistibly funny? The whole point of the jest lies in the congregation's taking the descending negro for an angel, while the clergy took him for the devil, and in the tail of the kite damaging the eye of the Rev. Hannibal Blue, and hitting the Rev. Julius Cæsar Washington on the side of the head. I should never have thought that a rough and primitive vintage of this sort was worth bottling and importing, but there may be ingenuous English palates, or *dura messorum ilia*, that can relish it. At least the illustrations are clever and amusing. Perhaps the happiest part of the "Great Peril" (5) are its really admirable illustrations; but the sketch or skit itself is admirable also up to the bathos of the dénouement. You are thoroughly and almost excitedly interested in Mr. Hiram Y. Hancock's political secret, which was to put under the absolute control of an American Company, the United Kingdom and the British Empire, "together with palaces, government buildings, fortresses, harbours, castles, cathedrals, historic ruins, museums, gasworks, a state church in working order, vast plots of real estates, hitherto the property of the British Crown, schools, universities, colleges, mines, canals; the whole forming an unrivalled security for the investor." But your very interest in the enterprise is the means and the measure of your disappointment when you discover the secret to be a piece of sticking-plaster slipped into the lining of the hat, which robs the wearer of his will-power. Surely the ingenuity abundantly shown in leading up to this dénouement was adequate to devising a less mechanical and grotesque recipe of Empire. There is, besides, the

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

glaring improbability that the wife—through whom, of course, the secret is divulged, to the conspirators' destruction—was not the first to be plastered by her husband. What husband,

> Who had the power and skill
> To stem the torrent of a woman's will,

would hesitate to use it? And what conspirator would trust a woman with his head unsecured, when he could make sure of its remaining on his shoulders by plastering her forehead while she slept? The best, perhaps, of "Tavistock Tales" (6)—not a brilliant collection—is by Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose "Pierre and his People" you liked, I remember, and whose latest and most ambitious effort, "Mrs. Falchion" (7), you will enjoy still more. It is really a novel of much power and promise, weak comparatively in plot, but full of vitality and vigour in its character drawing.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you heard that there is some notion of reviving ringlets again? What do you think of it? How should you like to go through life with half your time in curl-papers? I suppose there are not three girls out of every thousand whose hair curls naturally with sufficient vigour to maintain the spiral twists of ringlets without some additional artificial method of inducing them to do so. I have been looking through some old numbers of *Punch* since I heard the report, with a view to gathering what sort of aspect we should present to our looking-glasses and the world should the ancient fashion be revived; and the result is far from reassuring. There could not be anything on earth more hideously unbecoming than curl-papers, except, perhaps, the awful oilskin caps in which some ultra strong-minded women are in the habit of bathing. So much for the looking-glass view of ourselves at "hair-curling" time. I suppose that very expression is a survival of the days in the beginning of the century when ringlets and back-hair were in vogue.

As to the curls themselves, they would look odd enough now, though they were probably considered very graceful and charming when eighteen hundred was comparatively young and gay.

I gather, from various bits of satire in *Punch*, that to have one's hair come out of curl was the one ever-dreaded catastrophe with girls in those days. If they danced too fast their ringlets "drooped." If they got caught in a shower the curls "straightened out" into limpness. You see, this was not merely unbecoming but it gave an absurd look to the be-ringletted ones, which was fatal to romance, and those were the days when the romantic flourished; when girls affected small appetities in public and kept up the deception by means of plentiful meals in private; when they imbibed vinegar in order to make themselves look pale and interesting; and when the accomplishment of "swooning away" at will was carefully cultivated. All this I glean from a few old volumes of *Punch*; a delightful paper in which the various phases of the English girl, reflected from her as she passes across the century, are left permanently visible for the study of posterity.

I have also heard that "side whiskers" are coming in again for men. Could you fall in love with a man thus adorned? I feel sure that it would be impossible. Can you fancy the Gaiety young man with these hirsute additions to his varied charms? High collars will have to go out if mutton-chop whiskers come in. They would interfere with each other sadly. Nor would they go at all well with the close-cropped hair such as is now affected by our golden youth. The hair would be worn long again, and men would have it curled on occasion, as Mr. Dombey did on his wedding morning, and Major Pendennis every day. What a contrast there is, by the way, between the appearance of a "man about town" in our own day and what it was when our Queen was a girl! He, too, is crystallised in the pages of *Punch*. We have just been looking at him as he was some forty years ago, and at an 'Arry of a later period depicted upon the knifeboard of an omnibus, and remarking "I wide from Whitechapel to Bayswater, picking pewiwinkles with a pin." We conclude from this that a sort of harmless silliness was the fashion at that time, together with the assumed inability to sound the letter *r*.

We have just been hunting for a recipe, and amusing ourselves with the extraordinary English of the cookery books. Pronouns appear to be at a premium in the language of the art, so frequently are they economised, even when really necessary. Instead of "wash them in several waters," referring to some vegetable, one recipe has it, "wash in several waters," which, of course, means that the person cooking the dish is to perform the ablutions upon herself. Another delicious sentence runs, "When full, stand on one side." This refers to a dish, but the structure of the sentence points it again at the cook. If literally carried out, some of these recipes would involve considerable hardships. Take, for instance, one that desires the unfortunate operator to "fry in boiling fat till of a light golden colour." Elsewhere she is enjoined to "cook slowly while preparing the sauce," and "when cooked cut off the legs." After this to "stand in the oven till brown" seems comparatively easy; but there are cooks of comfortable proportions who would find it extremely difficult to "squeeze through a tammy" or "pass through a wire sieve." In fact, these sound like some of the Chinese tortures that Mr. James Payn tells us about in "By Proxy." The whole thing is suggestive of that delightfully-worded advertisement of a bottle for babies that appeared in a Canadian newspaper not long ago, and concluded as follows:—"When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled." Poor baby!

I have had a letter from our friend "Muss," who is at Harrogate. She is delighted with the effect of the waters on her complexion, and declares that she watches the cheeks of those around her growing whiter and pinker day by day. This is attributed by "Muss" entirely to the sulphur springs, but ought she not, in fairness to the splendid air at that height above the level of the sea, to let it share in her praises? It would be difficult to exaggerate the improvement in colouring that has generally taken place in the thousands of girls, as well as older women, who during the London season became pale and haggard with fatigue, late hours, and want of fresh air. We have already seen some wonderful transformations in this respect. Here by the river, where we are spending a few weeks, there are faces that look five or six years younger than they did as many weeks ago when we saw them in town. Girls who did not dare to wear mauve do so down here, not only with impunity, but with profit to their looks. River dress is not so severe as it was in the days of stiff-fronted shirts, and it is all the more becoming. Frills, when not in excess, suit most figures, and puffed sleeves are often picturesque. I notice that blouses of batiste are in great favour this season, and we see some lovely shades of blue in them. One girl here wears a navy-blue skirt with a sky-blue shirt, and though one cannot admire the half-and-half character of the union of the two shades, the effect upon her is excellent, it cannot be denied. Have you realised what chances there are in the matter of sleeves just now? It is good to have them quite tight to the arms from above the elbows to the wrists, with puffs at the shoulders Or they may be of the double-barrelled variety, with the silk blouse sleeve visible from the elbows and that of the zouave or bolero above it. This sometimes looks very well, as, for instance, on a dark-haired girl here who wears a fawn cloth with blouse and sleeves of turquoise silk, and

COSTUMES FOR SCOTLAND, &c.—Messrs. REDFERN beg to announce that they have designed some very practical Gowns for ladies visiting Scotland, either for Shooting, Travelling, Golfing, &c., to which they invite an inspection.—27, New Bond-street, W.

a torcador jacket of the fawn with sleeves half way down the arms towards the elbows, the blue ones being well cut so as to show the pretty shape of the arms. There are dressmakers who have quite a genius for sleeves, just as there are others who invariably fail in this rather important detail, for much of the character of a gown depends on the sleeves.

The evenings are already beginning to grow longer, are they not? In our little settlement down here we all vie with each other in the prettiness of our lamp and candle shades. We live so much in the sight of the public, even at the dinner-hour, that the competition in this matter is quite interesting, and after we ourselves have dined we stroll out and look in at our neighbours' windows to see whether they have outdone our own efforts. We manage to secure a constant variety by using the pretty crêpe paper, which is also useful for splash-screens in bedrooms and for filling in fireplaces. We have it in a lovely shade of green, which made our rooms look deliciously cool in the hot weather. Our most successful dinner-table was done with rose-petal pink shades and all white flowers in pink vases. We brought down a pair of gilt candelabra, and Charlie has invented a new way of making frames for the shades with wire, which is done in a few moments.

What a difference it makes in the enjoyment of one's dinner when the table is pretty! I feel perfectly certain, too, that it is a tremendous aid to digestion. Perhaps there would never be indigestion any more if people made it a rule to be always cheerful at meals, and to avoid disagreeable subjects while eating. It is a good, wholesome family rule, and one that should be enforced by example as well as precept. But I suppose the Millennium will have to come before the habit becomes general.

Have you noticed what a custom some people make of reciting all the horrors out of the papers for one's benefit? They call this conversation, I believe. I resent it strongly. Why should we dwell on the tragic side of life when doing so can do no possible good? It is not as if we were shirking the disagreeable side of things. We are sure to have our due share, and there is no earthly use in adding to it. Do you not agree with me?

Have you seen or heard of the new Bias Velutina? It is a very good kind of velveteen, cut on the cross in widths varying from a little over an inch to three inches, and suitable for dress trimmings as well as bindings for skirts, in lengths of eighteen yards wound on reels in a continuous strip. The colours are beautiful, including all the fashionable tints, such as sea-blue, écru, mulberry-leaf green, rosine (a glorious pink), aubergine, Maryland (a splendid forest brown), serpent green, and heliotrope. The Velutina is also sold in dress lengths, and the pale tones would be lovely for dinner dresses, especially a pale mauve, a soft pink, and a bright turquoise blue.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin :—

DEAREST MADGE,—Though it might be difficult, if not impossible, for the average mind to decide which of our two great weeks is the greater—Punchestown or the Horse Show week—there is no doubt that on both these occasions we hold very high carnival in honour of the horse. Never was the great annual Show at Ball's Bridge better attended than last week; not a room was unoccupied in any of the hotels in Dublin and the immediate neighbourhood, besides which, hospitality in the way of having visitors was largely exercised by every class in Dublin and the adjoining counties. For four days the Show was open, and crowded on every one of them—a record, surely, which proves us to be second to none in our love of horses, not even to the Arabs or Red Indians. The crowds set one moralising on the great cause which had gathered them together—all sorts and conditions of men from all parts of the kingdom. What a ghastly blank life would be for a large section of society supposing for an instant that there was no such animal as the "horse." What would our gilded youth do? Would life without the horse be worth living?

I wonder who was the first man who mounted the first horse. As he sprang on its back, how little he can have suspected the intense importance of the simple action, its momentous consequences, the powerful influence it would ever afterwards exercise on the world. How did the idea of riding occur to him, and why? Was the horse his first selection as a mount, or did he to begin with have a tentative round of other animals? This is all very ancient history, however; you, no doubt, would rather hear of the way in which we honoured the horse in his present position than trouble to inquire how he got into it.

At the beginning of the week there was a break in the beautiful weather, just to prove to us that the teachings of philosophy on the uncertainty of things in general are correct. Wednesday, like life itself, was mixed good and evil, with, perhaps, a preponderance of the latter—intervals of sunshine, with heavy showers. Such a scene of waterproofs and umbrellas as the enclosure presented at times! Worst of all was the mud. What havoc it wrought with costumes and dainty shoes! One cannot look smart, no matter in what preservation the headdress and bodice remain, if one's skirt has a deep band of mud round it. And then how it changes one's whole aspect to be conscious of defects in one's toilet. In fact, no woman looks perfectly well dressed unless she have at the same time the consciousness of being so. Thursday, however, brought us back to that satisfaction with ourselves which usually entails satisfaction with all things else as well. The sun shone out, the mud had vanished as if by magic, and toilets of every sort and degree of magnificence revealed themselves unveiled by wraps. It is peculiar to this particular festivity to wear toilets of many types and varieties. Costumes of silk, muslin, crépon, alternate with those of drill, holland, and homely tweed. There is the horsey woman, generally tailor made, and the yachting woman, what one might call sailor made, in serge suit, tan boots, and even the simplicity of the untrimmed sailor's hat. With all costumes bonnets were conspicuously absent, and in innumerable cases the size of the hats was more remarkable than their becomingness. How picturesque, however, big hats can be, especially when black and feathered; but the faces beneath them must at least have the beauty of youth.

Lord Houghton did not have a party for the week to stay with him, except a family one, consisting of Sir G. and Lady Fitzgerald and Mrs. Henniker. There is a great run in this age upon new experiences; but, to judge by appearances, it is not such an agreeable as novel experience for a Viceroy to undergo boycotting. One cannot but think that Lord Houghton has not risen superior to the occasion, and, of course, he deliberately weakened his own position by surrounding himself with the household officials of Lord Zetland's régime. With nobody to back one up, it is not easy to make a determined stand against the enemy. Oh, these politics! What business have they to intrude into society, where all ought to meet on the common platform of enjoying themselves in liberty, equality, and fraternity?

The occupants of the Grand Stand who excited most interest were Lord Roberts and his daughter, who are spending the week in Merrion-square with Sir Richard and Lady Sankey. On Wednesday Miss Roberts wore a very pretty costume of pale pink trimmed with handsome embroidery and black velvet, with a large black hat. On Thursday she was in pale green and white—a sweet combination in hot weather. Lord Roberts is a soldierly-looking man, suggesting practical experience in the tented field. No other Richmond was in the field, as Lord Wolseley was not in Dublin for the week, and the Royal Hospital indulged in no hospitality, as it did last year, Lady and Miss Wolseley being also away. Irish society was as fully represented as usual; the families of hereditary legislators, numbering amongst them the Portarlingtons, Bandons, Downshires, Fingalls, Howards, Rathdonnells, Glentworths, &c., Lords Powerscourt, Enniskillen, Clonmel, Howth, Ashtown, Longford, Fermoy, Dunsany were there. We had Serenity, if not absolute Royalty, in the person of Prince Francis of Teck, now one of the Dublin garrison. Of course, there was Lord Morris, faithful as ever to the festivals of his native land, and Sir James Mathew and his pretty daughters, who are spending the summer amongst the picturesque Wicklow Hills.

One hears that not quite so many thousands were present as last year. Where any more would have fitted in it is not easy to imagine, as every place on every stand was taken and the enclosure would have been very uncomfortable if more crowded. For the horses and their quantity and quality I must refer you to some one other than I if you want information on the subject. Don't you know the difficulty of remembering on such occasions that they have anything to do with horses? In a mind not properly attuned to "horse," human interests have such a dreadful way of asserting themselves and getting a hold on one's thoughts, even to the exclusion of the "noble animal."—Yours ever,

CLARE.

I give you this week three different modes of preparing grouse for table. First mode :—

Pluck, singe, and draw a brace of young grouse. Truss, and put them into a covered stewpan, with a sliced onion and carrot, six pepper-corns, two cloves, a bouquet of herbs, and an ounce of lean ham, or bacon, cut in dice, and two or three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and fry the birds briskly until they are brown on both sides. Then mix in a dessertspoonful of "Potato Fecule," two good tablespoonfuls of reduced tomato purée and half a pint of good bone stock, stir it till it boils, then rub it through a hair sieve. Return it to the stewpan with the birds, and simmer very slowly until they are done. Before serving, remove the skewers, and divide the birds in halves; arrange them on a bed of dressed spinach, and pour the sauce round them.

This is the second mode :—

Remove the bones from the bodies of a couple of young grouse, leaving the legs whole. Fill them with forcemeat, truss them

into shape, and place them in a stewpan with the bones of the birds, a little rough vegetable, herbs, and spices, cover with a buttered paper, moisten with about a pint of bone stock, and braize them for about an hour in a moderate oven. Then remove the skewers and string, cut each bird in halves, glaze them, and serve with brown sauce, which is made from the stock they were braized in, adding a small piece of glaze, half a glass of port wine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. The forcemeat is made by pounding 4 oz. of scraped veal, with 6 oz. of slightly-fried fowls' livers, until it is a pulp, then adding 4 oz. of scraped fat bacon and 1 oz. of butter. Pound again until it is thoroughly mixed, add one egg, season plentifully with salt and pepper, and rub it through a wire sieve.

The third method is excellent for grouse that are too old for roasting. They make a superior dish of crêmes:—

Remove all the meat from the breasts and thighs of two old birds. Pound it thoroughly, add half its quantity of panada and 2 oz. of butter, pound again, then add one whole egg, a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt to taste; work it with the pestle until it is thoroughly amalgamated, then rub it through a wire sieve. Now work it with a wooden spoon in a basin, adding a gill of double cream at intervals. Decorate the bottoms of seven or eight buttered dariol moulds, with a little chopped truffle, fill them with the forcemeat, and put the remainder into a buttered plain-border mould. Steam them twenty minutes, without allowing them to boil, then turn the border on to a dish, arrange the crêmes in a circle on it, pour some good white sauce round and garnish the centre with any nice vegetable in season. The bones of the grouse make excellent soup, or they may be boiled to make stock for the sauce.

Have you ever tried this way of stewing sole? I have an idea that you would like it.

Skin, trim, and remove the head and tail of a fine Dover sole. Cut the fish into neat slices, and fry of a golden brown colour. Put the whole of the cutlets into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, one sliced shallot, one tuft of parsley, one mushroom, a glass of white wine, pepper and salt, and the picked leaves of a sprig of sweet marjoram. Let all stew gently till the gravy is of a good flavour. Strain off into a clean stew-pan, add to it a glass of champagne, and thicken with a small lump of butter well rolled in cornflour. Let this liquor come to the boil, then lay in the slices of fish for five minutes. Dish up hot, without breaking; squeeze over the whole the juice of a lemon, and garnish with parsley.

This is a new way of dressing cold fowl. It is excellent:—

Cut all the meat from any cold poultry you may have at hand and chop it small. With this mix the same weight of fine breadcrumbs, seasoned with white pepper, salt, the grated rind of a lemon, and a dash of nutmeg. Stir all well together, add a good pinch of isinglass (sufficient to make it set), with enough cream and white wine to moisten. Put the whole into a jug and set it in boiling water to heat. Half fill six small cups with this mixture, and leave it to cool. When cold, fill the cups with aspic made of equal quantities of rich veal stock and champagne, with enough gelatine to make a clear jelly, and tinted with two or three petals of saffron flower. When the moulds are full, place a row of pickled capers around the edge. Turn each mould out on to a cold devilled biscuit and arrange these on a dish with chervil, small cress, tufts of watercress, or parsley.

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Finest position on the whole sea front. Enlarged and superbly furnished. ully lit with Electric Light in every room. Passenger Lift. Dining, Drawing, eading, Writing, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms. Table d'Hote 7 p.m. Moderate ariff. No charge for attendance. C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

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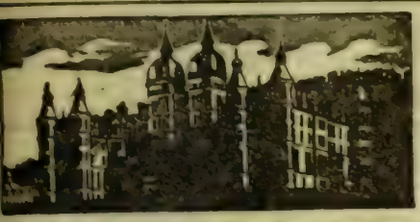

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CARPETS.

8 feet long	by 6 feet wide	... ...	28/-	each.
10 „	9 „	... ...	50/-	„
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3 feet long	by 1 ft. 6 in. wide	...	2/6	each.
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

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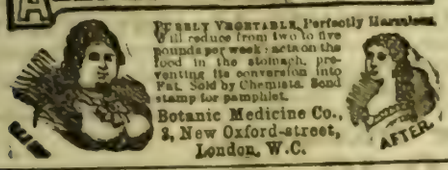

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THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH. WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.

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The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

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£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
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BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets containing 12, And Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

Write for the New Patterns.

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(DARLINGTON)

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—(FOR SEASIDE AND AUTUMN WEAR.)—

In Light Weighted Yarns for Ladies' Yachting Costumes, Seaside and Travelling Dresses. Gentlemen's Boating and Tourist Suits. Stouter Yarns for Boys' and Girls' Rough Wear.

The latest productions in TWEEDS, SERGES, and HOMESPUNS, DIAGONALS, BENGALINES, WHIPCORDS, HOP SACK CLOTHS and HABIT CLOTHS, SHOT EFFECTS in FANCY WORSTED SERGES and entirely New Weavings of the WORLD-RENOWNED DARLINGTON GOLD MEDAL MERINOS, CASHMERES, and CROSS-WARP SERGES.

Any Article not approved exchanged within seven days. Carriage Paid on all orders to any railway station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford.

DRESSMAKING.—Arrangements have been made with Madame Foret, a high-class Dressmaker in the West-end, to make up our materials for customers. While the Style, Fit, and Workmanship will be of the best, the Prices Charged will be very moderate. Self-measurement Forms, Patterns, &c., on application.

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To HER MAJESTY

The Queen

and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS The

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 757.—PARODY OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S STYLE.

OUTSIDER (real name and address will be published next week) £2 2 0

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 752.

I have not forgotten this competition, but the decision is one that obviously cannot be made in a hurry. Next week, however, I hope to be able to make an announcement on the subject.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 758.

The Prize in this competition has been awarded to M. T. P. The fact that M. T. P.'s answer was made in rhyme, I may add, has in no way influenced my judgment.

PRIZE ANSWER.

The Closure-King should seek the Isle of Man,
And show the House of Keys his lock-jaw plan.
To Darwen, golfer Balfour, turn thy mind,
For there, perchance, the missing links thou'lt find.
Eastward Sir William Harcourt straight should run
To worship, as of yore, the rising sun.
Our Joe, who's 'neath a ban, should surely go
To Margate Sands, where twangs the old banjo.
To some hot clime should Morley hurry off,
Don flannels, and his irksome Sister doff.
Marseilles would be Lord Randolph's best resort—
The Gulf of Lyons should furnish splendid sport.
Tim Healy should repair to famed Gravesend,
For there of Sexton he might make a friend. M. T. P.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 762.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week to the competitor who FURNISHES THE QUOTATION FROM SHAKESPEARE, OF NOT MORE THAN FOUR LINES IN LENGTH, WHICH APPARENTLY DEMONSTRATES MOST CLEARLY THAT THE BARD MUST HAVE HAD AN ANTICIPATORY KNOWLEDGE OF THE BICYCLE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of AWFUL WARRIOR, winner of Prize No. 756, are G. M. H. PLAYFAIR, Esq., 20, Russell-road, W. Mr. Playfair has most kindly requested me to hand over the amount of his prize, two guineas, to the TRUTH Toy Fund.

It is a curious coincidence, of which I was not aware until it was pointed out to me by Mr. Playfair, that six years ago he was a winner of a similar prize in TRUTH. Then, as now, certain verses had to be written on the model of Praed's "Good Night to the Season," the given subject being "The Jubilee."

MARITZBURG.—Very many thanks for your excellent recipe for a cooling drink.

G. H. DAVIS.—You will see that I have turned your suggestion to account. Let me thank you very much for sending it.

B. M. E. H. M.—Thanks for your letter. Your contention is fair enough, but I hardly think it applies to the case in point.

ADA.—There was no limit to the *number* of quotations which could be sent in, provided no one of them exceeded four lines in length. It was an omission of mine not to have added, in the first instance, the names of Gani and Newnham to yours as having sent the same quotation.

J. C. ADAM.—Many thanks for your cricket anecdote.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

COUPLETS AND QUATRAINS CONTAINING A RHYME TO THE WORD "WASP" AS COMMONLY PRONOUNCED.

RECIPTS FOR NATURALIST'S BOTTLE.
Take of Cyanide Potassium,
And of Calcium Metaphosp;
Well mixed secundum artem
To kill butterfly or wasp.
Jonserrette.

Why W A S P spells wasp
The reason it not easy to show:
Perhaps the old root of vespa was "vosp,*
So we turn the "a" sound to "o."
Pyx.

* Judging from analogy, the old Roman "voster," "vostrum," &c., changed into the more recent "vester," "vestrum," &c.

If W A with an S and a P
When rightly pronounced we call "wosp,
'Tis evident then, that to make it agree,
G R A S should be "grosp."
Strip Jack.

Our arbitrary English tongue
Decrees that W A S P is wosp;
But the worm that Cleopatra stung
Is sounded asp, not "osp."
Mordecai.

'Twas not a gospel word he spoke
When punctured by a wosp,
I grieve me much indeed to say
'Twas el without the gosp.
Coqnesigrue.

Pray should we say prosperity, or empasise the "prosp"?
Alas! the thing is getting scarce as any rhyme to wasp.
Tom Nissed.

Had Mr. Pickwick's precious nose
Been stung severely by a wasp,
Sam Weller would, we may suppose,
Have named the noxious insect "vosp."
Eboracum.

When told that b o u g h spelt "bow,"
The Frenchman coughed and said, "Excuse my cow,"
And hearing that my theme was sounded "wosp,"
He gasped and cried, "Ze Ongleesh makes me gosp."
Eboracum.

'Twas God who made a stinging wasp,
Although we know not why;
Yet if we see him in a knosp*
To kill him we shall try.
Cobbett.

* A bud (see Webster).

"I am stung," said Philip, running like a madman,
"by a wasp."
"Gracious goodness!" I responded. "Let me take you to the hosp——"
But before I'd time to finish what I had meant to say,
He had vanished from my sight, and skedaddled clean away.
Stalwart.

Not till syllable-changing shall prosper,
And "prosper" be written "erprosp,"
Will the fierce wasp-destroyer (or wasper)
Write poems in praise of the wasp.
Radstone

Sandy makes wasp in sound to rhyme with asp,
The rasp in raspberry Pat pronounces "rosp";
Their meaning if at first you fail to grasp,
Try with the berry, but not with the wasp.
Marplot.

In June we often see the wasp
Light on the undeveloped knosp
Of tree or flower, destroy the fruit,
And spoil us of our plums—the brute.
Eoforwic.

Lovely is this insect, with its silky sheen and golden gloss. 'P!
See, a breath disturbs it; through the window floats the busy wasp.
Malda.

Rallentando, sospirando (often written *rall.* and *sosp.*),
Like the dying breezes sighing sings aloft the golden wasp.
Malda.

There was an old man who got thirsty and hot,
In pursuing a troublesome wasp;
Then he drank of "Kops" ale such a wonderful lot,
Till at length he pronounced the word "Kosp."
Plumeplerre.

The creature which I call a wasp,
It's very indiscreet to grasp.
Authorities pronounce it "wosp,"
But equally they shun its closp.
Jubal.

A BOY'S TRAGEDY.
He said he did not fear a wasp
At all.
They met; and now he lies in hosp-
ital.
Jubal.

A Birmingham man he may win your respect,
And his sting be as sharp as the sting of a wasp,
But he can't pronounce "a" in a fashion correct,
For a stamp he calls "stomp" and a clasp he calls "closp."
Ken.

The Cockney, frolicsome and gay,
If he but chance to see a wasp,
As through the fields he takes his way,
Cries, "Crikey! Look at that 'ere vasp."
Almayiva.

Tease wasp
It'll sting,
Quick hosp
ital bring.
Stanchion.

In Norway, 'tis true, the insect is blue,
And is called by natives "a rosp,"
But, as a real pest, it comes off second best
With the yellow-bag, or English wasp.
Suo Marte.

If "bedder," "rugger," be the fads
So dear to Oxford undergrads,
Sure I, to find a rhyme to wasp,
May shorten prosper into prosp.
T. Leaves.

Metathesis has changed a name,
And altered wopse to wasp;
Metathesis may do the same,
And alter copse to cosp.
T. Leaves.

"I wish you every happiness, my dear;
Long may you live," he said, "long may you prosp"—
Then stopped, and as he jerked and dodged 'twas clear,
His speech was interrupted by a wasp.
T. Leaves.

Since an unaccented vowel disappears, to rhyme with wasp
Maybe "gossip" in the future will be shortened into "gosp."
T. Leaves.

TRUTH challenges people to find him a line
To a difficult word, and that's "wasp";
Well—take a cos lettuce and then add a pea,
Cock together, and you will have "cosp."
Kia Ora

In amber and black she looks fine,
With diamond necklace and knosp;
If she stings you at times, I opine
'Tis the pain of a waist like a wasp.
Point d'Espoir

My peaches are blooming and fine,
They hang on the wall like a knosp
Of old carvers' art—why repine
If they each have been pierced by a wasp?
Point d'Espoir.

RIP VAN WINKLE.
He raised the wine-cup, rosy red,
Though in it lurked a drowning wasp;
"Here is your vare good health," he said,
"And may you all live long and prosp——"
[The last syllable disappears in the liquor.]
Œdipus Jun

No rhyme, you say, exists for "wasp,"
And yet you ask for one or two.
Confound it all, or rather, "Cosp
ette" will do.

Italian? But an English wasp
Must have an English rhyme. If so,
Poor insect, none exists; that's Gosp
el truth, I know.
Bara.

The Masses would be asses called, pronouncing gossip as go'sp;
And yet the Classes them surpasses, pronouncing wasp as wosp.
Sol.

I knew a young lady, a native of Glossip,*
Whose waist is so small that she's known as "The Wasp.
Dorothea.

* Glossop.

The preacher began, "Friends, my text from the Gosp——"
He suddenly stopped. He was stung by a wasp.
Dorothea.

"The ninety-ninth chapter of the Gosp——"
[illegible] to St. Mark, he would have said;
But stopped, because a sacrilegious wasp
Sat down on his venerable head.
Tureen.

My name is Anthony Crospe.
My friends should give me money,
I've caught the very last wasp,
And saved their jam and honey.
Dallington.

If bound for rest and change, choose not an inausp icious shore like Dungeness in Kent;
For there you'll meet a winged foe, the wasp,
Ten thousand strong, each one on mischief bent.
Esperanza.

You're asking for a word to rhyme with wasp; well,
Here's the nearest I can find, and this is "gosp el."
Veritas.

AFTER BURNS.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
An' grip my pen with willing clesp,
My fancy working up sublime—
Ye powers! I've claughted on a wasp.
Dora.

AT K— KIRK, AUGUST 13, 1893.

The text you'll find, my brethren, in the Gosp—
(Further proceedings closured by a wasp.)
Oslek.

Jemmy Johnson was stung by a venomous wasp.
"Oh, take me" (the words were his last) "to the Hosp-
Oslek.

On Sunday last, good parson Burd
Had reached, "Thus endeth the Gosp——"
He didn't say the rest of the word.
On his nose there pitched a wasp.
Jo.

As I walked in the garden wid Jerry
I plucked a most illigant rausp;*
But as I was atin' the berry
I was shtung by a murderin' wasp.
Chaucer Junior.

* Raspberries are called "rausps" in Ulster. See "Glossary of Antrim and Down," published by the English Dialect Society, page 82. (This word is pronounced so as to rhyme exactly with wasp.)

Down south fruit-growers have not much prospect of good crops. There's too much wasp.
M. A. R.

This was my dream: To tame a wasp. Reality
A sting in quittance of my hosp-itality.
Awful Warrior

Six hundred corpses of the dreaded wasp
Lie on my window-sill, and this is Gosp-
el truth; and you who doubt may come and see
The means employed to slay this confrérie.
Vespa.

He drained the mug—then gasped in fright,
"I'm choked, as sure as gosp——"
For even holy words stick tight,
Obstructed by a wasp.
Shepton.

This tale would not come from the ward of a hospital, had I warded the tail of a wasp.
Winifred R.

Answers have also been received from Yellow Jacket, Girouette, Kirkmouse, Scotus, Viator, Nim-Nim, Snux, Infelix, Moonlighter, M. T. P., X. Q. Q., Sans Avoir, Shamrock, and numerous other competitors, of whose names I will give a list next week.—The P. E.

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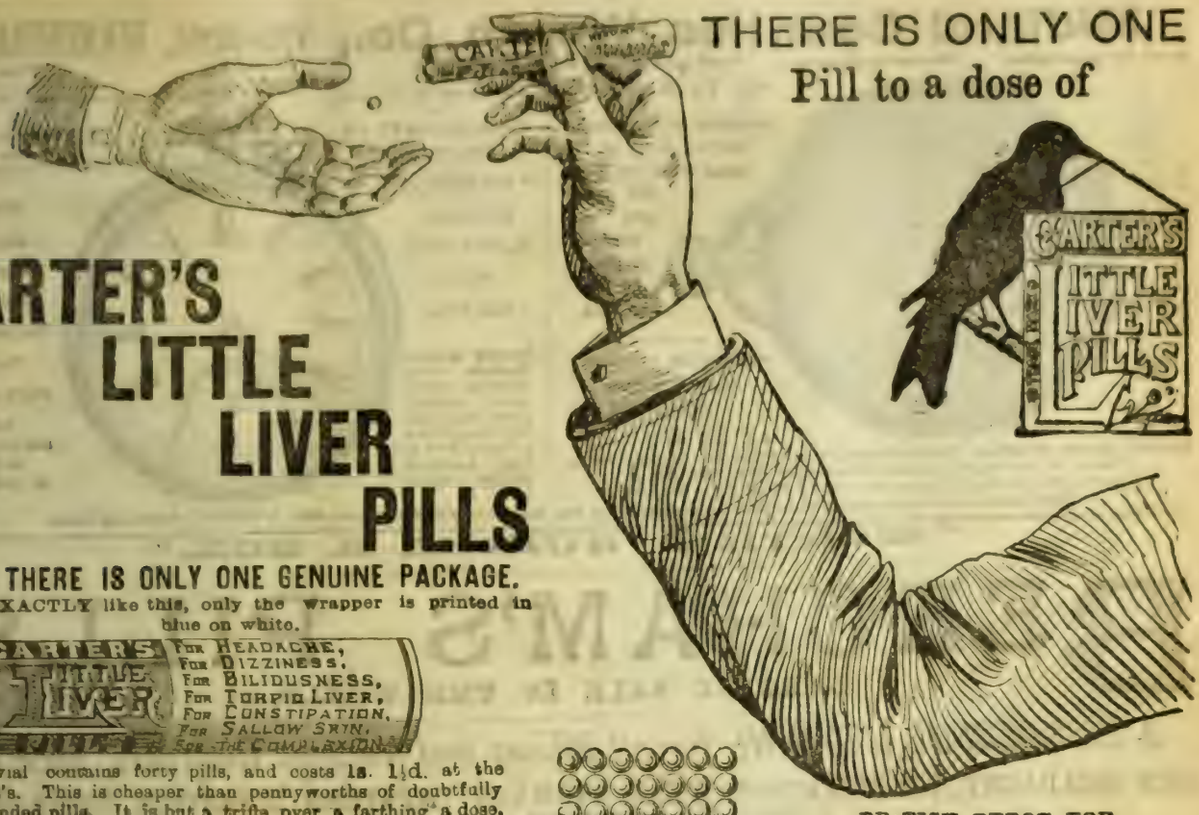

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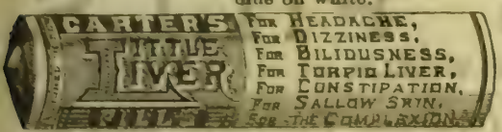

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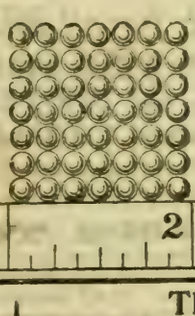

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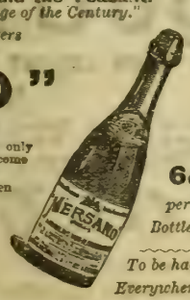

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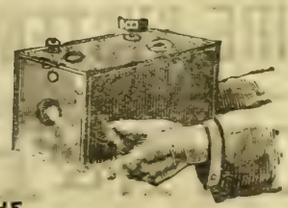

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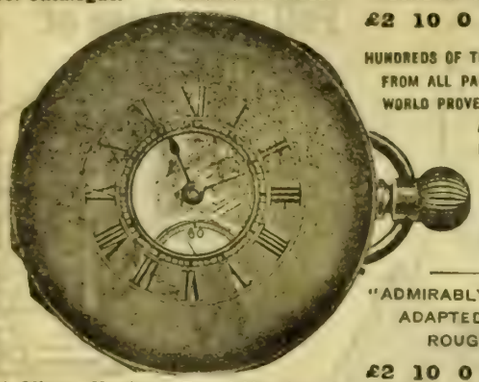

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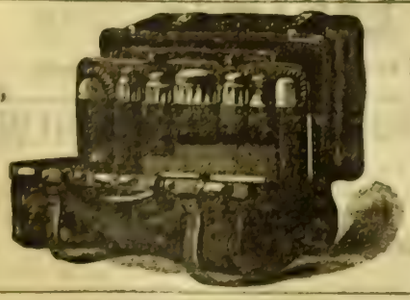

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NOTICES.

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince of Wales leaves Homburg at the end of this week, and he is expected to pay a brief visit to Denmark before returning to England. The Duke of Fife is reserving all the best covers in Mar Forest for the Prince of Wales, during whose visit to Braemar there will be a series of deer-drives.

On Saturday several of the evening papers announced that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge have accepted an invitation from Sir Henry James to visit him at the end of this month at Shoreham, Kent, for partridge-shooting. This is a perfect fabrication. There is practically no partridge-shooting at Shoreham Place, Mr. Mildmay's delightful seat near Sevenoaks, of which Sir Henry James is the tenant. The Prince of Wales is to be a guest there in December for a couple of days for pheasant-shooting, which is the great sporting feature of the place.

The Duke and Duchess of York left Sandringham on Thursday evening, after a fortnight's residence at the Bachelor's Cottage, and proceeded to Balmoral on a visit to the Queen. The Duke and Duchess are going from Balmoral to Braemar, where they will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge for about a fortnight, after which they are to return to Sandringham, as their proposed visit to Denmark has been abandoned.

The Duchess of Teck, who is now in the Engadine with her youngest son, Prince Alexander, is to pay a visit to the Empress Frederick at Cronberg when on her way home to England; and during next month H.R.H. and the Duke (who is now at Gmunden) will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of York at Sandringham for some time.

A contemporary states that the Queen paid her second visit to Stowe last year, which is incorrect, for her Majesty has not been at Stowe since 1845. It is also untrue that the father of the late Duke of Buckingham embarrassed himself by the entertainments which he gave at Stowe in honour of Louis Philippe, who, as a matter of fact, was never at Stowe in his life. The great grandfather of the late Duke wasted a great deal of money about eighty years ago in entertaining the French Princes, who were afterwards respectively known as Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will come to England about the middle of November in order to wind up his affairs in this country, when he is to deliver up to the Queen his uncle's insignia of the Garter, of which order the late Duke was a "Knight Companion" for nearly forty-nine years, and his George is a very fine one, and exceptionally valuable.

Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will have to vacate Clarence House "within a reasonable period," and that abode is to be granted by the Queen to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. It was enacted by the Queen in 1838 that if any member of the Royal family became a Reigning Sovereign, when in the occupation of a house or apartments belonging to the Crown, then such member must surrender the said house or apartments "within a reasonable period" after his or her succession. This was done by the advice of Lord Melbourne, in order to prevent the possibility of a repetition of the trouble which was then occasioned by King Ernest of Hanover. He had been granted the apartments in St. James's Palace, which are now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York, by George III., but when he became King of Hanover in 1837 it was, of course, expected that he would vacate his apartments, and the Queen had intended to give them to the Duchess of Kent. King Ernest, however, positively refused to surrender the apartments, maintaining that his father had granted them to him for his life, and, after a deal of wrangling, he succeeded in retaining them until his death in 1851. Hence the arrangement I have mentioned.

The old practice of granting Royal residences with benefit of survivorship has been for many years discontinued, until the Queen recently revived it. For many and grave reasons such grants are highly objectionable. During the reign of William IV. a Court official was granted apartments in St. James's Palace, with benefit of survivorship, the result being that the quarters were occupied by himself, and then by his widow, for nearly sixty years, and an excellent house was alienated from the Court during that preposterous period.

Prince Alfred of Edinburgh is in very delicate health, and he has suffered for years from a dangerous internal malady, and has to observe a strict regimen. Prince Alfred will in future be known as the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The next heir to the throne is the Duke of Connaught, who also has but one son, and then comes the Duke of Albany. If the English line failed the succession would pass to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who is the son-in-law of the King of the Belgians, and the possessor of the great Kohary estate in Hungary.

A rumour has reached the Court that the Cesarewitch is likely to marry the Princess Sybil of Hesse, who is a daughter of the late Landgrave Frederick William, a grand-niece of the Queen of Denmark, and a first cousin of the Duchess of Connaught. Princess Sybil, who was born in June, 1877, is now staying at Fredersborg with her mother, the Landgravene of Hesse, who is a sister of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. Princess Sybil is a sister of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, who was married last winter to the youngest daughter of the Empress Frederick.

The King of the Hellenes, who has arrived at Copenhagen from Aix-les-Bains, will stay for several weeks in Denmark, after which he is coming to England, and he will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham early in November for a few days, and is afterwards to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle before he returns to Athens, where the Duke of Sparta is acting as Regent during his Majesty's absence from Greece.

A correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, being much exercised in his mind as to the health of President Carnot, who—as he says—is every week reported to be about to submit to some internal operation of a very dangerous description, he took himself to Fontainebleau in order to learn the truth. The old lady who sells visitors bread to feed the carp in the pond assured him that the President is out every day, and appears to be in perfect health. The invalid who shows people over the Palace confirmed this, and said that President Carnot, who resides in the portion of the Palace where the retinues of Kings and Emperors used to be lodged, often comes privately and alone into the main building, and has one after another room opened for him as he wanders about. This invalid told the correspondent that once, when he was showing a party over the palace, he observed a lady dressed in black, who was always lagging behind the others as they were taken from room to room. In vain he urged her to keep pace; she seemed unable to tear herself from some of the apartments. At length he recognised her, and allowed her to muse in peace amongst the scenes of her vanished splendours.

Old—and in many cases inane—customs die hard, as witness the mummery at a "Royal Proclamation" in Edinburgh. Heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, in gorgeous raiment, and costing the country some hundreds per annum, with a military escort and the garrison band, marched last Saturday from the Sheriff Court buildings to the Market Cross, there to declare that "after a day to be fixed by the respective Governors, sovereigns and half-sovereigns coined prior to the reign of Queen Victoria shall not be current or legal tender in the colonies of Fiji, the Cape of Good Hope, and Natal." What earthly connection Scotland has with sovereigns in Fiji, &c., does not appear; but, of course, the heralds must do something for their salaries, and occasionally air their apparel to rid it of the moths.

For the Truth Hotel List, see page 508-509 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 509.

A paragraph has gone round the papers which states that the Queen has "lent" the Thatched House Lodge in Richmond Park to General Lynedoch Gardiner, who is one of her Majesty's equerries. This is untrue, for I am informed that the residence, with its grounds, has been granted by warrant to General and Mrs. Gardiner, with benefit of survivorship. If the place had been merely "lent" to General Gardiner he would scarcely have gone to the expense of altering, enlarging, and redecorating the house, and of making expensive improvements in the stables and grounds. General Gardiner has paid for everything that has been done since the death of Lady Bowater, although the Office of Works employés have carried out the improvements.

Dublin, after the excitement of the Horse Show, returned last week to its normal state, a very deserted one at this season, especially this year, when September has begun as if it were still the middle of June. The tourists and "trippers" have the streets all to themselves in the once car-drivingest capital in Europe. Lord Houghton left the Viceregal Lodge last week for England, and will be in London for the debate on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords.

Sir George Wombwell will shortly entertain a small shooting party at Newburgh Park, his family seat in the North Riding of Yorkshire, including the Duke of Cambridge, who is also to be the guest of Lord Downe, at Danby Lodge, near Whitby.

Lord and Lady Fingall have been paying a farewell visit to Killeen Castle, the family residence in Meath. It is now passing out of Lord Fingall's possession, having been bought in the Landed Estates Court, with its demesne. Meath, remarkable in the old days for its Royal Palace of Tara, is in these times known chiefly to fame as a happy hunting-ground. The voices of hounds and huntsmen make the echoes around Tara, where the sound of the harp is no longer heard.

Much regret has been excited in the Hamilton district of Lanarkshire by the death of Mr. Forrest, of Udston, who was one of the best-known and most popular country gentlemen in the county. Mr. Forrest had for many years taken an active and a very useful part in all local business, and he was for six successive years Provost of Hamilton, and filled many important public offices. He was an enthusiastic Volunteer and Freemason, and a very sagacious farmer. He owned three estates in Lanarkshire, two of which had belonged to his family for centuries.

Nemesis.

Lines written after reading the account of the "Lift" incident at the Stores.

Men's manners now have reached a stage,
No more to be commended,
Which clearly shows us that the age
Of chivalry is ended;
Even politeness, once displayed
With purpose so persistent,
Must be considered, we're afraid,
As wellnigh non-existent.

When woman would a-shopping go,
So altered now the case is,
She must not think man will bestow
On her the choice of places.
The deference to her once shown
One hardly now discusses;
But she must fight to hold her own
In lifts, and trams, and 'buses.

Still worse, the men who, dead to shame,
Join in this ugly tussling,
If censured, with excuses claim
To justify their hustling.
Women, say they, cannot complain
If manners have grown rougher,
Since their own acts have, in the main,
Induced the ills they suffer.

If they had played a wiser part,
Instead of counsel scorning;
If they had taken more to heart
Man's oft-repeated warning:
They would have seen that their design
To better their condition,
Could only serve to undermine
Their former strong position.

Alas, though, they instead began
Perfervid platform-speaking;
For years against their tyrant, man,
For vengeance they kept shrieking;
Love, marriage, domesticity,
They vowed were mere frivolity;
Their sex was frenzied to be free,
And rampant for equality.

Affection? What for that cared they,
Whilst it involved a bridle?
Man's worship? That they mocked alway
They loathed to be man's idol!
They vowed of social slavery
They'd never be promoters;
Wives, mothers, they would never be,
Unless they first were voters.

Man tried in vain in this absurd
But stubborn course to shake them;
What wonder, then, if at their word
He's now inclined to take them?
What wonder if they do not find
His conduct *quite* so knightly;
Or if at times he seems inclined
To treat them impolitely?

Of course it's wrong of man to be
In such a way affected;
But, after all, we must agree
It's what must be expected
The lack of deference displayed,
The rudeness which so vexes,
Come of the efforts that are made
To equalise the sexes.

Let women, then, if they'd be wise,
Cease this insane dissension,
Nor try absurdly to revise
Dame Nature's fixed intention.
Let them all bad advice reject,
Let higher aims direct them;
Let them, in short, themselves respect
And men, too, will respect them!

The Duke of Hamilton has hitherto refused to lease or sell any land in the island of Arran for building purposes, but now he has decided to "feu" on an extensive scale; and during his recent stay at Brodick Castle the plans which had been drawn up were approved by him. It is understood that the terms and the localities of the proposed building operations will shortly be announced.

Principal Cunningham, of St. Andrews, who died on Friday, was one of the most eminent ecclesiastics in Scotland. He was minister of Crieff for forty years, and in 1886 Mr. Gladstone appointed him to be Principal of St. Mary's College, in succession to Principal Tulloch. He was a distinguished pupil of Sir William Hamilton, and of "Christopher North," and for a short time he studied under Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Cunningham was for nearly fifty years a very prominent member of the General Assemby, and he was an admirable debater. He was decidedly Broad in his Church views, and strongly progressive, being in favour of the opening of museums on Sundays, and other reforms. The "innovations" in the choral services, which for years excited so much and such bitter controversy, were early introduced at Crieff, and Dr. Cunningham took a leading part in the anti-patronage movement. He was an ardent Liberal in his politics, and took a very active part in several elections, notably in the great Perthshire contest of 1868, when he advocated the cause of Mr. Parker (who won the seat from the Tories) both with his voice and with his pen. His brilliant and interesting "Church History of Scotland," which obtained a wide popularity, has become a standard book.

It is stated that last week there was a sale of furniture at Gweynynog Hall, Denbighshire, at which £53 was paid for "Dr. Johnson's chair," which article excited keen competition. It is added that Dr. Johnson "spent much of his holidays at the hall." This is a strange farrago of nonsense, for Johnson was only in Wales once in his life, during the summer of 1774, when he made a tour with the Thrales. He may have visited "the hall" during that expedition, but his stay there must have been very brief. It is a pity that people do not take the least trouble to verify the wild stories which are now so constantly being circulated about departed celebrities.

A record was established at the sale of the late Mr. Graham's celebrated Yardley flock of Shropshire sheep, which was attended by breeders from all parts of the world. The enormous price of 250 gs. was paid by Mr. Judge for the well-known prize ram, Doncaster Royal, and 175 gs. for one of his sons. Shearling rams were run up to 110 gs., and 36 gs. was paid for a ram-lamb, while a pair of ewes realised 14 gs. per head, and 6 gs. per head was the

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price paid for a pair of ewe lambs. The flock altogether realised about £3,400.

There has been for some time in Dresden a sort of English show. The other day the contents were sold by auction. A Panorama of Tel-el-Kebir, 100 yds. long, that had cost £1,600, sold for £1; a life-size statue of Shakespere, in "Gips," for 2s. 6d.; one of Milton for 5s. 6d.; a bust of Chatham, for 6s.; a Cromwell for 8s.; a Darwin for 3s.; Lord Cairns, for 7s.; Professor Wilson for 1s.; and Newton for 4s. Cromwell seems to have brought in the highest amount; next to him Lord Cairns, although I should have thought that his name would have been unknown in Germany.

The Feast of St. Partridge has been appropriately celebrated by the publication of a new engraving after Mr. A. Thorburn's drawing called "Breaking up the Covey." This new print forms a capital companion-picture for one after the same artist's work depicting grouse driving, which Messrs. Leggatt Brothers, of 62, Cheapside, issued a short time ago. Sportsmen, I feel sure, will appreciate both these reproductions, for Mr. Thorburn has made a name by his very accurate drawings of what I may call sporting birds.

Another fine art publication which must be considered well-timed is the photogravure which Messrs. Henry Graves & Co. are producing of Mr. T. J. Gullick's oil painting of Christopher Columbus, entitled, "Land! Land! Land!" The original picture is to be sent forthwith to America for exhibition in the United States; but in the meantime I have had a look at it. That the artist has taken great pains in painting it is evident, and it is not perhaps his fault that the Columbus is somewhat disappointing. But with his long silvery locks, and pale thin face, the great navigator looks more like a meditative saint than a sailor of action. I am inclined to think, indeed, that Mr. Gullick would have painted a more convincing picture had he been a little less bound by the authorities he has so scrupulously consulted.

The second series of the "Diplomatic Reminiscences" of Lord Augustus Loftus will be published next month by Messrs. Cassell, and the book ought to be very entertaining, as it deals with his experiences at Munich, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

The article by Mr. Albert Vandam in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* would seem to have been reposing for about two years in the archives of that periodical. It is difficult to explain on any other hypothesis how such an exceptionally able and well-informed writer should be ignorant, as in this article he appears to be, of the second marriage of M. Rouvier, which occurred in 1891 when that gentleman was Minister of Finance. If the error is to be explained in this way, the incident shows once more how unfair it is for an editor to keep a contribution by him for a long period, and eventually use it without giving the writer an opportunity of bringing it up to date.

No one do I admire more as a journalist than Mr. Stead. He writes clearly and forcibly, and manages to give a point to common-place. When he takes up a subject, he presents it in all its phases, and renders it interesting. I doubt, however, whether he will make much of what he calls "Borderland," a subject that he proposes to treat quarterly in a review. The subject is as old as the hills. Either to A certain experiences have occurred, or B has told him that they have occurred to B. The experiences are usually such as might be the result of delirium. But A ascribes them to some supernatural source, and on this he founds a theory that dead persons can and do communicate with living ones. The experiences in the case of Mr. Stead assume the form of his taking a pencil in his hand, approaching the hand to a piece of paper, when writing is traced upon the paper by the pencil, aided by the hand. Mr. Stead is convinced that a departed lady, of the name of Julia, communicates in this way her observations to him. This he considers proved, because he is not conscious that he is under the influence of his own mind, and because "Julia" sends messages to Miss E., which greatly surprise her, as they deal with facts only known to herself and Julia. Moreover, Julia has shown that she could predict future events, as she revealed that Mr. J. Morley would be elected for Newcastle by a majority of 140, and he was elected by a majority of above 1,700.

There is exceedingly little in these experiences different from those of many others which have been paraded for the last twenty years. The revelations used to be traced by a toy called Planchette; of late years Planchette has been replaced by the hand of the operator. Not one single vestige of proof does Mr. Stead produce that the writing is from a supernatural source. Beyond a small circle of somewhat credulous persons, this explanation has never proved acceptable. And, so far as I can see, we are now called upon to accept the supernatural origin, because Mr. Stead himself believes this and is supported in his belief by Miss E.

"Julia" gives an account of what occurred to her immediately after her death, and this, too, has to be accepted as fact by the faithful. One would suppose that a spirit from beyond the world would throw considerable light upon the conditions of existence there. Julia does nothing of the sort. Emerging from a body she got into another body, found all her deceased friends awaiting her, was put under the guardianship of an angel, arrayed in white and with wings on its back, and since then she seems to have been consumed with an overpowering desire to communicate with Mr. Stead, who she apparently prefers to the angel, or to the society of departed spirits in which she moves.

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

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Now, with all respect to Mr. Stead, we really want very much more evidence before we accept all this as gospel truth. If Julia really can foresee the future and communicate it to him, he must perceive, as a skilled journalist, what an advantage this gives him. Let him in his next number inform us of ten distinct events that will occur during the coming six months. There must be nothing vaguely oracular in the prophesies. We must have dates and names. If all these prophesies are fulfilled, then it will be worth while to inquire further into the *modus operandi*. As it is, I no more believe in Julia than I do in unicorns; indeed, very much less evidence would convince me of the existence of the latter than of the former. In the meanwhile, as that very practical man, Dr. Ray Lancaster, suggests, I would advise all inclined to credit these supernatural manifestations to frequent the performances of conjurers. They will find that the latter do things far more wonderful than the Julias of the other world, and that they do them under the eyes of a large number of spectators.

What will happen to us when we die, I do not know; nor does any one. Many revelations have been vouchsafed, but never yet has the truth of the revelation been absolutely proved. Mrs. Besant and her theosophic friends have given us a revelation which, I gather, they obtained from some person, more or less ethereal, and resident somewhere in Thibet. Mr. Stead pins his faith to Julia. Others pin their faiths to others. A sensible person, therefore, makes the best of things in this world, and leaves his future to Providence in another.

It is surprising how well one manages to get on without reading the interesting expressions of opinion upon men and things which each day are submitted to the public in the newspapers. Men are divided into those who accept the views of others, and those who take the liberty to think out their own views, just as some can only maintain themselves at the top of the water with corks, whilst others do not need them. An Englishman, when he is abroad, does well to confine his thirst for information upon current events to the telegrams in the newspapers of the country in which he finds himself, and to form his own conclusions respecting them. What are newspaper articles? Merely the opinions of certain Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons, who have professionally to give forth their utterances, but who are neither wiser nor better than any one else, although they clothe their utterances in oracular language, as though they had been specially sent on earth to decide authoritatively upon everything and everybody. I should like to see a daily newspaper started that gives the news and nothing but the news. I am perpetually hearing about the influence of the Press, and am asked to believe that it is increasing. I doubt this. I should say, indeed, that it has diminished. In some cases there may be a writer of such force and ability that he proves himself a guide, philosopher, and friend. But this is rare—very rare. The generality of newspaper articles carry absolutely no weight. When they had a practical monopoly of publicity it was otherwise, but nowadays there is a perfect mania for meetings, the speeches at which are usually published in the locality where they are delivered. These speeches are seldom better or worse than the articles, but there is some sort of understanding about them that is lacking in the newspaper "we." Against this "we" I have always raised a protest, more especially when "we" strives to convey the impression that it has a sacred mission. "We" simply means a proprietor or proprietors of a newspaper, that goes into the newspapering business, just as another man may go into the tallow business, with a view to make money by it, and who employs several men with a facility to write quickly and clearly upon every current subject. Of all the humbugs that ever palmed themselves off as oracles, "we" is the greatest.

Last week the Carl Rosa Company produced "Tannhauser" at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, with immense success. During the four weeks of their stay in Dublin their repertory was remarkable for the absence of the old, threadbare operas. "The Pagliacci" and "Othello," with several other novelties, attracted crowds each night of the engagement.

I have always taken an interest in the reduction of the prices at London theatres, and I am glad therefore to see that Mr. John Hollingshead is going to try the experiment of opening the Princess's Theatre at prices ranging from 6d. to 5s. per seat. I wish him every success. For success it is, of course, required first and foremost that the quality of the entertainment shall be kept up while the prices are put down, but Mr. Hollingshead is too old a hand not to know that.

Mr. Gladstone's appointment of the Rev. C. E. Osborne to the Crown living of Sighill, Durham, has given much satisfaction in the Diocese of Winchester, and particularly at Portsmouth, where the Prime Minister's nominee has for several years been doing excellent work in connection with the Winchester College Mission.

The preferment by the Bishop of Winchester of the Rev. Canon Hoste to the valuable rectory of Meonstoke, to which I referred last week, will vacate the important living of Farnham, of which the net value is about £800 a year, with house. This benefice is also in the gift of Bishop Thorold, who has been staying during the last month at Newquay, on the coast of Cornwall. Canon Hoste has been Rector of Farnham for eighteen years, having been presented by Bishop Harold Browne in 1875.

Mr. Paget, the High Church Vicar of St. Pancras, has recently made himself very unpopular in the parish. The Vestry had built a band-stand in a disused burial-ground,

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and there was music by a band, which attracted large audiences of the poorer inhabitants. Mr. Paget, however, objected to the playing of the band, but the Vestry would not stop it, and he went to the Court of Chancery, which issued an injunction prohibiting any more music on the spot. The poor people now threaten to punish the Vicar by withdrawing their children from his Church schools.

Much regret has been excited in West Sussex by the death of the Rev. John New, who had been Rector of Duncton for thirty-four years, and he was previously Curate of that parish for more than ten years. He was one of the most zealous and successful parish clergymen in the Diocese of Chichester, and was much beloved by his neighbours of all classes. He took a most active part in superintending the village schools, which were built during his incumbency, and which have long been widely known as being about the best in Sussex. The living of Duncton, which is worth about £450 a year, with house, is in the gift of Lord Leconfield.

One or two of my clerical readers take exception to a paragraph in last week's TRUTH respecting the failure of the Rector of "a certain village in the West of England" to allow any abatement of his tithe, after he had recognised the straitened circumstances of the farmers by setting his face against subscriptions for the purpose of celebrating the Duke of York's marriage. The Rector's brother clerics point out that the tithe is now so reduced that a rector cannot be expected to voluntarily reduce it further. To this I should answer that the farmer must first live, and that if he ceases to do so the tithe-owner will cease also. However, I am inclined to think that the West Country Rector deserves more praise for putting a stop to touting in connection with the Royal Wedding than he does blame for not remitting any of his tithes.

In the course of a tithe case in Carmarthen County-Court the other day, the Rev. Rees Morgan, a Nonconformist Minister, was giving evidence, and stated, in answer to a question, that he objected to paying tithes. The Judge thereupon remarked:—

> Very likely. People have generally an objection to be hanged, but they are hanged all the same. I should have a most strenuous objection to it, but *the law is stronger than I, and I think it should succeed.*

Unless the reporter has done him an injustice, the learned Judge seems to have here solemnly recorded his conviction that he ought to be hanged. Far be it from me to contradict him.

The British Association is to meet at Nottingham next Wednesday, under the presidency of Professor Sanderson. A large number of excursions have been arranged for the diversion of the members, including Welbeck Abbey, Chatsworth, and Haddon Hall, and to the Midland Railway works at Derby.

A trade society asks me to make public the following case. In consequence of an advertisement, an iron-safe engineer at Bilston applied for work to an individual at Falkirk. After some correspondence, terms were agreed to, and the engineer, who had been out of work, and had to borrow the money for his railway fare, travelled to Falkirk. On his arrival, he found there was no work for him, and no prospect of any, and he had to tramp back to Staffordshire on foot, begging his bread as he went. What could induce a man to perpetrate such a cruel fraud, it is difficult to see; but the experience of the Bilston mechanic may serve as a warning to others.

The Coupé Company, to whose generous efforts to give poor children happy days in the country I referred last week, send me a letter which contains the following very noteworthy passage:—

> Our only difficulty has been to get the right class of children. Clergymen have thought it an opportunity to give their favourite Sunday-school pupils and choir boys an outing at our expense. Charitable and missionary organisations seem surrounded with a clique of "deserving" and duly appreciative children, who are thoroughly experienced in treats of all kinds, and can be calculated upon to turn up at the appointed place at the appointed time. The children we want, however, are the gutter brats who are not connected with any mission or Sunday-school, and who have had no other treat this year; but how can we get them? Who will hunt up the drunken or absentee parents to obtain the necessary permission? It wants some one with time and tact, for often the parents' last trace of self-respect is that which makes them keep their children at home lest their rags and filth should disgrace them before their more respectable neighbours.
>
> In conclusion, however, we ought to say that the parties sent us by "The Children's Happy Evening Association" and two or three other people were most carefully selected.

There is no doubt that the difficulty here mentioned besets all undertakings of this kind. It is only to be got over, as Lady Jeune gets over it in the management of her Country Holiday Fund, by securing the co-operation of those who are in close personal contact with the poorest of the poor. Should the Coupé Company be disposed to repeat their experiment next year, I shall be very glad to do all in my power to secure such co-operation, and I hope that I may be able to prevail on others who have carriages and horses at liberty—not job-masters only, but private owners as well—to lend their resources for the same purpose. Up to the present time 270 children have been taken for drives by the Coupé Company, and over 200 more are to be taken in the course of the present month. If the idea were more widely taken up these numbers might be multiplied by fifty.

I have received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Poor Children's Holiday Fund:—

N. G., 15s.; Two Little Girls, 5s.; E. M. T., 5s.; E. F. G., 5s.; S. D. J., £5; H. A. H., £10; F. E. F., 10s.; Vigilans, £1; A. H., £1. 1s.; X. Y. X., £5; C. D. Kemp-Welch, £2. 2s.; D. T., £1; Mary M. Murray, £1. 1s.; M. E. A. P., 10s.; Ewart and Eric, £1. 1s.; F. M. H. Albany, 10s.; Ada (Puzzle Prize), 14s.; G. W., 10s.; George Arthur, 10s.; Mammon Reader, £1; F. F. W., £2; Yvonnette, £1; C. H. T., 10s.; L. H. Frecheville, £2. 10s.; W. Emery Stark, £1. 1s.; R. E. T., 4s. 6d.; G. Pontifex, £2; O. J. S., 10s.

I have received £2. 2s. from "Awful Warrior" (Puzzle Prize No. 256) towards this year's Toy Fund.

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

Family Washing only.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

I am glad to hear that a Departmental Committee on the subject of military education has been sitting at the War Office to consider various points raised by a Memorandum which was lately addressed to Mr. Campbell Bannerman by Mr. Walter Wren. Mr. Wren has, of course, his own axe to grind in this matter, and he would probably be the last to deny it; but it so happens that Mr. Wren's interest lies in the direction of sound military training and of open competition for commissions, and he ought therefore to have public opinion behind him.

The question, so far as the public is concerned, is a very simple one. Although purchase has been abolished, commissions in the Army are still the monopoly of the rich. One of the chief reasons for this is that the entrance examinations are so arranged as to give a special preference to the Public Schools, to which only the sons of rich men go. One of the most mischievous things Mr. Stanhope did while in office was to strengthen the Public Schools' monopoly. His successor cannot do a wiser or a more democratic thing than to break it down. Army education should be planned on the lines which are most likely to produce a supply of qualified officers, and which have been tested by the experience of Continental nations. If the Public Schools cannot conform to these lines, so much the worse for the Public Schools. To shape the education of officers in order to suit these establishments is an outrageous absurdity.

The Indian trooping season is to begin to-morrow, when the *Serapis* is to leave Portsmouth for Bombay with the 5th Dragoon Guards. The present system of conveying troops to and from India is cheaper than it would be to hire vessels. The average cost per head of conveyance by the troopships is £7. 18s., whereas the use of hired transports recently involved an expenditure of £10. 7s. 7d. per head. The troops, moreover, are very much more comfortable under the present system.

A characteristic bundle of official correspondence, adorned with the usual allowance of red tape, has been submitted to me relative to the case of a Temporary Engineer Clerk, who seems to have been most unjustifiably treated. The man, then holding the rank of Lance-Corporal, joined the R.E. Departmental Staff as a Temporary Clerk, in the expectation of being appointed Permanent Engineer Clerk in due course. After being stationed for some years in one of the least-attractive colonies, discharging highly-responsible duties, he was strongly recommended by his Commanding Officer for appointment as Permanent Clerk; but immediately upon his application being received at the War Office, a circular letter was issued laying down that for this appointment a first-class Certificate of Education is indispensable. Such a certificate the man in question had not got, and for want of it he seems to be hopelessly debarred from further promotion. The Horse Guards circular purports to declare an old regulation rather than make a new one; but it also clearly implies that it had not been previously understood that the first-class certificate was necessary in such a case as this; and beyond all question the man whose case led to the issue of the circular did not know that the certificate would be required, and had no means of knowing it. To all intents and purposes, therefore, he is the victim of a piece of *ex post facto* legislation.

News has reached me from more than one source of another "saddle-cutting" case, this time among the 18th Hussars. The regiment has been engaged in the autumn manœuvres, and was last week encamped at Coal:, near Swindon, where the occurrence took place. I understand that six men have been under arrest in connection with the affair, but the actual culprit has not been discovered. On this occasion there ought to be a thorough inquiry. Such incidents have been increasing of late in a very ugly manner, and it is time that, in place of a more or less vindictive punishment of anybody to whom suspicion attaches, some serious attempt was made to discover the real cause of the discontent thus manifested.

My attention has been called to a curious case in which the Officer commanding the 2nd Black Watch has refused permission to a Colour-Sergeant to re-engage on completion of twelve years' service, on the ground—so far as he can be induced to state any grounds—that the Colour-Sergeant is not respected by the men. The Colour-Sergeant considered himself so unjustly treated that he placed himself in the hands of a firm of solicitors, but up to the present time he has been unable to obtain satisfaction of any kind. The Commanding Officer in question has only held that position for twelve months. The N.C.O., on the other hand, has held his position for several years. It is absolutely denied on his behalf that there is the slightest foundation for the C.O.'s allegations; but this is not material, for even if the man's conduct had been unsatisfactory, he ought to have had some hint or warning before he is summarily dismissed from the Service. It is nothing short of iniquitous that when a man is given by Act of Parliament the right to a pension on completing twenty-one years' good service, and has, on the strength of this, served with credit for twelve years, his career should be cut short without warning, on the strength of a vague allegation which can hardly be proved or disproved, and which is, more likely than not, merely the expression of some private personal antipathy. I should hope that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman will interfere to prevent such a result, which is not calculated to increase the attractions of the Army as a profession.

An attempt is being made, I am told, to obtain a further inquiry into the recent illegal punishment of a Colour-Sergeant at Hamilton Depot, which has already been referred to several times in TRUTH. It may be remembered that the man was punished for making a disturbance in his quarters at night, and in TRUTH for August 24 I mentioned that I had been given to understand that the gravamen of the offence consisted in his having assaulted his wife. This is now indignantly

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

denied in a further communication which I have received from the Colour-Sergeant's friends, and there seems every reason to believe that, so far from the wife being the aggrieved party, it is the husband who is the victim of his wife's misconduct. With a very little trouble, Colonel Lynch could have ascertained the truth about the matter, but he seems to have made no attempt whatever to do so, and in the most off-hand way sentenced the man to a punishment which he had no lawful power to impose. The impression among the N.C.O.'s friends is that he has been punished on a stupid suspicion that he has sent information to TRUTH from the Depot. It is, at any rate, certain that an illegality has been committed, and I have strong evidence that there is for some reason a vindictive feeling at work against the man. If, therefore, he desires a Court-martial or other inquiry into his case, he ought to have it.

An N.C.O. who has been for several years manager of a regimental grocery-bar asks my advice under these circumstances:—A newly-arrived officer who has become President of the Committee insists that there ought to be a balance of profit to the amount of £5 or £6 every month, and tells the manager that if he cannot make such a profit he had better resign. The manager says that a surplus can only be obtained by selling small quantities at a higher rate than the prices quoted for the articles (*e.g.*, dividing a fivepenny loaf into eight pennyworths). If he does this, he is disobeying the instructions of the Committee, and possibly incurring imputations of dishonesty. As he declines to do so, he is called upon to resign. I should have thought that he ought to place himself in the hands of the Committee. From the official regulations on the subject, I gather that the duty of the Committee is to fix the prices at the lowest point which will cover expenses and waste. Profit-making is foreign to the purposes of the concern. On what principle, then, can a President incite the manager to fabricate a profit by departing from the prices which the Committee fixes?

The *Broad Arrow* pooh poohed the other day the suggestion that corruption and dishonesty prevail to any serious extent in the Regimental Depots. This is a point on which I must reluctantly claim to be better informed than my contemporary. I had abundant facts before me when I said that these places "tend to become sinks of iniquity," and my information has been very considerably extended since I gave the full particulars of the Bodmin scandal. Here is the statement of a credible witness concerning one depot as to which I have previously heard nothing:—

> I can testify to the *systematic* misappropriation of mess moneys here by the men whose duty it is to expose and stop all irregularities. The Sergeant Major, though he does not actually perform the duties of the other members of the Committee, more often than not abuses the trust and authority placed in him to a greater extent than the others, conniving at their frauds and receiving a share of the proceeds. The receiving of money from tradesmen in the shape of discounts by the Sergeant Major, President, Treasurer, and Caterer, goes on all round, and tends among other things to create an illegal traffic in liquor. I have seen the passages and back doors of a Sergeants' Mess literally crowded with soldiers and civilians, and frequently among them a sprinkling of police—civil and military. I have known of a caterer putting upwards of £20 in the bank after his period of caterership, and I have seen brewers' bills ranging from £70 to £120 per month. Surely Commanding Officers must see that this cannot come from the members exclusively. The idea of a liquor-book being kept is a good one, but what is the use of it when those whose duty it is to keep it are also under inducement to falsify it?

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

It may be said that if such a rotten condition of things prevailed very generally, the facts must leak out. One very good reason why they do not lies in the fact that nearly all members of a Sergeants' Mess get their turn in office, and consequently their share of plunder. But among those who seriously dislike the system the most potent motive for silence is, of course, the risk which attaches to speaking out. This is what makes Quarter-master-Sergeant Wilson's case such a demoralising object-lesson for the whole Army, and why it is of such vital consequence that the decision of the Court-Martial should be rescinded.

From a paragraph in the current number of the *Broad Arrow*, it appears that from my having omitted to notice some recent observations of that publication the Editor supposes that when he contradicts any statement published in TRUTH I am under an obligation to correct my remarks in accordance with his views. If I omit to notice them, he assumes that I am confounded and reduced to silence by his superior knowledge and wisdom. I am sorry to disturb this comfortable view, but the precise opposite of this is more often the truth. When I omit to notice any "corrections" with which my contemporary is good enough to favour me, it is usually because I consider them transparently absurd and unworthy of serious notice. It was so in the case to which the *Broad Arrow* refers of "the milk episode at Taunton Depot."

In regard to this matter, my contemporary represents me as publishing a "cock-and-bull story, conjured up by aggrieved correspondents," and as having been led into error by my unfortunate "credulity." There is no secret as to where my information came from. It was supplied to me by a respectable firm of solicitors, in a letter written for publication. It was confirmed by a tradesman in the town, and by at least half a dozen military correspondents in the Depot. This is the cock-and-bull story which imposed on my credulity. Further, the *Broad Arrow* in its correction did not challenge a single material fact in my statement. It merely added some additional facts (which I already knew) in support of the ingenious theory that the reason for excluding two milk dealers from the Barrack-rooms and married quarters was the fear of infectious disease, in the face of the admitted fact that the two boycotted dealers were still supplying the Hospital—actually the Hospital!—and the Officers' Mess. I regarded this "correction" of my "cock-and-bull story" as a cock-and-bull correction. That this would be the official answer I knew, not only before I saw the *Broad Arrow*, but before I wrote the paragraph, and I wrote the paragraph accordingly. My credulity may be great, but it is not capacious enough to enable me to swallow this official correction. I may be an ass, as the *Broad Arrow* is good enough to suggest, but even my

sinuine intelligence penetrates this thinnest of special pleading. As I give the public credit for being at least as intelligent as myself, I do not suppose that such a correction could impose upon anybody outside the *Broad Arrow* office, and, judging from one communication which I have received, I should say it did not impose upon any one inside it. That is why I treated the paragraph as unworthy of notice.

I may take this opportunity of stating, however, that the facts in regard to the "Milk Episode at the Taunton Depot" are precisely as I originally represented in TRUTH. They are beyond dispute, and have not been seriously disputed. It is open to every reader to form his own opinion as to the motives which underlie the order to which I referred, and of the honesty of the official defence published in the *Broad Arrow*

The armoured battleship *Monarch*, which was built at Chatham about twenty years ago, is now being reconstructed and re-engined at the same yard, at a cost of £100,000.

Owing to the loss of the *Victoria*, the *Colossus*, which had just previously left the fleet on her way home to pay off, has been ordered back to fill the vacancy, although her relief, the *Hood*, was already on the spot. This order was signalised by the crew drawing all the pay they had saved for their English leave, getting uproariously drunk, breaking their leave, and otherwise misconducting themselves in a manner which resulted in five being sent to prison at Malta, three put in cells, and others subjected to minor punishments. Up to this time the *Colossus* had been an exceptionally well-behaved ship, and though I would not suggest that the fact of their being threatened with a fourth year in the Mediterranean is any justification for this outburst, it seems to me that the Admiralty have gone out of their way to provoke it. There is no immutable law which requires a certain number of ships to be always maintained in the Mediterranean, and if there were, some other ship should have been sent out in the *Victoria's* place, without imposing an extra turn on men who have completed their duty and earned their holiday.

While the *Colossus* was at Malta, three of her four 47-tons guns, which had been found defective, were replaced by new guns. Immediately afterwards one of the new guns was found to be as bad as the old ones, and it cannot now be fired. Besides the additional light here thrown upon the condition of our big naval guns, it might have been supposed that such a state of things would supply an additional reason against keeping the *Colossus* in the Mediterranean.

I see that an aluminium boat is being built to be taken into the interior of Africa, and there are, I believe, several aluminium electric launches on the Lake of Zurich. The metal is now produced cheaply and in vast quantities. A boat made of it is lighter than one made of wood. Why, then, does not Mr. Messum, or some other enterprising boat builder on the Thames, make racing eight-oars of aluminium, and why does not the Electric Launch Company make aluminium steam launches? There may possibly be a reason, but, if so, what is it?

I have to thank several correspondents who have written to me in support of the views expressed a fortnight ago in my article on the position of ships' doctors in the merchant service. I am glad to know that there is a very general consensus of opinion among those best qualified to judge in favour of a more direct control of the Board of Trade over sanitary and medical arrangements at sea. In the absence of any new facts, I see no reason for devoting further space to the subject at present, but I can promise that I shall return to it whenever opportunity occurs.

From a reference to the matter in an Indian medical paper, I am glad to infer that there is some prospect of official attention being given to the position of the Warrant Officers of the Indian Medical Service, respecting which some remarks appeared in TRUTH on June 22 last. A minor matter in connection with the case of these officers has since been brought to my notice. It seems that, in addition to their princely stipend of £4 per month, Government allows them some 35 rupees per annum for renewal of kit. The kit in question includes, besides a suit of civilian clothes, three uniforms (khaki, white, and blue), and it would be extremely interesting to know on what principle 35 rupees was arrived at as a reasonable allowance for this purpose.

A great deal of undesirable discontent has been gratuitously provoked in the Bristol Post Office by the promotion of a junior first-class sorting clerk over the heads of ten of his seniors. There cannot be any legitimate reason for this step, as several of the men passed over have already been engaged upon the duty of the higher grade, and it is idle to pretend that not one of them is qualified for it. Such manifestations of favouritism exercise a most demoralising effect upon the Service, and ought to be restrained by the superior authority; but unhappily "superior authority" itself too often offends in the same manner.

In TRUTH of August 10 I published a long letter from a farmer giving a detailed account of his treatment at the hands of his landlords and their agent, the landlords being the trustees of a nobleman who is a minor. The names of all parties concerned were suppressed by me, for reasons which I explained. It seems, however, that after the appearance of his letter in TRUTH, the farmer in question wrote to the Earl of whose trustees he held, calling his lordship's attention to the letter, and informing him that it referred to his own case, adding that he was also calling the attention of the tenantry and others to this "dishonourable conduct."

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

In consequence of this step, I have been requested to publish a lengthy statement setting forth the agent's version of the transactions, and his answer to the farmer's allegations against himself personally. Seeing that no names were given in the letter as I published it, it seems to me unnecessary that I should go again over the whole story of the tenant's grievances, and give in detail the answer to each item. As regards this part of the letter, it is enough to say that the tenant's statement is challenged in nearly every material particular. But as the letter contained certain imputations against the agent personally, and as the writer has been so ill-advised as to proclaim in the neighbourhood where the parties are known who the individual is to whom he referred in his letter to TRUTH, I cannot refuse to give the agent's answer to those imputations. Under the circumstances, however, it seems to me even more desirable than it was before that the names, both of the parties and places concerned should not be published. The few persons who know to whom the original letter referred, will know equally who is referred to in the answer. The letter stated:—

> The agent had not then held this appointment long, and had had no experience in such matters. He had been unsuccessful in a very different line of business. He had then become organising secretary to the Conservative Association at a small salary, and the fact of his holding such office was supposed to have been the reason of his appointment by the late Earl to the agency. Upon my applying for the farm, he inquired as to my financial position, also as to whether I was an active politician, as the Earl would not upon any account accept a Liberal as tenant. My assurance that I did not take an active part in politics appeared to satisfy him, and I signed the usual agreement. . . .

The agent's answer is as follows:—

> With reference to the statement that "I had had no experience in such matters" at the date referred to, I had farmed on my own account for about twelve years, and had been appointed by the late Lord—— agent for his estate, upon which I held a farm, and was in 1888 acting both for the late Lord—— and the present Lord——. I had also had about ten years' experience in valuing, buying, leasing, and supervision of licensed and other properties for a brewery of which I was managing partner, and much other experience.
>
> As to the expression "unsuccessful in a very different line of business," if it means that I have been bankrupt or compounded with my creditors, as is usually meant by such a phrase, it is utterly untrue. I joined the firm founded by my grandfather (in 1808), but carried on by my father in 1868, and remained a partner in it till 1883, when it was converted into a limited liability Company, and I was appointed a Director, which Directorship I still hold. For about ten years I managed a brewery which my father bought, but soon after his death, in 1883, the brewery was sold. After this I retained the occupation of my farm at ——, and the Directorship of —— & Sons. I was appointed in 1884 or 1885 Organising Secretary to the —— Conservative Association (the salary £200, though what the amount of salary has to do with the matter I don't know). Shortly afterwards I was appointed Secretary to the —— Orphan Asylum and Secretary to the —— General Infirmary, and in 1887 agent to the late Lord ——, and shortly afterwards to the late Earl ——. I then retired from the Secretaryship to the Conservative Association and to the Orphan Asylum, but retained the Infirmary and some other business, which I still keep.
>
> I have been Sheriff and Mayor (1882) of ——, and since 1883 have been and still am an Alderman of the City. I am also Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation, Chairman of the ——shire Chamber of Agriculture, Chairman of the Governors of the —— Grammar School, a member of the —— Commissioners, and of several other public bodies. This seems to show that I am not considered incapable or unsuccessful in business by those amongst whom I have lived all my life. The late Lord ——— knew my father, and the first favour he showed me was more than twenty years ago, when, during his year's tenure of the High Mastership of an ancient Guild, he nominated me to fill the first vacancy that occurred during his Mastership. For many years I had frequent intercourse with his Lordship, who had ample means of judging of my business ability and character, and it is not fair to say in order to stigmatise me as a mere politician instead of as a man of business, that the fact of my holding for a short time the organising Secretaryship to the Conservative Association induced the late Lord —— to appoint me his agent.

The publication of the foregoing statement will, I hope, satisfy all parties concerned, so far as my share in the matter is concerned. If, however, it is still desired, I shall be happy to give publicity to the names of the Earl, the agent, and the farmer, but it must be understood that I do it solely at their request.

The experience of the castaways who recently landed on the Calf of Man, as described in last week's TRUTH, appears to be no uncommon one. A party who landed on the "Calf" a year or two ago, were peremptorily ordered off by the monarch of the island, who thus expressed his mind to them:—"I don't want any of you English here. You have got my money, and I have got my land. You can keep my money, but you must also keep away from my land." It would seem from this that the Calf originally belonged to John Bull. That the present owner is keeping the Calf is clear, but that "we English" are keeping his money is less obvious. I should like to know where it is. It would seem, at any rate, that keeping the Calf has not had a very salutary effect upon the manners of its keeper.

A LAMENT AND A PROTEST.

[There are signs at several of our most fashionable watering places this season that the Bathing-Machine is doomed.—*Evening Paper.*]

Alas! and alack! that such news there should be—
Is nothing, then, sacred, O! Progress, to thee?
Is there no institution, however revered,
That is not foredoomed from thy path to be cleared?
Is there nothing our race has determined to cherish
But what is predestined too surely to perish?
Remorseless, O! Progress, thou ever hast been,
But thou mightest have spared us—
Our Bathing-Machine!

Things around us have changed, but Improvement's endeavour
Has left that Machine as ungainly as ever.
Years have come and have gone, but it creaks and it groans
As when it first rattled down over the stones;
Generations have passed, but it jolts to this day,
As it jolted when first it was got under way—
It is still the same awkward, bare, clumsy, unclean
Unshapely, unbearable—
Bathing-Machine.

Its discomforts have never been bated one jot,
It is draughty and damp, yet insuff'rably hot;
When it starts one is bumped; one falls down when it stops;
Through the cracks in its framework the sea-water slops;
Its steps are oft broken by which one gets in,
And 'tis hard to get out without barking a shin;
In short, no one knows what discomfort can mean
Till he takes a sea-bath from—
A Bathing-Machine!

Avaunt, then, Oh Progress, and likewise Avast!
And spare us this relic beloved of the past.
Aye, think what thou doest, we humbly implore,
Ere this primitive nuisance is swept from our shore.
For if nothing that's old and played out must remain,
Why, what will our Tories have left to maintain?
Our unique House of Lords all in vain they will screen,
It will not be more safe than—
The Bathing-Machine!

The Kidderminster Sewage Farm appears to be a costly item in the expenditure of that borough, for it is alleged that in the course of a few years it has involved a loss to the ratepayers of about £10,000. A public meeting was held last week at which the Corporation were vigorously attacked for their "wanton waste of the public money

and one of the Town Councillors admitted that the expenditure on the farm had been "enormous and extravagant."

Having referred last week to the nuisance caused by the Town Hall clock at Eastbourne, I find that I am in danger of being asked to stop all the chiming clocks in the kingdom. If I could do so I would—I mean, of course, during the night time only; but as I fear it is impossible, I shall not try. There are, however, clocks here and there specially deserving of condemnation. A case in point is Tunbridge Wells, where a Roman Catholic church in the very heart of the town has been endowed, by somebody's misplaced piety, with a maddening set of chimes which clang day and night. The special objection to this peal is that it is at work close to the windows of the Infirmary, the inmates of which are presumably in special need of rest and quiet. Surely the authorities of a church should be the first to perceive this and act upon it.

Some very disgraceful revelations were made at the meeting of the Horbury Local Board last week with regard to the overcrowding of cottages in that Yorkshire village. In one case, it was stated, a cottage with only one bedroom, in which there is no fireplace, is inhabited by eleven persons—four adults and seven children. These wretched beings have been herded together in this way for twelve months, and the Medical Officer of Health informed the Board that he had no doubt there were lots of similar cases in Horbury. It is to be hoped that prompt and vigorous measures will be taken to put an end to the scandal, and if heavy penalties could be imposed on the owners of the overcrowded property it would be so much the better.

The Local Government Board have declined to interfere with the recent appointment of a master and matron at Haslingden Workhouse, which had been objected to on the ground that the selection was made by a spin of the coin. This appears to me an eminently sensible decision on the part of the Whitehall authorities. Having an intimate acquaintance with Bumble's ways, they are no doubt convinced that tossing up is quite as satisfactory a method of settling a question as leaving it to his judgment. The latter process is just as uncertain and the result is just as likely to be wrong. In fact, no harm would be done if Bumble were to follow the example set at Haslingden whenever he is in a similar difficulty.

A ratepayer of Shelf, near Halifax, complains of the action of the newly-elected School Board of his district. For fifteen years the Board contained a Liberal majority, and the meetings were always open to the reporters. Now the Tories are in a majority of one, and at their very first meeting they closed the doors against the Press. Probably these gentlemen have from their own point of view good cause to keep their proceedings private, but a number of the ratepayers hold the opinion that such secrecy on the part of a public body is extremely objectionable, and they want to know whether the course adopted by the Board is legal. I believe that it is. It is one of the penalties which Shelf must pay for having a Tory School Board.

The Walsall Guardians lately addressed to the Judge of the local County Court, his Honour Judge Griffith, an interesting memorandum on the effect of imprisonment for debt in increasing pauperism, together with some suggestions for regulating imprisonment, with a view to avoiding the pauperisation of debtors' families. An ordinary mortal engaged in discharging delicate and responsible public duties would have been thankful for this communication. A Judge, however—even a County Court Judge—is not an ordinary mortal. So exalted is his station that he must not be officially addressed (except at the appointed time and place) without violence to the Constitution; and so profound is his wisdom that it is an insult to suggest that he can have anything to learn in this world. Accordingly, Judge Griffith sent this answer to the Guardians:—

I am in receipt of your communication of the 25th inst., and the only thing which induces me to answer it is the excess of its impropriety. I have hitherto administered the law entrusted to me to administer after considering all the circumstances which ought in my judgment to be considered in its administration, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, and certainly the rating of your union is not one of those circumstances. I shall continue to administer it in the cases which shall in future come before me on consideration of all the grounds in each case which I think ought to be considered, unprejudiced, so far as may be by your remarks, which I cannot avoid thinking a gross impertinence, the rating of your, or any other, union being, in the case of imprisonment for culpable remission in the payment of a judgment debt, an utterly immaterial consideration.

The following entry has just been discovered in the Report Book of the Chaplain of Salford Workhouse Infirmary. It seems a pity that such a choice collection of literary flowers should be allowed to bloom unseen:—

August 4, 1893.

Visited through all the wards in F, G, and H Pavilion, and ministered to the sick and afflicted ones some of those sovereign remedies and divine cordials which are essential to the conviction, rectification, resuscitation, consolation, assimilation, and ultimate restoration of our poor sin-stricken natures, infected and enfeebled by a thousand and one maladies consequent upon and incident to such a state, and which assert and show themselves in every conceivable form, and amongst all sorts and conditions of men. And which sovereign remedies are alone desirable for that heaven-given and divinely-certified pharmacopœia—the Word of Life.

The case of the workhouse boys at Colchester who were asked out to tea at General Miller's, and spent the afternoon pulling up weeds, has another side to it, and as I referred last week to one side, it is only due to General Miller that I should explain the other. In a letter which he has written to a local paper, the General explains that a friend who had done the same thing, suggested to him that he should make use of the boys in this way; and he adds that the work was very light, that the boys pulled weeds, and rested as they pleased; that they had a good tea with cake, &c., waited on by the General's servants; that they played in the field and ran races for money till dusk; and that they gave every indication of having heartily enjoyed themselves. It also appears that the General has since received the thanks of the Guardians. I really think that he deserved them. At the same time, it is clear from General Miller's own letter, that if the boys had not been put on the job, a man would have been paid to do it; and it also appears that this was equally true in the case of General Miller's friend—another officer, General Montagu. There are obvious objections to allowing workhouse children to displace adult labour, and the Guardians will have to bear that side of the question in mind.

I have received from Yarmouth a curiosity in the shape of one of the summonses issued in connection with the prosecution of Sunday traders in that town. The curious feature about the document is that the form of words applicable to this particular offence, instead of being written in to the printed form, is filled up in lithograph, or some other similar process, showing that the summonses are kept in stock ready to be issued wholesale. Persecution, rather than prosecution, seems to be the right name for this mode of enforcing the law. But, like most others, this particular persecution seems to be quite abortive.

Certain proceedings that took place the other day before Mr. Denman at the South-Western Police-court should be read in conjunction with the particulars which I have recently given of the doings of Benabo, the Stepney rent-collector. By an Act of George II., if goods are "fraudulently and clandestinely" removed in order to avoid distress, the landlord may claim double their value. The same Act—a noble monument of landlord-made law—gives the landlord under the same circumstances power to follow the goods within one month and to forcibly distrain upon them. In the case in question, a clerk at Clapham, who had complained in vain to his landlord of the state of his house, moved out of it on May 30 last, to another house close by. The removal is clearly proved to have taken place in the afternoon in broad daylight. The clerk left his new address with another tenant in the same house. At the time of removal he owed five weeks' rent. On the day after his removal a man named Spearing, who collected the rents of the property, obtained the new address from the other tenant. He went to the clerk's new address, and knocked, but could not get an answer. He took no other step of any kind until August 17, when he applied for a summons under the Act of George II.

A lad in Spearing's own employ stated that on May 27 he had informed the clerk's wife that, unless the rent then due was paid, a distress would be levied. This unsupported statement was the sole evidence of "fraudulent" removal; but on this, and in the face of the clearest evidence that the tenant had moved in broad daylight and left his address, Mr. Denman arrived at the imaginary conclusion that the goods had been removed both "fraudulently and *clandestinely*." He had, further, before him the admission of Spearing in cross-examination that he was frequently obtaining summonses under the same Act, and the significant fact that the agent had made no subsequent attempt to recover the rent or to use the power of distress given by another section of the Act; but he nevertheless ordered the rent to be paid, and the same amount, £4 5s., to be paid as the "double value" of the goods. The Act itself is an anachronism which ought to be swept away; but it is a still worse anachronism that Magistrates should strain its provisions to this extent, in order to assist landlords who use the Act to extort from poor people double the amount they owe. I would suggest to Mr. Asquith, who is always ready to attack abuses of this kind, that there is here an excellent opening for him to do a useful piece of work.

The Ulverston Bench heard a case the other day in which one Wilson was charged with being drunk on licensed premises. A solicitor explained that Wilson was of such a highly-nervous temperament that he would rather be fined than appear at Court, and also that he admitted having had a certain amount of drink, though he would not call himself "properly drunk." Whatever other evidence might be adduced, in the ordinary run of cases of drunkenness the absence of the defendant, coupled with such an admission, would have been regarded as sufficient ground for the imposition of a fine. As, however, the summons against Wilson was dismissed, as well as that against the publican, labourers and other humble persons who may be subjected to a similar charge are wondering whether the highly-nervous temperament excuse will get them off. I do not think so. Wilson is a tradesman, not a labourer. And that makes all the difference.

To fine a farmer £10 and costs (with the alternative of two months' hard labour) for insufficiently feeding his stock, seems a somewhat excessive dose of justice in such a season as the present. The sentence was imposed last week at Maidenhead upon a Cookham farmer. There was strong evidence that the animals in question—some twenty milch cows, a bull, and five cart horses—were in a very emaciated condition, and quite without food; but there was evidence on the other side that, the cows had recently been feeding in a meadow which had originally been intended for hay, and witnesses for the defence denied that their condition was as bad as was alleged by the prosecution. It is difficult to understand on what principle a farmer should wilfully starve some five-and-twenty animals, and it is quite certain that all over the country feed has been desperately scarce, and stock half-famished in consequence. So strong was the indignation among the farmers in the district at the sentence, that at the next market a subscription was raised sufficient to cover the whole amount of the fine and costs, and I think that the farmers' view of the case might with propriety be adopted by the Home Secretary.

A worthy gentleman at Clitheroe writes me in indignant terms respecting a decision of the county magistrates there. Two engineers were fined for emitting steam from a traction-engine on the highway. The offence was proved by Colonel Starkie, who, whilst driving a dog-cart, met the engine, which, besides emitting steam, was making a great noise, and travelling along the middle of the road. The traction-engine, it seems, was conveying a boiler to a mill at Clitheroe, and my correspondent therefore considers the conduct of Colonel Starkie and the Bench deserving of severe condemnation as a wanton interference by "squires" with the interests of "trade and commerce." I differ from him, and for once find myself on the side of the "squires." A traction-engine on the highway is, under any circumstances, a nuisance and a danger, and the regulations for its working cannot be too stringently enforced.

In preparation for the sporting and travelling season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. The discredit of occupying the first place in the list has been easily won by the Bridgwater County Bench, whose two decisions afford a most instructive illustration of the spirit in which many of the Great Unpaid exercise their powers. From a remark made by the Chairman in Chapman's case, it seems that the Bench felt some doubt whether they ought not to send that ruffian to prison. As, however, he had only committed what the Chairman characterised as a "very brutal" assault on a woman of seventy-nine—his own mother, too—it was decided to let him off with a fine. When Dinham was dealt with, no hesitation as to the course to be pursued troubled the magisterial mind. He had been guilty, not of personal violence towards anybody, but of the far more heinous crime of poaching, and he was, therefore, sentenced to a month's imprisonment without the option of a fine. Considering that it was the man's first offence, the Home Secretary will, I hope, at once order the release of this victim of game-preservers' injustice. With regard to the other cases in the list, attention may be particularly directed to the sentence passed on a boy of fourteen for embezzlement at Malvern, and to a reverend Canon's treatment of three children who had damaged turnips "to the amount of 1d.," at Bedlington :—

Bridgwater County Petty Sessions. Before Mr. T. P. Broadmead, Sir F. H. Hartwell, the Hon. H. B. T. Strangways, Messrs. W. Gooding, C. N. Greenhill, W. B. Broadmead, W. L. Winterbotham, and G. B. Sully. George Chapman, convicted of assaulting his mother, aged seventy-nine. He pulled her by the hair, shook her, and knocked her down. Fined £1 and costs.

Bridgwater County Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. William Dinham, shoemaker, charged with poaching. He had been drinking on the evening in question, and said he was led into the field by two other men, who were seen by the game watchers, but escaped. Dinham's first offence. One month.

Grimsby Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Doughty), Aldermen Veal and Jackson, Messrs. Southworth, Oates, Morton, and Connell. Williamson Tacey, charged with an aggravated assault on his wife. He hit and kicked her, and when she tried to escape knocked her down and kicked her again. He had previously ill-treated her, and she was granted a separation order. Fined 40s., including costs.

Grimsby Borough Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Leonard Hartshorn, a fishing apprentice, charged with disobeying orders and absconding. Fourteen days.

Kidderminster Borough Police-court. James Powell, charged with assaulting Wm. Tovey, whom he knocked down, kicked, and knelt upon. Tovey was rendered unconscious. Fined 20s. and costs.

Kidderminster Borough Police-court. Edward Guest charged with vagrancy by sleeping in an out-house. Two months.

Aldershot Petty Sessions. Before Mr. F. H. Fitzroy and Major Newcome. John Pocock charged with unlawfully wounding John Bailey. Prosecutor said that on July 6 prisoner attacked him with a hammer and beat him, and he had been unable to work since. Fined 15s. including costs for a common assault.

Aldershot Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. John Townsend, William Dutton, and John Stewart, pleaded guilty to stealing nine apples from a garden. Six weeks each.

Birkenhead Police-court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Rawliffe) and Mr. T. L. Dodds. John Wylde, charged with assaulting Kate Rogan, his former sweetheart, by striking her in the face and in the side, knocking her down. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Birkenhead Police-court. Before Alderman Willmer and Mr. G. Atkin. T. H. Pilcher, a boy of fifteen, charged with stealing a horse-rug and attempting to rob a till. He was without home or parents, and slept in a pig-sty, whither he took the rug to lie on. Two months.

Ayr Sheriff Court. James M'Ewen, drover, charged with cruelty to a lamb. He caught it by the head, twisted it round, kicked it on the stomach, and dragged it till it dropped. Fined 7s. 6d. and costs.

Ayr Sheriff Court. George Davies and John Campbell, convicted of poaching. Sixty days each.

Daresbury Petty Sessions. William Eastham, charged with cruelly ill-treating a mare. The animal was heavily overladen, and defendant was seen beating her with a heavy stick. She died on the roadside the same day. Fined 10s. and costs.

Wallingford Borough Bench. Before the Mayor, Charles West, aged 67, a man with a wooden leg, charged with absconding with workhouse clothes. Seven days.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Messrs. J. D. Goodman, J. B. Lloyd, Manton, and Wilders. William Sparrow, charged with assaulting William Glover. By a blow on the jaw prisoner knocked prosecutor down, and falling on him pressed his knees on his ribs. In consequence Glover was suffering from congestion of the lungs. Fined £3 and costs.

Stratford Petty Sessions. Before Colonel S. L. Howard and Mr. C. H. Binney. John Calder, aged seventeen, charged with entering a shop. He was found in a dust bin at the rear of the premises covered up with paper. Dealt with as a vagrant. Three months.

Kilmarnock Police-court. Samuel Garrick, charged with assaulting Janet Stirling by seizing her by the hair, dragging her about, and kicking her on the cheek, knocking a tooth out. Fined £2.

Malvern Petty Sessions. Before Mr. C. M. Berington, Colonel Heywood, and other magistrates, William Humphreys, a milk boy, aged 14, charged with embezzling £1 13s. 3d. One month.

Derby Police-court. James Austin, convicted of assaulting a lad named Tomlinson. He struck the lad violent blows on the head with a stick, causing a wound which penetrated to the bone. Several previous convictions. Fined 10s. and costs.

Esrick Petty Sessions. Before Captain M. D. Jefferson and Mr. Guy St. Maur Palmer. Nathan Turner and Fred Turner, charged with game trespass. Fined £2 each and costs, or one month.

Bedlington Petty Sessions. Peter Bradley (7), Edward Ellicott (9), and John Tirney (9), charged with damaging turnips to the amount of 1d. Canon Whitley said that in the protection of the farmers' interests the Bench must give the youthful delinquents a lesson. Fined 5s. each, in default four days' imprisonment. The parents pleaded inability to pay the fine, and in consequence the boys were detained.

I am not at all surprised to learn that the disparity between certain sentences passed in the High Court of Justiciary in Glasgow last week has created a general feeling of amazement and indignation. A young man named M'Kenna, charged with the murder of his step-daughter, a baby of two years, was found guilty of culpable homicide. Most people who heard and read the evidence considered that the jury took an extremely merciful view of the case, for the prisoner had subjected the defenceless infant to ill-treatment and violence so atrocious as to be well-nigh incredible. Lord Adam, after telling M'Kenna that he had behaved with "the grossest cruelty and inhumanity," sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.

On the same day in the same Court Lord Adam condemned a young man convicted of criminally assaulting a girl between thirteen and sixteen years of age to ten years' penal servitude. I have always advocated exemplary punishment for this offence, and if the sentence had stood by itself I should not probably have noticed it. But if causing the death of a child by a deliberate, long-continued course of brutality is deserving only of seven years' penal servitude, it is surely monstrous to give three years more for the other crime. An extraordinary code

STAR & GARTER HOTEL, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, & healthy. Famed for its Guild and Corporation banquets, wedding breakfasts, balls, &c. Unrivalled winter residence.—CHAS. JAMES, Manager.

is followed, however, in the High Court of Justiciary. A man charged with a street robbery received precisely the same sentence as M'Kenna.

For gross and unblushing partiality in the dispensation of "Justice," a recent performance of the Harrogate Magistrates will be hard to beat. The son of a Baronet was charged with drunkenness, and it appeared that when arrested he "hit and kicked like a wild beast," and had to be handcuffed and conveyed to the police-station on a hand-cart. This promising young gentleman —whose name, I regret to say, is not given in the newspaper-cutting sent to me—was mulcted in the small sum of half-a-crown, which he could have paid many times over out of the money found in his possession. In the same Court working men, also convicted of drunkenness, but without a penny in their pockets, were fined from 5s. to 10s. each, with a term of imprisonment as an alternative. It will, I fancy, be difficult to persuade these men that the law is the same for the rich as the poor—at least, when Harrogate J.P.'s administer it.

I have been favoured with a letter in reference to two Cheltenham cases which figured in the Pillory last week. The writer suggests that the man convicted of assaulting his wife was sufficiently punished by a fine because the appearance of the parties denoted that the grey mare was the better horse, the complainant being a determined, robust woman, whilst the defendant was a weak-looking person. Of the soundness of the deduction I cannot, of course, express an opinion, as I had not the advantage of seeing the couple, and the local papers do not embellish their police-court reports with portraits. But I may remind my correspondent that it is not always safe to judge by appearance. Puny men are sometimes disposed to be the biggest bullies. As to the second case, in which two persons were sent to prison for sleeping out, I am informed that the woman is a disreputable creature of forty-six. But she was not charged with being a disreputable creature, but with sleeping out, and for this so-called offence a sentence of ten days' hard labour is, in my view, ten days too long.

I have been gratified this week by the receipt of two contributions for my Anti-Pillory which, unlike some my readers send in, merit such publicity. In the Leeds Police-court John Newton Sharpe, a bus proprietor, was convicted of cruelty to sixteen horses, which were kept in what the Stipendiary described as a "loathsome cellar." The place had no ventilation and was altogether in a wretched state; twelve of the horses were more or less diseased; and they were "fed upon horrible stuff not fit for any animal." Sharpe had been previously convicted, but instead of being let off with the customary fine he was on this occasion sentenced to a month's hard labour, and ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution. He has entered an appeal, and the decision of the Quarter Sessions will be watched with interest. The second case comes from Tewkesbury, where the County Magistrates very properly sent a man named William Green to gaol for three months for beating a pig to death. I commend the action of the Leeds Stipendiary and the Tewkesbury J.P.'s to their magisterial brethren.

One of the latest developments of the competition craze is a complete newspaper entitled *Good News*, and published by an Englishman at Ostend. The paper boasts of some literary contents of the "paste-and-scissors" order, but it is obviously a mere vehicle for "missing word" and other competitions, of which there are about a dozen in each number. Such a paper must of course be almost exclusively circulated through the post, and why on earth our Government should stultify itself by first prosecuting newspapers which carry on this business in England, and then acting as a news-agent for a similar publication issued across the Channel, I cannot comprehend.

A gentleman in Illinois, having seen a reference in Truth to some of the operations in America of the man Sturman and his pretended "Society of Science, Letters, and Art," writes to me thus:—

> I recently received an invitation purporting to come from Sir Henry V. Goold, Bart., to become a Fellow of this Society, and accepted, though I knew nothing of the Society, because my friend, Dr. W——, was elected at the same time.
>
> Can you give, confidentially, some reliable information regarding this Society, its methods, and more especially its reputation and influence among other societies in England?

It so happens that only last week I stated very clearly the position of Sturman's swindle among bonâ-fide literary and learned societies in England, and in answering my American correspondent I have sent him a copy of those remarks. As it would seem that the name of Sir Henry V. Goold, Bart., is calculated to deceive the American public into the idea that Sturman's concern has a man of some social position at the head of it, I may further add, that Sir Henry is an obscure and impecunious Irish Baronet, some eighty years of age, whom Sturman has persuaded, for a small consideration, to lend his name to the undertaking. In the interview which I have published, at which Sturman was so good as to take me into his confidence respecting the Society, it was explained that when there were any funds available for dividend, Sir Henry got "a bit." As, however, Sturman and his family are a first charge on the funds, it is to be feared that the President's "bit" is considerably less than the lion's share.

I have the highest regard for the *Times*, and have observed with full appreciation how the editing of the paper has improved since recent changes in the management; but I would suggest that in one respect there is still wide room for improvement—namely, in the treatment of rogues and swindlers. Only on Thursday last

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar has for over half a century sustained its high reputation as an indispensable toilet requisite. Delightfully cooling to the skin. 96, Strand; 180, Regent-st.; 64, Cheapside.

Brandauer's Circular-Pointed Pens. Neither scratch nor spurt. Glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. A 6d. assorted sample box of any stationer.

he *Times* published a "warning," in which one "P. F." rote thus :—

In spite of a letter which appeared last year in your columns arning the public against an impostor who writes from an ddress in the Old Kent road, I find that he is still in full swing nd apparently trading upon the good nature and gullibility of he public with much success.

hen follows a full description of the *modus operandi* of he notorious swindler Ernest Day, winding up with the ngenuous observation, "I have ascertained for a fact that his is only a new dodge of an arrant impostor." Surely he *Times* might be better informed than thus to warn its eaders against a "new dodge" which has been denounced n TRUTH on an average once a fortnight for the last two ears. And what can be more childish than to refer to his notorious swindler as "a certain imposter who writes rom an address in the Old Kent-road?" Why cannot a aper like the *Times* speak out boldly and to the point in ealing with a scoundrel of this type?

From time to time I am implored by working men in Australia to warn their comrades over here against migration to that part of the world. One of these ommunications has just reached me from the "Unemployed Committee" at Brisbane. I gather from it that n July 12 a deputation of the unemployed of Brisbane, 00 strong, presented to the House of Assembly a petition igned by 1,438 men out of work, representing, with those dependent upon them, 4,943 persons of the unemployed lass. This is about 10 per cent. of the population of Brisbane. Such figures ought certainly to act as a leterrent to working men who think that they can mprove their position at the Antipodes, and it ought to lo something to check the enthusiasm of those who are o anxious to assist them in that direction.

The two following advertisements from last Thursday's *Morning Post* point a very useful moral, and one which I have often endeavoured to impress upon young ladies who have to earn their own living. When you can earn £50 a year as a cook, why go for £25 as a governess? Not only is the pay higher in the former case, but the work s vastly more agreeable, and the position, in most cases more dignified :—

Wanted, situation as cook-housekeeper; thoroughly understands her duties in all its branches; four years' good character from present situation, four years in last situation; age 40; wages £50 per year.

The Hon. Mrs. Orr-Ewing recommends a governess, who was with her for 4½ years; willing to take entire charge; teaches thorough English and drawing, with rudiments of French, music, and Latin; children under nine preferred; salary £25-£35.—The Hon. Mrs. A. E. Orr-Ewing, Cambusmore, Callander, N.B.

A fire occurred the other day in the village of Penmaenmawr. A provincial contemporary, in describing the occurrence incidentally remarks that "at 1 o'clock midnight the servant *got up as usual to commence her washing.*" If this is the usual day's routine, it would be interesting to know when the servant goes to bed, and at what time she finishes the washing. I daresay it would also interest some of my lady readers to know whether there is any difficulty in getting servants at Penmaenmawr.

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

With reference to the announcement in a Cumberland paper of Mr. Gladstone's reception into the Church of Rome, I have received the following valuable information from "A Primrose Dame":—

Sir,—With regard to the gentleman who witnessed Mr. Gladstone's reception into the Church of Rome, but who withholds his name, allow me to suggest, on good authority, that being himself a pervert to Rome, he has doubtless received, like Mr. Gladstone himself, his order from that Church. It is no unusual thing for perverts to be kept openly faithful to the Church of England by the Church of Rome, for reasons which are not far to seek nor hard to understand.

I know a family personally, of which one member had for years been privately a member of the Roman Catholic Church while ostensibly a member of the Church of England. The secret was not divulged until the day of his death, when a Roman Catholic Priest claimed his rights and proved the truth of them. Not one of this gentleman's family had a suspicion of the fact, he having been permitted, if not ordered, to pose before the world as a member of the Church of England by a regular attendance at Divine Service in his parish church once every Sunday.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A PRIMROSE DAME.

Habitation No. 1,448, No. 42,111.

Truly alarming is the vista of possibilities which this Primrose lady opens up. At this rate where can we ever be secure against the emissaries of Rome? They may be busy among us on every side, worshipping in our churches, writing letters to the *Rock*, and spouting in Exeter Hall. The Archbishop of Canterbury may be a Jesuit in disguise, so may General Booth. So may I. If anybody says we are, it will be impossible, so far as I can see, to prove the contrary, except by waiting till we die, and seeing whether a Catholic priest comes to claim us for his own.

A well-known and active Liberal has just handed me an invitation addressed to him from the "Primrose Club," in which he is invited to join that institution at the usual subscription of one guinea per annum. It appears from the circular that 5,500 individuals have now been induced to enrol themselves on these terms, and it is said that the "Club" is becoming "one of the most popular Conservative institutions in the metropolis." On what ground a concern can be called a "Conservative institution" which makes no inquiry respecting its members' politics, and which is ready to admit the most zealous Radicals if they can only be induced to part with a guinea, I fail to understand. Personally I should not care to make No. 5,501 in this crew even at such a modest figure as one guinea.

A large party of Gloucestershire Primrose Leaguers visited their member, Mr. Colston, at Roundway Park, his place near Devizes, last week. They went by road, and, when stopping at the inn in the small village of Atworth, they attacked a large orchard, and entirely despoiled all the trees of their fruit, after which they ravaged an adjoining garden. Then these rowdy Tories drove off, taking with them all the fruit they had stolen, and of which they had so enormous a quantity that for some miles they pelted all pedestrians with apples and pears. It is stated that these Primrose Leaguers "had evidently partaken freely of strong drinks, as their language and conduct were disgraceful in the extreme." At night, several policemen were waiting for the party at Atworth, but on reaching the village the horses of the breaks were whipped up, and they went through at a gallop.

A party of several hundreds of Norfolk Conservatives made an excursion to Windsor last Thursday, and were specially privileged to inspect the Royal Gardens. The official programme of the excursion states that they were to be met on the North Terrace and conducted round by six guides provided by Mr. Owen Thomas, the Queen's head gardener. As regards the manner in which this special privilege was obtained, the following information is also afforded by the programme:—

> On arrival of the train at the L. & S.-W. Railway Station, Windsor, the visitors will be met by S. Hoare, Esq., M.P., to whom the thanks of all are due for the special permission granted to view St. George's Chapel and the Royal Gardens.

It would appear from this that the member for Norwich himself possesses and exercises the right to admit visitors to the Royal Gardens. That, I need hardly say, is not the case, and it would be interesting to know how and by whom Mr. Hoare was enabled to obtain this favour for the special benefit of his constituents, seeing that it has been formally and firmly refused to other applicants. The Queen herself, I am quite sure, would not show such a favour to excursionists of one political complexion and withhold it from others; and she would be the last to approve of party capital being made out of the obtaining of such a favour.

The following post-card discloses one of the hitherto undetected crimes of Mr. Gladstone. How many still lurk in the back-ground only a Tory can accurately conjecture. I hope that the present one, at any rate, may prove of use to Primrose orators and subsidised country journalists:—

> Sir,—The dirtiest trick Gladstone ever did was at the time the Great Northern Railway abolished second class, when he wrote rejoicing at such a thing. So he would try to make the upper classes herd with swine to gain his ends. What rampant tyranny! Such a low, mean, dirty trick to gain the support of the working men is surely the ugliest thing in his life.
>
> H. R.
>
> Dublin, August 30, 1893.

A Dorsetshire correspondent informs me that the Tories will not support Mr. Farquharson, M.P., if he persists in again contesting the Western Division of that county, and it is understood that the official candidate of the Party for this seat is to be Mr. G. W. Horner, a well-known and popular agriculturist, and a prominent member of the County Council.

A statement recently appeared in print to the effect that Mr. Mundella was preparing a Bill to reform the constitution of Mercantile Marine Offices and withdraw them entirely from the management of Local Marine Boards. This statement has, I believe, no foundation, but it is very much to be desired that Mr. Mundella would turn his attention in this direction. The Local Marine Boards, composed as they are largely of shipowners and retired master mariners, are eminently unfitted to control offices one of the chief functions of which is to administer justice between shipowners and seamen. There has also been serious discontent among the staffs of some of the offices so controlled—notably Glasgow. The policy of the Board of Trade for many years past has been to prevent the creation of new Local Boards, and to group the old ones under a "Unification" scheme; and it would be much more business-like to bring the entire system under the direct control of Whitehall.

We are likely to hear a good deal about the Home Rule Bill having passed the House of Commons with most of its Clauses—and those by no means the least important ones—undiscussed. The Liberals will urge that this was due to the Unionists spending so much time in talking on the first Clauses. On the other hand, the Unionists will urge that, if the discussion had been too long on these Clauses, it was the business of the Liberals to propose the Closure on each of them after sufficient time had been passed in talking on them, and that a Bill giving effect to a vast alteration in the relations that up to now have united Great Britain and Ireland, must in its nature involve such multifarious and complicated details that an entire Session would not be too long to devote to it.

But whether people ascribe the blame to the Liberals or to the Unionists, the hard fact will remain, that most of the clauses of the Bill were put to the vote without any discussion, and that this is a most undesirable mode of legislating on the part of the Legislative Assembly. Take, for instance, the redistribution of seats schedule. It reduced the County Constituencies, and it retained a considerable number of what we in England should be inclined to term somewhat petty towns. This may have been sound or not. But what would have been said had a Bill dealt in this fashion with regard to Great Britain without explanation or discussion? Take another of the undiscussed clauses. It may be desirable that there should be two Chambers in Ireland, and it may be equally desirable that the Upper Chamber should be elected by those alone possessed of a high property qualification. But what would have been said had such a proviso found a place in the County Council's Bill, and if the House of Commons had been told that they must aye or nay on it without discussion?

The primary mistake of the Government was to begin the Session too late; the second mistake was to spend Easter in bringing in Bills which the Session did not afford time to pass; the third mistake was not to have, from the moment that the Bill went into Committee, apportioned the time that it was to occupy, so as to ensure adequate, and no more than adequate, discussion on each clause. Ministers knew beforehand what would be the tactics of their opponents, but they left it to Providence to interpose to render those tactics impossible. On such occasions Providence is not in the habit of interfering. Experience on other Bills was of no avail, for there was as much difference between this Bill and others as between the parturition of an elephant and of a mouse. The compartment scheme of closure always seemed to me to be playing into the hands of the enemy.

Borwick's Baking Powder. Pure & wholesome, assists digestion.
Borwick's Baking Powder. Guaranteed to be free from alum.
Borwick's Baking Powder. It has the largest sale in the world.

If the vast majority in the country were in favour of Irish Home Rule, all these errors of tactics would have been of small importance. But this is not so. In England, in fact, the majority is against it. In our ultimate appeal to the country we should, therefore, have remembered that we could not afford to give our opponents a plausible argument against us, and, most unquestionably, the fact that the Bill was not discussed is a plausible argument which the Unionists will make the most of.

Personally, I do not think that any proviso in a Bill should be passed without discussion. Such a course may be productive of immediate advantage, but it is fraught with danger to representative Government. A precedent was adduced for this. What was it? That the Tories had passed a Coercion Bill under similar conditions. This may be an *ad hominem* argument against the Tories, but it is a stronger argument against Liberals adopting it, for it proves how the Tories will use the weapon in future that we have taken from their quiver and brandished against them. I do not believe in Liberals justifying their action on Tory precedents.

The rules of procedure of the House of Commons are most cumbersome, and require change. We ought, therefore, to alter them; but to change them in order to pass only one particular Bill has a taint of arbitrariness about it that is not to my liking. I am no believer in Alexanders drawing their swords to cut Gordian knots. This plan of solving difficulties is one most dangerous to liberty, for who knows in the future what Alexander may wield the sword, and what knots he may cut?

The whole trouble arises from the House of Commons being overcharged with business, and the sole real remedy is for it to delegate a portion of its business to subordinate Committees. If you give a man a dozen pair of boots to make, and insist upon his making them in the time during which only one pair can be properly made, the dozen pair will be worthless. Turn it, twist it as you like; if the Imperial Parliament is to fairly discuss all matters that come before it, then it must limit its functions to Imperial matters. The power of the Executive has increased, and is increasing; and as it increases, so is the power of the people, through its appointed representatives, decreasing. To go back to one of the instances of an undiscussed clause that I have cited. Avowedly the constituencies did not decide that there should be an Upper House in Ireland elected by a few comparatively rich men, for at the last election no one knew that such a proposal was in contemplation. Far from having declared themselves in favour of it, the Radical majority had declared for one man one vote, and against any special voting power being given to the rich man on account of his wealth. Was it then reasonable that such a proviso should have been forced down the throats of the people's representatives, without one word being urged in favour of it?

I prefer the Bill of 1885 to that of 1893. The first was a well-conceived scheme of Home Rule, and represented Mr. Gladstone's own views. I do not know exactly whose views the Bill of 1893 represents. But, be the cooks who they may, too many of them have spoilt the broth. The first Bill had in it the advantage of finality, and it left to us Home Rule in our affairs. The second Bill has no finality, and it allows eighty Irish Members to come over when they please and kindly settle all our local affairs for us, having themselves secured the boon of settling some of their local affairs themselves without let or hindrance from us. We must take human nature for what it is, and the Irish are neither worse nor better than other human beings. As Irishmen, making the interests of Ireland their first consideration, is it not obvious that they will make their votes upon British local matters, not dependent upon merits, about which they know nothing and care less, but upon Irish issues coming before the Imperial Parliament? If Canada had no Parliament of its own, there would be grounds for the Canadians being represented in our Imperial Parliament. But, having a Legislature, what could be more absurd than that they should be represented in the Imperial Parliament in such numbers that they would have it in their power practically to settle our liquor traffic or our system of education? The present Bill is not Mr. Gladstone's—it is that of Mr. Gladstone and Co., and the Co. has spoilt it.

The plan proposed in the United States of increasing the currency by allowing any bank to deposit United States bonds, and to issue an equivalent of notes on consideration of the bonds bearing no interest whilst deposited, is one which surely might be adopted by us. If, then, our banks against the deposit were to issue one pound and ten shilling notes, I believe that they would be greedily absorbed by the public. We should thus increase our circulating medium, and save interest upon a considerable portion of our debt. It is true, as the bi-metallists say, that the country would be better off were the volume of our currency increased. What is not true, however, is that this can be done with advantage by throwing a vast quantity of silver into circulation, and maintaining its value artificially by establishing a fixed ratio between gold and silver. The mistake that the bi-metallists make is not to perceive the difference between ratio and value. The value of a metal depends upon cost of production. A ratio between two metals can be established by agreeing to exchange one against the other at a fixed rate. Suppose that any State in the world were to offer to exchange an ounce of gold against a pound of silver. The ratio would remain an ounce to a pound, so long as this exchange were open to all comers. But what would be the result? Supposing that it cost less to produce a pound of silver than an ounce of gold, the production of gold would cease.

In every country where there is a small note circulation the note is preferred to coin, provided that the note is represented by its full equivalent in something—be it metal or be it bonds—because notes are more portable than gold; and provided also that the note circulation based on bonds is not in excess of the internal requirements of the

country. Having a debt, why should we not use it, in order to increase our circulation at no cost to ourselves, but rather at a profit to ourselves? In order to make the security on which the notes would be issued against bonds absolutely secure, we might allow issue against two-thirds face value of consols, paying to the bankers who deposit them one-third of the interest on them.

There is another wasteful absurdity in regard to our circulating medium, which ought to be looked into. Silver is a mere token coinage, the shilling being intrinsically worth far less than the twentieth of a pound. The more shillings, therefore, that are coined and absorbed the greater is our profit. But why have silver tokens? Why not have notes? In this case the profit would be far larger. It is much easier to make a die and to coin shillings than it is to make a complicated engraved plate, and to strike off notes. The danger of spurious notes, therefore, being thrown into circulation is far less than of an issue of spurious shillings. Consequently, were notes to replace silver tokens there would be far less risk of our coinage being augmented by the operations of coiners. So large is the profit on coining shillings, and so comparatively easy is their production, that I have not the slightest doubt that a considerable percentage of our silver coins have never come from the Mint.

Were I Chancellor of the Exchequer, I should at once make my country a present of fifty, or one hundred millions, by allowing the issue of notes against deposit of consols, and by substituting paper tokens for silver tokens. As I am not, I make a present of the plan to Sir William Harcourt.

We really must realise that our possession of India does not necessarily imply that we have any special rights over the rest of Asia. Very possibly it would be convenient to us were no other European Power to put its foot within a thousand miles or two of our Eastern possessions, but such a doctrine is not likely to be accepted by the world. I thought the French foolish to endeavour to carve out an Eastern empire for themselves; but, if they think otherwise, it is not likely that they will alter their views. We seized on Burmah, suppressed the King, annexed the country, and treated all Burmese who struck a blow for the independence of their land as rebels. Our plea practically was that it would be advantageous to us to become the owners of this kingdom, and I remember that it was frequently urged that there would be a clear profit on the transaction. About two years ago it was suggested that Siam should be included within the sphere of our influence. The suggestion, however, did not find favour with the then Tory Government. On the eastern side of Siam are the French possessions. The French appear to be treating Siam much as we treated Burmah. Great is the indignation of our Jingoes.

For my part, I hardly see how we can legitimately complain. What is sauce to the English goose is sauce to the French gander. Either we have a defensive treaty with an independent kingdom, or we have not. If we have, we are bound to defend it against aggression: if we have not, we derive no right from the fact that we import into it certain goods. As a matter of fact, I believe that in this particular case most of our imports consist of opium, which is consumed by the Chinese residing in Burmah. We shall, therefore, do well to accept the inevitable. It is, indeed, not without certain advantages. An Independent Siam will be a bone of contention between us and the French. If France acquires a protectorate over it, the bone will belong to France, and this is far better than that she and we should snarl and intrigue over it.

But attention being drawn to India owing to the Siamese question, at once that of Herat comes to the fore. Who does not remember the excitement of our Jingoes over Pendjeh? It is not, however, perhaps known that whilst we were insisting that its possession by Russia would lead to the fall of our Indian Empire, the Ameer of Afghanistan telegraphed that, far from wishing that it should be included in Afghanistan, he preferred that it should not be. Russia has now for some years owned it, and we have forgotten all about it. Eventually Russia will have Herat. It lies on the Russian side of the mountain chain that protects our north-western frontier, and it would be impossible for us to defend it. What, then, is the use of our snapping and snarling? The district in which it is situated might be made very productive by irrigation. We object to this, because we wish deserts to separate us from Russia. This is hardly in accordance with civilisation. Herat might be useful to Russia as a frontier fortress, but it is absolutely useless to us, and, as I have said, indefensible.

What amuses me in all this is that our Jingo-Tory Press, which a little while ago lauded Lord Rosebery to the skies, and insisted that he would force the Liberals to carry out the Jingo creed in all parts of the world, are now abusing him because he appears to be treating the Asiatic question with sound common-sense, and does not allow himself to be made an instrument by Mr. Curzon, and such-like gentlemen, who, having travelled in the East, consider that we ought to rush into war with France, Russia, or any other Power that interferes with the strange view, that we own, or ought to own all Asia.

The hatred and distrust with which the Royal Niger Company is regarded by all independent Englishmen having interests in that portion of Africa are strikingly shown in the correspondence which I have received in consequence of the reference to the matter in last week's Truth. I give as a sample the following letter from a well-known Liverpool firm:—

Old Castle Buildings, 26, Precsons-row, Liverpool,
August 31, 1893.

Dear Sir,—We are glad to see that you are interesting yourself in the affairs of the Niger Chartered Company.

In the interests of Free Trade and native rights the Press should urge the removal of what is no less than an insuperable obstacle to the progress of the district in question.

The mercantile community of Liverpool—which is, as you are aware, the English centre of the West African trade—has persistently set forth to successive Governments the obstacle

sented to free commercial enterprise by the granting of charter powers, which enable the Company to manipulate the authority given, to the extinction of all rival trade.

The Niger was found a free river when this Company unfortunately got the Government of the day to grant them chartered powers. It has now become closed to all commerce but their own. This is a fact, and no professions of the Company as to their honestly carrying out the provisions of the charter can set aside the inference to be drawn from this fact.

They found a numerous class of traders getting a livelihood in the river, and an active enterprise at work in its development, which they have totally annihilated.—Yours truly,

JOHN HOLT & Co.

Another correspondent from the same quarter, who dwells specially upon the dark dealings of the Niger Company with the natives, also remarks, in regard to the tariffs, that although African merchants complain, with good reason, of the duties imposed in the French settlements on the West Coast of Africa, yet "these are as nothing compared to the exorbitant tariffs in force, contrary to every principle of free trade, in the territories under the sway of the Royal Niger Company." The Charter of this Company, and the powers conferred under it, must, I suppose, now be accepted as unalterable facts, and any attempt to modify either of them would doubtless provoke a storm of indignation among all the champions of vested interests—more especially as Mr. Chamberlain is a large shareholder in the Company. This, however, only makes it the duty of a Liberal Government to restrain with a firm hand any abuse of the Company's powers, or any usurpation of new territorial rights; and for this reason all bonâ-fide complaints of independent traders against the Company ought to receive a most attentive hearing.

SCRUTATOR.

ABOUT ONE E. P. BARRETT.

BEGGING-LETTERS have been circulated in enormous quantities during the last few months from "St. Saviour's, Stockwell Park-road," by an individual signing himself E. P. Barrett. Mr. Barrett does not beg for himself, but for two ladies, Mrs. Mitchinson and Miss Hogarth. The following is the text of his appeal on their behalf:—

"MADAME,—Will you kindly excuse a total stranger addressing you? But my attention has been lately directed to the widow of a Vicar of the Church of England—Mrs. Mitchinson, who, with her sister, Miss Hogarth, is now at 3, Kemerton-road, Herne Hill, S.E.

"Mrs. Mitchinson is the widow of the late Rev. Henry Clarke Mitchinson, M.A., who died a few months ago, and who at the time of his decease, and for twenty-six years previously, was the beloved Vicar of Christ Church, Rotherhithe.

"Since his death Mrs. Mitchinson has found her means painfully straightened *(sic)*, and I happen to know that at the present time the circumstances of these sisters (who are also descendants of the famous Hogarth) are not only trying, but actually distressing. With a laudable desire to help themselves, they have sought to obtain lodgers, but hitherto without success, so that they are out of the poorer thus far by the amount thus spent in writing and advertising.

"You will, I am sure, forgive me for writing this note. I am greatly concerned for them, and can only say if you are so good as to send me a small sum for their benefit, how thankful I shall be to hand it to the widow, who shall herself, if you wish it, forward you an acknowledgment.

"The Lord Bishop has written expressing his sympathy, and the Charity Organisation Society, after due inquiry, has provided £1 for the purchase of a few necessary articles.

"I beg to enclose my card, and with much anxiety on their account shall await your kind reply.—Faithfully yours,

E. P. BARRETT.

As regards the two ladies here mentioned, I desire neither to say nor suggest anything unfavourable. The account given of their circumstances above is substantially accurate; where it is inaccurate is in regard rather to what is omitted than what is stated. It is true that Mrs. Mitchinson is in straitened circumstances, but she is by no means destitute. Her husband left her a legacy of £100, his furniture, and the residue of his estate, which produces about £50 a year. She and her sister have taken a small house, and endeavour to let lodgings. In this apparently they have not been successful; but they are not reduced to beggary, and probably they would not beg on their own account.

Who, then, is Mr. E. P. Barrett who is begging for them so vigorously? He is, or was formerly, a Nonconformist minister. Before that he was a jeweller. A few years ago he issued certain appeals on his own account. In 1889 he offered his services to a local committee of the Charity Organisation Society as paid agent at a salary of 25s. per week. From these circumstances it would appear (1) that Mr. Barrett is hardly in a position to devote his time and labour gratuitously to collecting money on behalf of other persons in "straightened" circumstances; (2) that he is hardly a gentleman of such independent and substantial position as to be the most desirable trustee who could be found for a charitable fund of this character. On this view of the circumstances, having learned so much about Mr. Barrett, I sent a representative to interview both the ladies and the gentleman. From the former my representative learned that Mr. Barrett was in the habit of handing them over a pound or two from time to time, the total amount received up to the present time being between £30 and £40. From Mr. Barrett himself my representative endeavoured to obtain some sort of account of his receipts. At first he stated that he could not give the amount of his receipts without reference to his accounts, which unfortunately were not at hand at the moment. My representative said that he was not particular to a pound or two, and would be satisfied if Mr. Barrett would give him a round figure. The reverend gentleman then absolutely refused to mention any sum, pleading that the question was not a fair one. Nothing more could be extracted from him.

On this recital of facts, any charitable person will, I think, see that there is no reason at all why money should be sent for the relief of Mrs. Mitchinson and her sister, and every reason why such money, if it be sent at all, should not be sent through the Rev. E. P. Barrett. I hope that what I have said will prevent any more being sent, and I shall be glad if it should also lead to my receiving additional information concerning Mr. Barrett himself, whose character and history seem to stand in need of further elucidation.

AN IMMACULATE FARM-PUPIL AGENCY.

Although for some little time past I have had no occasion to refer to the matter, my readers are aware that the traffic in "farm pupils" for exportation to the Colonies—chiefly Canada—has been the subject of frequent warnings in TRUTH. I have warned parents and guardians until I am almost tired, that the system of paying heavy premiums in order to have lads taught farming in Canada is a radically rotten one; that most of the agencies

established over here for the purpose of placing pupils on this system are frauds; and that the only rational way of educating a lad as a farmer is to send him out to study the business as a farm labourer. Similar advice has been from time to time given by the representatives of the Canadian Government over here, who uniformly discountenance all agencies engaged in the farm-pupil traffic. My attention has been lately called, however, to an agency of this kind, which claims to have been specially favoured with the approval of the Dominion Government, and as such a claim implies either that this concern is unique of its kind, or that it is sailing under false colours, it seems to merit some special notice.

The Agency is question is styled "The Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association." Its offices are at 46, High-street, Sheffield, where Mr. Henry Howden, F.S.A., officiates as Secretary. The "President" of the Association is "Mr. James Aspdin, J.P.," and it boasts of a "Superintendent in Canada," in the person of the Rev. David Armstrong, D.D. The prospectuses and leaflets issued by this Association all suggest that it is something essentially different from any other Association in the same line of business. Among these documents is the following:—

THE ANGLO-CANADIAN FARM PUPIL ASSOCIATION.

CAUTION.

Having been called upon so frequently to assist young men who had been induced to come out here under false pretences by ignorant adventurers in England, professing to be able to procure for their victims permanent homes and employment in this province as farm pupils, I consider it my duty to caution both young men and their parents and guardians against the pretensions of such persons. Having made searching inquiries respecting their antecedents, I find that these pretenders have no practical knowledge of Canada or Canadian farming; that they have had no personal experience whatever in the supervision of farm pupils; are not in a position to carry out what they profess to do; they furnish no reliable references; and that guarantees given by such persons or so-called associations are utterly worthless. These facts may be fully established if due inquiries are made by intending farm pupils, therefore those entrusting their future in the hands of ignorant impostors can only blame themselves if the result of such a course is attended with disaster.

The Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association, established in 1882, is the only organisation of the kind recognised by the Dominion Government. Its affairs are managed entirely by gentlemen of established reputation, who have themselves had many years' actual experience as pioneer settlers and in practical agriculture on this continent. It enjoys the entire confidence of our farmers here, and its system has met with the hearty approval and support of the pupils placed under it, as may be proved by reference to their friends in Great Britain, the names and addresses of whom may be obtained at the offices of the Association. These facts afford ample evidence of the reliable nature of the organisation, whose great success has only been achieved by the thoroughly practical and trustworthy way in which its work has been done in the past, this being a sufficient guarantee that its future undertakings will be faithfully and efficiently carried out in the same creditable manner.

DAVID ARMSTRONG, D.D.

Mooretown, Ontario, Canada.

Another similar document is in the form of a letter, which, according to Mr. Henry Howden, the secretary, has been addressed by the same Rev. David Armstrong, D.D., "to a number of clergymen in this country to whom that gentleman is personally known." The letter contains the following paragraph:—

Of late years many emigration schemes, on a somewhat similar basis to the one I refer to, have sprung into existence, but their fees were *exorbitant* and their promises so *unreliable* that Sir Charles Tupper, our High Commissioner, issued a circular letter condemning alike all private emigration schemes, but as I fully satisfied the Canadian Government that the one recognised by me was thoroughly reliable and very moderate in its charges, I received an official letter from the Department of Agriculture (dated May 30, 1885) exempting it from the condemnation referred to, and endorsing all emigration work done under my personal supervision. The system originated by Mr. James Aspdin, J.P., of this province, is the *practical* one, and under it the work is carried through in the most reliable manner.

A similar statement is made by Mr. Howden, the secretary, in a letter written by him a few months ago to a gentleman who was in negotiation respecting the settlement of his sons in Canada under the auspices of the Association:—

Some time ago, when the Canadian Government passed condemnation on all farm pupil agencies, both Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Aspdin were several days at the Government Houses in Ottawa, and *not only received exemption*, but were commended for the good work they were doing.

The manner in which these statements are put forward, and the fact that they are attested by the signature of a Doctor of Divinity, renders their accuracy a matter of public importance. Certain circumstances which have come under my notice tend to raise doubts as to their accuracy, and it is only fair that Dr. Armstrong and Messrs. Aspdin and Howden should have an opportunity of setting these doubts at rest.

The gentleman above referred to, who was in negotiation respecting the settlement of his sons, asked Mr. Howden for further information as to the circumstances under which the Association was "recognised by the Dominion Government." Mr. Howden replied:—

It was after waiting some days at Ottawa that the Rev. Dr. A and Mr. Aspdin succeeded in gaining an audience with the Government and explaining the good work they had and were doing, *the work of this Association being carried on by philanthropic and not mercenary motive.* Our interview was a private one, and the result private also. No Government is likely to undo one day what they had done the day before.

In reply to a further question, Mr. Howden repeated that this is "entirely a private matter," adding magnanimously, "it is not our wish to say a word against the doings of any one who has been so exceedingly kind to us." Now, what on earth does this mean? What purpose could possibly be served by Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Aspdin hanging about several days for an interview which was not only private, but of which the result was to be private also? What use was that to the Association? Again, if the result was "private," what do the Association mean by blazoning it abroad in all their publications? What does Dr. Armstrong mean by embodying the result in a circular which he has addressed to clergymen all over England? And who ever heard before of a Government Department embodying a "private" communication of this kind in "an official letter?" I trust that Mr. Howden will endeavour to answer these questions, for on the face of it his contention that this was "a private matter" appears to be nonsense.

But this is not all. It appears that so far back as 1889 an inquiry was addressed to the Canadian Government as to the genuineness of the claim of the Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association. The following reply was written and signed by the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture:—

I am directed by the Minister of Agriculture to inform you in reply to your letter of the 20th ult. that the Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Mooretown, Ontario, is simply known to this Department by name, but the Government has no control over the organisation referred to by you as the Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association, and *it is in no wise recognised by the Dominion Government.*

This communication was endorsed in a letter written by the High Commissioner for Canada on May 8 last, in which it is further stated "it would appear ..."

sociation to which you called attention *was never at any e formally recognised by the Canadian Government.*" It ll be seen at once that this gives the lie direct to the etension of Mr. Howden that his Association is "the ly organisation of the kind recognised by the Canadian overnment." The least that this gentleman and Dr. rmstrong can now do is to publish the "official letter ted May 30, 1889," in which the Association is empted from the condemnation passed upon other encies of the kind. It will be universally admitted at after the Government has officially repudiated Dr. rmstrong and his colleagues, he has a perfect right to do is, even though the official letter was a private one.

Some explanation might well be given at the same me respecting the testimonials published by the Associa-n. A sheet of these is issued, but the initials and t the names of the writers are given. A note at the ad of them states, however, that "Visitors may see y of the letters from which the following extracts ve been taken, and numerous others on the same bject," which disposes of any suggestion that they e private communications. Parents and guardians are so informed that as soon as they have decided that he occupation and vacancies" meet their views, ferences to others whose boys have gone out will given. The gentleman to whom I have referred ove was given the names of two ladies whose sons d gone out. One of them did not answer; the other swer was not satisfactory, as the son was over twenty ars of age. The gentleman next suggested to Mr. owden that he should give him the names of two or ree clergymen whose sons had been placed. Mr. owden replied that they did not do this, as clergymen e too busy and do not reply. Now, among the printed stimonials are three purporting to come from clergymen, the Rev. S. C. S.," "the Rev. C. R. C.," and "the Rev. L. C." The original letters, it is alleged, can be seen the office. What objection can there be, then, to ving an inquirer the names and addresses of the riters? Why should those who desire to ascertain hether the testimonials are genuine be expected to vel to Sheffield for the purpose?

As the Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association is to be garded, according to the Secretary, as a philanthropic d not a commercial undertaking, I should be sorry to ggest that it is not as beneficent an institution as it etends to be. But anybody can see that the above facts ise questions which require to be cleared up, and I ould strongly urge Mr. Howden to clear them up at ce. "Philanthropic" though its motives are, the ssociation charges from £17. 10s. to £27 (according to e class of passage) for every farm pupil it ships, and no tending emigrant will care to pay this amount even to a ilanthropist until his philanthropy is entirely above spicion. Even a payment of £17. 10s. for a steerage ssage may leave a margin for profit, and it would be interesting to know to what philanthropic purposes such profits, if there are any, are devoted. I hope, therefore, that while Mr. Howden is dealing with the points mentioned above, he will also inform me who, besides himself, Mr. Aspdin, and Dr. Armstrong, compose the "Association," and forward me a few of its recent annual reports and balance sheets, in order to show what profits are made, and how they are disposed of. When all this has been done, I shall be happy to do what the Canadian Government denies that it has done, and "exempt" the Association from the condemnation which has been passed in TRUTH upon all agencies of this nature.

CAUTION.—The Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, W., beg to state that they have purchased the whole of the business of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, but the stock being old and unsuitable for the Company's trade was disposed of to the Public by auction at Christie's, and any statement to the contrary is inaccurate and misleading. The Company, having also bought the dies of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, is the only firm in a position to supply the Goldsmith's Alliance patterns.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

FONTAINEBLEAU UP TO DATE.

THE late Lord Lytton and Prince Hohenlohe preferred Paris in the August heats, when every one was out of town. It is certainly enjoyable when one has it all to oneself, or pretty nearly so. Still, one is glad to get away from it, and the time to do this is when days are long and nights cool in the country. The June and July nights are too short for coolness anywhere, but the August nights are calm, quiet, and refreshing. I thought Fontainebleau would be a nice place to seek a change at, but the hotels and boarding-houses were crowded, and there was not a vehicle to be had for drives in the forest, all the carriages being hired eight days or more in advance. However, a hospitable friend, a Fontainebleausian, unexpectedly turned up and insisted on my staying at his villa for a few days. The house was the perfection of country quarters, and its grounds opened on a lovely spot in the forest, watered with a purling rill. This meant freshness of air and vegetation. When tired of Nature, we fell back upon the show-places of the town, which, the Palace excepted, were new to me. An old house, wherein used to lodge the Secretaries of Henry IV., was, with many other abodes of interest, opened to me. The present occupant is a brother of M. Bapst, ex-Crown jeweller, who has not modernised it over-much. What one most admires is the old wainscoted hall and staircase, with banisters of massive carved oak. La Belle Gabrielle had a house close by. It is remarkable for the forged iron used in the gates, in the railings that separate the courtyard from the street, and in the balconies and banisters of stone stairs which have a stately, but, unless in fine weather, a too severe and chilling aspect. Italian architects, I daresay, as well as Italian painters, came to France when Fontainebleau was in its glory, and for some time after. I expressed surprise to my friend at the lovely Gabrielle not living in the Palace. There was no Queen Consort in her time, and even the austere Sully was half-reconciled to the idea of Henri IV. making her position a regular one. "Yes; but until that was done it showed her good sense and head for business to be in a house of her own. The money expended on it was sure *not* to return to the State if Henri predeceased her, and if he were unfaithful she had gear to fall back upon." Madame de Pompadour had rooms in the Palace of Versailles and

the buildings in which the President now lodges were erected and furnished for her. But she had two châteaux—one at Bellevue and the other at Celle St. Cloud, near Versailles—and the exquisite bijou villa at Fontainebleau, which is now owned by Comte de Gramont d'Aster. Snugness and elegance were aimed at by her. The wainscotings are deeply carved in oak and painted white, as in the living-rooms of Louis XV. at Versailles. In her time there was no dining-room. Dining-rooms are a rather modern invention, and I fancy were borrowed from England. The hall, in old French chateaux, was the place in which meals were taken in common, and very often the kitchen, for the sake of warmth and getting dishes hot from the stewpan or the spit. The hotel de Luynes dates from the time of Francis I., as the salamander which enters into its stone and wood carvings shows. The Prieuré, where Comte and Comtesse d'Haussonville live, was the dwelling of the pious Dauphin, son of Louis XV. It is two miles from the Palace, and well out of the town. He got as far as he could out of the way of Madame de Pompadour. His Saxon wife was fond of the country, and they both tried to work out their salvation according to their own ideas in this—for the time in which they lived—solitude. La Prieuré has been magnificently fitted up by its actual possessors. Evidences of wealth and of modern ideas of comfort, not to say of luxury, are everywhere apparent. Electricity is brought into play in different ways. The library must be a great resource in wet weather. The Dauphin hated books and loved music. He had a baritone voice, which he in private devoted to psalm and hymn singing. But etiquette prevented him consecrating it to a devotional use in the Chapel Royal. The late Comte de Chambord had such a voice.

We took a drive over to the peach and vine growing commune of Thomery. I then went to call on Rosa Bonheur at Poz. Thomery grapes are the delicate thin-skinned species produced by the King's trellis at Fontainebleau. But the vines bearing them only date from 1824, when the good-natured Charles X. ordered cuttings from the Francis I. vine to be given to any rustic asking for them. The whole district may be called a peach and vine factory. The climate is ideal for fruit-production, it being sheltered from north and west winds. Fruit is grown everywhere. Walls skirting the highways and byways are covered with vines on the roadside when they face in the right direction. There is nothing rustic in the place, walls running in slanting directions in parallels at distances of ten yards. The shady sides are devoted to apple-trees, whose deep roots do not struggle for existence against the superficial roots of the vine. Where the soil does not suit the vine it suits the peach. Twice a year whitewash is used on the walls to kill the insects. Every wall is roofed with tiles to protect it from damp and to shelter the fruit-tree. Hot-house culture is resorted to also. But you are told that the fruit it produces is not to be compared in the subtle delicacy of its flavour and bouquet to what is sun-grown. One is struck with the healthiness of the Thomery children. It is said to be due to this fruit diet. The people of the place, having quantities of grapes and peaches which cannot be sent to market, live a good deal on them. Their air of well-being confirms Sir Isaac Holden's idea about sun-potentiality being locked up in fruit, and converted into nervous force when eaten by an animal, human or other.

Rosa Bonheur has survived most of her brothers and sisters. There were seven of them when she set out on her career. She is an old woman, small, sunburnt, and wrinkled as a peasant. The grey hair is cut short, and is still thick. As she wears a blouse, she dons a cloth cap. The ribbon of the Legion of Honour is pinned on her breast. It was given to her by the Empress Eugenie, in speaking of whom she heaved a sigh, and said, "Pauvre femme! Elle est si seule!" The accent of Bordeaux hangs on her tongue, but she has not Gascon loquacity. Her eye is "attentive," and is still bright. Somebody spoke of her masculine habiliments. She said, "In my situation they were the most convenient and decent. I should have missed all chances of success had I had to bear the weights of the skirts in fashion thirty-six years ago." This accomplished woman has two studios. One is like a stable, lighted from the roof. "I can be here," she says, "avec mes bonnes bêtes." She is fond of her cows, her horses, her gazelles, but does not like carnivoræ. They are only in their place in Africa or the jungle of India. Rosa Bonheur has a poet's eye for an ox. It appears to her a strong, plodding, patient being, made to be useful in a homely, unobtrusive way. The cow is the foster-mother of the human race, and the ox the humble labouring auxiliary. Rosa Bonheur's kine know her voice, and low when she pats them on the neck. They are kept in the open air when weather permits. Her studies are infinite in number. As she is rich enough to live according to her tastes, and to help relatives according to her generosity, she has greatly left off working for the dealers. Now and then she executes an order for some English or American amateur or dealer; but she won't bargain, and if they are not satisfied with her terms she says *bon soir*. The Paris Boulevard press she holds in horror. Those who write her up to-day would write her down to-morrow unless she sent them sops they might require. I think her studies will add immensely to her fame when they get known. But that will not be in her lifetime. Her heirs can do with them as they please. She looks tired, and I daresay is tired. Her vicarious maternity has been a source of satisfaction to her, but she has not got out of it and out of her wide-world fame all she craved for. However, she has no cause to complain. Her life has been one of high interests and satisfied instincts. She was a born lover of Nature, of animals, and learned how to use the pencil and paint-brush as easily as she learned to read. Her lot has been cast in pleasant places, and with relatives to whom she clave. She had also devoted friends. For society she had never any liking, and the genteel classes and she were out of touch. They were conventional, and she was only happy in being unconventional, and gauging her own gait just as she chose. Rosa Bonheur scorns the interview mode of advertisement. "I can never get reconciled to it," she says. She has long withdrawn from the Salon; not that she fancied her works too good or not good enough to send them; but her brother and sister,

both of whom reached eminence more than a quarter of a century ago, were regular exhibitors. Two of one family she thought enough, and she did not want to get in their way.

The plague of wasps has been severely felt in the fruit gardens of Thomery. It is very hard to burn out their nests with petroleum, so many of them being on the verge of the forest, which for six months has been inflammable as tinder. What the rustics do is to hang bottles of sugared water on the trellises. Wasps go into them and get drowned. They are also lured to destruction by wine and water, and, better still, brandy and water, for wasps are inebriates. Their love of decayed fruit is to be explained from the alcohol in the fermenting or rotten part. A splendid glass wasp-trap is made with a bulb-shaped bottle with at bottom a deep "kick," having the top part cut out. The neck should be kept stopped up, and the bulbous bottle made to stand on three legs, and the "kick" filled with some intoxicating liquid. The wasps creep up the "kick" into liquid. As they cannot, should they get out of it and climb up the side of the phial, escape by the neck, where the alcoholic fumes are concentrated, they get more drunk and fall back to die the death that George, Duke of Clarence, aspired to.

Vipers swarm this year in the rocky and heathery parts of the Fontainebleau Forest. An alpenstock is a good precaution against them, as it enables one to grope one's way, and so reduces the danger of stepping on one of these noxious creatures. The venom under the tooth is, it appears, secreted more plentifully in hot than in cool weather. Dogs are constantly being bitten, and with deadly effect. An adult would not be likely to die from a viper's bite, but he would be in a bad way for at least six months.

On quitting Fontainebleau I made, en route for Aix, an excursion in the Forest of Morvan. It used to be the cheapest place in France, but American artists overrun it now and have made it dear. The inns are primitive in all respects and the cooking is the worst that could be found anywhere between Dunkirk and Marseilles. But the scenery is beautiful. One has rocky hills, woodland and grassy glades, peaceful tarns, and gushing springs.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

DEAR LADY BETTY,—M. Decrais, the newly-appointed Ambassador of France to London, arrived in England last week. On account of the then critical state of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha the Queen postponed until the Friday granting audience to M. Decrais for the purpose of his presenting his letters of credence, by which time the death of Duke Ernest, however, occurred. This event rendered it necessary for the proposed audience to be postponed again, and M. Decrais, after staying some days in London, returned to France without accomplishing the object of his visit. This *contretemps* is much to be regretted, for it appears that, ignorant of our Court and its ways, the French Ambassador felt that a personal objection to him has influenced her Majesty in acting in a manner most unusual in diplomatic etiquette. Moreover, in the present state of excitable irritation which prevails in France, this unintentional slight towards their Ambassador might aggravate the bad feeling which already exists against us in that country, the more so as the incident might by some people be connected with the controversy respecting Siam. Of course, neither personal feeling against M. Decrais nor any irritation with regard to the Siamese difficulty prompted the Queen to act as she has done in this instance. It merely happened that her Majesty did not feel able to grant the required audience, owing to the illness and subsequent death of her brother-in-law, the Duke Ernest. M. Decrais's son has remained in London, and it is expected that M. Decrais himself will almost immediately return here, when he will present his letters of credence to the Queen at Balmoral instead of waiting to do this until the Court returns some two months hence to Windsor.

The members of the Junior Carlton Club are at present enjoying the hospitality of the Conservative Club in St. James's-street, whilst their own premises in Pall Mall are being put into thorough repair. Meanwhile, the new decorations in the hall of the Conservative Club are in progress. It will be remembered that last autumn the task of supervising the redecoration of this hall was entrusted to a specially-appointed committee. When their labours were concluded and the club was re-opened the members expressed almost unanimous disapproval, and eventually a general meeting was held when it was decided to instruct the Committee to take steps to restore the hall so far as was practical to its original condition. Having spent £2,400 in white marble last year, the Committee are now about to spend another £1,000 in painting over this marble, which, at first sight, would seem to be in questionable taste. However, both the Club and the Committee are to be congratulated upon having after a year's deliberation discovered a solution to the problem which finds favour with the large majority of the members.

In the discussion in the *Times* upon the misuse of words, attention has been called to the common use in England of the French word *chaperon*, in the feminine—*chaperone*. This, of course, is a quite correct criticism. *Chaperon* is a masculine word, meaning a hood, as, for instance, in the celebrated nursery tale, "Le Chaperon Rouge." A hood being used to protect the wearer, the word has come to be used figuratively in the sense of one who "protects" another at social gatherings and entertainments. In France, *chaperon* is not frequently used, however, now in this sense, and, indeed, when so used, it is regarded in the light more or less of a slang term. To talk of *chaperone* in the feminine, as we do generally in England, is altogether wrong, for whether the *chaperon* is a man or a woman the word itself still retains its original gender. Still, I maintain that when a word is appropriated from a foreign language to describe some shade of meaning which we are otherwise unable to express, there is no reason to be too particular as to what modifications either in spelling or in signification we may find it advisable to make for our own convenience. But this does not apply to transforming *chaperon*, a hood, into a masculine or feminine word according to the sex of the person that wears it. This is obvious.

Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., the recently-appointed Governor of Mauritius, has been created by His Holiness the Pope a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great in recognition of the services which Sir Hubert rendered to the Catholic institutions in Mauritius after the disastrous hurricane of 1892. Membership of this Order is greatly prized in the Catholic world. Lord Bute is one of the few Knights Grand Cross of St. Gregory in England. Of course, though permitted to accept the honour, Sir Hubert will be unable to wear the insignia of the Order in his official capacity.

The following advertisement, which appeared in the *Morning Post* on Monday, is in every way attractive:—"Will any philanthropic person without kindred *adopt* pretty, bright little girl? 22, orphan, good family, owns small income," &c., &c.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE publication of the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire has been followed by the appearance of a long list of quotations on the former handicap, speculation being no doubt stimulated by the fact that there was practically no betting on the Leger. These early transactions simply represent the harum-scarum fancies of the public, who bet in absolute ignorance of the intentions of owners, and they are only misleading. It is quite certain that no genuine stable commission is yet in the market for the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire may be left entirely alone until after the decision of the longer handicap, and this abstinence is the more to be recommended because many animals which are sure to be well backed for the Cambridgeshire if they "go for" that race are also engaged in the far more valuable Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park.

Why Major Egerton has handicapped Sir Hugo it is impossible to understand, seeing that Lord Bradford's horse was struck out of all his engagements several weeks ago. That the Cesarewitch horses are principally a moderate lot is shown by the fact that out of ninety-four which have been handicapped, only fifteen have 8 st. and upwards, and among them is Callistrate (8 st. 2 lb.), who is estimated to be the best three-year-old in the race, and he is made to give Wolff's Crag 2 lb., and Childwick, Self Sacrifice, and Son of a Gun each 11 lb. For the Cambridgeshire we find Callistrate handicapped at 8 st. 7 lb., or 6 lb. below Marcion and Isinglass, and 2 lb. below Laodamia, who has been well looked after indeed, considering that in the City and Suburban she was let off with 6 st. 7 lb.! If half the tales which were circulated at York about Self Sacrifice are true, she ought to have a good chance with 7 st. 5 lb. Ragimunde (who won so easily two years ago) has 7 st. 10 lb., and he is decidedly very well in, and Red Eyes has been strangely favoured in being allotted the same weight. La Flèche is by no means out of the Cesarewitch with 9 st. 7 lb. if she has recovered her form, but I doubt whether she will start in view of her other engagements.

The Cambridgeshire will be a very difficult and dangerous race to meddle with. Orme is, of course, top-weight with 9 st. 13 lb., but he is far more likely to run for the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park, which is worth twice as much as the Cambridgeshire, and the distance will suit the horse better, added to which his weight of 10 st. 2 lb. is really equal to 9 st. 9 lb. at Newmarket, for the shorter race is a 7 lb. heavier handicap. La Flèche is given 9 st. 7 lb., and 4 lb. below her is Suspender, who is not likely to stand training; and I suspect that Haut Brion (7 st.) will be the best from Bedford Cottage. Comedy is well in on her best form with 8 st. 6 lb.

A new volume of the General Stud Book, being the seventeenth, was published a few days ago, and it contains much interesting information. The last volume appeared in 1889, and since that period the business of breeding thoroughbreds has so much increased that there are now actually about 1,400 breeders of blood stock, a number which is likely to be very largely reduced before the close of the present year. Last year, 4,930 mares were accounted for, as against 3,917 in 1889. The list of "Horses sent Abroad" fills sixty two pages, and the exportation of thoroughbreds has been increasing, as in the 1889 volume forty-nine pages sufficed for this register. The United States and Belgium have bought horses very largely of late years, and there has been an increase in the trade with France and with Australia, but there has been a falling off in the number sent to South America and to Germany.

A twaddling article, entitled "Blair Athol," has been going round the papers, which is only worthy of notice because it contains a fiction which has been a hundred times contradicted and exposed. It is asserted that when Blair Athol was sold in 1872, after the death of Mr. Thomas Blenkiron, "the foreigners tried hard to secure him." This is utterly untrue, for no foreigner was a bidder for Blair Athol, either directly or indirectly, although both the German and the Hungarian commissioners were importuned to compete for him. If it is now worth while to print a dissertation upon Blair Athol, surely the true story of his Grand Prix defeat might have been related. This tragedy is attributed merely to the fact that Blair Athol had been "upset" by his journey to France, but everybody knew very well that there was a strange secret history of that race.

I am told that Lord Rosebery does not intend to start the colt by Hampton out of Illuminata at Manchester, but that he will be reserved for the Middle Park Plate, which is a very wise decision. The colt is also engaged in the Criterion Stakes and in the Dewhurst Plate.

The simpletons who are so infatuated as to persist in betting early have experienced a very bad time over the autumn handicaps. Sir Hugo had been for some time first favourite for the Cesarewitch when it was found expedient to turn him out of training. Marcion was actually backed down to 16 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire, and now it appears that he is not likely to be again seen on a racecourse this season. It may be hoped that Marcion's ailments are only temporary, and Mr. Vyner is acting very wisely in throwing him up for a time, with the expectation that he will stand another preparation next season, in which case we shall, no doubt, see him running against Isinglass for the Gold Cup at Ascot.

Marcion could not have lost the Doncaster Cup and the Doncaster Stakes on Friday. The former race will fall to Red Eyes if she is "slipped" for it; but she may very likely be reserved for the Cesarewitch, in which case Lady Rosebery ought to win. There is nothing to beat Harbinger in the Doncaster Stakes, as he meets Canning upon very much the same terms as when he formerly defeated him, and I fancy that he will be quite as well suited by the extra distance as Sir Robert Jardine's horse.

Marcion has also been first favourite for the Prix du Conseil Municipal of £4,000, which is run at Longchamps on October 8, and in which a number of English horses have been engaged—notably La Flèche and Ravensbury. I understand that Fra Angelico is in reserve for this race, and his meeting with La Flèche would be very interesting. The mare will have to give him 3 lb.

It is high time that the conditions of the Doncaster Cup were altered, for they are at present exceedingly asinine and absurd. The winner of certain races (nine in number) carries 10 lb extra, or of any race exceeding a mile, value £900 (handicaps excepted), 7 lb. extra. Consequently, the winner of the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot has only 7 lb. extra, while the winner of the Alexandra Plate has 10 lb., and the winner of the Queen's Vase has no penalty whatever, nor has the winner of the £8,000 race at Manchester. Marcion, having won the Ascot Cup, has 10 lb. extra; but Orme, having twice won the Eclipse Stakes (or about eight times the value of the Gold Cup), would have only 7 lb. extra. There ought to be a 10 lb. penalty for all winners of any race value £2,000, and 7 lb. for any race value £1,000.

Lady Stamford's stud at Newmarket is to be dispersed, and the mares (twenty-one in number), foals (sixteen), and seven yearlings, will be sold at Newmarket on the Cesarewitch day. Geheimniss, who is the best known of the mares in this stud, would probably have done better if she had not been sent year after year to Barcaldine.

The late Lord Calthorpe's stud will be sold on the following day (Thursday, October 12), and also his horses in training, including Buckingham and several dark two-year-olds. This sale will be the most important event of the kind during the present year. Petrarch, Satiety, and Crafton are the stallions, and the mares are a grandly-bred lot, including Seabreeze, Stray Shot, Heresy, Devote, and Ste. Alvere. There will be a brisk competition for such animals as these, although many persons have tardily discovered, to their cost, that a mare of unexceptionable

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

pedigree may be mated year after year with the most fashionable sires without ever producing a good winner. The breeding of thoroughbreds is a pure lottery, and the most lavish expenditure is not the sure, certain, and speedy road to success, as so many people have been gulled into thinking.

Tuesday next will be one of the most important nomination days of the year, as a great number of stakes are then to close, including the Doncaster St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes for 1895. It would be a good thing if the Stewards of the Jockey Club were to order the closing of the Epsom Derby and Oaks to be postponed until the Tuesday after Doncaster, when all the yearling sales of the season are over, and this would be a most popular reform among owners. Among the races closing at Newmarket are the Newmarket Stakes of £4,500, and the Craven Stakes of £500, for 1895; and for 1896, the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £10,000, and the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000. These two events are for now foals and yearlings to run at three and four years old. The one race is run during the First July Meeting over the B.M., and the other over the A.F. at the First October Meeting. The Stewards stipulate for 250 entries in each stake, or there will be no race, and this seems to me, under present circumstances, to be a practically prohibitive condition, but they do their best to attract public breeders (at the expense of others) by giving £400 to the nominator of the winner, and £200 to the nominator of the second. The Champion Stakes of £1,000 (1895) closes also next Tuesday, and with the same idiotic conditions. This would be a race worth winning if there were rational conditions respecting the sweepstakes. The stewards have certainly mastered the art of making much show with little substance. The steward of Molière's miser remarks that there is no difficulty in giving a good dinner with plenty of money, but that the really great cook is he who can produce a satisfactory banquet with no money at all. The authorities at Newmarket, and at all the gate-money meetings, give very little money in reality to their stakes, but it is exhibited with such judicious ostentation that superficial observers (which means 999 people out of every thousand) believe their liberality to owners to be most munificent, whereas their arrangements are usually characterised by a flea-skinning parsimony.

I hear that Mr. D. Baird intends to start Galloping Dick for the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park on October 6, which is about the most valuable two-year-old race of the season. Galloping Dick won the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood with such consummate ease that his 10 lb. penalty will not stop him here if he likes to do his best. Seventy animals have been left in for this race, but they are a very moderate lot, there being nothing better than Wherwell (who will be receiving 15 lb. from Galloping Dick), Wedding Bell (10 lb. extra), Go Lightly (5 lb. extra), Schoolbook (10 lb. extra), and Queen's Favour. Bullingdon was withdrawn last October. Mr. Baird has a second string in St. Florian, own brother to Silene, who was very backward when he ran at Goodwood, but he was one of the best-looking of the two-year-olds that were seen out at that meeting.

Next week there will be racing at Warwick, Ayr, Great Yarmouth, Lichfield, and Kempton Park, but at none of these meetings is the sport likely to be of the slightest general interest. The next meeting at which the racing will be important is Manchester, as Leicester has lost its interest now that the Royal Handicap has disappeared from the programme. There was a prodigious deal of trumpeting from all quarters when the Leicester meeting was established, and the Portland Stakes, Prince of Wales's Stakes, and Royal Handicap were very nice races, but the managers of this fixture do not stay, and each of their great events was abolished after a very brief trial.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

MAMMON.

FROM MOSES MOSS *TO* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN, In discussing last week the question as to whether the crisis on the Stock Exchange was mending, I came to the conclusion that we should probably see a rapid recovery in the markets during the present month, should further favourable advices come to hand from the United States. This improvement has already set in, especially in the American department, and has spread to some extent to the Foreign, South American, and Mining Markets, Home Rails alone having undergone a reaction, due chiefly to the coal strikes, which are still making serious inroads into traffics.

STOCK EXCHANGE PROSPECTS.

The course of events in the States, however, will govern the position for the present, and if further progress is made in the process of recuperation which has now commenced, and if the repeal of the Sherman Act by the Senate be followed up by judicious legislation on currency matters, a complete change will gradually be brought about in the general outlook. That the Senate will pass repeal seems more than probable, the more so as the full weight of the influence of President Cleveland, who has returned to Washington, will be thrown into the scale. The suggestion has been revived of a bond issue, partly for the purpose of covering the deficit which is expected for the current financial year, and as this measure, if the bonds should partly be placed in Europe, would threaten the stock of gold here, it is not surprising that the Bank of England should follow a very conservative course. It is, in fact, to be hoped that no attempt will be made to reduce the official minimum until the requirements of gold up to the end of the year can be sufficiently gauged. After all a 5 per cent. Bank rate is not onerous, and it can have no adverse effect upon the Stock Markets, as the speculative account is very small. In the meantime, the further sharp advance which has taken place in American Rails is fully bearing out my anticipations, and the pessimistic scribes who have been, and are still, advising investors to refrain from making purchases, have put themselves distinctly in the wrong. Some of these writers have boasted a great deal of late about having foreseen all the troubles through which we have passed; but the fact is that, being always in the habit of predicting evil, they must be right some time or other. It is a source of sincere satisfaction to me that so many of my readers have made purchases, on my urgent advice, at the very bottom, many in order to average, others as fresh operations, and that they, therefore, now, so to say, "stand on velvet." Depend upon it, Ben, the time is not far off when a similar strong recovery will take place in the South American and mining departments, and there can be no better opportunity than the present for effecting purchases—for investment, not for speculation—of depreciated stocks of this kind. When once a general advance sets in, it will be found that there is absolutely no stock about, and that prices will consequently jump up on very small transactions.

HOME RAILS.

The July statement of the Brighton Company showed a gross decrease of £19,564, and a net decrease of £21,726 owing to an increase of working charges. A great deal of fuss has been made by some of my contemporaries about the policy adopted by the Company of adjusting the traffic in order to arrive at a fair comparison with the previous year, owing to the holiday traffic; but I really do not see that there is anything to grumble at, as the matter has been carried out fairly and above board, a footnote being appended to the statement. The August gross traffic has also been very disappointing, there being a distinct falling off in the passenger movement. Evidently people had been tempted by the fine weather to travel so much in the earlier part of the year that they have not availed themselves of the regular holiday season to the same extent as last year. But

henceforth the comparison will be with smaller traffics last year, and it will be interesting to watch the next few returns. To judge from the attitude of the London Bridge contingent, who are still on the "Bear" track, the turn has not yet come; but these 'cute operators change their position sometimes very suddenly. In the meantime, whenever the price of Brighton "A" dropped below 147 during the week, it quickly recovered again to about that quotation. Dover "A" has been a firm market, and is about two points up for the week. There has also been some speculative inquiry for low-priced stocks, such as Metropolitan District, which have recovered 1, and little Chathams, which are fractionally better. Sooner or later these stocks will, no doubt, be taken up again by operators, as there is, compared with former values, a margin for a good rise. This also applies to Caledonian and North British Deferred, but in this case the dividend announcement has yet to be awaited. Another batch of very large traffic decreases consequent upon the coal strikes has further depressed the "Heavies" which were, moreover, found to be in better supply at the settlements, as shown by the back changing to a contango in most instances. The only redeeming point about this unfortunate coal strike is that it will probably secure immunity from similar movements for some years to come, as it will evidently end in favour of the coal-owners. The strike in South Wales is already terminating in this way, notwithstanding which Great Western show a fall of two points for the week. Sheffield "A," although very cheap, are also being kept down by the strikes. The fall in Great Eastern has made further progress, the strike and the new issue of Preference stock, which will at once put an interest charge of £25,000 per annum before the Ordinary stock, affecting the price temporarily. Eventually, however, the addition to the capital will, no doubt, become productive.

The Rise in Yankee Rails.

It has come at last, the sharp advance in Yankee Rails which I have been predicting, and which, although it will no doubt be broken by occasional reactions, bids fair to make yet very considerable progress. It will make the bilious writers, who have prevented their readers from buying stocks at the very cheap level prevailing quite recently, and who do not see even now any justification for the rise, look very foolish. A glance at the following table, which gives the comparison of the present quotation with those of the day on which in many stocks the lowest prices were touched, and with the prices prevailing last year, is instructive at this juncture:—

	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	July 31, 1893.	Sept. 4, 1893.
Atchison	47⅞	33¼	13	21¼
Do. 2nd Mort. "A" Bds.	69⅞	54¼	32	45¼
Atlantic Firsts	40½	28⅛	18⅜	24
Canadian Pacific	97½	87¼	70	78½
Central Pacific	36⅛	28¼	18¼	22¼
Denver	19⅜	15¼	9¼	11
Do. Preferred	56¼	46¼	28	31
Erie	35⅞	23⅛	9¼	15⅞
Do. Second Mort. Bds.	112⅜	103⅜	64	76
Louisville	87⅜	66⅞	51⅜	57
Milwaukee	86⅞	77⅜	49⅜	62½
Mis., Kan., Texas	21	14	9½	12⅜
Norfolk Preferred	57½	38⅜	19½	24½
Nor. Pac. Preferred	74⅜	46⅞	20½	24⅜
New York Centrals	122⅜	111	99½	106
Ohio and Mississippi	24⅛	19½	12½	16⅜
Ontario	23⅛	18	12⅜	15½
Readings	32½	20	6	9½
Do. First Income Bonds	81½	70¼	24	34
Union Pacific	51⅜	37⅛	17½	24⅛
Wabash Preferred	34¼	23¼	12⅞	17⅛
Do. "B" Deb.	51⅜	35⅞	20½	28½

Here is a nice little object-lesson for the pessimists. Since the commencement of August, when the lowest prices were touched, and when they advised strict abstention from all operations, a rise of from 3 to 14 dols. has taken place, many of the stocks, to which I drew special attention, having scored heavy advances. Thus, Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds, which I strenuously advised my readers to stick to or to buy more of, have risen from 32 to 45¼. Milwaukees, also, one of my special recommendations, are up 13 (from 49⅜ to 62⅜), while a big rise is also marked in Atchison shares, Erie and Erie Second Mortgage bonds, Norfolk Prefs., Ohios, Readings and Reading Income bonds, all of which I have recommended. Perhaps the cantankerous individuals who (although constituting a very small minority amongst my numerous, intelligent, and fair-thinking correspondents) have been pestering me with absurd and idiotic complaints, will now take a back seat. The financial position in the States continues to mend, the New York Bank statement showing a very marked improvement. The premium on gold and currency has disappeared, and there are strong indications of the policy of hoarding being discontinued, as confidence is reviving. As regards the Sherman Act, its repeal by the Senate is, according to latest advices, likely to come about earlier than had been anticipated, and thus the road will be open for a general financial improvement, and a revival in commercial and industrial circles, which will, no doubt, react upon Railroad traffics. Neither will there be any more fear of receiverships and the outrageous talk which was indulged in by the City Editor of the *Standard* some time ago about the possibility of the Atchison going into a receiver's hands, may be finally dismissed. That Company has, by the way, obtained all the assistance it wanted, although the following statement by the New York *Daily Syndicate* is not a correct version of the arrangement:—

> We are informed that the new money which the Atchison has got abroad for its note refunding is for five years at 95 at 6 per per cent. per annum interest on a gold basis. The Company has sixty days in which to make adjustment of the contract. This is better than the Pennsylvania did, and the difference in the class of security is a guarantee that Atchison's credit is better in London than the Pennsylvania. . . . . The Atchison property and its management command the confidence of every one who is familiar with the character of either. But for that confidence the would-be wreckers of values and credit might have succeeded in their effort to down the Company, at least temporarily. But they failed.

The fact is that when some three weeks ago many of the American lines were raising money in London, such as the New York Central at 5 per cent. and commission, the Union Pacific at 8 per cent. plus 5 per cent. commission for one year, the Louisville at 10 per cent., the Atchison Company offered 2,000,000 dols. Guarantee Fund Six per Cent. Mortgage notes, for five years from November 1, 1893, interest payable May 1 and November 1, at 95 in London, which is 92 New York, principal and interest being payable in gold. These notes, besides being a mortgage on the main line, are further secured by the deposit in trust with the Union Trust Company of New York of a similar amount of General Mortgage Four per Cent. Gold bonds, and since the notes constitute practically the only lien free from the control of the trustees of the General Fours, they are virtually ahead of all other outstanding obligations of the Company. The present price of these notes (subject to extension for five years as above) is 95, London terms and interest from May 1 last, and therefore, including profit on redemption and exchange, yields little short of 8 per cent. to the investor. It is understood that the bulk of these notes has been placed, which is not surprising, as they are really cheaper than the Four per Cent. Gold bonds which at 76 yield only 5¼ per cent., and rank, moreover, before these. I believe, however, that the jobbers have still got some of these notes, which it may pay an intelligent investor to pick up, as they have not participated as yet in the important rise of the Second Mortgage bonds and other Atchison securities, the more so as an official quotation will be applied for shortly. By the way, the continued weakness of Louisville and Nashville shares is really suspicious, and I consider that some explanation should be given by the Directors. The traffic decreases do not sufficiently account for the persistent offers of blocks of shares from the other side of the Atlantic. A rumour has obtained currency, according to which the Company has been selling a portion of the 40,000 reserve shares in its Treasury. The story ought either to be confirmed or contradicted. Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks have improved in sympathy with the Yankee market, as I said they would, Trunks being assisted by a satisfactory July statement.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

Six Receiverships.

A forcible illustration of the effect of the exceptional stringency which has prevailed in the money markets of the United States is the fact that receivers are now in control of a larger amount of railroad property than ever before at any one time in the history of the railroads of the United States. The only over worked man in the country, as the *Wall-street Daily News* puts it, now is the receiver. Curiously enough, one may travel by a direct route from New York to San Francisco without passing for a single mile over the line of a railroad now controlled by its stockholders. The amount of capital invested in these insolvent roads runs far into the millions. The following is a list of six railroads that have passed into the hands of receivers of late, with the amount of their liabilities representing the capital that has been invested in their construction and maintenance :—

	Miles.	Liabilities.
Northern Pacific	5,262	... $258,358,938
New York, Lake Erie, and Western ...	1,968	... 345,665,600
Richmond and Danville	3,356	... 115,456,124
East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia .	1,368	... 157,856,311
Central Railroad of Georgia	2,020	... 42,864,576
Philadelphia and Reading	2,222	... 232,629,003

Here is an apparent total of over a thousand millions of capital invested in the stocks and bonds of only six Corporations. If the additional amounts invested in the roads which they control were added, these figures would be more than doubled. What weighs upon the market more heavily than anything else in connection with these roads is the fact that their insolvency is due very little to mismanagement, and only secondarily to a falling off in the business. The primary reason in almost every instance has been the inability of the Company to secure money with which to carry on its operations, and at the same time take care of its floating debt. The Erie is probably the most excusable of all because that Company has no resources for necessary improvements and additions, except the net earnings, and it can be truthfully said that the road has been economically managed and improved as rapidly as possible out of its legitimate earnings. Nevertheless in doing this it has been impossible to accumulate any working capital, so that the Company for years has been obliged to carry a floating debt, to protect which it has had to rely entirely upon its income. Fortunately English investors are not interested to any extent in Richmond Terminal, the stockholders in which have been completely wiped out. Neither are they hit by the East Tennessee or Central of Georgia collapse. The Reading trouble, on the other hand, has hit many an investor on this side, but the fact that prices of these securities are again in the ascendant testifies to the more hopeful stage into which we are entering, and the report of the Receiver, which should furnish a clear statement of the position of the Company, is looked for with interest. The Northern Pacific went suddenly into the hands of the Receiver, although President Oakes had only just voluntarily furnished for publication assurances of the solvency of this Company, and it is even suggested that papers for the receivership were already in course of preparation at the time. It is probable, however, that both the Northern Pacific and Erie properties may be taken out of the Receiver's hands in a comparatively short time, as the trouble was chiefly caused by the exceptional difficulty of obtaining accommodation in view of the monetary stringency, and it is this view which has caused a marked recovery in the Northern Pacific Prefs. and Erie securities.

American Mortgage Companies.

It is impossible to tell, as yet, if the stoppage of the Equitable Mortgage Company of New York is only the forerunner of other troubles of a similar kind in the United States, or if it will remain a solitary collapse. It has, of course, been caused by the financial stringency in New York, it being stated that the Company has interest payments to the amount of a million dollars to make before December which it is unable to meet, but the difficulty in renewing Debentures is, perhaps, the chief cause of the trouble. The paid-up share capital amounts to £433,884, out of an authorised capital of £826,446, but there were at the date of the last balance-sheet on June 30, 1892, Debentures secured by real estate mortgages £2,221,131 apart from other Debentures and liabilities amounting to about £600,000. A number of the Debentures, which carry 4½ and 5 per cent. interest, have been placed in this country, and it is stated that the English Debentures are fully represented by deeds held here. The advances are made on ranch property to the maximum amount of 40 per cent. of the appraised value of the properties. It is somewhat curious that the Company did not make advances upon city property, which is really a security of a higher class than ranch property. I have for some years emphatically discouraged investment in the Debentures or shares of such Companies in the United States, which I considered to entail too much risk. Their position is not unlike the trouble of the Australian Banks which made advances on land during the boom. Reconstruction is, of course, proposed as the usual panacea, but I am doubtful if it will answer, and, in the best case, those interested will have to face a very unpleasant "lock up." My readers who got out of this kind of investment, or were prevented from making it on my advice, have reason to feel thankful. Of course, this collapse has absolutely no bearing upon the market for American Rails.

The Argentine Position.

Revolutions are the bane of Spanish-American Republics, and they are distinctly objectionable, especially from the investor's point of view; but the revolutionary movement at present in progress in some of the Argentine provinces may prove a blessing in disguise if it is carried to a successful end. It differs from ordinary revolutions in that it is openly encouraged by the existing Government, and has not been accompanied by the usual excesses. The administration of the Province of Buenos Ayres has for years been most disgraceful, and this festering sore having been left untouched by the revolution which turned out Juarez Celman and his crew, the Radicals of Buenos Ayres at last determined, with the tacit approval of the Del Valle Cabinet, to remove the trouble by forcible means. Interference by the National Government with the provisional authorities would have been illegal unless appealed to by the latter, or in the case of a very serious position. The Radicals have brought about all this; the objectionable Governor Costa has taken to flight, the National Government has intervened, and according to latest advices Señor Carlos Tejedos, the arbitrator appointed by the National Government, is making a wholesale clearance of the disreputable officials. The provincial troops, which have hitherto enabled the Governors to rob and oppress, have been disarmed; the Provincial Bank, which has been most dishonestly conducted, is passing under different control, and the legality of the constituted authorities is being inquired into. These were, according to latest mail news, the three reforms insisted upon by the Radicals and approved by the Government, not only in the Province of Buenos Ayres, but also in those of Santa Fé and San Luis. As to the Provincial Mortgage Bank, which suspended payment in April, 1891, it has been used as a milch cow by a dishonest clique for years, the whole capital of 33,000,000 dols. has been lost, and only 71,000,000 dols. of assets are left to meet 91,000,000 dols. of liabilities, while even quite recently, under the cover of a moratorium, the men at the helm recommenced to help themselves and friends to advances. It must be admitted that the means adopted to secure the cleansing of this Augean stable—viz., an official revolution—is somewhat strange, but it may be said to be justified by the end. It is now hoped that this drastic movement will be followed by wise legislative measures, and that an honest Administration in the province of Buenos Ayres will also act fairly by the foreign bondholders. Until the pacification of the provinces is complete, no general recovery is, of course, probable, but prices of Argentine Government bonds have recovered from the lowest, and there is also a hardening tendency in the Railway stocks, increases being anticipated in usually well-informed quarters. By the way, Messrs. Parish & Nield, who have been negotiating in Buenos Ayres with the National and Provincial Governments

concerning the proposed amalgamation of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and the Buenos Ayres Western Companies and the establishment of the central station in Buenos Ayres are now on their way back to London, having secured the Provincial authority, and being, apparently, in a fair way of obtaining that of the National Government and of Congress. The interests on the Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. Debentures has been paid, as to one-half in cash and one-half in deferred warrants. The latter is reckoned to be worth about ¾, so that with 2½ per cent. cash the return per annum is 3¼ per cent (or 1⅝ per cent. for the half-year). The Debentures have advanced to 50 ex. div., at which they are still very cheap, as they will no doubt eventually receive full interest. Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debenture stock has also advanced to 32. Central Argentine Ordinary stock is firm, and will no doubt participate in any upward movement of Argentine securities generally. From latest mail advices, it appears that the late Minister of Finance, Señor Demoria, has included the full service of the National Debt as arranged with the Rothschild Committee in his budget which was laid before Congress on August 11. This budget shows an estimated expenditure of 104,718,000 dols. paper against a revenue of 108,135,000 dols., giving an estimated surplus of 3,417,000 dols., which appears satisfactory. The Railway guarantees were not included in this budget, but a telegraphic enquiry elicited from the present Minister of Finance, Dr. Jose Terry, the reply that these were now before him, and that they would be paid. If this should prove correct, a very marked advance would be on the cards in Argentine guaranteed Railway stocks.

The Kaffir Circus.

It used to be an accepted theory of the Stock Exchange that the Yankee market and the Kaffir Circus objected to moving up simultaneously. Like all Capel-court theories, it does not, however, hold water in practice, and there is very little doubt that, if the improvement in American Rails continues, the Mining Market will follow suit, and there are already indications of a strong revival. A satisfactory feature is that the shares in Randt Gold Mines and in Transvaal Land Companies are shaking themselves free from the influence of the movements in Chartered British of South Africa shares. The latter have fluctuated widely, and although the news is for the nonce more peaceful, fresh disturbing advices may any day come to hand. The shares should, therefore, be left severely alone, together with United Concessions and Mashonaland Companies. Amongst Witwatersrand Mines, New Primrose, Meyer and Charlton, Jubilee, and Simmer and Jack have risen from ⅜ to ½, and fractional advances have taken place almost along the whole line, Kimberley Roodepoort being especially firm on the commencement of crushings this month. The August crushings are expected to again beat the record, and advices generally from the Rand are most sanguine as to the probability of a continued steady increase in the output. With reference to the New Rietfontein, the brief announcement is made that Mr. E. H. Dunning has graciously waived remuneration connected with the Life Governorship—a satisfactory proof of the force of public opinion. Prospects of the New Primrose are as favourable as ever, and when the whole fifty additional stamps—making 150 in all—are at work on this and on the Moss Rose Mine, which is now amalgamated with it, very large returns may be looked for. From the Glencairn a very satisfactory crushing would not be surprising for August, as the strengthened battery has been at work throughout that month. These shares are very cheap at 32s., as dividends are now in sight. I wonder when the May Consolidated will be reconstructed; it will not do any good until that is done. Fancy the Botha being re-christened, in an attack of flunkeyism, George and May! Amongst the coming mines some of the most promising are, as I have stated, the two Klerksdorp mines Afrikander and Buffelsdoorn. The former is expected to have a much larger crushing for August, and now that the lower levels are reached, will show better every month. The shares have risen to 1½, and it is being predicted that they will touch 2 at no distant date. The machinery at the Buffelsdoorn Mine has been so far completed that the battery will commence work in the middle of this month, the cyanide plant being already at work. Another coming mine is, I am told, the South Simmer and Jack. A shaft is being driven on the reef which is expected to be struck at comparatively moderate depth and, if the hopes of those connected with the property are fulfilled, this will be a second Simmer and Jack. The shares are quoted at from 22s. 6d. to 25s. There is a good deal of talk about the alleged tracing of the Nigel reef for a long distance, it being suggested that the Rietfontein and Nigel reefs form one series. On the other hand, I have heard some rather disquieting views concerning the deep-level properties, and a leading South African, who has recently returned from Johannesburg, gave it to me as his opinion that the capital of all the deep level Companies was inadequate, the promoters being well aware of this, but hesitating to go to the public for larger sums, well knowing that they would not get them. This would mean that reconstruction will have to be resorted to before the reef is struck. Oceana and Oceana Development shares have improved, and so have the shares of the Oceana Transvaal Coal Company, which have changed hands at a premium on the passing of the Volksraad of the Natal Railway Extension Bill to Johannesburg. I have already explained that this means that the Company's collieries (on which, by the way, according to a cablegram, sinking has begun) will obtain, in addition to the local demand, a share in the coal consumption of the Randt, which amounts at present to some 800,000 tons per annum. The inferior Boksburg and Brackspan coal now used, which contains a great deal of slate, would undoubtedly be replaced by the excellent Oceana coal, which is especially now adapted for use in furnaces. A further advance in Oceana stocks will, no doubt, take place in the near future. Another important piece of news is that of the sanctioning by the Volksraad of the railway from Pretoria northwards to Nijlstroom and Pietersburg, which should benefit properties in the north of the Transvaal. Diamond shares have been unsettled, De Beers being adversely affected by the revelations concerning the Company's connection with the British Chartered Company.

Indian, American, &c., Mines.

The feature amongst Indian Mining shares has been the strength of Mysore Reef shares, which have advanced about 5s. to 9s. 9d. on a cablegram to the effect that the lode in the bottom of the shaft 3 ft. wide contained visible gold, the ore assaying 2 oz. of gold per ton. As this discovery has been made in the lately-acquired Valley property of the Company which extends to some two miles, and is supposed to be a continuation of the famous Champion lode, it is considered most important. Champion Reefs have also improved, and so have, to a limited extent, Nine Reefs and Balaghat Mysore, increased attention being attracted to these properties. Amongst Australian Mines Day Dawn P.C. are steady, although the last crushing of 249 tons for 203 oz. is not particularly favourable, but better news is expected shortly, as the work of opening out on the underlie in several of the shafts is proceeding. New Queen shares have advanced on a cablegram announcing "a great improvement in sinking underlie," and the confirmation of the Sunburst reconstruction by the meeting of shareholders raises hopes of brighter prospects for that Mine. Amongst American Mines, an improvement in Richmond has been a feature; but St. John del Rey are lower, while Elkhorn have eased off. On my request, in reply to a shareholder in the Socorro Gold Mines, for a prospectus, another original shareholder in this unfortunate concern forwards some particulars. It appears that the capital was £15,000, in £1 shares, and that no meeting of shareholders has been called, or notice of such given, or report issued, since the formation of the Company. When my correspondent called last at the offices some years ago the Secretary told him that they had about £2,000 in hand, and were holding off waiting for some development in the adjoining Organos Mine. It looks almost as if the promoter and Directors had combined to allow this mine to quietly go

to sleep after the shareholders had parted with their money. Will the Directors explain, or can some of my readers throw further light upon this matter? In Caratals some dealings have taken place at from 9d. to 10d., and I am told that important deliberations are proceeding, which should enable the Board to make a speedy announcement. With regard to the Springdale Gold Mining and Milling Company, of Denver, Colorado, to which I referred last week, I may state, in reply to inquiries, that this Company owns three mines, but that the present returns are being obtained from the Van Dam Mine. These shares have been dealt in at from 3s. to 3s. 6d. There has also been some demand for Jay Hawk, Holcomb, and Colombian Hydraulic.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds

Delta.—There seems to be some question about the resumption of cash payments after the three years, and I should not buy yet.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Irlandais.—Although this Colonial Bank seems to be soundly managed now, I do not recommend deposits for lengthy periods with such institutions, as you can invest in stocks to yield similar returns safely. *Jusc.*—A wealthy American office, but for the purposes of investment I should prefer holding stocks. *Sphinx.*—No, I do not like this outside concern. Deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. *Engineer, Belfast.*—No, I do not approve of this insurance scheme, and should advise you to select in preference the good English Life Offices. *Donegal.*—Both the banks named are high class, and, if you like this kind of investment, there is nothing against it. The two American Railroad bonds are sound, but amongst those mentioned in TRUTH of August 17, under "Yankee Rails," you will probably find some more advantageous bonds. *Canon.*—1. If you can sell at a small sacrifice, do so. 2. I do not think much of the Insurance Company in question. *Nil Desperandum.*—The two banks (Nos. 1 and 2) named are good second class, but should be quite safe. 3. I do not like the Land Company in question.

Home Rails.

Trent.—No, I see no reason for selling Brighton "A" at present. *C. T., Hull.*—Yes, Metropolitan Districts are a fair speculative purchase at present price.

American and Foreign Rails.

H.R.S., Victoria-street.—You should hold all your American Rails, Nos. 1, 7, and 12, for higher prices, and average the same by buying some cheap stocks, such as Milwaukees, Atchison Second Mortgage bonds, Ohio, &c. There is no option but to hold the South American securities Nos. 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 13, and 14, as they will improve again. No. 2 is a good investment, and ought to be averaged. I do not like No. 6 or 10, which you should sell. No reason to sell No. 3 now. *Buttercup.*—Yes, you should buy Central Pacifics and Ohio and Mississippi Common on a reaction. *M. C. W.*—There is a fair prospect of an improvement in this Railway stock. Hold. *First Preference Holder.*—"Hope eternal" swells the Grand Trunk breasts. I trust that your hopes will be realised, but I may at least claim having foreseen the decline of the First Prefs. to 42, and although there is now, as I foreshadowed last week, a prospect of a further recovery in sympathy with the Yankee market, future earnings will govern the price. *Junior Reform, Liverpool.*—Cordoba and Rosario Debentures are the first charge on this line, and should be bought for investment. Do not sell the Havannah Debentures now. *S.*—No reason to sell this Debenture stock now, but you might make the exchange on a further recovery. *Constant Reader, Braintree.*—No reason to sell these Debentures at present as the tendency is upwards. *Major.*—Thanks. I am glad you got in so cheap in American rails on my advice. It was only a question of time to see them move up, and the other prophets, as you say, are quite wrong this time.

Mining Shares.

I. O. W.—It all depends upon the question if you bought new or old shares. Did you not stipulate for this with your stockbroker? *Marshall.*—You cannot, of course, obtain a yield of 11 per cent. without some risk, but the bonds are a good speculative purchase. You have paid too much commission on the Mining shares; 1d. is ample. Prospects are good. *W. O'C.*—With a little patience you will see Holcomb Valley improve, but you must now await the result of the machinery which will shortly be at work. If you are a holder of New Primrose and Glencairn, do not sell. They will improve as soon as the depression passes off. *Den.*—Certainly, Paarl Central, Zoutpansberg, and Balkis Land should be held, and you might safely average. *Rialto.*—The only way in dealing with Mining shares, if well selected, is to hold during times of depression. The turn generally comes very suddenly. All your South African Mining shares should be held. *A. S. T.*—It is obviously impossible to be always right, especially in Mining shares, although I endeavour to obtain the most reliable information. Patience, however, is necessary, especially in the case of low-priced shares, which must be looked upon as a kind of gamble, but sometimes take a very sudden turn. *General.*—This so-called Mine is a swindle. Have nothing to do with it. *Colonial.*—Yes, this hawking about of Australian Mining Companies with irregular private prospectuses is objectionable. Be careful. *Amateur Investor.*—If you really have bought new Paarl Central shares, which appears to be correct according to your statements, you should insist upon receiving same, and in that case you should refuse to execute the transfer, and return it to the brokers. I suppose you have a copy of your order. What does your contract state? The documents are returned.

Industrial Companies.

Chester.—I do not recommend purchases of the Industrial shares mentioned. Paccha and Jaz Pampa Nitrate shares are cheap, and worth buying. *Dauntmere.*—Yes; there is every prospect of this concern resuming dividends in time, but it requires some patience. *J. L. C.*—As it turns out, some of the directors were tarred with the Jabez Balfour brush. These have retired, and the new management will doubtless pull the Company right again. *H. D., Faversham.*—1. This Company has suffered with other industrial undertakings through the general depression. You should hold for a recovery. 2. Sell the Brewery shares when you get a good opportunity. *Nemo.*—Hold Arauco Prefs., but do not average yet. *Lively.*—With all due deference you have bought "Berthas" too high and sold Mexican Rails too low. Circumstances, however, appear to be working in your favour as regards "Berthas," and you had better practise masterly inactivity for a week or two. There seems to be a "Bear" squeeze on Mexican Rails. *A. McD., Edinburgh.*—I have no special information on this Company, but I have never recommended it, and should advise you to sell if you can. *H P H, Falmouth.*—No option but to hold at present; there seems to be a fair prospect of an improvement.

Mixed Investments.

J. A., Manchester.—It is a Railway and Coal Company, which should do excellently as soon as affairs in Chili are mending. The slightest demand would cause a jump in the shares, which should be held. Prospects of the Mining Company are not so bad as they look; they will, no doubt, again get upon the reef, and you should wait. The postal order is returned, as I make no charge, and I cannot reply by letter. *Lancer.*—All the American Railroad bonds should be held as promising investments. The Brewery Prefs. are good value. With regard to the Mining shares, I do not entertain any favourable view. *Missolonghi.*—Hold the Trust stocks Nos. 1 and 3 for an improvement, which is probable. I hold a most unfavourable view of No. 4, which I have repeatedly expressed. Sell if you can. Hold No. 5 and No. 7, which will, no doubt, recover. No reason to sell the Insurance shares, No. 6. *L. N.*—Your letter has been forwarded to the Holcomb Valley Gold Mining Company, whose offices are at 14, Cornhill, E.C. *B. G.*—1. You should hold Costa Rica Railway shares for a recovery. 2. No reason to sell now. 3. Hold the Diamond shares. 4. I have always advised against the Chili Mine when it was in the hands of the former clique, but you are right to hold your Caratals now for an improvement. 5. Hold.

Various Investments.

Rupee Paper has recovered again to 65½, it being understood that the India Council hopes after all to gradually raise the price of the rupee to the value of 1s. 4d. originally fixed when the Indian Mints were closed. There is, in fact, no other reasonable course open but to go on with the experiment now. Silver is slightly lower at 33½d., and it is not unlikely that a further moderate, if temporary, decline may be established when the U.S. Senate votes the Silver Purchase Repeal Bill. Mexican Government Six per Cent. stocks have had a slight set back, although the payment of the October coupon is fully assured. Mexican Railway stocks have benefited by the continued improved traffics, and a "Bear" squeeze is going on in the First Prefs. On the whole I should say that the First Prefs. are likely to recover further, but the Second Prefs. are comparatively much too high, and even Mr. Mackusick has for the nonce stopped puffing them, probably seeing that the case is—at present, at least—hopeless. With regard to a Dalziel cablegram reporting very serious damage and interruption of traffic through washouts on the Mexican Southern Railway, I hear officially that the matter has been greatly exaggerated, and that the damage done is nothing like the amount stated, also that, as the rainy season is now all but over, it is hoped that there will be no recurrence of these mishaps. I mentioned last week the offer which one of my correspondents had received by letter, dated August 15, from Mr. H. Norman Wilson, of 30, Regent's Park-road, N.W., of ten Founders' shares (£10 fully paid) in the Alliance Financial Corporation, Limited, at £10. 10s., stating that the nominal price in the financial papers was £22. 10s. per share. Another correspondent now forwards a letter,

dated August 25, which he received from Mrs. A. Stampe, of 7, Lambourne-road, Clapham, S.W., in which the very same offer of ten Founders' shares at £10. 10s. is made in very similar terms. This is, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence. I asked last week what the real value of these Founders' shares actually was. I am now wondering if these are two different lots of ten Founders' shares on sale, or if it is possibly the same parcel? Also, if Mr. Wilson knows Mrs. Stampe?—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY;

A DONCASTER TRIPLE EVENT.

"MY good fellow, you're talking arrant drivel. I say money can do everything, and no one but a silly fool would dispute it."

The speaker paused, knocked the ash off his cigar, and looked contemptuously at the man sitting in the opposite seat. The latter flushed up—for no one likes to be called a silly fool—even inferentially. His right hand closed; but he did nothing. In good truth he could not afford to do anything.

The two men were sitting alone in a first class-compartment of the last train that runs from Newmarket to King's Cross. It was the third day of the Houghton Meeting, from which they were returning. The elder of the two men—the one who spoke so contemptuously of the other's opinion—was a burly, red-haired, vulgar looking man of eight or nine and twenty, gross and sensual; but the keen cold eyes relieved the face of the expression of stupidity which would otherwise have been caused by the pendulous jowl, low forehead, and flabby cheeks. His name was Martin Swire. He was the son of an army contractor, who, having proved his patriotism by supplying our troops with shoddy great coats and paper boots, died, leaving his son an income of forty thousand a year. The other occupant presented a marked contrast. He was a well-favoured young fellow, a couple of years the other's junior. Without being strictly handsome he had a pleasant, cheery face and kindly eyes. He was, moreover, cleanly built and lithe, and had that aforementioned strong right hand closed, it would have been closed to some purpose. But, as we have already said, Harry Shackleton could not afford to actively resent the insults of "his friend," so he contented himself with replying:—

"No one realises the advantages of money more thoroughly than an impecunious wretch like myself; but I deny your proposition all the same. Money can do much, but it cannot do everything."

"What can't it do?" said Swire, brutally. "If you want a title, subscribe enough to a political fund and you'll get it. Is there a girl in London short of Royalty itself that a man with a hundred thousand a year couldn't marry if he wished? Let him go in for journalism, he can buy up the best brainwork in the market; for racing, he can win what he likes, the Big Handicaps or the Classic races."

"No, no," interposed Shackleton, eagerly, "that is the one thing he cannot do. He may do all you say, though I doubt it. He might possibly make sure of a handicap by simply buying up the best weighted horses at fancy prices, but no man can make sure of winning the three Classic races. For here honour and glory are concerned; which have no cash equivalent. Certain owners would not sell a horse they believed in at any figure; and, as for breeding, you might spend millions without a single success. Look at the great Earl of Derby, look at Lord George Bentinck. Look at owners now living who give thousands for yearlings which never even start. No, no, Swire, you're wrong."

"Well," said Swire, grimly, "I'm always prepared to back my opinion. Will you bet me the recognised odds for a triple event—I don't know what they are, but we can easily find out—that I do not own the winner of next year's Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger?"

"Oh, I don't know that I'm prepared to do that," said Shackleton; "it's a big thing, and if it did happen to come off I might not be able to pay with ease."

"In that case I shouldn't contradict a man. Chaps who funk putting their opinion to practical test had better not have opinions; or, at least, had better keep them to themselves. That's always the way with you infernal gassers. Talk, talk, talk, and do nothing."

"I don't funk backing my opinion," said Shackleton, hotly.

"Very well, will you bet?"

"I will," answered Shackleton, stung to madness by the insulting tone of Swire's challenge: "and now what are we to bet in—fivers?"

"Fivers—pooh! What are you talking about? Why, I shall have to buy a horse. There's the training ex's, and all the rest of it. Can't do it under 'fifties.'"

"That's too much, I couldn't pay you," said Shackleton. "Shall we compromise and say 'ponies.'"

"Done!" said Swire, quickly, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

The bets were duly entered and ere they parted at London it was agreed that the proper odds should be ascertained from a book-maker of high repute with whom they both had transactions, and that they should loyally abide by his decision.

Six years before, Martin Swire and Harry Shackleton had lived on the same staircase at St. Boniface College, Oxford. Shackleton was an orphan who had never been to a public school, and had inherited a nice country property in the North of England worth about £4,000 a year. He went up to St. Boniface, knowing no one in the College, and thus, to his social and moral disaster, he chummed with the senior man who lived just opposite. Swire was "barred" by the better class of men as a vulgar, loud-voiced, moneyed sporting man, who did nothing for the College except give disreputable "wines"; and thus poor Harry suffered vicariously for his chum's evil reputation. Swire left in due course; and, though Harry, after his mentor's departure, gradually obtained that social recognition of the College which so good a lad deserved, he never discontinued his intercourse with his former friend. The truth was, Shackleton, like too many home-bred boys, had an innate love for gambling, in every phase of which fascinating vice Swire was an adept.

He always spent part of his vacations with Swire, and, as racing was the latter's favourite pursuit, Master Harry found them rather expensive. This, however, only proved an incentive to further speculation, and as soon as he had taken his degree and left St. Boniface he became an habitual frequenter of race-courses.

In the meantime Swire's father had died, leaving his only son an enormous income. It was the old story of the iron pot and the earthenware pipkin. Unsuccessful speculations were nothing to the rich contractor's son; they were terribly serious to the young country squire. Again and again he found himself without ready money—that ready money so essential to back the "absolute certainty" which was to recoup him for all his former losses. But the rich friend was ever at his hand, ever ready to advance the ready money on a gradually increasing mortgage on Shackleton Hall.

At last Harry Shackleton realised the true position of affairs, namely that unless he pulled up sharp, ruin would stare him in the face. He had spent all the ready money accumulated during his minority. He owed Swire no less than £20,000 on mortgage, and he was, happily, beginning to distrust both his own judgment and the *bona fides* of his friend; for it too frequently happened that "the good thing" the latter put him on to did not "come off," and that when Swire did bring off a coup, it was single-handed, that gentleman having inadvertently omitted to mention the fact to his friend.

Accordingly Harry took a sharp pull at himself. He at once let Shackleton Hall, taking rooms for himself in London. He limited his wagering to an occasional fiver, and not only did he forbear borrowing more from Swire, but he actually succeeded in paying off during the last two years £1,500 of the existing debt. Curiously enough, Swire seemed most reluctant to receive it, and so far, indeed, from being thereby mollified, his manner gradually became so unbearably rude to his quondam associate that the latter avoided him as much as possible, and it was by a mere accident that they travelled together from Newmarket.

Three days later, Shackleton received a letter from the bookmaker to whom they had referred the terms of the wager. It was briefly to the effect that the fair odds for such a wager would be 1,000 to 1. Shackleton was horrified. Of course he was aware that the odds in a mere double event were very high, but he had scarcely anticipated so large a price for the treble event. He, however, comforted himself with the reflection that the odds are fixed in exact ratio to the improbability of success.

Still, even the possibility of losing £25,000 is disquieting; and his apprehensions were not allayed when he saw in the next day's *Sportsman* that Mr. Swire, the well-known backer of horses, had bought Sunbeam, the winner of the Middle Park Plate and present favourite for the Derby, for no less a sum than £6,000.

* * * * *

The day of the Two Thousand came—an ideal day—warm and dry. Harry Shackleton watched the race with beating heart, an emotion which seemed to change to dull despair when he saw Sunbeam leaving his field as though they were standing still, and winning by three comfortable lengths.

Swire had bought a treasure, and he knew it. He smiled grimly at Shackleton as he met him in the paddock twenty minutes later. Still Shackleton tried to hope on. There were six weeks before the Derby. Much can happen to a horse in that time. It may again turn wet, and many a hot favourite has stuck in the Epsom mud. The Hill and Tattenham Corner are, besides, factors which have to be reckoned with.

Fate, however, seemed to be against Harry Shackleton. Sunbeam throve on hard work. The barometer kept as high as his own spirits were low, and universal report said that the crack could gallop down hill as easily and with as long a stride as he could go on the flat. And when the great cockney holiday came round, and Sunbeam stood at 3 to 1 on, Shackleton cursed his folly with the bitterness of despair. The field was limited to eleven runners. The flag fell to an even start. When they re-appeared down the hill Sunbeam was lying third, close behind was Defender an outsider at 20 to 1, belonging to Mr. Robert Herbert, an old and respected owner of horses. The horse that was then leading, Birdcage, came round the corner with a slight advantage. At the distance Defender came up with a rattle, and passed him. That well known and awful shout went forth, "The favourite's beat"! Denny on the favourite was already beginning to move in his saddle. Closer and closer they came, Defender still leading by a length and a half, Sunbeam making up ground inch by inch, Birdcage third. Harry Shackleton watched the two horses as they appeared to his frenzied glance crawling up the straight. Could Defender retain his lead? Impelled by some evil genius, Lipsham, the fashionable but not very experienced light-weight, who was riding Defender, turned his head to take stock of his adversary. Not one jockey in a thousand can look round without ceasing to balance his horse. Defender swerved slightly. At once Sunbeam was at his girths: the pair passed the Grand Stand locked together. Denny at the supreme moment met his effort, and Sunbeam, thanks to sheer horsemanship, won the Derby by the shortest of short heads.

Shackleton was watching the last race but one with languid interest, when he felt some one touch him on the shoulder. He turned sharply. It was Martin Swire. He stammered his congratulations. Swire smiled sardonically. "Well, you see, Shackleton, I mean to win that bet. I've pulled off two events out of three already. Begins to look awkward, eh? Harry."

"It does so," replied Shackleton, dejectedly, "and how the devil I'm to pay you if you do win, I don't know."

"That's very simple," said Swire. "Sell Shackleton Hall. I'll buy it, deduct my bet and mortgage debt and hand you the balance to go on with."

"Sell Shackleton!" re-echoed Harry, in horror. "Never."

He turned away and hurried back to the station. All the way home the horrid suggestion rang in his ears. It would, indeed, be retribution for his folly had he to sell the home of his fathers, where so many generations of his family had lived, and where he had spent the happy days of his boyhood. Then the thought struck him. Could it be that Swire had long coveted that property and had endeavoured to gradually involve him into financial difficulties which would ultimately necessitate its sale?

This in truth was actually the case. Years ago Martin Swire had cast envious eyes upon the charming property of his friend. It was just the place he would like to have himself. He thought that the possession of Shackleton Hall would give him what he so much wanted—a certain position in the county. So, after the manner of his kind, regardless of any claims of friendship, he resolved to obtain his heart's desire. His method was very simple. He persuaded Harry to invest large sums on horses which he himself knew were not meant to win, and then lent his victim ready-money on mortgage. And had not Harry's suspicions been aroused, and had he not pulled up betimes, the mortgages would have covered the property and then have been foreclosed. His sudden fit of prudence deranged Swire's plans, and the latter realised that his only chance of obtaining Shackleton Hall was by a sudden stroke. Hence the artful conversation in the train—the contemptuous challenge to his victim—the bet on the triple event; to win which subsequent facts showed he was prepared to go any lengths.

Although Swire's suggestion increased Shackleton's depression at the moment, his spirits rose when he came to view the position dispassionately. The Derby had certainly been won by Sunbeam, but not in the way the Two Thousand had been won. It was no longer a case of "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." Defender had beyond doubt proved himself a formidable opponent. The horse had not been sent to the post in the very best condition. He had been villainously ridden. The stable had not realised his true merits. He was a strong, compact horse, and the additional distance in the St. Leger would be all in his favour. Above all, Shackleton knew that the services of a first-rate experienced jockey would be secured. Mr. Herbert, the owner, was a Squire in his own county. He did not live at his property, because a long and unsuccessful career on the turf had involved him in the most awful mesh of financial embarrassments. To all appearances he was as jaunty and as prosperous now as he had ever been. But a few of his intimate friends were only too well aware that there was scarcely a money-lender in London to whom he was not indebted. A win in the Leger, with bets, if it did not put him actually on his legs, would at least defer the day of reckoning. He was a man of singularly sweet disposition and personal charm of manner, and Shackleton had little doubt that, even if the children of Israel proved obdurate as to further advances, he could obtain from his personal friends enough money to give Defender every opportunity of winning. There seemed, therefore, an even chance that the triple event might not come off after all.

Nevertheless, Shackleton had terrible moments of apprehension, and he groaned in the spirit when he saw, in his mind's eye, his old friends at Shackleton groaning under the yoke of the brutal, unscrupulous cad he now knew Swire to be.

Imagine, then his joy, his relief, his ecstasy, when he saw one morning, at the latter end of July, a head-line in the bill of a sporting paper—"Breakdown of the St. Leger Favourite." He dashed into the shop and tore open the paper. At once he read that Sunbeam when galloping the previous afternoon had put his foot into a broken drain-pipe which was concealed by the tan, had fallen heavily and had so sprained the stifle joint that there was no hope of his moving out of the stable for at least three months.

Harry rushed to his Club to see if there was any corroborative evidence. It was true! A telegram, moreover, came in soon after to the effect that Sunbeam had been already scratched. Shackleton Hall was saved!

So, at least, thought the joyful Harry as he wended his way towards Swire's rooms in Bond-street. So malignant had been the latter's conduct in the matter, that Harry could not forbear seeing him in the moment of disappointment. Moreover, the "pony," which he had little doubt Swire would hand over at once, would come in handy.

He met Swire coming out of his rooms walking towards St. James's-street.

"Of course, my dear fellow," said Shackleton, "if it had not been for that beastly bet, I should have been devilish sorry for you. But frankly, though, it's deuced hard luck on you. I cannot tell you how relieved I am now that the bet's settled."

"Settled," said Swire curt'y. "It isn't settled; far from it."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Shackleton. "Isn't it true, Sunbeam's scratched?"

"Certainly; but if you refer to your betting-book you will see that I never wagered that I should win the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger races with the same horse. I simply said that I should *own* the winner of each of the Classic races. I now intend to buy the horse that I think will win the St. Leger."

Angry and chagrined at his disappointment, Shackleton retorted, "Well, you'll find it a pretty stiff job to buy a horse now worth saddling. Lord Hartopp and Sir Joselyn Loxdale won't part with their's for an empire, and as for dear old Bob Herbert, he couldn't afford to sell Defender. He means to gallop out of all his money difficulties on Defender's back."

Swire stopped short, looked at Shackleton with his usual expression of insulting superiority, whistled softly, and then said abruptly,

"Good morning, Shackleton, I'm going to see a chap in Sackville-street on business."

Shackleton watched his burly form down the street. He stopped at a door, rang, and entered. Harry knew the house. It was that of a well-known West-end money lender.

The London season came to an end, and Harry went for a month's yachting cruise with a fairly light heart. He left his letters behind him, and never even glanced at a newspaper. The First of September came, and he returned to England and went straight to a little farm he still retained on his property, and had a couple of days partridge-shooting. He then thought, as he was near Maltbourne, where Mr. Herbert, like many old-fashioned North-country sportsmen, trained his horses in preference to Newmarket, he would drive over and have a chat on the Leger prospects. When he arrived Mr. Herbert and his trainer were looking at a yearling. He noticed his old friend looked old and worn and harassed.

"Well, Mr. Herbert, how are you, and how's the crack?"

The old Squire shook his head and groaned. "He's gone, Harry, he's gone."

"Gone—you don't mean to say he's dead?"

"Not dead, my boy, but almost as bad—he's sold."

"To whom?" asked Shackleton, with a horrible feeling of dread.

"Come here, my boy, and I'll tell you." He took Shackleton by the arm and led him into a paddock where they were alone. "He's sold to that black-hearted ruffian, Swire. Don't look so reproachful, for God's sake, Harry. I couldn't help it. By some means or other that remorseless scoundrel learnt that I was in the hands of the money lenders. He went to Lawson, the money-lender in Sackville-street, at the end of July. Bought up from him every bit of paper of mine he could, and then employed him to get hold of every acceptance of mine in the market. This done, a fortnight ago he came to me and threatened to sell me up right away unless I parted with Defender.

"What could I do?" continued Mr. Herbert. "I was in his clutches. I could not meet my bills without selling up the old place, and so I let the brute take my pet, the horse I'd bred and nominated, and trained, and loved like my own child. I made, however, the condition that he would not scratch him, which, if his book happened to be that way, he's quite capable of doing, and I have ensured my friends who've backed Defender having at least a run for their money."

"My God, yes!" cried Harry, "there's no fear of him scratching him, the remorseless brute!"

"Why, Harry, my boy, what *is* the matter?" said the old man, as he saw Harry Shackleton's face white as a sheet.

After some hesitation, for he was fearful of paining his old friend, Harry told the whole story. How Swire had once been his friend, how he in a moment's anger had been entrapped into this foolish wager, how Swire had pursued his purpose with the malignity of a fiend, and how if Defender did win the St. Leger, his only means of paying the debt was the sale of Shackleton.

The old man listened with glistening eyes. Harry's father had been his chum at Eton—he loved the boy dearly.

"Oh, my poor boy, what can I say to you? Sell Shackleton—no! that must not be. Why, Harry, I shot my first partridge there. Devilish near hit the keeper, too. Many a jolly day your poor father and I had with your grandfather's harriers, Harry! Slow as a top, they were; but we'd lots of fencing. Poor Geoffrey had a pony with a wall-eye that I used to ride in the holidays. Couldn't see a yard, but jump—why he could!—Ah! but no matter, that's long ago, dear lad! Perhaps, perhaps, something will turn up. What, you must be going? Well, Harry, I shan't go to Doncaster: that I couldn't stand. Still less, after what you've just told me. But keep your heart up, something may turn up."

Harry took the old man's proferred hand. He noticed that it was thin and white. He saw, moreover, that his old friend's face was very pinched and worn, and his lips trembled.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Harry, on the contrary, did go to Doncaster. If he was to be ruined he might as well know the worst at once. That race is now common history. Defender led as they came out from the dip, and in the hands of the all-conquering Denny won in a common canter by six lengths.

"Well, Harry Shackleton," said Martin Swire, a few minutes after Denny had weighed in, "do you now realise the power of money?". There was a gleam of triumph in his cold blue eyes, as he continued gently: "Will it be *quite* convenient for you to settle on Monday?"

Shackleton was about to say it would be as convenient then as at any other time, when a friend of his, a racing man, came up and said: "Here, Harry, here's a wire for you; the boy has been carrying it about in the paddock some time, but you were up in the stand. So, seeing you talking to Swire, I brought it to you myself."

Harry thanked him and opened it; then gave a cry of horror. The telegram ran thus:—

From Robert Herbert, 121, Duke-street, London, to
Henry Shackleton, Grand Stand, Doncaster.

DEAR BOY,—I have made to you the only reparation in my power. Before my valet takes this to the Post Office, I shall be a dead man.

"Good God!" he cried, "dead man! Why, that means that Bob Herbert has committed suicide. What could have induced him to do so? Reparation," he continued in an undertone; "reparation, what can he allude to?"

"Bob Herbert killed himself," said the friend who brought the wire. "Poor old chap! He was a devilish good sort. Worried to death by bill discounters. By the way, Shackleton, what time was the wire handed in, eh?—1-50. Phew! That's a bit rough on you, Swire, if the old gentleman has kept his word."

"Why, how the devil can the death of a bankrupt old fool like that affect me?"

"Only this way, my friend," said the other, who, hardened as he was, was disgusted at Swire's brutal tone, "that by the death of the nominator *before* the race, Defender was not eligible to start for the St. Leger, and, of course, will now be disqualified."

Swire uttered an awful imprecation. The triple event was lost.

In such wise were the fair acres of Shackleton kept in the old family.

Though years have passed since then, Harry never thinks of that pale, gentle, up-turned face, and the bottle of choral in the thin white hand, that he does not feel that some things, even those most cherished, can be bought too dearly.

ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

MUSIC.

THE LATE "MASTER OF THE MUSICKE."

SIR WILLIAM CUSINS, who died of acute pneumonia in the Engadine last Thursday, was a well meaning man, born, as the saying goes, with a silver spoon in his mouth. Eventually, to adopt a favourite phrase of the late Carl Rosa, his boots grew too big for his feet; and when, early this year, her Majesty, to whom he owed so much, very rightly asked Sir Arthur Sullivan to compose the "Imperial March" for the opening of the Imperial Institute, Cusins took umbrage, and to the great delight of a certain member of the Royal Family, resigned the Mastership of the Music, to which Sir Walter Parratt, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was forthwith appointed. Cusins was born in 1833, and as a child he lost his father, whereupon he was taken in hand by his two aunts. One of those ladies brought him to Brussels, where she was then residing, to study under Fétis, but he soon went back to his other aunt, Mrs. Anderson. Miss Lucy Philpot, who was the teacher of the pianoforte to our present Queen and to other members of the Royal family, had, in 1820, married the late George Frederick Anderson, then Master of the Music. Anderson and his wife did everything in their power for young Cusins, and, thanks to Royal influence, he was twice "King's Scholar" at the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied, at not a penny of cost, under Cipriani Potter, Sterndale Bennett, and Sainton. Again, as a child of fourteen, his aunt secured for him the appointment of organist at Her Majesty's private chapel, and a membership of the private band; his uncle Anderson, who was then himself a violinist, introduced—in defiance of the well-known rules of the Royal Academy—the boy to the opera and other orchestras, and in 1867 Uncle Anderson, then treasurer and practical ruler of the Society, gave his nephew the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts. Three years later, in 1870, Anderson resigned to his nephew the post of "Master of the Musicke." This therefore was nepotism in its crudest state. However, on Uncle Anderson's death, in 1876, Sir W. Cusins' authority began to wane. By 1883 the Philharmonic Society was reduced to its last hundred pounds, and Cusins resigned, first to half a dozen conductors, afterwards to Sir A. Sullivan. He also left the Royal Academy, and for the post of Principal of the Guildhall School of Music he was very soundly beaten last year by Sir Joseph Barnby. In recompense he was knighted. Sir W. Cusins was not a great composer, and very few people who were present at the revival of his oratorio "Gideon" recently would probably care to hear it again. But he was an excellent teacher of the pianoforte, and a very fair pianist and violinist, and he wrote a capital work on the "Messiah" manuscripts, which at Buckingham Palace were, of course, under his charge. Sir William Cusins inherited an ample fortune from his Uncle Anderson, who lived in the days when a handsome present was the readiest passport to a hearing by Royalty. Cusins himself, however, was a man of strict probity, and under his reign "tips" were abolished. It need hardly be said that they are not at all likely to be revived under Sir Walter Parratt.

It has been contended that comic opera is under a cloud, and at any rate it is generally admitted that the next success in this direction will be achieved by a strong libretto rather than by the music. The exact reasons of the production of "Peterkin" at the Royalty on Monday will therefore not be quite apparent. A bibulous youth, son and "butt" of a miser, is intended by her mother to be the husband of the heroine. That the lady chooses for herself and elopes with a young cavalry officer may be taken for granted; and this, so far as plot is concerned, is all that the three acts of "Peterkin" contain. It is perfectly true that a gentleman of ample proportions disguises himself in a domino, and for a time passes off as the heroine, and that in a Kentish village, early in the century, when the landing of Bonaparte was daily expected, the inhabitants revel in a fancy-dress ball of a character which would not a little amuse Sir Augustus Harris. But these incongruities do not trouble modern managers of comic opera. It will suffice to add that the music is a melodious mixture of Rossini, early Verdi, and the waltz writers, and that the company are mostly provincials, the heroine being a *débutante*, a pupil of Signor Camerana, the composer, who for a considerable period was a teacher of singing at Manchester. It might, however, have been a dull evening had it not been for the humour of the gallery, and, indeed, the round of cheers which greeted an unfortunate expression vouchsafed by an officer to a young gentleman, who was obviously a stage novice, "Can't you see that now is the time to act?" quite convulsed the house.

Mr. Sims Reeves did not, after all, make his reappearance at the Promenade Concerts on Monday, and his rentrée is now postponed till Friday. Not unnaturally, the veteran tenor appears to be nervous, and he therefore decided to take a short trip to Paris before he began his newest farewell. Perhaps, also, he has qualms of conscience. It is not every man of his age, who little more than two years after Madame Christine Nilsson and Mr. Irving had assisted him at "a thankful, a final, and a grateful, though not a sad, farewell" at the Albert Hall, would come out again at the Promenade Concerts.

Sir Augustus Harris has resigned the Managing Directorship of the Palace Theatre, still, however, keeping his seat on the Board. "Druriolanus" is well out of the Palace management, and he will now have more time to attend to his other affairs. Next week he sends out a provincial opera company, and although, in accordance with the usual course in such matters, the statement may very likely be contradicted, I should not be at all surprised if, after the present tour, he were invited to resume his old position on the Carl Rosa Company.

The Worcester Festival comes off next week. Musical people are this year not taking so great an interest in the affair as usual, for there are no novelties, and the bulk of the chorus are to be imported from Leeds. Norwich is the great musical festival of the present year, and for the Eastern Counties' celebration Mr. Randegger and his committee have drawn up an excellent programme.

The big concert-hall in Langham-place, now to be rechristened the Queen's Hall, will be opened in November under the direction of Messrs. Sinkins and Newman. The Middlesex Choral Society, who were to have inaugurated the building, will now, I believe, be disbanded, or, at any rate, will be merged in the new choir. Tuesday evening choral and orchestral concerts at cheap prices are spoken of, and if the affair were energetically directed it ought to have a good chance.

The new Queen's Hall, at any rate, has a splendid organ, and this fact should wake up the directors of St. James's Hall. Whether there is room for a large organ in the Piccadilly establishment I am not aware, but although it is better than the music-box, which was superseded about fifteen years ago, the St. James's Hall organ is certainly not worthy of our leading concert-room.

It seems that "Samson et Dalila" is to be produced at Covent Garden on or about the 18th inst., and Madame Sanz came specially to London on Saturday to rehearse the soprano part. The chorus voices were, however, even then being tried, and it is therefore quite possible that the production may be postponed for a few days. M. Saint-Saëns will come specially from Bordeaux to conduct.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM.—In reading three companion volumes of exceeding interest, "The Great Book Collectors" (1), "Early Printed Books" (2), and "Books in Manuscript" (3), I was many times reminded of Goethe's saying, "Literature is a fragment of fragments. The smallest part of what has been done and spoken has been recorded; and the smallest part of what has been recorded has survived." The very physical basis of immortality (!) is itself the most mortal of substances. "Unfortunately, of all possible materials for

permanent record, papyrus is amongst the worst. Even when first written on, it must have seemed ominous that a heavy stroke was wont to pierce and scratch the smooth surface, so much so that in all papyrus records the writing is of necessity light, and hardly distinguishable into up and down strokes. This foreshadowed the time when, on the complete drying of the substance in course of years, the residium would be fragile, friable, and almost as brittle as dry leaves." But supposing this dust to which immortality has trusted itself survives and is decipherable, it is not always, or often, or perhaps ever, what the poet, priest, or prophet originally wrote:—

All who know human nature, or who have studied palæography, will acknowledge that the probability against two consecutive leaves in any M.S. being really correctly transcribed is about a hundred to one.

What an appalling reflection to Protestants, who may be holding some damnable doctrine on the faith of a transcriptional error in a text! Voltaire's "martyrs of a diphthong," whose bodies only were burned because of a superfluous "i" are enviable by comparison. Then, again, immortality has to run the gauntlet through the ages of Goths and of fires. What is to prevent some infallible Pope issuing an uncompromising decree like that of the Caliph Omar in 638, who burnt the Alexandrian Library on the indisputable ground, that if the books in it were unorthodox they were pernicious, and, if orthodox, superfluous? Apropos at once of book-collectors and of the Pope, I must recommend to you most strongly an exquisitely printed volume from the famous Orpington Press, "Three Letters and An Essay by John Ruskin 1836—1841, Found in his Tutor's Desk" (4). The letters are astonishing as the productions of a boy, even of a boy of genius, as much for the originality and uncompromising assurance and force of the opinions expressed as for the finished style of their expression. What do you think of these boy's first impressions of St. Peter's and of Rome as it was under Papal rule?

St. Peter's I expected to be disappointed in. I was *disgusted*. The Italians think Gothic architecture barbarous; I think Greek heathenish. Greek, by the by, it is not, but has all its weight and clumsiness without its dignity or simplicity. As a whole, St. Peter's is fit for nothing but a ball-room, and it is a little too gaudy even for that.

Yet the impression of this perpetual beauty [of Rome] is more painful than pleasing, for there is a strange horror lying over the whole city, which I can neither describe nor account for; it is a shadow of death, possessing and penetrating all things. . . . . It is all like a vast churchyard, with a diseased and dying population living in the shades of its tombstones. . . . The population seem degraded, diseased, unprincipled, and *good*-natured in the extreme. Their utmost aim is to obtain the capability of idleness, their highest pleasure to lie basking in the sun, coiled in their filth, like lizards.

I cannot say that the essay on Scott, Bulwer, and Byron is as worthy of the Master as the letters, but even in it you can trace the dawn—sometimes in purple streaks—of his later style. Suppose I read out to you the following passage, you would know Ruskin wrote it, but you would not know, and could never guess of whom he wrote it:—

His writings are full of an entangled richness of moving mind, glittering with innumerable drops of rosy and balmy and quivering dew, instinct with a soft, low thrilling whisper of thought, like that which the young fairies hear from the green grass and kind flowers as they grow, and change, and sigh, beneath the hushed light of the star-inwoven noon of night, and we listen to the low voice of his musing until it melts away into our spirit, as if its sweet harp-like music rose up out of our own mind, as if its mysterious flowing were from the deep fountains of our own heart.

This of Bulwer! A singularly brilliant and versatile author certainly, but about as like a young fairy as the Windsor elves of Parson Evans. Nor can I think that Mr. Ruskin would hold to-day by his early opinion that Bulwer has more imagination of a certain kind than Scott. The mention of Scott reminds me to advertise you of the appearance of "The Abbot" (5) and "The Monastery" (6), each adorned with ten fine etchings, in Mr. Andrew Lang's "Border Edition." You will be rejoiced, also, to hear that new and cheap (half-crown) editions of Mr. Thomas Hardy's and of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's novels are being issued, of which "The Return of the Native" (7) and the immortal "Lorna Doone" (8) (with a portrait of the author) have already appeared. I think it is a pity that Mr. Blackmore has omitted the Preface to the twentieth edition with its amazing revelation that this incomparable romance dropped stillborn from the press, and owed its resurrection to the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne!

A certain auspicious event occurred just then, and gave you golden wings. The literary public found your name akin to one which filled the air, and as graciously as royalty itself endowed you with imaginary virtues. So grand is the luck of time and name; failing which more solid beings melt into oblivion's depth.

Is there anything in the "Curiosities of Literature" more grotesque than that so brilliant a book would have died at birth but for the resemblance between its heroine's name and that of the bridegroom of a Royal marriage? The "thirty millions, mostly fools," finding, like Saul, a kingdom in following their father's asses! The Marquis of Lorne in giving his name to an English Princess, thus did the public as precious and unconscious a service as the heroine of "Ideala" (9) (of which original novel a fifth edition has just appeared) did the beggar-woman whom she presented with her purse in place of the sixpence she took from it to give her. From a tract I took up the other day I gathered that a considerable body of Christians are expecting the immediate advent of a female Messiah, and the author of "Ideala" is incomparably the most ear-piercing voice crying in the wilderness to prepare the way of this woman avatar that has yet been heard. Lady Wilde also, in her "Social Studies" (10), cries "How long, O Lord, how long?" and quotes this vigorous adjuration of the poet to her supine sisters:—

Still as before and as now, balls, dances, and evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them singing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves at the dreary piano;
Utter divorcement from sense, mother earth, and object of living.

Ye unhappy statuettes, ye miserable trinkets!
Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cover!
Come, in God's name, come down! The very French clock by you
Puts you to shame with its ticking; the fire-irons deride you;
Come, in God's name, come down! Do anything; be but something.

In their essay "On Girl" the authors of a series of papers "From Wisdom Court" (11), whose self-conscious and almost pert smartness and staccato style soon weary you, bring the same indictment against the sex with less force than flippancy. It is not ungenerous merely, but unjust, for these critics to forget that, if man is as God made him, woman is as man made her.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

(1) "The Great Book Collectors." By Charles Isaac Elton and Mary Augusta Elton. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co.)
(2) "Early Printed Books." By E. Gordon Duff. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co.)
(3) "Books in Manuscript." A Short Introduction to their Study and Use, with a Chapter on Records. By Falconer Madan, M.A. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co.)
(4) "Three Letters and an Essay." By John Ruskin. 1836-1841. Found in his Tutor's Desk. (London and Orpington: George Allen.)
(5) "The Abbot." Two vols. Ten Etchings. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
(6) "The Monastery." Two vols. Ten Etchings. With Introductory Essay and Notes by Andrew Lang. (London: John C. Nimmo.)
(7) "The Return of the Native." By Thomas Hardy. (8) "Lorna Doone." A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)
(9) "Ideala." A Study from Life. By Madame Sarah Grand. (London: William Heinemann.)
(10) "Social Studies." By Lady Wilde. (London: Ward & Downey.)
(11) "From Wisdom Court." By H. Seton Merriman and S. A. Tallentyre. Illustrated by E. Courboin. (London: William Heinemann.)

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have learned to appreciate some of the difficulties of housekeeping in the country since we came down here. Sarah has left us for her annual visit to her old father and mother in the far North, and as she never requires reminding of anything, and, in fact, acts as a memory to us, we find ourselves in many a small predicament during her absence. She has been with us so long that in some ways our positions are quite reversed. For instance, before she went she said to me, "Miss Madge, I know you'll forget no end of things that ought to be attended to, so I've made out a list of things to help you a bit." But, even

with the help of this document, which must have cost the good old soul an immensity of trouble (you should see the wonderful spelling, never twice alike!) I am always getting cornered down here where the shops have plenty of certain articles on one day and none at all the next. In London omissions can readily be rectified by sending to the shops or stores. Our present cook, "obliging" us in the absence of Sarah, is what the latter would call "a muddler without any head." She never thinks of anything till the moment she wants it, and just as we are on the doorstep starting for the river she will send up a message that there is no flour in the house for the tart, or no rice for the curry, or no milk for the sauce. Or, when we are at our sleepiest and laziest, thoroughly enjoying the *dolce far niente* of a hot afternoon, we are informed that she forgot to order the meat yesterday, and the butcher does not come round again till Saturday. What do you feel like when in a very lazy mood and a very large problem like that is suddenly set before you? Does an inclination steal over you to let dinner slide, a feeling that nothing matters much but the delicious, dreamful ease of the moment? If there were only Maud and myself, I fancy that the great meal of the day would dwindle to something very insignificant indeed while our good Sarah is away. But, fortunately, there is Father to think of, and, as Charlie is always about, there is a double incentive for making the menu a fairly good one. Consequently our "obliger's" want of memory is exasperating.

However, it sometimes leads to the adoption of a *pis aller* which turns out a great success. The other evening, when cook had forgotten to make a savoury we had ordered, I told her to try some cheese pancakes, and found that she possesses quite a gift in this direction! Have you ever tasted them? They are made just like ordinary pancakes, but with grated cheese mixed up in the batter before frying. She is also remarkably clever at a cheese *fondu*, and though that is rather a winter dish, having to be served on a hot-water dish in a boiling condition, yet there is a certain chilliness in the evenings now that renders a simmering *fondu* by no means unseasonable.

I do not know how we should manage without a store of tinned things to fall back upon; such "delicacies" as boneless truffled roast chicken, or a 2 lb. or 4 lb. tin of delicious pressed beef. We brought with us a hamper of such "yachting stores" as these, and find them immensely appreciated. At first, when we mention tinned meats to any of our friends, they almost invariably say "Oh, I have a horror of them!" but they as invariably end by being converted. Some of the cheap tinned goods are, doubtless, unreliable. How can they be expected to be anything else? But those with the names of good firms on them, and sold at prices that cover the cost not only of good food but of preserving and tinning it, can always be depended upon.

You ask me about the fashions for autumn, as you want to buy some clothes. There is nothing very decisive just yet, but so far as one can judge from what is already revealed, skirts will continue to fit closely round the hips, spreading into fulness round the hem. The very hideous umbrella skirts do not seem to increase in favour. Are they not ugly? Jackets are half-length, and fit in tightly to the figure at the back, but fall straight in front for the most part, though some fit tightly. Almost all jackets are turned back from the throat in revers, more or less sharply pointed. When the jacket is tight it often ends in a full triple basque, which is very becoming to a slim figure. I have just been examining one of these that Lilla bought for herself during a hurried visit to town. She finds that she is too stout for the style, and has asked me to try to get it changed for her. The bodice and basque are separate, the former being finished with a rolled collar and revers, both edged with a wide band of handsome brown and gold galloon. The three basques are laid on a silk foundation, similar to the lining of the bodice part. Each section overlaps the other by about two inches, and is finished with a row of stitching. This basque is sewed into a wide waistband of the cloth, which is in a beautiful chestnut shade, and the belt itself is finished with a row of stitching at either edge.

So much depends upon the quality of the cloth in these coats that one cannot be too particular to choose the best. The folds in which the basques hang are graceful or the reverse in exact proportion to the fineness of the material. When there is a collar with some little fulness, this is quite as obvious. There are none of the rampant upstanding curves in collars now, such as made some of us look such lunatics last autumn. Any fulness that there is falls quite soft and limp, being cut round a circle, so that the fulness is formed naturally by the droop of the material.

The full basques are worn on evening dresses now, and on slight figures are very pretty, obviating the rather trying plainness of a close-fitting skirt upon the hips. Like some of those on the jackets, these evening basques are fulled very lightly into a waistband, so that the dress can be worn with or without them.

Can you understand the popularity of white veils? We cannot. When the sun shines on them the wearer is almost blinded, and only the most perfect of complexions look well through them, the most delicate of pink and white. When really lovely colouring is seen through a thin white veil, I grant you that the effect is well worth the inconvenience of not being able to see very well in a bright light, but then these perfect complexions are few and the white veils are many. On sallow faces they are simply disfiguring, their whiteness bringing out all the yellow tones of the skin. Either a very costly and admirable make-up, or delightful youth with its inimitable texture and tint, is needed to prevent a white veil from being a gibe and a sneer at the wearer.

There is a rumour that long, floating veils are coming in, and I see that some one, commenting upon this, calls them unbecoming. They are quite the reverse, for there is something in the shifting movement of the lace or spotted net that makes the complexion look its very best.

I notice that Georgiana Lady Wolverton has adopted the *Spinning Wheel* as the official organ of the Needlework Guild that was founded by her and has now developed into such a very large charitable organisation. The *Spinning Wheel* is a weekly paper, published at a penny, for the reading of "mothers, wives, and daughters," and a column will henceforth be devoted to the affairs of the League. There are now fifty branches all over the country, so that there must be plenty of news to exchange, interesting incidents in connection with the work itself and its distribution, and valuable suggestions as to what articles are most needed by the poor of any special district. Lady Wolverton has every reason to feel proud of the Guild, which she has seen grow from the germ of her own benevolent idea into such a far-reaching system which does much to bring the well-to-do and the poor together. The Duchess of Teck has for some years been General President, and the Duchess of Albany is President of the Middlesex branch. The Duchess of York took an active interest when she was still Princess May, and is just of the nature to do so still, notwithstanding the flood of fresh interest that has poured into her life with her marriage.

The Henley Town Regatta afforded us a pleasant day's outing, and was one of those picturesque sights which remain in the memory for years. Scarlet canoes were important factors in the colour scheme, and an outbreak of Japanese sunshades also contributed largely to the general effect. This article is one of the many that are scarcely successful individually, though very much so when numerously represented. A crew dressed in white and yellow had yellow Japanese sunshades, and were to be congratulated upon their triumph in the artistic line.

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Waste is wicked, as we all know, and I see that *The Table* gives a recipe for converting the rinds of water-melons into a sweet preserve. It has once or twice occurred to me that they would make a good imitation of preserved ginger if carefully prepared. The method is rather lengthy, but not particularly troublesome.

There is one department of our cottage housekeeping that is uncommonly pleasant. It deals with the kitchen-garden. No one knows what vegetables *can* taste like who has not had them perfectly fresh from the garden for cooking. The marrows, late peas, runner beans, and lettuce here taste quite differently from what they do in town. Our salads also are great successes by reason of the lettuce and small cress being gathered perfectly fresh, and not allowed to knock about so that the leaves get bruised. Have you ever tasted boiled lettuce, by the way? It is excellent. The trees are full of apples, and these, too, taste ever so much better when freshly gathered off the trees; and as to plums, the flavour and the bloom of them is wonderfully improved by this circumstance.

This dish, which is particularly savoury, is remarkably easy to prepare. The merest novice could cook it as readily as an experienced cook:—

Select four tomatoes of medium size and not over-ripe, and cut them into slices of about an eighth of an inch in thickness. Take the same number of slices from any cold joint you may have at hand. Select a plate for the oven which can be sent to table; on this place a small jam jar, around which put alternately a slice of tomato, then one of meat, until a circle is formed. Remove the jar carefully so as not to disarrange the form, and fill the space with a hillock of fine breaderumbs. Well season with pepper, salt, and the grated rind of a lemon. Over this scatter chopped ham or bacon, then screen with finely minced parsley. Set the dish in a quick oven, and when the contents are half cooked, lay little pieces of butter here and there. Around the rim of the plate lay a row of mushrooms which have been skinned and stalked, put a little butter on each one, and dust over with pepper. When the meat is done, squeeze over the whole the juice of a lemon, and pour a gill of good gravy round the dish. Send to table at once on a larger dish covered with a fringed d'oyley.

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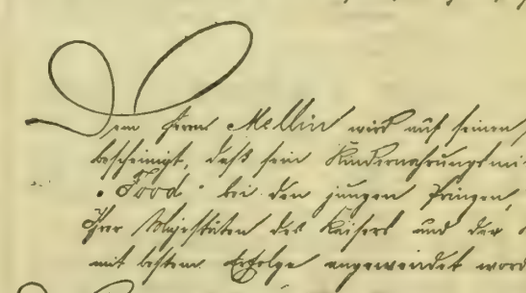

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We have just received a shipment of Carpets and Rugs of Japanese Manufacture from our Agents in Hiogo, and as we are able to sell them at a very low price, we offer them to our Customers in preference to submitting them to the Wholesale Trade. They are novel and artistic in design and colouring, and of thick pile.

CARPETS.

8 feet long	by 6 feet	wide	... ...	28- each.
10 ,,	9 ,,		... ...	50- ,,
12 ,,	9 ,,		... ...	63- ,,

RUGS.

3 feet long	by 1 ft. 6 in.	wide	...	2 6 each.
4 ,,	2 feet	wide	... ...	5- ,,
6 ,,	3 ,,		... ...	8 6 ,,

A FEW MIRZAPORE CARPETS, 9 ft. by 6 ft. ... 27/6 each.
KURD RUGS, 5 ft. by 3 ft. ... 5/9 ,,
BANGALORE RUGS, 6 ft. by 3ft. ... 5/- each.
KURD CARPETS, 9 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. ... 21/- ,,

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The HOMACOUSTIC is a contrivance connected with Speaking Tubes, which entirely supersedes, for indoor purposes, not only the Telephone, but all other existing arrangements for indoor inter-communication.

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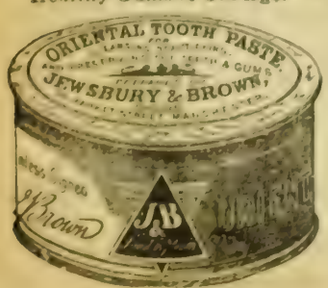

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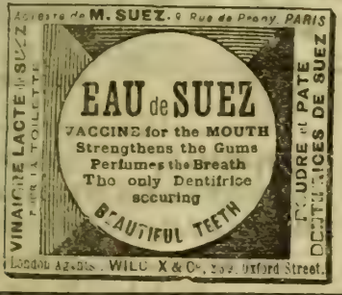

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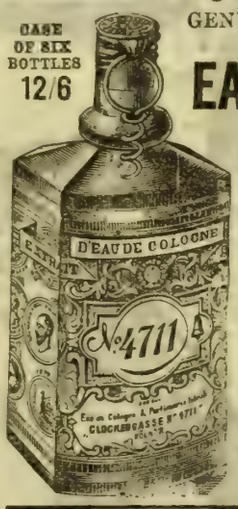

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 758.—HOLIDAY RESORTS FOR POLITICIANS.

M. T. P. (real name and address will be published next week) £2 2 0

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 752.

Nothing, I hope, will prevent me announcing the result of this competition next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.

As I may be able to publish a further selection of the "Wasp" verses I will not at present announce the winner in this competition.

I have already published one list of those who sent answers to this competition. Below will be found a supplementary list of names:—Stanchion, Bushranger, E. Culverhouse, R. W., Esperanza, Veritas, Maretimo, Qui Hy, Monkeudous, Cæsar's Corner, Felixicus, Nodding Violet, Whig, N. S. W., Moonshine, A. A., Blueskin, Nomenclator, Dion, Ivy Leaves, Tamson, Barnsdale, Jock, J. McGrigor Allan, Mos, Dallington, Limp, Thomas, Shlowmow, Strix, Plumpy, Trouville, Prince Tiptoe, Winton, Topsy, Offa, Theta, Gerardinus, Lunatic, Bel Demonio, Ferpoint, Tophett, Beg Oak, Libby, X. T. Y., Democritus, B. S., W. G. B., Harry Devon, Jacky, O. H., Simla, Felsberg, Caledonia, Haman, S. W. S., Waps, Mars, Ignoramus, Eager, Dorothea, F. Y., Bass Rock, Lorenzo II., Ramona, Quis, Tyro, D. D., D. N., Adventurer, Svonok, R. W., Uncle Tom, Spin, Fanny Adams, Buzz, Ombra, Vespasian, Hugo, R. E. J., G. Turner, Luna Paramé, La Zia, Excelsior, Gumph, Scotia, Maia, Calgarth, Marplot, Nurse, Victor, Traveller, Gil, Styx, M. A. R., W. M., Stingo, Topsy, B. R., Bee.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 762.

By an oversight I omitted to state last week that all answers to this puzzle must reach me at the latest by the morning of Monday, September 11.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 763.

Since Thomas Hood, at the request of a former Duke of Devonshire, invented a long list of facetious and sham titles for sham books for the filling up of blank spaces in the library at Chatsworth, many attempts have been made to rival the ingenuity of the author of "The Song of the Shirt." It is now proposed to make another essay in this suggesting of book titles by offering the usual prize of Two Guineas this week to the competitor who sends in

THE BEST TWELVE FACETIOUS TITLES FOR SHAM BOOKS TO BE USED FOR FILLING ONE OF THE DUMMY SHELVES ON A LIBRARY DOOR.

As possibly some of the readers of TRUTH may not understand what is required, I append a few specimen titles of the desiderated kind. Thus:—

"Cleopatra's Pearl," an autobiography, by the Venerable Bede. "Doubly Dammed; or, the Man with Two Mothers-in-Law." "Howe's Answer to Watt." "The Quaker," by Sir Christopher Hatton.

No list must include more than twelve names, and all answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, September 18.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of "OUTSIDER," winner of Prize No. 757, are L. GIBSON, ESQ., 3, Church-street, Reigate.

CALCUTTA.—Your answer to Puzzle No. 760 arrived too late.

A NEWSENSE.—I handed your communication to the Editor.

GERARDINUS.—Many thanks for your suggestion. But how about the words "rep" and "nep"? Surely they are perfect rhymes for "step."

OLIVASTRO.—I hope to settle the matter next week.

QUEEN BESS.—There is, unfortunately, insufficient room to print your exhaustive itinerary; but I am much obliged to you for the information you have furnished, and the Time-tables, &c., you have sent me.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 760.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

HOW TO SPEND £20 TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE IN A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY TRIP.

*** I may say that many competitors in answering this question have gone into details far too much. Thus I find it impossible to make room for some of the more lengthy communications which I have received. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

A most enjoyable trip would be to take steamer to Rotterdam, stay at Hotel Central, and after exploring town and neighbourhood, spend the remainder of the time at Scheveningen, a most delightful watering-place. This could well be done within £20.—Cygne.

A thoroughly enjoyable holiday tour, and one well within the limits of the time and means of your correspondent, is a fortnight in Norway—that most delightful of all countries. For a single traveller, when pleasant companions add to one's enjoyment, the tourist steamers are highly to be recommended. For the sum of £12. 14s. the *Midnight Sun*, for instance, and many others, will give a fortnight of unallayed delight among the fjords (whose waters being perfectly smooth, no fear of *mal de mer* need be apprehended). The odd pounds may be comfortably spent on separate tours from the boat, knick-knacks, &c. For those preferring a more independent course of action a tour in the neighbourhood of Bergen—return fare from Hull £6—where lies the most beautiful of Norwegian scenery, contains the acme of enjoyment. A journey down the Hardanger Fjord to Eide and Odde, then on to Voesvangen, Stalheim, Gutvangen, and back by the Sogne Fjord to Bergen gives an excellent idea of the country. If your correspondent will start for Norway unencumbered by much luggage he will find there more to be gained in the shape of enjoyment and health than in all the countries of Central Europe put together.—Tuck.

Start on Saturday night, St. Pancras to Edinburgh, tourist ticket (50s.). First day, Sunday, Edinburgh. Second day, take circular tour ticket, Edinburgh to Glasgow, *vid* Forth Bridge, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Caledonian Canal (49s. 6d.), go to Perth for half-day, and on to Dundee, *vid* Tay Bridge, in evening. Third day, Dundee half-day, and on to Aberdeen. Fourth day, Aberdeen half-day, and on to Elgin in afternoon. Fifth day, Elgin to Inverness, where spend afternoon. Sixth day, Inverness to Oban. Seventh day, Oban to Staffa and Iona (15s.). Eighth day, Sunday, Oban. Ninth day, Oban to Dunoon. Tenth day, Dunoon, by boat, to Ayr, for land of Burns' sights, and on to Glasgow (3s.) same night. Eleventh day, Glasgow. Twelfth day, Glasgow to Edinburgh, by Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Trossachs, and Stirling (22s. 6d.). Thirteenth day, Stirling morning, Edinburgh afternoon. Fourteenth day, Edinburgh forenoon, Melrose for Abbotsford, and Dryburgh afternoon. The following day, Sunday, may be spent in Carlisle, or, if the tourist wishes to be home by Sunday, he can go on to London, direct from Melrose, by night train. The railway fares (third-class) and steamboat (cabin) cost for the whole round £7, and allowing 15s. per day for hotel expenses, the bill for the whole trip amounts to £17. 10s., leaving a margin for indulging in first-class if the tourist so desires, though the third-class accommodation on all the lines is now excellent.—Harold.

Pay a visit to the English lakes—at their best in September and October. Make either Bowness or Ambleside your centre. There are excellent hotels close to the lake, with boating, fishing, and coaching at hand. Hotel expenses—say £8 for fortnight—will leave £12 for incidental touring expenses. When you reach Windermere from Euston, coaches will take you to any hotel in either place. Then study Milner's Local Penny Guide for the boating, coaching, and touring excursions available daily within the district. "Do" all the "circular tours," as they are called (with quiet days between); the cost is moderate, and they include railway, steam yacht, and coach rides through the loveliest and grandest scenery. Much coaching becomes expensive, but you should take a box-seat for Keswick through Rydal and Grasmere, and scheme another to Patterdale, over Kirkstone Pass. Fill up your quiet days with rambles in the woods, up the hills, or exploring the bays and islands of the lakes. Drinking in the pure ozone, and feasting your eyes on the beauties at every turn, you will find here the best restoratives for unstrung nerves, flagging energy, and overwork. The bracing, pure mountain air, clear atmosphere, and delightfully cool breezes will work wonders, and after a season like the present should suit a Londoner to a T. For an ideal walk, cross by the ferry at Bowness, and take the road over Tarn Hows to Coniston. Though only climbing 850 ft., you get some of the grandest views in the district (equal, in Ruskin's estimation, to Switzerland), and inhale the purest oxygen in England. From Ambleside there are equally exhilarating walks up Loughrigg, Wansfell, and Nabscar. If you are ambitious, you will go further afield to Helvellyn and Scawfell. The secret of getting enjoyment and reaping the full benefit of your visit is, however, not to attempt too much.—Calgarth.

"To the best advantage"; but, until we know what part or parts of England he already knows, and have some more information as to his tastes—whether, for instance, he prefers land or sea travelling, town or country, mountain, river, seaside, or otherwise—it is almost impossible to decide what is "to the best advantage." A visit to the offices of a tourist agent, with a little explanation on his part, would, however, enable him to choose a "trip" adapted to his tastes and his purse, and to make such arrangements as would save him a great deal of trouble afterwards.—Bushranger.

Take a trip to Norway, going *viâ* Newcastle-on-Tyne by the s.s. *Midnight Sun*, 3,020 tons, 2,860 h. p., sailing on September 9. No scenery in Europe can beat the Norwegian; you get the benefit of the sea-breezes, with the shortest passage across the North Sea in case you are a bad sailor, a liberal table, and good accommodation. The fares range from 12 gs.—say £15 spent on board the steamer, that would leave you £5 for incidental expenses. Take as little luggage as possible, and after getting on board ship you have no further anxiety or trouble.—Pero.

Place: Paramé, on the Bay of St. Malo; reached by L.S.W.R. from Southampton to St. Malo; fare, £2. 12s. return, first class from London to St. Malo. Hotel: The Hotel de la Plage, in the healthiest situation, directly facing the sea. Terms, 70 francs a week inclusive. English management. Cabs, &c., at both ends (London and St. Malo) covered by £1. This makes £9 spent in absolute necessities, leaving £11 to be spent in—(1.) Excursions from Paramé by boat up the Rance to Dinan, or to Granville, Cancale, or the Cap Fréhel, or by rail to the Mont St. Michel or Rennes. (2.) Bathing, tennis, casino (operettas, operas, and balls), and boating. Paramé is an exceedingly healthy place and a typical "Plage."—Guiatus.

Everything rests with "A Frequent Competitor" himself. It is a question of best adapting circumstances to his own physical and mental structure—to his "tastes," in fact. Should he be a student of the language of any foreign country, or of any art or trade of any foreign country, within reach, I should advise his passing his holiday abroad, so that, his studies not being interrupted, he may in a measure recuperate on one hand what his trip may cause him to lose on the other. For a young man in search of relaxation and company I have named, and the accommodation on board the steamers is very good. All information with regard to the Western Highland trip can be obtained from David MacBrayne & Co., Hope-street, the fare being, I believe, £4. 10s., including meals. The *Claymore* and *Clansman* start on Mondays and Thursdays.—Idler.

The best way that a fortnight and £20 can be spent (under the circumstances named). Take the first rail to Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire. There you will find sea-air, plenty of innocent amusements, a grove full of trees and flowers, a free library, a magnificent band, seats in shady places, green grass, &c., &c. Heaps of refreshment rooms and hotels, and a large arcade full of shops. On the roads carriages and breaks, and any amount of the best donkey bath-chairs in the world; and last, though not least, in different parts of the town, places of worship of all denominations.—Ye Hermit.

To Scilly Isles.—Train to Penzance (3rd), £1. 6s.; return to Scilly (1st), 10s. 6d.; six days St. Mary's (Tregarthen's Hotel), £3; six days Tresco (canteen), £3; train back to town, £1. 6s.; boat hire, £5; cabs, tips, &c., £2; total, £16. 2s. 6d. Leave Paddington 9 p.m., leave Penzance 10 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, or oftener in summer. Delightful fishing and boating. In lodgings, cheaper.—Rich Man.

With twenty pounds and a fortnight at his disposal your correspondent can "do" Ireland from the Giant's Causeway to the Lakes of Killarney, and he will have the satisfaction of visiting one of the most interesting countries in Europe at one of the most momentous crises of her national history. All needful information, thoroughly reliable, he can obtain by paying a short visit to Cook's.—Bobus.

To a young person who has not travelled to any extent, the following tour may be safely recommended, and thus some of the finest scenery in England can be viewed. Starting from Paddington, say on Saturday morning, first take the train to Oxford, where the various colleges may be viewed, &c., and a general idea of the student's life obtained. From thence to Warwick is a short journey, and may be made on Saturday evening. At Warwick there are many places to view. Sunday may be spent by a walk to Kenilworth and Stoneleigh, and a train ride to Leamington, with its Spa, in the evening. Monday should be devoted to inspecting Warwick Castle and the Leicester Hospital, and then on by road—a lovely ride—to Stratford, the home of Shakespeare, where the museum, birthplace, and theatre, are the principal sights. From Stratford, on Tuesday, to Worcester, viâ Evesham. Here, where were fought decisive battles, may now be found flourishing industries, comprising pottery, sauce and jam factories, the carpet and needle trades, &c. Wednesday to Gloucester, where the cathedral is the main feature, and the tourist may journey on the same evening to Bristol, where a short rest may be taken. Clifton, a delightful suburb, may be visited at leisure on Thursday. On Friday by boat to Ilfracombe, a charming trip down the Bristol Channel. Arrived at Ilfracombe, the holiday maker may please himself as to how he spends his time. I recommend this place as headquarters, for the air is delightful, the town clean, free from noise and bustle, but with just life enough to make a stay most enjoyable. There are many charming walks around by hill and dale, and it is difficult to say where finer may be obtained. Trips may be made to Clovelly, a spot it is impossible to describe, and Bideford, Barnstaple, Bude, so dear to readers of Kingsley, are all within easy distance. The return journey may be commenced on the following Thursday by taking either coach or boat to Lynmouth (the English Switzerland), and which is not touched by the railway. Here the Valley of the Rocks and the Waters meet. Doone Valley must, on no account, be missed. On Saturday morning a splendid coach ride is obtained viâ Porlock to Minehead, from whence the train can be taken back to Paddington. By this tour the traveller will have obtained many changes of charming scenery, and at the same time a good insight into modern country life. The hotels are invariably cheap and clean, and the visitors from towns are always welcome, and may always rely upon civility and courtesy being shown to them, while the whole cost of the railway and coaching journeys will not exceed £8. 10s., leaving over £1 a day for expenses, which will be found ample.—Goldfinch.

My suggestion is third-class single to Monte Carlo—put balance (? £10) on the tables. If absolutely cleared out, the authorities will pay journey back. Very pleasant holiday.—Extra Dry.

Take boat from London to Glasgow (Clyde Shipping Co.), calling at Belfast, where break journey and remain three days, picking up next boat for Glasgow. At Belfast spend the day seeing Belfast and neighbourhood, and two days visit Dublin and neighbourhood. The journey from London to Glasgow, five days, three days in Ireland, three days; stay one day in Glasgow, one day—total nine days. Take circular tour from Glasgow to Oban (by boat), Crianlarich, Loch Lomond, Inversnaid, Loch Katrine, Trossachs, Callander, to Edinburgh. Break journey at Oban for one night, Inversnaid one night, arriving at Edinburgh on the twelfth day. Spend two days in Edinburgh = fourteen days, and return to London by night train. Cost of trip: Boat, London to Glasgow (saloon), £1. 10s.; five days' food on board at 7s., £1. 15s.; drinks and sundries, do., 15s.; three days' hotel expenses, Ireland, at 15s., £2. 5s.; train, Belfast to Dublin and back, 15s. 10d.; sight-seeing in Belfast and Dublin, £1. 10s.; circular tour from Glasgow (saloon boat and third train), £1. 11s. 6d.; six days' hotel expenses, Scotland, at 15s., £4. 10s.; sight-seeing in Edinburgh, £1. 10s.; train fare, Edinburgh to London (3rd), £1. 12s. 8d.; porters, tips, and sundries (say), £1. 5s.—total £19.—Stanchion.

Swanage is a delightful, picturesque seaside place, and excursions can be easily made from there to the Isle of Wight, the New Forest, and many places of interest along the South Coast. Boarding at the small hotel there would not cost more than £2. 2s. a week, which would leave a good margin for excursions by boat and rail.—Cygnette.

£20 judiciously spent ought to furnish a young man with a month's instead of a fortnight's holiday, especially if he is a cyclist. The writer's son started two years ago on an expedition provided with £20 and a safety bicycle. He cycled to Southampton from Liverpool, seeing Hereford, Gloucester, Salisbury, and Wells on his way. He took the boat to Havre and then went to Rouen, where he stayed a day; he then cycled leisurely through France seeing Evreux, Chartres, Troyes, and Dijon on his way to Neuchâtel. There he joined a party of friends at a pension in the Jura (four francs per diem). He stayed there fourteen days, making many excursions, and returned home by a different route, staying two days in Paris. He came home from Southampton by train, having just enough to pay his fare to Liverpool and his breakfast. Lunch he had to dispense with on that day. He was in splendid condition, having thoroughly recuperated both his mental and bodily faculties after six months' grind for an examination. I can but recommend any young man to go and do likewise. A tour through Holland is good for a non-cyclist, railway fares are so cheap, but a taste for pictures and architecture is necessary; Providence has provided little in the way of scenery.—Ivy Leaves.

Go to Lewes and stay two days, and take a walk of eight miles to Brighton one day, and to Eastbourne the next. Lewes is respectable and clean and inexpensive, and full of objects of interest and fine views from the Downs; then go to Newhaven, and steam to Dieppe by daylight. The sea is always more or less choppy half-way across. Do not sleep at Dieppe; it is exorbitant and full of English sharps, who will sell you the worst porter you ever tasted for 6d. a pint. Look at St. Remy's and St. Jacques' Churches and go on to Rouen, and stay there two days. It is cheap and clean, and free from English. Take your own tobacco with you and your own biscuits, if you want any. The French cannot make them, but import them from England, and sell them at 800 per cent. profit. Travel by day from Dieppe to Paris, as the scenery is superb; and by night from Paris to Boulogne on your way home. Stop at Abbeville and Amiens one day each, and one day at Boulogne, which is a good watering-place. You will have a week left to stay at Paris. Rue de Bac is a good place for private and hotel accommodation, half-way between the bridge from Place Concorde and Pont Neuf on the south side of the Seine. Do not have a lock to your bag, but a strap, and then you will not be searched at the custom-houses. Get your money changed in France both ways; you will see the rate of change in big figures at the post-office and banque. You can do all this very decently for £20.—Salvé.

September will be on us before our friend has the advantage of reading his TRUTH, but this will not be too late for Llandudno and North Wales, so let him hie himself to Llandudno. There are several good boarding-houses advertised in the "A B C Guide," any of which will answer his purpose. Here he may well exhaust North Wales. There are admirable sea trips along the coast east and west, but especially the trip through the Menai Straits to Carnarvon Castle and back. The train also to Bettws-y-Coed for Swallow Falls, Fairy Glen, and Roman Bridge, or, at a greater cost (but well within £20 for everything), the coach trip. There are also short journeys round the Great Orme, along the beautiful bay and Little Orme, and back by Gloddaeth Woods, while the niggers in the "happy valley" are unique and specially good; there's nothing like the entertainment in England, and their show is a good two hours' laugh, while in the evening, when most places are dull, and have nothing on, Rivière's concerts on the Pier are a thing to be remembered. Take Llandudno altogether it will compare favourably with any place in Great Britain.—Jam.

Answers have also been received from Mosel, Vlator, Comtesse Olga, The Hadji, Daisy, Goldfinch, Rho, Verbum Sap, Almaviva.

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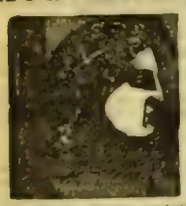

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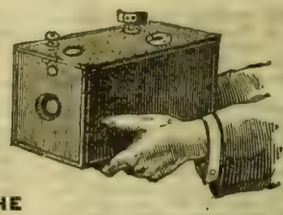

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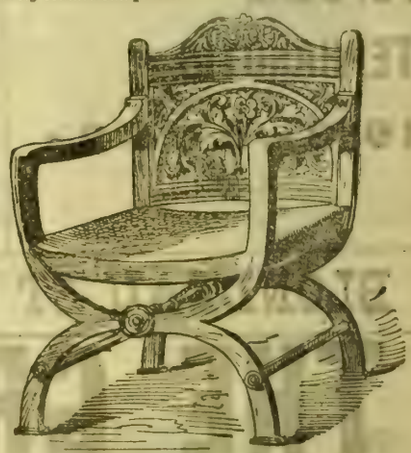

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince of Wales, who goes this week to Scotland to visit the Queen at Balmoral, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar, will probably be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle for a few days before he returns south at the beginning of October.

The Duke and Duchess of York are to stay at Deeside until October 2, when they go to Edinburgh for one night; then to Wynyard Park on a visit to Lord and Lady Londonderry, also for one night; then to York for one night, when they will be the guests either of Mr. and Mrs. Vyner at Fairfield, or of the Archbishop and Mrs. Maclagan at Bishopthorpe Palace (where the Prince and Princess of Wales were splendidly entertained by Archbishop Thomson about thirty years ago); and on October 5 they will arrive in London for a stay of about ten days.

Princess Louise, who was announced by some of the papers to have gone to Aix-les-Bains, has been staying during the last ten days at Schwalbach, where she is taking a three weeks' course of the waters. Lord Lorne has accompanied the Princess to Schwalbach, and they are travelling, as usual, as Lord and Lady Sundridge, which, by the way, is the title (created 1766) by which the Duke of Argyll holds his seat in the House of Lords.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, who is staying at Gmunden with her mother, Queen Marie, has not visited England for more than two years, and I hear that she intends to give up her apartments at Hampton Court (which are the best set in the Palace), and that they will then be granted by the Queen to Princess Louise, who wants a country residence within easy distance of London.

The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg has been staying at Balmoral during the last few days, on a visit to the Queen, and he had previously been the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Braemar.

The papers have all stated that "much disappointment" was expressed at Braemar because the Duke and Duchess of York did not attend the "gathering" at New Mar Castle last Thursday, and the absence of the Duchess of Fife seems to have surprised and annoyed the Deeside public. It would have been very astonishing if these members of the Royal family had attended the gathering, considering that Prince William of Glucksburg, the favourite uncle of the Princess of Wales, was then lying dead and unburied at Fredensborg Castle.

In their accounts of the Braemar gathering, most of the papers mention the Duff "clansmen," of whom the Duke of Fife is alleged to be "The Chief." The fact is that there are no such "clansmen," and the Duke of Fife might just as well be described as an Emperor. His Highland pedigree reminds one of Thackeray's "Hogyn Mogyn of the hundred beeves." The present family of Duffs only appeared in Scotland during the reign of George II., and they never made any ridiculous pretence of antiquity until about forty years ago, when the late Lady Fife discovered that the affectation of Highland usages was an easy method of getting into favour at Court, and then the keepers, gillies, and estate servants and employés all developed into "clansmen," and every sort of fantasticality was introduced. The Balmoral "clansmen" are merely the Queen's servants and tenants masquerading as Highlanders. The Duke of Fife's Aberdeenshire domain was formerly the property of the Earls of Mar, who also owned the estates which now belong to the Queen. Of all the ancient Deeside families the only one still in the district is the Farquharsons of Invercauld, and they descend from the old stock through the female line.

Lord Belhaven, who died last week at Edinburgh, succeeded to the peerage in 1868, but seven years elapsed before he established his right to it, and it was only last year that he came into possession of the family estates in Lanarkshire, which his predecessor (who was for many years Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly) had left in the hands of trustees until all the encumbrances were paid off. Lord Belhaven was a strong Liberal, and a most devoted adherent of the Church of Scotland. He was very popular, and most highly respected at Edinburgh, where he passed the greater part of his life.

Mr. Crole, of Edinburgh, who died last week, was a very well known public man in Scotland. He was employed in the Inland Revenue Office at Edinburgh for sixty years, and was solicitor to that department for seventeen years. Mr. Crole was an eminent authority on all subjects connected with the revenue law, and he was regularly consulted by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer,

and he himself drafted several important Exchequer Acts. He worked very hard, and discharged all his duties with conspicuous ability. Mr. Crole was exceedingly charitable, and in a quiet way he did an immense deal of good work among the poor of Edinburgh. He was a Liberal, and a devoted member of the Free Church, having been an elder of that sect ever since the disruption of 1843.

The only Royalties who patronised the Doncaster Meeting were the Duke of Cambridge, who came over on two days from York, where he was the guest of General Wilkinson; and Prince Francis of Teck, who was staying at Normanby Park with Lady Sheffield.

Doncaster was a failure from the social point of view. The closing of Welbeck, Wentworth Woodhouse, and Nostell Priory was a serious blow to the meeting, as the largest and smartest parties have usually come from these three houses. The final blow was the clashing with the Home Rule Debate in the House of Lords, which kept away a host of the "aristocratic patrons" of the meeting, both male and female, and caused several intended house parties to be given up. Lord Scarborough had a small party at Sandbeck, and so had Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes at Danum House, while Escrick and Tranby Croft proved to be veritable "refuges for the destitute," as those two houses received a number of personages who have usually stayed at Nostell or at Welbeck. Various causes have contributed to diminish the social prestige of "the Carnival of the North," and I hear that there will be no more Doncaster parties at Welbeck, Wentworth, or Wortley, while the hospitalities at Nostell Priory are likely to be considerably curtailed.

The Rev. Leonard Blomefield, who died at Bath last week, was one of the most eminent naturalists in England, and he had been a member of the Linnæan Society for seventy-one years. He was long a well-known and popular figure at Cambridge, and was an intimate friend of Whewell, Darwin, Julius Hare, Sedgwick, Bishop Thirlwall, and other literary and scientific celebrities of the period. Mr. Blomefield was at one time a copious writer on his favourite subject. He presented to the Bath Institution a very valuable Library of 2,000 volumes, and his unique "Herbarium of British Plants."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have placed Dollis Hill, their villa near Willesden, at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who are to occupy it whenever it may suit them to do so.

The Sultan has sent to the President of the United States a superbly-engraved gold medal, set with splendid diamonds, in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. This medal is valued at £2,000, and it will be preserved as a State heirloom at the White House, as President Cleveland cannot accept it as his own private property.

I have to thank a Welsh reader for some interesting information concerning Dr. Johnson's visit to Wales, and more particularly to Gweynynog Hall, referred to in last week's TRUTH. It seems to be beyond question that on the occasion of his tour, in 1774, when he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and their daughter (afterwards Lady Keith), Johnson twice visited Gweynynog, then in the occupation of a Mr. Myddleton, a descendant of Sir Hugh Myddleton of New River fame. On August 5 the party stayed a night at Gweynynog. They returned on August 29 and remained nine days, and to commemorate Johnson's visit Mr. Myddleton erected an urn in the park. The authority of these facts is Johnson's own diary of the tour, which escaped Boswell, but was published in 1816.

Colonel Dennistoun, of Golfhill, who died last week at Inchnacardoch Lodge, will be greatly missed in Dumbartonshire, where he was most deservedly popular. He had taken for many years a prominent part in county business, and represented the county on the Liberal side of the House of Commons for some time. Colonel Dennistoun took from the first a warm interest in the Volunteer movement, having received his commission in 1859, and commanded the Dumbartonshire Battalion for several years prior to his retirement in 1876. He married a daughter of the late Sir Charles Oakley.

The late Colonel Ireland-Blackburne, of Hale Hall, was the head of one of the oldest territorial families in Lancashire, and he owned large estates in that county, and was very popular indeed amongst his numerous tenants. Colonel Blackburne sat in the House of Commons for several years as Tory Member for South-West Lancashire, and his father represented Warrington in three Parliaments, while his grandfather was Member for the then undivided county of Lancaster for forty-eight years.

The Recordership of Salisbury, which is worth £105 a year, and is in the gift of the Home Secretary, has become vacant by the death of Mr. J. D. Chambers, who was appointed by Sir James Graham in 1844. The very light duties of the office have been discharged for several years past by Mr. Ravenhill, the Deputy Recorder.

Mr. James Jardine, who died last week, was one of the leading manufacturers of Lancashire, and he had been for some years Chairman of the Manchester Royal Exchange. He was the son of a small farmer, and commenced life as a clerk in the offices of Messrs. Christy, of the Fairfield Mills, in 1837. In 1851 Mr. Jardine was made a junior partner in the well-known firm of Hugh Shaw & Sons, of Ancoats, and he ultimately became the sole proprietor of that great business, which is one of the largest fine spinning and doubling concerns in England. Mr. Jardine considerably increased the profits of his firm by the introduction of the combing machine and self-acting mule into his manufactory. He was munificent in his charities and in his gifts to public institutions, and he added a wing for sick children to Ancoats Hospital, which he built and endowed at a cost of about £15,000.

The Town Council of Dumfries had very much desired to acquire the picturesque estate of Marchmount for a public park, and it was offered to the town for £6,500,

For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 559-560 in the present issue.
For AMUSEMENTS, see page 558.

which was regarded as too high a price. Last week the property was sold by auction, when it realised only £5,200. Directly any public body is known to be in the field to purchase a property, then an exorbitant price is certain to be demanded for it.

Lord Sudeley is at present trying to let his two estates of Gregynog, in North Wales, and Toddington, in Gloucestershire. With the former there is shooting over 16,000 acres, and with the latter over some 6,000, and both estates are exceptionally well stocked with game of all kinds.

The well-known estate of Dunmore, in the Firth Valley, has just come into the market. The entire estate extends over about 6,000 acres, with several hundred acres of excellent timber; but the option will also be given of acquiring separately the fine mansion-house, with the home farm, and the village.

The creditors of Mr. John Heath, of Liddington, met at Swindon last week, and his statement of affairs showed how ruinous has been the recent depreciation of land in North Wilts. In 1872 Mr. Heath purchased his farm for £11,100, and he has since laid out about £1,500 in improvements. The agricultural depression embarrassed him, with the result that the mortgagees recently seized the farm and sold it for £3,300, which price included all the tillages and acts of husbandry.

One of my readers informs me that the price of 250 guineas paid for a ram at the sale of Mr. Graham's flock was not, as I supposed, a "record." It seems that at Messrs. Brunker's sale at Sydney, N.S.W., in 1890, over 700 guineas were paid for a merino ram bred by Mr. Gibson, of Tasmania, while several bids of 250 and 300 guineas were registered on the same occasion. There is more money in mutton than I have hitherto been aware of. I have been under the impression that a respectable, well-bred sheep could be purchased in Australia for a few shillings.

A good range of salmon-fishing is now the most profitable possession which a Scotch landowner can desire. The Duke of Roxburghe's Floors water in the Tweed is let at the rate of £1,400 a year, and £1,100 a year is the rent of Lord Ancaster's Stobhall stretch in the Tay, which has nearly trebled in value during the last ten years. One single cast in the Tweed now fetches £250 a year, the Duke of Roxburghe being the owner, and Lord Home the tenant.

The Tennis Tournament at Brighton last week was a far more successful affair than last year's meeting. Acting on the advice I ventured to offer them, the executive this year made arrangements for the Tournament to be held at the Hove Cricket Ground, instead of at the out-of-the-way College grounds, and the difference in the attendance must have convinced them of the desirability of the change.

Hôtel Burlington, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth East Station.

Taken all round, the play was of exceptional merit, and on the last day (Saturday) no better tennis could have been seen than the matches between Eaves, the holder, and W. Baddeley for the championship, and between the brothers Baddeley and the brothers Allen for the gentlemen's doubles. W. Baddeley outplayed Eaves at all points of the game, and scored a somewhat easy victory by three sets to one; and in the doubles, although the Allens made a plucky fight of it, they were not strong enough to vanquish their doughty opponents. In the match for the ladies' championship, Mrs. Hilliard easily defeated Miss Maud Shackle (the holder). The result might, I think, have been different had the latter lady used her head a little more and her arms a little less, for at the hard driving from the back of the court she is no match against Mrs. Hilliard. It is by the use of their heads and the excellent judgment they show that the Baddeleys have come so to the fore, and taken all round, I much doubt whether there are two better exponents of the game than these twin brothers.

Now that the gentlemen who manage the Brighton Tournament have shown a disposition to move with the times, I should like to make them one or two more suggestions. They should remember that many people who attend these Tournaments do so not from any love of tennis, but rather from love of seeing the people who are there and being themselves seen. Cater, then, for them as well as for the tennis players. Provide them, for instance, with a band, and arrange with some contractor to supply tea and light refreshment, not merely in a stuffy tent, but at tables dotted about the ground. The meeting will then soon become a Society function, and be the first step in finding some genuine amusement for visitors to the "Queen of Watering Places."

The following figures which have been sent to me will doubtless surprise and interest cricketers. They show that the Champion County of 1893 scored fewer runs by some hundreds than any other, and 1,720 less than Middlesex, who were six points behind them on the season's competition. That Yorkshire is at the bottom of the list, however, is obviously a mere accident, and the only possible moral from these figures is that mere run-making power has nothing to do one way or the other with match-winning, for the order in which the teams come out in this list bears simply no relation whatever to the results of the matches:—

County.	Total Runs.	Average per Match.
Middlesex	6,193	387
Sussex	5,907	369
Notts	5,866	366
Somerset	5,184	324
Lancashire	5,048	315
Kent	5,043	315
Gloucester	4,740	296
Surrey	4,700	294
Yorkshire	4,473	280

A visitor to Southport sends me some forcible remarks upon the offensiveness of the smells arising from the gratings over the drains in the roads of that town. Even on the promenade, he says, it is impossible to escape from these pestilential odours. Such a state of things points to

Bournemouth.—"Royal Bath." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

strange blindness to their own interests on the part of the Southport people, and I would strongly advise them to study the recent history of Worthing.

Addressed to those who Travel.
By One who Stays at Home.

And now you've completed your holiday plan,
Say, how did you like it, itinerant man?
The steamer you cross'd in, the mad rush to le'ward,
The agonised cry for the over-work'd steward;
The tallowy soup and the engine-oil fish,
The flavour of bilge that was found in each dish;
The cupboard-like berth, where, outstretched on the rack,
You'd the spin of the screw reproduced in your back;
The scuffle in landing—the touts—*la douane*—
Say, how did you like them, itinerant man?

The barrack-like chill of the foreign hotel,
That daily menu which you knew but too well:
That *Poisson*, concocted 'twould seem of fried paste,
That *Bœuf*, which the name of a bullock disgraced,
That burnt-umber *Sauce* which concealed many things,
That *Poulet*, all drumsticks and gizzard and strings;
That impudent fraud, the diurnal *Dessert*—
The apple of Sodom, the flavourless pear;
The wizened banana, the grapes speck'd with bran—
Say, how did you like them, itinerant man?

The underbred snobs, and the over-dressed sinners,
Who crowded you so at the table d'hôte dinners;
The Germans who scooped up their gravy with knives,
Their bolster-like, waistless, impossible wives;
The Yankees who blustered, and bragged of their dollars,
The 'Arries who travelled in celluloid collars;
The ancient campaigners, the fogies, the cads,
The monotonous life at diversified *bads*;
The landlords who fleeced you, that polyglot clan—
Say, how did you like them, itinerant man?

The presence of smells, and the absence of ease,
The scandalous sums that you paid for *bougies*;
The mouldy old churches you had to go through,
The musty museums they forced you to do;
The miles of Old Masters religiously done,
The fever you caught when you sat in the sun;
The slow, stuffy trains, where it seemed you would choke,
What with savour of sausage, and garlic, and smoke;
The extortionate charge for your bag in the van—
Say, how did you like it, itinerant man?

Come, are you not glad to get back to your lair?
To your own morning tub and your pet easy-chair?
Is it not a great joy, after weeks of sore dread,
To be sleeping again in your own cosy bed?
Do you not with a shudder look back to the time
When each day brought its penance—some stiff mountain-climb,
A rattle by train, or a journey by boat,
And a new, and a possibly worse, table d'hôte?
Come, tell us the truth and deny, if you can,
That travel 's a nuisance, itinerant man!

In justice to the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Albert Vandam asks me to state that his article, so far from having been on hand for a year or two, as suggested in last week's Truth, was written at very short notice on Mr. Harris's own suggestion for publication this month. Mr. Vandam attributes to the haste with which the article was for this reason produced his oversight in regard to M. Rouvier's second marriage.

The Duke of Beaufort has presented his cousin, the Rev. Henry Somerset, who has been Vicar of Raglan during the last nineteen years, to the important living of Crickhowel, Brecknockshire, which is worth about £500 a year, with house, and which recently became vacant by the death of the Rev. Boscawen Somerset, who was a son of the Rev. Lord William Somerset, Canon and sub-Dean of Bristol Cathedral.

I find the following information in the Saffron Walden parish magazine, under the head of "Questions for the Children's Catechising":—

What is the 7th Commandment?—Thou shalt not commit adultery.
What is committing adultery?—Wishing to marry another person's husband or wife.

The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil may be, as the Vicar of Saffron Walden evidently holds, a wholesome diet for babes and sucklings; but in that case there can be no question that the knowledge ought to be administered in an accurate form. Imperfect knowledge on such points is a kind of unsound fruit which may easily lead to an outbreak of moral cholera. The above definition would certainly not hold water in the Divorce Court. Possibly Saffron Walden is such an innocent spot that even the clergy do not know precisely what the sin is which the Seventh Commandment vetos. But that only seems an additional reason why they should refrain from offering instruction on this delicate point.

Some statements made in the Llangefni County Court last week show how parochial charities have been manipulated in the interests of the Church. In the parish of Penymynydd, Anglesey, there are certain almshouses which, according to a report made by the Charity Commissioners in 1832, were built "for the maintenance of ten poor men of honest conversation, and past the age of fifty years." No religious condition whatever was imposed by the founder of the charity. Under the rules made by the trustees, however, the occupants of the almshouses are bound to attend Divine Service at the parish church, being liable to a fine for neglect, and expulsion for continual neglect. Needless to say, the Vicar is one of the trustees. The reverend gentleman figured in this capacity in the County Court, and obtained an order for the ejectment of a pensioner, who had disobeyed the rules as to church attendance and residence.

Some four years ago it was decided, as the result of several public meetings held to consider the question, to erect a hospital at Broadford in the Isle of Skye, in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Mackinnon, who had officiated for upwards of forty years as Minister of the Established Church at Broadford, and had earned in that capacity the highest regard of all classes of his parishioners. For this purpose a sum of over £800 was subscribed, a large part of it being raised by a bazaar held at Broadford in 1889 on behalf of the "Broadford Cottage Hospital." Subsequently to the bazaar, a site at Broadford was selected; but, shortly afterwards, Lady Macdonald, who had taken a leading part in the movement, and assisted at the bazaar, suggested that the building should be placed on another site, close to her own residence at Armadale Castle, and ten miles from Broadford. This was objected to by others of the promoters, and, as a result of this split, the project came to a standstill, and the money collected remains to this moment locked up in a bank at Portree.

Such a result is in the highest degree discreditable to all concerned, but first and foremost to those who desired to expend the money which had been collected for a hospital at Broadford (where there was every reason for placing it) in building a hospital at another place ten miles distant. Unless Lady Macdonald and her party really mean to say that unless this unjustifiable project can be carried out they will prevent any hospital being built at all, I would suggest that it is now high time that the money was returned to the subscribers, or the obstructive attitude of the Macdonald party abandoned.

The Rev. Charles Heaven, Vicar of Horley with Hornton (Oxon), has addressed to the *Birmingham Gazette* a letter in reference to the disgraceful condition of Hornton Church, of which some account was given in TRUTH two or three weeks back. The reverend gentleman writes from Herne Bay, where, it may be surmised, he is recruiting after the fatigues incident to the arduous burden of his parish work. He informs the editor of the *Birmingham Gazette* that some of the statements respecting his church "are absolutely false, others are grossly exaggerated, and others are capable of satisfactory explanation." He omits, however, to point out what are the falsehoods or the exaggerations, or to offer any satisfactory explanation. At the same time he takes great pains to explain that he has raised and expended "a large sum of money on rebuilding the village schools," thereby saving the parish the expense of a Board School. As it is no part whatever of a vicar's duty to save his parish the expense of a Board School, while it is most unquestionably his duty to prevent the desecration of his parish church, this explanation is the reverse of satisfactory. From independent information which has reached me, I should say there is little doubt that Hornton Church is in precisely the state which the *Birmingham Gazette* described, and it behoves the Bishop of Oxford to take steps forthwith to abate the scandal.

I have received £2. 2s. from R. Horniman and £10 from Chelsea towards this year's Toy Fund. I have also received the following amounts towards Lady Jeune's Poor Children's Holiday Fund:—A., £2; A. W. B., £1; C. B., £2; R. Horniman, £1. 1s.; H. S. B., 10s.

I have just heard that the holidays at Charterhouse have been extended a week in honour of the Duke of York's wedding. A circular sent round to the parents explains that this has been done at the request of the Duke himself. Then, observes a parent, writing to me on the subject, surely the Duke himself ought to pay for the holiday. I agree; but if his Royal Highness declines to do so, the school authorities should be made to pay. The week's holiday represents a loss of £4 to the parents on each boy at the school, or in all about £2,400. What, therefore, the circular means is that, at the kind suggestion of the Duke of York, the school authorities have decided to pocket this sum in celebration of H.R.H.'s wedding.

If such holidays are to be granted at all, there can be no doubt about one point—namely, that ample notice of them ought to be given. The cadets of the *Britannia* were to have returned on September 2, and at the very last moment a notice that the holidays were to be extended a week was sprung upon the parents, by post-cards dated Dartmouth, August 30! By the time this notice was received, the relatives of all the cadets must have made their arrangements for sending them back, and doubtless many of them would be away from home and not receive the notice till after the time for despatching their boys. The amount of inconvenience and annoyance thus caused is incalculable, and is utterly without excuse of any kind.

I publish the following letter without abridgment because it not only confirms the views which I have recently expressed on two important matters connected with Public School education, but because it represents the opinions of a number of parents who have written to me on the subject:—

SIR,—I am glad to find that you have opened your columns to a discussion of the question of Extra Holidays at the Public Schools, for I am one of the many who heartily agree with the position you have taken up. It is, however, I fear, hopeless to expect any change while the masters look to the profits on their boarding-houses for the larger part of their income. At some at least of the older Public Schools, where a master succeeds to a house, his salary is largely reduced. What wonder, then, if he becomes a hotel proprietor first and an instructor afterwards?—if the consideration of the bonus of a week's fees, for which no expense is incurred and no consideration given, comes before the question of the interests of his pupils?

But are there not others higher in authority who are largely to blame for the present unsatisfactory condition of our Public Schools? A Departmental Committee is sitting at the War Office to consider—if report speaks truly—not how to adjust the Army Examinations so as to secure the best men for the Service, but (acting under the influence of certain Public School Masters) how once more to manipulate the subjects so as to give a better chance of success to the imperfectly-prepared candidates from these favoured institutions. That this course should have been adopted under the late Government is perhaps not so much to be wondered at. It remains to be seen whether a Radical Ministry and a Radical House of Commons—having abolished purchase and patronage—will allow the interests of the Services to be sacrificed that the present inefficient system of education may be retained at the Public Schools. If Public School men are wanted for the Army, instead of lowering the standard of the competition, let the Public Schools be reformed; let the duration of the holidays be fixed; let a periodical examination of the boys be held under Government supervision, making the masters suffer in pocket as well as in credit if a proper standard is not reached; and, what is at the root of the whole matter, let a large increase in the teaching staff be insisted upon, so that classes of from thirty to forty boys will no longer be possible. This is the real secret of the defect of Public School education, and, except under compulsion, no reform can be looked for, since an increase in the staff means a *pro rata* reduction in the income of the present highly-paid Assistant Masters. TRUTH has exposed so many abuses in the past, and not seldom obtained their reform, that I trust, having taken this question in hand, you will not look back till the Public Schools are reformed and controlled.—I am, yours faithfully, PATERFAMILIAS.

The question of extra holidays is one which primarily concerns parents, and they, as I have pointed out, have the remedy in their own hands. The relation between the Public Schools and Army Education, on the other hand, is a matter of national importance. The writer of the foregoing letter is, I think, wrong in representing the latest War Office Committee as the outcome of a new effort to manipulate the Army Examinations in the interest of the Public Schools. This manipulation has already been carried almost as far as it well could be, and I trust that the meeting of the Committee in question indicates the desire of the present Secretary of State to give the pendulum a swing in the opposite direction. At any rate, that is the direction in which it is everybody's interest — except, possibly, that of the Public Schools masters—to make the pendulum swing. The idea that the pedantic and antiquated intellectual

training, which distinguishes English schools, is calculated to produce a race of military officers superior to those of Germany, France, Russia, and Italy, is, on the face of it, irrational, and ought to be exploded.

When referring last week to Mr. Walter Wren's excellent Memorandum on the Higher Education of Military Officers, I remarked, quite innocently, that "Mr. Wren has, of course, his own axe to grind in this matter, and he would probably be the last to deny it." In this I was altogether wrong. Mr. Wren does deny it, and he sends me a long letter to convince me that the contrary is the case. I had supposed that any reform breaking down the preference at present shown for the public schools would benefit private teachers like Mr. Wren. As, however, Mr. Wren assures me that this is not so, and that he has really been "working nearly all his life for his own abolition," I at once withdraw my remark, and, having done so, I hope that I may be excused for not publishing in full Mr. Wren's *apologia pro vita suâ*. This is, as I have said, and as Mr. Wren says, no question of the interest of this or that educational establishment, but of how the country is best to get a supply of competent officers. As a pithy contribution to the question in that form, I extract the following remarks, with which Mr. Wren concludes his letter:—

> Force the public schools to do their duty and use the public money they endowed with rightly. Insist on regulations which shall give the Services the officers that the military authorities say they must have. Force the Universities to do their duty and admit students of all branches of knowledge, without making any compulsory. Raise the age up to which candidates can compete so as to allow graduates to compete. Abolish military colleges. Pay your officers enough to enable them to live on their pay, which they cannot do now—so that "private means" are necessary. Always appoint competent examiners, and instruct them to "kill smatterings."

Mrs. Hewson, of Ennismore, Listowel, Co. Kerry, writes to me with reference to the remarks in the last two issues of Truth upon her efforts to collect money for impecunious Irish landlords and their families. She says:—

> For many years I have tried to help people, and do not know why notice should be taken. At every bazaar raffles are done, therefore I could see no harm. It's not pleasant to have remarks made or my name mentioned. Therefore I think it right to let you see enclosed two letters . . . . .

The remarks which Mrs. Hewson finds "unpleasant" had reference to lithographed appeals for money circulated by her in this country. In the last of these remarks it was pointed out that, whereas Mrs. Hewson offered to supply any further information desired, when applied to for such information she merely repeated what her circular said, and gave no information that could enable the genuineness of the appeal to be tested. These remarks from Truth, it appears, have been sent to her; but instead of giving particulars of the cases in question, she now writes to me about certain raffles which I have neither mentioned nor heard of, and encloses two letters with reference to the said raffles, from which the names and addresses have been eliminated. Mrs. Hewson, besides being a very benevolent lady, seems to be a very innocent one. It is therefore necessary to explain to her that people in England are pestered daily with fraudulent appeals for money. Consequently, when they receive from strangers circulars conveying such appeals, they desire to know who the stranger is, and to have some means of ascertaining the truth of the statements on which the appeal is based, and the trustworthiness of the party who makes it. If Mrs. Hewson objects to comply with these requirements, she would do well to desist from this form of charitable activity.

I find in my letter-box almost every week one or two letters which I am unable to understand. Here is one of them. Perhaps the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* can make it out:—

> I am sorry to see that you have not dealt this week with a ridiculous letter to which the *Broad Arrow* gives over a column of its precious space. It is signed "A Regimental Officer," and the burden of it is that the criticism of civilian journals generally, and Truth particularly, on military affairs, does more harm than good. Perhaps you will allow me as an old soldier to say that I would much rather see military affairs discussed by a civilian journalist of average intelligence, who lays no pretension to military knowledge, than see the Army insulted once a week by the oracular utterances of a military Editor whose knowledge of military life is derived from a few years' playing at soldiers with the Volunteers and Militia.—Yours, &c.,
>
> A Non-Regimental Officer.

As for the letter referred to by my correspondent, I was myself sorry not to deal with it, but the *Broad Arrow* made such extensive demands on my own space, that I was compelled to forego the pleasure. The "Regimental Officer" amused me a good deal, more especially when he complained that in discussing the Bodmin case I showed a bias in Wilson's favour. Considering the amount of bias shown in every direction against that unfortunate individual, I think it was about time some one showed a bias in his favour. It may interest the *Broad Arrow's* "Regimental Officer" to know that I rather pride myself on showing a bias in favour of every man whom I have reason to believe has been treated with gross injustice. However, on the whole, I thought it was rather a kindly thing of my contemporary to give so much prominence to a letter which was founded on the flattering assumption that Truth is one of the most widely-read journals of the day.

I see that this week the same journal makes a sort of bid for an autumn season debate on the merits of Truth as a critic of military affairs. I cannot do less than wish every success to these amiable efforts on my behalf. The only thing I regret is that I cannot, without fear of giving offence, return the compliment. My military correspondents frequently refer to the *Broad Arrow*, but when they do so it is invariably in this sort of strain:—

> Your contemporary the *Broad Arrow* states in a recent issue that the Staff Clerks are contented with the new Warrant. The Editor of the *Broad Arrow* assumes we are content because we have not written to him. We have not written to the *Broad Arrow* because we have no faith in that journal—believing that it is run by War Office clerks, &c.

However, here is a correspondent who has a good word for my contemporary, and to whom I feel a peculiar gratitude, as he writes on a postcard:—

> Re-Engagement of Colour-Sergeant ——, of the Black Watch.
>
> Please read article in *Broad Arrow* of September 9 on this subject. As the Editor truly remarks, "No C.O. in these times would willingly refuse to 'take on' a Colour-Sergeant; he would be only too glad to get him." As a matter of fact, I happen to know that the C.O.'s action, and its endorsement by the G.O.C. and Mr. Bannerman is cordially approved by practically the whole Regiment. The individual in question is a clever "lawyer," whom it has never been hitherto possible to bowl out.

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to
C.O.M. Whisky. every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co.,
C.O.M. Whisky. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

You do an immense deal of good by exposing abuses and scandals, such as Hythe, &c.; but why do you always, or nearly always, go on the principle that an officer must be an unscrupulous tyrant, and the private soldier an innocent and injured individual? It may pay, but it isn't fair.—Yours, X.

The author of this postcard, like the Editor of the *Broad Arrow*, answers not what I said, but something which I did not say. Knowing nothing of the merits of this particular case, I expressly refrained from discussing them. What I did say was that, "even if the man's conduct had been unsatisfactory, he ought to have had some hint or warning before he is summarily dismissed from the Service." After reading the above communication, however, I begin to doubt whether the man's conduct has been unsatisfactory. What is alleged against him? Here is an officer who writes to me as though he knew all the facts. What does he allege? That the man is a clever "lawyer." What that means in a military sense I am not clear; but I am quite clear of this, that it is no offence known to the Queen's Regulations. We are further told that it has "never hitherto been possible to bowl him out." So there has been a desire to bowl the man out. Why? Because he was a "clever lawyer?" And at last it would seem that the man has been bowled out. How, and why? As it is said that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, in his capacity of umpire, has given the man out, I suggest that the solicitors who have had the case in hand should arrange to give Mr. Campbell-Bannerman an opportunity of explaining his decision in Parliament. If the Secretary of State can tell the House nothing more intelligible than that the N.C.O. in question was a "clever lawyer," that his superiors have been for a long time endeavouring to bowl him out, that at last they have succeeded, and that in consequence the man is turned out of the Army without warning, and forfeits the results of twelve years' creditable service, I have no fear what will be the general verdict on the case.

The suggestion put forward above that I "nearly always go on the principle that an officer must be an unscrupulous tyrant," &c., scarcely requires a disclaimer. In the course of my weekly experience I come across a good many instances in which the authority of officers of one rank or another is abused at the expense of their inferiors; and I expect that while human nature remains what it is this will continue to occur. But it very often happens that those who thus suffer are themselves officers. Were it necessary, I could call some weighty witnesses to prove that some of the toughest fights that TRUTH has ever fought have been on behalf of officers who have been the victims of "unscrupulous tryanny;" and in smaller matters there is hardly a week but what I do not have to take up the cudgels on behalf of somebody holding a Commission.

The *Broad Arrow* recently published, ostensibly for my benefit, a lengthy dissertation on khaki clothing. Unfortunately, I was quite unable to understand the drift of it, beyond the now familiar point that the subject was one which I had no business to express an opinion upon. There are some grievances, nevertheless, connected with khaki which it hardly seems beyond the power of an every-day intellect to comprehend. For instance, a detachment now in Burma had not received in the early part of August the khaki which should have been served out to them in April. It may or may not be presumption on my part, but I have no hesitation in saying that this points to disgraceful negligence, and that the official or contractor responsible ought to be punished.

In TRUTH of July 27 I published a statement which had been sent to me detailing the punishment at Gozo of a private of eighteen years' service who had objected to his wife doing washing for twenty men of the garrison on the order of the Acting Quartermaster. It appears that when the number of TRUTH containing this narrative reached Gozo, the Sergeant-Major read it in the Mess, and remarked in the hearing of several Sergeants that the information must have been supplied by a Sergeant named Rowan. Rowan was not present, but the accusation was reported to him, and he made a complaint on the subject to the Commanding Officer. One of the Sergeants supported his statement, the others—as might be expected—thought it prudent not to take any steps hostile to the Sergeant-Major. The result is highly instructive. The C.O. found that Rowan had made a false charge against the Sergeant-Major, and after having been placed under arrest he was severely reprimanded. I am informed that the C.O. further made some remark to the effect that if the Sergeant-Major had said anything in regard to Rowan's having been in communication with TRUTH, there was probably reason for it.

Now, here we have something in regard to Gozo garrison where I am on perfectly firm ground. Not only has this man Rowan never communicated with TRUTH, but I never heard of his name till the above information was forwarded to me by one of my correspondents in the Mediterranean. I therefore demand that there shall be a proper inquiry into the allegations which have undoubtedly been made in regard to this man by the Sergeant-Major and countenanced by the Commanding Officer. For the purpose of such an inquiry I will make an affidavit exonerating Rowan from the crime of communicating with TRUTH. If it be feasible, I shall be happy for the inquiry to take the form of a Court-Martial on me. But an inquiry of some sort there ought undoubtedly to be. Not only has the N.C.O. in question been punished in an arbitrary and vindictive way on a trumped up charge, but there is every probability that, unless his case is looked into, he will henceforth be a marked man, to be hunted down after the manner which has lately been exemplified in too many instances. Apart from this, there remains the much more serious case out of which this incident arose—the irregular and illegal punishment of a private because his wife would not or could not wash for the company. If there is any desire in higher military circles that the truth shall be ascertained and justice impartially administered where such abuses of authority occur, an inquiry into these allegations will be held forthwith. If there is not—well, it is only what I have always thought and several times hinted.

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STAR & GARTER HOTEL, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, & healthy. Famed for its Guild and Corporation banquets, wedding breakfasts, balls, &c. Unrivalled winter residence.—CHAS. JAMES, Manager.

Apropos to the Wilson case at Bodmin, I have been inundated with accounts of instances in which men in one branch or another of the Service have fallen victims to the spite of those in authority over them, incurred mainly by the too-conscientious performance of duty. I must explain that it is utterly out of the question for me to investigate the facts of these cases or to deal with them in TRUTH without first investigating them. But there is one point which strikes me in regard to several of them—namely, that a man who has thus got into hot water in one regiment or berth goes elsewhere, and at once shows himself a competent and trustworthy officer. An N.C.O. in a line regiment takes a step which incurs the displeasure of a senior Officer in the regiment. Things are made unbearable for him. He shifts into a much more distinguished regiment as a private, and has gained his promotion there with almost unprecedented rapidity. I have a precisely parallel case, the hero of which was a dockyard official, who was transferred from one yard to another under similar circumstances, and with similar results. It would be interesting to know how many able and honest servants of one kind and another are lost to the country every year through the personal animosity of their superiors.

No sooner have I succeeded in ousting from Hamilton Depot the three N.C.O.'s of the Highland Light Infantry who had so long exceeded their regulation tour of Depot duty, than I discover another case of the same kind in the same Depot, but on the establishment of the Scottish Rifles. The man in question seems to have been promoted Corporal in December, 1889. I take it, therefore, that he completed his legitimate period of Depot duty in December last. Why is he still there?

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman made an alarming series of admissions the other night respecting the sanitary condition of the officers' quarters at Windsor Cavalry Barracks. The Sanitary Inspector's report, which he quoted, admitted the existence of offensive smells due to "the proximity of filthy latrines," and the necessity for reconstructing the drainage. The Secretary of State also, I observe, refrained from repudiating the suggestion that the building is drained by a cesspool. But he appeared to consider that this state of things was not one for serious anxiety, as "the evil smells complained of are only perceived in the officers' quarters." This is a view to which I must take exception. Democracy may have its faults, but it does not teach us to poison our fellow creatures with sewer-gas on the ground that they are "only officers."

By an error which I much regret, the recent case of saddle-cutting during the autumn manœuvres was stated in last week's TRUTH to have occurred in the "18th Hussars." The regiment concerned was the 8th Hussars. The 18th Hussars are at present in India.

I hear an account of the treatment of the survivors from H.M.S. *Victoria*, which is the reverse of creditable to the Admiralty. Their experiences on board the *Orion* at Malta, and the *Triumph*, which brought them home, seem to have been in some respects anything but agreeable; but the most serious matter is the inadequate compensation for the losses incurred by the sinking of the ship. The Admiralty compensate on a fixed scale, but for bare kit only, making no allowance for private belongings. These last were considerable, owing to the fact that the *Victoria* was newly commissioned, so that many of the men had just fitted themselves out for a three years' cruise. I understand that in many cases about £10 will be received where £30 would barely cover the loss actually sustained. I would suggest that such cases might very properly receive the consideration of the managers of the *Victoria* Relief Fund. A good deal more money must have been collected than was required to provide for the families of the deceased, for subscriptions continued to arrive at the Mansion House long after the fund was declared closed. If the facts were laid before them, it is not likely that the subscribers would object to the surviving petty officers and seamen being allowed to share in the benefits of the fund.

Attention ought to be directed to the extent to which flogging is practised on the training brigs. I say this on evidence with which I am perfectly satisfied, though for obvious reasons it cannot be more closely specified. On one of these craft in particular the fear of the lash seems to be the only incentive relied on to keep the boys up to the mark, and the lives of these youngsters while on board are consequently only to be compared to those of the niggers in the olden days on a Slave State plantation.

The evidence which has been laid before me is made up of statements such as these:—"The Captain had eight upper yard boys down from aloft and gave them six each . . . All hands were piped on deck. One boy had his clothes off when the pipe sounded, and, as he was last on deck, he got half a dozen." An ingenious mode of procedure in favour with the Captain of this ship is thus described:—

> The Captain will call out: "Those two boys not hauling there, fall out!" Naturally, most of the boys look up to see who is meant. The first two who look up get half a dozen each, on the principle that they are self-convicted of not hauling.

This is the mere brutality of an incompetent bully, and ought to be stopped. It is not by such means that boys are made smart, active, or willing, still less loyal to the Service and to their superior officers. As well might you expect accomplished scholars and well-mannered gentlemen from the educational system of Mr. Squeers.

It is high time that the attention of our naval officers in the Pacific was directed to the "blackbirding" raids that have lately been made upon the Gilbert Islands. "Blackbirding," I should perhaps explain, is the local euphemism for the form of slave-trading carried on in the present day under the British and American flags. Some three or four raids of this kind appear to have been made upon the Gilbert Islands within as many years by one American adventurer. The natives—men, women, and children—are decoyed on board by specious promises of the blessed prospect open to them. They are landed on the hospitable coast of Guatemala, and there, after a few months of virtual slavery, the bulk of them speedily die—from climatic or other causes. A Vancouver newspaper states that out of the last shipload thus transported,

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not more than 30 per cent. were alive at the end of the year. The enterprising mariner who has carried out the previous raids was reported a few weeks ago to be fitting out a fresh expedition at San Francisco. The Gilbert Islanders now enjoy the proud privilege of being British subjects, and we ought to protect them against this form of buccaneering.

There seems some reason to hope that the country may at last congratulate itself on having got a Postmaster-General who is disposed to listen to reason. I draw this inference from Mr. Arnold Morley having given permission for the publication of an official list of registered telegraphic addresses. Readers of TRUTH may remember that Mr. Sell has for years been pressing this step upon St. Martin's-le-Grand, and from time to time I have done what I could to back up his efforts. In at last granting the concession, Mr. Morley admits by implication that during all these years Mr. Sell and I have been right, and the Department wrong.

The *Western Morning News* urges the necessity for making Plymouth an Assize town, and points the moral by some figures showing the cost of conducting local prosecutions at Exeter—among others, the prosecution of a postman for stealing letters, which cost the Corporation of Plymouth the outrageous sum of £215s. 2s. 2d. I should like to know in connection with this last case what further costs were incurred by the Post Office Detective Department. Probably they would add another £100 or £150 to the total.

Some time ago a body known as the "Free Literature Society" obtained a great deal of applause because it was announced that the managers would present parcels of books to workhouses in return for a small annual subscription. The Kettering Union has just reported that the last consignment received for the inmates of the workhouse included such entertaining and instructive works as "A Chronology of the Soap Trade," "The Oil and Colourman," "The Manufacture of Bleaching Powder," an 1862 "Guide to London," "Improvements in Acid Manufacture," and a batch of German almanacks. I should hope that the subscription of the Kettering Union has been withdrawn, for it is evident that the literature which the managers of this egregious society regard as suitable for inmates of workhouses belongs exclusively to Landor's class of "books which are no books."

The question of pauper diet has been recently considered by the Chard Board of Guardians, and it was proposed that once or twice a week either jam or honey should be given to the inmates (or, at any rate, to those who are in delicate health, and to the children) instead of butter. Any rational being would suppose that such a matter might have been settled in five minutes, but the Chard Guardians do not decide the questions submitted to them with rash impetuosity, for they have determined to appoint a special committee who will report upon the advisability of making any change in the workhouse bill-of-fare. Certainly this procedure is a wonderful example of the most leather-headed red-tapeism.

PFUNGST FRÈRES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

An inquest was held at Londonderry the other day on an inmate of the Derry Asylum, whose body after death presented the too common phenomenon of a broken rib. Officials of the Asylum, including the attendant in charge of him, gave evidence that deceased had fallen down in a fit in the garden, and the Asylum doctor gave his opinion that death was due to an epileptic fit, accelerated by a broken rib, and that the fracture of the rib was due to a fall. A blow, the doctor asserted, would have caused quite a different sort of fracture. On the other hand, the only independent witness called, a man who was picking fruit in the garden, swore that he saw the attendant strike the deceased while the latter was on the ground. The jury found in their verdict that how the rib was fractured there was no evidence to show. I wonder that before arriving at this inconclusive result they did not insist on hearing independent medical evidence. It is in every way undesirable that no medical witness but the Asylum medical officer should be called in a case of this character.

I sympathise very deeply with my daily contemporaries in their ineffectual efforts to get the regulation quantity of "copy" out of the Ardlamont case. To the initiated, the struggles of some of them to make bricks without straw have been simply heroic, though the ordinary reader must have been rather puzzled to see column after column of irrelevant gossip or undisguised conjecture served up in place of genuine facts and sensational details. What most impresses me about the case, however, is the striking superiority of the Scotch criminal procedure over our own. There have been no elaborate preliminary investigations before Coroner and Magistrates to provide "copy" for the descriptive reporter. The police have obstinately held their tongues. But, nevertheless, all the authorities concerned have stuck sedulously to their duty, and so far from the interests of justice suffering by the absence of publicity, there seems every reason to expect precisely the opposite result.

That a competition in weather forecasts, at any rate in this country, is a matter of chance, not skill, was, I should have thought, a foregone conclusion. How Mr. Pearson could have expected that this could have been held legal, while the "Missing Word" game was illegal, I cannot understand. Now, however, that it has been judicially decided that weather prediction is a matter of chance, the last excuse for paying a salary to the gentleman who does the daily forecasts at the Meteorological Office is removed.

But I want to know why, if the strong arm of the law is to put down lotteries for journalistic purposes, lotteries are allowed for ecclesiastical purposes. One of them is now being promoted by the Rev. M. McAuliffe, of St. Richards, Holbeck, Leeds, in aid of the building fund of the new church of St. Francis of Assisi, Leeds. Although styled "A Grand Bazaar Prize Drawing," it is a lottery in the fullest sense of the word, and Father McAuliffe is sending out books of tickets wholesale, with an offer of a special prize to every one who will sell twenty such books for him. On the religious side of such proceedings I say nothing. In the Roman Church, I understand, the end justifies the means. But is that

the Public Prosecutor's view? If so, where does he draw the line? May I get up a lottery for the Truth Toy Fund—a most deserving end? May Mr. Pearson have a weather competition for his Fresh Air Fund?

The most monstrous of Sunday trading prosecutions, to my mind, are those against barbers for Sunday shaving. Two men were fined for this offence the other day at Bilston. The prosecution was undertaken at the instance of a trade association, and, no doubt, it will be said that the object is to secure the trade a weekly holiday. This is, in itself, a laudable consideration, but there are considerations equally laudable on the other side. If a Sunday holiday is to be enforced by Act of Parliament, due provision must clearly be made for the performance of "works of necessity." Providence, which causes cows to yield milk as well on Sundays as on other days of the week, also causes beards to grow alike on all seven days. The law, therefore, which allows the milking of cows on Sunday, and the sale of the produce, ought also to allow the shaving of chins. We keep holy the Sabbath Day by putting on clean shirts and collars; *a fortiori* we ought to have clean faces. Shaving, moreover, has to be done the first thing in the morning. I would suggest, therefore, that it should be made legal up to, say, ten o'clock. That would enable both the barber and the customer to complete their toilettes in good time for church.

I have been asked by several correspondents to notice a recent outrageous decision of the Godstone Bench. It appears that a young woman named Hickley was charged with deserting her baby, and thereby making it chargeable to the Union. She alleges that a local cleric is the father of the child, and, a summons against him having been refused, she proceeded to his house and handed the baby to a servant while she went to speak to the reverend gentleman. The Bench declined to allow an adjournment in order that the alleged father might be summoned as a witness, and upon the foregoing evidence as to the so-called desertion they fined the poor girl £1 with 11s. costs. The names of the J.P.'s who gave this astonishing proof of their wisdom and mercy deserve to be recorded. They were Messrs. W. G. Leveson-Gower, W. G. Soper, A. S. Daniels, F. A. White, Major-General Sibley, and the Hon. Pascoe Glyn.

There was a very decided failure of justice at the Highgate Petty Sessions last week. A poor man named Smith was picking blackberries in Bishop's Wood when he was discovered by Thomas Wade, a keeper employed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Wade was accompanied by three auxiliaries; but not content with their support, he had armed himself with a gun, and on getting close to Smith he deliberately fired, with the result that a handkerchief containing blackberries was blown out of the man's hand for a distance of three or four yards. The handkerchief was secured by one of Wade's assistants, and Smith was, therefore, unable to say whether any holes were made in it. At the Petty Sessions the keeper was charged with shooting at Smith with intent to do grievous bodily harm, but Messrs. A. J. Reynolds and F. Reckitt, J.P.'s, dismissed the summons. They did so on the ground that Smith was unable to prove that the gun was loaded with anything more than powder. But surely the onus of proof on this point rested on the defendant. In any event Wade might have been convicted of an assault, and it is monstrous that the wanton outrage of which he was guilty should go absolutely unpunished.

A number of correspondents have drawn my attention to certain amazing sentences of the Birmingham Deputy Stipendiary, Mr. Alfred Hill. One day last week a man was charged with assaulting his wife. Attacking her from behind, he felled her to the ground and kicked her savagely about the head, inflicting a terrible gash on the jaw and knocking out two of her teeth. There were eight previous convictions against this ruffian—and Mr. Hill fined him 20s. and costs. In the same court, a few minutes later, a married woman pleaded guilty to stealing three pairs of boots, which she appeared to have pawned to obtain money, not for herself, but for her children. Her youngest child, it was stated, was so ill that if the mother went to prison the child would have to go also, or its life would be in danger. There was no previous conviction against this prisoner. She had, indeed, borne an exemplary character—and Mr. Hill committed her to gaol for six weeks with hard labour.

The Birmingham Deputy-Stipendiary, it will be seen, turns Justice upside down. When imprisonment is deserved, he imposes a fine; when, if any punishment at all is required, a small fine would be ample, he inflicts imprisonment. If necessary, other cases could be cited to show that the decisions mentioned above are not the outcome of some momentary aberration. By way of explanation one correspondent informs me that Mr. Hill is a gentleman of advanced years, and so deaf that not half the evidence ever reaches his ears. However this may be, it is obvious that Mr. Hill should relinquish his duties as Deputy-Stipendiary.

The familiar judicial dictum that a Court of Justice is not a theatre scarcely applies to the Ramsgate Police-court. There quite a lively entertainment is extracted from the most unpromising material. The other day a drunken woman, charged with neglecting her children, kept up a running fire of impertinent and occasionally obscene comments upon the evidence and the witnesses, refreshed herself at intervals by draughts from a bottle of brandy, and invited the gentlemen on the Bench to drink with her. Such weak remonstrances as the Bench ventured to make were ignored, and the defendant continued her conduct to the end of the case, "having," as a local paper says, "entertained the Court for two hours and a quarter." I am told that disgraceful scenes of this kind are by no means uncommon in the Ramsgate Police-court. But after the lamentable exhibition which the Justices made of themselves in the murder case two or three months ago, it is not surprising to find that they are treated with such scant respect.

In preparation for the sporting and travelling season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

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The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. The Wigton Magistrates have afforded, I think, the most monumental exhibition of incompetence. A lad behaved rudely to a married woman, who very sensibly beat him off with her umbrella. The young reprobate was brought up on a charge of indecent assault, but the prosecutrix herself did not wish to press the case, and the Magistrates were urged to deal with him as a first offender. If McNeill had been a grown-up man they would probably have heeded those appeals, reduced the charge to one of common assault, and let the defendant off with a fine. As he happens, however, to be only fourteen years of age, Sir Musgrave Brisco and the other wiseacres on the Bench considered it a suitable opportunity for the display of their severity, and sent the lad to an industrial school. It is simply monstrous that McNeill should be kept in an industrial school for two years upon such evidence, and I trust the Home Secretary will immediately give his attention to the case:—

Liverpool County Intermediate Sessions. Josiah Beaumont, charged with indecently assaulting Jane Preston. Four months.

Liverpool County Intermediate Sessions. Before Mr. Hugh Perkins and other Justices. William Ashton, convicted of stealing a pair of trousers. Nine months.

Cannock Petty Sessions. Before Lord Hatherton, Messrs. B. Gilpin and F. R. Bumsted. James Cooper, farmer; charged with cruelty to a cow. The animal was left in a field where there was practically no herbage, and one of its legs was "useless." It was in a shocking condition, but defendant objected to having it slaughtered. The Bench regarded it as a very bad case. Fined £2 and costs.

Cannock Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Henry Challenor and Charles Brough, miners, charged with poaching. Challenor four months; Brough two months; and a further term of six months each in default of finding sureties.

Bridgnorth Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. F. H. W. Whitmore, and Messrs. E. M. Wakeman, E. W. F. Acton, and W. P. Gordon. Jane Timmins; wife of a farmer, charged with assaulting Ann Gillson. Complainant was engaged as domestic servant, and because she refused to work on a rick, defendant seized her by her hair, dragged her some distance, beat her severely with a scouring-brush, and threw several buckets of water and pigwash over her. The girl had not since been able to work owing to her injuries. Fined £1. 9s., including costs.

Bridgnorth Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. John Eveson and Frederick Luckless, charged with game trespass. Fined £1 and 15s. respectively.

Ironbridge Petty Sessions. John Owen, William Yorke, and Henry Trevis, charged with poaching. Fined £5 each and costs; in default, two months.

Swaffham Police-court. Before Mr. H. Lee Warner. Mary A. Cawthorne, charged with sleeping in an outhouse. Fourteen days.

Govan Police-court. William M'Lean, convicted of assaulting his wife by striking and kicking her. Fined 21s.

Govan Police-court. Before Bailie Conlon. Thomas Wilson, aged 13, charged with stealing a door-mat from his mother's house. Sent to a reformatory for three years.

West Riding Police-court, Pontefract. Enoch Price, Herbert Price, John Wood, and James Wood, charged under warrant with a murderous assault on William Nash, Chairman of a local Miners' Association. Defendants, who were wearing their pit clogs, kicked Nash as he lay on the ground. Three of his ribs were broken, and other injuries inflicted, and defendants again attacked him as he was being taken to a doctor. Two defendants were fined £1. 1s. 8d. each, the others £2. 2s. 1d. each, including costs.

Wigton Police-court. Before Sir Musgrave Brisco, Bart., Messrs. J. K. Parker, and W. Parkin-Moore. John McNeill, a boy of 14, charged with indecently assaulting a married woman, who said he got hold of her round the waist and conducted himself in an improper manner. She used her umbrella and got away, and did not wish to press the case. The Bench were asked to deal with the boy as a first offender. Sent to an industrial school until he is 16.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

Alford Police court. Before Messrs. J. Higgins, J. C. Sewell, W. D. Gainsford, and Rev. F. A. Glover. Benjamin Driver pleaded guilty to committing an aggravated assault on hisson. He severely thrashed him with a sewing machine belt, and a large number of bruises and wheals were found on the boy's arms, back, and ribs. Fined 40s. and costs.

Tamworth County Petty Sessions. Susan Stevenson, charged with ill treating and neglecting her grand-daughter. The child who was illegitimate, was brutally ill-used, and defendant herself admitted to one witness that she had thrashed her till she was "black and blue," and broken a strap over her. Fined £2 and costs.

Leigh (Lancashire) Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. T. Hayes, F. W. D. Bouth, F. Burton, and J. Green. Thomas Higgins charged with assaulting his wife. He knocked her to the floor and kicked her shamefully, causing her head to bleed. The Bench granted a separation order. Fined 20s. and costs.

Oxford City Police-court. Before the Mayor (Mr. T. Lucas), Messrs. J. Sheard, W. Brain, C. T. Hawkins, F. Ryman Hall, and J. H. Salter. Henry Schwabe, convicted of assaulting his wife. The woman was in a very weak state, and was covered with bruises from defendant's blows and kicks. One black bruise measured 6 in. by 3 in. A separation order was granted. Ordered to pay the costs, and bound over.

Airdrie J.P. Court. Before Mr. D. M'Intosh and Mr. G. F. Livingston. Robert Morrison, charged with creating a disturbance and assaulting a constable, whom he threw down and kicked, besides biting him on both hands; also with assaulting and biting a man who went to the policeman's assistance. Fined 15s.

Brigg Police court. Before Mr. V. D. H. Cary-Elwes, Rev. T. Field, Messrs. W. H. Coates, R. Brooks, and G. H. Cary Elwes. John Henry Clark and his son, aged eight, charged with stealing twelve hen's eggs. The boy was discharged. The father pleaded guilty. One month.

Norwich Police-court. Before Mr. A. F. C. Bolingbroke, the Deputy-Mayor, and Mr. S. Newman. Four lads charged with playing at pitch and toss. Committed to gaol for three days each in default of paying a fine.

Peterborough Police-court. Before Lieut.-Col. C. I. Strong, the Mayor (J. Clifton), Messrs. J. H. Beeby, G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, and T. L. Barrett, Wm. Wyitt convicted of stealing a bottle of wine. Twenty-one days.

Faversham County Police-court. Before Mr. W. E. Rigden. George Fraser and William Benbow, charged with stealing four cabbages. Seven days each.

Rochford Petty Sessions. Before Mr. C. A. Tabor and Major A. C. Tawke. Thomas Green and William White, charged with playing banker on the highway on Sunday. Fined 10s. each.

Epworth Police-court. Before Messrs. J. F. Watson and J. Stephenson. John H. Scarcliffe, watchmaker, charged with acting as a pedlar without a licence. Committed for seven days.

Bow-street Police-court. Before Mr. Lushington. Conrad Wickenhoefer, charged with cruelty to a goat. He struck the animal a fearful blow with a heavy stick, as nearly as possible driving one of the horns from its socket. Fined £3 and costs.

Armagh Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. Townsend, R.M., McCrum, Anderson, and Hillock. Mary McGinnity, charged with vagrancy. She had been found wandering on Barrack-hill about one a.m. One month.

Southampton County Police-court. Before Admiral Martin and Mr. W. E. Darwin. George Thomas pleaded guilty to sleeping in the open air and being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself. Seven days.

The man Bradshaw, late of the East London Sea-side Home at Southend, has re-appeared in the character of the begging-letter writer. This man was convicted three years ago of touting for funds for a Sea-side Home which had actually ceased to exist. In consequence of the exposure of this swindle in TRUTH, he was prosecuted by a gentleman whom he had induced to subscribe, and sentenced to three months' hard labour. He now has the impudence to write to one of the former subscribers to his Home—that is to say, one of the persons whom he has cheated—and to ask him to pay his poor-rate, for the recovery of which he is threatened with proceedings. He states that he has had since last autumn a temporary appointment under the London School Board, and that he is now schoolmaster and organist of St. John's, London Docks. Heaven forbid that I should in any way impede

his (or anybody's) efforts to get an honest living. If, however, the man's statements about himself are true—and they are on the face of them most improbable—there cannot be any valid reason why he should beg of strangers for the wherewithal to pay his poor-rates. I would, therefore, warn all benevolent persons against his appeals.

A country gentleman, forwarding me a circular just received from a "Turf Commission Agent" at Flushing, expresses the opinion that there ought to be some international agreement to prevent the circulation of these things. I do not see why the Governments more immediately concerned should not take concerted action in regard to them. Most of these circularising turf operators dare not show their faces in England. They were all, a few years back, summarily turned out of France. If the Governments of Holland and Belgium, and possibly Germany, could be induced to imitate this salutary action, there would be an end of the nuisance.

One of the fraternity of "Indian oculists," which is now (happily) engaging the attention of the police and the Metropolitan Magistracy, proclaims himself an "F.S.S." (Fellow of the Sturman Society—alias "The Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London"). The individual in question is one "Mohammed Jeneid Shah," and in addition to his "F.S.S." he uses the decoration "M.D." This degree, needless to say, is derived from one of the American Universities which trade in such articles, and at Mohammed Jeneid's office, No. 363, City-road, is to be seen the diploma, side by side with Sturman's. It would not be surprising, therefore, if Sturman, who used to be an agent for bogus American degrees, sold Mohammed his "M.D." at the same time as his "F.S.S."

I am very glad to publish the following letter, as I am quite guiltless of the views which the writer—whoever he may be—attributes to me. Respecting the former letter, I said that it would show my lady readers what domestic servants are coming to; but I was far from implying that I personally see any harm in their advancing in that direction. As a matter of democratic principle, a servant has, of course, as much right to make inquiries about his or her employer, as the employer to make inquiries about him or her:—

Sir,—You have printed a letter from Mary —— to a lady, about getting a situation as nurse, and appear to be surprised that she should ask a few questions about the place she was taking. You seem to forget that a servant's home is what her mistress chooses to make it, so that it is important to her to know what prospect she has of being tolerably comfortable, and being able to stay; whereas, on the other hand, the mistress, who is entitled to, and generally does, ask as many questions as she pleases, and often more than are necessary, is not liable to be made to shift her quarters at any moment, or to have life made a burden to her by one of her servants. It is certainly better to ask for information from the mistress, than to try, as is often done, to obtain it from other sources (the servants, tradespeople, &c.), and although we may never get so far as you suggest, as to ask for testimonials to character from former servants, yet we may one day have a system of registration which will give us a chance of finding out what sort of quarters we are likely to get into, and with what sort of masters or mistresses.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

Only a Valet.

"Toilet Lanoline" softens, clears, and preserves the skin and should be used in every household. "Toilet Lanoline" protects the skin from the effects of exposure, and adds to the natural beauty. In collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1s.; in small boxes, 3d., from all chemists and druggists. Wholesale depôt, 67, Holborn-viaduct. The genuine bears the trade-mark, "Lanoline."

A system of trains which would bring Edinburgh within three hours of London, and whirl one from Victoria to Brighton in twenty or twenty-five minutes, might fairly be called a "Lightning Express Railway Service." This is the title of a pamphlet in which Mr. F. B. Behr, Associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers, explains his scheme for running trains at a speed of from 120 to 150 miles an hour. Such rapid transit on the existing lines is out of the question, but Mr. Behr holds that it can be accomplished by the use of electricity as the motive power, and the adoption of the Lartigue single-rail system. The Lartigue principle has been successfully employed in a short line from Listowel to Ballybunion, and it is claimed that for the purpose of the proposed high-speed trains it would give a maximum of stability and safety together with a minimum of cost in construction. In regard to the latter point, Mr. Behr suggests that to a great extent the slopes of existing main lines could be utilised for the lightning-express line, his idea being that the new service should be a complement of, and not a competitor to the present systems.

It is, of course, impossible to enter here into the technical details of Mr. Behr's plans, nor can I pretend to pass judgment upon them as an engineering expert. The whole thing, however, down to the smallest detail is most carefully and elaborately worked out and independent opinions which I have obtained confirm my own view that, far from being a mere chimerical project, it is one which ought, undoubtedly, to be submitted to some practical test. As I understand, Mr. Behr is anxious that this should be done, and it seems to me that there should not be much difficulty in raising the necessary capital.

The elation of the Unionists over the House of Lords division is to me incomprehensible. If Home Rule was to be rejected by a vote of the Peers, the larger the majority the better for our purpose, and the only matter for regret that I find in the Division List is that every Peer in the United Kingdom did not vote against the Bill. That would have been an object-lesson convincing even to the dullest of electors. However, the actual figures are near enough to that for all practical purposes. At the last General Election the principle of Home Rule was affirmed by 2,283,676 electors, while 2,038,372 voted against it. In the House of Lords the proportion is 419 against the principle to 41 in its favour. The *Times* and other Unionist journals are now engaged in proving, to their entire satisfaction, that the Peers are in the truest sense representatives of the people's opinions. Heaven help them!

I see that a question is to be asked whether one of the 419 was not brought out of a lunatic asylum to vote, and restored to that fitting seclusion after the division. I hear that, in view of this question, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has, up to the time of my going to press, received letters from 217 Peers accounting for their time for the week preceding the Division.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

From the Latter-day Tragedy of "Home-Rulius Cæsar."

Scene.—*The Forum. Enter* G. O. Man-tony *and a throng of* Citizens *with the mangled Bill of* Home-Rulius.

G. O. M. Nay, press not so upon me; give me air!
1st Citizen. Room for our Chief! for noble G. O. Man-tony.
2nd Cit. Stand back! make space! and let our leader speak.
G. O. M. (*mounting the rostrum*). Friends! Britons!
Countrymen! lend me your ears.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now;
If you have hearts, let them with anger burn;
Nay, if you've votes, prepare, I say, to use them!
[*Holding up the paper vesture of* Home-Rulius.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The fateful night Home-Rulius wore it first.
'Twas on a winter evening, months ago,
And I myself helped place it on his shoulders.
Loud were the cheers that hailed the sight of it,
And now—come close and gaze upon it now.
Look! in this place ran Salisbury's dagger through;
See, here, the slash by Argyll's claymore made;
Through this, the heavy hand of Devonshire stabb'd,
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
He hoped each vital clause would follow it—
The very life-blood of Home-Rulius.
See, too, these dents, too weak to pierce the Bill
Though so ill-meant, made by the puny bodkins
Of Baring, Bartley, Bowles, and Parker-Smith,
Those pigmy bravos, mannikin assassins,
Eager to wound, yet all too weak to strike.
See, here, where Russell's poniard glanced away,
And how this seam was rent by Balfour's blade.
And look again, 'twas here that James struck home
(E'en the preamble was not safe from him);
Through here that bungling traitor, Jesse, aimed,
But failed, as ever, to make sure his blow;
And here—and here—and here—oh, shameful sight!—
See what deep gashes spiteful Joseph made—
These were the most unkindest cuts of all—
For Joseph, as you know, once loved Home-Rulius,
Until black envy turned his love to gall,
And changed his friendship into mad ambition.
Ah, now you hiss, and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are precious signs,
Kind souls; but come e'en closer, look again
Upon this mantle, maimed and marr'd by traitors.
1st Cit. Oh, shameful sight!
2nd Cit. Oh, woeful day!
3rd Cit. Oh, traitors! villains!
Omnes. We will be revenged!
4th Cit. Down with false Joseph and the House of Lords!
5th Cit. About! seek! burn! let not a traitor live!
G. O. M. Stay, countrymen.
1st Cit. Peace, then, let's hear the Grand Old Man-Tony.
2nd Cit. We'll hear him, follow him, aye, die for him.
G. O. M. 'Tis true that traitors fell upon Home-Rulius,
And hacked his mantle as you see this day;
But though his paper vesture may be torn,
Take heart, my friends, for still Home-Rulius lives.
Malice and envy have essayed their worst,
But, countrymen, Home-Rulius lives, I say,
'Spite all that rage and treachery have wrought.
I pray you, then, let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this thing are "honourable,
They are rich and noble, barons, earls, and dukes.
I will not guess what private ends they had
That they should do it; but alas! 'tis done.
And as for me, a plain and blunt old man
Who love Home-Rulius, all I ask is this—
That they shall not repeat so base a deed.
Go to, then. You have votes! Employ them well
Strike home with them; and, for the love you bear
The wearer of this mantle, put a tongue
Into the mouth of every ballot-box,
Which, shouting with a voice to wake the dead,
Shall tell these traitor Unionists their fate.
Go to, my friends, and pass without delay
Those needed Bills, those much desired reforms,
Which shall be nails into the coffins driven
Of those who blindly would oppose your will.
Then, in good time, yet stronger than before,
Shall good Home Rulius hold the field all round,
And, 'midst your shouts, achieve a final victory.
Omnes. Let's to the fight!
G. O. M. Away then! Register!
And organise your forces. Go, I say,
And let the traitors 'ware the Ides of March!
[*Exeunt* Omnes

Why I am not particularly enthusiastic for the Home Rule Bill is because I am a Home Ruler, for the Bill seems to me to leave almost everything on which self-government is based in suspense, whilst it does not secure to us even that limited amount of Home Rule that would be involved in our being allowed to legislate on British measures without the intervention of Irishmen. This is, I gather from a perusal of German and Austrian newspapers, the view taken by them. I read, a day or two ago, the following remarks in a well-written article. There is a good deal of point in them:—

When it is asserted that the Bill gives self-government to Ireland it seems to be forgotten that almost everything which we Germans had been under the impression constitutes self-government, is left in suspense. The main cause of all the agitation that has existed for so many years in Ireland is the laws regulating the tenure of land. The Irish are dissatisfied with them. They insist that the rents that are exacted are still excessive, and that, although the tenants have given to their holdings all their value, yet they can be evicted from them if they fail to pay these excessive rents. No attempt is made in the Bill to secure a settlement. All that is laid down is that the Irish Legislature is to be powerless to effect any change in the present laws for a term of years. The first duty of a Legislature and of an Executive is to maintain order. But neither Irish Legislature nor Executive is to have any voice on Police and Constabulary. They are to be paid for a term of years from the Imperial Treasury, and, so far as we understand the Bill, they are to remain under the control of the English Minister for Home Affairs. Taxes are to be imposed, levied, and paid into the Imperial Treasury, and one-third of this amount is to be handed over to the Irish Treasury, in order to defray its expenses. With land, Constabulary, and taxation beyond Irish control, with what are the Legislature and the Executive to occupy themselves? In name they rule, in reality they do not. Their power hardly goes beyond that of a Municipality. Everything seems to have been sacrificed to a desire to pass a Bill with Home Rule printed on the back. We have often expressed our opinion that real Irish Home Rule would be of advantage to the United Kingdom, as well as of Ireland. But we very much question whether the measure which has passed the Under House, granting sham self-government to Ireland, and leaving the Imperial Government under the obligation to discuss Irish local affairs, will command a majority when an appeal is made to the electors.

In another German journal I read:—

It will always remain a matter of surprise to us why Mr. Gladstone, with an obedient, not to say a subservient, majority ready to obey his behests, compromised with his own opinions in respect to the measure of Home Rule to be granted to Ireland. In his former Bill he dealt with the subject in a statesmanlike manner. That Bill settled everything definitely; his present Bill leaves everything in a state of suspense. The English have been so long accustomed to regard themselves as a sacred race, to which every other race ought to be glad to be subordinated, that they in their hearts preferred to rule Ireland than to allow that island to rule itself. But it became every day more clear that eighty or ninety Irish members, banded together to insist upon self-government being granted to their country, able to make and destroy Ministries, and determined that so long as they did not attain their end no other business should be transacted in the Parliament in which they had seats, were in a position to reduce Parliamentary Government to impotence. The English, therefore, being a practical people, were prepared to accept the inevitable. But their readiness to grant to Ireland Home Rule was not so much due to their abstract approval of the concession as to their regarding this as a choice of evils, in which case it is wise to choose the lesser. The contest between the Home Rulers and the Unionists has now raged for seven years. In 1886 it secured to the Conservatives six years of office, although, probably, there is a majority of Liberals amongst the electors. At the General Election of last year this verdict was reversed, and the Liberals came into power with a small majority. It would seem to have been sound Party tactics on the part of Mr. Gladstone to have sought by his Home Rule Bill to remove this

bone of contention by passing a measure which would have fully satisfied the Irish, and which would have given effect to the desire of many to allow the British members to legislate, without either being perpetually dragged into Irish debates, and without the presence of Irish Members in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's Bill does neither, and he thus deprives himself of the leverage which might very possibly have given him the victory in the constituencies when it is—as it must be, owing to the action of the Upper House—referred to the constituencies. It may be that Mr. Gladstone is not so much master in his Cabinet as is supposed, and that he encountered resistance amongst some of his colleagues. He is an old man, and although his vitality is wonderful for his age, it cannot be supposed that he can exercise over them the same influence as when their future fate depended upon him. Some of them, it is well known, are not so much given over to the idea for which he has said he alone lives. If this be so, it seems evident to us that he would have done better to have dismissed them, if necessary, rather than to have yielded himself up to their councils. It is as though a General on the field of battle were to submit his opinion of the right manœuvres to his lieutenants, or to allow each one of them to modify them according to his own opinion. Such a Commander invites defeat, and if Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule are defeated, it will be due to want of determination on his part, and tenacity in his own views.

SCRUTATOR.

THE NEXT PLACE FOR LORD ROBERTS.

WHERE and how Lord Roberts shall next be employed is becoming a question of urgent national importance. The appointment of Sir Henry Norman as Viceroy of India has finally disposed of the idea that the late Commander-in-Chief should return to India in that capacity, and, looking solely at this particular appointment, nobody need regret the result. The Governor-Generalship is essentially a civil post, and Sir Henry Norman, despite his military experience, is essentially a civilian—by all accounts, one of the best who could have been found. Lord Roberts, on the other hand, is before all things a soldier. As a soldier he has completed his work in India; and as Viceroy he would have been a square peg in a round hole. His unrivalled military experience, and his proved abilities as an organiser and a commander, are at the disposal of the country for service at home. The question now is, whether the Army and the country are to have the benefit of these qualities, or whether one of the ablest soldiers of the day is to be ignominiously shelved in order to gratify personal and professional jealousies.

That there is serious reason to fear this last result is shown by what has already happened. As stated in Truth many weeks ago, Lord Roberts was personally willing to accept the Aldershot command—where he would have had opportunities of rendering invaluable service to the Army. It cannot be said that Royal influence excluded him, for up till a recent date it was doubtful whether the Duke of Connaught cared for the post, and it might have been offered to Lord Roberts many months ago. That Lord Roberts never had a chance of going to Aldershot Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has admitted in Parliament. The Secretary for War defends his action in that matter by the amazing contention, that to offer him the Aldershot command would have been an insult to an Officer who had held the post of Commander-in-Chief in India. This strange pretext is not worth discussing, for almost as soon as he had spoken, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had to admit that (as already stated in Truth) Lord Roberts had been offered and had refused the commands at Malta and Gibraltar, notwithstanding that it was considered impossible to insult him by offering him the infinitely superior appointment now filled by the Duke of Connaught. From these shameless efforts to relegate the late Indian Commander-in-Chief to the convenient obscurity of one or other of the Mediterranean fortresses; from the evident determination to give him no chance of going to Aldershot; and from the characteristic official shuffling when it came to explaining these transactions in Parliament, it may be judged easily enough what ground there is for anticipating that Lord Roberts will be shelved, if it is in the power of the dominant military ring to shelve him.

Public opinion will resent this iniquity vehemently and unanimously; but if such resentment is to produce any tangible result it requires adequate expression without loss of time. Already the first point in the game has been scored against Lord Roberts. The vacancy for which he was most conspicuously fitted has been filled up, and to any complaints that no employment is found for the Indian General the official reply will be that there does not happen to be another suitable vacancy occurring just at present. That, indeed, was almost said by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman on Monday night. Lord Roberts, said he, had got very early to the top of the tree, and "the worst of it was that when an officer got to the top of the tree, there was no further tree to go up." If that is the difficulty, I shall be very happy to help Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues out of it by finding them another tree. When vacancies are not occurring in the ordinary course of nature they can always be created artificially. What we have to consider, then, is, how a vacancy can be artificially created, to fill which would not, as Mr. Campbell-Bannerman ingenuously puts it, be derogatory to the dignity of one who has held the high office of Commander-in-Chief in India. When once the question is put in that form, the answer will at once suggest itself to everybody. The post for which Lord Roberts is most obviously fitted, alike by his personal qualifications and the exalted dignity of the appointment which he last filled, is that of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. I say this in no spirit of unfriendliness to H.R.H. the present Commander-in-Chief. Far from it. No one appreciates more cordially than I do the valuable services which his Royal Highness has rendered in his present capacity. When, however, Sir Peter Teazle reminded his spouse of the obligation which he had conferred upon her by making her his wife, her ladyship replied that only one thing was required to complete the obligation, namely, that he should make her his widow. Somewhat in Lady Teazle's spirit do I view the obligations which the country is under to the Duke of Cambridge. Great as his past services have been, none among them would compare with the service which he would render by stepping aside at this juncture in order to secure to the country the ablest successor who could be found to supply his place. If anything could mitigate the grief which must eventually be experienced by the Army and the nation at the prospect of parting with the Duke, I venture to think it would be this. Other arguments might be urged without difficulty in the same direction. It would be easy to point to the fact that

H.R.H. the Commander-in Chief is no longer as young as he was, and that in these days of rapid transition new blood and new ideas are essential to the efficient administration of military and all other affairs; easy to demonstrate the necessity of putting Lord Roberts in a position where he will be superior to all prevailing prejudices and traditions of Whitehall and Pall Mall; easy to show that the dignity of the office of Commander-in-Chief in India is very much higher than that of, let us say, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, so that, on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's theory, the officers who have held these posts must be provided for accordingly. Then, again, there is the Constitutional question, in regard to which it might be pointed out that, now that the Duke of Connaught has been fitted with a post for which (*teste* Mr. Campbell-Bannerman) he possesses better qualifications than any other officer available, including Lord Roberts, a matchless opportunity presents itself of making away with the shoddy doctrine that the command of the Army must always be vested in a Royal personage. Finally, there is the supreme consideration that a Royal Commission has formally advised that the office of Commander-in-Chief should, at the first opportunity, be placed on an entirely new footing—a recommendation on which, I rejoice to see, the Secretary for War announces that Ministers intend to act. In view of this important announcement, it becomes manifest that by remaining at his present post the Duke of Cambridge is simply obstructing a Departmental reform, the necessity for which has been decided by a Royal Commission. But to multiply arguments of this character seems to me out of place. The situation is simplicity itself. Here is Lord Roberts. There is the Duke of Cambridge. Hitherto, the Duke has always seen his duty and done it. Is there any reason to suppose that he will fail to see and do it now?

BRUTALITY AT SEA.

The fact that the Captain of a ship has been sentenced at Quarter Sessions to four months' hard labour for ill-treating one of his crew is a pretty conclusive proof of his unfitness for the command of a British vessel. It is not the custom at Quarter Sessions to inflict such punishment for mere personal violence, unless it be of a very gross nature; and when a man has been thus dealt with it is surely nothing less than scandalous that he should be again permitted to assume the practically autocratic control over the lives and liberties of those on board which the Captain of a ship necessarily possesses. This, I have no doubt, will be the opinion of most men of ordinary intelligence and humane feeling. The Board of Trade thinks otherwise. It holds, apparently, that the guilty skipper completely expiates his offence by imprisonment, and should have a chance of practising his brutality on some fresh victim. That this is no exaggeration of the attitude of the Department is clearly shown by a case brought under my notice by the Seamen's Friendly Society—an organisation which, while seeking the sailor's spiritual advancement, does not disdain to exert itself to secure his material comfort and welfare. The facts of the case are as follows.

At the Cardiff Quarter Sessions, in April last, William McMurtrey, Master of the British barque *Carmoney*, was charged with unlawfully wounding Frank Campbell, a coloured man. Campbell was the ship's steward. His story was that the prisoner first struck him in the mouth, splitting his lip, and then pummelled him in the face for ten or fifteen minutes, knocked him down, and kicked him on the forehead. Campbell was next put in irons, and made to stand on the edge of a board with his arms uplifted, and in this position he was chained up for three days and nights. For ten days after that he was kept at work from 5.30 a.m. till 6 p.m. holystoning the deck with a 40 lb. stone. Five members of the crew gave evidence which corroborated Campbell's statement in various details. All of them testified to the shocking signs of ill-usage which his face bore when he came on deck three days after the assault. Of the score or so persons on board at the time only three were called for the defence—the first mate, the second mate, and an apprentice. The main object of their testimony was to show that the prisoner received provocation. As I will explain below, however, this branch of the evidence could not have made much impression upon the Recorder and jury, or the Captain would probably have escaped the four months' imprisonment to which he was condemned.

Such were the circumstances under which McMurtrey was convicted. People who hold that sailors ought not to be placed at the mercy of savage ruffians of this type, naturally expected to hear that McMurtrey would be deprived of the opportunity of doing further mischief—at least, in the capacity of a Captain. The Merchant Shipping Acts enable the Board of Trade to accomplish this by suspending or cancelling the certificate of a Master convicted of any offence. Here, one would have imagined, was a case in which the Board could have no hesitation about exercising its power. But the ways of officialism are past the comprehension of the outside world. The Rev. Father Hopkins, of the Seamen's Friendly Society, having written to the Board respecting McMurtrey, received the following reply:—

> Board of Trade (Marine Department), London, S.W.,
> August 10, 1893.
>
> Sir,—In reply to your letter to the President of the 2nd inst., calling attention to the case of W. McMurtrey, late Master of the ship *Carmoney*, who was convicted in April last on charges of ill-treatment and assault, I am directed by the Board of Trade to inform you that McMurtrey's certificate has not been dealt with.
>
> The Board of Trade gave very careful consideration to all the circumstances of the case which were brought under their notice, and, having regard to the strong recommendation to mercy made by the jury, and to the fact that McMurtrey had apparently received strong provocation, the Board decided to take no further action in the case.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
>
> Cosmo Monkhouse.

If the Board plainly said that McMurtrey was an injured innocent, wrongfully punished by a misguided Court, its refusal to interfere could be understood. But the Board modestly shrank from openly setting its judgment above that of the Recorder and jury who tried the case. As justification for the refusal to deal with McMurtrey's certificate, the Board puts forward the jury's recommendation to mercy and its own assertion that the man "had, apparently, received strong provocation." The jury recommended McMurtrey to mercy on account of his previous good character, which was testified to by the owner of the ship and the broker. These gentlemen

were, of course, competent to speak of the Captain's character as it was exhibited in their relations with him on shore, but their evidence could not throw much light upon his conduct at sea. It is not at all uncommon for a Captain who is a perfect brute and tyrant at sea, where his authority is supreme, to become the most mild-mannered man on shore, where he cannot do exactly as he likes. Then as to the alleged provocation, the prosecution denied that any was given. The first mate, on the other hand, alleged that Campbell threatened the Captain with a knife. The Recorder advised the jury that if they believed this, it was their duty to acquit the prisoner, as in such circumstances he would be justified in taking the most extreme measures against Campbell. As the jury did not acquit the prisoner, it would seem that they believed the evidence for the prosecution rather than that for the defence. What right then has the Board of Trade to assume that McMurtrey "received strong provocation?" And supposing for an instant this assumption was correct, does the Department consider that a Captain who meets such provocation in the barbarous manner adopted by McMurtrey is a fit person to be entrusted with the command of a ship?

The course adopted by the Board of Trade will be condemned by all who have at heart the interests of our seamen. It is practically certain that for every case of cruelty on merchant ships that comes into Court a dozen occur in which proceedings are never taken. There is, therefore, all the more reason why offenders who are brought to justice should be punished in an exemplary fashion, and, above all, be shorn of the position of authority which they have abused. In this instance the Board has declined to use its powers, and it goes forth to the seafaring population that a man may undergo four months' imprisonment for ill-treating a ship's steward and still be deemed worthy, in Whitehall, to hold a Captain's certificate. It seems to me that such a gross scandal demands the immediate attention of Mr. Mundella.

"TAKASHIMA'S SWEETHEART."

I have already mentioned that in consequence of the appearance of the article with the above title in TRUTH of August 17 I had received a communication from the Japanese Minister, Viscount Kawase, and that the Minister expressed his desire to make all due reparation to the girl, "Helena D.," for the wrong which she was alleged to have suffered from one of the servants of the Legation. Before doing so, however, he naturally required that the narrative should be fully authenticated. For this purpose certain inquiries have been made by a firm of solicitors acting on behalf of the Legation and by myself, and I am sorry to have to say that the result does not reveal the young lady concerned in altogether as satisfactory a light as could be desired. For the sake of the girl herself I wish to avoid saying any more on this point than is absolutely necessary; but in justice to the Japanese Minister I feel bound, after the appeal which was made to him in TRUTH, to state clearly that in view of what has now transpired, I do not think he can be expected to give the girl further assistance of any kind. As I have mentioned that the facts, as represented in my article, were laid before me by Mr. Arthur Newton, it is also due to that gentleman to state that the further information which has now come to light was as new to him as it was to me. So far as Mr. Newton's share in the matter goes, the history of the case was precisely as it was narrated in TRUTH—the narrative, in fact, being mainly founded on Mr. Newton's correspondence. From this it also follows that Takashima's part in the drama, therefore, was essentially that described in the original story. What has since transpired shows that the girl did not treat Mr. Newton straightforwardly in regard to the circumstances attending the birth of her child, and that implicit reliance cannot be placed upon all her statements. Under these circumstances, she has only herself to blame that those who were at first disposed to help her decline to do so now. In some respects she is far more deserving of pity now than she was when attention was first called to the case. The one great fact in her existence—the baby—unfortunately cannot be explained away; and she has now lost not only her character but her friends. It too often happens, however, in these cases that the more pity a girl deserves the less she gets, and so, I fear, it will prove with Takashima's sweetheart.

"THE OTHER FELLOW."

The new dramatic season has started with a round of laughter at the little Court Theatre. Actors, artists, and critics were all back from the holidays, and apparently in good working trim. Mr. John Hare, fresh from the mountain Engadine air, looked in at what was once his own, or on the site of his own, first theatre, on his way to the provinces with "Diplomacy." Mr. Marcus Stone and Mr. Perugini, indefatigable playgoers, were both in their old seats, and soon all settled down at the banquet of fun at which Charles Groves, Weedon Grossmith, Charles Brookfield, and Patter Browne were to preside. The humour of the raw recruit is a good subject for farcical treatment. Years and years ago John Leech handled it in his admirable fashion by the sketches of the "Brook-green Volunteer" in *Punch*. But, as a rule, Tommy Atkins and Fuzzy Wuzzy are banished from the stage. Mulvaney and Ortheris have their humorous as well as grave side, as Rudyard Kipling has taught us. Perhaps ere long Mr. Pinero will take them in hand seriously or farcically, for he can do both. The comical recruit is, in this instance, a Frenchman, for Mr. Horner has been wise enough to translate and not to adapt "Champignol Malgré Lui," one of those conventional French farces that as a rule tickle the innate childishness of the French nature more than they do the stolidity and phlegm of ours.

There was only one thing to be done with this particular French farce, and that was to entrust its life and future to the very cleverest comedians that could be conveniently secured. We all know the true and the false Champignols by heart. They have danced through the comedies of the world from the days of Thespis and his cart. The husband goes out and leaves the sorrowing wife. She receives a call from an old lover, who is discovered in a compromising situation. She is forced against her will to confess that the per-

sistent lover is her actual husband, and then the dramatic dance begins. The false Champignol is arrested as a deserter and bundled off to do his military duty with the reserves. The true Champignol turns up at the barracks, and is surprised to find that his very existence is ignored. The false Champignol, who wears his hair long, is committed to the barber's shears; but the true Champignol is clipped and sheared like a patient sheep. The false Champignol, who cannot draw a straight line or a curve either, is commanded to paint his Captain's portrait. The true Champignol, who is a celebrated artist, stands over the impostor, and roars at his discomfiture. These Dioscuri of farce get as completely mixed as the celebrated twins of Harry Leigh.

> In form and feature, face and limb,
> I grew so like my brother,
> That folks got taking me for him
> And each for one another.
>
> * * * * *
>
> In fact, year after year the same
> Absurd mistakes went on,
> And when I died the neighbours came
> And buried Brother John.

Well, it was not quite so bad as that with the Champignols, but, though temporarily deprived of the services of his pretty wife in the gay and animated personality of Miss Aïda Jenoure, still Mr. Charles Groves, the hearty and boisterous, manages in the end to get the laugh over poor little careworn and humorously discontented Weedon Grossmith. The contrast of type is here very direct and admirable, for Mr. Groves is remarkable for his old-fashioned British pugnacity, and Mr Grossmith for his *fin de siècle* pessimistic selfishness. True comedy is the result. Mr. Brookfield and Mr. H. de Lange have both caught the French military manner exactly. It would never have done to represent Gallic barrack life with the air and tone of the modern military Aldershot masher. Miss Aïda Jenoure, a clever and accomplished young lady, has abandoned the tambourine, the short skirts, and the "penny-in-the-slot" business of comic opera for the outskirts of comedy. She does well now; she will do better still hereafter. Miss Ellaline Terriss, with her male companions, Charles Burleigh and Seymour Hicks, joined the "pretty-pretty" brigade, and kissed and fondled like young doves all the evening, much to their mutual pleasure, no doubt. With such a good stock company as this, why should not Mr. Arthur Chudleigh give us a few more good farces? "The Other Fellow," funny as he is, may not be able to last out a whole season without support, but he might well be alternated with other merry plays on occasional nights. The Court Theatre ought to be recognised as one of the accepted playhouses where you can always be sure of an honest laugh after dinner, and can be considered safe from the boredom of pessimistic twaddle, new views, new schools, and the tiresome exercise known as an "epoch-making play," whatever that may be.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free. SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

AIX LES BAINS.

I DID not find Aix les Bains what I remembered it before it had been long annexed as part of Savoy to France. It used to be in former times a great resort of first class literary people, and Madame Rattazzi was the muse of the place. Her châlet is still there, but she has deserted it. She was supposed to be an exile in Savoy before 1860, and technically was so. But express trains used to come from Paris filled with her guests, and Italian statesmen, poets, and artists often crossed Mont Cenis at her bidding. The Casino is now too crowded to be pleasant. I should speak of it as being made up of samples of every class or category that can pay its way. Carolus Duran and Severine were to be daily seen in the conversation-room, but not always together. The King of Greece had just gone. He passed his evening at the Casino, but did not himself try his luck at the roulette-table. As the French say, *il fasait jouer*, that is to say, he asked a Secretary or Aide-de-Camp to stake for him, and walked about while this was being done. The King is now in the habit of passing a "season" at Aix in the month of August. He is said by the people there to be *un peu ficelle*, a phrase which my sentiment of reverence for his caste prevents me from translating, and the meaning of which it will be hard to find in printed vocabularies. But he has also won the reputation of being aimable, and his gentlemanly patience under the peculiar persecution to which he is often subjected is admired. Not bringing the Queen or any of his children with him, he is supposed to be in search of amusement as well as health. This idea emboldens numbers of enterprising and experienced ladies to pursue him. They crowd into the vacant rooms in the hotel where he puts up; or, if they cannot get any there, try to secure lodgings near it. Their pianos are resonant with the Greek hymn—which he hates—and those few Greek airs which have found their way into France. He had arranged to visit M. Carnot at Fontainebleau, but suddenly altered his plans, and, instead of going by Paris and Cologne to Fredenborg to join the family party there, went *viâ* Geneva, Basle, and Cassel.

A feud is now going on at Aix between the doctors and the management of the Casino. The former are no longer on the free list, and are working with all their might and main to get the gaming-table prohibited. Not long ago they went to Chambéry and got the Prefect to prevent it being kept going after midnight. As from that hour to two or three in the morning was the time gamblers were most reckless, the consequences have been severely felt in the Casino dividends. Men who had soaked liqueurs and beer after dinner did not mind losing, or were more easily led on by the hope of winning back what they had lost. The doctors are actuated by loss of fees. It was found by London physicians—on whom they most depend for patients—that those whom they sent to Aix in search of health did not recover. Gambling excitement and losses overtaxed their nervous vitality, and, stirring their bile, sent it through their blood. Hence the petitions to the Prefect. It is true

that gambling does not help a medical treatment, but it is untrue that it has chased away *all* the rich people and brought a mere mob of adventurers and blacklegs. Certainly the company is *mixed*, but that is a good deal due to railways. Without the gambling, however, the blacklegs would not come—unless for the horse races, to which the doctors do not seem to object, but which really are as objectionable as the tables. I don't know any viler scum than a race-course attracts, or any more stupid kind of excitement than is to be found in betting upon horses—unless when knavery largely enters into it. That it does enter often is certain, and it is also certain that arch-millionaires are not above the temptation of betting against their own horses when the odds are heavy in their favour, and of secretly instructing their jockeys to "pull" them.

I should recommend the doctors to get up a rival Casino and attract Bishops to it. Their British patients could not, unless they were Dissenters, resist the inducement to find themselves in such good company. A boycott might be got up against those black sheep who wandered into the other Casino. American ladies of the right sort would understand the social advantages of having Bishops at their command whenever they might go to London. But I am afraid that Doctors as a body are not resourceful, and that the Casino will be more than a match for them. An instance was given of how the gambling drove away the richest patroness Aix ever had. She went there with a daughter and a favourite son-in-law who, after losing pretty heavily, tried to recoup by staying at the tables until the small hours of the morning. Loss followed loss, and the wife had to go to her mother to ask her to make them good. The two ladies, who were literally showering down gold, left Aix in high dudgeon, and do not intend ever to go back there while there are gaming-tables at the Casino.

I wandered to and fro among the Savoy valleys and watering-places, and went to the Italian side of the Cenis range. It is the more agreeable. But the heat was fearful. Only a native or a lizard could stand it. Brides looked lovely with its glacier in the background. But what an oven it was! There was hot water under the earth, warm steam made the air heavy, and the sun beat mercilessly on the mountain sides. One could not get a level spot anywhere to walk on. If one wanted to take exercise, one had either to climb laboriously or to descend. This, I dare say, is why Brides is said to stop the course of fatty degeneration. In the Piedmontese valleys there were nicer-mannered people and better food than in the Savoy valleys, unless one paid a very high price. The rooms were more spacious, and altogether there was a higher tone of civilisation. A drawback apart from the heat was the difficulty of getting to the railway. I had to, in returning to Modam on the French side of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, go round from Torre Pellice by Turin, where I halted for a night. One felt there in a vapour bath, and at the same time as if a fan were moving over one in iced air. It is no wonder that so many people die at Turin of malignant fever under this simultaneous action of the most relaxing heat and the most bitter cold.

The Marquis Visconti Venosta, who sat in the Behring Sea Arbitral Court as a Judge, returned to Piedmont when I was there. He is very much a prophet in his own country. Being married to a great niece of Cavour, *née* Alfieri, some of the prestige of that statesman is extended to him. The family estates of the Alfieri suffer from the tariff war between France and Italy. Their owners are anxious to bring about a cordial understanding between the two countries. The German Emperor is alive to this fact, and insisted on the Prince of Naples not backing out of his engagement to swell the Imperial triumph at the reviews which are to be held this week outside of Metz. I think, however, that he would not have gone to figure in Alsace-Lorraine as a satellite of the Emperor were it not for the riots at Aigues Mortes, and the conduct of the French authorities. These riots got up the blood of Italy in an extraordinary way. Before they took place, every one was hoping that Visconti Venosta, who is one of the shrewdest of living statesmen, would do something to bring France and Italy nearer to each other. After the news of the trifling punishments meted out by French Judges to French rioters, the King of Italy was obliged by public feeling to send his son to Metz.

The Princess Clotilde stays winter and summer at Monte Calieri. It is magnificent, and looks monastic The Po sweeps grandly at the foot of the rising ground on which it stands. There is a grandiose Alpine background, and such a splendid expanse of sky and smiling country in front. Vines forming festoons between the poplars which they are trained to run up give an impression of gladness as one looks towards Lombardy. The Princess is reverenced as a saint by the Piedmontais. Her only daughter, whom they call *La Superba*, is staying with her. She is said to be in no humour for a second marriage, and does not see where she could find a husband to suit her. The Italians would like her for their coming Queen; but the Prince of Naples feels her to be too much *la maîtresse femme* not to shrink from the idea of marrying her. In blood relationship to him she stands on the footing of first cousin, and is the widow of his uncle. This is close consanguinity and connection. She is Catholic enough for the position of Queen of Italy, and not too much so to be with the Pope against the House of Savoy.

The Prince of Naples was directed not to make himself cheap in Germany, and to use his eyes more than his tongue. He was to go to Metz as a member of a nation allied to the German Empire, and not to irritate the French by showing himself on all occasions with his host. The arrival was timed to be too late for the grand military-religious function on the review ground of Ban Saint Martin, outside of Metz. The anniversary of Sedan was there kept holy in a rather impressive manner. I should fancy all Germans sing, and in tune. They excel in hymn-singing and chorals. Eight thousand picked troops formed three sides of a hollow square, and the Imperial pavilion filled in the fourth side. An altar was placed in the middle of the square, a pastor read the liturgy, and the soldiers sang the hymns. William was at the door of the tent as Episcopus of the Prussian Church, and surrounded with the confederate Protestant Princes of the Fatherland. The King of

Würtemberg was on his right and the Grand Duke of Baden on his left. His Saxon Majesty, who is a Catholic, found a good excuse for delaying his arrival three hours, and so did the Regent of Bavaria. The Prince of Naples only came the next day—the anniversary of the birth of the third French Republic. I saw him in Italy on his way to Metz with a following of two officers. It was said that he was offered a sister of the Empress, but thought her too tall to match with his height. He is small, seemingly delicate, like his mother, and speaks English and German with ease, but his French is "broken." He took his own carriages and horses to Metz, where it was arranged he was to stay at a hotel and only go to the Château d'Urville to dine. He could thus be often free to lay aside the uniform of a Hessian colonel with which he was provided.

Prince William of Holstein died as much of old age—he being seventy-seven—as of the disease for which he was operated upon. It was the same disease as the one the late Emperor of the French died of. He was a year older than the King of Denmark; but he had against him when a successor to the late King Frederick was being chosen at the Conference of London—his having served on the German side in the first Schleswig-Holstein campaign—the Emperor Nicholas, who preferred the husband of the Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, the sister-in-law of his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra. The Princess Louise was a daughter of a Danish Princess, and was competent to succeed to the throne of Denmark, where she lived in the expectation of being some day Queen of that country—in honourable poverty. The Duchess of Cambridge helped her in London before the Conference met and when it was sitting. She contradicted the report that Prince Christian of Holstein would, if raised to the Danish throne, be a docile tool of Russia—an idea that was strongly in the head of the late King of the Belgians. The King of Greece was called after Prince William, and bore his name as a Danish Midshipman. But when it was arranged to send him under the tutelage of his uncle, Prince Hans, to reign at Athens, he dropped the William and became George, it sounding better to Greek ears. King Christian and his brothers lived in affectionate friendship, just as his children do with each other. William died at Fredenborg with the illustrious family party now there gathered round him.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

HAVING spent twenty years in London, dear Lady Betty, and two weeks in the country, I am qualified, I imagine, to present an original and intelligent opinion upon this great City and upon the character and the customs of the people who inhabit this kingdom. London, for all practical purposes, is Piccadilly surrounded by a bewildering network of slums. The population is distributed as follows: The successful thieves live in the west, the unsuccessful thieves in the east, the upper middle-class inhabits the north, and the lower middle-class the south. There is for the Englishman but one God—that God is money, and the Blessed Trinity of commerce is composed of pounds, shillings, and pence. The Englishman carries his soul in his breeches-pocket, and his real recording angel is the obscure clerk who tots up his daily balance in a ledger in some distant and dismal bank. There are more churches, chapels, religious sects and denominations in Great Britain than in any other two countries combined. But the religion of this people is the religion of the restless. They are eager to convert everything and everybody—but the Three per Cents. To sell something to somebody at a profit is the one great purpose of the Englishman's existence. Everything upon the earth or beneath it, in the waters, and in the air above, he considers has been created either to be killed or to be sold—for when an Englishman is not selling he is killing, and when he is not killing he is selling. Frequently, however, he combines the two operations, and then he is indescribably happy.

The English are the money-lenders of the world. They do not realise it, but they are. There is not a nation, there is scarcely even a community that is not indebted to England, and no loan is required by any country, be it ever so trifling, but what it is brought to London to be floated. With characteristic ingenious hypocrisy, they, however, disguise these transactions under the more dignified terms of business, enterprise, investment, speculation, stocks, shares, and scrip. To die rich here is to die happy. The English idolise success—they are utterly unable to appreciate brilliant failure. Everything in England is stern, solid, and stolid. There is no lightness, no elasticity, no breeziness. The prototype of England is John Bull, a ponderous, prosperous provincial, with much money securely invested in the Three per Cents.

The English confuse the two terms principle and prejudice. Half the principles for which they are prepared to die, are merely prejudices in disguise. Their chief dread is to cause scandal, and their chief delight is to discuss it. The day of rest is to them neither a day of devotion nor a day for recreation. It is simply a day of truce upon which they can retire to calculate how successfully they have outwitted their neighbours in the past week, and can plan how they shall equally successfully outwit them in the week to come. Instinct, inspiration, imagination, sentiment—the electric properties of the soul they are utterly devoid of. Having little or no taste, they have substituted "tone" in its stead. So long as this "tone" is deliberate, dispassionate, and dignified they care little what atrocity it may conceal. They are perpetually in a hurry. The English, it is true, seldom gesticulate in conversation. This is not to be wondered at, for they otherwise exhaust their energy with their legs.

* * * * *

According to our neighbours, the French, we English are a perfidious race. Whether this opinion with regard to us is justified or not in the main, the American colony has some ground now to reproach us for being capricious. It is only a year ago that it seemed sufficient to claim American citizenship for a section of London society to offer effusive welcome to even the most outrageous adventurers from the United States. The tide has turned, and the American colony appears to be in as much disfavour at present as it was the reverse only a little while ago. It was noticed last season that the American colony was no longer so prominent as it was formerly. The short season which ended at Homburg on Saturday last has brought this change out into even bolder relief. As they say in the Money Market, there has been a "great fall in Americans." At Homburg this year these democratic idolaters of Royalty have been left severely alone.

The Prince of Wales left Homburg on Sunday. During his stay there it was remarked that he looked unusually well and that he was in excellent spirits, notwithstanding the *contretemps* which befell a certain high officer of State about which he was appealed to, and as to which he succeeded in preventing a serious breach of the peace. Barring this incident the Homburg season has this year been exceptionally dull, and the English visitors have been far less numerous than hitherto.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Lord Rowton, who had come up to London to vote upon the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords, was called away before the division in consequence of the sudden illness in Scotland of his eldest brother, Mr. Armar Corry. It is with regret that I record the death of Mr. Armar Corry, who died on Saturday from congestion of the lungs. For some time the late Mr. Corry had been suffering from ill-health, and no doubt his weakened constitution rendered him an easier victim to this attack than he would have been otherwise, for he was a strongly-built man. The late Mr. Armar Corry was a very familiar figure in London and one of the best-known men about town. By his death many lose an amiable and hospitable friend, and more a cheerful companion. Mr. and Mrs. Corry were about to entertain a large party for shooting and for the forthcoming Inverness games.

The absence of the Prince of Wales from Doncaster, the recent death of the Duke of Portland's step-mother, the late Lady Bolsover; the Home Rule debate in the House of Lords, and other causes materially affected the success of the Doncaster Meeting last week. The heat upon the course appears to have been intense, whilst, if report is to be trusted, the losses were exceptionally severe. To add to the general discomfort, the reports of the riots, only some ten miles away, in connection with the coal strike, alarmed many, especially amongst the ladies.

The hurried visit paid on Saturday by Sir Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to the Queen, to Mr. Gladstone at Blackcraig Castle by her Majesty's commands, immediately after the division of the House of Lords upon the Home Rule Bill, has excited general curiosity. All kinds of guesses have been hazarded as to the object of this visit, but as yet the secret does not appear to have been solved. There can have been no question either of Mr. Gladstone resigning or of his dissolving Parliament, for the action of the House of Lords had been foreseen from the very first. In all probability the interview merely related to the then approaching discussion in the House of Commons upon the recent promotion of the Duke of Connaught, a matter with regard to which the Queen has naturally taken great interest.

Mr. Henry Le Poer Trench, the newly-appointed British Minister to Mexico, leaves England to-day (Wednesday), on board the *Teutonic*, to assume his duties at his new post.

The vacancy at Teheran caused by the death of the late Mr. Henry Cadogan will, in all likelihood, be filled up by the appointment of Mr. William Conyngham Green to this post. There is also some probability that Mr. Charles Conway Thornton, at present Second Secretary of Embassy at Berlin, will be appointed to succeed Mr. William Goschen as First Secretary of Legation at Lisbon.

By the way, it may possibly gratify Lord Rosebery to learn that his control over the Foreign Office has secured for him the greatest popularity throughout the Diplomatic Service. Lord Rosebery has, from the very first, taken personal interest in the welfare and the progress of those serving under him, and the contrast in this respect between him and Lord Salisbury has won for Lord Rosebery their extreme goodwill. Lord Salisbury ignored the majority of these, and promoted his protégés, utterly regardless of the claims of those who had been longer in the service, or who had done better work. He may have been a good Foreign Minister, but he was an uncommonly bad chief.

Many will regret to hear that M. Raymond Lecomte has been transferred from the French Embassy in London to Rome. M. Lecomte, who has acquired great popularity during his long stay in England, will leave for his new post shortly. It is only to be hoped that, like others who have gone before him, he will be returned to us again before very long.

The remains of the late Mrs. Rich, the wife of General George Rich and sister to Lady Erroll, who died at Homburg from a rapid attack of peritonitis on the second of the present month, were buried at Brompton Cemetery on Friday last. Her Majesty sent a white wreath as also a wreath of heather to be placed upon the grave. The late Mrs. Rich was a general favourite. Always sympathetic, always cheerful, and eminently unworldly, Mrs. Rich possessed an exceptionally large number of devoted friends, and to these the news of her death will come as a real sorrow.

Sir Roger Goldsworthy, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Falkland Islands, leaves England on the 15th instant to resume his official duties in that Colony.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE result of the Leger was precisely in accordance with my expectations, as I have always maintained ever since the Derby that this race was merely a question of health for Isinglass, who, moreover, is now in very much better condition than he was at Epsom, as he has latterly been galloped on the turf, whereas in the spring it was necessary to keep him on the tan. It is lamentable that many worthy people should have been misled by the idiotic fairy tales about it being "all out" of Isinglass at Epsom, and how he would have come back to Ravensbury in another hundred yards, as he was stopping fast, and similar gibberish. The fact is that Isinglass has won all his races very easily indeed; but he is a lazy horse, and requires to be thoroughly roused and kept going, or he would make a close finish with a donkey. Isinglass has more than once appeared to be really "in trouble" when at some distance from home, but he is nevertheless always well to the fore at the finish.

Ravensbury is a most unlucky creature, for if Isinglass had never been foaled, or if (like Meddler) he had been disqualified for his engagements, then every one would now have been indulging in paroxysms of enthusiasm about the superlative merits of Mr. Rose's horse. Ravensbury's races had better be so arranged in the future that he will avoid any more encounters with Isinglass.

Phocion evidently was not suited by the course, for not only did he run very badly indeed in the Leger, but he made a miserable exhibition of himself on Thursday in the Scarborough Stakes. He appears to be decidedly deficient in stamina, and Lord Ellesmere would act wisely now to throw him up for the season, and keep him for Ascot next year, as a horse which has once run well over that course usually distinguishes himself there again.

The third place gained by Le Nicham does not seem to indicate a sufficient degree of merit to justify his being regarded as a good thing for the Cambridgeshire with 8 st. 1 lb., and I would certainly back Isinglass to beat him at 13 lb. Self Sacrifice, having won the Park Hill Stakes after her defeat in the Leger, is much fancied for the Cesarewitch, but I expect that it will turn out that the mare is really deficient in stamina, for she certainly ran like a non-stayer on Wednesday. It does not look like winning the Cesarewitch when an animal palpably stops to nothing for lack of stamina in the Leger, and is beaten by an acknowledged non-stayer like Baron Rothschild's horse for the place which she had been so heavily backed to gain. I suspect that Newcourt will turn out to be the best from Malton on October 10, and he is certainly very well in; but both the Newmarket handicaps had better be left alone entirely for some time to come.

One remarkable feature in the history of Isinglass is that his dam, Deadlock, was "weeded" by Lord Alington out of his stud for £19, she being regarded as practically worthless. Isinglass looks like a "chance" horse, seeing that his half-sister, by Satiety (Strike), has run several times this season without winning, and she is evidently very moderate. Mr. McCalmont has a half-sister to Isinglass, by Crafton, in his stud at Cheveley, which has a colt foal by Timothy. Deadlock died a few months ago, leaving a colt by Satiety.

It is a pity that the Stewards of the Doncaster Meeting did not express an opinion that the objection to Le Nicham ought to have been made before the race, and it would be a good thing if a rule was passed by the Jockey

Club making it impossible for technical objections of this kind to be lodged after a race has been run, except in a case where fraud is alleged. The horse has been always entered in France as Le Nicham II., because there had been another animal of that name running there; but in England the numeral was dropped as being superfluous. It is certainly desirable that a horse should have precisely the same name in England as he has in any other country.

The ignominious collapse of the Champagne Stakes shows that it is high time for the conditions of that race to be revised. A winner of £1,000 should carry 9 lb. extra, and twice of £1,000, 12 lb.; while a winner of £500 should have a penalty of 6 lb. It is foolish and ridiculous in these days to have a stake of this kind in September with no penalties for previous winnings. When forfeit was declared early in June, forty-three animals were left in, on each of which an additional payment of £15 had to be made, and yet there were only two starters, because, obviously, owners did not care for their horses to meet the Illuminata colt and Sempronius at even weights. The Champagne Stakes was formerly the most important two-year-old race of the autumn, but the establishment of the Middle Park Plate deprived it of its old prestige, and the managers of the meeting have been content to puddle along with obsolete conditions in one respect, and with an absurdly inadequate pecuniary endowment. Let the sweepstakes be £50, £30 ft., with an entrance of £5 to be the only liability if declared by the first Tuesday in May. The added money should be increased to £1,000. Last week £500 was nominally given; but as the minor forfeit goes to the fund, the amount really contributed was only £285.

Lord Rosebery has named the Illuminata colt Ladas, after the first race-horse which he ever owned. The original Ladas cost a large sum when Lord Rosebery (who was then at Christ Church) purchased him, and he was fancied for the Derby of 1869, which was won by Pretender; but, so far as I remember, he never achieved any remarkable success on the turf.

The new Ladas won the Champagne Stakes very easily indeed, but Sempronius had evidently been indulged, for he seemed decidedly big. It is now quite certain that Bullingdon's running at Stockbridge must have been all wrong, and it is to be regretted that the Duke of Westminster's colt will not meet Ladas before the Derby. Ladas now seems tolerably sure to win the Middle Park Plate, unless St. Florian or Jack the Dandy turns out to be a flyer, nor is there anything to stop him in the Dewhurst Plate, unless we are then to have a resurrection of Galloping Dick in his Richmond Stakes form; but I do not fancy that Mr. Baird's uncertain beast could stay the course. Sempronius is not likely again to oppose Ladas as a two-year-old, but next season they will, of course, meet in the Two Thousand, all being well, as that race is the only important spring engagement of Mr. Baird's horse, who is not entered for the Derby; but he is in the Epsom Grand Prize and in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot.

After the Champagne Stakes running, the principal feature in the two-year-old racing was the collapse of Stowmarket and Wedding Bell in the Rous Plate, and the latter filly was very lucky in winning so rich a race as the New Stakes at Ascot—a piece of good fortune for which she was indebted, not to her own merits, but to the execrable temper of Galloping Dick. El Guacho, who beat the favourite cleverly, was mentioned by me after he ran at Newmarket in July as certain to win a good race when he was more forward in condition.

The form exhibited last week by Stirrup Cup was calculated considerably to exasperate the legion who fancied her for the Oaks, but who has enormously improved in appearance since Epsom, and is now quite a different mare altogether. It is rather surprising that Stirrup Cup was not kept for the Cambridgeshire, in which she seemed to be very well handicapped with 6 st. 9 lb., and she was still better in for the Duke of York Handicap, but she has been withdrawn from both races, the stable being represented in the Newmarket event by Simon Fraser.

After Ladas—*longo intervallo*—the best two-year-old which ran at Doncaster was Letterewe, who cantered away with the Tattersall Sale Stakes, and if she goes on all right she will win the Oaks, which is her only engagement next year except the Leger.

Prisoner's victory in the Doncaster Cup has made him a hot favourite for the Cesarewitch. He won with extreme ease on Friday, but I do not fancy that the form bears investigation, for Lady Rosebery was dreadfully handicapped by having to make her own running, and if there had been a strong pace throughout the result would probably have been very different. The fact of Simonian being second is quite enough to make one sceptical as to the form. A two-mile race run "from end to end" would be a first-rate Cesarewitch trial, but in the Doncaster Cup they merely cantered for quite a mile and a quarter, and it is all nonsense and rubbish for crack-brained people to be screeching that the Cesarewitch "is over." It will not surprise me if Lord Cadogan runs Prisoner for the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park, and if he won that race easily he might take his chance afterwards at Newmarket with 7 st. 7 lb.

Ascot is a two-year-old which was a great deal talked about in the spring, but I fancy that he then went wrong. Ascot, however, won a good trial at Newmarket the other day, and he must not be forgotten, for he is sure to carry off a race before long.

La Flèche has accepted for both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, but no rational creature will think for a moment of backing her for either race, as, apart from her engagement at Manchester next week, she will probably be sent to France to start for the Prix du Conseil Municipal of £4,000 on October 8, in which case she is not likely to run at Newmarket.

The removals of Sir Hugo from the Cesarewitch and of Marcion from the Cambridgeshire were grievous blows to the speculative public; but even more calamitous was the altogether unexpected withdrawal of Ragimunde from the long race. He had been backed for a very great deal of money, and was a general fancy. I understand that Ragimunde did not accept, for the excellent reason that there is no chance of his standing a preparation for such a race, and he is another victim of the hard ground at Ascot. Ragimunde was decidedly well in, but I now very much doubt whether he would have won, even if he had been in his very best form.

I had expected that Orme would be withdrawn from the Cambridgeshire, but he seemed to be so very well in for the Duke of York Handicap that his non-acceptance makes me think that there is probably a screw loose with the Duke of Westminster's horse, for one cannot suppose that his owner is afraid to run him for any mile race whatever. Given Orme at the post fit and well, and I do not see how he was to be beaten at Kempton Park. Suspender (4 yrs., 9 st. 9 lb.) is now the top weight, but this horse is not likely to stand a preparation, and he has probably been left in the race to serve Haut Brion (3 yrs., 7 st. 5 lb.), who may possibly go for this race instead of waiting for the Cambridgeshire. Nobleman is remarkably well in for this race, and also for both the Newmarket Handicaps. Orvieto (5 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.) would be near winning if the ground were hard, but it is more likely to be a swamp.

There will be racing next week at Leicester on two days, and at Manchester on the three following days. The sport at Leicester is not likely to be of any general interest now that the Royal Handicap has disappeared from the programme. It is very improbable that there will be large fields at Manchester, with the Newmarket October Meetings coming on so soon, and in this respect the Nurseries will most likely be the most successful events.

There is a large entry for the Breeders' Foal Stakes of

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£1,500, but I need not discuss it at any length, for the race seems almost certain to be won by Mr. D. Baird, who may run either Sainpoonins or St. Florian, and although the former will have considerably the worst of the weights with numbers, yet he certainly ought to win if he starts. If Mr. Baird prefers to rely upon St. Florian, then that colt should be successful if he is all right.

Nearly fifty horses are left in for the Lancashire Plate of £8,000 (one mile), but of these only La Flèche (10 st. 3 lb.), Isinglass (9 st. 11 lb.), Raeburn (9 st. 1 lb.), and Ladas (7 st. 7 lb.) appear to have any chance on public form. It is quite certain that three-fourths of the animals in the list must have been left in by mistake, notably Gouverneur, who has gone to the stud, and Lady Hermit, who would meet La Flèche at 3 lb., and she would have to give Isinglass 3 lb.! I mentioned last week that Lord Rosebery has very wisely decided to reserve Ladas for the Middle Park Plate instead of running the risk of ruining him by starting him for a mile race in which he would meet older horses of such high calibre as La Flèche and Isinglass. La Flèche has been kept for this race, which she won so easily last year, but although she is said to have "come on" considerably of late yet I expect that she will be beaten by Isinglass. It is believed that Raeburn is a smart horse over a mile, but I do not know that there are any conclusive reasons for thus regarding him. He ran badly in the Two Thousand, and in my opinion Isinglass would defeat him over any course without any trouble whatever. I shall give an unhesitating plumper for Isinglass.

MAMMON.

THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY.

I AM not sorry to see that the French Government have entered a protest against certain proceedings of the Royal Niger Company. The little difficulty which has thus arisen may have the effect of attracting public attention in this country to the position and general conduct of this chartered body and of forcing the Foreign Office to keep a tighter hand over it. During the past week I have received several further communications on the subject. More than one of my correspondents give vent to their indignation at the continued apathy of the Foreign Office in the matter. The aggrieved parties had become resigned to the cynical indifference with which Lord Salisbury treated their complaints, but hoped that under his successor something might be done to check the excesses of the Chartered Company. The Foreign Office, however, maintains its old attitude. It professes to be in blissful ignorance, officially, of the misdeeds of the Company, and in this state of darkness it clearly prefers to remain. The other day the Under-Secretary was interrogated in Parliament respecting various charges which have been brought against the Company. It is alleged that natives have been summarily shot for attempting to cross the Company's territory. The reply was to the effect that there was no "definite evidence" in support of the charge. What the official idea of "definite evidence" may be I cannot say, but I should have thought that the evidence already given was quite sufficiently definite to justify some inquiry. Another question was whether the Company had not increased the export duty on palm kernels from 2d. per hundredweight to 2s. (1,100 per cent.), in order to prevent competition from Brass River merchants, and whether exports of palm-oil from that district had not, in consequence, dropped from 2,500 tons to 1,000 tons per year. The answer was an admission that the duty had been raised, but the Under-Secretary was "not aware" that the Company had any such motive, and he had "no information" as to the disastrous result to rival traders. In view of the spirit in which the Foreign Office meets all accusations against the Company, the *Liverpool Daily Post* has opportunely published the following extract from an agreement between the Company and one of its servants:—

> Mr. —— agrees that he will not, either during the currency of this agreement, or for a period of ten years after its determination, from any cause whatever, without the assent of the Company, communicate to the newspapers of Great Britain or other countries, or to any outside persons, official or private, any facts, whether commercial, industrial, scientific, or political, in connection with the business or administration of the Company, or the district occupied by the Company, or with those who shall have visited, or become acquainted with, it during his employment in the Company's service, and that he will not publish or distribute privately any pamphlet, book, or other paper disclosing any such facts, nor in any way knowingly induce any person or persons to carry on any occupation of profit within such districts.

For each and every breach of this clause £1,000 is to be forfeited, and it is provided that this sum shall be "by way of liquidated damages, and not by way of penalty," and "any such payment shall not prejudice the right of the Company to restrain a continuance of such breach." When the Company binds its own officials to secrecy in this extraordinary manner the difficulty of obtaining "definite evidence" as to what transpires within its territory must be apparent. Unfortunately the Foreign Office deliberately backs up the Company's policy of concealment. Four years ago, on the urgent representation of the West African merchants of Liverpool, Sir Claude Macdonald was sent out to investigate the charges made against the Company. In one memorial addressed to the Commissioners by the leading traders and residents of Lagos reference was made to "the gross atrocities which from time to time have been perpetrated by the Company's servants upon their negro employés," and attention was especially directed to the case of "the poor unfortunates who were recently disarmed, enclosed in a compound, and ruthlessly shot down in cold blood at Lokaja for no other reason than refusing to continue a dangerous journey in which they had already suffered the greatest privations, and which in all probability was contrary to the terms of their engagement." Sir Claude Macdonald's report upon his investigation has been persistently withheld on the ground that it is a confidential document. The report may, of course, be favourable to the Company, but its suppression has not unnaturally given rise to a belief that it is unfavourable. As it cannot be produced, my Liverpool contemporary suggests the appointment of a new Commissioner, whose report shall be public property. It appears to me that a strong case can be made out for such a step. From Sir Edward Grey's reply to Mr. Dodd in the House on Monday evening, it appears that there is no official in her Majesty's service resident in the territory under the control of the Company. In other words, the Government is entirely dependent upon the Company itself for all information regarding the administration of vast regions, estimated to cover 500,000 square miles and with a population of over 20,000,000. The irony of the Under-Secretary's statement that aggrieved British subjects should look "for advice or assistance" to the Company's officials will be appreciated by everybody familiar with the policy of the Company. What is needed is an impartial and searching inquiry both as to the dealings of the Company with the natives and its efforts to crush out the independent traders. One aspect of the question is pithily put in a letter which I have received from Mr. G. A. Moore, of Liverpool. "The grievances of which we complain," he writes, "can never be rectified so long as an arbitrary line is drawn across ancient trade routes and the natives are prevented from passing without conforming to impossible conditions, for it is hardly reasonable to expect a negro in aboriginal garb, with perhaps £2 or £3 worth of merchandise in his canoe, to be fully equipped with invoices, certificates of origin, &c., &c., as required by the minions of the Niger Government." Over and over again the Company has been charged with unscrupulously abusing the powers conferred upon it by the charter. Such an inquiry as that advocated would show whether it has or has not done so.

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From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben, Although a moderate reaction set in during the week, influenced chiefly by the temporary weakness of the Yankee market, a recovery has since made its appearance, and a considerable advance has been established for the week in prices nearly all round, the Mining department almost alone hanging fire, notwithstanding bumper crushings for August of the Witwatersrand Mines. With the intrinsic position improving in so marked a manner, however, the Kaffir Circus will, no doubt, soon revive again, especially as some of the magnates, who are now disporting themselves on the Continent, will shortly appear on the scene again.

The Position on the Stock Exchange.

Yankee Rails, of course, continue to strike the keynote of the position, and they have gone exactly the way which I expected them to go, advancing again sharply after a moderate and healthy reaction. The big operators on both sides of the Atlantic did their very best to help the downward movement in order to be able to pick up stock, but it is doubtful if they succeeded in laying hold of much, as the recovery came about very suddenly. My readers who took to heart my remarks of last week, will, however, have been able to buy at comparatively moderate prices on the relapse, and here I may as well once again point out how important it is to buy in the American market, not when it is booming, but when it is flat, and, if possible, on reactions. The latter will, of course, follow again on a further upward movement, but depend upon it, in the long run the tendency will be distinctly towards higher prices. I said a week ago that a strong improvement in the South American department was not far off, and the first advance has since been made under the lead of Argentine Government stocks. Prices are, however, still at a low level, and the opportunity is favourable for investment purchases. Home Rails have kept up remarkably well, considering the acute stage at which the coal strikes have arrived. The easier tendency of the money market tends, of course, to support quotations of Home securities, although, much to the disappointment of various sapient City editors, the Bank rate has remained at 5 per cent. I am sure that the Directors of the Bank of England were right in not making a reduction, and as it is even now difficult to gauge the extent of future American requirements of gold, apart from probable Indian borrowing, it seems a pity that rates in the open market have fallen away so completely that a reduction in the official minimum will hardly be avoidable this week. As to the immediate future of the Stock Markets, I say again that it depends upon the course of events in the States, but that is shaping itself very favourably, and confidence is thus gradually returning in financial circles at home and abroad. Under these circumstances, while I do not look for a boom, I yet anticipate greater activity and a general uplifting of prices of depreciated securities.

Home Rails.

The havoc which the continuance of the coal strikes is making in the traffics of the Heavy lines has not prevented a moderate recovery, especially in Midlands and North-Western, due, perhaps, chiefly to fears that stock may prove in short supply on the carry-over day. Holders, moreover, appear to be inclined to put up with the temporary reduction in dividends, which must result for the present half-year, even if the strikes were to terminate very soon, especially as so many industries are hampered by the dearth of fuel. The Board of Trade return was by no means unfavourable considering the weakening influence of the strikes, and it is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that the incipient improvement should thus have been stifled. The traffic decreases of the leading lines since July 1 now stand as follows:—Midland, £233,622; North-Western, £160,526; Great Western, £107,410; Great Northern, £73,033; North-Eastern, £7,223. The latter line has been spared heavy losses through the prudent decision of the Northumberland miners not to join the strike movement, and North Eastern at 153, with a chance of the same distribution as for the second half of 1892, viz., at the rate of 6¼ per cent. per annum, looks cheaper than North Western at 163, with the chance of a considerable inroad in the 1892 dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent., or Midlands at 142, with no chance of anything like last year's distribution of 6¾ per cent., or even Great Western at 153, which received 7 per cent. per annum for the second half of 1892, but cannot hope to retain this in view of the strikes, although the movement in South Wales is now all but ended. Caledonian Ordinary have improved 1¾, the Deferred Ordinary (Coras) 2¼ on the announcement of the maintenance of last year's dividend at the rate of 4 per cent., which was better than had been anticipated. This gives 1 per cent. to "Coras," which even at 33⅛ are not dear in view of future possibilities. It now remains to be seen how the North British dividend will turn out, and both the Preferred and Deferred have improved in the meantime about 1½ on hopes of a favourable result. There is a distinct disposition to buy low-priced stocks, such as North British Deferred, Coras, Saras (Sheffield Deferred), now standing at 24¾, and especially Metropolitan Districts, which have risen 1 to 25. All these stocks are much lower than they were last year, although prospects are comparatively better now, and there is every chance of an improvement as soon as the Stock Exchange generally revives. Brighton "A" have reacted but fractionally, notwithstanding another unfavourable traffic return. The comparison is henceforth with smaller traffics last year, and, if the decreases should still continue, the outlook would not be very bright. This is how the corresponding traffics of 1892 compare with 1891:—

	1892.	1891.
Week ending September 10...	... £55,514	... £56,756
,, ,, 17...	... 57,100	... 57,322
,, ,, 24...	... 53,915	... 54,523
,, October 1 ...	... 56,488	... 57,352
,, ,, 8 ...	... 48,471	... 49,294

The so-called London Bridge brigade appear to be still on the "Bear" tack, but there is a very considerable "Bear" account open now, and very little stock about, investors gradually clearing away the floating supply, as it still yields the best return in the Home Railway market, and even in the worst case—viz., on the basis of only 6¾ per cent. per annum—would yield about 4⅝ per cent., with all the prospects of improvement which the progressive Brighton Line undoubtedly possesses. To-day's price of 147 compares with 160 last year. Dover "A" relapsed temporarily, but are up again to 73, and may be expected to feel the effect of any revival in the markets generally at once. The decline in Great Eastern has not made any further progress, and little Chathams have been very steady.

Financial Position in the States.

The course of Yankee Rails during the past week has again been upwards, although interrupted by a temporary reaction due to the efforts of big operators to cause a setback in prices. They were assisted in their disinterested action by the obstructionist tactics adopted by the silver senators with respect to the Repeal Bill and by a variety of less important rumours, set about, apparently, for "Bear" purposes. But the reaction did not last long. Wall-street very soon turned a buyer again, and prices advanced sharply above the prices which ruled a week ago, and even above the prices of September 4, which I used for the purposes of comparison in my table of a week ago. The more immediate cause of the recovery was the emphatic declaration issued by President Cleveland and the Secretary of the Treasury that no compromise would be accepted, and that nothing but unconditional repeal would do, all other financial measures being postponed until repeal had been obtained. There are also other favourable features, such as the growing confidence and ease of money in the United States, and another favourable New York Bank statement. There is no doubt that, apart from the imports of gold from this side, the cessation of the hoarding of currency is now taking effect in Wall-street, in addition to which the purchases of American stocks for European

account are beginning to tell. The first of the notices of withdrawal from the savings banks of New York expired in the past week, and although many had been cancelled beforehand, there remained naturally a certain nervous tension and anxiety until it was definitely known what depositors would do. Of course, the banks had fortified themselves, so as to be able to meet all demands without sacrificing any of their securities. They had also received new deposits, though, naturally, not so many as usual. Now, however, that the scare is over, the depositors do not want their deposits. The boot is, on the contrary, on the other leg, as the banks are availing themselves of the opportunity to get rid of undesirable depositors by refusing to take their money back. In fact, the Savings Banks are again in the market with investment purchases, and the large amount of cash which they have been holding against possible contingencies is now being released. A similar movement is going on elsewhere, and this is one of the chief reasons of the returning ease in the money market in the States. The money hoarded by private persons will also, no doubt, soon return to the old channels, and there is not really any question about there being enough money in the country, if it be only employed. One other result of the recent disturbance of money relations, I think, will be that the scope of banking methods will be broadened to take in a greater number of small transactions than formerly. The use of the bank cheque will be enlarged in the States generally, and some of the devices brought out to economise the use of money will be retained. Some will, in fact, be found to be so useful that they will stick, and ever after make the use of actual cash to a greater or less degree unnecessary. Thus it is reported that the Minneapolis millers and elevator-men had agreed to move the wheat crop by paying for the grain in cheques. The gold imported from London was also at first hoarded, and that was the reason why so little of the millions of gold coin imported since the crisis began had hitherto gone into the banks. In the first place, to put it there would have involved the loss of whatever premium gold coin commanded, and in the next, the importers in most cases wanted to use the gold as money themselves in transactions requiring the payment of currency, including wages. Where the importers did not need the gold coin for their own use, they sold it, either before or after arrival, for the sake of the premium, and the premium, which caused its importation, kept it out of the banks. Not, therefore, till the premium disappeared was it likely that much of this hoarded gold would be put into the banks as an ordinary deposit, and in the meantime it did service unobtrusively in supplying the wants of those who held it, and who were thus constituting themselves their own bankers. Thus the situation is improving in every direction, and there is now less fear of large gold shipments being required from Europe than there has been, unless President Cleveland's financial measures, which are to be adopted after the repeal has passed the Senate, should introduce fresh features.

Yankee Rails.

It may now be considered as certain that repeal will be carried, and well-informed people expect it to pass the Senate this week. Should this anticipation prove correct, very considerable activity will, no doubt, result in the market. Reactions must, of course, be looked for occasionally, but this is not a market in which operators can expect to make money on the "bear" tack, and the sooner the jobbers in the Yankee department realise this, the better will it be for them. There has been large buying during the past week for account of Continental investors, Amsterdam especially having been a strong purchaser. Country orders have also come forward; but the American public have yet to enter the market, and they will undoubtedly do so as soon as money gets more plentiful in the States. Atchison stocks have been conspicuously strong, and the shares have risen to 22, while the Second Mortgage "A" bonds, after a temporary reaction, are recovering again, a significant feature being a demand for these bonds for Boston. By the way, I have received several inquiries concerning the Atchison Guarantee Fund Six per Cent. Mortgage Notes, which I mentioned last week as obtainable at 95, and as yielding little short of 8 per cent. to the investor. How, my correspondents ask, is this yield obtained? Of course, by the profit on the redemption at 103 at the end of the five years. I may add that these Notes carry interest from May 1 to November 1, and that whoever buys them now would have to pay four months' interest to the seller—say, 2 per cent.—but would get the whole of the 3 per cent. dividend on November 1. An illustration of the improved credit which the Atchison now enjoys is that St. Louis and San Francisco Fours, which stood at 48 in Amsterdam a fortnight ago, have since risen to 58. In fact, from all I hear the Atchison Company will stand in an almost unique position before the year is out. It has provided for 5,000,000 dols. of its floating debt in Amsterdam, and for 2,000,000 dols. here, and is now financially quite safe, which cannot yet be said of all the other Yankee lines. The Milwaukee statement for the year ended June 30 last is satisfactory enough, as far as the net receipts go, and it is considered probable that the 2 per cent. half-yearly dividend will be duly announced on Thursday. The "Bear" attack which has just been executed on this side on the idea that the floating debt was too large, has failed signally, New York putting up the quotation all the more. Louisville shares are still hanging fire, a big block being every now and then offered from New York. Whether these sales are due to the marketing of shares by the Company, whether they are only intended to depress the rest of the market, or whether they are due to apprehensions of a reduction in the dividend I do not profess to know, but I consider that some official statement ought at once to be made by the Board. Traffics have, of course, shown large decreases, but mail advices from the States represent the conditions in the South as better than in the West. Failures south of Louisville have been comparatively few, and there has been no such widespread financial depression as in the West and North-west. Considering the shutting down of so many iron furnaces the Southern roads are doing fairly well, and with a fair cotton crop there does not seem to be any great anxiety to move it all at once. The conditions therefore seem proportionately more favourable to the roads in the South and South-west than those in any other section of the States just now. Further developments should, however, be carefully watched, and if I wanted to invest in Yankee Rails I should not do so in one particular stock, but I should spread my purchase over, say, New York Central, Lake Shores, Illinois Central, Milwaukees, Atchison "A" bonds, Louisville, Erie Second Mortgage bonds, Reading First Income bonds, and, amongst the low-priced stocks, over Reading shares, Erie shares, Central Pacifics, Atlantic Firsts, Norfolk Prefs., Ohios, &c. Another advance has taken place in Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks, as I expected, chiefly in sympathy with the Yankee market, and any further improvement in the latter will no doubt act as a support to these Canadian Railway stocks.

The South American Market.

The Continental Bourses have, on the whole, shown greater strength during the week, and a partial recovery has taken place in the various Foreign fancies, Spanish putting on as much as two points. Yet the financial position of these countries is by no means improved. Greeks are also better, although the gold premium in Athens, like that in Rome, refuses to be controlled. While it would be wise to give Old World securities a wide berth, it is more than probable that many of the leading South American securities will continue their upward course, the level of prices being still very moderate. The Argentine position is, as I explained last week, distinctly better, and the rise of some 3 points which has taken place in the Funding and 1886 Loans appears to be fully justified. Cable advices from Buenos Ayres state that Congress has at present the Budget, including the settlement of the National Debt before it, and that an arrangement

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concerning the Railway guarantees is also being negotiated. It is probable that in the case of the arrears of the guarantees, which amount to some £700,000, a further issue of Funding bonds will exceptionally be made, as it would be manifestly impossible to pay this sum in cash. The payment in Funding bonds would entail a charge of only some £35,000 per annum, and could, therefore, easily be accomplished. Then, as to the question of the settlement of the guarantees for the future, it is probable that the Argentine Government will offer, against a reduction in the amount, to give the Companies a free hand with the tariffs, and it is hoped that some arrangement will be come to which will, by settling once for all the doubtful points, and by ensuring punctual payments, prove of great advantage to the Companies. An improvement has already taken place in some of the guaranteed stocks, but these are still very cheap, and should be picked up, especially Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debenture stock, now standing at 35. Amongst the non-guaranteed stocks, Central Argentine Ordinary are again better at 57, and there has also been an improvement in Buenos Ayres, Great Southern, Western, and Rosario. I am glad to see that the absurd composition offered to the holders of Cordova Provincial bonds has been refused by these, and I really am surprised that Messrs. Morton, Rose, & Co., the issuing house, were not ashamed to submit it. I hope that not a single bondholder will accept the disgraceful proposal of this dishonest Province, in which case better terms will no doubt eventually be obtained. Chilians have also hardened, although the Valparaiso exchange moves but slowly up, and indulges in occasional relapses. Guatemala and Costa Rica bonds have advanced, as there seems to be little or no doubt about the payment of the next coupons. The cheapest amongst these are Costa Rica "B" at 44. Mexican Sixes have risen 2, to 58, and a semi-official announcement is made that the financial conditions of Mexico are far better than had been supposed, and that a sum of from £500,000 to £600,000 was untouched to the account of Mexico in the bonds of the name of Bleichroeder, apart from the full amount of the next coupon, which is in the hands of the Banco Nacional. If this be so, it may fairly be asked why Messrs. Bleichroeder have, some time ago, given currency to such extremely unfavourable views? Peruvian Corporation stocks have advanced on an increase in the railway traffics, but the Six per Cent. Debentures at 66, which are quite sure of their next coupon, are undoubtedly cheap, as are the Prefs. at 22, as a speculative stock. The one dark spot on the South American horizon is Brazil, where political ferment has caused a revolt in the fleet. Although I never had any doubt in the matter, I am glad to see the announcement that the funds for the payment of the Coupon due October 1 next on the bonds of the City of Mexico Five per Cent. Sterling Loan of 1889 have been punctually remitted by the Municipality and received by the Trustees and Executors Corporation in the usual course. These bonds have risen 5 per cent. during the week.

The Kaffir Circus.

The South African department is, curiously enough, the one market which has not felt the stimulating influence of the marked advance in American Railroad stocks. This was, perhaps, again due in part to a fresh set-back in Chartered British of South Africa shares, which dropped again temporarily to 18s. on the alarming news from Matabeleland which is causing Mr. Cecil Rhodes to hurry to the front. Things do not look well for his favourite Chartered Company, especially since the President of the Transvaal has forbidden the Boers to join in the fray. It will be an expensive job to import fighting men from Europe, and the Chartered Company's funds are low as it is. In the current issue of the Johannesburg *Standard* I find some very appropriate remarks upon the conduct of the Chartered officials. My contemporary objects very much to the disposition which is shown to underrate the danger which has been provoked. Had ordinary wisdom been shown the *Standard* thinks that the present difficulty would not have arisen, Lobengula having strictly commanded his warriors not to molest the white men upon any account. This is how my Johannesburg contemporary winds up:—

> And here, also, it may be said, we find in the case for the defence already expressed that a formal command to quit must have been submitted for your consent. Matabele, they must have told them to their King, to be peaceably, and in all probability there would have been no strife, no painful predicament for the feeble whites, but enclosed, with 7,000 of the Empire continent marching down upon them; and the great Chartered undertaking might have been carried to a successful issue without strife of any kind and by the peaceful process of time and persuasion. But your Chartered official and your Chartered shareholder have become impatient with the peaceful process, and now desire that the Colonial youth and Imperial Red jackets shall supply an impetus towards realisation of that yellow tinted dream of plunder that fills the imagination of the Imperial shareholder. Accordingly he courts a crisis, and asks the Imperial taxpayer to die that that crisis may be controlled, and that he may have dividends. It is a pretty programme, but South Africa is bound to spoil it.

The outlook for the Chartered exchequer is, in the meantime, very gloomy, for even if the trouble be avoided for the moment, it will have to be faced at no distant date. But what I cannot understand is that the weakness of these shares should still extend to the market for Transvaal Mining and Land shares, which have absolutely nothing in common with Mashonaland, while President Kruger has now even gone so far as to decree the strictest non-interference. Why should Randt shares be weak because the Chartered Company pick a quarrel with Lobengula? Look at the excellent work which is at present being done in the Witwatersrandt Mines, the total crushings of which during the month of August have reached 136,069 oz., beating the record (July, 126,169 oz.) by 10,000 oz. When some years ago prices were unduly inflated, I had occasion to sound a serious warning. Then came the inevitable collapse which proved a blessing in disguise, as instead of the mere starting and working of mines for the public to sink its money in, and of rigging the market in order to foist the shares upon the investor, systematic and honest work was undertaken with the object of obtaining regular and increasing returns. Crushings have increased steadily, the reef has been proved at depth, the McArthur-Forrest process is being applied to the tailings, thus increasing the productive power of the mines very largely, yet prices are at comparatively a low level. Time was when Durban Roodepoort shares stood at 11; they are now down to 4¾. Crown Reefs were quoted at 10½, against their present price of 7; Ferreira, 25¾, against present price of 7½; Jubilee, 10½, against present price of 6⅝; Jumpers, 20⅜, against present price of 2¼; Meyer & Charlton, 14, again present price of 5¾; Simmer & Jack, 11⅜, against present price of 3¾, &c. All these mines are now paying large dividends, and yield a handsome return on present prices. Investors should therefore take time by the forelock and buy while the present level of prices prevails, instead of finally rushing in when quotations have advanced two or three points. Some of the crushings call for special reference. The Geldenhuis has had an excellent crushing of 5,105 oz. of gold in August, with a profit of £9,400, against 3,998 oz. and £6,400 profit in July. An interim dividend of 15 per cent. is also declared. The Salisbury crushing in August yielded 2,409 oz., against 2,100 oz. in July, the Nigel obtaining 4,556 oz. in August, against 4,072 oz. in July. The Glencairn obtained 2,111 oz. in August, with fifty stamps running twenty-nine days, but the September output is expected to show a considerable increase. Dealings have taken place in South Simmer and Jack at from 1 to 1⅛. Estimates from Johannesberg foreshadow a total output for the current year of 1,500,000 oz., which would be an advance of 25 per cent. on 1892, while that year showed an advance of 66 per cent. over 1891. Afrikander shares have again been dealt in at 1⅜, but a sharp rise is expected shortly in view

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

of the growing output. It is also stated that the mine looks very well at the fourth level. Oceana and Oceana Development shares have been firm, and may at any moment take a jump. A crushing of the Silati River Gold Mining Company, from August 14 to August 31, of 220 tons for 452 oz. of gold was most satisfactory. De Beers Diamond shares have improved, but New Jagersfontein are dull.

INDIAN, AMERICAN, AND AUSTRALIAN MINES.

The speculation in Mysore Reefs has been overdone, and, after a further rise, they are back again at 9s. With regard to Mysore Gold, which are easier, the falling off in the output in the past month was foreshadowed in the fortnightly reports, which stated that the quartz had become poorer. The value of the Reef fluctuates, but the manager looks forward to the stone being richer again a short time hence. In the meantime, the Ooregum is to the fore, with an output of 6,512 oz. for August. Amongst American Mines, Colombian Hydraulics are 2s. 6d. higher, and St. John Del Rey have recovered slightly. The decease of Mr. John Hockin, who has, as Chairman and Managing Director, been connected with this Mine for forty years, means, of course, a serious loss to this Company. The Palmarejo Mine appears to be in an unpleasant position, and it may be hoped that the shareholders' committee will find a way out of it. Don Pedro have improved, but Tolima are down, notwithstanding a satisfactory return. The following cablegram has been received at the office of the Springdale Gold Mining Company from Denver, Colorado:—"We are making rapid progress, expect shipments will commence about September 20." This, of course, means that shipments of ore are about to be made to the reduction works, and that, consequently, the Company will be in early receipt of returns. The shares are firmer at 3s. 3d. to 3s. 9d. The following letter, which has been received from the Secretary of the Caratal Mining Company, fully confirms my previous remarks with regard to the general value of this property:—

57, Moorgate-street, September 11, 1893.

I am instructed to inform you that a very exhaustive report upon the tailings and mine was received from Mr. Skertchly by the last mail, confirming his cable advices. After testing the tailings by upwards of 300 assays he recommends their treatment by cyanide, and the Directors are now in communication with him by cable to ascertain if he will undertake the superintendence of this and be prepared to commence immediately. He has no doubt as to the richness and value of the mine, and thinks it can be worked simultaneously with the tailings.

Dealings in Australian mines remain restricted, and there are few upward movements. Broken Hill Proprietary are the turn lower, although there is no fresh development. Amongst Queensland mines, Bonnie Dundee are firmer. Prospects of the Brilliant Gold Mine are improving, as better ore has been reached in the lower levels. The Cravens Caledonia is doing well, and there is every prospect of the 3d. dividends continuing.

WIDOWS' FINANCE.

I referred last week to offers which had been received by some of my correspondents of ten Founders' shares (£10, fully paid) in the Alliance Financial Corporation, Limited, at £10. 10s., from Mr. H. Norman Wilson, of 30, Regent's Park-road, N.W., and Mrs. A. Stampe, of 7, Lambourne-road, Clapham, S.W. I have now received from two other correspondents letters with which they have been favoured by a Mrs. A. Gordon Edwardes, also of 30, Regent's Park-road, which, curiously enough, are exactly identical with the letter indited by Mrs. Stampe, the only difference being in the address and signature. The following are copies of the epistles of the two widows:—

MRS. STAMPE'S LETTER.

7, Lambourne-road,
Clapham, S.W.
August 25, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the unfortunate death of my husband three months since, I am compelled to dispose of my ten Founders' shares in the Alliance Financial Company. They are £10-shares, fully paid up. I bought them some twelve months ago, paying £130 for them. My husband not having made proper provision for me, I am forced to sell these shares. Dividends of 30 and 35 per cent. were paid on these shares for the last two years. As I am in urgent need of the money, I would accept £115 for the whole of them to realise quickly, having some pressing liabilities to meet. The Secretary of the Company, at 19 and 21, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C., would forward you any further particulars you might require. I am informed that these shares are worth about £20 each, but the difficulty is to find a private purchaser just at the present time. To those who have the money available, this would prove an excellent investment. The favour of a reply by return will greatly oblige.—Yours truly,

A. STAMPE.

P.S.—A friend gave me your name, in confidence, as an investor.

MRS. EDWARDES' LETTER.

Avondale,
30, Regent's Park-road, N.W.
September 5, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the unfortunate death of my husband, three months ago, I am compelled to dispose of my twelve Founders' shares in the Alliance Financial Company, Limited. They are £10 shares, fully paid up. I bought them about twelve months ago, paying £150 for them. My husband not having made proper provision for me, I am forced to sell these shares. Dividends of 30 and 35 per cent. were paid on these shares for the last two years. As I am in urgent need of the money, I would accept £125 for the whole of them to realise quickly, having some pressing liabilities to meet. The Secretary of the Company, 19 and 21, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., would forward you any further particulars you might require. I am informed that these shares are worth £20 each, but the difficulty is to find a private purchaser just at present. To those who have the money available, this would prove an excellent investment. The favour of a reply by return will greatly oblige.—Yours truly,

A. GORDON EDWARDES.

P.S.—A friend gave me your name in confidence as an investor.

It is, indeed, a strange coincidence that there should exist two widows who lost their husbands three months ago and who are compelled to dispose of ten or twelve Founders' shares respectively in the Alliance Financial Corporation. I asked last week if Mr. H. Norman Wilson, who also offered ten of these shares, knew Mrs. Stampe. I now ask if Mrs. Stampe knows Mrs. Gordon Edwardes, and I am more than curious to know what may be the real value of Alliance Financial Corporation Founders' shares.

MY LETTER BOX.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

GOVERNMENT, &c., BONDS.

Z. X. Y.—Yes, the funds for the payment of the October coupon of the City of Mexico bonds have been remitted, and its payment will, as usual, be advised in the middle of September. *Camberley.*—No, I do not advise purchase of these bonds, least of all the Lottery bonds. The return is very small. *Delta.*—I cannot undertake to reply by letter, and I do not accept any fee. I thought my remark would sufficiently explain itself. The late Governor of Entre Rios stated some time ago that it would be impossible for the Province to resume cash payments at the end of the Funding arrangement. This throws a doubt upon the whole settlement, and that is why I advised you to defer a further purchase; but if you like to run the risk, you can, of course, buy at once. Matters in Argentina are looking up, and there seems to be a more honest spirit abroad. *Beta.*—You have too large a proportion of New South Wales stock amongst your Colonial investments. I consider New Zealand and Queensland the best Australian stocks. The rest of the Colonial investments are all right. I do not like Australian Land Companies. The Canadian Pacific Land Grant bonds are first rate, and so are, of course, Great Western Prefs. There is no fault to find with the Rupee investment or the Chilian Railway Debenture stock, and Argentine Great Western are, I think, on the eve of a marked improvement, in common with other Argentine guaranteed railways.

BANKS, TRUSTS, AND FINANCIAL.

T. L.—Although the authorised capital is £1,000,000, only £139,420 has been subscribed, and £69,710 or £5 per share called up. This should, under ordinary circumstances, be sufficient to make a start, but I cannot see how the Company can prove remunerative. You should, of course, insist upon obtaining a policy. *H. S., Fraserburgh.*—I cannot reply by letter. If you run a speculative account, you are answerable for the differences, and I should be the last to encourage the repudiation of justly

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carrier-street, S.W.

incurred debts. Dishonest speculators plead the Gambling Act, but even then success is very doubtful. The question is, of course, if the amount is pretty safe. *Scotsman.*—No, I do not consider the outside firm named reliable. You should deal with a member of the Stock Exchange. *Verax.*—I have a very poor opinion of the scope of this Insurance Company, and should advise you to sell the shares if you can. *T. J. O.*—Depend upon it, whatever money you stake with outside brokers of this sort, will, in the long run, not come back to you. At the same time the firm in question meets, at present, all its engagements. *B. C. D.*—The fall appears to be due to some inside selling, but I have not been able to ascertain the reason. *Green Boys.*—I should say that such a call is not likely at present, but the Company's last circular gave information on this point. Should business generally improve these shares will no doubt recover. *B. B.*—After the heavy fall the Trust stocks, Nos. 1 to 5, had better be held, as there seems to be a fair chance of a recovery. *B. H. S., County Cork.*—I do not reply by letter. I advise you not to deal with the concern in question. *Blast Furnace.*—I do not like the system of these people, and should advise you to give them a wide berth. *J. S.*—I have already expressed my view of the syndicates of Harvey, Macdonald, & Co, of Dublin. Have nothing to do with them. *Stone Bro.*—1. I cannot advise you about the investment of the £1,200 Trust money before knowing the terms of the Trust. 2. Yes, you had better hold after the heavy fall. 3. You might buy a few Afrikander Gold, Caistal Gold, and South Simmer and Jack Gold Mining shares for the little speculation you intend to enter into. *S. S. G. M.*—You do not give the broker's full address. A member of the Stock Exchange of this name has offices in that street, but if the firm deals in syndicates, it must be an outside concern, to which you should give a wide berth. You should send me their circular.

Home Rails.

T. O.—I really could not undertake to say that the time to buy low-priced Railway stocks has come, but I think that some revival will take place before the end of the year. *Dora.*—Dover "A" are cheap at the reduction, but, unless traffics improve, there will be no sustained upward movement in Brighton "A," but there is a large "bear" account, which may cause a sharp, if temporary, rise.

American and Foreign Rails.

Clancy, Cork.—The Goschen stamp having been charged to you, you should insist that it be affixed by your broker. *J. J.*—You had better hold your Denvers, they will improve again in the long run, and it is doubtful whether you would get in lower again if you should sell now. *J. H.*—Certainly hold your Denver Four per Cent. First Mortgage bonds after the sharp fall, the interest is safe. *P. A. M.*—1. I should not advise you, in case you want to make the investment, to buy only one particular stock, but to spread it over, say, Louisville, Milwaukee, Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds, &c. Nothing has transpired concerning any sale of Louisville shares by the Company, but you will have seen that I asked the question last week. 2. The day of declaration of the Milwaukee dividend is September 14, but I cannot predict if it will be paid or not. 3. Impossible to say. *Highfield.*—Respecting Nitrate Rails there is a great deal of irresponsible talk. I do not attribute much importance to the other concessions, and I should hold. Thanks for your remark. *S. I. H.*—You should hold your Erie Second Mortgage bonds. There may be some rearrangement, but the bonds should recover again. *F. H.*—The Harbour bonds and Debentures are fair investments, but no catch. I should prefer sound United States Railroad bonds. *C. R., Uppingham.*—1 and 2. Hold your Louisville, but spread your further investment purchase over Milwaukees and Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. 3. No; I should say that you had better await the course of affairs in Mexico, which depends so largely upon the future of silver. *J. N., Plymouth.*—There is no reason why you should not buy on the present reaction Louisville, Reading Fours, and First Incomes. *Austin.*—Mobile and Birmingham bonds should be held now, as the general position is improving. *Old Salt.*—1. Rumours of a falling off in the dividend and of competition from new concessions have been about, but there seems to be little in them. Yes, the Mortgage bonds are a very fair investment. 2. You should keep the Nigel shares. 3. No reason to sell Mysore Gold shares. See remarks in to-day's letter. *A. M. C.*—You have too heavy a stake in Canadian Railway stocks, and should take an opportunity to reduce this—not now, however, as they are on the up grade. This applies to Nos. 6, 7, and 9. No. 4 was a very bad investment; I have always warned my readers of these small Canadian lines. Hold Nos. 1 (it is a pity you did not sell when I advised this) and 2 for a recovery. I cannot advise a sale of No. 3 now. No. 8 is a first-class bond. I do not like Australian Land Companies, and should advise you to get out of No. 10 when an opportunity offers. No reason to sell Nos. 11 or 13 now. You must take your own decision about Colliery property like No. 12, but it would, no doubt, be a bad time to sell now.

Mining Shares.

Cromer.—Both the Mines mentioned are promising; in fact, you cannot go far wrong in buying sound Witwatersrand Mines at present price, although coming Mines, like Afrikander, Buffelsdoorn, or South Simmer and Jack might be a better purchase. See under "The Kaffir Circus." *Scotus.*—Hold your Mozambique Land shares, but do not buy more to average until I tell you to do so. *W. E.*—Prospects of the Silati River Gold Mine are decidedly encouraging, in view of the crushing for August, reference to which is made under "The Kaffir Circus." *Hard Hit.*—The consolidation of the North East Rand Gold Mining Company is highly desirable, and the collapse, after all the puffing, still stranger. I have never recommended the concern, and I quite agree with you that the position and management should be investigated by the shareholders. *Ira L.*—You have been quite right to buy Caistals, and you should keep them. The position of Broken Hill Proprietary is not unpromising, but all must, of course, depend upon the price of silver in the future. I should say that the Queensland Mines will recover again. *E. K.*—The position of both these low-priced Mining shares is promising, but I should prefer Caistals to the others. *Twice Sold.*—All the shares mentioned by you are a promising position and should be held for a recovery. The engineer referred to is the same. Poormans are a fair speculation for a small amount. Although the Trust undertaking mentioned by you has weathered recent troubles very satisfactorily, I do not recommend the investment. *Midland, Derby.*—A reply to you was inserted at the time. These Mining shares should be held as some better development are on the cards. The matter is now pending. You may rest assured that I am watching it very carefully. *Gloster A.*—Yes; the brokerage on the New York Central is far too heavy. Certainly hold the mining shares, B, C, and D. Whenever the next revival comes, they will advance. I have so frequently expressed my views on British Chartered shares (E) and the Allied stocks (F), that I am surprised you have not sold out when they were at much higher prices. *D. C. D.*—The annual report of the African Gold Recovery Company is about to be issued, and will give you the information you require. Stanhopes are a fair purchase, but no catch. *Zouts.*—1. The shares should be held, as they are certain of a recovery. What you refer to is absurd talk. 2. Both the Companies referred to have been reconstructed, and are supposed to be doing well. There is, unfortunately, nothing for it but to await results. 3. This Company has been grossly mismanaged, and is in liquidation. Yet the undertaking in itself was good, and the process valuable. *M. T., Ryde.*—If I were a holder of St. John del Rey, I should not sell at present, but I should not buy more. *E. S., Leeds.*—The Tesoro Mine seems to be in a hopeless condition. In many quarters the Loma Mine is thought to be valuable, but the Company's funds will soon be exhausted. *M. K. V.*—The address of the New Moss Rose Company is at 1, Crosby-square, E.C.

Industrial Companies.

Lucas.—I am not very keen as to advising investment in Australian Industrial investments yet, but the two stocks named are substantial and cheap. *Willesden.*—I am afraid the outlook for the shareholders in Sykes' Brewery Company, Limited, is very bad; but I have always warned my readers of this concern. The liquidators, Messrs. L. H. Elkington & Co., Birmingham, should, however, be able to give you fuller information. *Militia.*—If you place money into Industrial stocks you must, of course, run the risk of further declines through the trade depression. Of the seven investments mentioned, I do not like No. 1, as its occupation seems to be going, nor No. 5. The rest are fair value at the price. *R. J. P., Paisley*—These Oil shares are not dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, and I am sorry not to be able to advise you. *In the Dark.*—You should write to the assistant-secretary at 100, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., for information. I must confess that I do not like the concern much, and I do not think that it was well subscribed for here.

Mixed Investments.

Mac.—If you *must* sell, you had better realise A, but, if possible, keep both, as they will recover. City of Mexico bonds (B) are a good investment, and the October coupon will be paid. *L. P. C.*—1. The Union Bank of Australia is one of the best Australian Banks, and has safely passed through the crisis. 2. Why have you disregarded my repeated warning about these American Mortgage Companies, which I emphatically repeated last week? Now it is the turn of the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company to make default in interest payments. 3. Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Debentures are an excellent investment. *Ink-pot.*—The French Company is said to be doing well, and the shares will probably obtain a return in time. Hold African Gold Recovery shares. The position is excellent, and no other process has the ghost of a chance in South Africa. See remarks under "The Kaffir Circus." *June.*—No, policy-holders have no liability. Yes, Transvaal Government Five per Cent. bonds (1) are a good investment. The bonds Nos. 2 and 3 are all right, but No. 3 is not exactly a catch. Nos. 5 and 6 are good bonds, and the Insurance Company No. 7 is one of the wealthiest American offices. *Revisesco.*—1. The reason of the depression of Nitrate rails was chiefly the spreading of rumours concerning rival concessions, which are not, however, considered to be of any importance. 2. Yes, Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds are advancing again. 3. Yes, quite safe. 4. No reason to sell Mysore now. See remarks under "Indian, American, and Australian Mines." 5. The outlook for the Northern Pacific Company is more favourable. You must have patience. 6. Yes, hold. 7. Hold these also; prospects are by no means bad. 8. Hold, they will improve. No reason to sell Nos. 9 and 10 now.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kepteverywhere.

Various Investments.

Rupee paper has hardened again to 66 on the impression that something will be done by the Indian Government to raise the value of the rupee, and a loan is again being talked of. Silver has recovered to 34½d., notwithstanding the certainty that the Repeal Bill will be passed in the United States Senate, and it now remains to be seen if the actual fact that the purchases of silver are discontinued by the United States Government will affect the value of the white metal. The "Bear" squeeze in Mexican rails made further progress on the receipt of a satisfactory traffic return, but prices are now below the highest. The chief dealings are in the First Prefs., which are quoted 67½, and in these alone an active market can be looked for. Mr. Mackusick's Second Prefs. are a dead market at 40, which is, by the way, a great deal too high for them. In a prospectus recently issued by the National Investment and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, of Broad-street House, Old Broad-street, E.C., offering £500,000 Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures at 97½ per cent., the statement is made prominently in red ink that, "These debentures form an exceptionally safe security, inasmuch as they are absolutely guaranteed as to payment of the principal by the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society." One of my correspondents thereupon applied to that society for information, and received the following reply:—

> Referring to your reply, I beg to say that the reference to us in the recently-issued Debenture Prospectus of this Corporation is entirely unauthorised as well as misleading, as we had merely been in correspondence as to terms, &c., for a capital redemption insurance, and their proposal to effect one had not even been before the Board. Their suggestion throughout the prospectus is that we "are guaranteeing the Debentures, and consequently are in some way mixed up with the undertaking and responsible for it. I need hardly say that we do not transact "guarantee business," and *could* not have given the "unconditional guarantee" which was suggested. We have insisted on the withdrawal of the prospectus, and the issue to every one who has received a copy of a circular fully explaining the matter.

The whole matter has an ugly look, and it is strange that such a statement should ever have appeared in the prospectus. Being a *suggestio falsi*, it, of course, invalidates the prospectus, and every subscriber would have the right to withdraw his application. That is what I should do at once had I applied for these Debentures. A slight recovery has taken place in American Brewery shares, on orders from Chicago, which seems to regain some of its purchasing power. The Denver United Brewery announces a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30, with a large carry forward. The following communication touches a point of Company law, which undoubtedly requires the serious consideration of our legislators:—

> Can nothing be done to alter the Companies Act, so that the Public Prosecutor or some Government Official might be appointed to investigate the conduct of Directors of ruined Companies? Directors, so soon as they have made away with the capital of their fellow shareholders, have a facility for slipping out of harness and vanishing without a stain on their character or respectability, leaving a liquidator to sell the skin and pick the bones of the carcase so long as anything remains to remunerate him. By the way, do liquidators ever have to render an account of their intromissions? I should imagine not, for I am reminded of the Dry Dock Corporation of London, Limited, which was started in January, 1886, and when the capital was all called up it was placed in the hands of a liquidator the same year, and although seven years have elapsed, the unfortunate shareholders have never been favoured with any information as to what became of their capital. Possibly the liquidator, in deference to the feelings of the Directors, is waiting till they are all defunct and buried in docks along with the shareholders' funds.—Yours respectfully, Scotus.
>
> September 6, 1893.

The above is one of many inquiries which I have recently received respecting the unfortunate Dry Dock Corporation of London, Limited. Will the liquidator himself state how the liquidation has proceeded?—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

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QUEER STORY;

THE MUGGLETON LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

"WELL, Pushington, what do you think of the news? Have you ever seen or heard of this fellow Smasher before?"

"No, Gus, I have never seen him play. I have seen his name in the papers once or twice, but that is all I know of him. I never thought of him for a moment as likely to give us all such a surprise as this."

"Well, I am jolly glad he has done it. It does these chaps who have had it all their own way for so long no end of good to have the conceit taken out of them at last."

This conversation took place on the day after that exciting day at Wimbledon, so memorable to all interested in lawn tennis, when the mighty champion of six years' standing had been thoroughly and fairly beaten by a youthful and comparatively unknown player, after a long and exciting struggle. Full reports had, of course, appeared in the papers, and the news had just reached the remote country town of Muggleton, whose inhabitants, or, at any rate, whose tennis players, are quite as much, if not more, excited the day after the event than those thousands who witnessed the struggle on the All England Championship Court at Wimbledon.

Arthur Pushington was the Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Club at Muggleton, and Augustus Howisthat was the Muggleton champion. Everybody agrees that it is entirely owing to the indomitable energy of Mr Pushington that the Muggleton Lawn Tennis Club is as successful as it is—and if there is one thing Muggleton prides itself on, it is its tennis club. The club has its enemies, of course, like everything truly great, whether an institution or an individual; enemies such as the clubs of the neighbouring towns and villages round about, which cannot produce a player who comes within challenging distance of the Muggleton champion. The members of these ill-natured clubs may talk as they like and say that the reason for the pre-eminence of the Muggletonians in tennis is owing to there being nothing else for the inhabitants to do, and that if it were not for the annual lawn tennis tournament held there the Muggletonians would never be more than half awake. But no one heeds malevolent slanders of this character, and each member of the Muggleton club, and especially the Honorary Secretary himself, thinks he is engaged in promoting the interests of and raising the standard of play in the great national game.

For some years past, Muggleton has annually held a grand tennis tournament, open to all amateur lawn tennis players, with special events for local players; but, up to the time of our story, the entries for the open and district events had been wofully similar. In spite of circulars and programmes being sent yearly to all the known players in the world, it is a remarkable fact that none of the illustrious cracks had ever thought it worth their while to compete with Mr. Howisthat for the Diamond Championship Badge, presented to the Muggleton Tennis Club by Sir Henry Portliman, M.P., the Squire of Portly Hall.

"My dearest Bertha, have you heard the news?"

The questioner was Miss Amelia Jones, who had dashed breathless and excited, into her friend Miss Marshall's drawing-room, some few weeks after the Wimbledon meeting.

"The news, my dear? What news?" asked Miss Marshall.

"About the new champion."

"Do you mean Smasher, the All-England champion Of course, I know he won the match at Wimbledon."

"Yes; but do you know he has entered for the tournament—our tournament—at Muggleton? They are holding a Committee meeting now. Get on your things, my dear, and let us go. I am longing to hear all about it."

Such a temptation was not to be resisted, and Miss Marshall was not long in arranging her outdoor costume

nd the two young ladies hurried to the ground, just in time o hear the Secretary read the champion's letter for the wentieth time. It ran :—

I have heard often of your Open Tournament, and of the dmirable way in which it is managed. [Pushington coughed ightly here.] I shall be in your neighbourhood at the time for hich your meeting is advertised, and should esteem it a favour if ou would enter me for all the open events, and find me partners r the doubles. Would you mind letting me know about the otels? Which is the best to put up at?

It was unanimously agreed that this was the most elightful letter ever written, and there are some who say hat when the letter was passed round for inspection, Miss Jones furtively raised it to her lips; but she was lways impulsive and passionate, and in the general xcitement nothing was said about it.

The question for consideration was what was to be done nder the circumstances? To allow the illustrious masher to go to the "Dog and Duck," Muggleton's ne inn, was out of the question.

"Somebody must put him up," said the Secretary; and who so likely to do it as the President, Sir Henry ortliman? Is he not always eager to entertain any llustrious stranger who visits the neighbourhood? I ropose that a deputation be appointed to call on Sir lenry, and ask him to entertain the great champion, who as done the club so great an honour."

This proposition was received with loud cheers, and arried *nem. con.*

Sir Henry, who was M.P. for the district, was only too elighted to do anything which promised a little *éclat* nd popularity, and an invitation was accordingly sent, nd graciously accepted by the great Smasher. Time ent on with leaden steps to the excited Muggletonians, ut at last the day before the great tournament arrived. he champion was expected at noon, having signi- ed his wish to see something of the picturesque part f Muggleton before settling down to the serious business f the hour. Once more Miss Jones had the delightful ask of telling her bosom friend the latest news.

"I have just seen him driving up to the Hall. He is ntrancingly handsome, and looks so strong and active I ould have told he was a player, and a great player, if I ad not known it was he."

"What luck you have!" exclaimed her friend. "Is he t all like his portraits in the illustrated papers? They re often mere vile caricatures."

"The portraits do him no justice at all, my dear. He s perfectly delightful, and I am to play with him in the oubles. They are to be drawn this afternoon. I nly hope he won't look at me much with those ovely dark eyes, or I shall never be able to play."

Next morning the local papers were full of the great vent. The thoughtful Secretary had not forgotten to end a detailed account of the draw to the county papers nd others of wider circulation, so that all the world night know, and envy, the good fortune of the Muggleton lub in securing the presence of the player of the day. t would seem, in fact, as though every member of the lub had read all the accounts in all the papers, for they ppeared to be swelling with pride and importance as they ssembled on the ground very early, arrayed in all the lory of spotless flannels on the part of the men, and n that of the ladies the smartest costumes that emale ingenuity could devise. It had been raining hard luring the night, but the hot sun and a stiff breeze had ucceeded in drying the courts, apparently for the very pur- ose (as Miss Jones observed to Mr. Augustus Howisthat) f showing to the best advantage the terrific hard-hitting f Smasher, the redoubtable champion. There had been dinner-party at the Hall the previous night.

"Ah, Mr. Howisthat," said Miss Jones, with much nodesty, "you cannot tell how I trembled with fear and delight when I found it was my lot to sit next to him at linner. I felt that all the burden of the conversation would fall upon me, for Lady Portliman could not be expected to know much about tennis; indeed, I overheard ner make a dreadful remark about a bisque, which he either did not hear, or pretended not to, for which I was very thankful."

"Well, I could not hear much of his conversation seeing I was right at the other end of the table," rejoined her companion in rather an aggrieved tone. "But I was told he did not talk much about tennis."

"No, I think he imagined we should have enough tennis during the week, so he turned the conversation into another channel, and talked most delightfully on every subject. Ah, there he is!"

It was rather a shock to the Muggleton tennis players when the mighty champion appeared on the ground, for he was arrayed in a faultless cool grey suit, carrying his gloves and a stick, and with no suggestion about his costume of playing tennis. He, however, talked very affably with his acquaintances of the night before, especially with Miss Jones, and displayed great interest in the "draw," from which he learned that he was to play Mr. Howisthat in the first round this afternoon. Mr. Pushington suggested that 3.30 would be a convenient time for the match, when all the élite of the neighbourhood will have assembled on the ground. Smasher consented without demur, and then proceeded to discuss with Miss Jones the merits of the local players who were contending for the district events.

"Ah, my dear Bertha," said Miss Jones to her friend, when Mr. Smasher had left the ground and gone up to the Hall for lunch, "he is the most perfect gentleman I ever met. Did you notice how grave and polite he looked when we were watching that dreadful Mrs. Knockabout making such an idiot of herself on the court? How a married woman of her age and size can play in tournaments, as she does, I cannot think. She is a disgrace to our club, and I am sure any one with a smaller mind than Mr. Smasher would have laughed outright when she fell down and went right through the net—one of our new nets, too, just bought for the tournament."

"Well," remarked the Muggleton champion, who had just joined them, and was beginning to get rather sick of the new hero, "I wish he would wake up and show us a little of his form. We have not even seen him touch a racquet yet, and however much of a champion he may be, he certainly does not look like a player at all in my estimation. What do you think, Miss Marshall?"

"One never can tell from outside appearances what a man can do," responded Miss Marshall, discreetly. "Wait till this afternoon, at half-past three, and then, no doubt, Mr. Howisthat will find out to his cost whether the champion can play or not."

The afternoon's play at last commenced in earnest. The wind, which had troubled all the players a good deal in the morning, and more particularly the energetic Mrs. Knockabout, dropped completely, and left the blazing sun in full possession. It was perfect tennis weather, and Mr. Pushington congratulated himself, as he saw the ground filling rapidly, on the greatest success ever achieved by the Muggleton Club. In spite of the short notice, the news of the champion's arrival had spread round the country side, and all the country squires with their wives and families assembled in force, totally ignorant though, as most of them were, about the game. Some came to view their friends, some to display or criticise new costumes, some because everybody else was coming; but most of the people who filled the Grand Stand (specially erected at an enormous cost for the occasion), and the standing places round the nets, had come to see the All-England champion, and they were assured by those who knew that they would not be disappointed.

About three o'clock, the carriage from the Hall arrived, and Sir Henry and Lady Portliman got out. The spectators looked in vain for the interesting guest, but the Secretary learned from Sir Henry that Mr. Smasher had gone for a stroll after lunch, and had promised to turn up at the ground in time to play his match at 3.30. The President took his seat, and hoped that the Muggleton Club would play pluckily and make a good game against the illustrious stranger. Mr. Augustus Howisthat was observed to be growing considerably paler as the time goes on and the hour of his certain annihilation approached. A quarter past three chimed from the church clock, and there was not a seat to be had round the championship court. Those spectators who had an inch or two of height above their fellow-enthusiasts were envied as lucky

individuals, who will see, over the people's heads, something of the game.

Half-past three struck, and still the champion tarried. The little Secretary, true to his energetic character, had been doing abnormal feats of agility in the way of being in several places at once, and was much hotter than the hardest pressed player, not even excluding Mrs. Knockabout. He was extremely harassed by the incessant inquiries after the champion, and was just wondering whether the game he was playing was worth all the trouble he was giving it, when a telegram was placed in his hands. It purported to come from "D. Smasher," and inquired why that individual's name had appeared in the papers as having entered for the Muggleton Tournament. Poor little Mr. Pushington wiped the perspiration from his brow and gazed at the clock. It was past four, and there were still no signs of the champion.

With a horrible foreboding, the little Secretary took the telegram which he had received to Sir Henry Portliman, and suggested that some one should be sent up to the Hall to inquire after Mr. Smasher. Sir Henry insisted on driving off for the purpose himself. Ten minutes later he was standing in the guest-chamber lately occupied by Mr. Smasher, reading a letter he had found on the dressing-table. It ran thus:—

> If every one enjoys the Muggleton Tournament as much as I have done, and gets as much profit out of the meeting, it will be an unqualified success. I have taken the diamond badge, as well as her Ladyship's jewels, partly because I admired it so much last night when it was handed round for inspection, and partly because I thought it a pity that the Champion should lose the prize because he had to leave earlier than was expected.

On inspection it was found that Lady Portliman's jewel-case had been rifled, and that the diamond championship badge had also disappeared. Although everything possible was done, the thief got clear away, and was never seen again. It was a crushing blow to the Muggleton Club, for Sir Henry Portliman withdrew his important patronage and support, and Miss Amelia Jones, who was one of its most enthusiastic players, was not at home to any callers for a week after the great tournament, and was never seen on the Muggleton lawn tennis ground again.

MUSIC.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Worcester Festival, which is being held this week, provides an agreeable outing for some of the county families, while on "Messiah" day the city is literally invaded by the clergy of the district. A few enthusiasts, who know by experience the imposing effect of the great oratorios when performed in these venerable Cathedrals, also come from Oxford, London, Birmingham, and elsewhere, but otherwise the Festival, bare as it is of any sort of novelty, is of no general musical interest whatever, and of so little account do the local people deem it that they do not even take the trouble to form a choir of their own, preferring the lazy expedient of importing the best choristers from Leeds. The Festival is again, of course, given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the local Anglican clergy, as the unfortunate choir singers were robbed of their share by the Church party rather more than 140 years ago. The Three Choir Festivals were founded early in the seventeenth century by the choir singers and musical amateurs of three Cathedral cities solely for their mutual improvement in music. The profit was not for their own benefit, but to advance the art and to assist the poorer musicians. Well-paid Bishops, Deans, and other clerical bigwigs, however, soon hankered after a share in the money thus earned. They gravely suggested that the meetings should be supplemented by services and sermons, and that the two parties should divide the swag. The singers, who were under the control of the Cathedral authorities, could not very well help themselves. The contract was solemnly committed to writing, and in the original prospectus of the reconstituted Musical Festival, issued by the Chancellor of Hereford in 1724, it was expressly stated that the proceeds were for the widows and orphans of the clergy, "and of the members of the three respective choirs." Having thus coolly bagged half the cash, the clerical authorities blithely set about the task of annexing the remainder. It took them twenty-eight years to do it, but although the musicians made a stout fight, they were at last beaten. Indeed, the poor choristers were hopelessly outmatched from the first, because if they resisted, Dean and Chapter could have made it remarkably warm for them. However, they succeeded in staving the matter off until 1751, when under the ridiculous plea that the choirmen were paid for singing (it never occurred to the clergy that they also were paid, and well paid, for preaching), the widows and orphans of the musicians were for ever deprived of all share in the funds, the whole of which were now seized for the clerical charities. Emboldened by success, an attempt was, a few years later, even made to secure a portion of the money for the parsons themselves, but this was too much of a good thing, and the purses of the poorer clergy are now refreshed only by special donations and bequests. The proceeds of the Festivals average £1,000 a year, derived solely from contributions; as, owing mainly to faulty management there is only upon the rarest occasions a profit upon the performances themselves, and the stewards are usually called upon to make up a deficit. It is now perhaps too late in the day for the musicians to recover the share of which they have been so unjustly deprived, while it may safely be said that, with the maw of the Established Church upon it, not a penny of the money is ever likely to escape to a Roman Catholic or Dissenting charity, although musicians of all religious denominations take part in the performances. But the experiment is, nevertheless, worth a trial by musicians of organising a musical festival on their own account. The proceeds of a musical festival earning £1,000 a year might be usefully employed in the foundation of travelling or other musical scholarships, or in the production of unfamiliar works, or the relief of necessitous musicians. Hitherto the boot has been altogether upon one leg. Music has drawn many thousands of pounds to the clerical charities of Worcester; although it never seems to have occurred to the authorities to organise a performance or a service for the benefit—say, of the Royal Society of Musicians.

If it were advisable to revive at the Gaiety one of the Henderson-Farnie operas at all, the choice could hardly have fallen upon a better work than M. Audran's "Mascotte." M. Planquette's "Rip Van Winkle" may, perhaps, possess a more dramatic story, but the part of the venerable sleeper seems somehow sacred to the memory of Fred Leslie. The "Mascotte," on the other hand, is a very fair example of the absurdities which amused some of us a dozen years since, and, at any rate, it boasts a good deal more fun and freshness of melody than any of the (botched or unbotched) French importations of recent years. Moreover, it is an old favourite, and the experience of the "Bohemian Girl" has amply proved that an average after-dinner British opera-goer loves the tunes he knows best. Doubtless, if it had been produced as a new opera in the present day the "Mascotte" would not have stood much chance. Audiences would not appreciate the young turkey-keeper who sings "Glou-glou," with an accent that would deceive no real bird, and whose fame as an animated porte-bonheur suffices to transfer her from the poultry-farm to the Palace. They also might resent the intrusion of the bald-headed monarch of comic opera, who leers at the girls and violently assaults his Prime Minister, and they would assuredly laugh to scorn the army of twelve which invades the Palace of Piombino, and, thanks mainly to the military experience of a shepherd, totally defeats the defending force. In the old form of comic opera all this nonsense was taken for granted, and even now, thanks to the vivacity of Miss St. John and Miss Phyllis Broughton, and to the attractiveness of a crowd of pretty girls clad in the scantiest of tunics and with the amplest display of tights, the "Mascotte" on Saturday again went merrily enough. The introduction of political allusions into a light after-dinner piece of this character is, however, a mistake. I am bound to say that the applause drowned

the "hoo-ings" when the King remarked to his dependent, "Don't you think you ought to change your name from Jonah to Joseph now you are my Chamberlain?" But we have quite enough of the tedder sort of political wit on the platform and in Parliament, and do not want it in the theatre.

Mr. Sims Reeves, after solemnly taking leave of the public at the Albert Hall in 1891, came out again at the Promenade Concerts on Monday. He is announced once more for next Monday, after which he will probably again retire into private life. The truth is there is but the smallest excuse for his reappearance. If he had suddenly become rejuvenated, or the long rest had revived his vocal powers to the standard of even twenty years ago, it might have been another matter. But the voice, further injured, it seems, by a cold caught in crossing the Channel, is (as might reasonably be expected from a veteran of seventy-four) now a mere wreck, and "Tom Bowling" on Monday sounded much as though it came from a tenor through a telephone. For the younger generation Sims Reeves has a great reputation. These extra farewell appearances are not the best way to preserve it.

That unfortunate "Peterkin" died on Friday, after a run of exactly five nights. Its demise was expected and unregretted. There is, however, another point connected with the collapse, which is part of a question that must before long be tackled in earnest. It is stated on behalf of the unfortunate employés that, besides being suddenly thrown out of work, they have not been paid their salaries. Poor chorus girls, supers, and others were rehearsing four or five weeks, hoping, even in the present depressed state of matters theatrical, for a short run; but on Friday the ghost absolutely declined to walk, and on Saturday the postponed "Treasury" was further postponed, apparently *sine die*. A benefit is being talked of, but, although I hope it will take place, it clearly will only relieve present distress, and will not put a stop to such fiascos in the future. Of course, the management of the Royalty, whoever they may be, cannot pay salaries out of empty purses; but there have within the past year been quite half a dozen of similar catastrophes, and, if only for the credit of the profession, they must be prevented.

The Lord Chamberlain has the remedy quite in his hands. He has autocratic power to license or to refuse to license any London manager or theatre on any terms he pleases. In Russia the manager is bound to lodge a certain sum with the Government authorities (in St. Petersburg the Police) as a guarantee for the salaries of artists and the money paid for seats in advance by the public. If the Lord Chamberlain were to insist before granting a London licence that £250 should be deposited in consols by way of guarantee, a four weeks' rehearsal, a five nights' run, and no treasury would become impossible. The higher-class managers would for many reasons not object to it. So small a sum would be a fleabite to any serious enterprise, and, of course, the managers would receive the dividends on the stock.

The Queen, I learn, proposes this winter to considerably increase the number of musical performances at Windsor and Osborne, and in all probability the Royal College students will then pay their deferred visit to the Castle. Her Majesty has also resolved upon some private operatic representations, in which the Princess Beatrice and other members of the Royal family will take part, and Signor Tosti has been commissioned to write an operetta expressly for this purpose.

Mr. John Bridge, who died a few days since, was the father of Professor Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, and another son is organist of Chester Cathedral, and conductor of the local festivals. Ten years ago, while attending the Chester festival, old Mr. Bridge was seized with paralysis, but it has wrongly been stated that he never recovered, as he certainly sang in the choir at Westminster Abbey during the Jubilee service, in which his son took part as organist, and his grandson as a choir boy. Mr. Bridge sang in every Handel Festival except the last, and he now lies buried at Rochester Cathedral, his body being deposited on the night before his funeral on a bench within half a dozen yards of the choir stall which he had occupied for upwards of forty years

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—What a pity it is that so fine an edition and fairly competent a translation of Heine (1) as that of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland should have almost every page disfigured with comments as fatuous as those of Polonius on the play in "Hamlet." Here is a sample, and I assure you that the vast majority of the notes are up to sample. "His pictures," writes Heine, "seemed to be like a many-coloured echo of the voice of my own heart, or far more as if the naturally allied tones of colour in my heart re-echoed wondrous strange." Heine's metaphors here, I admit, are not happy, though their incongruity would strike you less in the original than in this clumsy translation. But Mr. Leland, not content with gibetting his author in such a translation, adds the following fatuous note:—

> "Coloured echoes," and "elective voices of colour on the heart," seem to remind us uncomfortably of feverish, silly dreams, in which a cat persists in being a Bible in which we read all that which we are actually doing, yet are not quite certain from time to time that a chimney-sweep Mollah is not singing it from a mosque-chimney. But this delirious confusion of ideas, which is deeply pitied when it occurs in the human brain in relation to other subjects, is, as I have effectively remarked, cultivated to excess in art by the æsthetic imitators of Heine."

But the fatuity of the annotator's "effective remarks" are endurable compared with their spitefulness whenever a fault, folly, or foible of Heine's comes up for judgment. Mr. Leland seems to have adopted Heine as Mrs. Joe Gargery adopted Pip, "to bring up by hand," in the disciplinary sense, but it is an exceeding heavy hand. And this clumsy cudgelling in the notes is in such coarse contrast with the exquisitely light and bright sword-play of the text that your disgust is deepened. Can you imagine anything more exasperating than to be dragged down from the light, bright blue sky of the text into such a mud-puddle of a note as this? Upon Heine's incidental remark, "I battled against the bravest of the time," the comment in a note is, "All this tremendous fighting of which Heine boasts so much . . . . recalls what was said of a New York journalist, 'that he was the bravest man who ever lived, because nobody ever beat him in blackguarding.'" What a choice gem to exhume from a New York journal as an appropriate adornment for Heine! A pretty and even pathetic passage in this volume (commented upon in a note of even more foolish Philistinism than usual) helps to bridge for me the chasm separating Heine from the peasant-singers of "The Love-Songs of Connaught" (2). Heine in this passage describes the overpowering effect upon him of a kind of passion-play acted by children with all the single-hearted sincerity and intensity of childhood; and similar in its cause and in its effect upon you is the power of these ingenuous "Love Songs." Is there not something delicate, subtle, and exquisite as the hue and scent of the wild-rose in such poems as this:—

> I call on thee, O little one over there,
> Of the undulating tresses of the colour of gold;
> And every lock of them long and languid,
> That almost stretch to the top of the grass;
> Of the grey eyes, of the slow looks;
> Of the brows thin, like the stroke of a pen;
> Of the white cheeks, but scarlet through them:
> Ochone! It is through them I am ill.
> The tasteful mouth of the hue of a berry;
> And the small chalk-white teeth;
> The pretty nose; the chin not large;
> And the white throat appearance of the swan.
> The bosom like lime, of the rounded breasts,
> That never yet any touched.
> The gentle, tender body, the blossom-like side—
> I sing ye not half an account of my swan.

(1) "The Works of Heinrich Heine." Vol. IV. "The Salon," or Letters on Art, Music, Popular Life, and Politics. Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). (London: William Heinemann.)

(2) "Love Songs of Connacht." Being the Fourth Chapter on the "Songs of Connacht." Now for the first time Collected, Edited, and Translated by Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A., President of the Irish National Literary Society. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

(3) "On English Lagoons." Being an Account of the Voyage of Two Amateur Wherrymen on the Norfolk and Suffolk Rivers and Broads. By P. H. Emerson. Illustrated by Eighteen Views from Photographs taken by the Author. (London: David Nutt.)

(4) "Birds in a Village." By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. (London: Chapman & Hall.)

(5) "Book Plates." By W. J. Hardy, F.S.A. ("Books About Books." Edited by Alfred Pollard.) (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

These love-songs Dr. Douglas Hyde, whose accomplishments as a linguist extend to a knowledge even of the language of his own country, has translated from MSS. or taken down direct from the lips of the peasantry, and has published with the Irish on one page and on the opposite an English version rhymed or in rythmical prose. His own style catches the infection, and "is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." It is itself characteristic of the man and of his devotion of his brilliant and versatile talents to the unprofitable service of his own country; but even more characteristic is his knowledge of the Gaelic nature, since only a man who loved his own people to the very heart could read them to the very heart as he shows that he has done in his preface and notes. I could not help contrasting the poetry Dr. Hyde's sympathy extracted from the poorest Connaught peasant with the grossness, stupidity, and sensuality of the sentiments which Mr. P. H. Emerson extracted from such English rustics as he encountered in his voyage "On English Lagoons" (3). As, however, Coleridge's "Lady, we receive but what we give" has a wider application than that intended by the poet, it is possible that Mr. Emerson did not go the right way about finding anything but earth, and sometimes ill-smelling earth, in the nature of the English peasant. A passage like the following at least suggests such an explanation:—

> I found Jim sitting in his cabin, looking miserably at the water.
> "What is the matter?" I asked.
> "My wife ain't writ to me lately."
> A hen reed-bird alighted near the boat as I said, "Oh, she've taken up with some other chap."
> The reed bird began to pick up crumbs.
> "I don't care," said Jim; "I shan't write to her again."

Note here the airy grace of the delicate comfort casually flung to Jim between these two profound observations on the movements of the reed-bird. There is "an infinite deal of nothing" dished up for you in this way as profound observation in the book; but it is often relieved by picturesque descriptions of scenery as well as by much more notable, if microscopic, observations of wild creatures. Far more to your taste, however, will be the really charming "Birds in a Village" (4), by the author of a book which I remember delighted you, "Idle Days in Patagonia." No one will be more pleased than you, also, to find that Mr. Hudson disbelieves what I have long ceased to fear myself, that wild animals suffer as much as they seem sympathetically to us to suffer.

> In whatever way the animal perishes—whether by violence, or excessive cold, or decay—his death is a comparatively easy one. So long as he is fighting with or struggling to escape from an enemy, wounds are not felt as wounds, and scarcely hurt him, as we know from our own experience; and when overcome, if death be not practically instantaneous, as in the case of a small bird seized by a cat, the disabling grip or blow is itself a kind of anodyne, producing insensibility to pain. This, too, is a matter of human experience. Men who have been struck down and horribly lacerated by lions, tigers, jaguars, &c., and afterwards rescued, have testified that, while they saw and knew that the animal was rending their flesh, they seemed not to feel it, and were at the time indifferent to the fate that had overtaken them.

This from Mr. Hudson, the most earnest of all advocates of Michelet's "tender alliance of souls between us and our winged brothers, between man and the universal living nature," is as convincing as it is comforting. I find I omitted from the most interesting series of books about books noticed in my last letter, Mr. W. J. Hardy's excellent and admirably-illustrated "Book Plates" (5). You probably have seen before these two happy epigrams I find in it upon George I. sending simultaneously to Cambridge a batch of books and to Oxford a squadron of horse:—

> The King to [illegible] with [illegible] eyes,
> [illegible]
> To one he sends a regiment. For why?
> That *learned* body wanted *loyalty*;
> To th' other books he gave, as well discerning
> How much that *loyal* body wanted *learning*.

Thus Oxford; to which Cambridge makes the retort:—

> The King to Oxford sent his troops of horse,
> For Tories own no *argument* but *force*;
> With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
> For Whigs allow no *force* but *argument*.

—Believe me, dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,
DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you ever tried to analyse that indefinable something that is called "style," and that makes some men and women look more distinguished in dowdy garments than others do in smart clothes? It is a gift indeed, and is especially valuable in circumstances that oblige one to make a good appearance upon a small outlay. But what is it? It cannot be merely figure and carriage, though these form part of it, as a rule. Nor does it consist solely of the air of high-breeding conferred by the habit of mingling with good society. There is, beyond all these things, something intangible, elusive, that is occasionally to be seen in a housemaid, and which not many of our Duchesses possess, if any of them does. I could mention the names of at least a dozen Duchesses who do not. One of them, however, has in its highest development the air of *grande dame*, but this is totally apart from style. Is it not?

There is no doubt that well-made clothes are not only valuable in securing consideration and respect for those who, in shabby raiment, would command neither, but they are a wonderful addition to the appearance of even the best-favoured in this respect. Tennyson says:—

> Let never maiden think, however fair,
> She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

Few of us can afford to be unfashionable, and most of us need all that smartness can do for us. The longer I live, too, the more firmly do I believe that the average husband sees his wife reflected from the opinions of other men and from those of the women of his immediate circle, more especially his mother and sisters. He rarely sees her as she really is, whether from a half-acknowledged distrust of his own judgment, or from that curiously subtle influence that the opinions of others exercise over all of us. If a young wife makes a good impression upon her husband's circle, he is enraptured with her; but if she fails to make her way with them, she finds herself in his black books as well, even though she may have been prevented by shyness or a want of self-confidence from showing herself at her best to persons whom she would naturally be anxious to please.

So far as mere dress is concerned, it is the men friends to whom the husband looks for material on which to form his own opinion of his wife, and this being so, she cannot be too careful to be on every occasion well turned-out and never by any chance to allow herself to slip, even momentarily, into carelessness about chiffons. How troublesome it is to be always well dressed only a woman can tell; and for proper appreciation of the difficulty it must be a woman who cannot command the luxury of a maid. It is fortunate that we are dowered by Nature with sufficient self-esteem (I need not call it vanity, if it is only enough for that!) to give us energy for the task, for it is really a never-ending one. There is always some little trivial detail to be attended to, and this is not surprising when one takes into consideration the enormous number of articles that go to a woman's wardrobe, from bonnets to boots, and from veils to shoe-laces. There is always a gown or two on which the braid is getting shabby and needs renewing (horrid job!) or a blouse that wants a fresh waistband, or boots that have lost a button, or a veil that has to be gathered up in the centre, or a pocket that has developed an inconvenient weakness in one

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corner, or sleeves that threaten to cast off their moorings from the mainland of the bodice. I could extend this list indefinitely, and you could probably add on to it a score of things more that I should omit; and then, in addition, there are brooches to be supplied with new pins, trinkets to be kept in order, well brushed and in full glitter, furs to be beaten and regularly brushed, hats to be seen to, and sent to be re-trimmed, gowns to be despatched to Perth to be cleaned or dyed, laces to be mended and washed (Maud and I always do our own), ribbons, ties, belts, and bows to be looked after, and an endless number of such little frittering minutiæ to be seen to. The wonder is that the majority of us are generally so beautifully neat and tidy. However, the game is well worth the candle, for, quite apart from vanity, it pays well to look one's best and keep abreast of the current modes. It gives one a sort of value even in the home circle to be always a pleasant object for the eyes, so far as Nature's gifts or denials will admit, and in the world at large no one with any observation can deny the usefulness of it.

A curious instance of a wife endeavouring to "please her husband," as St. Paul puts it, came to our ears the other day. An old-fashioned friend of a smart young woman remonstrated with her upon always going about with a "tame cat," as the slang of the day calls the *troisième dans le ménage*, and one of the elder lady's arguments was that it was unfair to the husband. "My husband!" said the rebuked one. "Why, it is chiefly on his account that I keep on with Mr. So-and-so, though I am rather tired of him. My husband would begin to think me quite plain and dowdy—quite out of it, in fact—if I had not some one to run about for me and take me to the play or to a dance now and then. Every one of the women of our set has some one. Why should not I?"

Another little anecdote on the same subject may amuse you. A very wealthy little lady had a difference of opinion with her *cavaliere servente*, and quarrelled with him irretrievably. Missing his services very much, and not knowing any one in her circle who could act as his successor, she positively advertised for a gentleman of good birth residing in her neighbourhood who would be willing to act as her private secretary and to make himself useful. However, the applicants, as might have been expected, were such horrors that the unfortunate advertiser was perfectly dismayed, and, after interviewing one or two, would see no more of them. One applicant recommended himself by saying that he had acted as private secretary to a literary lady who does editorial work. His experiences with her would have been of little use in training him for buying bouquets to match certain gowns, in replacing dear lost dogs with the nearest match to the departed pet that could be found in London, in tracing some interesting bit of scandal to its originator and discovering how much or how little of it was true, in getting stalls at the opera or theatre, or in finding out all about trains, boats, passports, and hotels when the lady whom he serves is about to try a change of air. Nor in the most difficult part of the duties to be performed, that of administering the most delicate and discriminating flattery in the subtlest and most insidious manner, would the literary lady have been at all likely to have successfully trained the aspirant to the vacant place. The "tame cat" system is a curious one, but there is no doubt that it is a recognised institution in certain sets.

I should like to direct the attention of drapers who send out patterns of dress materials to people who make a business of selling these patterns to the public by advertising them for patchwork. Mrs. Fourstars' little girl is making a crazy-work quilt for her doll, and answered an advertisement about "lovely pieces," which, on receipt, proved to be pieces of tweed, homespun, and cloth, utterly unsuitable for patchwork as understood by the word. Who makes *woollen* crazy-work? Surely nobody. And yet these bits of cloth are advertised for this purpose.

I think the new autumn coats are very smart and pretty. They have a zouave top and a "double skirt" basque. That is, the full basque has all the effect of a double skirt when the bodice and gown are alike. In black hopsacking, the revers turned back with moire or satin, this makes a very useful costume, and any colour can be worn in the blouse. I saw a very neat get up of this kind the other day. The blouse was in surah, of that peculiar tone of grey-blue that has been so much in favour this season, and a poppy red tie finished it at the neck. With this was worn a black transparent fancy straw hat, with a few red poppies and black lace wings for trimming. The effect was very good, the tone of grey-blue in the blouse being Nature's complementary colour for poppy red. If we were to study natural effects a little more, we should secure artistic successes in our dress oftener than we do. It is said that it was by this means that Mr. Worth, the great man-milliner, first effected those colour triumphs that made his brilliant reputation.

We were in town for a few hours the other day, and were quite struck by the desolate expression of the West-End streets. There were hardly any carriages to be seen, and the pedestrians were apparently, like ourselves, in town for only a passing visit, for they wore tweeds, serges, low hats, brown boots, and all the details of a country toilet. Frock-coats and silk hats were quite scarce, even in Piccadilly and Pall Mall. Everybody is shooting in Scotland or fishing in Norway, and London is a desert indeed. Among the signs of the times we observed a notice in a Regent-street restaurant, "Oatmeal Porridge, a Penny." This struck us as being quite a new departure.

The recent very hot weather has brought to the front some novel stands for lemon-squashes. One of these we saw in our peregrinations that day. The centre of the oak tray was occupied by a lemon-squeezer, and there were wire stands for the bottles, and every possible detail that could expedite the composition of that delicious beverage.

Clare sends me the following from Ireland:—

DEAREST MADGE,—The soundest practical philosophy of life is to make the best of whatever situation we happen to find ourselves in, always supposing it to be one which no one else has forced upon us. In this latter case, it is, of course, quite a different thing. For when another is responsible for the situation, which of us can lightly forfeit the privileges of grumbling and fault-finding, that—to judge by the eager readiness with which they are universally exercised on every possible occasion—seem so dear to humanity in general? As circumstances have given me no loophole for fastening the responsibility of my present position in the peace and retirement of the country on any one else, I have devoted myself during the past few weeks to seeking out such mitigations as my lot may possibly afford. The ways of "making the best of it" vary, of course, according to one's own particular views regarding the "best." To be correctly "moderne" must not one seek good in evil and happiness in morbid misery? One's creed must be doubt of everything except pain and woe, the only living realities; one's eyes must fix themselves exclusively on the shadowy side of life. In fact, one is not "in it" intellectually without morbidness. What is to be done, however, when a mind has an unconquerable bent to cheerfulness, when it persists in being hopelessly—or, rather, hopefully—old-fashioned, instead of sadly new-fashioned? And this is my deplorable case. Do what I may, I cannot keep in the van of progress, like the old people—who, poor things! know no better. I cannot help seeing the lights in the picture, finding infinite subject of rejoicing, and much that is worth living for in life. After this ignominious confession, you will hardly be surprised to hear that we have been enjoying—literally and really enjoying—for the past few weeks the simple pleasures of the country. "Simple, indeed! You may well say so." Cousin Jane made the remark, and with such cruel emphasis on the first word, when I had so far forgotten myself as to give way to an outburst of enthusiasm about the delights of mushroom and blackberry gathering. The unusually fine season has afforded us these delights in great profusion. Such harvests of mushrooms as we have gathered; great basketsful both morning and evening. How delightful the wandering through dewy fields in quest of these palatable fungi; a really gentle sport, innocent of bloodshed. The rapture of coming on the dainty snow-white clusters, nestling in the grass. The delicious aroma, full of savoury forecast, as we gather them. That odour always recalls the days of early childhood, as the scent of a spring wood does the days of youth. Which of us has not enjoyed the stolen joys of mushroom-cooking on the school-room fire? Can any of the thousand and one ways of cooking mushrooms compare

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with it either—that is with what it appeared to be at the time? I have never risked disillusionment—with perhaps other risks included—by making a trial of it since these early days. Nor, indeed, would the setting of the mushroom, plain on the blackleaded bars of the grate, now seem to me unattended with the risk of a flavour of blacklead—a danger which even the intervention of the shovel would not prevent. Of one thing, however, I am quite certain, viz., that the most inspired *cordon bleu* could not invent a more savoury sauce, one more exquisitely delicate in flavour, than the juice, with a pinch of salt and butter, if the latter were procurable—which used to fill the cup of the mushroom. How irresistible it was! One always consumed it the very moment it appeared, in case of accidents, to which stolen joys are specially liable.

Blackberrying is much more eventful than mushroom-gathering: more fraught with peril, if not to life and limb, at least to the outer skin and raiment. What scratches and rents we suffered in the cause. The wild brambles were bad enough, but the barbed wire of advanced civilisation was far worse. From extensive personal experience, I can now confidently state that the latter is unrivalled in taking pieces out of one's skin as well as one's garments.

In the midst of our leisure and "simple" pastimes, we have turned our eyes with deep pity on the busy world, which seems so far away. Above all, we have pitied the faithful Commons, and this week even the Lords. One shudders to think of what the future of the former will be. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, what will it be with Jack grown to manhood, and without the recuperative powers of his earlier days? I am almost inclined to change my views about women in politics, and to think that we are sadly wanted to teach the men sense. Don't you think so, too? Fancy Parliament sitting all through the hottest summer we have had for years and years!

Lord Houghton is away from Ireland on a holiday, which will probably last for some time, as, up to this, he has spent most of the year in this country. Lord Wolseley—his womenkind being still abroad—has been staying in the West, with the Lord Chancellor, who has rented Kylemore for the season from Mr. M. Henry. Lord Roberts has been revisiting his native county Waterford, and receiving an enthusiastic welcome there. To think of the Duke of Connaught, instead of Lord Roberts, getting the Aldershot command! Is it not dreadful? Princes are so distinctly meant for ornament, and not for use.—Yours ever,

CLARE.

You asked me for a recipe for candying peaches for garnishing ice. Here it is:—

Choose the required number of large peaches, before they are too ripe, rub off the fur or lint with a clean cloth, and score each one, skin deep, with a needle down the seam. Lay them in a jar, cover with brandy, and tie a bladder over the neck of the vessel. Put them in a cool place for a week; then make a thick syrup for them, see that it boils, and is well skimmed. Take the fruit from the jar and boil in the syrup until it becomes soft and looks clear, then remove it and put into a glass jar. Mix the syrup with the brandy, and, when cold, pour it over the peaches. Tie them closely down, and cover with a skin or bladder so that the air cannot enter, or the fruit will become black. Keep them in a cold place till required.

These savoury shrimp-sippets are lovely:—

First skin one pint of fresh shrimps, then warm them in a gill of good rich white gravy, seasoned with pepper, salt, and a dash of nutmeg. Thicken the whole with a lump of butter rolled in flour; allow the gravy to give three bubbles, then draw the saucepan aside and stir in by degrees half a gill of cream. Let all be thoroughly heated, then spread the mixture on sippets of toasted bread. Have ready some grated Parmesan cheese, with this screen each one. Over these dust lightly a little coralline pepper, and on every one quickly lay a shelled prawn, leaving the head intact.

This is rather a nice way of serving cold rice-pudding:—

Make a stiff rice-pudding with two tablespoonfuls of rice, a pint of milk, and sugar to taste. Let it cook in a moderate oven for four hours. When cold cut it into neat blocks 1½ in. square, on each of which place half a preserved apricot. At each corner put a strip of angelica and a preserved cherry, also arrange one on each apricot. Send it to table cold on a glass dish.

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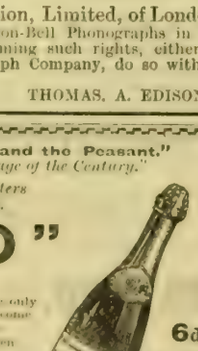

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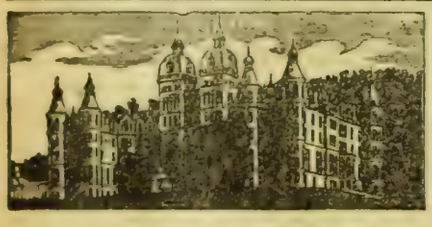

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CARPETS.

8	feet long	by 6	feet wide	... ...	28/- each.
10	,,	9	,,	... ...	50/- ,,
12	,,	9	,,	... ...	63/- ,,

RUGS.

3	feet long	by 1 ft. 6 in.	wide	...	2/6 each.
4	,,	2	feet wide	... ...	5/- ,,
6	,,	3	,,	... ...	8/6 ,,

A FEW MIRZAPORE CARPETS, 9 ft. by 6 ft. ... 27/6 each.
KURD RUGS, 5 ft. by 3 ft. ... 5/9 ,,
BANGALORE RUGS, 6 ft. by 3ft. ... 5/- each.
KURD CARPETS, 9 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. ... 21/- ,,

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Two-person size, complete, as sketch, with Silver Plated Kettle Round Spring Screw Cap, £2. 17s. 6d., or all fittings Silver Plated, £4. 10s.

Four-person size, Plain Metal £4. 14s., in all Silver Plated, £6. 10s.

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WEST-END BRANCH—2, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Sir FRANCIS OSBORNE, Bart., *Local Secretary.*

FUNDS.

Assets	Exceed	£5,000,00
Annual Income (1892)		£913,60
Total Payments under Policies		£11,000,00

Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Scale of Annuities. Loans granted upon Security of Freehold, Copyhold, and Leasehold Property, Life Interests, and Reversions. Also to Corporate and other Public Bodies, upon Security of Rates, &c.

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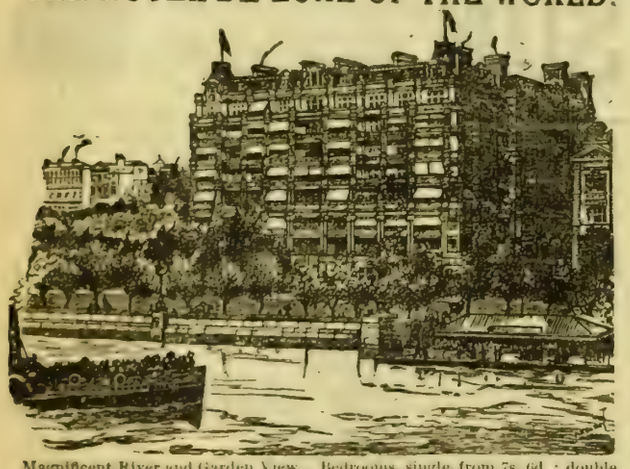

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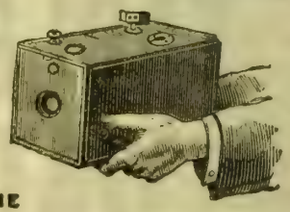

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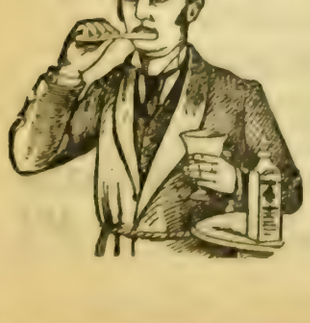

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is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. **Sozodont** is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgment can be entertained.

4. In every instance the prize will be given in money, subject to no conditions whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize-winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THEIR NOMS-DE-PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the prize must forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above, and post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 752.

After prolonged consideration, it has been decided to divide this Prize between OLIVASTRO and OAR CROSS.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.

The opportunity for publishing a further selection of "Wasp" stanzas has not yet occurred. Should there be no space available for the purpose next week I will then, without keeping competitors in suspense any longer, announce the result of the competition.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 760.

It is quite true that the conditions under which this Competition was given were rather vague. "To the best advantage" was a phrase which evidently admitted of very varied interpretations. After consideration, I determined to submit all the answers received to the correspondent at whose request this competition was decided upon, and to ask him which one he himself deemed most useful. In reply he tells me that he intends to act upon SALVE's suggestion, and thus see something of England as well as of France. To SALVE, therefore, the Prize will be awarded.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 764.

There is a game which I daresay is well known to many readers, and the name of which, I believe, is "Planting." Well-known men or women are supposed to be planted, and then the players are required to state what plant or tree is likely to come up. For instance, let us suppose Sir Isaac Newton is "planted," the resulting crop would surely be "Sage." If Doctor Stubbs, the well-known historian, were "planted," we might fairly expect a "Date-" tree to come up. And, again, the "planting" of Doctor Nansen would doubtless result in the germination of an Ice-plant. But I need not give further examples, but will at once state that the usual prize of Two Guineas will be given to the competitor who, in the above manner, best answers the questions:—

WHAT WOULD BE MOST LIKELY TO "COME UP" IN CASE OF THE "PLANTING" OF (1) MR. GLADSTONE, (2) LORD SALISBURY, (3) LORD R. CHURCHILL, (4) MR. H. IRVING, (5) LORD ROBERTS, (6) MR. A. C. SWINBURNE, (7) MR. JOHN BURNS, (8) MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, AND (9) SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

All answers must be received by me at the latest by the morning of Monday September 25.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QU'APPELLE.—I will not forget your request for another "Quotation" puzzle.

RHO.—Your answer to Puzzle No. 760 reached me safely.

OMBRA.—The omission of your name was unintentional.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR

"TRUTH PUZZLE No. 000 ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED DESCRIPTIONS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN WATERING-PLACES.

*** Thinking it would be of more general interest to publish accounts of places not very widely known, the following selection does not include any notices relating to such popular resorts as Brighton, Margate, Eastbourne, &c.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

CROMER.

You may have been to scores of lovely places,
Within our Isle—and foreign countries, too;
But if some tire of even pretty faces,
Perhaps you're longing now for "pastures new!"
If so it is, and you would be a roamer,
Caring not only to be "toujours gai,"
Go, where the little Norfolk sea-queen Cromer
Sits high, enthroned, above her smiling bay.
And on the jetty, when the band is playing,
And watch the sun sink 'neath the Western wave,
The last faint rays over the church tower straying,
A fairer scene no artist's eye could crave.
The splendid sea; high cliffs; health-giving breezes;
Most charming walks, and drives, the coast around;
Are stones to be pick'd up by him who pleases,
And wild flow'rs in profusion to be found.
The famous "Cromer sands" should claim attention,
Stretching for miles, so dry, and firm, and white;
Here you may ride, or tennis play, I'd mention,
And some amusement find from morn till night.
Hotels are good, and there is first-rate fishing;
The bathing, too, can nowhere be surpass'd;
And oh! for "Cromer crabs" I now am wishing,
And lobsters also, not the least, tho' last.

Cæsar's Corner.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

How varied are thy charms, Boulogne-sur-mer!
Though foul thine odours, yet so pure thine air!
Thy balls, casino, theatres, and sands,
Where strangers congregate from neighbouring lands;
Thy stony streets, thy gardens flowery bright,
Thy favoured haunt of revelry by night;
Thy ever clanging bells, the crowded mart,
Thy gilded hall for gamblers set apart;
Thy tongues of scandal, that are never still,
Rife thy gossip, and the lies that kill;
Thy churches, priests, withal thy life *sans* soul,
And high Cathedral dome to crown the whole!
Upon the sands the merry children play,
And scores of bathers "dip" in garments gay;
No "niggers" here, no "Punch and Judy" show,
In truth we're most exclusive, as we go!
But there upon the hill's high crest, close by,
The "Calvaire" stands against the bright blue sky,
To add a blessing for a favouring breeze,
As sail the fishing boats to further seas;
Or else, reprove with looks of strangest woe,
The reckless folly of the crowds below!
For health or pleasure, none need yet despair,
When these are all thy charms, Boulogne-sur-mer!

W. M.

SCARBOROUGH.

Flambro' bids bold defiance to the sea,
While Filey less intrusive seeks to be;
But Scarborough beyond, more modest still,
Faintheartedly throws out her Castle Hill;
Whereon I stand; whereon I may not stand
Soon, when the sea conquers the yielding land.
As though an amphitheatre in twain,
Teeming with life upon the watery plain,
Had backward wheeled, divided from the sea;
So Scarborough in beauty seems to me.
Bristling with masts of many a sort and size,
Beneath the hill the nestling haven lies.
Thence, rounding to the south, the shore extends
To where the South Cliff from the Spa ascends—
Where, for man's pleasure, art with nature blends.
Few wander on beyond, the many stay
And let soft music wile the hours away,
Which, mingling with the murmurs of the sea,
Devoured by distance, is unheard by me.
Far to the north the crescent-shapened shore,
Peopled the less, by me is loved the more;
Though where I am, I am content to lie,
To look upon the ocean and the sky,
And happy feel, because I now not why.

Post Office.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

I really think my only valid chance
Is to describe a little town in France,
With yellow sands stretching towards the sea,
And the warm sunshine flooding o'er the lea.
The fish-girl's step, so full of innate grace,
Her cap, like a white halo round her face,
You note, as towards Nôtre Dame she goes,
To smile her secret joy, or weep her woes.
The lower town, all laughing, gay, and new,
Is the first point to meet the stranger's view;
But on the left, high up, the fishing town
Seems on its decked-out idleness to frown.
And on the right, perched on another hill,
Which panting tourists clamber with a will,
The old town, prison-like, still stands its ground,
With thirteenth-century ramparts around,
And belfry-tower, seen from every gate,
All grey and moss-covered, of the same date,
Where every night the good old curfew-bell,
At ten, rings forth, "Bed-time, lights out," to tell
I have but space to write you one more thing
About this town to-day. Be sure and bring
A bottle of the best eau-de-Cologne,
If, alas! low tide lands you at Boulogne!

Mad.

KILKEE, A FAVOURITE WATERING-PLACE ON THE WEST COAST OF CLARE.

Remote from scenes of bustle, wealth, or trade,
From pop'lous town, green wood, or fertile glade;
Far backed and flanked by denudation sheer,
On th' wild Atlantic doth Kilkee appear,
Like an oasis on some desert plain,
Or fairy spot 'mid desolation's reign.
In crescent shape, a picturesque array
Of white-washed villas, cots, and "lodges" gay,
Converging round a circling broad expanse
Of bay, o'er whose smooth sands the billows prance,
Where bathers flounder, flop, or swim about,
And youngsters gambol when the tide is out.
Ozone, so pure, blent with the ocean gale,
Here on the esplanade the crowds inhale,
Contiguous, and for long leagues around,
Dame Nature's most impressive scenes abound;
The towering cliffs, the dented, giant rocks,
Which e'er repel bold Neptune's thundering shocks;
The deafening boom of surge and rock at play,
While mountain-high leap up the foam and spray
Sublime and awe-inspiring, here, the sight
Of elemental war, from headland height—
Fantastic cliffs and clefts mark miles of shore,
While mammoth caves by boat you may explore.

Shamrock.

FELIXSTOWE.

If one resort upon our English coast
Can of the proud name, "Imperial," boast,
Where Empress Princesses, and Princes go,
'Tis quiet, unassuming Felixstowe!
No "Arry's, with their "Arriets," on the beach,
No horrid negro minstrels within reach;
No "Jim," "Jim," ringing in your ear,
No brazen band is playing on the pier.
Here you can sit at peace upon the shore,
And over your favourite author you can pore;
Without annoyance, at your own sweet will,
Adopt your favourite way the time to kill:
And if to sports and pastimes you're inclined,
For cricket, rowing, swimming, have a mind,
At each and all of these you can enjoy
Some very pleasant hours without alloy.
But, ah, I have omitted, me bethinks,
That recreation—Golfing on the Links!
Where statesmen and philosophers combine
To let things slide, and not give sharp or sign.
In short, let tourists at this season know,
That health and strength are found at Felixstowe;
And if the houses are all let—ah, well,
There's one last grand resource—the Bath Hotel!
East Anglia.

Now Hemma, what d'ye think of my old guv.
In givin' me a fortnight's leave, my luv.?
'E came down 'andsome with a fiver, too,
Let's go and bust it down at Margit, do.
Yes 'Arry, Margit's just the place for me,
So orf we'll go and hev a good old spree:
Them sands, oh my! 'ow luvly now they be!
So smooth and flat, we'll sit and watch the sea.
The hair it is so fine, and bracin', too,
It gives yer such a happetite, it do,
Yer feels like walkin' twenty miles or so,
And never feelin' fagg'd a bit, oh no!
Then there's the jetty, where we'll take a stroll,
I like it so, because there ain't no toll
To pay; and then the 'Usbands' Boat will come
And land its passengers, half-ill and glum.
We'll go out in a rowin' boat as well,
And take some lines and bait, for who can tell,
We may be able lots o' fish to 'ook,
Which afterwards we'll carry 'ome and cook.
The bathin', too, it is so jolly fine,
The water's shallow; don't the sun just shine;
Consid'rin' all, I think we'll hit the target,
If we just take a few days' trip to Margit.
Stanchion.

BATH.

Hail, Bath! thou fairest city of the West,
Who givest to the weary Indian rest;
Where after coral strands and parchèd air
He seeks chalybeate waters in a chair.
From Bladud's pigs to Kings—whoever sickens
Drinks at that spring, to Cæsar known and Dickens.
Avaunt foul fiends of rheumatism and gout,
That taste of "flat irons" shall drive you out;
But while the "iron" gives invigoration,
The "flats" retard it in the Corporation.
Try, try, when Nature gives you such a start,
To help her and your city, too, by art.
You've made a step in baths and Pump Room bands—
Learn life and gaiety from foreign lands,
And Mr. Mayor "ex mente quam profundâ,"
Do try to enliven Bath's too British Sunday.
Unrivalled in thy buildings and position,
Too few amusements and too much physician,
Too full of lodging girls and Sandhurst brothers—
A sorry hunting-ground for anxious mothers;
A Bath and Country Club too full of scandal,
Too much respect for names that bear a handle.
But though no doubt I'm candid in my greeting,
Thy charms, dear Bath, will take a deal of beating.
Limp.

NORTH BERWICK.

If, at your call, I strive to praise aright
The seaboard home in which I most delight,
I pray you, reader, that you don't insist
That all its charms are told in ordered list.
That list will never end if I begin it;
Far better tell you what there isn't in it.
There's no Marine Parade along the strand,
No troupes of nigger minstrels, and no band;
No sheltered seat with glass and iron screen.
You bathe, but cannot bathe from a machine.
No Pier pavilion, thrust where breakers fail,
Breathes echoes of the London music-hall.
For such delights you here shall seek in vain
Amidst our wild, black rocks and wilder main.
The keen north wind on upland wastes we brave,
Or plunge and battle with the tossing wave,
Like hail its salt spray in our faces blown;
Or on some jutting reef we muse alone.
If such delights too dull and tame appear,
Oh, child of pleasure, seek not pleasure here!
If by mischance you came, you need not stay—
And if you have not come, oh, stop away.
Warwick.

MALVERN.

A town there is which nestles 'mong the hills,
And with a sense of joy one's spirit fills;
Its name is Malvern. There, in olden days,
The Benedictine monks did chant their lays,
The while the water from a limpid rill
Suffered their thirst to quench and pitchers fill:
They watched the Beacon Hill, whose lofty head
Spoke eloquently of the ages sped;
But now the "trippist" haunts that Beacon's sides,
And on the patient donkey up them rides,
While laugh and joke, and scream and lusty shout,
All sweet poetic thought completely rout.
Where once the herbage fed the convent ass,
The giddy girls toboggan on the grass,
Or lovers 'neath a spread umbrella lie,
And fondly deem they're hid from mortal eye.
The limpid rills, which flowed in wooded dells,
Are now enclosed, and bear the name of Wells;
The waters, in a house, from brickwork burst,
And in a glass the pilgrim slakes his thirst.
The times are changed, but not the scene or air,
For those nor years can harm nor age impair,
And modern Malvern yields more mirth and fun
Than when 'twas ruled by friar, monk, and nun.
Almaviva.

ROBIN HOOD'S TOWN.

Queen of the North, nor of the north alone,
A wider realm is thine, a statelier throne.
Search England as you may from coast to coast,
No fairer spot the sea-girt isle can boast.
Let Scarboro' flourish! lasting be her reign—
Decked by a brilliant Court and glitt'ring train.
Yet is the theme too high for me, be mine
To lay my offerings at a lowlier shrine.
Nor far to seek is it—it lies hard by,
Where breezy uplands seem to fringe the sky;
A noble bay, a valley passing fair,
A healing gift in every breath of air,
It stands a relic of the olden time,
When English rural life was in its prime,
Unvexed by clamour of Teutonic bands;
Oh! spare it, Fashion, from the builders' hands!
Sweet Robin Hood's town, blessèd be the day
That led my footsteps to thy vale and bay.
Wert Eden half so fair, the Serpent's guile
Had failed our luckless parents to exile.
Slave of the counter, helot of the mart,
Whate'er in life's fierce struggle be thy part,
Shake off the city dust, take heart again,
And to old Robin Hood's town take the train.
Baritone.

HUNTER'S QUAY, ON THE CLYDE.

With sparkling lochs the sea divides the land;
The giant mountains rise on either hand
Beclad with flaming brake and glowing heath;
Their forms are mirrored in the waves beneath.
Towards the north, in bold relief, is seen
Argyll's grotesque and rugged Bowling Green;
Whilst southwards, in a tremulous azure haze,
Old Arran 'gainst a bluer sky displays
The bold and jagged outline of Goatfell;
The rounded slopes of Bute more gently swell,
And 'twixt those islands and the Cumbrae-head
Lone Ailsa rises from its ocean-bed.
Far hence the waters of the storied Clyde
Already have been wedded to the tide;
Far hence the winds upon their angry way
The turbid billows shake to brackish spray;
But o'er the Firth the stately vessel plies
From mart to mart with costly merchandise,
And here, with tapering mast and swelling sail,
The slender yacht defies the fiercest gale.
For here—no longer brackish 'tis the sea,
Limpid as amber, briny, buoyant, free,
In which its breast the snowy sea-bird cools—
The sea which Britons love and Britain rules.
Violet Grove.

LYME REGIS.

Lyme Regis, dear secluded little place,
Left far behind in this great century's race.
Situate on fair Dorset's southern coast,
That Monmouth landed there is still your boast.
You have no railway, no electric light,
No "cheap excursions to the Isle of Wight."
You have no theatre, no park, no pier,
No coster songs, you've never heard "Wot Cher."
No strolling niggers haunt your spacious sands,
No travelling pianettes, no German bands.
Quaint little town, so straggling and so steep,
You look as though you're tumbling in the deep,
The rippling waters of your lovely bay
Remind one of fair Naples far away.
The cliffs which skirt the bay both east and west
Are to their very brink with verdure dress't.
Beyond the cliffs, and westward of the town,
Lies the great "Landslip," of such wide renown.
The lovely views, with which the cliffs abound,
The charming walks and drives for miles around
Invite the weary traveller there to stay,
And many a pleasant week to while away.
All those who seek a restful, quiet time,
Would certainly do well to visit Lyme.
Possum.

TARBERT, LOCH FYNE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

Out of "the World," and from its follies free,
Fair Tarbert nestles in an arm of sea;
Loch Fyne's blue waters wash the rocky shore,
Which Bruce's clansmen trod in days of yore;
High on a cliff, his castle still is seen,
Memorial pillar of the great "Has been."
Tarbert at morn! A swim, a sail, and then
A ramble by the waves, or through "The Glen";
The children paddle on the pebbly strand,
And artists limn a landscape wide and grand:
At twelve o'clock! A scamper to the pier,
As round the Head "Columba's" masts draw near:
Tarbert at eve! Can prettier sight be found
Than her vast herring-fleet when outward-bound;
Slowly it sweeps adown productive Fyne,
Or southward steers for Arran's shadowy line;
Tossed in a skiff, 'tis then I love to lie,
And watch the sepia-coloured sails go by.
O, beauteous Tarbert! Long may you remain
Free from the horrors of excursion train!
Long may the heathery hills on either hand
Be spared the groaning of a German band;
And still in silent, dreamy grandeur stay
Ideal spot for peaceful holiday!
Nibs.

NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN.

Where the deep sea and mighty mountains meet,
The wild waves surging in, to kiss the feet
Of those old monarchs, rearing towards the sky
Their rugged sides and cloud-capped summits high,
Newcastle nestles, lovely as a dream,
Fit inspiration for a poet's theme,
Or painter's vivid fancy to inspire
With a pure spark of Heav'n's divinest fire.
For those who still love legendary lore,
The fisher-folk have tragic tales in store;
Legends of "Maggie's Leap" and "Armor's Hole,"
Of fray on "Bloody Bridge"—weird tale of dole.
And cheery souls, who love their human kind,
On promenade, with band, may pleasure find.
Here golfers seek their paradise on earth,
Where, having tied, a hazard proves their worth.
Close by the Links lies shining strand for miles,
Where horse and rider swiftly time beguiles.
For picnic parties and for gipsy teas,
Dundrum's old ruined castle all must please;
Or Castlewellan, whose lake, gem-like, shines;
Or Tullamore, with dark, majestic pines.
In sooth, with all its varied charms, I ween,
Newcastle reigns o'er seaside haunts as queen.
Bel Demonio.

Rhymed descriptions have also been receive from Singelet, Beta, Countess Olga, Gobo, Thistle down, Limp, Lichfield, Llandudno, Our Cross, Ka tabos, Moonlighter, Tracey Tupman, Sol, Georgie Kangaroo, Gurt Jan Kidd, Jefsey, Jo, V.B., S.M.I E.K., Boiled Rice, E.N.S., Gil, Ivy Leaves, Victo Goldfinch, Guznant, J.F.A., E. Culverhous Quappelle, Esperance, Ozone, Rugeley, Al doubleu, Snowdrop, Dorothea, Lady Betty, a Awful Warrior.

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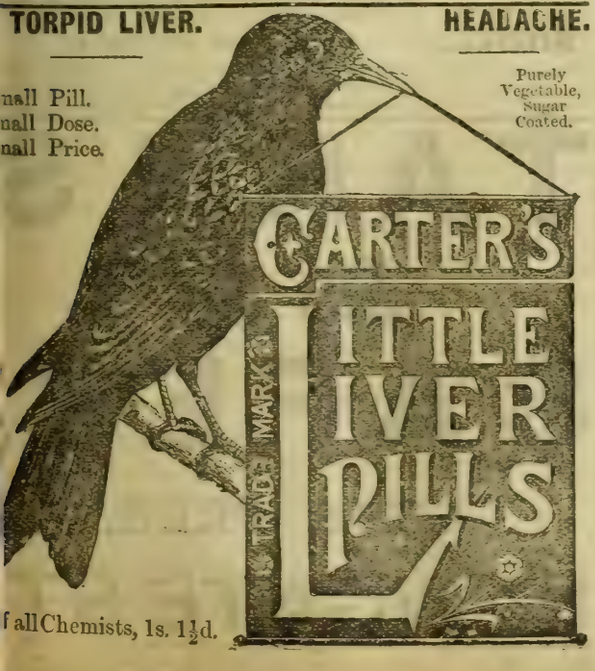

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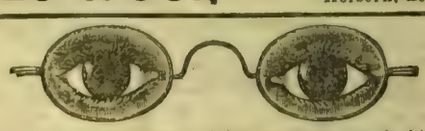

SHORT SIGHT.

This form of defective vision is, no doubt, alarmingly increasing, but many kinds of defective vision are constantly mistaken for short sight, merely because clearer vision is obtained by bringing an object closer to the eye. If such cases are treated with ordinary short-sighted spectacles, the mischief is greatly aggravated, and serious and permanent injury is done to the sight.

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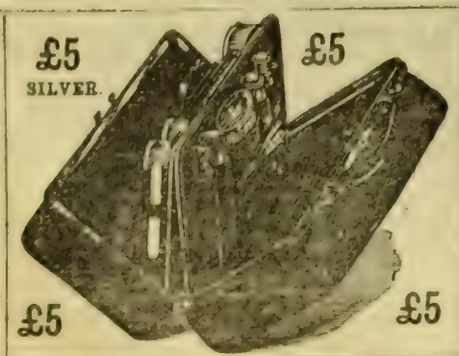

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I AM sorry to say that the small dolls have not yet arrived. All that can be done to hurry up the manufacturers I am doing; but, so far, with no successful result. Will the ladies who have written for dolls be good enough, therefore, to understand how I am situated, and to excuse the delay? Meanwhile, I should be glad to receive further applications from those who are willing to assist, for the delivery of the dolls cannot be much longer delayed, and when once they have reached this office it will be a great convenience if I am in a position to send them all off forthwith to be dressed.

The papers appear to be labouring under the delusion that the Queen is going to build the new church at Crathie, of which she laid the foundation-stone last week, and which is to cost about £6,000. This is quite a mistake, for the church is to be paid for by the heritors (*i.e.*, landowners) of the parish and by the members of the congregation. The Queen, who is one of the largest heritors, has subscribed £500 towards the building fund. Crathie is one of the largest parishes in Aberdeenshire. The new church is to be arranged strictly on the old-fashioned "exclusive" system. One whole transept is set apart for the Royal pews, and another for the seats of the heritors. The centre will be fitted up with pews for the ordinary congregation, and the only accommodation available for the public (apart from seat-holders) will be afforded by a gallery over the west door, which will contain sixty persons. There is a separate entrance to the Royal pews, which is approached by a private drive.

Her Majesty only goes to Crathie Church on the last Sunday in October, when the half-yearly dispensation of the Sacrament takes place. It is not generally known that Archbishop Longley protested against the Queen's practice of taking the Sacrament in a Presbyterian Church, and his views on the subject were entirely shared by Archbishop Tait, Bishop Wilberforce, and Dean Wellesley; all of whom maintained that inasmuch as the Anglican Holy Communion is an essential part of the Coronation Service, therefore the Sovereign ought not to receive the Sacrament in any other Church. The Queen, however, goes upon the principle of being strictly Anglican in England and exclusively Presbyterian in Scotland; and the eminent Divines who have at various times attempted to induce her to alter her practice have been smartly snubbed for their pains.

The Queen might surely have given the commission for the picture of the Duke of York's wedding to an English artist, instead of going to Herr Tuxen, of Copenhagen, whose selection, however, was urged by the Princess of Wales. The Queen has now an immense collection of pictures of this class, most of which are hung in the private apartments at Windsor Castle; and as a rule they are of very little interest, and have no value as historical pieces. The really celebrated personages are usually excluded from the pictures in order to make room for Court nonentities. Whenever a picture of this kind is being painted for the Queen, the artist is always overwhelmed with applications from vain and silly people who desire to appear in it.

Consternation was excited at Balmoral when the news reached the Castle that Princess Alice of Albany was "down with" chicken-pox on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and that it had been deemed advisable to send away her brother from the yacht. The Queen is never very ready at lending the *Victoria and Albert*, and after this experience children will probably be strictly excluded from that vessel in future, as her Majesty and all the Royal family have a horror of infection, and a very thorough fumigating will be indispensable before the Queen again uses her favourite yacht. The Duchess of Albany cut short her cruise in consequence of her daughter's illness, and her intended visit to Deeside has been abandoned. The *Victoria and Albert* left Tobermory at daybreak on Saturday for Pembroke, on her way back to Portsmouth.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* is now at Copenhagen, where she is to stay until the Princess of Wales and her daughters leave Denmark. H.R.H. is to be conveyed in the *Osborne* direct to Aberdeen, and she will stay at New Mar Lodge with the Duke and Duchess of Fife for about a month before going to Sandringham, where she is expected to arrive on October 28.

The Prince of Wales, who arrived at Balmoral last Wednesday on a visit to the Queen, went grouse-shooting at Morven with Sir Algernon Borthwick on Thursday, and on Friday H.R.H. had a few hours' deer-stalking in Whitemount Forest. The Prince, who is now at New Mar

Lodge, will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife until October 4 or 5, when he is coming to London; and on the 10th he goes to Newmarket for a few days, and at the end of the month to Sandringham.

I learn that the arrangements for the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Edinburgh are exciting much dissatisfaction in that city. It was expected that the Duke and Duchess would stay at Edinburgh for at least one whole day, but it seems that they are to arrive there from Balmoral at 9.20 on the night of Monday, October 2, and they are to leave on Tuesday afternoon at 2.30, travelling by the East Coast "dining-car" express to Darlington, and proceeding thence by special train to Thorpe, and from that station they will drive to Wynyard Park, where they are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry, on Tuesday night. The Duke and Duchess are to arrive at St. James's Palace, on the evening of Friday, October 6, from York, and on Saturday, the 14th, they will go to Sandringham for the winter.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh) has left Coburg for Bucharest, on a visit to her daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania, whose accouchement is expected to take place in a few weeks. The Duchess is to pay a visit to the Emperor and Empress of Russia at St. Petersburg before she returns to Coburg.

It is expected that the Duke of Connaught will return to Balmoral next Tuesday morning from Hungary. H.R.H. will stay in Scotland until he goes to Portsmouth on October 6 to make over the command of the Southern District to his successor. The Duchess of Connaught, who travelled to Frankfort with the Duke, is staying at Wiesbaden, and she will pay some visits in Germany before she returns to England.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck are to return to Richmond on Monday week from the Continent, and about the middle of October they will go to Sandringham on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duchess is now in the Engadine, and the Duke is at Gmunden.

Lord Drumlanrig is to go to Balmoral as Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen when the session is over, and while he is at Court Lord Rosebery will also be there as Minister in attendance on her Majesty.

The *Daily News* is indignant because the Duke of Fife, when on his way to London for the division on the Home Rule Bill, travelled from Ballater to Aberdeen by the Queen's Messenger's special train, "which is paid for by the Treasury for special public service." The *Daily News* is mistaken in supposing that this is a private train, as for several years past it has conveyed any passengers who desired to travel by it, and during the summer it is the most popular train on the Deeside Railway, as it is the only express on the line, and it is always punctual, and runs in correspondence with the best trains to and from the South. On Sundays, indeed, the Messenger trains are the only ones which run on the Deeside line.

The Royal family have been made exceedingly indignant by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's very plain intimation that the Duke of Cambridge will be the last Commander-in-Chief on the present system. Of course, the Duke of Connaught has always been intended to fill that place. The Duke of Wellington took pains to impress upon the Queen that it was in the highest degree desirable that the command of the Army should invariably be kept in the hands of a Prince, whenever there was one available. Prince Albert took the same view, which he expounded and enforced in an elaborate memorandum.

It is not generally known that during the last two years of Lord Salisbury's Administration there was an intrigue in exalted quarters to procure the immediate resignation of the Duke of Cambridge, in order that the Duke of Connaught might be quietly appointed to succeed him, while the complacent Tories were in power; but the Duke was not disposed to be thus made a cat's-paw, and his refusal to retire caused his relations with the Court to become seriously strained.

The question is, "Will the Duke of Cambridge resign his post?"—*Daily Paper.*

When British war-ships do not sink,
And London rates don't rise;
When Vestrymen begin to think,
Or Bumbles to be wise;
When German Princes stay at home,
In Fatherland to shine,
Nor care to cross the Channel's foam—
The Duke may p'rhaps resign.

When titles are no longer bought,
And brides no longer sold;
When rank is reckoned less than naught,
And honour more than gold;
When Capital in league of peace
With Labour shall combine;
When wars in Argentina cease—
The Duke may p'rhaps resign.

When Bishops practise what they preach;
When Counsel earn their fees;
When we've no swindlers to impeach,
Nor rascals left to seize;
When trains no longer come in late
On any London line;
When worth alone has any weight—
The Duke may p'rhaps resign.

When Merit makes the surest claim,
And jobs no more are done;
When Law and Justice are the same,
And Might and Right are one;
When Tories take to talking sense,
Within St. Stephen's shrine;
When Fortune does not aid Pretence—
The Duke may p'rhaps resign.

When the Divorce Court does not sit,
And Prisons do not stand;
When Birth confers no benefit
Throughout our British land;
When Nepotism gross shall meet
With punishment condign;
Then—let us once again repeat—
The Duke may *p'rhaps* resign.

For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 610-611 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 609.

Extensive improvements are being carried out at Frogmore, both in the house and in the grounds. The lake has been drained, and will probably be filled up and converted into a shrubbery, which would make the place very much more healthy than it is at present.

A Commissionership of Woods and Forests has become vacant by the death of Mr. George Culley, who was a most eminent arboriculturist. The post is worth £1,200 a year, and is in the gift of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is not expected to leave Blackcraig Castle until Monday next, when he goes to Dalmeny Park on a visit to Lord Rosebery, and afterwards to Hawarden. Lord Acton, Lord Justice Bowen, Sir Algernon and Lady West, and several members of the Gladstone family, are staying at Blackcraig.

One of my readers reminds me of the fact, which I ought not to have forgotten, that the Duke of Argyll was elevated to the dignity of a Dukedom of the United Kingdom by the Unionist Government, of which he is so warm an admirer. He no longer, therefore, sits in the House of Lords as Lord Sundridge.

By the way, I am surprised that the Duke of Argyll has never thought it necessary to notice the charge of wholesale plagiarism brought against him in TRUTH of July 6 by Mr. Bain in connection with "The Unseen Foundations of Society." Although the matter was one on which I did not feel at liberty to express an opinion, the charge was a serious one, and was supported by substantial evidence, as could be seen from the few sample passages which I published. Either the Duke of Argyll had seen and read Mr. Bain's book before he compiled his own, or he had not. His word one way or the other would be generally accepted, and it is a pity that it should not be given.

A person at Marienbad is naturally attracted to the question of fat, because he finds himself in a place where fat people—anxious to grow lean—congregate. The talk is of fat, just as the talk is of politics in the House of Commons. In the windows of the booksellers essays on fat, and systems to get rid of fat, replace light literature. The essays, being German, are lengthy; the systems are practically much the same. I have arrived at the following conclusions:—(1) There is no drug which can reduce fat except by making the patient ill; (2) it is doubtful whether the Marienbad or the Carlsbad waters effect of themselves any reduction; (3) the whole question is one of diet. Starch and sugar are fattening; fat, butter, cream, &c., are not. But if a person adds to the fatty substances that he eats anything beyond the smallest amount of starch or sugar, this acts upon the fat taken directly, and converts it into body-fat. Any one therefore, inclined to corpulence, and anxious to be of reasonable girth, may take for his breakfast any sort of meat, café au lait, or milk with cream, butter, and one piece of toast; at lunch and at dinner he must confine himself to meat, and to such vegetables as contain neither sugar nor starch in appreciable quantities; in the afternoon he can, if he pleases, take tea and toast and butter; the less that he drinks at lunch and dinner the better, but wine has no fattening effect, provided that it be not a sweet wine such as champagne. If he be not accustomed to this diet, its adoption will speedily reduce his fat; when the diet has become a habit, he will find that he remains stationary. Exercise aids in the reduction of fat, but it is not necessary for its reduction. No person in sound health would suffer by adopting this diet, although, probably, if he were to consult a medical man, he would be told that all sorts of unpleasant consequences would be the result. What I want to bring home to the fat is that they may gorge themselves with fat meats, butter, and cream, without adding to their bulk.

Although I keep on announcing my resolution not to discuss hotel bills in TRUTH, travellers keep on sending them to me. I am almost tempted to rescind my resolution by a budget of bills from the Hôtel de la Plage, Ostend. In one of these 40 francs per night is the price charged for a double-bedded room on the second floor (exclusive of "bougies" and "service"), and 30 francs per night for a similar apartment on the third floor. I have heard a good deal about Ostend, but I did not know that it was quite as bad as this.

As a rule, I also rather set myself against chronicling small beer of the "big gooseberry" and "first nightingale" order. But I feel bound to make an exception in favour of the following poetical description of one of the curiosities of this wonderful season, which a lady reader sends me from Worcestershire:—

> While wandering around the beautiful Lickey Hills, I came upon an interesting autumn curiosity. It is this:—A sweetly-scented wild white rose, beside which nestles a baby bud, slightly tinged with pink. Guarding the tender flowers like scarlet sentinels, stand two well-developed "hips." Thus spring, summer, and autumn are plainly personified on the same spray. I believe this is as unusual as it is a beautiful sight, and it may perhaps interest your readers.

It was rather startling to observe in the papers last week the notification of the death of "a contemporary of Byron." I suppose it was one of the aberrations of the silly season thus to describe the daughter of the gardener of Lady Byron's father, and nothing could be more fatuous than to state that "she was only a girl when the poet visited Seaham, but she remembered the talk which the eccentricities of his lordship provoked among the villagers," considering that this person is announced as having died in her seventy-eighth year, so that she can have been only a few months old when Bryon visited Seaham for the first and last time.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster, with their family, are staying at Carton, the family residence in the County

HÔTEL BURLINGTON, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth EAST Station.

of Kildare. On Thursday they entertained a large luncheon party, on the occasion of an archæological meeting in the neighbourhood. Unlike many of the Irish nobility, the Fitzgeralds have always been residents in Ireland, which fact gives unusual historic interest to Carton. A pleasing tradition of the family is the happy terms on which the inhabitants of Carton have lived with their near neighbours at the Catholic College of Maynooth, ever since the foundation of that College nearly one hundred years ago. The Leinster, like the Inchiquin family, have given a patriot, or otherwise a rebel, to Irish history, Lord Edward Fitzgerald of '98 fame being the present Duke's great uncle.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who are residing at Bolton Priory, Yorkshire, where they have been entertaining a succession of visitors, will proceed next Monday to Newmarket, and on the 30th they are going to Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire.

The late Mr. Muspratt, of Heytesbury, was one of the most zealous Liberals in North Wilts, and for half a century he had worked hard in the district to promote the interests of his party. He was always a most advanced Radical, and made no secret of his views, although living in a place where all the local magnates were Tories.

Mr. Humphrey Wickham, the eminent Kentish lawyer who died last week at Strood, was one of the most distinguished antiquarians in England, and in the course of his long life he collected many very curious and interesting objects. His private museum at Strood is quite unique, as it fully illustrates the customs of the Saxon and Roman inhabitants of the Medway valley.

The papers are utterly wrong in describing the late Mr. James Jardine (whose personalty amounts to £332,000) as being "one of the greatest landlords in Scotland," and as having spent "enormous sums" in buying estates. Mr. Jardine owned a large estate in Dumfriesshire, which was made up by the purchase at various times of four properties of moderate size, but he was not even the "greatest landlord" in that county. His principal transaction in the way of buying land was the purchase of the Applegirth property, near Lockerbie, from the late Sir Alexander Jardine for £140,000.

Lord Kenmare has at last sold the Hengrave Estate in Suffolk, which has been in the market for the last three years, and it has several times been offered by auction. Mr. John Lysaght, of Bristol, is the purchaser, and he may be congratulated upon having acquired a most attractive domain, with one of the finest Tudor manor-houses in England. The property extends to nearly 5,000 acres, with large woods and heaths, and the shooting is first rate. Hengrave was left to Lord Kenmare by the late Lady Rokewood-Sage, whose family had owned the property since the reign of Charles I.

House property in the centre of Berlin has risen enormously in value during the last twenty years. Last week a dwelling-house which cost £42,750 in 1863 was sold for £76,250, in order that it might be pulled down to make room for a large warehouse.

There was a serious riot a few days ago at Roydon, Suffolk, in consequence of Mr. Frere, the owner of the extensive common in that parish, having rendered himself obnoxious in the neighbourhood. For many years it was the custom for the inhabitants to graze ponies and geese on the common, but Mr. Frere objected to it, and he has impounded a number of animals, and sent them to the market town for sale. The other day a crowd of indignant people assembled, and marched to the house of Mr. Frere's agent, where they smashed the windows, and so violent was their conduct that the police had to charge them with their staves. Seven men were charged last week at Diss Sessions with riotous conduct, the result being that they were required to enter into recognisances to appear again to-day. Mr. Frere was one of the Magistrates who heard the case, and he was hooted and yelled at by a large crowd as he drove away. It seems to me that it was scandalously wrong for Mr. Frere, who is apparently the cause of the whole trouble, to sit on the Bench while a case is being heard in which he is the *de facto* prosecutor. After all, the defendants were only maintaining the common rights of themselves and their neighbours.

A gentleman residing in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, was highly gratified the other day by the receipt of a letter from a house-agent inquiring whether he would be disposed to let the ground-floor or whole of his house "for the purpose of a private tailor's business." In this way does trade push its way even into the most select residential quarters. The agent in question cannot be very fully informed about such matters, or he would know that on the Duke of Westminster's estate no dwelling-house could possibly be converted into business premises without the permission of the ground-landlord. Possibly an exception might be made in favour of "a private tailor's business," but not knowing the difference between a private and a public tailor, I cannot speak on this point.

The agricultural depression in Essex has become very much more severe. In one parish near Chelmsford twenty-four farms are either vacant or held by their owners because tenants cannot be obtained. A few years ago a large number of Scotch farmers migrated to Essex, tempted by the very low rents for which good farms could be obtained, but they have latterly been feeling the depression so much that many of them will shortly be leaving the county.

Another Success. The Old Bushmills Distillery Co. have added another to their long list of successes by obtaining the *only* Medal and Highest Award, against all competitors, for Irish Whisky, at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to C.O.M. Whisky. every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., C.O.M. Whisky. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

The whole of Mr. Guy Bethell's valuable thoroughbred stock is to be sold at Tattersall's on Monday, October 9. Amongst the number are mares by Isonomy, the dams of Bel Demonio, Ordinance, and Mamia, and yearlings and foals by Merry Hampton, Kilwarlin, Harvester, and other well-known sires.

The Tweed salmon-fisheries closed on Thursday night, after one of the worst seasons that has ever been experienced, and the tacksmen must have lost heavily. The grilse-fishing has been a hopeless failure all over Scotland, and salmon have been dreadfully scarce as a rule. The Tweed has been running very low for the last five months, and there will be no angling until a flood has taken place.

The Lochleven angling season, which has just closed, has been the best on record. No fewer than 22,825 trout, weighing 19,168 lb., have been caught in five months, of which 7,034 were taken during May. Last year only 12,735 trout were captured. Lochleven, which belongs to Sir Graham Montgomery, is in the hands of an angling association, and it is very well managed, boats being let to the public on reasonable terms.

Forty head from the renowned Ballindalloch herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, which belongs to Sir George Macpherson Grant, were sold on Thursday, and there was a large attendance of breeders from all parts of the country. The sale was quite a success, the average being upwards of £56. The highest-priced cow (300 guineas) was purchased for the Queen's herd at Balmoral, and her Majesty's agent also secured the best yearling at 130 guineas.

By the kindness of several correspondents I have been picking up a good deal of information lately about Australian sheep. I now find that even the price of 700 guineas which I mentioned last week as having been given for a Tasmanian merino ram was far from being a "record." I am told that about fifteen years ago over £1,000 was paid in Victoria by a Mr. Philip Russell for a ram bred in the Colony.

It may interest some of my readers to know—I am sure it did me, when an expert in these matters was good enough to write and enlighten me—that what breeders in Australia have to contend with is the degeneration of the wool. In three or four generations, the outer covering of a sheep loses its woolly character and becomes hairy. A somewhat similar change is observed in rabbits. Whether negroes are affected in the same way I have not heard. To check this tendency, sheep-breeders import thoroughbred rams from Tasmania, Vermont, Saxony, and elsewhere, paying the large prices which I have mentioned. I remarked last week that I had no idea how much money there was in mutton; but to be strictly accurate it seems that the money is *on* the mutton rather than in it. For wool, says my informant, there is nothing that can touch a Tasmanian merino. He adds that as mutton the merino is inferior to both Welsh and Southdown, but that is a question of taste on which I should be sorry to incite a discussion.

Pigs, however, seem to be an article deserving just now more attention from agriculturists than sheep, or even cattle. Mr. Sanders Spencer, to whose extraordinary success in pig breeding I have several times called attention, has just shipped a number of representatives of Holywell Manor to Buenos Ayres and Port Natal. This means that farmers in South America and South Africa, like those in Northern Europe, appreciate the necessity of improving their breeds. The British farmer alone seems to think that the propagation of swine may be left to chance. So far as I can see, if we took as much trouble in improving our pigs as we do in improving our racehorses, we should be a richer and a happier nation.

The *Scotsman* the other day, in publishing what purported to be a report of a sitting of the Deer Forests Commission, gave a long statement by Mr. Turner, the Duke of Portland's factor, tending to the honour and glory of the Duke as a landlord, but it made no mention at all of evidence which was given respecting some scores, if not hundreds, of cases of evictions, and it dismissed in a few lines all the other business of the Court except Mr. Turner's oration. This is a journal which once professed and called itself "Liberal." Thank Heaven, the addition of the qualification, "Unionist," has now for ever disposed of that empty pretence!

By the way, an amusing story is current of an encounter between the Duke of Portland, who was out deer-stalking, and a supposed trespasser in Caithness Forest. On coming across this intruder the Duke harangued him in no very flattering terms, and on the man stammering out that he had as much right there as the Duke, his Grace forthwith went in search of a gillie and ordered him to deal with this profaner of landed rights. It then turned out that this individual was on the Geological Survey, and was lawfully authorised to go wherever his business took him. He was, in fact, the son of Hugh Miller.

As I recently referred to the subject of aluminium boats, it may interest some of my readers to know that the launch that has been despatched to the African Lakes was built by Messrs. Escher, Wyss, & Co., of Zurich. The boats of this firm are mostly constructed for use with naphtha-engines, but they are equally suitable for steam or electricity, and I suppose that rowing-boats could equally well be made of the same material.

One evening last week I dined at the Grand Hotel, and having fared much more sumptuously, and probably more economically, than I could have done at home, I was struck with wonder that the custom of dining at hotels and restaurants should be so much less in favour with the English middle classes than it is in France. Twenty years ago the inducements for so doing were small; but

this is no longer the case, when dinners which leave nothing to be desired, are served in the best style in palatial apartments, and can be obtained at prices which vary sufficiently to suit all purses. A representative of the Gordon Hotels Company told me that since the rush to town for the Royal Wedding, this has been an exceptionally dull season for hotel-keepers—largely owing to the dearth of American visitors. In the absence of Americans, I would suggest that hotels like the Grand should offer special terms to family parties, and see whether they cannot tempt the London paterfamilias to take out his wife and daughters to dinner more frequently than he does.

I think it only fair, on the "Audi alteram partem" principle, to publish the following lines:—

TO THE MAN WHO STAYS AT HOME:

FROM THE "ITINERANT MAN."*

To remain in one's home is, you say, the best plan
But, how do you like it, O stay-at-home man?
The dull repetition that marks every day;
The changeless surroundings you always survey;
Your chair ever set to an inch in one spot,
Your breakfast menus never varied one jot;
Your dull little walk to the nine-forty train,
Your dull shilling ride in a cab, if it rain;
Your hours in the City, all part of your plan—
Say, how do you like them, O Stay-at-Home Man?

Your lunch at the Club, with no varying point,
That methodical cut every day from the joint,
With the rusks and the cheese—meal depressingly safe—
And that daily half-bottle of (say) St. Estèphe;
That same lot of men in the smoking-room chairs,
That same set at whist in the card-room upstairs;
The same button-holing by just the same bores,
The same man who sits on the papers and snores;
The same strident talk by the same partisan—
Say, how do you like it, O Stay-at-Home Man?

And then your return, when your work is despatched,
To your villa suburban and semi-detached;
Your same little run up the steps, if expert,
That same little pause whilst your key you insert;
The same little wife—yes, of course *she's* the same—
With the same tale of worries your notice to claim;
The same tea and toast, and, no doubt for your sin,
The same vapid people by chance dropping in.
Come, come, when this programme diurnal you scan,
Say, how do you like it, O Stay-at-Home Man?

And that hour before dinner, abnormally slow,
When dyspeptic and nervous you feel yourself grow,
And your dinner itself every day of the week,
And the nightly and somnolent game of *Bézique*,
That tendency, daily increasing, to dose
Ere those long *tête-à-têtes* with your wife reach their close;
Or those terrible nights when—oh, merciful Heaven!—
You're "at home,"—and with music!—from "eight till eleven."
Come, face these inflictions as straight as you can,
And say how you like them, O Stay-at-Home Man.

In short, are you sure there is anything wise
In the cynical way that you travel despise?
There are risks, it is true, to be run if we roam,
But are there not hazards still greater at home?
For life without change of thought, habit, or scene,
Must tend in the end vegetation to mean;
And the stone that for rolling feels never a zest
Can become but a moss-covered fossil at best.
So just think again, ere all travel you ban,
And do try one outing, O Stay-at-Home Man!

* See TRUTH for September 14.

There is a grievance of railway servants which I wonder has never been ventilated. It arises from the enormous size and weight of modern travelling trunks. Ladies—and more especially American ladies—are the chief culprits. The size of their boxes has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and I think that if, when they are on their travels, ladies would observe the strain to which porters are put in handling these bulky packages, the more humane among them would see this for themselves and voluntarily abate the evil. Failing that, Railway Companies would be justified in putting a limit to the size and weight of boxes which may be carried as passengers' luggage, and their employés would be justified in agitating for the purpose. Serious permanent injuries are constantly received by railway and hotel porters in lifting weights beyond their strength.

I am asked to mention that the Artists' Guild's annual exhibition of amateur art work will be opened at the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition-road, on November 1, remaining open till November 25. The permanent address of the Artists' Guild is now at the School of Art Needlework, instead of Berkeley-gardens, Campden-hill, as heretofore.

Coloman Mikszath, an Hungarian author, who is not without considerable honour in his own country, has just been introduced in very handsome fashion to the people of this country by Messrs. Dean & Son, Limited. The English edition of his collection of short stories, called "The Good People of Pawlocz," is, in fact, an *édition de luxe*, rendered all the more valuable by the inclusion in it of exact reproductions of the chromo-lithographic illustrations of the original volume. There is just now a boom in short stories, and the surfeited novel readers who prefer to take their fiction in "snacks" will, I think, find their jaded palates agreeably tickled by the strange though characteristic savour of the *plât* provided by this Hungarian literary *chef*.

A friend just returned from America writes me the following letter upon a recent incident. I suppose that "Jack-in-office" is a character equally well known in every country. I have met him in all parts of the world. My present correspondent, who has had a wide experience, seems inclined to give the palm to the American variety. To my mind some of the finest specimens are grown in France; but I think most people will agree that, on the whole, the manners of public functionaries—notably policemen—in England compare favourably with those found in any other country:—

I wonder if the American gentleman who complains of the "insolence of the Jacks-in-office" at Westminster Abbey has ever enjoyed the occasionally necessary process of what is called "looking at home"? For instance: did this excellent citizen who grumbles at English manners ever happen to visit the World's Fair at Chicago and sample the young gentlemen who wore blue uniforms and called themselves "Columbian Guards"? Was he present at the opening of the Exposition by President Cleveland, and did he see how these raw, ill-trained, hectoring lads feebly tried to manage a crowd? Was he ever drawn off in the "patrol wagon" for the awful offence of smoking a cigar in the open air of the thousands of acres of park and lake promenade? Was he ever run in, like Mr. Fred Villiers, the war correspondent, for using a "Kodak" when he was officially permitted to do so? Did he ever ask a civil question in Chicago, and expect to receive a civil answer? Has he studied the sublimated self satisfac-

tion of the coloured bell-boy at an American hotel? Has he ever travelled from San Francisco to New York under the tutelage of the coloured car conductor, who thinks the universe too small in which to swell himself and expand his chest? Has he ever asked for information on tramcar, railway carriage, railway station, or street corner in America? And, according to the travelled American, the typically insolent Jack in office in England is a poor old verger in Westminster Abbey. This is the pot calling the kettle black with a vengeance!

There seems to be good reason, however, for complaint against the vergers at Westminster, if an experience of which I have just received an account may be accepted as typical of the ordinary course of procedure. An Army Officer of high rank went with a lady to the Sunday-afternoon service a short time ago. They were in very good time, but they were at once accosted by a verger, who said: "Do you want a seat? Well, if you'd square me, I'd square you." If all the seats in the Abbey are thus disposed of, it must, indeed, be a good thing to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord.

A feeling of deep disgust and indignation has been provoked in Southport by the announcement of the appointment of the Rev. George Everard, Vicar of Christ Church, Dover, to the living of St. Andrew's, Stockport, vacant by the death of the late Canon Cross. Canon Cross, who enjoyed exceptional popularity, and had a large and devoted congregation, was a moderate High Churchman, opposed to extremes of all kinds; but Mr. Everard is a pronounced and extreme Evangelical, of a school which is happily all but extinct. Such an appointment would, at the best, be unfortunate enough, but in this case it is the more ill-advised, as the congregation of St. Andrew's had petitioned the trustees of the living in favour of the appointment of the Rev. J. F. Horter, who had been for some time acting as *locum tenens* during the late vicar's absence. The trustees include the Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Carlisle, and the Archdeacon of Liverpool.

Canon Scott-Holland's notice of Dr. Liddon, in the last volume of the "National Dictionary of Biography," ought for ever to consign to oblivion the ridiculous and persistently circulated tale that the Queen had more than once positively vetoed Dr. Liddon's promotion to the Episcopal bench. It seems that both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury privately sounded Dr. Liddon as to his willingness to accept a Bishopric, and they discovered that he was not disposed to undertake such a charge. If Dr. Liddon had lived he would certainly have succeeded his friend, Dr. Church, in the Deanery of St. Paul's.

In one of my weekly batch of letters from clergymen of the Established Church I came across the following remark:—

> That you personally dislike the clergy of the Church of England we know, but I submit that your personal feelings should not be allowed to overcome your editorial sense of justice.

As regards the matter in which my personal feelings are alleged to have overcome my editorial sense of justice, it is unnecessary to say more now, it having been dealt with in two successive issues of TRUTH. I should also have thought it unnecessary for me to again disclaim any personal animosity towards the clergy; but it seems that I cannot do this often enough to satisfy the clergy themselves. Professionally speaking, I have the very warmest regard for the clergy of the Church of England, for they are the most liberal supporters of TRUTH, and, with the exception of Tommy Atkins, no other class of readers are so fond of taking me into their confidence. Personally speaking, I find among my clerical acquaintances some of the most genial and entertaining of men. If it occasionally happens that Anglican clerics come in for some hard knocks in TRUTH, that is not my fault, and not altogether the clerics' fault, but the fault of the system of religious establishments, which in certain cases exercises a sadly demoralising effect upon clerical character.

For a long time past feeling has been growing stronger and stronger in Church circles at Sheffield against the arrant jobbery systematically carried on by Archdeacon Blakeney. Only two or three months back the Archdeacon appointed a friend and former Curate of his to a Sheffield living worth £500 a year; and he has followed this up within the last month by appointing his own nephew and his senior Curate to two other local vacancies. At the present moment a brother-in-law of the Archdeacon, two of his nephews, six of his former Curates, and several personal friends, brought into the town by him, hold Sheffield livings; and this list does not include several of his protégés who have in times past been jobbed into livings, but have since gone elsewhere. On the other hand, although there are in all about fifty curates employed in the various Sheffield churches, there is no instance on record of the Archdeacon having given any preferment to a cleric unconnected with himself. Such a state of things is not only very discreditable to the Archdeacon personally, but prejudicial to the interests of the Church at large.

At the beginning of last week considerable interest was excited in Church circles by an announcement, in the provincial papers, that the Rector of Falmouth having resigned his living, the senior curate of the parish church of a popular Somersetshire watering-place had been presented to it by the patron. Falmouth is not only a very important living, but it is the most valuable benefice in the West of England, the net income being about £1,200 a year. The *Guardian* published the curate's appointment in its weekly official list of presentations. It has since turned out, however, that the whole story is a fiction; for the rector has not resigned, nor has he any intention of resigning. It would be interesting to learn how this fine example of "the lie circumstantial" originated. The curate, who was announced as the future rector of Falmouth, deserves sympathy, for he has doubtless been overwhelmed with congratulations on his imaginary preferment.

The language of prayers officially drawn up for public occasions often leaves a good deal to be desired. This seems to be the case in regard to the following supplication, which was offered up on the dedication of a new organ at St. John's Church, Meerut. I doubt if any worshipper could explain how an organ is to become an "eternal treasure," nor how it is to be stored up in the manner here indicated:—

> O Lord, Who hast commanded us to offer unto Thee of Thine own gifts, according to the purpose of our hearts, and Who dost

abundantly requite them from Thine eternal bounty: accept the offering of this organ now made unto Thee by Thy servants, and *grant that it may be stored up in Thine eternal treasures.* Who livest and reignest, &c.

Here is another instance in which the most pious sentiments seem rather to have missed their mark. It is taken from an "In Memoriam" notice in a Welsh paper:—

In sad but loving memory of our dear father, Humphrey L——, who departed this life September 9, 1892. Also dear mother, who died May 27, 1889, wife of the above.

We miss their kind and willing hand,
Their fond and tender care;
We miss their helping, guiding hand—
What is home without them there?
Peace, perfect peace.

Alice and Effie.

Some of my contemporaries, metropolitan and provincial, have been exercising themselves over the discovery that the Vicar of St. Luke's, Cambridge, presides over a parish dancing-class, which is held, appropriately enough, in the girls' schoolroom. For my part, it seems to me that this discovery should be a subject for unqualified rejoicing among all true friends of the Church; and the only point for objection which I see in the prospectus of the institution is that all members of the Committee are required to be communicants, which looks like obtruding religion rather more into the foreground than there is any necessity for. The attitude of this Cambridge Vicar, however, towards one of the prettiest and most healthful of social amusements is in pleasing contrast with the prurient hostility of certain Protestant sects—especially in North Britain—and if there were a little more of this liberal spirit abroad, the Church of England would be renewing its lease of life. I hope that the Vicar will have the full courage of his opinions, and pilot his lady parishioners bravely through the mazy waltz.

As bearing on some of the views that I have from time to time expressed about missionaries in the East, an Indian reader gives me the following picture of the position of a Roman Catholic missionary in one of the native States:—

I met Father —— the other day at B——, the ancestral seat of one of the Indian Rajahs, whom the British aristocracy are at this moment doing their best to spoil. This worthy missionary comes of a well-to-do Savoyard family, and was accustomed at home to bourgeois comforts. But now he is drawing Rs. 80 per month, out of which he has to keep two bullocks and a driver, to take him on his rounds over the wide tract of unhealthy country in which he works. I do not suppose that he can have more than Rs. 10 per month for his personal requirements. These are the sort of men who fulfil to the letter Christ's commands, and whether one does or does not sympathise with their crusade, no one can fail to admire them.

This entirely accords with what I have often said as to the *modus operandi* of Catholic and Protestant Missions respectively. Whether either method is likely to result in any considerable spread of Christianity in the East is doubtful; but undoubtedly, if that result is to be attained, it will be by missionaries like the above rather than by well-housed and well-paid evangelists, occupying very similar positions to the "beneficed clergy" at home.

The following amounts have reached me towards Lady Jeune's Poor Children's Holiday Fund:—H. T. C., £2; Sappho, £1. 3s. 6d.; Edith Sinclair, 10s.; Jess, £5. I have also received £20 from U. S. A. towards this year's Toy Fund.

I have been asked to make an appeal to the benevolence of my readers on behalf of a Mrs. Chick, the widow of a Captain Chick, of the Madras Cavalry, a civilian who volunteered at the time of the Indian Mutiny, and served with credit in the defence of Lucknow and elsewhere. Mrs. Chick, it appears, has been recently acting as matron of the Widows' Home at Poona, and is threatened with utter destitution in her old age. In view of the services of her husband, and the fact that he never received any special compensation for these services, or for his losses in the Mutiny, it seems to me that the case is one, not for private charity, but for a provision from public sources. On these grounds, Mrs. Chick has actually been recommended for a pension from the Mutiny Relief Fund by the Governor-General in Council, but the Secretary of State answers that it has been decided that such a pension can only be granted to those whose relatives died prior to March 31, 1859. Then it seems to me that some other pension fund ought to be provided without delay; for there must be many other deserving claimants in a similar position to Mrs. Chick.

One of the Service journals again called attention the other day to the apparently increasing evil of fraudulent enlistment, and the subject is one which deserves all the ventilation it is likely to get. There is a direct connection between fraudulent enlistment and crime in the Army. I have had striking proof of it in certain statistics under both heads in regard to a certain Battalion, now at Shorncliffe, in which there have been within a recent period as many as ten Courts Martial in one day. A witness on the spot tells me that practically the whole of the offenders who compile this record are fraudulent recruits. The truth seems to be that there is a class of military vagrants, closely akin to the tramp of civil life, who have no intention of soldiering, but simply use the Army as a kind of casual ward—going in when they are in difficulties, and, as soon as they get tired of the life, conducting themselves so that they may be kicked out again

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The favourite remedy suggested for this evil is tattooing, or otherwise marking every man, so that, once a soldier, he can never afterwards conceal the fact. This would be effectual enough, but there are strong objections to it, though only sentimental objections. If this remedy is ever to be feasible, these sentimental objections must first be broken down, which can only be done by making the mark a distinct honour. It would speedily be regarded in that light if officers led the way, and with that view I would suggest that a few of our leading warriors, say the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught, and Lords Roberts and Wolseley, should at once bare their bold right arms, and be decorated with the broad arrow.

The Editor of the *Broad Arrow* remarks that he has a letter-box as well as I. Of course. But judging from the samples with which the public are favoured, either this

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receptacle is full of lamentable rubbish, or my contemporary is a very bad hand at turning its contents to practical use. But I think he is mistaken in supposing that those who write to me in terms uncomplimentary to himself are parties whose letters he has previously refused to publish. In fact, the suggestion strikes me as childish.

The other day readers of the *Broad Arrow* had a column and more from "A Regimental Officer" upon the value of my opinions on military affairs. I gave in reply a sample of one of my own correspondent's opinions about the *Broad Arrow*. That journal now retorts that I am "going for the plaintiff's attorney," which shows that I am in the wrong. How can I be expected to argue with an antagonist who dodges about like this? He hits me. I hit him back. He then says I am clearly beaten, because I have hit "the plaintiff's attorney." I didn't hit the plaintiff's attorney; I hit the plaintiff.

To drop metaphor, the *Broad Arrow* raises the question of the value of the criticism of civilian journals on Service matters. I, on my side, would prefer to discuss the value of the opinions of Service journals on these matters. As a contribution to that question I give the following extracts from a letter, the truth of which will scarcely be questioned outside the offices of the publications referred to:—

> The so-called Service journals have no influence whatever with the public—they make no pretensions to it—and very little indeed with the Services. In this respect, they are only in the position of most other professional and Trades Union publications. Take the theatrical papers, even the most successful of them. Who reads them outside the profession? Nobody. And those in the profession who read them, what do they read them for? Notices.
>
> Go into the reading or smoking-room of a Service Club on a Saturday morning, and watch a member turning over the leaves of the *Army and Navy Gazette* or the *Broad Arrow*. Is he carefully digesting "we's" opinions? Not a bit of it. He is looking to see if he, or his brother, or his cousin, or his uncle is mentioned, and studying the *news* of movements of troops, promotions, appointments, honours, &c.
>
> Let there be a Service article in one of the dailies, and the Service journals are thrown aside. Let TRUTH publish one of its straightforward articles, and it is difficult to get hold of the paper for a couple of days.
>
> Articles in the Service journals dealing with technical subjects, and written by experts, are on a different footing. They undoubtedly have their value, but they would have it equally if they appeared elsewhere. For the rest, the "we" of Service journalism is pure moonshine.

I am sorry to say that I have even one correspondent who questions the *Broad Arrow's* opinion on Militia affairs. At least, I suppose it must be the *Broad Arrow* that is referred to; but if this is not so, I shall be only too glad to hear it, for I really have been looking up to the *Broad Arrow* as the accredited representative of the Militia, and it is painful to have one's cherished delusions swept away like this:—

> Let me warn you against giving undue weight to the opinions of a self-styled "Service Journal" on Army affairs. The publication to which I particularly refer is purely a Militia periodical, which has for a year or two done its best to make the Militia ridiculous in the eyes of soldiers by its artless puffing of that eminently useful and respectable force. Well may Militiamen cry, "Save us from our friends," when they find themselves ruthlessly strangled by the garlands with which the print in question seeks at every opportunity to decorate them. You and other civilians are accused by Service journals of knowing little about the Army. The only ground which I think you give for that charge is in attaching any importance to the views of Service journals. In the Army, I can assure you, no one does that.

A case of great hardship lately came under my notice in connection with the last election to the Royal Bath School for Officers' Daughters. A certain number of children are taken at this school at £12 a year, subject to election. One of the last candidates was a little girl of eleven years old, whose mother is the widow of an officer with no means beyond a pension of £40 a year for herself and £10 for each of her children. This child was beaten in the competition by the daughter of an officer who is still living and on full retiring allowance. Surely in a charity of this nature some preference should be given to fatherless children. Not only have they the best claim on the benefits, but the mothers—at any rate, where they are widows with very limited means—are at a great disadvantage in canvassing and obtaining votes.

From the recent experience of a certain N.C.O. in a Line Regiment I gather that for a married man to be childless places him under a distinct disadvantage in military life. This particular man and his wife, after having been several years on the married establishment, have had to occupy a single small room, while a junior comrade, blessed with an infant in arms, was allotted two very superior apartments; and within less than a year this couple have been three times shunted from one set of rooms to another, while married people with families are left undisturbed. As each remove involves papering and other expense, this is no small inconvenience. The man asks me what he should do. Unless he sees his way to quickly adopt a child, I don't quite know what to advise him. I should certainly have thought, however, that married men without families deserved rather to be encouraged in the Army than subjected to disabilities.

I published last week, apropos to another matter, a fragment of a letter from a Staff Clerk on the subject of the new Army Pay Corps Warrant. From this and many other communications which I have received, I fear that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues must take it as unfortunately true that their laudable efforts have failed to meet with the approval of those whom they were designed to benefit. The letter above referred to goes on to say that if the men are freely joining the new Corps—a fact which has been set up as evidence of the popularity of the change—it is simply because they will be no worse off under the new arrangement than the old, and see no chance of bettering themselves elsewhere. It means to us, says a Staff Clerk, a change of name, and probably a change of uniform. And that is about all.

The universal complaints are (1) that this is the only Corps in the Army in which a man cannot obtain a commission by any degree of merit or ability; (2) that the prospects of promotion to Warrant Rank are far worse than in any other Corps, the proportion of Warrant

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Officers to clerks being about 1 to 18, while elsewhere the ratio is about 1 to 8; (3) that the scale of pension, to say nothing of pay, is lower than that of the corresponding ranks in other departments. So far from having improved the conditions of service in any of these respects, the new Warrant has distinctly altered them for the worse, as, by raising the age of retirement from fifty to fifty-five, the flow of promotion has been materially impeded. It is hardly to be supposed that further reforms in this department can be looked for just yet, and for this reason I refrain from going into the matter in any detail; but it ought to be understood at once at the War Office that the Warrant has altogether failed to do what was wanted—and expected. Why so much trouble should have been taken to effect so little is one of those mysteries which are incomprehensible outside official circles.

The *World*, after expressing surprise at "the ignorance" of those who criticise the Duke of Connaught's appointment to Aldershot, states (1) that Lord Roberts did not wish for employment on his return from India, having been recommended by his medical advisers to seek rest; and (2) that "he would not have accepted the Aldershot charge under any circumstances, even had he been eligible, which he was not." "Ignorance" is certainly not the word for this; it is far more in the nature of lying. The allegation respecting Lord Roberts's health and his medical advisers is a pure invention; so is that respecting his unwillingness to accept the Aldershot command. As to his "eligibility," setting aside the shambling pretence about the post being beneath his dignity, if Lord Roberts was "ineligible," so is the Duke of Connaught, for both hold the same rank. There is an amazing hardihood about the assertion on September 13, that Lord Roberts would not have accepted the post, for a week earlier Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had reluctantly admitted in the House of Commons that he was aware Lord Roberts was willing to take the post had it been offered to him.

A military correspondent, who is far more likely to know the truth than the Secretary of State, tells me that in the answers respecting the sanitary condition of Windsor Barracks, to which I referred last week, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was utterly misinformed. It seems to me, however, that even on the Secretary of State's own admissions, the reconstruction of the drainage ought to be taken in hand without a moment's delay.

The condition of Windsor Barracks is, however, a trifle by comparison with that of some of the pestilential quarters in which most of the troops at Dublin are housed. I believe it is a fact that since their arrival at Portobello Barracks from York—only seven weeks ago—the King's Dragoon Guards have lost four troopers from fever; to say nothing of many minor cases of sickness. After all the ugly facts that have already been made public respecting Dublin barracks, this mortality is most disgraceful to the War Office, and if steps have not been already taken to trace and remove the cause of the mischief, the disgrace is ten times greater.

A correspondent, apparently the same one who has written to a Service paper on the same subject, calls my attention to the discreditable state of the graves of the British officers and men who fell at Rangiriri, in the Maori War of 1863. New Zealand is under a lasting debt of gratitude to those who gave their lives in the cause of the Colony on this occasion, and the New Zealand Government is in a prosperous condition, and cannot, therefore, make the excuses which some of its neighbours might have for neglecting their obligations. The least it ought to do, then, is to keep the monuments over the graves in a state of decent repair.

An Indian reader sends me a letter in defence of the native Sub-Assistant Apothecaries, in reply to the letter from which I gave some extracts on July 13. The language of the writer, however, seems stronger than either his facts or his arguments. He says that my previous correspondent has done gross injustice to the Apothecaries, but admits that there are black sheep in this as in every other flock. My previous correspondent will doubtless reply that it was against the black sheep that his remarks were directed.

The N.C.O.'s and men of one battery Royal Horse Artillery at Woolwich have been forbidden, I understand, up to the present time to take into wear the new clothing issued to them last April. Either this clothing is needed for wear or it is not. If it is, it ought to be worn; if it is not, it ought not to be issued.

There is no grievance among soldiers in India of which I hear more than the difficulty of getting home at the expiration of the maximum period of compulsory service in that country. All the regulations and arrangements bearing upon this point seem to be devised with a sublime disregard of the legal rights of the men. One rule provides that a man who exercises his right to be transferred to the Home establishment after eight years' service in India, must give notice before June 30 in any year, in order to give him his right to be taken home in the ensuing trooping season. But only the names of men are received for this purpose who have completed their eight years by that date. If, therefore, a man completes his eight years, say, on July 1, he must wait till the following June before his name can go in, and he will not get away till the following autumn, when he will have completed his ninth year and be well on in his tenth. Cases almost as bad as his have happened constantly, to my knowledge. To say that no more just arrangement can be devised is nonsense.

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By a highly instructive coincidence, on the day after the receipt in the Punjaub of a circular appeal from officers in London, inviting officers in India to subscribe to a Royal Wedding Present Fund, an order was promulgated by the General Commanding the District, warning officers against signing a certain petition with reference to the depreciation of the rupee. Military discipline endorses, it will be seen, the maxim that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Circulars in honour and glory of Princes and Princesses may be signed and sent round with impunity; but circulars designed to promote the benefit of the signatories are anathema. I am bound to add, however, that this military wedding present, which took the form of an endowment for a certain number of widows at the Royal Cambridge Asylum, to which the Duchess is to have the right of presentation, seems to me the least objectionable of any public offering of which I have heard.

Sooner or later, Army reformers will have to consider seriously the relations between Freemasonry and military service. A reference to the matter in a recent issue of TRUTH has brought me a large mass of correspondence, the significance of which cannot be mistaken. Rightly or wrongly, there exists a very general feeling in the Army, that Freemasonry is answerable for a vast amount of the jobbery and favouritism which disgust good soldiers with the Service. From what I know of Freemasonry, I should suppose that, as a matter of course, this would be so. If it is, nothing more need be said. Freemasonry should be expunged from the Army as Orangeism has been.

The project of converting the Portsea Convict Prison into Naval Barracks has been abandoned, but the buildings will probably be purchased by the Admiralty, and thrown into the dockyard, where additional storehouses and workshops are much required.

A gross act of injustice has just been perpetrated on board the Coastguard ship *Mersey*. A Petty Officer who was on the watch has been deprived of two good-conduct badges for an omission which was in no way his fault, but that of a signalman, who failed to notice a small Coastguard cutter coming into harbour. The case is described to me by one who has had a lengthy experience in the Navy as the hardest he has ever heard of. At the time of his punishment the Petty Officer wanted only five weeks to complete his twenty years' service, entitling him to a long-service pension, and for many years he has borne an excellent character. He now forfeits 6d. per day for life, purely and simply for another man's fault. I trust that the facts of this case will be brought under the notice of Lord Spencer personally, and if they are, I have little fear as to the result. Some twenty warrants have been read on the *Mersey* since June last, when the present Captain took over the command, and from what I hear of the state of things now prevailing on board, the First Lord might with advantage extend his inquiries beyond the case of the Petty Officer.

In vain do I attempt to check the flow of correspondence which the loss of the *Victoria* disaster has brought upon me. Letters continue to come in from all parts of the world, like the subscriptions to the Relief Fund, notwithstanding that the account has been officially closed. For this it seems that I have in some measure to thank Rear-Admiral Colomb, who continues to present the world with his views on the accident and the best means of avoiding a repetition of it. I must again decline to devote any further space to technical points arising out of this collision; but I confess I feel interested in Admiral Colomb's literary evolutions, more especially as he does not hesitate to pass upon the late Sir George Tryon condemnation far more comprehensive and severe than has appeared elsewhere, or than the finding of the Court-martial warrants.

Who is Rear-Admiral Colomb? He is, of course, a writer of letters to the *Times*, but the prominence there given to his epistles only makes it the more desirable that it should be known what he is outside the *Times*. In a recent letter he himself admitted this. "People are in complete ignorance of my antecedents," he said, "and if they will take the trouble to look them up, they will be obliged to say I cannot be the paper theorist they represent me to be." After this, I felt bound to take the trouble to look up the Admiral's antecedents myself. I will give the result. So far as I can discover he was made a Lieutenant in 1855. Since that date his services have been as follows:—

Hastings and *Royal George* in Baltic. February, 1855, to September, 1856.
Excellent at Portsmouth. September, 1856, to December, 1857.
Flag-Lieutenant to Superintendent Portsmouth Dockyard. December, 1857, to June, 1863.
Edgar in Channel. June, 1863, to December, 1863.
Edgar in Channel. March, 1865, to October, 1865.
Victory at Portsmouth. October, 1865, to December, 1866.
Dryad in East Indies. July, 1868, to April, 1870.
Audacious in China. September, 1874, to December, 1877.
Thunderer in Mediterranean. January, 1880, to June, 1881.
Asia at Portsmouth. June 1881, to June, 1884.
Duke of Wellington at Portsmouth. June, 1884, to March, 1886.
March, 1886. Retired with rank of Captain, which he had held since April, 1870.

If this is incorrect in any particular, I shall be glad if Admiral Colomb will put me right, though I cannot promise to give him as much space as they do in the *Times*. As the "antecedents" stand at present, the Admiral has spent since he got his commission nine years at sea, twenty-one years in Portsmouth Harbour and on half-pay, and eight and a-half years on retired pay; total, thirty-eight and a-half years. Looking at these "antecedents," remembering that Admiral Colomb has never held an Admiral's command, and that he retired quite long enough ago for much of his nautical knowledge, whatever

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MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

it may originally have been, to become very rusty, I do not quite see on what grounds he assumes to sit in judgment either on the loss of the *Victoria* or any other question of practical seamanship. But, of course, I am only a civilian.

It is often said that the Germans are wanting in the sense of humour; but the following article, which I have come across in a German paper, upon the absurdities of French duelling, is certainly not without humour:—

During the shooting season it has always been dangerous for persons to wander in the woods round Paris, for the French sportsman is more apt to shoot a passing wanderer than the bird at which he aims; but this danger has considerably increased since the present mania for duelling has set in. In French duels, the combatants are, as is well known, rarely hit; but this rule does not apply to passers-by. Although less blood is drawn in all the French duels of a year than in one bout between the students of a German university, the solemnity of the proceedings is comic in the highest degree. Most duels are the result of newspaper articles, in which one politician has ventured to criticise another. X wishes to play a part in politics and to attract attention to himself. So he inserts a line in a newspaper in which he calls Y a poor creature. If Y does not take this up, a day or two later X calls him a coward. The following day all the newspapers publish the following statement: "In consequence of an article in the ——, Monsieur X has sent his seconds, Messrs. A and B, to Monsieur Y, to demand satisfaction from him for an article in which he has spoken of him in deprecatory terms. Monsieur Y has selected Messieurs. C and D as his seconds. The seconds on both sides have recognised that an encounter is inevitable, and to-morrow it will take place in the Meudon Wood. Monsieur Y, being the person insulted, has selected rapiers as the weapons." The rapiers are really foils: probably X and Y have learnt fencing in the same school, and have fenced with each other hundreds of times. There is, therefore, no risk of either being seriously wounded, for each knows the play of the other. German students fight for ten or fifteen minutes. In France this would be regarded as barbarous. There the combat ceases so soon as one combatant is in a "condition of inferiority" to the other. "Inferiority" is, however, a very wide term; if one drop of blood is spilt, "inferiority" is recognised. According to all the rules of art the combatants are placed opposite to each other. After a series of parades and feints, "halt" is shouted. X has had his finger grazed by the rapier of Y. A drop is distinctly visible. The doctor is called in. He solemnly examines the scratch, and declares that X is in a "position of inferiority" to Y, and on his honour and his conscience he cannot allow the duel to continue. X, who now knows that swagger is safe, insists upon the duel proceeding. Doctor and seconds, however, refuse. So he gradually calms down, while Y majestically stands awaiting the foregone decision. An official reconciliation of the two combatants follows, and they betake themselves, with the doctor and the seconds, to a neighbouring restaurant, where the seconds retire to a room to write a *procès verbal* of the encounter, which the next day is flashed by the telegraph to all parts of the world. In cases where pistols are selected as the arms, the combatants are put at a distance of thirty yards, and, of course, never hit each other. The duel is limited to two shots at the most. X and Y are, for a few days, marked men. They have been on the field of honour; they regard themselves as the equals of Homer's heroes. No one as would happen elsewhere laughs at them. They have incurred no real danger; the whole thing has been a solemn farce; but they are congratulated upon their high sense of honour and upon their courage; and they are happy, for they feel that the eyes of the world have been on them. And not one single newspaper in France points out what ridiculous humbugs they are!

Here is a specially fine sample of Post Office red tape. A firm removed from an office in Salisbury square to a new address in the immediate neighbourhood described as "Bell's-buildings, Salisbury-square." Having been surcharged for postcards addressed simply "Salisbury-square" and delivered at the new address, the firm applied for a return of the money, on the ground that "Salisbury-square" covered the new address. This was refused. On one card, however, addressed "near Salisbury-square," the Department surcharge was refunded. It must require a very fine intellect to draw these beautiful distinctions, and such a fine intellect must require an equally fine salary. I think that we might save this outlay with great advantage to the public.

The Incorporated Society of Inspectors of Weights and Measures is at present a good deal exercised on the question of admitting manufacturers of weights and scales to membership. If the Society cares for my views on the subject, I should say that it could not take a more undesirable step. Such a connection between the scale-making trade and the inspectors would at once lay the honesty of the latter body under suspicion, and the first thing necessary in official inspectors of all classes is that they should be above suspicion.

People seem surprised at the cholera having carried off a woman living in Westminster, near to the Houses of Parliament. My only surprise is that typhus, cholera, &c., do not rage perpetually there. As I happen to live in that quarter, I know something about the drainage. Inside the Houses of Parliament it may be up to requirement; outside it is the very worst imaginable. To a certain extent this is due to a conflict of jurisdiction between the Palace of Westminster, the Abbey property, and the parish. Nearly opposite to the western front of the Houses of Parliament there are old cesspools and elbows in the drains, which collect the sewage and infects the air, whilst the whole neighbourhood, being on a level with the river, is made noxious by the rise in the tide, which seems to hinder the flow of the sewage. I see that Sir Henry Roscoe, a most competent authority, is turning his attention to the matter, and that he has been over the Houses of Parliament. I would ask him to be good enough to look a little further. Let him investigate a house in Old Palace-yard which is tenanted by the Department of Weights and Measures. It is Crown property, and the Crown ought to be indicted for a nuisance. Let him then go to a long mews behind this house, and particularly investigate the elbows of sewage in the old drains at the end. When he has done this, he will not be greatly astonished either at the death of a woman from cholera close by, or at unpleasant smells being wafted into the Houses of Parliament.

I am glad to hear that the remarks in TRUTH respecting the extraordinary encouragement given to slave-dealers on the Gold Coast by the rules respecting the traffic which had just been passed, were promptly followed by the alteration of the rules and the elimination of the objectionable features. This encourages me to call attention to another matter in the administration of the same Colony—namely, the treatment of a number of political prisoners now confined at Elmina. I am given to understand that the men in question are kept in a sort of bear-pit in Elmina Castle. They have been kept there year after year. Many have died, and apparently the rest are to remain there till death releases them. How they first got into the bear-pit I do not clearly under-

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stand, and as Sir Branford Griffiths is now on a visit to this country, he may with advantage be invited to furnish explanations on the subject.

Some little time ago I referred to the increased consumption of intoxicants in Lewisham Workhouse, but this seems to be only one item in a vast increase which has gone on all round. In the year 1892-3, the number of days' maintenance was 182,000 odd, as against 170,000 odd in the previous year. But the additional eating and drinking is out of all proportion to this increase. For instance, 162 bottles of brandy were consumed in 1892-3, as against 306 in the previous year. The number of eggs was 97,663, as against 72,871; the quantity of milk 24,890 gallons, as against 15,769 gallons; of cocoa 2,934 lb., as against 1,694 lb.; and of meat 92,529 lb., as against 81,190 lb. But the most amazing item is mineral-water, which stands at 30,782 bottles, as against 12,860 bottles. Either there was, during the second of these years, an enormous increase in the allowance to paupers per head of meat, cocoa, milk, eggs, and brandy and soda, or somebody else than the paupers has been busily consuming the stores. Which is it?

People who happen to be travelling in Flintshire will do well to give a wide berth to a place called Golftyn, Connah's Quay. At a meeting of the Holywell Rural Sanitary Authority the other day it was reported that night-soil, mixed with ashes, had been used for making a road at Golftyn, but nobody was disturbed by the revelation. A suggestion that a notice should be issued prohibiting the further use of such material seems to have been ignored, and all that this Sanitary Authority did was to call the attention of the Medical Officer to the complaint. Perhaps, however, they are accustomed to this kind of road-making in the Holywell district.

I recently ventilated the complaint of a ratepayer of Shelf, near Halifax, in reference to the exclusion of a reporter from the meetings of the local School Board. Another Shelf ratepayer now informs me that there is on the minutes of the Board a resolution in favour of the admission of representatives of the Press, that this resolution has never been rescinded, and that the properly-accredited reporter of several papers is excluded on what the members confess to be purely personal grounds. It would be interesting to know what these "personal grounds" are. I do not gather that the reporter is accused of misconduct at the meetings, and, failing this, the action of the Board is utterly indefensible.

The Governors of County Armagh Lunatic Asylum are another public body who shun the light. By six votes to three they lately rejected a proposal for the admission of reporters to their meetings, although it was backed up by a recommendation of the Grand Jury. Their reasons for maintaining the privacy of their proceedings may be judged from the statement of the Dean of Armagh that he opposed the motion in order "to prevent a split among the Governors."

With reference to what was said in last week's TRUTH about smells from the sewers at Southport, a resident in the town for the past twenty years writes to tell me that every precaution is taken by frequent and copious flushing to keep the gullies and drains as sweet as possible, and that ventilating shafts are also being fixed wherever practicable. Owing, however, to the flatness of the locality, difficulty is said to be experienced in keeping the drains free from smell. This seems to me a virtual admission of what my first correspondent said. Southport, however, has a very clean bill of health, and no doubt the dry weather of this year has been productive of an unusually fine crop of stinks in all towns which are drained by sewers. I should add that at the last moment before going to press, I have received by post a type-written letter addressed "To the Editor of the *Liverpool Echo*, and signed (in type) "Henry H. Vernon, M.D., and F.R.S.E." I do not know to whom I am indebted for this communication, but, whoever he is, he will see that in the foregoing remarks I have practically given the substance of the Medical Officer's communication to my Liverpool contemporary.

The following will be interesting to foreigners and British Colonists. It appears in the *Liverpool Mercury*. "Fat and fleshy" is peculiarly suggestive. It would seem that an experiment in hippophagy on a large scale is about to be undertaken somewhere. But where?—

> 500 Knackers wanted, worn out, fat, and fleshy, for export purposes; must be alive. Price from £2 to £3.—11, Portland-place, Rose-vale, Liverpool.

From a correspondence just published in the Belfast papers, it is clear that the Lord Chancellor of Ireland takes a different view of his duties as regards country Magistrates from that unfortunately held by Lord Herschell. It seems that early in this year the Irish Chancellor sent to Sir F. McNaughten a list of eighteen gentlemen, with a request that he would consider their claims for promotion to the bench of County Antrim, and recommend as many of them as he could. Sir Francis recommended six of these. Some time afterwards, the Lord Chancellor wrote to inform Sir Francis that his lordship intended on his own responsibility to promote the remaining twelve. This elicited a furious letter from Sir Francis, which, shortly, came to this, that as Mr. Walker had asked him to consider the claims and recommend as many as he could of the gentlemen on the list, he was in honour bound by Sir Francis's decision. The Lord Chancellor made short work of this contention, and apparently his decision in the matter has not been altered by it. It is a pity Lord Herschell does not see his way to act like his Irish brother.

My attention has been called to the extraordinary case of one Pyloo Singh, who has just been released from prison at Singapore, by order of the Colonial Office, after three years' imprisonment on a charge of murder, on which he was tried and convicted in Pahang. To release,

after three years' imprisonment, a man convicted of murder, amounts to an admission that he has been wrongly convicted. In view of this admission, I give the following account of the case, supplied by an English barrister who has been personally familiar with it throughout. Pyloo Singh, it should be stated, is a British subject—a native of India, formerly in the Indian Army. He was a Sergeant in the Police of Pahang, a native Malay State under British protection, and practically under British rule. He was accused in 1890 of the murder of a comrade by shooting him in the back while asleep. My correspondent writes:—

> No lawyer is allowed to practise in Pahang, perhaps from fear that they will show up the gross incompetency of the boy Magistrates appointed by the Colonial Office to administer justice there. The lives of her Majesty's subjects in these Native States are in the hands of men who have obtained their appointments by nomination alone, without legal training or qualification of any kind. Pyloo Singh was denied the aid of Counsel, and allowed no assistance in the preparation of his defence. He was arraigned before a jury of Malays and Chinese, before a Judge not twenty-eight years of age, who was untrained in the law, and apparently unfamiliar with the rules of evidence. The trial lasted several days, but the details would only excite derision if recounted. In the end Pyloo was found guilty and sentenced to death. His friends petitioned the Governor of the Straits Settlements, who commuted the sentence to penal servitude for life. Pyloo was not satisfied, and, protesting his innocence, petitioned again, but without result. He next petitioned the Colonial Office, and was told that his petition ought to have been sent through the Governor. But in the end, after three years' agitation, the Colonial Office have ordered his release.

If there was good ground for releasing the man now, whose fault is it that he was not released before? What compensation is he to receive for the wrong that has been done him? And what steps are going to be taken to prevent the recurrence of such a miscarriage of justice? These questions ought to be answered.

A most shameful conviction under the game laws took place at the Evesham County Petty Sessions the other day. It seems that Mr. H. B. Pollard, a market gardener, occupies some land on the estate of the Duc d'Aumale, and, finding that his crops were damaged by rabbits, he set a trap. On August 30 one of the Duke's gamekeepers discovered that a partridge had been caught by the legs in the trap. The partridge was still alive, but the keeper did not, of course, put it out of its misery. He concealed himself and waited for the next act in the tragedy of the sacred bird. Presently a labourer named Thould, employed by Mr. Pollard, came on the scene, and, noticing the partridge, released it from the trap and wrung its neck. This was what the keeper wanted, and in due time he summoned Thould for having killed a partridge between February 1 and September 1. The fact that Thould's employer himself set the trap for rabbits, the bird being caught by chance, did not weigh with Messrs. I. Averill, R. F. Tomes, J. Ashwin, and A. H. Martin, J.P.'s. In their eyes an offence against the game laws, even if it be of the most trivial or technical nature, is unpardonable, and Thould was fined 10s. As he was also warned not to kill birds out of season again, it would appear that in the opinion of these Magistrates he should have left the injured partridge to perish in the trap. Such decisions as this make it easy to understand the intensity of rural feeling against game preservers' justice.

I have received the following letter in reference to a paragraph which appeared in last week's TRUTH:—

> SIR,—As Chairman of the Godstone Bench, which in your opinion gave "a recent outrageous decision," I venture to ask you to insert the following statement, as it is clear that you have been very imperfectly informed of the facts of the case. The "young woman named Hickley," later on called "the poor girl," is a woman of the mature age of thirty-eight, who had held the position of head-laundress in the Asylum at Caterham for seventeen years. She did not go, as you state, "to speak to the reverend gentleman," but called at his house on a Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m., a time at which she knew he would be engaged in service at the chapel. Being told that he was not at home, she asked the servant to hold the baby, and then decamped. The maid followed her down the drive, but she refused to take the baby, and nothing was heard of her for several days afterwards. The Bench, after due consideration, did refuse to allow an adjournment, because the counsel for the defendant declined to state in what possible way the evidence of the "reverend gentleman" could be material in a summons against the woman for deserting her child. The Justices did refuse to issue a summons against the "local cleric" for an affiliation order, upon the ground that the woman had no corroborative evidence of any kind to offer in support of her own statement. If Justices are not to use their discretion as to issuing summonses in such cases, a door will be opened to blackmailing in its most repulsive form. I may add that the case was fully investigated by the Committee of the Caterham Asylum, and they were satisfied that there was no evidence against the accused person. A fresh application was made to the Croydon Bench on Monday, the 11th inst., to grant a summons; the Justices declined to do so on precisely the same ground as we had done at Godstone, unless there were "material corroborative evidence forthcoming." TRUTH enjoys the privilege of passing judgment upon Magisterial decisions without hearing the evidence; it will not, I am sure, refuse to give a correct version of the facts.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
>
> Titsey Place, GRANVILLE LEVESON-GOWER.
> September 16, 1893.

Far from altering my opinion, Mr. Leveson-Gower's version of the facts has confirmed my original impression of the case. It was not correct, I confess, to speak of Hickley as a young woman, but I do not regret a mistake which has elicited the information that she had for seventeen years held the position of head-laundress in the asylum at Caterham. That is surely a very valuable testimonial as to Hickley's character; for I presume the Asylum Committee would not have allowed her to remain in such a situation if her conduct had been in any way unsatisfactory. Mr. Leveson-Gower admits that the Bench refused to grant an adjournment for the attendance of the reverend gentleman at whose house Hickley left her child. Few people will, I imagine, agree with the Bench that the alleged father's evidence could not be material, and a good many will be inclined to suspect that if he had been a labourer instead of a clergyman, a different course would have been adopted. It is explained by Mr. Leveson-Gower that the Justices declined to issue an affiliation summons against the clergyman on the ground that the woman had "no corroborative evidence." It seems to me that they have taken an entirely novel view of their duties in dealing with such applications. Is it the custom of the Godstone Bench to decide whether a charge can be substantiated before the evidence is heard in open Court? Or have they done so in this instance because the accused person has been acquitted at a private inquiry by the Asylum Committee? The desire of the Bench not to open a door to blackmailing is highly laudable. But it is even more important that justice should be done; and there can be no certainty of this in the present case, so long as a public investigation by the proper tribunal is refused.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. From the cases at Gloucester, Witham, and Salford, it will be seen that the most wanton and brutal ill-treatment of defenceless children involves the perpetrator in no more serious consequence than a cash payment, and if the money is not at once forthcoming the tender-hearted Magistrates may be relied upon to allow time for its production. When the defendant stands in the relation of guardian to the unfortunate victim the penalty demanded by outraged Justice is £5, but the Salford Stipendiary apparently holds that for a father the charge should be very much less. By way of contrast with the astounding lenity exhibited towards child-torturers and wife-beaters, the list contains the usual examples of the inflexible severity with which our intelligent Magistracy visit such offences as poaching, petty larceny, and sleeping out:—

Gloucester City Police-court. Before the Mayor and Messrs. S. H. Fox, J. Platt, J. Clay, and H. Mousell. Ellen Holford, charged with cruelty to her orphan niece, aged twelve. The child had been subjected to continual ill-treatment. Defendant dragged her about by the hair, beat her with a stick, and threw her on the ground and bit her wrist. She had also slashed the girl with a knife on the nose and arm, and after allowing the blood to run into a bath applied cobwebs to the wounds. Fined £5 and costs. Allowed a week to pay.

Gloucester City Police-court. Before Messrs. C. Brown, R. G. Foster, T. Denton, and C. Clarke. Leonard Johnson (16), charged with stealing three shirts and other articles, of the value of 10s., from a long-boat. One month.

Gainsborough Police-court. Mary Ann Geeson, married woman, charged with stealing two pairs of boots. Two months

Reading Police-court. Before Messrs. W. S. Darter, C. J. Andrewes, A. Hill, and M. J. Sutton. A man named Beal, charged with committing an offence with a woman named Collins. Fined 10s.

Reading Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. The woman Collins, charged with committing an offence with Beal. Fourteen days.

Ashford Police-court. Before Messrs. J. D. Cameron, J. Sayer, E. Cock, Colonel Dampier Palmer, M.P., and Captain Knight. Stephen Jenkins, convicted of assaulting his wife by beating and kicking her. Fined 10s. and costs.

Ashford Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Thomas Munn, charged with stealing a guernsey and other articles, value 2s. He is described as a "half-witted youth." Two months.

Ledbury Police-court. Before Messrs. C. A. Hewitt, J. Riley, E. J. Webb, W. S. Broadwood, and A. H. Martin. Albert Peck, charged with being drunk and riotous. He made an unprovoked attack on a man and woman who were walking along the road, knocking them both down and kicking them. Seven days.

Ledbury Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Edward Bunn, charged with stealing a pipe, which was taken from the window-sill of a public house. One month.

Southend Petty Sessions. Before Alderman T. Dowsett (Mayor), Messrs. C. A. Tabor, E. A. Wedd, and W. Lloyd-Wise. Joseph Chandler, drover, charged with cruelty to sheep, which he unmercifully thrashed across the heads and eyes, causing blood to flow freely. Fined 10s. and costs.

Southend Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Annie Simmons, charged with lodging in the open air, and being without visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Salford Police-court. Before Mr. Makinson, Stipendiary. Joseph Bellerby, charged with neglecting and ill-treating his daughter, aged eleven. The girl, who had to do the housework and attend to three younger children, was shamefully beaten and kicked by the defendant. She was found in a filthy state and with her nose swollen, her eyes discoloured, her head cut, and twelve or fourteen bruises on her body. Fined 10s. 6d. and costs.

Stone Police-court. Before Messrs. J. G. Child, J. H. Bourne, jun., W. R. Parker-Jervis, F. E. Kitchener, J. W. Bishop, and W. Thompson. Samuel Pellington, William Pellington, and Henry Ellis, charged with poaching. William had not been previously convicted of the offence; Samuel was five years ago, and Ellis nine years ago. Samuel Pellington, three months; the other defendants, two months each.

Wimborne Petty Sessions. Before Sir Richard Glyn, Lord Eustace Cecil, Captain Carr Glyn, and other Magistrates. Thomas Jacobs, charged with cruelty to a horse by working it in an unfit state. The horse was in a shocking condition, and a Police Superintendent said it was one of the worst cases of cruelty he had ever seen. Fined 10s.

Wimborne Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. George Hayes and his wife, charged with stealing pieces of wood, value 6d. Fined 10s. each.

George Barnes, charged with trespassing for game. Fined £1.

Witham Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Lucas and other Magistrates. Ellen Wade (21), charged with cruelty to her sister, aged eight. The child stated that prisoner burned her neck with a hot poker, beat her about the head with a stick, knocked out two of her teeth, and threatened to kill her. Fined £5 and costs.

Bishop Stortford Petty Sessions. Before Mr. Robert Gosling and other Magistrates. Francis W. Payne pleaded guilty to stealing carrots and potatoes from a garden. One month.

Birkenhead Police-court. Before Mr. G. T. Gostenhofer and Alderman Willmer. Arthur Henry Bickersteth convicted of assaulting a boy named Wilson. Without any provocation, defendant, who was drunk, struck the lad in the face, knocking him down, and then kicked him, inflicting such injuries as to make him lame. Fined 40s.

Malton Police-court. Harry Shipley, labourer, charged with wilfully damaging a picture. Whilst at a public-house defendant fired off an air-gun, the bullet going through a picture. Six weeks.

Roborough Petty Sessions. Before Rev. J. Hall Parlby, Messrs. Henry Clark, J. P. Deacon, and R. B. E. Gill. William J. Horsham, convicted of a brutal assault on his wife, who was granted a separation order. After striking her with a poker, he punched her head until she fell, and then kicked her until a man interfered. A few weeks previously she had a miscarriage owing to his kicking her. Fined £1. 4s. 6d., including costs.

Kineton Petty Sessions. Before Mr. Bolton King and the Hon. Greville Verney. John Pargeter, charged with stealing three pennyworth of maize. His first offence. Fined £1, or fourteen days.

Woodbridge Police-court. Norman Whitehouse, charged with sleeping out on the premises of the Rev. J. G. Pooley. Seven days.

Derby Police-court. Percy Hay Senior, charged with assaulting his wife, who said he struck her in the eye, knocked her about the face with a slipper, pushed her down, and kicked her in the side. He also threw a plate at her which struck her on the head. Fined 20s. and costs.

Matlock Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. B. L. Barrow, W. Harrison, E. Walker, and A. Clay. Frank Millward, farm servant, charged with carrying a gun without a licence. Fined £1 and 9s. 6d. costs.

Lanark. Before Bailie Milton. Henry M'Inally, charged with indecently assaulting a married woman. Fined £2.

Maidstone Police-court. Richard Featherstone, charged with stealing a cucumber and a haddock. Fourteen days.

Coventry Police-court. Before Alderman Marriott. Four youths, charged with playing pitch-and-toss in a public road. In default of paying £1. 11s. 6d. each, they were committed for a month's hard labour.

Newbury Divisional Sessions. Alfred Langford, charged with assaulting a little girl from Dr. Barnardo's homes, who was sent to Hampstead Norris for a holiday. Defendant induced the child to go to a field, indecently assaulted her, and detained her there for nearly seven hours. Two months.

Rarely has a Magistrate drawn upon himself so much public censure as Mr. Alfred Hill, the Birmingham Deputy-Stipendiary, has received in connection with the monstrous perversion of justice to which I alluded last week. As the result of a letter in an evening paper, two thousand persons attended an open-air meeting in the city on Friday night and unanimously passed a resolution

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W

asking the Home Secretary to reconsider the case of Henrietta Ward, the woman who, after bearing an excellent character all her life, was sentenced by Mr. Hill to six weeks' hard labour for the theft of three pairs of boots. Not only was it the woman's first offence, but there were sad domestic circumstances which, in the opinion of everybody except the Deputy-Stipendiary, made her a subject for pity rather than punishment. Mr. Asquith's refusal to interfere with the sentence must be due, I feel sure, to the pernicious official practice of implicitly accepting the statements of Magistrates, or their clerks, in cases in which their action is called in question. In my own relations with the Magistracy I constantly see how unsafe it is to do this, and I would suggest to Mr. Asquith the absolute necessity of obtaining independent testimony and advice, if he is to come to a right conclusion in such matters. In the present instance there are abundant proofs that a gross error of judgment has been committed by Mr. Hill, and I trust that Mr. Asquith will immediately order the woman's release.

I am glad to observe that the meeting on Friday did not confine its attention to the harsh treatment of Henrietta Ward. With a view to the prevention of similar injustice in the future, a second resolution was adopted, which, after expressing indignation at the erratic sentences lately passed by the Deputy-Stipendiary, requested the authorities to investigate the truth of the rumour that he is too deaf to hear the witnesses in the cases brought before him. Councillor Allen, who moved this resolution, urged "that when a public man got to the time of life when bodily infirmity and mental trouble at times affected him, and the habits of mind and body were not what they were, it should be noticed by the authorities, and if he objected to give up a good job, he should have a gentle hint that unless he did he would be ejected." From the applause with which this remark was greeted by the assemblage it is clear that my suggestion last week that Mr. Hill should relinquish his duties is warmly approved. I am informed, by the way, that this Draco was Chairman of the Bench who at the Aston Police-court two or three months ago inflicted six weeks' hard labour upon a man found sleeping in a furniture van.

Colonel Wood, J.P., cannot be congratulated upon the figure which he cut in a case heard by the Chelmsford Bench a few days ago. The Colonel was driving his trap up Widford-hill, when he found his passage blocked by a large van, driven by a man named May, who, for the convenience of his horses, had taken the middle of the road. Although Colonel Wood seems to pose as a great stickler for the rules of the road, he drove half the length of the van on his wrong side, and May, having thus become aware of his approach, at once made room for the trap to pass. With most persons the matter would have ended there. But Colonel Wood evidently regards the temporary obstruction of his trap as a high crime, and in spite of the fact that he had himself broken the rules of the road, he caused May to be summoned. The complainant's fellow Justices mulcted May in the sum of £1, which was certainly a heavy penalty for so trivial an offence—if it can be called an offence at all.

The idea which generally prevails that under the law of this country a man is regarded as innocent until he is proved guilty is evidently held in supreme contempt by the King's Heath police. Recently they summoned a publican at Northfield for keeping his house open during prohibited hours, and, without waiting for the formality of a conviction, served the defendant with a notice of objection to the renewal of his licence, on the ground that he had committed an offence against the Licensing Act. As it happened, the Magistrates on Friday dismissed the summons. But even if a conviction had been obtained, the step taken by the police would still have been highly reprehensible; and such an imitation of the principle of Jedburgh justice deserved a more severe condemnation than it received from the Bench.

The Worcestershire police-force has also been distinguishing itself by the practice of the agent-provocateur system. At the Pershore Petty Sessions last week, a man was convicted on the evidence of a constable of stealing a padlock. The officer stated that he and the prosecutor placed the padlock on a chain in a field, and that he then hid himself until the defendant came and committed the theft. Another man was convicted of poaching on the evidence of a policeman who had similarly concealed himself. Two publicans were also fined for permitting gaming, one on the evidence of a constable who concealed himself in order to detect men playing skittles for quarts of beer, and the other on the evidence of an officer who, having disguised himself, saw four persons playing "don" for a quart of ale. So far as the report before me shows, the Bench said not a word against this discreditable method of procuring convictions, which is altogether alien to accepted English notions.

Several people have asked me to notice the case of the man Thompson, who was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour at the Central Criminal Court last week for writing threatening letters to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. It is necessary that public men should be protected from persecution of this kind, but care should be taken that the punishment inflicted does not appear to err on the side of severity. The result of that is that the prisoner is at once regarded as a martyr, and, judging from the letters I have received, this is what has happened in Thompson's case.

A bicyclist complains to me that he has been fined one guinea in penalty and costs by the Magistrates at Bingley, near Bradford, for riding at night without a lamp, the fact being that his lamp had gone out and refused to burn, which fact he explained to the policeman who charged him, and the Magistrates who fined him. If there were any means of ascertaining for certain whether a bicyclist's lamp has gone out by accident or by his own fault, I should be delighted to "Pillory" the Bingley Bench; but as there is not, though I sympathise with the

bicyclist, my sympathies do not so far master me as to cause me to find fault with the Magistrates. Bicyclists may ask what they should do when a lamp goes out. I can only answer, get down and walk. If they do not like that, they must take the risk of a fine, or give up bicycling at night. It seems, unfortunately, to be one of the risks incidental to the pursuit, that a lamp may accidentally go out, and that the accident may cost a guinea.

The aggrieved cyclist in the above case asks me to use my influence in favour of the passing of a law to compel all vehicles to carry lights at night. This I shall be delighted to do. I have already endorsed the efforts of cyclists to obtain such an Act; but at the same time the cycling fraternity should bear in mind that while other vehicles without lights are chiefly dangerous to cyclists, cycles without lamps, by reason of their speed and silence, are in the highest degree dangerous to everybody.

"A Humble Punter in Small Amounts" thinks I have been too hard on the foreign betting agents. There is one point in his letter the force of which I entirely admit:—

> The reason why, as you say, these individuals could not show their faces in England is, of course, that, thanks to our wise (?) laws, ready-money betting is not legal here. I wonder which is better (or worse), to bet "on the nod" and lose more than you can pay, or to bet ready money, which certainly prevents any one from playing who cannot pay beforehand. . . . . I have never heard any really sound argument against betting in ready money, but hope you will enlighten me.

So far from being able to enlighten my correspondent, I have repeatedly contended in these columns that there is no sound argument against betting in any shape, so far as the principle of the thing goes. The stock argument, which weighs with most people, is that betting is a seductive pursuit, which occasionally leads people to risk more than they can afford, and so to impoverish themselves and their friends. This, of course, is equally true of many forms of indulgence, including various forms of betting on credit, with which the law does not attempt to interfere. All that I have attempted to do is to warn people against circularising betting touts; and though my punting friend says that he has had a satisfactory experience of one of the foreign "list-men," I have heard too much in the opposite direction to whitewash any of the fraternity.

The man Reuben May has just had the audacity to write an autograph letter to some of those who have previously supported him, representing that if the "Great Arthur-street Mission" is to be kept going he must have "£200 by the end of the month, and £100 of it at once." He asserts that this state of things is the result of the exceptional degree of sickness and suffering lately prevalent, which to any one possessing the slightest knowledge of the facts is a transparent fiction. If the "Mission" is in any serious difficulties, this can only be because charitable people are beginning to appreciate the essentially dishonest basis on which it is conducted. That there is any real prospect of the concern collapsing, I should not believe on May's unsupported statement; but if only people had the sense to refuse any response to the man's appeals until he has accounted for what he has already received, that desirable result would very quickly come about.

Persons of limited means would bless that Chancellor of the Exchequer who would simplify the process for the recovery of over-paid Income-tax. As a case in point, I may cite that of a British subject living abroad, and drawing a small income from investments in England. Every application made by such a person for return of Income-tax must be attested by a British Consul, whose fee for the purpose is 5s. Where the total amount recoverable is only a few shillings—in one case that I have heard of it was only 15s.—this fee itself amounts to a substantial tax.

In the East Tyrone Revision Courts Nationalists and Unionists settle their differences in an exemplarily peaceful fashion. At Dungannon last week the Revising Barrister, after disposing of the official objections on the several lists, went off for a drive to Benburb to view the ruins of the old castle of the O'Neills, leaving the party agents to arrange the settlement of a large number of cases on each side, "which was done in a highly satisfactory manner." It will not be prudent of the Revising Barrister to unduly encourage this method of dealing with the business, or he may find his occupation gone.

In TRUTH of July 6 I published certain extracts from a South African letter containing a series of questions respecting the Transvaal Judges. In publishing them I remarked that I did so knowing nothing of the facts, and hoping that some one better informed would answer them. I am glad to say that a gentleman, who is fully qualified to speak, has responded to this hint, and from what he says I have no doubt that the questions themselves were in the nature of *suggestio falsi*, and that such facts as underlay them are fully capable of satisfactory explanation. No names having been mentioned, it scarcely seems necessary now to go further into the matter; but with regard to the question as to a Judge "dressing up in character and dancing 'Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay,'" as I understand that the incident referred to took place at a children's party in a private house, I think it right to say that I am sorry such a matter should have been mentioned in TRUTH at all.

I have had a letter from a gentleman in Dominica, who entirely contradicts what I said in TRUTH of July 27 with regard to the State-aided importation of coolies into the West Indies. This fact I think it right to make known. My previous remarks, however, as appeared on the face of them, were founded on the experience of a gentleman who had long resided in Trinidad, to which island they more particularly referred, and they were supported by some local newspaper correspondence on the same subject. As my present correspondent informs me that he is an English journalist who went out "a few months ago" to start a newspaper in Dominica, he must excuse my preferring my previous authority to his, much though I honour and respect him for being, as he declares, "a good Radical."

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR has for over half a century sustained its high reputation as an indispensable toilet requisite. Delightfully cooling to the skin.—96, Strand; 180, Regent-st.; 64, Cheapside.

If it be true that Lobengula is actually on the war-path, we may congratulate ourselves on having the Marquis of Ripon at the Colonial Office. His strict instructions to the Cape Government to commit themselves to no enterprises which have not the sanction of the Imperial Government leave nothing to be desired. One question, and one only, so far as we in England are concerned, is raised by the attitude of the Matabele King, and that is, whether or not the British taxpayer is to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for Mr. Rhodes and the various adventurers, ducal and otherwise, who have put their money into the Chartered Company. Jingoes will, of course, shriek "Yes," in answer to this question. Radicals ought to say "No," with equal vehemence. If the "Ayes" have it, we shall witness a repetition of the blunders of previous Liberal Ministries in North and South Africa, and against that it behoves us to bestir ourselves in good time.

Italy is, in one respect, rapidly acquiring one of the characteristics of Sparta, for it has only copper token money, and even that is difficult to obtain. Small change has to be bought at a premium of about 10 per cent., when it can be got. The consequence is that buying and selling in their smaller details are almost at a standstill. The smallest note is for five francs, and very few small dealers can change it. When they do, the change is made up of pence rolled up in pieces of paper containing a franc's worth, a few postage stamps, and perhaps a box of matches. When a very small article is sold, the purchaser is requested to call again to pay for it. At the railway stations no change is given, and it not unfrequently happens that the luggage has to be left behind if the traveller is without change himself.

All this is due to the provisos of the Latin Monetary Union. Each State of the Union is pledged only to put in circulation a certain amount of silver coin, which passes as currency indifferently in all the States. Italian credit, however, being low, there is an agio on gold—*i.e.*, a person gets about 22 francs in Italian paper for a gold coin worth 20 francs. Speculators, therefore, export all the silver francs from Italy, change them in France or in Switzerland into 20-franc gold pieces, reimport the gold pieces, change them back into Italian silver, when they again export the silver. In this way Italy has been entirely depleted of its silver coinage; and as there is no note of a lower value than five francs, all small change has disappeared. It is intended to meet this by calling in thirty millions of silver francs, and issuing the equivalent amount in paper one-franc notes. This, however, will be a mere palliation, for this thirty millions will not be sufficient to meet the requirements of the country.

The real truth is that this currency difficulty can only be solved either by Italy withdrawing from the Latin Union, in which case she would be able to issue as much silver token coinage as she pleases, or by her amending her financial ways so as to make the value of an Italian twenty-franc note and that of a twenty-franc gold piece equal. Her finances are utterly rotten. Her credit is shaken, and she is practically bankrupt. Each year her expenditure exceeds her income. Yet taxation is already so high that commerce is crippled, and, consequently, it cannot be increased.

Owing to some vague notion that France might attack her, she has been led to enter the Triple Alliance, and this obliges her to keep up an Army far above her requirements for defensive purposes. And, besides this, there are half a dozen men to do the work of one in all of her public departments. Unless she reduces her Army, and insists upon all civil employés doing a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, it is absolutely certain that she will, sooner or later, have to go into liquidation, and to compound with her creditors. I would as soon think of investing in her public debt as I would buy a share in the Chartered Company of South Africa.

It must be admitted, however desirous we may be that Home Rule should be secured to Ireland, that the country is taking the rejection of the Bill by the Lords calmly, not to say apathetically. The main reason, I take it, for this is that the Bill itself is somewhat of a half-hearted measure. It creates an Irish Executive and an Irish Legislative Assembly, but it restricts either from dealing with police, land, and taxation, which are involved in the idea of local self-government; whilst it allows eighty Irish Members to have what is likely often to be a casting vote in the Imperial Parliament upon those British local matters which, in the case of Ireland, are left to the Irish Legislature. When to this is added the fact that there is a British majority against the Bill, I am not surprised at the country not rising up as one man to demand the immediate abolition of the House of Lords for having ventured to set itself against the representatives of the nation. I deplore the apathy, but this is no reason why I should deny its existence.

Generally about forty or fifty Peers transact the entire business of their House. On the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, bishops hurried from their dioceses; thanes from the Bashans where they reside, with as little knowledge of politics as bulls; the bankers and the brewers who have been converted into hereditary legislators because they had heaped up wealth—some honestly, some doubtfully; and a herd of "milords," with no other title to political recognition than that they are "milords." They may have been right or wrong in their estimate that they were carrying out the wishes of the country. The real question, however, is how they possibly could know its wishes more than any other four or five hundred men selected at haphazard from the upper classes.

That such persons should be entrusted with legislative powers by a country which is under a system of representative government entirely passes my understanding. I would have them swept away root and branch. To allow them to vote down any Bill passed by the Commons is as absurd as it would be to give this power to the Carlton Club. Elections are a farce if, when they result in a Liberal majority, and a Committee of this majority is charged with the

duties of government, Liberal Bills are to be thrown out in this fashion. And it would be well if the Liberal Party were fully to realise that it is idle to suppose that any real Liberal progress is possible so long as the legislation of Liberal Ministers is to be subjected to such treatment by a hereditary Conservative Upper House. Unfortunately, however, although the Liberals when they are in Opposition are quite ready to vote for resolutions against hereditary rights of legislation, when they are in power they never give practical effect to these resolutions. And so long as Radicals allow them to play this game, they deserve the fate that befalls their Bills.

Should we be defeated when we appeal to the country, it will not be because the country approves of an Hereditary Legislative House, or because it is averse to Home Rule, but because the Irish Home Rule Bill that has passed the Commons is no final settlement of the issue between Ireland and Great Britain, but leaves much in suspense, whilst it makes the Irish our masters in our own local affairs. The Bill of 1886 was a far better one. Who is really responsible for this Bill I have never yet discovered. Mr. Gladstone accepted many of its provisos, but he did not conceal his disapproval of them. But why did he accept them? Who were the gentlemen who imposed their will on him? Whose Bill is it?

SCRUTATOR.

THE WEST OF ENGLAND DEPOT SCANDALS.

IN my last reference to the case of Sergeant-Major Kenyon, late of the Depot of the Devon Regiment, I expressed the hope that the facts to which attention has been called in TRUTH would come under the notice of the General at the annual inspection, which was then close at hand. The inspection, however, came and went, and to all appearance Sir Richard Harrison heard nothing of this ugly scandal; at any rate, if he did, he allowed the matter to pass in silence, which only makes the scandal so much uglier. It seems necessary, therefore, that I should now explain somewhat more in detail what the case was against Sergeant-Major Kenyon.

I have already stated that I have in my possession a copy of the proceedings of the Committee of the Sergeants' Mess which sat in February last to investigate various irregularities in the Mess accounts. It is on the evidence there contained that I assert that the manner in which Kenyon was allowed to leave the Depot, and the position which he has since been allowed to occupy, constitute a grave scandal. The Committee of Investigation found a number of facts, of which the following are samples:—In June, August, and September, cigars and liquors to the value of £3. 9s. 8d. were taken from stock and not accounted for—in other words, stolen. An item of £6. 13s. had been debited to the billiard account, for re-covering the table, and no vouchers for the amount could be produced except a bill and receipt in the Sergeant-Major's handwriting, whilst one of the Sergeants gave evidence that the actual cost of re-covering the table (which only measured 8 ft. by 4 ft.) was about half the sum charged. The Committee refused to pass this item, as being "preposterous," and requested the Sergeant Major to refund it; in other words, they convicted that officer of making a false entry in the books, and presenting a forged voucher to support it. In regard to another entry of £2 for re-covering the billiard-table, the Committee found that nothing had been done to the table at the time specified. With reference to another item of £1. 11s. 6d. for new balls, they found that, instead of new balls being provided, an old set had been re-turned; and other small items entered as "expenses" were disallowed, as no explanation of them could be furnished. A discrepancy of £5. 7s. 4d. was discovered in the billiard account for one period of nine months, and the Committee recorded the following finding in regard to it:—

> The Committee are of opinion that the sum of £3.10s. has been irregularly taken from the Sergeants' Mess funds by Sergeant-Major Kenyon's orders, to swell the amount voted to him by a Mess meeting for a presentation, without the knowledge or consent of the members, and they therefore demand that the whole of this sum must be refunded by Sergeant-Major Kenyon, as also the balance of £1. 17s. 4d., making a total of £5. 7s. 4d.

It appears that Kenyon celebrated his silver wedding some months ago, and a proposal was made and carried at a Mess meeting that £3 should be expended on a cup to be presented to him on the occasion. Kenyon, by the way, although he was asked to leave the chair, thought it desirable to remain in the room while this proposal was put and carried. A Committee having been appointed to purchase the cup, Kenyon went with them to the shop, and selected a cup for himself valued at £6 10s., saying that he would make the balance all right. He seems to have made it all right by ordering the Mess President to pay it out of the Billiard Fund. This will explain the order of the Committee that the £3. 10s. should be repaid. For a combination of meanness and roguery Kenyon's proceedings on this occasion will, I think, be found hard to beat. As regards the balance of £1. 17s. 4d., mentioned in the above extract, a Colour-Sergeant named Stentiford (who seems to have been the one who paid over the £3. 10s. for the cup) informed the Committee that he had handed the money to the Sergeant-Major personally. Kenyon, however, denied this, and later in the proceedings the Committee rescinded the order for Kenyon to refund this part of the amount missing, and made Stentiford liable for it. As regards the rest of the findings, however, Kenyon seems to have admitted their justice. He seems to have refunded £3. 10s. in respect of the presentation cup; £2, the estimated amount of the falsification in regard to the re-covering of the billiard table; and £4. 11s. 6d. in respect of various minor items in the Billiard account.

The investigation having reached this point, the following letter was addressed to the Adjutant:—

> The Acting-Adjutant,
> 11th Regimental District, Exeter,
> February 26, 1893.
>
> SIR,—The Committee are of opinion that, in view of the recent disclosures in connection with the Sergeants' Mess accounts, and the fraudulent charges made therein by Sergeant-Major Kenyon, and which have been refunded by him to the extent of £4. 11s. 6d.,

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it is absolutely impossible for him to remain any longer at the head of the N.C. Officers of the Depot.

It is apparent to the Committee that he is using every endeavour to gain sympathy by representing himself to be a much injured man. There is considerable feeling existing among the members of the Mess, especially those who are acquainted with the nature and extent of the above-mentioned discrepancies, and the present tension can last only a little while longer.

It is also the opinion of the senior N.C. Officers of the Depot and Permanent Staff that Sergeant-Major Kenyon cannot any longer command the respect due to his position. It is, therefore, respectfully requested that he be called upon immediately to resign, or that the matter may be brought to the notice of the Officer Commanding the Regimental District, and it is further most respectfully requested that the latter alternative may not be deferred beyond March 4.

It is further requested that, in order to investigate a doubtful charge, the Library and Recreation-room accounts (from June, 1891) may be placed in the hands of the Committee.—We beg to remain, Sir, your humble and obedient servants

(Signed),

J. SUMMERS, Sergeant-Major, 4th Devon Regiment.
W. LINTHWAITE, Colour-Sergeant, O.R.S., 11th R.D.
J. MCDERMOTT, Colour-Sergeant, 4th Devon Regiment.
T. JONES, Sergeant, Depot, Devon Regiment.
E. HOOPER, Sergeant, 4th Devon Regiment.
S. GARLAND, Lance-Sergeant, Depot, Devon Regiment.
A. E. DENNING, Lance-Sergeant, Depot, Devon Regiment.

The result of this readers of TRUTH have long since heard. Kenyon was allowed to voluntarily retire. He marched out of the Depot to all appearances without a stain on his character, retaining the right to wear his uniform. He has been engaged to drill telegraph boys, and has been coming into barracks every week in uniform for that purpose. He is in the running for a special pension for meritorious service, and he no doubt poses among his own circle of admirers as a deeply-wronged individual, who has been compelled to retire from the Service by the malicious persecution of certain of his comrades, but for whom his superior officers (knowing his great merits) have endeavoured to make things as pleasant as possible.

Now, I am no advocate of draconic justice in any form. But when I see "justice" administered in this spirit to offenders in Kenyon's position, two considerations occur to me. I look at the cases, occurring at every Quarter Sessions and Assizes, in which months of hard labour or years of penal servitude are awarded to clerks and others in civil life for irregular dealings, even to the most trifling amount, with the cash or the books entrusted to their keeping. I look next at the notorious fact that crime in the Army is punished on a scale ten times more severe than anything known to civil life, and that the most trumpery offences against discipline — a momentary ebullition of temper, or a casual indiscretion in the matter of drink — are almost every day involving men in loss of rank and permanent disadvantage in their profession, more often than not accompanied by sharp terms of imprisonment. I look at these facts, and I ask myself to what reason it is due that a man like this Kenyon, who has grossly abused his official position, and has been convicted by his own comrades of dishonourable and dishonest conduct—extending, be it noted, over a long period—is treated as deserving the most extreme consideration and indulgence, and punished, when punishment of some kind is inevitable, in such a manner that it may appear as far as possible that he has not been punished at all? To what can it be due but to the grossest and most unscrupulous favouritism? I say "unscrupulous," because it must be obvious to everybody that this pointed and extravagant clemency towards such offences on the part of an officer occupying a position of peculiar trust is in the highest degree detrimental to discipline, and demoralising to all those subordinate officers who are familiar with the facts. Week after week, when protesting against undue severity to minor military offenders, I am told, in one form of words or another, that the maintenance of discipline is paramount to all other considerations, and that the individual must be sacrificed to the interests of the Service. If so, what follows in a case like Kenyon's? That here some other consideration is paramount to the maintenance of discipline, and that here the interests of the Service are sacrificed to those of the individual. Favouritism can never show itself more unscrupulous than that.

With this case at Exeter, compare the other at Bodmin. Within the last few days, the unfortunate man Wilson—formerly Quartermaster-Sergeant, now Corporal—has received notice of the failure of his appeal against the decision of the Court-Martial which degraded him. The case has been discussed so recently and so fully in these columns that I shall not go into it again. It will, I should hope, be yet brought before the House of Commons as soon as an opportunity for so doing can be found. But, in the meantime, what we see is this: On the one hand this man, who rendered invaluable public service by exposing, at great peril to himself, another offender of the Kenyon type, has been first remorselessly boycotted, in company with every man in the place who had stood by him, the Commanding Officer, by his own confession, endorsing and supporting the boycott; and eventually has been hunted down, convicted of a purely artificial offence in the face of the strongest evidence, and punished with vindictive severity after seventeen years of honest service. On the other hand, the Sergeant-Major whose iniquities he exposed is left virtually unpunished, and in full possession not only of his honours and dignity, but apparently of the confidence and personal regard of his superior officers. Should he now desire—and there is no reason why he should not—to renew the dishonourable practices of which he has been convicted, he may do so in the full assurance that Wilson's fate will effectually deter any one of his comrades from again attempting to stand in the way of his evil designs. The extraordinary tenderness and partiality shown for this man, and for his brother sinner at Exeter, are a very ugly feature in military life. They suggest very serious suspicion in regard to officers in a higher position in the Depots, and they reflect grave discredit on the higher military authorities, who, in the face of the full exposure of the facts to the public gaze, obstinately refuse to take the course which is obviously required alike in the interests of Justice and those of the Service. What is most serious seems to me to be, that there is strong reason to think that Bodmin and Exeter are not by any means isolated examples of the extent to which the power of the Sergeant-Major is abused. Of this I hope to offer some further evidence on an early occasion.

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WANTED, A TITLED PAUPER!

A sad disaster has overtaken the swindle known as the "Society of Science, Letters, and Art (of London)." As my own literary powers might not be sufficient to do justice to the melancholy occasion, I think it better to reproduce the following letter, which has been addressed to all the members of the aforesaid swindle:—

Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London,
160, Holland-road, Kensington.
July 18, 1893.

DEAR SIR (or MADAM),—It has been notified to us that the Honorary President (the Chairman of Council) of the Society, Sir Henry V. Goold, Bart., passed away in peace at the great age of eighty-nine.

Sir Henry's death will be an irreparable loss to us. He took a deep interest in the Society's work from its first existence, and was true to it till death, asking for the Secretary, Dr. Sturman, only five hours before his decease. The Society's papers were signed up by him nine days before he took to his bed.

Sir Henry's death will necessitate the appointment of a new President (Chairman of Council), and this will take considerable time, as Members residing in all parts of the world must be consulted. Meanwhile, the Rev. J. S. Forsyth, M.A., F.E.I.S., Member of Council, will act as President (Chairman of Council).

We shall have much pleasure in submitting to the Council the name of any gentleman of position you think would be willing to act in the capacity of Honorary President (Chairman of Council).—Yours very truly,

E. ALBERT STURMAN, M.A., LL.D.,
Secretary of the Society.

On the principle *De mortuis nil*, the less said about the deceased Baronet the better. For the protection of the public, however, I feel it my duty to remind my readers who he was, and what was the nature of his connection with Sturman's bogus "Society." Sir Henry Valentine Goold was an exiled Irish Baronet, residing in extremely straitened circumstances at Croydon. As he is said to have died at the age of eighty-nine, he must have been close on eighty when he became President of Sturman's swindle. At that time he had never rendered any services whatever to Science, Letters, or Art, and there is no reason why he should have been selected for the post, except that he had a handle to his name, and was willing to place both the handle and the name at Sturman's disposal on easier terms than, probably, any other individual in the Baronetage would have done. What the terms were may be judged by the following candid statements made by Sturman to me in the course of the interview which I published last year:—

Let me ask you first about your President, the worthy baronet. Does he attend the meetings?—He either attends, or sends some one in his place.

A very old man, is he not?—He is about eighty-seven.

Is he a man of property?—No . . . .

Does the Baronet draw anything?—Nothing legally.

Does he illegally?—Sometimes he gets one or two guineas for attendances.

He also had a few pickings out of the proceeds of the school examinations, which, as Sturman admitted, "are a little bit wrong." This will be seen from the following interesting passage:—

Now, taking the business of the Society all round, is it not a fact that you live on these wretched examinations that you have told me about?—Well, yes, we *do* principally exist by the exams.

Of course, and you, Dr. Sturman, live on the Society?—Well, yes, I may say so.

And the Society by the exams?—The exams. are the principal support.

Does Goold get anything out of them?—He comes down when he wants a guinea or two, principally about the examination time.

You each have a little bit?—Well, that's about it. Every one has their own fair share, but the debts and expenses must be paid first. . . .

In view of this instructive account of their relations, there is something peculiarly touching about Sturman's assurance in his letter that the deceased Baronet "took a deep interest in the Society's work from its first existence, and was true to it till death." It is also easy to understand that he was "asking for the Secretary, Dr. Sturman, only five hours before his decease." I doubt whether the poor old Irishman had any substantial means of subsistence beyond the few guineas which Sturman doled out to him from the subscriptions of the fools who keep this impudent imposture running. But he is dead, and there is no need to say more of him. I only say this much in order to show what kind of learned society it must be which has so long boasted of this poor old impecunious nonentity as its Honorary (!) President.

Sturman's next business, as the circular above quoted hints, is to find a successor to the defunct Baronet. A great opportunity is thus offered to titled paupers, British and Irish. There is another Irish Baronet who has lately been before my readers, and who lives by writing mendacious begging-letters from a Dublin slum. He ought to be in the field at once. I understand that he is troubled with a slight weakness for drink, but as there is no occasion for him ever to show his face at 160, Holland-road, that is really a matter of no consequence. I would, however, point out to any of the nobility or gentry who may be after the place, that the appointment has its responsibilities, not to say its risks. When I have called it a swindle, I mean that it *is* a swindle. Possibly it is no fraud for Sturman to obtain guineas from fools who desire to purchase the hoods and badges of which he disposes, or the letters "F.S.S." which he is good enough to permit them to write after their names. I know that the legal rule, *Caveat emptor*, goes a long way to protect imposture of this nature. But I strongly believe that if any one who pays money for the examination of his children by Sturman or his agents, and the grant of certificates on such examinations, were to prosecute Sturman and his associates, and were to produce in evidence Sturman's admissions to me as to the nature of the "Society"; and the examinations, and the further evidence which I am ready to furnish as to the mode in which these examinations are conducted, Sturman and his associates would find themselves in a very awkward position. I may also point out that Sturman, since the conviction of Morgan, Tolmie, and Co. left him alone in the field, has been pushing his concern very busily. He has even the impudence now to start branches on the Continent and in the Colonies. The wider the swindle extends, the nearer becomes the certainty that someone will eventually set the law in motion against it. For this reason I would recommend all candidates for Sir Henry Goold's vacant berth to take warning by the fate of the convict Morgan and his companions in the dock, one of whom was also an Irish Baronet.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

THE NEW HOME OF BALLET.

Dwellers in London town need never now complain, as they did in the old days, that they had to travel countless miles to Continental cities to see a good ballet. There was a time, no doubt, when, at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, every notable opera was interspersed with ballet. These were the days of the fops' alley and the "omnibus-box," and when Lumley, the solicitor, was a liberal caterer indeed. Then came a long interregnum, and the lovers of the dance had to go to Paris, or Naples, or Rome, or Dresden, or Munich to see the perfection of stage dancing. But the art came back to England, and it is an open question if any capital in the world can on a given evening put on the stage such ballets as are to be found at the Alhambra, Empire, or Palace Theatres of often-despised London. To the Alhambra must be given the credit of the revival of the ballet in London. For years past dancers have been engaged there from every capital in Europe. Who shall say how many dancers of the first class, pantomimists, and expressionists have appeared on these boards between the days of Pitteri and Legnani and Palladino? Perhaps the best star-dancer London has ever seen since what are called the "palmy days," was Henrietta D'Or, who appeared in the ill-fated "Babil and Bijou" at Covent Garden. But ballet in England during the last quarter of a century has not depended solely on stars. There may be a lightness of touch, a spring and vivacity in the best Continental dancing that we do not get at home; but what Continental critic will fail to admire the superb physique of the English dancers, particularly those engaged at the Alhambra, whilst at that theatre, M. Jacobi has brought his band to such a pitch of perfection, that lovers of music stroll in there and enjoy an hour or so merely for the sake of the music. Indeed, it is sometimes a matter of surprise that one or other of these high-class variety-theatres is not set apart wholly for high-class music and ballet, divorced from the ordinary not very desirable variety entertainment. There is such a theatre in Chicago, which is well supported by the residential foreigners. There must be countless lovers of music in London who would like, for instance, to enjoy the often-suppressed ballet music written by Gounod for his "Faust." Cheap and good music will soon be a cry of the people; and, as a bright Irishman once observed, "Why cannot we have a sitting-down promenade concert?"

One of the most interesting of the recent experiments in ballet has been the production by Sir Augustus Harris, at the Palace Theatre, of the old dramatic story of the loves of Harlequin and Columbine, which has outlived time. How many children are there, of greater or lesser growth, who go every Christmas to see the processional panoply called a pantomime, or the dreary nonsense quoted as a harlequinade, who know that their old friend the clown, with his thieving propensities; the pantaloon, with his doddering imbecility; the harlequin, with his mask and bat; and the columbine, with her set smile and her muslin skirts, are the familiar figures in an Italian love-story centuries old? Sir Augustus Harris has told it briefly, but very charmingly, at the beautiful Palace Theatre, and has introduced some new effects of colour-lighting which in good time will probably revolutionise stage-ballet.

The lime-light man is the artist of the future. He has fought his way, with the aid of Mr. Bram Stoker, through the American customs, and what he has done for Miss Loie Fuller and Miss Letty Lind with their skirts he will ultimately do for all the young ladies in the front and back rows. The success of ballets like "Scaramouche" is another proof that the best entertainment is the one that pays the best. The recent depression in theatrical enterprise is easily accounted for from a strictly commercial point of view. The public are not so foolish as they are represented to be. They refuse any longer to pay half a guinea for an entertainment of secondary consideration when they can get something twice as good for half the price elsewhere.

THE "ROYALTY" FIASCO.

Commiseration is very deservedly felt in these hard times for the rank-and-file of the dramatic profession who found themselves waiting empty-handed outside a stage-door, having given their services for rehearsals and a certain number of authorised performances, and failed to receive the expected remuneration. We hear of bogus managers and ill-starred speculations all over the country, and both actors and actresses have associated themselves on some trades union system to protect themselves against this kind of heartless fraud. But it is only in recent times that the impecunious speculator has stormed the very stronghold of London. Landladies, hotel-keepers, station-masters, Mayors of provincial cities could tell heart-rending stories of the distress brought on gentlewomen and struggling men by the dangerous plan of bearing too heavily on a broken or a bending reed. The confidence trick is a very old farce indeed in connection with the travelling show.

The dramatic profession as it stands is so overstocked, and the competition is so severe, that the members of it risk all—even the modicum of common-sense that remains to them—in order to "get some work to do." Scarcely a week passes in the country when some company is not "left stranded," with the manager off by train, nominally to get money, but actually to show a clean pair of heels, and his miserable victims left penniless and dependent on the charity of those with whom they have lodged. But the matter becomes serious when the reputation of an historic London theatre and the publicity it obtains, do not protect people from cruel loss and disastrous disappointment.

But does it not occur to the dramatic profession and all the members of it—be they principals or subordinates, supernumeraries or stage-hands—that they have the remedy virtually in their own hands? Why do they express confidence in those whose *bona fides* is not established? A proprietor of a theatre, you may be pretty sure, never lets his house to a speculator unless he is paid in advance. If the rent is not paid, the doors remain closed. If the gas is not settled for, it is cut off. We hear of stars—and great stars, too—who refuse to

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

sing a note or to act a scene unless the cash—not the cheque—is deposited on the dressing table. No pay, no play. That is sensible and convincing enough. Why, then, should these chorus-singers and these carpenters, and all the rank-and-file of the profession go on rehearsing for weeks or playing for days without some sort of advance? No one can compel them to open their mouths or set the scenes without remuneration. There is no law to compel them to work for an empty treasury. Surely it would be better to demand money before going on than after. And it would be certainly more dignified to make a proper commercial bargain or contract, than to go on in this happy-go-lucky fashion, and appeal to the public for charity when disaster comes. In all these cases the public is asked to subscribe, or to take tickets for benefit concerts, or to get the unfortunate creatures out of a mess into which they have suddenly tumbled. When will stage-struck young men and young women understand that there are more unemployed in the dramatic profession than in any other known calling—more misery, more heartless privation, more silent sorrow? "I have been a governess, I am an artist's model making a small income, but I intend to go on the stage," observed a pretty and interesting girl the other day. "But why on the stage—have you any vocation for it?" "Not that I know of; but I hear girls make fortunes on the stage." "My dear, you had better sweep a crossing!" She had never heard of the Royalty fiasco.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE PIEDMONTESE ALPS.

I WONDER why more tourists do not find their way into Piedmont. Hotels there are good and cheap. The ordinary wines are now better than in France, the cuisine is excellent, and the manners of the people are sweet and graceful. But in warm weather one must seek the high levels. The Turinese come up in shoals to Bardonnecchia, at the southern end of the Mont Cenis tunnel. It is a charming grassy vale, but too elevated for trees to grow. The purest of crystal and brightest of green gladden the eye and give a feeling of refreshment as one looks over meadows and tumbling brooks. The spurs of mountains advancing into a flat-bottomed vale form a star. Between these spurs there are gorges or passes which bristle with forts, all of which are painted green so as to be hardly distinguishable from this Alpine pasturage. One can hardly distinguish the walls from the turf on the parapets. German engineer officers who were lent to the King of Italy four or five years ago suggested this device for concealing from an army that might not know the country the fortified spots until a cross fire might be opened on it. Tourists coming to Bardonnecchia had better not take photographic cameras with them. If they do, and are found out, they will certainly be arrested, and pass an unpleasant time at Pignerol until they can prove that they are innocent of military espionage. The Swiss are just as watchful as the Italians of photographers or artists who come through the St. Gothard Pass. I met a couple of young Englishmen in these parts who were pounced upon near Wassegg, and were taken for examination to Altdorf, for making use of a camera and taking pencil sketches. A clergyman who was on holiday duty in a hotel heard of them, and as he knew them, was able to speak in their favour and get them out of detention. The Italians now say that perhaps Cavour was wrong to have hastened the unification of Italy. It would have come of itself in good time, and without the loss of Savoy, the possession of which now would be worth three army corps at least, and have spared them the expense of creating a costly system of defences in the Piedmontese Alps, and on the Moncenisco. They may be right. The Dukes of Savoy, because they held the watersheds of the Savoy and Piedmont, were able to hold their own against France and Austria. Italian officers board at the hotels and pensions of the summer resorts near Bordonnecchia. They are sweet-mannered and gentle beings, but not nearly so fine-looking as their countrymen who are employed in the military works between Goeschenen and the St. Gothard Pass. I cannot conceive these officers going seriously into the work of war. They appear born to loaf about in the sun, eat ices, and pass their evenings at an opera house. Duty up in the Alps is a wearisome business in the eight months of winter. Hotels are shut up, tourists have fled, and they have to betake themselves to their huts and pass the time as best they can. They are full of the idea that the French intend to make a dash on Italy, and that this is why the Pope has declared himself for the Republic. Moncenisco looks like a citadel. The Hospice is now more a barrack than a halting-place for wayfarers. Forts lie in wait along the little lake to give a warm reception to any fighting force that might want to push its way into Piedmont. The spurs of Konca, Pallacronsa, Cussagrossa, Varizella, Boico Nero, and Little Moncenico are now so many fortresses meant to protect an Italian army while concentrating for an offensive-defensive. The green paint, however, and the mounds of turf-covered earth round the forts, prevent them spoiling the landscape. Alpine Corps waken up the valleys with their brass bands. They seem to find solace in music. The Hospice is sometimes visited by the King. He has a set of rooms there. But he allows them to be let to tourists when he does not occupy them. I was given his bedroom, which has the morning sun on it. Without being at all luxurious, it is not of Spartan simplicity. The Director of the Hospice, which is now secularised, is obliged to lodge forty wayfarers gratis. But I could not make out whether they were to be forty a day, a week, or a month. The King and Queen are popular in Piedmont, where the former is expected shortly for the Autumn manœuvres. The Queen is still mountaineering in the Rosa Alps.

One loses the sense of time in these quiet Piedmontese summer resorts. Every one takes life easy. Bustle and friction are unknown. None the less, the meals are punctually served, and everything goes on with clockwork regularity. This apparent indolence is charming. The soft, soothing manners of all classes are a pleasant change after the fever of Paris. A cheap luxury up in the meadowy Alps on the Italian side is the milk, which is aromatic, from the herbage on which the cows feed. It is

given without stint in the hotels to those who like to drink it. The butter has also an aroma that makes it delicious. Wine, and not bad wine either, is sold in the inns lower down towards Turin for twopence a quart. The French tariffs threw quantities of it on the Italian markets. But other outlets have been found abroad, and prices are going up.

I glanced at the Waldenses. They keep greatly to themselves, and are a sedate, serious people. The women have an English and a Quakerly air, and wear a plain costume of blue cotton with a black-lace headdress. Traditions never seem to die out in their valleys, where the Black Christmas is still remembered, and the intervention of Cromwell at Turin on their behalf. The Lord Protector threatened to encourage French designs on Savoy if the Waldenses were not treated with humanity. William III. is truly of Immortal Memory among them, he having obtained for them a charter of freedom from his ally, the Duke of Savoy. To hear them talk of his good offices, one might suppose they were exerted recently. They are now most loyal to the House of Savoy. Not long ago King Humbert, on hearing that the Waldenses were going to build a church, sent a donation for it of 10,000 lire, and commanded the Prefect to lay the foundation-stone. These good people have not the joyousness of their Catholic neighbours, or the taste for bright colours. Nor do their emotions find expression in music and song. Geneva used to be their Mecca, until Rome became the capital of Italy. They have now preachers of their own, who speak Italian in the pulpit. In former times their pastors went to study theology in Switzerland, and were better grounded in French than in the tongue of their valleys.

The Baroness de Rahden is a subject of table-talk in the hotels and pensions of the Italian and French Alps. She was at Turin, Chambéry, and Lyons before she went to Chambéry, where her husband broke loose and lodged three bullets in the head of Castenkiold, the Danish officer who followed the pair over Europe, and sometimes was as a member of their family. De Rahden was in the Russian Navy and was rather favoured by the Grand Duke Alexis. He, in that Service, won the reputation of a fire-eater, which was perhaps due to his being a drinker of what the American Indians call fire-water. He was Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Governor-General of Siberia, and threw up his Commission to marry Eugénie Weiss, who figured as a circus-rider in Paris at the Summer Circus while the last Universal Exhibition was going on. He does not seem to have thought it unworthy of a gentleman and an ex-officer to draw her salary and have the spending of it. When he did that, he had surely no right to act the Othello. Castenkiold was more than a match for him as a duellist, and in an affair of honour gave him a severe sabre-cut on the head. Was it irony, or was it feeling for a jealous husband that prompted the brother officers of the victor to ask him to let them have the sabre to present to the Baron? Whatever was the motive, the Baroness received the deputation, the husband being in the doctor's hands, and said she would keep it as a relic. It had not been wiped from the time it inflicted the wound, which possibly made it more interesting. The Baroness excelled in seeming to break-in the restive circus horses into walking on their hind legs, waltzing, and doing everything but go on all-fours as nature meant them. Of course, they were well broken before they were passed on to her; but she compelled them to act like wild creatures, to give the illusion of breaking them. A use was first made of the reins to make them muddled about their "steps," and then the whip was laid on with all the force of the fair rider, to revive a clear remembrance of them. One might fancy the hide blistered with the lashes. Her tiny hand was like steel as it applied the whip. Her fragile form presented a piquant contrast to the strength and anger of the horse. As I call her out of the past, for I have not seen her for four years, she appears to me like one of those Spanish glee-maidens in Dannat's Andalusian pictures. But instead of dancing and playing castanets, she was dressed in a light-blue habit and primrose cravat, and rode a side-saddle. The figure was slim, serpentine, and there was hardly anything of it. Her head was tiny—half classic, half Spanish gipsy. The teeth gleamed and the eyes gleamed. The mouth was resolute and hard, and a pair of those "assassin" or *accroche cœur* arrangements of hair so common in Spain, and so uncommon north of the Pyrenees, invaded the cheek-bones. Now that I think of it, there was something in her appearance to remind one of the Duchesse de Serto when she was Duchesse de Morny. She was the rage the season she was here, and I dare say had a not less great success in the other capitals that she has visited since then. At Turin the husband was feared too much for her to be admired except at a distance. Chianti and foaming Barbieri wines are cheap there, and the Baron enjoyed drinking them. He was quarrelsome, not to say savage, in his cups, though a good fellow out of them, and somehow the Baroness was always ready to forgive him.

Alpenstocks are, of course, needed at Bardonnecchia and Moncenisco, which is nearly a day's walk from the tunnel. Those one buys round here are in olive-wood—slight, tough, and elegant. The iron tips are neatly forged, and, indeed, artistic. A stuffed chamois shot by Victor Emmanuel is one of the curiosities of a chalet boarding-house where I put up. But I could never come across a living one, though I have eaten chamois flesh, which passes for the luxury of culinary luxuries. It is to the Piedmontese what turtle soup is to an Alderman. The present King has not his father's sure foot and nerve, and so does not hunt this Alpine stag. By the way, Shakspeare must have heard Italians, or persons who had gone to Italy, talk of chamois flesh as a delicacy. Caliban when trying to soften Miranda's heart tells her that he will, if she be his, bring it to her "from the rock." The King of Saxony, uncle of Queen Margherita, used to be a chamois hunter when he was young, and to come to the Italian and Savoy Alps with the Duke of Genoa and Victor Emmanuel to enjoy the sport. He left a name, which has not quite died out, for good nature and affability.

The Princess Sybil of Hesse-Cassel, whose intended marriage with the Czarewitch you announced last week, was born and brought up in Denmark. She is very many

times related to the Czarewitch, whose grandmother, Charlotte of Prussia, was her great aunt. Besides, she is a great granddaughter of Maria Paulovna, Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and mother of the Empress Augusta and of the Princess Charles of Prussia. Consanguinity does not end here, the Princess of Hesse-Cassel and the Czarewitch being twice descended from George II. of England through Queen Louise. No doubt there are other ties of blood relationship. The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel was, in his first wife's lifetime, a son-in-law of the Czar Nicholas, a circumstance which secured the throne of Denmark to Queen Louise and her husband. The Hesse-Cassel family are not on amiable terms with the German Emperor, and have a grievance to complain of, which the first Emperor William and Prince Bismarck inflicted on them. It is his seizure of their rich territory and of their splendid residences in 1866. One of their places is Wilhelmshöhe, where Jerome Bonaparte, as King of Westphalia, kept a gay Court, where the Emperor Napoleon III. spent the winter of 1870-71 a prisoner, and where the actual German Emperor resided when following the classes at the Gymnasium of Cassel. Rumpenheim, near Cassel, is still a family barrack. It is big enough to afford a suite of rooms to each of the married members. The Duchess of Cambridge had there a residential flat, which the Duke and Duchess of Teck occupied with their children after they gave up their rooms at Kensington Palace. The last allotment has been made to the youngest son-in-law and daughter of the Empress Frederick.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THERE is a story, dear Lady Betty, that certain company-promoters once called upon Mr. Raphael in the City to draw his attention to a new mine. Very naturally they described the qualities of the property in the most glowing colours. They assured him that the mine contained gold, silver, diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. Having listened to their account, Mr. Raphael leaned back in his chair, and, with closed eyes, for a few seconds reflected over the matter. Then he gently asked, "And are there any truffles in it?"

It is a terrible pity that many of our West-end would-be financiers never suggested this sarcastic question when they were tempted to invest good money in bad businesses. There appears to have been an impression that finance and the City were the last resource of the hopelessly incompetent, and that when a man had failed in every other pursuit he must needs resign himself to accumulating a speedy fortune upon the Stock Exchange. Anything more idiotic than this it is impossible to conceive. If there is one profession more than another in which special training, natural aptitude, experience, shrewdness, and ability of a peculiar kind are required, without doubt it is finance. It is now, of course, too late to insist upon this. The West-end went into the City, it has been ruined, and whilst the worthy City folk now take their ease in the West, we, for a living, have to do their dirty work for them in the East.

The lesson has been a severe one. So severe has it been, indeed, that, though it may have taught us much, it has left us with little or no means to apply this dearly-bought knowledge in practice. There is one direction, however, in which we both can and must do this. There has arisen in recent years a body of young men—well connected, more or less popular, and having access to good society—who earn a precarious livelihood through acting as West End touts for City firms. For this they are remunerated by receiving what is technically called "half-commission"—that is, some few shillings on the hundred pounds upon all the business which they bring. I do not suggest for an instant that these aristocratic go betweens are dishonest, nor do I think that they are. But obviously it is to their interest to place as many shares as possible, whilst it is equally obvious also that their experience and their knowledge of business are not a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the concerns which they recommend. There are many amongst us who would willingly assist friends and connections of our own who strive honestly to earn a livelihood. But it is outrageous that in order to benefit a friend to the extent, say, of £2. 10s. we should risk £1,000, much of which may very probably be absorbed by the partners of some firm who are utter strangers to us, and who, moreover, are in all likelihood considerably wealthier than we are ourselves. It stands to reason that in such a case it is preferable to present the commission to the tout direct rather than to do so indirectly, at the risk of losing several hundreds of times the amount by purchasing his shares. But perhaps his dignity might resent such an offer!

This is, however, manifestly not an occupation for self-respecting, well-bred young men. It is only in England that poverty is regarded as a disgrace, and the sooner that we abandon this altogether vulgar prejudice the better it will be. Through various causes the members of the landed class in this country have become impoverished, and, like others who are similarly situated, they must consent to deprive themselves of those luxuries which they can no longer afford. Infinitely more dignified would it be for impecunious young aristocrats to enlist or to serve before the mast than to imperil the fortunes of their connections, of those who are well disposed towards them, and of their acquaintances by persuading them to invest money in concerns the value or worthlessness of which, after all, they cannot be competent to decide. How many of these have been worse than worthless, bitter experience by now has proved to most people.

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There never was, I confess, within my memory so singularly dull a time as it is in London just now. The streets are fairly full, the clubs are by no means empty, and there are more women about than is usual in September. But there is an absolute absence of activity and of energy. Business men seem to have collapsed. Even they apparently have lost all interest in stocks and shares. The one subject which, as if by tacit consent, all agree to discuss is how terribly poor each one of them is. After a time, however, even the general misfortune becomes monotonous. But, apart from this, there is nothing whatever doing. The theatres are mostly closed, nor is there any encouragement for them to re-open. A large number of the clubs are in the hands of the decorators, and, for all the business that they are doing, the West-end shops might easily put up the shutters.

The popular Parnellite member, Mr. Rochford Maguire, met with what might have been a serious accident whilst driving in a hansom on Thursday last. As it was both his hands were cut into shreds by the glass, and he may congratulate himself that nothing worse than this befell him. Far and away the most dangerous conveyance there is, is the British hansom. It suits English people because when at rest they are strangely nervous of their legs, and as these are hidden by the folding doors, the hansom has attained the popularity in which it is held. It has frequently been attempted to introduce the hansom upon the Continent, but these attempts have never met with success, for foreigners are less morbidly self-conscious than we are, and for them the hansom, therefore, has few charms. Vice versâ, when it has been tried to introduce the open conveyances of

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

the Continent in London, which are graceful, enjoyable, and to which little danger is attached, failure has invariably put an end to the attempt. The only advantage that there is in the hansom is that the leverage which the driver exercises from his high perch upon the outside permits of horses being used that would otherwise be unmanageable. But this is, at the best, a doubtful advantage to the fare inside.

I have been asked to announce that a marriage has been arranged between Elisabeth Königsmark, eldest daughter of Count Königsmark-Plaue, and Count Alfred von Radolin, Lieutenant in the Gardes du Corps Regiment, only son of his Serene Highness Prince Radolin, German Ambassador at Constantinople. Before his appointment to the German Embassy at the Porte, Prince Radolin was for many years "Ober-Hof Marschall" of the household of the late Emperor Frederick. It is expected that the marriage will take place this winter at Count Königsmark's historical family residence, Schloss-Plaue.

Mr. Charles Duff, who owns the celebrated steeplechase racer, Cloister, having temporarily retired from the turf, on account of the recent death of Mrs. Duff, sold several of his horses at Tattersall's last week. Evelyn, who ran fourth against Cloister in the Grand National last year, was bought in for 570 gs. The average of the prices was otherwise high.

Only twenty years ago the late Count Bernstorff, then Russian Ambassador in London, was one of the most prominent figures in our Society of that day. His widow, Countess Bernstorff, who was then equally well known here, died in Berlin last week.

The death of Surgeon Parke—formerly Medical Officer to Stanley's "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition"—which occurred suddenly a few days ago when he was on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans in the Highlands, was due to the result of malaria fever contracted in Africa. As is frequently the case, this enfeebled the heart, and brought on the disease from which Surgeon Parke died.

A few years ago the Sultan of Johore was a very well-known personage in London, and his admirers in a Society of a sort could be numbered by the dozen. It will come as a shock, I imagine, to some of these to hear that the Sultan is now being sued in a London Court by a Miss Jenny Migbell, of Brighton, for a breach of promise of marriage. It is fortunate for the Sultan that this action did not take place before the Queen raised him from the Maharajahship to the rank that he at present holds, as otherwise his chances of securing the much coveted title might have been greatly reduced.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

LADAS was backed last week for the Derby at the rate of 3½ to 1, which seems short odds, considering that the race will not be run for more than eight months. Some good judges are of the opinion that as time goes on Ladas will prove a difficult horse to train. I see that Lord Rosebery's colt is described as being 10 lb. in front of any other two-year-old which has run this season. I fancy that Delphos would not find any difficulty in beating Ladas at 10 lb. Ladas commenced at Epsom by beating Glare, but Mr. Cooper's filly, although very smart over five furlongs, is of no use whatever over a longer distance. At Ascot Ladas had no difficulty in defeating Bullingdon, who, however, was then preposterously backward. Sempronius, who was vanquished by Ladas at Doncaster, was scarcely in thorough racing trim. It is very much to be regretted that Bullingdon, who is unquestionably a good stayer, is not engaged in the Middle Park Plate, as one would have liked to see him running against Ladas over this course now that he is properly fit. Ladas will make his last appearance as a two-year-old on October 12, and if he is beaten in that race it will be by some animal which has never yet started, for he seems to hold the public lot quite safe. He is engaged next year in the Two Thousand, and also in the Newmarket Stakes, but as Lord Rosebery's paramount object on the turf is to win the Derby, it is quite possible that his colt may be reserved for Epsom. It is to be hoped, in any case, that Ladas and Isinglass (both very well) will oppose each other for the £10,000 stake at Newmarket, which is run during the First July Meeting over the B.M.

People have been tumbling over each other in order to back Prisoner and Self Sacrifice for the Cesarewitch, but it may very well be remembered just now that during the last twenty years a legion of horses have been much fancied for the autumn handicaps on the strength of good performances at Doncaster, but that nearly the whole of them have disappointed their friends by running very badly at Newmarket. Seven years ago Silver won the Doncaster Stakes for Prince Soltykoff, and was at once made a great favourite for the Cesarewitch, in which race he had 7 st. 2 lb. to carry. Silver, on the strength of his performance at Doncaster, came into such general demand that he actually started at 5 to 2 in a field of eighteen, but was unplaced, and the winner turned up in Stoneclink (33 to 1), who had run a very bad third in the Doncaster Cup, which was won by The Bard. The misfortunes of the backers of Silver did not end with the Cesarewitch, for after his defeat it was, of course, alleged that he could not stay, so he was so heavily backed for the Cambridgeshire that he started at 10 to 1, but again ran nowhere; nor did he distinguish himself in the Manchester Handicap, for which he started a second favourite. It will not do to rely implicitly on Doncaster form when dealing with the handicaps at Newmarket.

It is clear that a dreadful mistake was made when Stirrup Cup was withdrawn from the Cambridgeshire, and Mr. Merry will have reason to think himself vastly fortunate if he ever again has so excellent a chance of winning a great handicap. When Stirrup Cup was made favourite for the Oaks it was announced that she had been very highly tried, but she ran so badly that it was justifiably assumed that there must have been a serious error in the gallop. I am told that nothing whatever was known about Stirrup Cup's present form when she was sent to Doncaster, but it was palpable to every one who saw the mare that she had enormously improved during the summer. It is impossible to imagine why such an utterly fatuous policy has been adopted with Stirrup Cup, and after her first run-away victory at Doncaster she would still have been favourite for the Cambridgeshire in spite of her penalty. Stirrup Cup's only engagements next year are the Rous Memorial and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and she will have an excellent chance of winning the former event if she is in form next June. In the meantime Mr. Merry will very likely win with her the Prix de Conseil Municipal, for I do not believe that Ravensbury can give her 9 lb.

Next year the Stewards of the Jockey Club will do well to alter the conditions of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and make the winner of any weight-for-age race of £500 and upwards carry a penalty. It is ridiculous that Prisoner should have no extra weight in the Cesarewitch for winning the Doncaster Cup. Stirrup Cup would have carried 5 lb. extra for winning a trumpery handicap at Doncaster, but she might win the £4,000 stake at Longchamps and yet have no penalty if she had been left in the Cambridgeshire. It is extraordinary that this change was not made in the conditions two years ago, after Signorina threatened to spoil the Cambridgeshire by winning the Lancashire Plate of £12,000, and yet being allowed to run at Newmarket with her original weight. If Signorina had won the Cambridgeshire, there would have been vituperative screechings from all quarters, and the change would have been made; but, as she lost her form after her race at Manchester, the matter escaped notice.

Only simpletons of the most feather-brained description will think of meddling with the Cambridgeshire until after the Second October Meeting. There is no genuine market on the race at present, and its prospects may be revolutionised by the running at Kempton Park and in

CLOTHS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES kept ready for immediate use at Cater House, Conduit street.

the Cesarewitch. I observe that Haut Brion has been backed, although it is exceedingly probable that this animal will start for the Duke of York Handicap, and if he wins that race there will be an end of his chance at Newmarket; while, if he is beaten, he will go to a long price for the Cambridgeshire. It must be remembered that the Kempton Park event does not take nearly so much winning as the Newmarket race, and as it is twice as valuable a stake, there is every reason why owners of second rate horses should "slip" them there. I understand, by the way, that Nobleman is a certain starter for the Duke of York Handicap, and he is very well in.

Amandier is greatly fancied for the Cesarewitch, and he is doing very good work at Newmarket, and will, I believe, be ridden by T. Loates. If Amandier can stay the course, he must have a great chance, for he is very well in, having presumably been regarded by Major Egerton as being deficient in stamina.

I hear from Newmarket that the dark Facundo has grown into a beautiful colt, and that he has been doing some exceedingly good work lately, and his style of galloping is much admired. Facundo is the colt by Ormonde out of Philosophy, about which there was a great deal of clatter at one time. He is entered for most of his engagements by Captain Machell, who intends to run him for the Middle Park Plate, when Ladas will have to give him 7 lb. This is Facundo's only remaining engagement as a two-year old, but next season he is in the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger, and in both the £10,000 stakes at Newmarket. Facundo ought to be a flyer on the turf if there is anything in running blood. Every one knows the superlative merits of Ormonde as a racehorse, and Philosophy was the highest tried two-year-old that ever passed through the hands of R. Peck. She was far superior to The Bard. Philosophy, however, did not last, and after winning a few two-year-old races she went all to pieces, and her only subsequent achievement was to win the Yorkshire Oaks. It is to be hoped that Facundo will not disappoint the expectations of his admirers, for there is plenty of room on the turf just now for some really smart two-year-olds.

When Buccaneer was bought in at Newmarket for 5,400 gs. I expressed an opinion that Lord Rosslyn would have done well to let the horse go at that price, and the event has proved that I was right, for after the lapse of two months Buccaneer's value has fallen to 4,500 gs., and it is not so long since some of the sporting papers had the effrontery to state that £15,000 had been refused for him. A few mooncalves were thoroughly infatuated about Buccaneer at one time, and if he had displayed the form of Blair Athol, Isonomy, or Ormonde, there could not have been stronger paroxysms of enthusiasm about him. The fact is that he was merely a good class of handicap horse, as was shown when he came to run against Marcion, who made a mere hack of him. In his race for the Ascot Cup of last year Buccaneer had simply nothing to beat. It must often puzzle people to account for the amount of fuss that is often raised about horses which are palpably quite second rate, but the riddle is explained directly one examines the calibre of the animals which opposed them in their races. Then it becomes apparent how small was the stature that ranked as a giant among pigmies. There never was such a flyer as The Bard, we were told every week for months together, but when that animal came, for the first time in his career, to meet a good horse in Ormonde, how easily he was beaten. Peck must have been amused by the rhapsodies of which The Bard was the subject, considering that he had a much better two-year-old in his stable in Philosophy. Buccaneer is declared to be a cheap horse to Mr. Waring because he has an excellent chance of winning the £4,000 stake at Paris on October 8. I fail to see that Buccaneer's prospect of success at Longchamps is at all bright, considering that he will be giving Ravensbury 5 lb., and a stone to Stirrup Cup, to say nothing of the French horses, and the entry includes all the best of their three-year-olds, and also Fra Angelica.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and a perfect complexion is ensured.

THE NEWMARKET PROGRAMME.

There ought to be some interesting sport at Newmarket next week, the two year old races being the most attractive features in the programme. On Tuesday, the Buckenham Stakes will be worth £1,350, if four out of the five subscribers are represented, as will probably be the case. The Duchess of Montrose may run her much improved filly Jocasta, by St. Simon out of Thebais. Mr. D. Cooper will start Glare, and Prince Soltykoff's colours will be carried by either Speed or Vulpecula. Bullingdon will represent the Duke of Westminster. If the distance was five furlongs I would plump for Glare, as she is very smart indeed over that course, but the extra 140 yards may just stop her, so I shall expect Bullingdon to win. The Boscawen Stakes, which will be worth £500, should be won by the Duke of Portland's Schoolbook, who will probably be opposed by one of the Prince of Wales's entries and by one of Mr. Cooper's. The Hopeful Stakes on Wednesday will be worth about £800, and the entry includes Dancing Bells, Mecca, Clatterfeet, El Guacho, and La Nièvre, and I shall plump for Baron de Rothschild's filly. The Granby Plate of £300 has Stowmarket, Galingale, and Grania as the best of the entry, and the Duke of St. Albans' filly ought to win. The Triennial on Thursday has a large entry, including Galingale, Speed, Vulpecula, Basildon, St. Hilaire, Theseus, and Wherwell, of which lot I prefer the last, who ought to win the race for the Duke of Devonshire. The Rutland Stakes may be won by Lord Houghton with Miss Hoyden, who was fairly well tried before Derby, but she ran very badly there. There are eighty-nine entries for the Rous Memorial Stakes on Friday, but this race appears to be a certainty for Bullingdon, who has only 5 lb. extra to carry, and the others are a moderate lot. The First October Stakes may be won by Royal Sovereign, who has very much the best of the weights with Ilium.

Bullingdon, who is second favourite for the Derby, has no other engagements after next week until Epsom, except the £2,900 stake at Liverpool in November, but I understand that the Duke of Westminster has no intention of running him for that race, which is a wise decision, as he would have to give 7 lb. to Delphos.

Windgall will win the four-year-old heat of the Triennial if he starts. Of the lot which were left in when forfeit was declared in January, 1891, not more than four are now in training. The Great Foal Stakes, which will be worth about £1,150, has a very poor lot engaged, of which the best are Silene, Harbinger, Xylophone, Canning, and Cairnton. Harbinger ought to win easily. The three-year-old Triennial may be left to Raeburn. The Newmarket St. Leger has Isinglass among the entries, and he cannot lose if he starts. If, however, Mr. MacCalmont does not care to run his horse for so small a race, then Montezuma ought to be able to win.

MAMMON.

CHARTERED COMPANY OF EAST AFRICA.

I HAVE received the following communication from Sir A. B. Kemball concerning my remarks on the Chartered Company of East Africa:—

SIR,—Referring to the remarks contained in the Mammon article of TRUTH published on August 31 last, I venture to challenge the justice of the reflections thus cast upon the Chartered Company in East Africa. In so far as the writer's remarks are condemnatory of the system of Chartered Companies, I am in no way concerned to question his right, in this respect, to criticise the methods of her Majesty's Government, by whatever political party promoted. When, however, he charges the agency employed with repudiating its obligations, and attributes to folly and greed the difficulties that prompted this result, it is only just, I submit, that he should discriminate the motives actuating the Directors, who are responsible for the conduct of the Company's enterprise, as, in any sense, justifying the suspicion of dishonesty which is implied in the alleged attempt, on their part, to rid the Company of a losing speculation at the cost of the country.

It is the character of the difficulties referred to that is in question. If in spite of them national purposes have been attained, can these difficulties, which presumably in the

interests of the nation are irremovable, fairly be adduced to warrant expropriation of the fruits of private outlay without any sort of compensation? A history is about to be published setting forth the circumstances which led to the formation of the Company, its constitution and character, its aims and ends. The fullest inquiry is challenged in every particular, and may in the result, it is hoped, provoke an impartial judgment of the causes, not of its failure, for its administration has everywhere been conspicuously successful, but of the deadlock produced in its affairs, owing to obstacles and disabilities wholly beyond its control.

Meantime, as you have always made it the test of honesty of purpose in the individuals or bodies implicated in questionable courses, that they should lay bare the principles on which they may have proceeded, and should publish accurate statements of their receipts and disbursements, I beg to observe that the audited accounts of this Company up to December 31 last have been submitted to the shareholders, and, in every case, vouchers in explanation of points at issue between the Directors and the Foreign Office have been appended to their reports. Copies of the same, I understand, have been furnished to TRUTH in common with other journals whose editors have manifested a serious interest in the question. Every opportunity has thus been afforded of enlightening the public, and I desire to assure you that the Directors court the closest investigation, public or private, of the Company's affairs.

Finally, I would remind you that when, last year in the House of Commons, you invited the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to acquaint you with certain particulars concerning the Company, our Secretary, on March 2, 1892, conveyed to you by letter the desired information, and expressed to you, I believe, the willingness of the Directors to answer any further questions, and to supply any further details respecting the administration of the territories entrusted to the charge of the Company.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A. B. KEMBALL.

2, Pall Mall East, September 11, 1893.

If my readers can see what the writer is driving at in the foregoing observations, I confess that I cannot. The complaints which I made of the Chartered Company of East Africa is that they went to Uganda, made a treaty with the King involving them in heavy obligations, and slew many natives; that, however, no sooner did they find that they were engaged in a losing speculation, than they repudiate their obligations and throw them upon this country. Sir A. B. Kemball refers to the difficulties as "presumably in the interests of the nation irremovable." But it is precisely the want of foresight and the folly shown by Chartered Companies in encountering such difficulties with a light heart, and afterwards throwing the burdens of their solution upon the British Government, with which I have found fault. That the purposes for which such Companies are formed are not philanthropic is fully known, and the men who get them up and direct them cannot escape the reproach that, when faced, as Sir A. B. Kemball puts it, "with a deadlock in its affairs owing to obstacles and disabilites wholly beyond its control," they appeal to the Government to get them out of their scrape. This is really an attempt on their part to rid the Company of a losing speculation at the cost of the country. The system of Chartered Companies which paves the way to such appeals is therefore justly condemned by me, and I really cannot be blamed for hurting the feelings of speculators who avail themselves of it.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The fortnightly settlement again indicated a very small account open for a rise, and rates were generally easier, the further decline in the value of money also facilitating matters. Stock was, in fact, scarce in nearly all departments, testifying to the recent activity of the investor, who has cleared away the floating wreckage of the recent crisis, through which the Stock markets have passed. The reduction of the Bank rate to 1 per cent. was, of course, a foregone conclusion, in view of the low rates prevailing in the open market.

STOCK EXCHANGE PROSPECTS.

The change in the Bank rate was the signal for some short lived activity, the professional operators seizing the opportunity to put up some of the low-priced Home Railway stocks, but part of the improvement was subsequently lost. A rally in the mining market was maintained to a greater extent, and there are indications of a coming spurt in South Africans and in low-priced mining shares, some of which have come into prominent demand. On this point I have of late made some searching inquiries, and those who wish to have a little gamble in cheap shares might do worse than fix upon the mines mentioned by me to-day. You, Ben, of course, understand that this is a question chiefly of speculation, but if popular favour should continue to move in this direction, big profits will be realisable, especially by those who avail themselves of the opportunity of buying while prices are at the bottom. Amongst the high-class Witwatersrand shares, on the other hand, excellent permanent investments may be found, yielding a high percentage. South Americans have been somewhat unsettled by the revolt in the Brazilian Navy, which has assumed large proportions, but, on the other hand, a sharp advance has taken place in Mexican Government and Railway stocks. This I had foreshadowed, and my readers, who followed my advice in holding Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds, will no doubt be specially gratified by the rise of 4 points to 54½. In the Yankee department sharp fluctuations of 1 to 2 dols. have been the order of the day. I hold to my view, especially now that the Milwaukee dividend has been declared, that well-selected American Rails should be bought for investment on some of the frequent reactions which must be a feature of the upward movement, but which render the position all the healthier. At present it is the delay in silver legislation in the Senate which has caused the pause, but this is only a temporary influence, while on the other hand the growing ease of the New York money market, and the reported improvement in business, are encouraging points. A decline in Consols during the last few days is due to the revival of rumours of an impending new Indian Sterling loan. There is little doubt that it must come to this, unless the Indian Government were to reverse their new policy of fixing the value of the rupee, and as I said some weeks ago, they may take as well first as last, the measures which will be necessitated by their new departure. Nothing is worse than the lamentable indecision which has characterised their recent action.

HOME RAILS.

The coal strikes in the Midlands are dragging their weary length along, and the ballot which has just been taken renders their prolongation a certainty. This is a very serious matter, as increased disorganisation amongst the various industries which are dependent upon large amounts of coal as fuel must now be faced, and a further inroad will be made into the traffics of the Railways, which can only partly be mitigated by savings in labour and the reduction of the train service. That under these circumstances North-Western and Midlands should have more than maintained their prices is an anomaly which can only be explained by the great tenacity with which investors stick to their stocks. Great Westerns have given way slightly, although in their case the worst is over, as the strike in South Wales has terminated. North-Eastern have no strike to contend against, traffics being fairly satisfactory. Great Eastern have hardened slightly. In the case of this line, the passenger movement shows increases, the traffic to the favourite East coast seaside places served by the line being very heavy. When once the coal strikes are over, the Great Eastern should show a good deal of development. The extension of the Liverpool-street Station is being pushed on with much energy, and this will be, when completed, the largest railway terminus in London. The announcement of the North British dividend at the rate of ¼ per cent on the Deferred, the Preferred dividend being, of course, paid in full at the rate of 3 per cent., was favourably received by the market, but the slight improvement has been all but lost again. Caledonian Deferred and North British Deferred now stand at about the same level—32½. A continuance of the coal strikes in the Midlands should help these lines, as it would bring them increased coal traffic. A "Bull" campaign appears to have been undertaken by certain professional operators in low-priced stock, Metropolitan Districts having been pushed up to 26¼, and Sheffield "A" to 25¼, while even "Vestas" (Railway and Investment Deferred) temporarily emerged from their prolonged obscurity, gaining 1¼ at 15½, at which they are, however, [illegible] nominal. It is hardly

time to boom "Vestas," which are dependent upon the prosperity of the "Heavies" for their dividend; but I should not be at all surprised if, on any improvement in the markets generally, these stocks were to be taken in hand again. The continued falling off in the traffics of the Brighton line is a disagreeable feature. It is only partly due to decreases in the passenger movement (which has undoubtedly suffered by the outbreak of typhoid fever in Worthing), a considerable reduction being shown in goods traffic, which is also affected by the coal strikes. I have for some time advised my readers not to speculate in Brighton "A," but for investment they may still be recommended to those who are prepared to disregard intermediate fluctuations. A special feature is the unwieldy "Bear" account, which acts as a support to the market. The London Bridge contingent are "short" of "Berthas," and their unfavourable view is certainly supported by the most disappointing traffics, but investors have cleared off the floating stock to such an extent that these professional operators have to resort to all manner of shifts for fear the market might be put up against them. Their latest performance in this direction is rumoured to be an arrangement with a leading firm for continuing their "Bear" commitment in £50,000 stock at a fixed backwardation for several months, a very curious operation, if correctly reported. Dover "A" have sadly disappointed their supporters by their unfavourable monthly statement showing a large increase in working expenses. Is it not time that the arrangement with the Chatham Company were pushed on? The delay costs the shareholders of both Companies a good deal of money.

The Yankee Position.

The pause which has at last asserted itself in the upward movement in American Rails may be considered as distinctly healthy, as the pace had been a little too fast. But the majority of the more important factors in the Yankee position are favourable, always bearing in mind the severity of the crisis through which the United States have passed, and from the effects of which they are now recovering with that extraordinary elasticity and recuperative power which is one of the chief characteristics of Yankee land. Just as it raised, as if by magic, the city of Chicago from the ashes of the great conflagration, so it is now bringing about a recovery in the financial position with a rapidity which would be altogether out of the question in sober old-world countries like our own. The hoarded currency is returning, the banks which had suspended payments are reopening their doors, work is being resumed in the numerous industrial establishments, and we have it now on the authority of the New York correspondent of the *Financial News*, that the railroads are already feeling the effects of growing business as the result of the return of confidence in commercial circles. The volume of outward freight of the Granger roads is reported as largely increasing, so that, with the heavy passenger traffic, earnings are being brought up nearly to the level of last year. The receipts of the Milwaukee and Atchison roads are specially mentioned as largely increasing, which is most important, as the decreases of these and half-a-dozen other roads were the chief "Bear" points in the situation. I may here state that the same New York correspondent predicted a fortnight ago the payment of the full Milwaukee dividend, which has just been announced. The latter announcement had little effect upon the market—in fact, Milwaukees have actually eased off on it; but there is little doubt that the first improved traffic return would send the price up again. The temporary pause in the American market has been caused by advices of another outburst of opposition on the part of the silver senators. This is, according to the best opinion obtainable, of no importance. The silver men are just now being given rope in their discussions, but it is evident from mail advices that their strength had been vastly exaggerated. The conclusive verdict in the House of Representatives is exerting great moral pressure in the Senate, and people who have made a careful canvass of the Senate profess to be entirely satisfied that a very considerable majority against the purchasing clause of the silver law is certain in that body. Within the next week some decisive vote will no doubt take place, and as President Cleveland is throwing the full weight of his authority into the scale, there can be no doubt about the result.

Investments in the American Market.

An unfavourable development has been the disastrous July statement of the Union Pacific Company, but I may here mention that I have not, for some time, advocated the purchase of this stock, which has also suffered from the effect of the sudden death of Mr. Ames, one of the Directors. If I held this stock I should not sell at present. Nearly all the stocks which I mentioned last week as suitable for investment have improved during the week, especially the more substantial stocks, such as New York Centrals, Erie Second Mortgage bonds, and Reading First Income bonds. I repeat my advice that it will be desirable to spread purchases over a certain number of stocks, and I again mention, as promising investments, in addition to the above mentioned, Lake Shores, Illinois Central, Milwaukees, and Atchison "A" bonds, and amongst low-priced stocks Reading shares, Erie shares, Central Pacifics, Atlantic Firsts, Norfolk Prefs., and Ohios. With regard to the Atchison, I learn that there is not the slightest doubt about the payment of the October interest on all the Atchison bonds, including the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds. I cannot help taking some credit for drawing, a fortnight ago, and again last week, the attention of my readers to Atchison Guarantee Fund Six per Cent. Mortgage Notes, which were then obtainable at 95. On Wednesday, shortly after my last remarks appeared, the market was cleared of these Notes, and the price has since risen to 98½. I have reason to know that many of my correspondents acquired these Notes on my advice at the lower price, and they have, therefore, made a good investment. Louisville continue to give suspicious evidence of the marketing of considerable blocks of stock, and I should advise you, Ben, not to put too many eggs into that basket; and, if you hold any amount of them, to distribute the bulk over the other Yankee Rails above referred to. It goes against the grain to say this, but the absence of any official explanations on the part of the Louisville Board compels me to sound this note of warning. With reference to the Northern Pacific, mail advices from New York state that the bonds on which it has not been determined whether interest will be paid or not are Northern Pacific and Montana Firsts, of which there are 5,381,000 dols. outstanding; Helena and Red Mountain Firsts, 400,000 dols.; and Central Washington Firsts, 1,750,000 dols. With regard to the question of abrogating the lease of the Wisconsin Central, the receivers of the Northern Pacific declare that the Wisconsin Central is debtor to the Northern Pacific 208,000 dols., and that the Northern Pacific has lost 1,444,000 dols. in operating and paying rental for that road, which now costs the Northern Pacific 700,000 dols. per year. On the other hand, the Wisconsin Central people claim that the Northern Pacific owes them back rental in excess of 100,000 dols., and that on September 1 a further instalment will be due, bringing the total up to about 240,000 dols. Grand Trunks have improved, as I said they would, traffics showing a considerable increase, due in part to Chicago Exhibition traffic. Canadian Pacifics are barely steady, their supporters being less sanguine than of late.

The South American Market.

Foreigners have on the whole been steady, one of the favourable points in the near future being the probability of the conversion of the French Four and a-Half per Cents. Italians, however, are again lower, but there has been a good deal of "Bear" selling, and, unless any great catastrophe should come about, such as the failure of the big banking institution which has been talked about, I am inclined to look for some recovery in spite of the unsatisfactory financial outlook. Spanish are also weak, owing to trouble with respect to the new taxes. A fresh rise in Egyptian Unified has raised this stock to an absurd level,

The actual announcement of the payment of the October interest on Mexican Sixes has caused another advance of 4½, to 62½. The position in this country is now being looked upon as more favourable, trade having revived, while the fall in silver, as long as it does not make much more progress, is expected not to affect its finances to such an extent as had been anticipated. The Brazilian upheaval has not knocked down prices of the bonds to any great extent. The idea amongst many well-wishers of that Republic seems to be that a change in the Government was urgently needed, and that the victory of the insurgents was therefore desirable. The gold premium in Buenos Ayres remains at about 250—a reliable indication that politics in the country are not yet settled. On the other hand, prospects of the confirmation by Congress of the settlement of the Foreign Debt concluded with the Rothschild Committee are reported as favourable. With regard to the interest due on October 1 on several of the Loans, I understand that, should it be decided to pay it in cash at the price of Funding bonds, there would be no difficulty in doing this, as a portion of the funds has been remitted, and the rest is on the way. The prevailing uncertainty as to what course will be taken weighs, however, on the market. No further news has come to hand concerning the Railway guarantees, but the leading guaranteed stocks are very steady. Guatemala bonds are firm, the payment of the Internal coupon for the 30th inst. being announced. The Government has decreed that a certain portion of the Customs' duties shall, in future, be paid in gold, so as to be able to keep faith with the foreign creditors. Peruvian Corporation stocks have improved on an increase in the railway traffics and the growing conviction that the decline had been greatly overdone. Costa Rica "A" and "B" bonds have risen 3 points, as I said they would; and Uruguay are the turn firmer. The statements made by the Governor of the Bank of England at the half-yearly Court held on Thursday last showed that the liabilities had been reduced by only £335,000, the decrease in the assets amounting to £267,000, the difference being, no doubt, due to the rise in Argentine stocks since February. I suppose that better progress, with the realisation of the assets, will be made during the next six months, but the market has really ceased to trouble about the Baring estate.

The Kaffir Circus.

That the splendid August crushings of the Witwatersrand mines should have failed to galvanise this section of the Mining Market into life is a curious circumstance, especially as light rates at the carry-over and a reduction in the Bank rate to 4 per cent. were also favourable features. But there are not wanting signs that we are on the eve of an improvement of some importance, a hardening in quotations having been brought about by comparatively small purchases. The fact is that, whenever any strong demand should set in, it will be found that there is no stock about, and a sharp rise will be the result. And who can doubt that such a demand will set in when the intrinsic merit of the mines is so fully demonstrated by the continually growing output? Not the least favourable feature of this continued growth is the fact that it is due in a large measure to the treatment of tailings by the African Gold Recovery Company's McArthur-Forrest process, waste products being thereby made available. The August yield by this process capped all previous performances, and compared as follows with July:—

	Randt Total Crushings. Oz.	Yield by McArthur-Forrest Process. Randt Mines. Oz.	Other Districts. Oz.	Total by McArthur Process. Oz.	Percentage of Randt Output.
July	126,169	27,890	1,500	29,390	22
August	136,969	34,000	2,000	36,000	25

This means, in fact, that 6,110 oz. of the large August increase in the Randt output of 9,900 oz. was due to the McArthur-Forrest process. By the way, the reports and balance-sheet for the year ended June 30 last of the African Gold Recovery Company have just been issued, and, as many of my readers bought the shares of this Company on my advice from 25s. upwards (the price now being 42s. 6d.), I may as well place on record how thoroughly the results obtained have fulfilled my predictions. The total Randt output for the year ended June 30 last, apart from the process, was 1,087,058 oz., while by the process this was increased by 226,078 oz., making a total of 1,313,136 oz. So successful has the working of the Company been during that year that, in addition to 15 per cent. dividends already paid, a bonus of 5 per cent. is now announced, while £30,000 is carried to a reserve fund and £9,663 forward. But from 21 per cent. of the Randt output, the yield by this process has now risen to 25 per cent. of a much larger monthly total, and to the thirty-one mines where the process was in operation on June 30, further additions have been and are being made, so that still better results are a foregone conclusion. During the past week, Ferreira have risen ¾, Meyer and Charlton, Jumpers, Jubilee, Durban Roodepoort, about ½, and several other shares, ⅛. The New Primrose production for August has been announced as 7,009 oz., obtained with 100 stamps running twenty-eight days; profit, £7,182. The following extract from an article published in the current issue of the South African *Financial Herald*, will reply to several inquiries from correspondents who wished to know what would be the effect of the amalgamation of the two Roses—the New Primrose and Moss Rose:—

> By the purchase of the Moss Rose and the erection of these fifty new stamps, the capital has been increased 37 per cent. (including shares to be held in reserve), while the dividend-earning capacity will be increased 50 per cent. To this must be added an increased profit of £2,000 a month from increased crushing capacity, and a saving of 2s. 6d. a ton, which will yield a further profit of £3,000 a month. With the 150 stamps next January 22,000 tons should be crushed, with a yield, say of 8,800 oz.; cyanide works, 3,300 oz.; or, say 12,000 oz., as compared with the present output of 7,500 oz. The mine, not including the south reef, is fully twelve months in advance of the battery, and in addition to this the Moss Rose mine is being pushed on, and by the time the fifty stamps are started will have twelve months in reserve. Throughout the mine the reefs are improving in thickness and value with depth, and in the east portion, in a cross-cut on the seventh level, three reefs are exposed, the Main Reef, 6 ft. thick, assaying 45 dwt., the Middle Reef, 3 ft. thick, and the North Reef, 5 ft. 6 in. thick, both assaying about 2 oz. per ton. The Moss Rose mine, which was supposed to contain only the Middle and North Reefs, is now proved at its west end to have the Main Reef as well, and it is believed that the three reefs will be payable throughout the property. By the acquiring of the water rights of the South Primrose, Moss Rose Extension, and New Moss Rose, and the leasing of the Simmer Reserve, the New Primrose Company now holds an unbroken water right from the eye of the spruit north of the mine down to the old battery site behind Germiston village, and a large dam is being erected at a cost of £2,000.

The sharp fall in the price of New Rietfontein shares to 3½ has taken the market by surprise, and all manner of guesses, from forced sales to the pinching out of the reef, have been hazarded. These shares were recommended by me from £2 upwards, but when the quotation was rigged to three times that price I thought it time to cry a halt, and it now turns out that I was right. The shares of Land and Exploration Companies have been adversely affected by the unfavourable advices concerning the Matabele troubles, which have again knocked down the price of Chartered British of South Africa shares. Oceana shares, however, form a distinct exception, having improved ½, with a proportionate rise in Oceana Developments. There is also a better demand for Mozambique, the blocks of shares which were thrown upon the market during the scare having now been absorbed. The price of these shares has now hardened to 1⅜, and they are cheap at that when it is considered that this Company owns richer goldfields than the British Chartered Company, has a much smaller capital, and has no trouble with the natives, the cost of maintaining a police force being, moreover, borne by the Portuguese Government. De Beers Diamond shares have improved on the announcement that the Barnato Syndicate (Messrs. Barnato, Wernher Beit, Dunhelsbuhler, and one or two others) had taken another large quantity of diamonds from the Company. According to the *African Review* the

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value of this parcel is about half a million sterling, and the syndicate are selling the diamonds at the rate of about £60,000 worth per week. I wonder who is buying the glittering stones to such a tune in these bad times? The Jagersfontein does not seem to share in the big mine's prosperity, and its shares are lagging behind in the market for reasons best known to those chiefly identified with it.

The Graskop Mine

Professional operators are on the warpath, picking up cheap Mining shares. That means, of course, that they hope to sell them at a considerably enhanced price to the public, and it would be as well for the latter to get in at the bottom rather than buy later on at the top. Amongst the low-priced shares, which are at present receiving attention, are Graskops, which are quoted at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. per 5s. share, 4s. 6d. paid. Originally worked by the Graskop Gold and Stores Company, which was reconstructed in 1888, under the name of the Graskop Mill and Mining Company, the farm Graskop, which extends to about 10,000 English acres, is situate in the northern part of the Transvaal, and is now about to be energetically worked under another reconstruction, the title of the Company being "Graskop, Limited." The reconstruction was necessitated by the cost of the construction of a tramway, for which additional capital had to be found, in order to reduce the very heavy cost of transport. It is expected that expenses will thereby be reduced by 50 per cent., and as further development is reported by the Manager, Mr. Powter, to have been very satisfactory, and the ten-stamp battery and the Huntingdon Mill have been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, work is now being resumed under favourable conditions. Before the construction of the tramway, dividends of 2½ per cent. respectively were paid for the years 1890 and 1891 by the Graskop Mill and Mining Company, and assuming even that results should not show any improvement upon these figures, the return to the shareholders at the present very low price would be satisfactory. But better results are being looked for by those connected with the Company, especially as it is asserted that the rich reef of the Transvaal Gold and Exploration Company is running through the property. In the reconstruction an amount of £15,000 has been provided as working capital, which is believed to be in excess of requirements, as on the restarting of the mill the Mine is expected to yield results considerably in excess of working expenses. It may be mentioned that the Silati Railway and the new railway from Pretoria to Pietersburg will also benefit the Company.

South Simmer and Jack.

The South Simmer and Jack Deep Level Gold Mining Company owns a valuable property situate between the Geldenhuis and Simmer and Jack Companies' Mynpacht and the Randt Victoria ground, and no doubt is entertained after various borings in adjoining properties that the rich reefs which have made the Simmer and Jack and Geldenhuis a success will be struck at comparatively less depth than in any other deep-level properties by the shaft which is being sunk, and is now down 80 ft. Borings with a diamond drill immediately to the north of the property by the Simmer and Jack Gold Mining Company, on the east by the Consolidated Deep Level Company, and in the north-west by the Geldenhuis Deep Level Company, prove the fact that the shaft now being sunk should intersect the reefs at a depth of about 300 ft., while the borings on the Randt Victoria ground to the south of the property establish the continuity of the Main Reef series through it. The necessary working capital has been provided, and the capital at present subscribed—£25,000—is considered ample, while it compares, at the same time, very favourably with the larger capitals of other Randt Mines. The manager expresses confidence in his ability to reach the reef with the shaft early in December, and he expects to be in a position to commence crushing in April next. When it is considered that the Simmer and Jack Mine has paid substantial dividends for years (the shares having touched 11⅜, and now standing at 4), and that the reefs are known to get richer in the deep level, the South Simmer and Jack must be considered a most promising "coming Mine," and the £1 shares fully paid at 1-1¼ should be a good purchase.

The Afrikander Mine.

The announcement of a crushing of 726 oz. for August, against 301 oz. in July, of the Afrikander Gold Mining Company confirms the favourable views which I have repeatedly expressed concerning this undertaking, and there can be little doubt now that the anticipation that the output will yield 1,000 oz. by the end of the year will also be fulfilled. Not only is the reef getting richer as they go lower down, but the McArthur-Forrest plant for the treatment of tailings has now also got to work. The mine is situated in the Klerksdorp district, which promises to come prominently to the front, and on the completion of the light railway from Kronstadt to Klerksdorp in about six months, coal will be carried from the Vierfontein by this line, reducing the cost by one-half. The Company also owns a good deal of land on the boundary of Klerksdorp, which is likely to become most valuable at no distant date. But it will be evident that on the extremely moderate capital of £40,000 an output of 1,000 oz. of gold monthly alone will represent a decent dividend and with every prospect of materially larger crushings it is no wonder that Afrikander shares, at 1⅜ buyers, have a strong upward tendency.

Indian, American, and Australian Mines.

There has again been moderate activity in Indian Mines, and, with the exception of a slight decline in Ooregum, the movements have been upwards, Mysore and Nundydroog gaining 1/16. There has also been an improvement in South-East Mysore on the idea that the recent important discovery may benefit the Mine. Amongst American Mines the De Lamar (Idaho) seems to be looking up, more attention being devoted to the production of gold than of silver, and an attempt is also being made to improve the position of the Elkhorn—with what success remains to be seen. St. John del Rey are lower on the final call, and Columbian Hydraulic are also lower, but a considerable business is reported in Springdale shares, which are quoted 3s. 3d. to 3s. 9d. The news of the first returns from this Company is expected by the end of the week. There have been a good many dealings in Caratals during the week on additional particulars concerning Mr. Skertchley's reports, published in my daily contemporaries, which fully confirm the statement which I made last week. After testing the tailings by upwards of 300 assays, that gentleman estimates the quantity suitable for treatment at 102,000 tons, and the value (ranging from 2s. to 48s. per ton) at £91,050. Mr. Skertchley concludes his report as follows:—"The result of my observations has been to convince me that the mine is yet well able to uphold the reputation it once possessed of being, next to Callao, the richest Mine in the country." With reference to the Socorro Gold Mines, Limited, to which I have referred repeatedly as having, apparently, been prematurely buried, I have received further communications from indignant shareholders, one of whom sends me an original prospectus. I see that the following figure as Directors in the same:—Messrs. Alexander Fowler, of the Devonshire Club, St. James's-street, S.W., W. T. Hill, 3, Trumble-road, Balham, and P. W. Sydenham Ross, 46, Barons Court-road, West Kensington. Will these gentlemen kindly supply some information as to what has become of the mine and the shareholders' money? A correspondent wishes to know what has become of the Rajah Gold Mine, Limited, which was puffed so assiduously some months ago. As far as I can learn, advices from Ontario are the reverse of cheering, but perhaps the Directors have some special information? Amongst Australian Mines a rise has taken place in Australian Broken Hill Consols, which touched at one time 4s., but did not maintain this price. Day Dawn P.C. are up 1s. 9d., but Victory and Moonstone

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United are lower. The Great Sandstone United Gold Mines Syndicate, Limited, have issued 10,000 10 per cent. Preference shares of £1 each. This is a Victorian Mine, and the trial crushings have yielded 21 dwt. to the ton from the new reef, and 12 dwt. per ton from the old reef. The last crushing of the Mosman Gold Mine amounted for the fortnight to 274 tons of Wyndham stone for 280 oz. of gold.

The Cumberland Gap Park Company.

I am in receipt of another communication from Mr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the former President of the Cumberland Gap Park Company, in which he replies to the letter signed by Messrs. Coleman & May, and Mr. F. Pollock, published in TRUTH of July 6. Mr. Hamilton contradicts a number of the statements made by these gentlemen most circumstantially and emphatically, but I really do not see my way to publish his lengthy letter in extenso. Although, in the light of the proceedings at the Middlesbrough Land Company's meeting held last week, the financing of Messrs. Pollock and Coleman & May has not been by any means successful, so little interest seems to be taken on this side in the Cumberland Gap Park Company, that I have received no further communications from correspondents. I hope that this is an indication that, after all, no large amount of shares in this unfortunate undertaking has been placed with private investors in this country, and while always ready to give publicity to questions of public interest, I must, in the present instance, leave these gentlemen to fight out their personal quarrels amongst themselves.

The Edith and Stanley Syndicates.

A month or two ago I published some remarks concerning the Edith and Stanley Syndicates, which Mr. J. C. Scott, of 4, Copthall Chambers, is so successfully running. I have since received several communications respecting these syndicates, but, before dealing with the matter, I should be glad to hear from such of my readers who have had any transactions with that gentleman.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

R. V.—It is impossible to tell what will be the future course of Mexican Government stocks, but prospects look brighter just now, and there is evidently a strong desire on the part of the Government to fulfil all its engagements. *R. S., Scarborough.*—I have already expressed my view concerning the proposal made by the Province of Cordova in last week's issue under "The South American Market," and I hope that all the bondholders will resist this scheme of confiscation.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

G. D. F.—Have nothing to do with the firm in question. They are trying to sell these bonds, which are not, moreover, desirable, being Lottery bonds, far above their market value. *Will.*—You should insist upon the return of the money and upon the delivery of the bank shares. *S. P.* This trust is a swindle; sell. *Pyx.*—Have nothing to do with this firm, to which I have repeatedly alluded. Their system is bad, and they are altogether unreliable. *A.*—The preliminary charge of 10s. 6d. for expenses of inquiry, &c., made by the United Kingdom Deposit Bank, of 35, Craven-street, Charing Cross, is one of the well known dodges of money lenders. *California.*—No, I do not advise you to risk emigration on the strength of this Company's assurances. *D. C.*—1. A fair Colonial Banking investment, but, of course, not altogether without risk. 2. Yes, probably. 3. A good American office, but I should, personally, prefer a sound, well-established English office. *A Scotswoman.*—No, you should keep aloof from outside brokers. What you require has been forwarded. *J. A. M., Edinburgh.*—These people are at present working Scotland. I have repeatedly warned my readers not to have anything to do with them as their system is bad, and the prices much above market quotations.

Home Rails.

R. S. A.—I really cannot tell you if the rise which has been engineered by professional operators in low priced stocks will last. That depends upon the public, who show as yet no sign of nibbling.

American and Foreign Rails.

G. S.—You will no doubt do well with your "lock up" of American Rails, and as you appear to have taken the stock up, you should certainly hold them for three to six months, disregarding intermediate fluctuations. Canadian Pacifics have now to manage without their Government guarantee, and although they may follow the Yankee market, I had rather hold Yankees. Great Northern "A" are a fair speculative investment. The coal strike, of course, affects them temporarily. *Edgf.*—Yes, both Erie and Louisville are likely to improve, and it is too early to form an opinion concerning the dividend on the latter. No, I do not recommend the Uruguayan Railway stock referred to. I should recommend purchase of some Argentine Railway stocks as likely to improve by the end of the year, say Cordoba Central (Central Northern) Five per Cent. Debenture stock at 35, and Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent, Debenture stock at 52 xd., but you must be prepared to take the stock up. Amongst Mining shares you might buy New Primrose and Nigel as good dividend payers, Springdale as likely to pay dividend shortly, and the cheap Mining shares—Caratals—to which you specially refer as a little speculation. *Urquhart.*—You should hold all your American Railroad stocks Nos. 4-8, Argentine Nos. 9, 12, 13, and 20, and Uruguay stock Nos. 15-17, as likely to improve to a considerable extent. Some of these you might average with advantage. The Trust stocks, Nos. 21-27, are not favourites of mine, but in view of the incipient recovery in securities, it will be advisable to hold them also for an improvement. For the investment of your £500 with safety, you might select New York Central Four per Cent. Gold Debentures, at 104, Four per Cent. Manhattan Consolidated Mortgage bonds at 97, or Guinness Five per Cent. Debenture stock at 122. *C. T.*—You should read the views expressed under "Yankee Rails," and act accordingly. I do not advocate investment in one particular stock, but advise spreading the purchase over several, as stated last week. *V. R. G.*—1. Yes, if you can pay for the stock, and take it up. 2. Tables of Highest and Lowest prices, and of dividends, &c., can be obtained of Messrs. F. C. Matheson & Sons, of Copthall-avenue. 3. The *Financial News.* *Norfolk.*—Yes, you should hold the Gold bonds in question, they are very fair investments considering the price. *Xenophon.*—I advise you not to have anything to do with this outside concern, but to deal with a member of the House. Amongst Argentine Railways, Cordoba Central (Central North Section) Five per Cent. Debenture stock at 35, and Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. Debenture stock at 52 xd., are the cheapest purchase. American Rails will no doubt improve on balance, but there will be occasional reaction. I do not advise speculative, but investment purchases. *J. S. S., Birmingham.*—I am glad you have done so well by following my advice, buying Atchison "A" bonds at 36¾ (now 44), and Milwaukees at 54¼ (now 62½). The stocks are substantial, and should be held as an investment. The Milwaukee dividend was declared on Thursday, at 2 dols. for the half-year. If you decide to hold these stocks as an investment, you should register them with the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., who will collect the dividend for you very promptly against a trifling charge. *Doubtful.*—I should say that these shares will eventually come right. If you are a holder, keep them, but do not buy yet if you have not got any. *F. G. H.*—I understand that this Central American Railway is now doing better, and a recovery is even taking place in the shares. Under the circumstances, the bonds should be held for an improvement. *Reader, Manchester.*—I am glad to hear that you bought your American Rails cheap. No reason to sell your Brewery shares just yet. I do not think much of the Sewing Machine shares, as the competition is so great. Do not go into Coal and Iron shares. The worst does not seem over yet. The simplest plan would be to register your American Railway shares with the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders, of Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., who would collect the dividends for you against a small charge. *G. I., Bristol.*—Central Pacifics were ex.div. last Friday, and the coupon is now payable. *Campbell.*—1 and 2. Northern Pacific affairs are improving. You should hold the bonds (3) on the prospect of a recovery. 4. There is no doubt about the payment of the October coupon of all Atchison bonds, including the Second Mortgage bonds. 5. Hold the other bonds also, although the Union Pacific is in a bad way. 6. No reason to sell now. *Operator W.*—If you are so anxious to obtain the New York closing prices the same night you can do so at the Stock and Investment Agency, 3, Northumberland-avenue, who have had the enterprise to arrange for special wires. *Baronial.*—1. Yes, a lock-up of Yankee rails, regardless of market movements, is still advisable, but you must try to buy on a reaction. I like A and C better than B, but I should recommend (2) distributing the investment over a number of American Railroad stocks, as advised last week under "Yankee Rails." 3. It is preferable to invest in "coming" mines, and as you wish to buy South African you might buy Afrikander and South Simmer and Jack. See remarks in to-day's letter. 4. Yes, Graskop and Caratal. *A Constant Reader, Liverpool.*—1. There is no fear of the Central Pacific being affected in the sense mentioned by you. 2. I am unable to supply any information concerning the Steamship line referred to. *L. R.*—You should buy on a reaction, and spread your purchase over half a dozen stocks, both substantial and low-priced, as referred to in to-day's issue under "Investments in the American Market." *Notus.*—Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds have risen to 54½ on improved

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prospects in Mexico. The interest is assured for several years to come, altogether apart from the railway receipts.

MIXING SHARES.

Vivax. 1. By writing to the Caratal Company's office, 57, Moorgate-street, E.C. There seems to be a revival coming in low-priced Mining shares, and you might now also buy Grosvenor 3s. shares, 4s. 6d. paid, at 1s. 6d., but you must act at once. See remarks in to-day's letter. 2. Afrikander shares at 1¼, or South Simmer and Jack at 1¼, should meet your views. You will find particulars in to-day's letter. There is nothing amiss in the transaction in question, but you must see that you get your transfer against cheque. What you require has been forwarded. *S. T.*—You should hold Central Montrose. I shall have more to say upon this soon. *Di.* Yes, the present position of the African Gold Recovery Company is excellent, as shown in the report which is discussed to-day in my letter, but prospects are even better. They are fully worth their present quotation of 42s 6d. *Gold Spec.* Yes, Holcomb shares should be held. Important news from the Mine may come to hand any day. But do not average until I tell you to do so. *Barron.*—Same reply as above. *Birkdale.* I think you will act wisely in leaving alone the second Yankee Girl reconstruction scheme. *Blast Furnace.*—The discovery in the Mysore Reef new property should have the effect of taking South-East Mysore Gold Mining shares beyond the present level of 3s. 6d. *D. W. R.* Yes; you should join the Kapanga reconstruction scheme. *E. H.*—I do not like Lomas 1s, but you might hold on the chance of some improvement. Hold Nos. 2—6 for a recovery, which is probable. The shares Nos. 7–12 are promising low-priced Kaffir shares, and worth holding for higher figures. No. 13 is a good speculative investment, but No. 14 (Transvaal Lands) is rather a dragging concern. I should, however, hold at present prices. I do not advise a purchase of the Music-hall shares until prospects are better assured.

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Charon.—I really should not like to venture an opinion on such high-priced industrial shares. The Company is doing exceedingly well, but some new invention might interfere with the excellent profits now being earned. *Felix.*—Yes, I consider Johannesburg Waterworks a good investment. They paid a dividend of 6 per cent. for the fiscal year ended June 30, and will, no doubt, pay a substantial dividend after the end of the current fiscal year, but not before. As the Company owns large properties in the immediate neighbourhood of Johannesburg, it may be considered to embody valuable features apart from its business as a Water Company. *Athens.*—American Brewery shares are again improving, and the shares mentioned should now be held. *Bath.*—The Ordinary shares of the Manchester Ship Canal are not quoted officially, but the Prefs. stand at 4¾-5¼. Results are, in the case of such gigantic undertakings, often very slow in coming, and I should not, therefore, like to advise you in this matter. *Brick.*—I will make inquiries and again refer to the matter. *A Constant Reader, Burton-on-Trent.*—There is an improvement in these meat shares, which is likely to make progress. Hold!

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

Aston Magna.—The stocks Nos. 1-2 and 4-5 are fair industria investments, but of course with the risk incidental to such Companies. No. 5 is the best. I do not care much for cable property (3) as it is no longer progressive. *Shamrock.*—1. I do not like to prophesy. The price is quite high enough. 2. Perhaps. 3. The cream seems already off the milk. 4. A fair speculative investment. 5. Yes, quite sound. *Camberley.*—No, I do not recommend the Lottery bonds, but you might buy Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds, which yield a good return. No reason to sell South Austrians now. You cannot avoid the responsibility in the Mining shares, and will have to pay the call. *W. G.*—1. This is a very second-rate bank, and I should advise you to sell out on a recovery. Buenos Ayres and Ensenada Prefs. should be held for a recovery with other Argentine securities.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Rumours of a new Indian sterling loan are in the air, and I really hope that the Indian Government will do something soon if it intends to grapple with the difficulty, so as to relieve the market and the traders of the present uncertainty. Rupee Paper has improved on these rumours to 66¼, and the present value of the rupee is 1s. 3¼d. Silver has hardened again, although the defeat of the silver men in the United States Senate seems assured. It would be, indeed, a curious development if the white metal were not to fall any further on the cessation of the American purchases. Mexican Railway First Prefs. have risen to 70½ on further satisfactory traffic returns and on the comparative steadiness of silver, thus falsifying the very pessimistic predictions of some of the scribes. Mrs. A. Gordon-Edwardes, of 30, Regent's Park-road, N.W., whose letter I printed last week, appears still to be very busy trying to sell her twelve Founders' shares in the Alliance Financial Company. Letters from her, respectively dated September 9 and 12, identical with that published, have this week been sent to me by two of my readers. There seems to be a lull in the activity of the Syndicate touts, which, I have no doubt, is due to the enlightenment of the gullible fools amongst the public by my strictures. The last efforts have apparently been made by Grosvenor & Co., of 17, Moorgate-street, whose present achievement is a Metropolitan District Railway deal, and Geo. Macdonald & Co., of 164, Fenchurch-street, who boast that their last "Union" was closed with 205 per cent. net profit. Need I warn my readers to have nothing to do with these touts?—Your affectionate Uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY;

THE REHABILITATION OF EPHRAIM RAY.

"HE is doing a wonderful work, Duncan," said Mrs McTaggart one morning at breakfast to her husband. McTaggart was a hard-headed Scot with a kind heart and an open hand. God, as he would sincerely have expressed it, had so prospered him in London, that he felt he ought to do all that he could to promote the cause of God in that wicked city. It is true that he understood the cause of God in the narrow sense of his own cramped creed, and also true that he took care, even in his charities, to get a pen'orth for a penny; but there was no more conscientious or charitable man, according to his dim lights, in all London. "Listen to this, my dear," continued his wife, a little woman who thought always with her heart:—

Rule VI.—No services whatever shall be held on the Sabbath Day, and to this rule we can make *no* exception.

"What!" exclaimed Duncan, aghast at the godless rule.

"Wait; listen," his wife hastened to say:—

As we supply not the bread of life only, but also the bread that perisheth—the loaves and fishes of the Gospel narrative—to the starving little lost souls and bodies of the children of the East-end poor; and as the preparation of a meal, however simple, would involve the desecration of the Lord's Day by labour, we keep holy the Sabbath Day consecrated at the creation—Saturday. And this change has been blessed to us, truly and richly blessed. As "Goshen" is planted in a Jewish district, and as Saturday is still the Sabbath of that stiff-necked people, we have many of their little ones attending our services; and the Gospel seed sown with a free and a full hand in this the spring of their lives, will, under the dew of the Spirit and grace of God, strike root downward and bear fruit upward in years yet to come.

"There's something in that," admitted Duncan. "It seems impossible to convert an adult Jew; and it is not at all a bad idea to try to catch them young."

"Oh, but the whole idea of 'Goshen' is beautiful," cried his wife enthusiastically. "The poor little dots are supplied with a bowl of soup before service, and a cup of tea after, on Saturdays; while on Tuesday and Thursday evenings any of them that can say off a text or a hymn, get a bun and a cup of cocoa. Poor little mites! It makes my heart ache to read about them," she said, taking up a type-written circular headed "Notes of the Month." These notes were prefaced by the following discreet disclaimer of their author—the saintly philanthropist, Mr. Ephraim Ray:—

As I am not in the habit of addressing the wise and the mighty and the noble, and the rich in this world's goods, but the weak and the foolish, and the simple and the poor, yea, even the little children of the poor, I dare not trust a mission and a message upon which the eternal welfare of so many souls depended to my own feeble advocacy. No; let the words of my Master, and the lives of the little ones so dear to that Master, plead for me, and for them.

Here followed a rosary of texts, and after the texts came "Notes from my Note-book for the past Month."

M.R., a bright-eyed lad, with a wonderful forehead, but fearfully emaciated. Was turned out of his only home—a barrel—by the dock-keeper two days after the body of his mother, whom mad misery had driven to suicide, was taken out of the dock.

Did not know his own name. Thought "God" one of the many nick-names flung at him. Very shy at first of Goshen. Never now misses a service or a meal.

A.P., a girl of ten, known as "The Snorter" (origin of this name obscure), was brought to Goshen by another girl, out of whose arm she had bitten a piece. They now sing together from the same hymn-book! Girl with bitten arm takes endless pains to teach A.P. the text or hymn of the week that she too may get a bun. "Coals of fire!"

J.C., a little Jewish lad. Used to steal hymn-books to sell for shaving-paper. Struck by story of "Penitent Thief," has become a Christian. Eats sausages. *Laus Deo!*"

These notes, of which there were about a dozen, some of them most harrowing, swept the little woman off her feet.

"You must help him, Duncan; you really must."

"I haven't time to look into it to-day, dear; but I shall keep it in mind."

"But it's most urgent, he says. He must close one boiler at once, unless he gets immediate help; and that would mean the turning away of nearly a hundred little starving creatures."

"Is it a new thing?"

"Oh, no; it has been doing the most wonderful work for years; but strikes in the docks have at once diminished the subscriptions and increased the applicants for free teas this year. Do send him a cheque at once, Duncan."

"I don't like this way of doing business, Maggie; but I'll give you £10 and you can do what you like with it."

Then Duncan hurried off to his office, and half an hour later his impatient and impulsive little wife followed him eastwards to "Goshen." She wanted to get from the sainted Ephraim the addresses of some of the most pathetic cases in the notes in order to reward them for their heroism, or to console them for their sufferings. To this kindly purpose she had mentally devoted some of her pin-money, while Duncan's £10 was to go unbroken to keep that other boiler boiling. Ephraim was not to be found in "Goshen"—a tumble-down two-story building which could boast only the "beauty of holiness"; but Mrs. McTaggart got his private address from a grimy old woman in charge of the sanctuary, The contrast between the substantial comfort of Ephraim's private house and the squalid disorder and disrepair of "Goshen," rather grated upon the little lady's overflowing saint-worship. However, Ephraim's clerical appearance, and the more than clerical piety, which seemed to exude unctuously from every pore, somewhat reassured her. Having given him the £10 note for "Goshen," for which he turned aside to thank God, she asked for the addresses of the cases she had marked on the circular. Ephraim was momentarily disconcerted, but recovering himself almost immediately, he laughed and said, "My dear Madam,—You might as well ask for the addresses of the ships in the docks as for the addresses of dockers' children. Here to-day, gone to-morrow! No abiding city here, my dear madam, no abiding city here for any of the children of Adam, but least of all for the children of dockers."

"But I thought they attended regularly," said Mrs. McTaggart, glancing at the circular.

"Many of them do, my dear Madam; but most of them do not and cannot. They go away and take the good seed with them, and so we cast our bread upon the waters to find it after many days. As the Psalmist says:—

He that now goeth on his way weeping, but bearing good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

Ephraim, having stumbled upon this cue, proceeded at great length, and with the help of numberless texts, to prove that it was a positive spiritual advantage that his congregations should be shifting as the sands of the sea; since the Gospel was thereby diffused in little lumps of leaven throughout London. In a word, he flashed so many texts in the little woman's face that she felt as confused as birds at night bewildered by the glare of torches; and it was not until she had reached home that a suspicion of the plausible Ephraim's honesty occurred to her. When, having told her story to her husband at dinner, she said, "I'm afraid, Duncan, Mr. Ray was not quite straightforward," he lay back in his chair and laughed. Recovering himself presently, he said, with anything but a laughing expression, "He'll pay dear for that ten pounds."

Duncan objected as much as most men to be swindled, and more than most men to be swindled in the holy name of religion. He went himself next day to inspect "Goshen," and to cross-examine Ephraim upon its management.

"I see," he said, glancing at a copy of the current report, "that you are Treasurer and Secretary and Manager of 'Goshen.' Is there a Committee?"

"Lord Kilkee, Mrs. Ray, and myself are the Committee," stammered Ephraim.

As Lord Kilkee was a feeble-minded Irish Peer who lent his name to every proselytising Society, Ephraim practically admitted that he was himself the Committee also. Duncan then asked to see the accounts for the past year; but Ephraim here was on impregnable ground. He said, "His books were kept above," with eyes turned upwards to the place where the recording angel was presumed to be busy over the ledgers of "Goshen." As, however, the recording angel's books were not at present accessible, Duncan could make only a rough approximate calculation of the cost of rent, teas, &c., and compare it with the subscriptions Ephraim acknowledged in the last report. Making even an extravagant estimate of the expenditure, he found that Ephraim must be appropriating over £1,000 a year to his own use. Indeed, upon cross-examining the Evangelist as to the cost of the teas, he found that gentleman's own estimate lower considerably than this rough approximate calculation. If Duncan had needed any confirmation of his conclusion that he had to do with an arrant rogue, he might have found it in the Evangelist's manner, alternately sycophantic and defiant. Being, however, as circumspect in deliberation as he was decided in action, he made absolutely sure of his ground by exhaustive investigation before he sent Ephraim the following letter and enclosure:—

SIR,—I think it fair to warn you that I have this day despatched a copy of accompanying circular to every subscriber to "Goshen" whose name appears in your report for the past year.—Believe me, yours, &c., DUNCAN MCTAGGART.

(Enclosure.)

DEAR SIR,—Upon investigation of the accounts of Mr. Ephraim Ray's Children's Mission, "Goshen," I find that, while the expenses, at the outside, amount to £625 (rent and gas, £95; teas and caretaker, £530; total, £625), the receipts from subscriptions acknowledged in report amount to £1,729, leaving thus a balance of at least £1,104 for the salaries of Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Manager, and Evangelist, *i.e.*, of Mr. Ephraim Ray, who fills all these offices. What has he to show for this salary? Nothing—if the specimen cases of conversion recorded in his "Notes" are to be taken as samples of the success of his Ministry. Upon being recently pressed to produce one of these converts or to give his address, he was unable to do either. Thus your subscriptions go to the sole support of Mr. Ephraim Ray—not, I think you must admit, a deserving object of your charity.—Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

DUNCAN MCTAGGART.

When troubles come "they come not single spies, but in battalions." The morning after the subscribers received this circular of Duncan's they had to digest with their breakfasts a yet graver charge against their pet Evangelist, formulated in the following type-written letter:—

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,—Are you aware that your saintly Missionary, Mr. Ephraim Ray, spends much of his time and of your money in one of the most disreputable of East-end Music-halls? At 8.30 p.m. on Friday evening last (October 7), I myself saw him enter, *in the worst company*, "The Merry Mermaid Music-hall"—the resort of the lowest class of sailors and of their disreputable companions! I felt such disgust at his foul hypocrisy that I resolved to expose him at any cost, and for this purpose I am willing to come forward whenever or wherever called upon and at whatever inconvenience to confront and confound him publicly.—Believe me, dear Sir, or Madam, faithfully yours, JESSE COHEN.

Almost simultaneously either the newspaper "with the largest circulation in the world," or that "with a larger circulation than any other in the world"—I forget for the moment which—opened its columns to furious letters denouncing the mercenary proselytism of "Goshen." In these letters it was contended that the sole object of "Goshen" and of its Saturday services was the seduction

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

of hungry little Israelites on their way to the Synagogue. To all these attacks, which would almost seem to have been concerted, Ephraim showed an undaunted front. He either suggested himself, or accepted a suggestion of Lord Kilkee, that a public meeting should be held under his Lordship's presidency in Exeter Hall, to which not the subscribers to "Goshen" alone, but the impugners of its management and the libellers of its Evangelist—as well as the public generally and the Press—should be invited.

Whether this suggestion was of Ephraim's making, or of his acceptance merely, it cannot be denied that he threw himself into the work of carrying it out with all the fiery zeal of a wronged man whom the white light of truth could but brighten. He himself type-wrote all the invitations to the Press and to the subscribers, heading the circular with the text: "Rejoice ye when men shall speak all manner of evil against you falsely for My Name's sake."

The meeting, having been thus thoroughly advertised, was a crowded one. Lord Kilkee, at the close of the Right Rev. Bishop of Matagogo's prayer, opened the proceedings by reading out Mr. Jesse Cohen's letter charging the Evangelist with attending, in most disreputable company, "The Merry Mermaid Music-hall."

"Ladies and gentlemen," proceeded his Lordship, "Mr. Ephraim Ray declines to take any notice whatever of this most abominable letter and charge."

Here he was interrupted by hisses and laughter, which, however, were silenced and succeeded by thunders of applause when his lordship resumed by saying quietly:—"Though Mr. Ray's self-respect forbids him, and would forbid me, to take any notice whatever of this scurrilous and atrocious charge, I think it better in the interests of religion and of the institution which has been so unscrupulously assailed in the Press, to inform you that on this very Friday evening, October 7, and at the very hour named, 8.30 p.m., Mr. Ray was in my house in conference with me and with two other gentlemen now on the platform—Mr. Jonas Colclough and Mr. Gideon Grimes. What, then, becomes of Mr. Jesse Cohen's scandalous charge? Or what, for that matter, has become of Mr. Jesse Cohen himself? He has protested his readiness to come forward at any time, in any place, and at any inconvenience, to confront and confound Mr. Ray; but though this meeting and its purpose have been advertised in every London newspaper of importance, there is no appearance of this public-spirited gentleman on this platform or in this hall. No; he prefers to support his dastardly attack on Mr. Ray and on his work by anonymous letters to the newspapers; for I have ample proof that the writer of the letters to the newspapers, complaining of the proselytism of Jewish children, was this Jewish gentleman, Mr. Jesse Cohen." Then his lordship proceeded to discuss at great length and with intense zest this question of proselytism, which plainly was a subject of most absorbing interest to him, to the "Goshenites," and to the faithful generally in the hall.

To this question also Ephraim judiciously confined himself almost altogether in his speech. He took the merest incidental notice of Mr. Duncan McTaggart's absurd expectation to find a fixed congregation in "Goshen," or, for that matter, a fixed population in its neighbourhood. As both congregation and population were to a great extent floating, Ephraim's main aim was, like that of England's great General, Lord Wolseley, to pass as many as possible into the Army of Christ on the short service principle. As for Mr. McTaggart's other charge, that he lived by the Gospel he preached, did not St. Paul do likewise? Did he not even enjoin it?—"They that preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." He, Ephraim, was not going to be muzzled either by Mr. McTaggart or any other man, either in that or any other sense. Having thus casually and contemptuously dismissed Duncan and his charge, Ephraim proceeded to deal with the question in which the bulk of his audience were feverishly and almost exclusively interested—the conversion of Jewish children through the wonderful "Goshen" ministrations. What a triumph over all the Societies and all the centuries, which could hardly record more than one genuine Jewish conversion—that of the edifying Joseph Wolff, "Lady Georgina's" husband! Joseph stood unique and alone, like Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment, a single monument of an ancient and extinct civilisation transplanted at immense cost and with immense difficulty to its modern incongruous environment. What a contrast between this and those multitudinous Goshenites which had wrung from some Rabbi that great and exceeding bitter cry they had all read in the papers?

Tumultuous was the applause as the Evangelist concluded, overwhelming the triumph of Ephraim, and, above all, the collection was munificent. Ephraim carried home with him that night the hearts of all the faithful and £117. 5s. 3½d. in cash.

But Duncan was a dour and dogged man, who held on to the vermin upon which he had once fastened with bull-dog tenacity. Two days after the Exeter Hall meeting there appeared in a paper called *The Broom*, which devoted itself to the Herculean task of cleansing all such Augean stables as "Goshen," the following letter from Duncan:—

DEAR SIR,—I trust to your courage and public spirit for the exposure of yet another—and, I think, the worst of those disgusting parasites who infest the body of Religion and make it loathsome—Mr. Ephraim Ray, the founder and manager of "Goshen." At the Exeter Hall meeting the other night, while my unanswerable charges against Mr. Ray were ignored, that made in a letter, signed "Jesse Cohen," was triumphantly refuted by the Chairman's *alibi*. But this charge was made—and made by Mr. Ephraim Ray himself—to be triumphantly refuted! If you will be so good as to examine for yourself enclosed documents you will see that the typed letter charging Mr. Ray with attending, in disreputable company, "The Merry Mermaid Music-hall" was beyond question written on the same identical Remington machine that printed the typed circular of invitation to the meeting, issued by Mr. Ray himself. How, you ask, am I so absolutely assured of the identity of the machine which typed both documents? Because in both *no less than five letters and their capitals* are out of line, viz., b, g, k, r, and t. In course of use every Remington gets out of alignment and needs adjustment; but that the same five letters, and those alone, should at the same time be dislocated in two machines is, I need not say, incredible.—Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully yours, DUNCAN MCTAGGART.

In commenting upon this letter the Editor of *The Broom* challenged Mr. Ephraim Ray to rebut the charge made in it by an action for libel, adding:—

If he decline the challenge, as he most certainly will, the public will identify not only the writer of the "Jesse Cohen" letter, but also the writer of all the letters to the papers complaining of the effective proselytism of "Goshen" with Mr. Ephraim Ray himself, and will recognise in them a red herring drawn across the scent to avert the verification of Mr. Duncan McTaggart's charges of the conversions in the Report being bogus inventions to keep the subscriptions up to a level that would allow him an income of over £1,100 a year.

This charge and challenge were reiterated again and again in *The Broom*. Strange to say, Ephraim met neither, because Christians were expressly forbidden to go to law by St. James. What is yet more strange, subscriptions to "Goshen" overflow in a fuller channel than ever into the Evangelist's pocket.

"Mon ami," says Robert Macaire to his accomplice Bertrand, in one of M. Philipon's caricatures, "mon ami, le temps de la commandite va passer, mais les badauds ne passeront pas. Occupons-nous de ce qui est éternel. Si nous fassions une religion?"

MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH M. Saint-Saëns has during the past ten days been in England for the presentation, in concert form, at Covent Garden, of his Biblical opera, "Samson et Dalila," the work, as was expected, is not yet ready for performance, and thus its intended production on Wednesday this week had to be postponed. Considering that when Madame Sanz, who will sing the part of Dalila, came here a fortnight ago for rehearsal, the chorus even was not complete, those least experienced in the trouble of getting up a work of this character at short notice will not be surprised that a postponement became necessary. To properly prepare a composition of the

importance of "Samson et Dalila," the choir should have been organised months ago, and this even would have left out of consideration the difficulty of securing a first-rate amateur chorus for three or four performances at the Promenade Concerts in the middle of the holiday season. I question, indeed, whether a "Biblical opera" is wanted at the Promenade Concerts at all, and it certainly would have been better to have reserved it for the new Queen's Hall, where in the winter it is promised that a special choir and orchestra will be organised for a series of Tuesday evening concerts at cheap prices.

"Samson et Dalila" will be found to be a curious mixture of the Bible story with modern French stage craft. In the first act the Israelites, like the captives of Babylon, are lamenting their lot, when Samson chides them for their cowardice. The Philistine chief, Abimelech, comes forward to chastise him, but Samson seizes the Philistine's scimitar and slays him. The triumphal procession of Israelities is interrupted by a party of Eastern or Nautch girls coming out of the temple of Dagon, dancing furiously, and perhaps none too piously. At their head is the dancing-girl, Dalila, who, solely for patriotic reasons, devotes herself to Samson's destruction. In point of fact, she determines to "mash" the champion, and in the second act, after a long soprano scena, in which she gives utterance to her hatred of the Israelites, the conquest is achieved. In the last act Samson is bound in prison, listening to the wailings of the Israelitish captives. The Nautch girls, overcome with fatigue, are sleeping on straw beds in the Temple, but they wake up to see the sport of the shorn and blinded strong man led round the house by a small child. There are more erotic dances, when, by a feat of superhuman strength, the champion uproots the two pillars which support the roof, and abruptly concludes the opera by killing off every one of the *dramatis personæ*. "Samson et Dalila" was written by M. Saint-Saëns during, or shortly after, the Franco-German war, and the part of Dalila was first sung at a semi-private performance in 1872 by Madame Viardot Garcia.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte has now definitely settled the list of artists for the new Sullivan and Gilbert opera which is in active rehearsal at the Savoy. Mr. John Le Hay has been added to the cast, which, as was generally expected, does not include Miss Jessie Bond, a lady who has appeared in every previous opera of the series, from "H.M.S. Pinafore" to "The Gondoliers." There are now only two leading ladies' parts, which will be undertaken by the new American soprano, Miss Nancy McIntosh, and that old Savoy favourite, Miss Brandram, smaller rôles falling to Miss Florence Perry and Miss Owen. Messrs. Barrington and Denny, of course, have good parts; and the young baritone, Mr. Scott Fishe, who sang so successfully in "Jane Annie," is also retained, together with Messrs. Gridley, Haswell, and Passmore. Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct the first performance.

Mascagni's "I Rantzau" has been struck out of the programme of Sir A. Harris's Scottish opera tour, and "Il Trovatore," which in the country now seems to be as dead as it is in London, has, doubtless to the horror of the old Italian party, given way to "Lohengrin." In Edinburgh, as in the Metropolis, it has been found that the biggest houses were attracted by "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci," and each of these operas is, therefore, to be performed twice in the various towns to be visited, the one being preceded by "L'Amico Fritz," and the other by "Orfeo." "Faust" has also disappeared from the bills, the rest of the week being filled in with "Les Huguenots" and "Carmen." The favour bestowed by town and country alike upon the two chief works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo seems further to indicate that opera in the future will depend very greatly upon strong, short, crisp, and dramatic libretti.

The falling off in both attendance and collections at Worcester last week will, it is hoped, give the *coup de grâce* to the lazy plan of neglecting to produce novelties at these festivals. From 14,596 in 1890 the attendance at the concerts last week dropped to 13,861. As there will, without much doubt, be a call on the guarantors, the "no-novelty-and-get-your-choir-from-Leeds" expedient will now probably be knocked on the head. Nor, until a qualified chorus, drawn from the district, can be organised, will it be policy again to attempt such difficult compositions as Brahms' "Requiem" and Bach's Mass in B minor. The big success of the festival was won with Dr. Hubert Parry's "Job," in which Mr. Plunket Greene again sang that eighteen minutes' long and arduous bass solo, "The Lamentations," the music of which was expressly written for him. The sole novelty of the Festival was an orchestral piece which Dr. Parry sardonically, and perhaps in satire of the modern craze for "programme" music, entitled "Overture to an Unwritten Tragedy." A symphonic poem, "Gretchen im Dom," by the late Herr Fischer, was also attempted, with the result of proving that, whatever may have been the merits of the deceased German musician, he held extremely modern ideas as to the proper writing of an organ part.

Two more of the prospectuses for the coming concert season have been issued. The Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall promise Dr. Mackenzie's "Bethlehem" for the first time in public; Handel's "Jephtha," with the additional accompaniments written by Sir A. Sullivan in 1869 for Sir J. Barnby's Exeter Hall concerts; and the "Requiem" portion of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," besides several better-known works. For some unexplained reason the Albert Hall authorities have changed the concert dates to Thursdays, one of the most inconvenient nights of the week. At the Crystal Palace, apart from about half a dozen new overtures and similar works, reliance will chiefly be placed before Christmas upon some of the Norwich Festival productions, including M. Paderewski's "Polish Fantasia," Mr. Cowen's cantata, "The Water-Lily," and Mr. German's new symphony. As M. Paderewski will previously have played his new composition at Norwich, and also at the London Symphony Concerts, it is a pity that he does not choose something else for the Crystal Palace. Even supposing the "Polish Fantasia" to be a masterpiece, it is quite possible to have too much of it, and Schumann's concerto or Beethoven's in E flat would be a good deal more acceptable.

The provincial newspaper men who are coming to town this week, over 2,000 strong, to attend the Conference of the Institute of Journalists, bid fair to have plenty of music of every sort. At the Crystal Palace on Saturday Mr. Manns will appeal to the tastes of those who prefer classical works. At the Imperial Institute on Thursday night a vocal concert will be supported by Mesdames Ella Russell, Antoinette Trebelli, Palliser, Helen Trust, Giulia Valda, Giulia Warwick, Nancy McIntosh, Belle Cole, and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd, Plunket Greene, and Santley, with Messrs. Bird, Waddington Cooke, Clutsam, and Lane Wilson as conductors. On Friday night Sir J. Barnby is organising a concert by the students of the Guildhall School of Music, and for lovers of a lighter form of amusement Mr. Didcott is directing a special performance, which promises to be exceedingly popular, by about forty of the leading gentlemen entertainers of London.

The intention credited to Mr. Hollingshead of reviving at the Princess's Handel's "Rinaldo" and Arne's "Artaxerxes" sounds curiously in these *fin-de-siècle* days. Personally, I do not suppose Mr. Hollingshead will do anything of the sort; for, altogether apart from the difficulty of securing artists capable of singing the music, and the necessity—at any rate in "Rinaldo"—for "additional accompaniments," these old world operas are of a style quite out of date. Artaxerxes was, by the way, a very favourite subject with opera composers of the last century, and upwards of fifty works having the Persian King for hero are still extant. Bertoni and Piccini each wrote two, and among the other eighteenth century composers

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

Costumes for Scotland, &c.—Messrs. Redfern beg to announce that they have designed some very practical Gowns for ladies visiting Scotland, either for Shooting, Travelling, Golfing, &c., to which they invite an inspection.—27, New Bond-street, W.

who went for Artaxerxes were Gluck, Hasse, Graun, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Giordani, Rust, and Zingarelli.

Verdi has, I am told, just completed a new Litany, which will be heard for the first time at a church festival in Rome.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—In having your new autumn gowns made up, you must beware of a grotesque effect that is sometimes observable in the fashionable sleeve, that of a mushroom, of which the puff above the elbow represents the dome and the rest of the arm the stalk. We really had to smile to-day at the funny appearance of a girl who was walking in front of us with sleeves of this shape. Her elbows were squared well back and she looked as if there was an elephantine toadstool growing out of her hips on either side.

Boas! Now look at those four letters, Amy, dear, and try to realise the just anger and indignation that lie beneath them. On the very hottest days of this broiling summer we have seen girls and women walking about with feather boas round their necks. The truth is that from the moment any one dons this article of dress she at once becomes its victim. It tyrannises over her. She cannot bear the look of herself without it. Like an artisan with his comforter, she thinks herself quite lost without her boa—unfinished and incomplete. And yet it is becoming to comparatively few; and never to a short-necked woman. The odd thing is that it is always these who elect to wear boas.

I have seen some daintily-delightful mid-season coats, and have fallen in love with one or two; more particularly a dark green satin, trimmed with sable and made with a little shoulder collar also bordered with the fur. Such a becoming coat, Amy, dear, that one cannot help but covet it. Another is in brown cloth, with deep collar of ivory satin embroidered richly with jet. Deep cuffs of the same finish the sleeves at the wrists. Does it not sound pretty?

Do you remember the story told in TRUTH some years ago about a little girl who was taken by her mother to visit the Queen, and who asked her Majesty where she bought her groceries, informing the Queen of England and Empress of India that they got theirs at Harrod's Stores? I thought of this the other day when Mrs. Fourstars took me in there while she did some shopping. It is a vast place, with long vistas of show-rooms, where furniture, ironmongery, china and glass, electro-plate, books and stationery, as well as provisions, can be obtained in infinite variety. When we went in, we noticed that the ceiling was supported by very thick pillars of brilliant colour, and on examining them discovered that the slender iron pillars were supplemented by circles of tinned goods arranged with much symmetry. The department in which plants and cut flowers are sold is really lovely, the floor being tesselated and a large fountain playing in the centre. Tall palms and giant ferns rose on every side among open screens of light green wood. It was like a bit of the East popped down in the commonplace surroundings of the Brompton-road.

Mrs. Fourstars is giving a children's party on her lawn down the river, and part of her business at Harrod's was to select a suitable entertainment for the youngsters. It was difficult to choose among so many, including marionettes, ventriloquism, conjuring, Punch and Judy, fortune-telling, glee singers, nigger minstrels, &c. We afterwards wandered about through the various departments, and, among other discoveries, found a small ice-machine in which ice-creams can be frozen in five minutes. The price of the machine is 2s. 9d. That seems impossible, does it not? But we were told it by those who had tasted the ice-creams after having seen the process for themselves. Maud wanted a new luncheon basket for the river, and bought an extremely cheap and nice one here. I found the furniture most fascinating, for there is every kind, from the cheapest to the best, suited to all purses. I think I should love to keep shop. I should so delight in hearing the money chink into the till all day long.

The chairs presented by the town of High Wycombe to the Duke and Duchess of York have been on view for a few days at Messrs. Liberty's, Regent-street. They are very fine specimens of good and thorough English workmanship. The Duke's is of the best Riga wainscot oak, elaborately carved in a sixteenth-century design. The back is surmounted by a ducal coronet, with the Royal arms carved beneath, these being supported on either side by a scroll pediment treated with some splendid carving of foliage and flowers, roses and may being the predominating features. Below the Royal arms appear those of the borough of Wycombe, supported by conventional sixteenth-century frieze work. Beneath this are three empannelled fleur de lis. The arms and legs are also elaborately carved to match. The seat, arms, and back are upholstered in Royal blue morocco, with the Duke of York's crest stamped in gold upon the back. Below this, also stamped in gold and surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel, appears the Duke's monogram, G.F.E.A. (George Frederick Ernest Albert). The leather is attached to the frame by means of massive hand-made unburnished brass studs.

The lady's drawing-room chair, which is intended for the Duchess, is most elaborately and delicately carved in a design of roses and mayblossom. It is simply marvellous that such delicate leaves and flowers could have been produced by a chisel, when one remembers that but one slip would have irretrievably ruined the whole design. The shield-shaped back is surmounted by a ducal coronet, and below this, within the gracefully carved rail, appears a pair of most beautifully carved darts, fastened together by a true-lover's knot.

Maud and I always like to have new gowns in October, for after the roving summer life we invariably feel that we have nothing fit to put on. We sent for patterns the other day to Pease & Co.'s Successors, who sell materials woven from English wool and made at Darlington. One of the most effective of their new autumn fabrics is in black and gold, the latter being quite bright and glittering. It is called the Croglin costume cloth, and is very soft and nice. There is also a very good one in black and red. The "Joyce" is in a very wide diagonal rib, with a star in bright coloured silk, embroidered upon (or possibly woven) at regular distances apart. The colours are brown, green, black, and navy blue. There are several of the flecked or snowflake sort. Maud has chosen a habit cloth in a curious tone of green, neither light nor dark, and is going to have it made with three rows of wide braid round the skirt, and the revers turned back with braid and a hem of Persian lamb, the coat having a double skirt attached, bordered with the braid. It is going to look very nice, I think, and it is quite a cheap material. As for me, I have been a long time choosing, for I cannot get my mind past this hot weather. I must be quite destitute of imagination, for when I am hot I cannot remember what it feels like to be cold. However, assisted by Maud, I managed to throw myself sufficiently into the middle of next month to select one of the new very rough black serges, delightfully bold and self-assertive in the rib. This is to be made with a rather deep band of scarlet cloth round the hem, braided with black; a scarlet cloth vest and a zouave of the black serge. A tiny black bonnet with some scarlet in it is my idea of a headgear to go with this, but I have yet to choose it. Such a very important piece of business as that cannot be despatched in a hurry.

I fancy that dress is going to be very pretty this autumn. The hideous capes are reappearing, but I should think that they would commend themselves to few as

RIDING HABITS.—A speciality in Riding Habits. Has been declared the best, without exception, by all ladies who have seen it. Quite new. Patented. Made only by G. S. WOLMERSHAUSEN & Co., LTD., 16, Gt. Marlborough-street, Regent-street, London, W.

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compared with the smart, well-fitting jackets and the new and handsome pelisses with a little fur for trimming. Bonnets are too small to be artistic. A butterfly made of lace and jet is not enough to give sufficient finish to an architectural scheme for decorating an individual of 5 ft. 4 in. or so. When the height is several inches more, the little bonnet is carried away up out of sight. When there is abundance of hair, and it is well arranged, it does not so much matter about the bonnet; but as a rule it is better to have one which is visible from all points of view. Do you agree with me?

We are off to the seaside for a fortnight, so my next letter will be written from "Merry Margate." It is not quite so lively in September as in August; but no doubt there will be plenty to amuse us during our stay. After a few weeks of the river we always feel a longing for sea-air. I wonder why this is. Perhaps it is that the neighbourhood of the river is relaxing, and one feels the need of a bracing atmosphere. And September by the sea would be simply perfect if only the evenings were not so long.

Try some lamb cutlets done like this:—

Cut the best end of a neck of house lamb into cutlets; trim each one neatly, free from fat. Put 2 oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, 1 shalot, the leaves of a sprig of thyme, and the juice of a lemon into a stew pan. When the butter has thoroughly melted, put in the cutlets, and let them cook till nearly done, then take them up, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with grated bread-crumbs, and lay on a grid over a clear fire till each side is slightly browned; drain on a hot paper for a moment, then arrange on a hot dish, and pour the following sauce over them:—Take the liquor in which the cutlets have been cooked, strain it through a sieve into a clean enamelled saucepan, add a gill of good stock, thicken with a little cornflour; when it boils throw in a couple of small gherkins, cut into little dice-shaped pieces. Garnish with water-cress.

You will find this "buttered lobster" very good indeed if carefully prepared:—

Pick the meat from a medium-sized lobster, cut it into dice, and throw into a gill of good gravy; season with a dash of nutmeg, salt, and pepper; thicken with a lump of butter rolled in flour. Place the white parts of the leaves of a French cass lettuce round a china dish. Pour the buttered lobster in the centre. Serve with half lemons.

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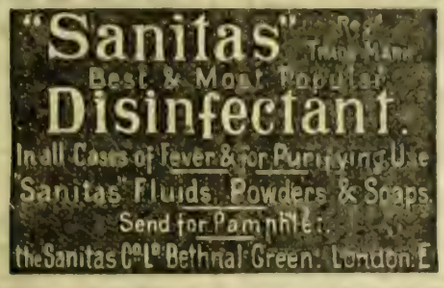

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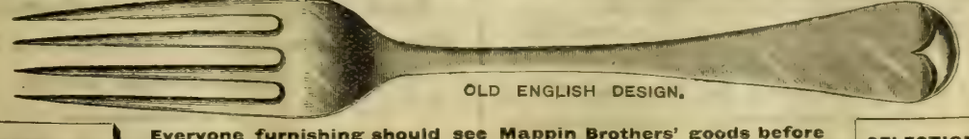

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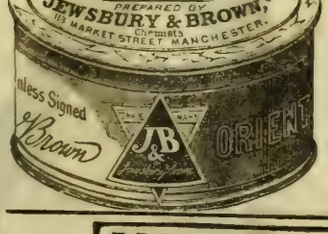

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OUR PUZZLES

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 752.—RECIPE FOR A COOLING DRINK.

OLIVASTRO (real name and address will be published next week) £1 1 0
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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 760.—SUGGESTIONS FOR A HOLIDAY TRIP.

SALVÉ (real name and address will be published next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 761.

The Prize in this Competition will be divided between POSSUM and NIBS, whose lines were published in TRUTH for September 14.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 765.

How is it that wives find it such hard work to get their husbands to accompany them to Garden Parties? This is a subject which is certainly often discussed in social circles; and, as a matter of fact, several times during the past summer I have heard it debated with considerable animation. By this time the season for Garden Parties is virtually over, but if I mistake not, wives as a rule find it just as difficult to get their husbands to in-door social gatherings—say, for instance, to "Musical At Homes" as to out-door ones. Surely, then, it will be generally interesting to the readers of TRUTH if an effort is made to help hostesses and wives in the difficulties which so frequently attend their efforts in securing the husbands as well as their spouses at their Garden Parties and "At Homes." It has been thought, therefore, and, in fact, this suggestion has been made by a valued correspondent, that some assistance may be rendered if the usual weekly competition in these pages is devoted to the subject, and the Prize of Two Guineas is offered for

THE BEST ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, HOW CAN HUSBANDS BE MOST SUCCESSFULLY INDUCED TO ACCOMPANY THEIR WIVES TO GARDEN PARTIES, MUSICAL "AT HOMES," OR OTHER SIMILAR GATHERINGS?

There is one suggestion which is so obvious that it is hoped no competitors will trouble themselves to send it. It is that wives may induce their husbands to accompany them by promising them that they will meet pleasanter and more fascinating company than their own homes provide. Whatever suggestions may be made, it is necessary that they should be expressed as briefly as possible. And all answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, October 2, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.

The Prize in this competition will be awarded to EBORACUM for the following Stanza:—

Had Mr. Pickwick's precious nose
Been stung severely by a wasp,
Sam Weller would, we may suppose,
Have named the noxious insect "yosp."

I still hope to be able to allude at greater length to this competition, which presents several points of especial interest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GYPON.—Your lines on Arnside reached me a post too late to be printed with the description of other watering places.

IDLER and DROMEDARY.—I regret the mixed way in which your answers to Puzzle No. 760 appeared. I had already discovered the mistake in going through the answers before making the Prize Award.

STANCHION.—I fear that in these days of Shakesperean concordances, the puzzle you suggest would not prove sufficiently difficult.

PUNSTER.—Your lines arrived too late.

THE HIGHLANDS.—These lines also were not received in time for publication.

L. J. WATSON.—I have received your wasp stanza.

VERB. SAP.—Your answer arrived too late.

CALCUTTA.—I find on inquiry that your solution of the mystery must be the correct one, and regret that I classed as too late an answer which was really received exceptionally early. I may add, however, that your answer was submitted, with the others, to "A Frequent Competitor."

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 762.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

QUOTATIONS TENDING TO SUGGEST THAT SHAKESPEARE HAD AN ANTICIPATORY KNOWLEDGE OF THE CYCLE.

Not on a band, but on a stronger thing. A chain, chain; do you not hear it ring? What, the hain? No, no, the bell. Comedy of Errors, act iv., c. 3.—Ombra.

I may set the world on wheels. Two Gentlemen f Verona, act iii., sc. 1.—Chinka, Infelix.

Then may I set the world on wheels. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii., sc. 1.—C., Stanchion, Verbum Sat, Amateur, Mulu, Ombra.

Then comes the time, who lives to see it, That oing shall be us'd with feet. King Lear, act iii., . 2.—Gerald and Infelix.

Infected be the air on which they ride, And amned all those that trust them.—Macbeth, ct iv., sc. 1. Be warned by me; they that ride so, nd ride not warily, fall. Henry V., act iii., sc. 7.—hite Mavis.

Canary to it with your feet, The hobby-orse is forgotten. Love's Labour Lost, act iii., . 1.—Infelix.

A thing most strange and certain, Beauteous and wift. Macbeth, act ii., sc. 4. Come like shadows, depart. Macbeth, act iv., sc. 1. For well I ot Thou runnest before me; shifting every place nd darest not stand. Midsummer Night's Dream, ct iii., sc. 2.—Caledonia.

Then may I set the world on wheels, When she can in for her living. Two Gentlemen of Verona, t iii., sc. 1.—Cobbett and Blanche.

When a great wheel runs down a hill. King ar, act ii., sc. 4.—C. F. Reid.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a ill. King Lear, act ii., sc. 4.—Cyclopædia and owmow.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a ill, lest it break thy neck. King Lear, act ii., sc. 4. Nilla, Moonlighter, Isinglass, Ombra, M. S.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a ill, lest it break thy neck with following it. King ar, act ii., sc. 4.—Whig, Blanche, Safety, Veritas.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a ill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but e great one that goes up the hill, let him draw ee after. King Lear, act ii., sc. 4.—The Friar, anche, E. Culverhouse, Simla, Sprats, Cobbett, ex, Merle.

Then may I set the world on wheels. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act. iii., sc. 1. As true as truest rse, that yet would never tire. Midsummer ght's Dream, act iii., sc. 1.—Cissy Conny.

Double, double, toil and trouble. Macbeth, t iv., sc. 1. The wheel is come full circle. King ar, act v., sc. 3. Men whose heads do grow neath their shoulders. Othello, act i., sc. 3.—rix.

Then shall the realm of Albion come to great con-ion. Then comes the time, who lives to see 't, at going shall be us'd with feet. King Lear, t iii., sc. 2.—Ombra.

But he rides well. Macbeth, act ii., sc. 5. Ring the alarum bell. Macbeth, act ii., sc. 3. Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel, And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven. Hamlet, act ii., sc. 2.—Bonaccord.

My high blown pride at length broke under me.* Henry VIII., act iii., sc. 2.

*After this accident Shakespeare evidently used "Pericles," which he says was the "Prince of Tyre" s.—Simla.

I like this new tire within exceedingly. Much Ado, act iii., sc. 2.—Sancho.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle from her propriety. Othello, act ii., sc. 3.—Sterne and Ettol.

For O! for O! the hobby horse is forgot. Love's Labour Lost, act iii., sc. 3. I was forced to wheel three or four miles. Coriolanus, act i., sc. 6, line 19. We in your motion turn, and you may move us. Comedy of Errors, act iii., sc. 2, line 24.—Mulu.

The string that's heavy in itself, Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed. 2 Henry IV., act i., sc. 1.—Cobbett.

For thy records and what we see do lie, Made more or less by thy continual haste. Sonnet 123. Of posting is no need. Sonnet 51.—M. E. W.

Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse. Henry V., act iii., sc. 7.—Vox.

Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale. Taming of the Shrew, act iv., sc. 1.—Bob.

But who comes in such haste in riding robes? What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband That will take pains to blow a horn before her? King John, act i., sc. 1.—Almaviva.

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence! Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii., sc. 2.—Silly Sing Sing.

To make an envious mountain of my back Where sits deformity to mock my body. 3 Henry VI., act. iii., sc. 2.—No Name.

Another, with his finger and his thumb, Cry'd Via! we will do't, come what will come; The third he caper'd, and cried, All goes well; The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. Love's Labour Lost, act v., sc. 2.—Archaloner.

The thing that's heavy in itself Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed. 2 Henry IV., act i., sc. 1.—Tan Tun.

If I knew What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge O' the world I would pursue it. Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., sc. 2, line 112.—Mos.

The Anthropophagi—and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders. Othello, act i., sc. 3. The rapid evolution of the genus "scorcher" into the head-beneath-shoulders monster, is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the present cycling age.—Shamrock.

He bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not? The third part, then, is drunk! would it were all; Then it might go on wheels; Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., sc. 7.—Wil Winifican and Mona.

K. John: Nay, but make haste; the better foot before. Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels. Bastard: The Spirit of the time shall teach me speed. King John, act iv., sc. 2.—Verbum Sat.

Your daughter. . . . hath made a gross revolt, tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortune in an extravagant and wheeling stranger of here and everywhere. Othello, act i, sc. 1.—Boodleycoo.

The dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts. Henry V., act. iii., sc. 6.—Wren.

But chief of all your "safety," for the which myself and them bend their best studies. King John, act iv., sc. 2. Patrick Brangan.

The wheeled seat. Antony and Cleopatra, act iv., sc. 12.—Bullrushes.

Then can no horse with my desire keep pace. Sonnet 51. That I might see what the old world could say, So this compound wonder of your frame. Sonnet 59. Whoe'er he was he show'd a mounting mind. Love's Labour Lost, act iv., sc. 1.—Violet C.

Come, the recorders. Hamlet, act iii., sc. 2. Well, I cannot last ever. I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to death with perpetual motion. 2 Henry IV., act i., sc. 2.—Sterne.

I like the new tire. Much Ado, act iii., sc. 4. An extravagant and wheeling stranger of here and everywhere. Othello, act i., sc. 1. I was forced to wheel three or four miles about. Coriolanus, act i., sc. 1.—Ettal.

I like the new tire (tyre) excellently. Much Ado, act iii., sc. 4. He that escapes . . . without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. As You Like it, act i., sc. 1.—Pearl.

Forced to wheel three or four miles. Coriolanus, act i., sc. 6.—Comtesse Olga.

We pray you for your own sake embrace your own safety. As You Like it, act i., sc. 2. I may truly say it is a novelty in the world, We poising us in her defective scale. All's Well, act. ii., sc. 3.—Caledonia.

Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true The wheel has come full circle. I am here. King Lear, act iii., sc. 5. I was created with a stubborn outside With an aspect of iron. Henry V., act v., sc. 2.—Simla.

What wheels! Winter's Tale, act iii., sc. 2, line 1. Up and down. Up and down; I will lead them up and down; I am fear'd in field and town. Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii., sc. 2, line 1.—Ada.

The world on wheels. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii., sc. 1. What wheels! Winter's Tale act iii., sc. 2. Ivy Leaves.

A warning bell. King Henry VI., act iv., sc. 2. Go, sir, rub your chain. Twelfth Night, act ii., sc. 3. Ivy leaves.

That I was forced to wheel three or four miles about. Coriolanus, act i., sc. 6. Death on the wheel. Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 2. O, for a horse with wings. Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 2. How many score of miles may we well ride 'twixt hour and hour. Cymbeline, act iii., sc. 2. Attend me where I wheel. Troilus and Cressida, act v., sc. 7.—C.

Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other. Macbeth, act i., sc. 7.—M. S. and Simla.

It speeds too fast, 'twill tire not till it leave the rider in the mire. Love's Labour Lost, act ii., sc. 1. —Marguerite.

Spies of the Volsces Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report. Coriolanus, act i., sc. 6.—Dove's Nest, Blanche, Caledonia, Difficult, M. S.

But, as I told my Lord of Westermorland, The time misordered doth, in common sense, Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form To hold our safety up. 2 Henry IV., act iv., sc. 2.—Regie Man.

When he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back. Julius Cæsar, act ii., sc. 1. Is a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. As You Like It, act ii., sc. 5.—Cyclopædia.

This tiger-footed rage, when he shall find The harm of unscanned swiftness, will too late Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 1. Death on the wheel. Coriolanus, act iii., sc. 2. Bonaccord.

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety. Henry V., act iii., sc. 2.—Claudio and Sterne.

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind. Timon of Athens, act i., sc. i. Farewell the neighing steed. Othello, act iii., sc. 3.—Excelsior.

I was not made an horse; And yet I bear a burden like an ass. Richard II., act v., sc. 5.—C. M. P.

. . . You may ride us . . . A thousand furlongs, ere With spur we heat an acre. Winter's Tale, act i., sc. 2.—A. D. P.

THE BICYCLIST DICTATOR.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Colossus,* and we petty men Walk under his huge legs,† and peep about To find ourselves dishonourable graves.‡ Julius Cæsar, act i., sc. 2.—

* Everywhere the bicyclist tears full speed along public roads on his untaxed vehicle.

† The bicyclist's legs, disproportionately exercised, are abnormally developed.

‡ Pedestrians too young, too old, and too infirm to get out of the bicyclist's way, are knocked down, and sometimes killed.

An extravagant and wheeling stranger of here and everywhere. Othello, act i., sc. 1.—Our Dodd.

* "Extravagant" here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, equals "wandering."

Aloft far from the ground. Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii., sc. 1. Come let me clutch thee. Macbeth, act ii., sc. 1. Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there. Hamlet, act i., sc. 5. Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ing boys, Go anticly, show outward hideousness. Much Ado, act v., sc. 1. Out of their saddles into the dirt. Taming of Shrew, act iv., sc. 1.

I will remedy this gear ere long. 2 Henry VI., act iii., sc. 1.—Justinian.

Oh, how the wheel becomes it! Hamlet, act iv., sc. 5. The wheel is come full circle. King Lear, act v., sc. 3. To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first. Henry VIII., act i., sc. 1. I'll wipe away all trivial fond records. Hamlet, act i., sc. 5. —Shlowmow.

I know our safety is to follow them. 2 Henry VI., act v., sc. 3. Thy safety being the motive. Lear, act i., sc. 1. He is walked up to the top of the hill. 1 Henry IV., act ii., sc. 2. Wheeling stranger. Othello, act i., sc. 1.—C. F. Reid.

Your own safety. As You Like It, act i., sc. 2.—Claudio.

Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true The wheel is come full circle. King Lear, act v., sc. 3. The world on wheels. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Your heavy people circle me about. Titus Andronicus, act iii., sc. 1.—Merle.

Come here about me, you my myrmidons. Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel. Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath.* Troilus and Cressida, act v., sc. 2.—Derby.

* A possible speech from a Colonel of the future to his cycle brigade before going into action.

Till it leave the rider in the mire. Love's Labour Lost, act ii., sc. 1. The hobby-horse is forgot. Love's Labour Lost, act iii., sc. 1. When I bestrid thee. Comedy of Errors, act v., sc. 1.—Felixicus.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances, Of moving accidents by flood and field; Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach; Of being taken by the insolent foe. Othello, act i., sc. 3.—Cholmondeley.

It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on; His corporal motion governed by my spirit. Julius Cæsar, act iv., sc. 1. —Nora Creina and Nin Nim.

Safety being the motive. King Lear, act i. sc. 1. —Una.

The world, who of itself is peizèd well, Made to run even upon even ground. King John, act ii., sc. 2. —Brixtonian.

Beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late disturbèd stream: And in thy face strange motions have appeared, Such as we see when men restrain their breath. 1 Henry IV., act ii., sc. 3.—Moonlighter.

The third part, then, is drunk would it were all, that it might go on wheels. Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., sc. 7. You must sing, a-down a-down, An you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! Hamlet, act iv., sc. 5. They that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. Henry V., act iii., sc. 7.—Blanche.

Answers have also been received from Safety, Simla, Leaves, Blanche, Ombra, Mulu, Ombre, Felixicus, Dorothea, and Infelix.

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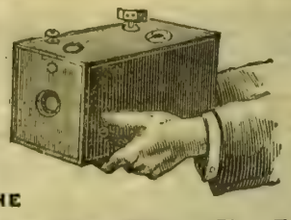

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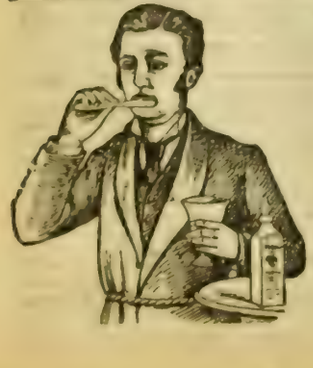

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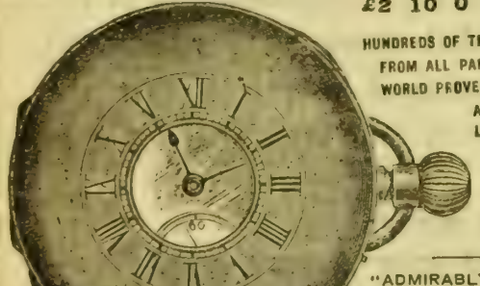

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I AM glad to be able to inform my lady readers that all the medium-sized dolls have now been received from the manufacturers, and are being sent out as fast as I can manage it. Some parcels of small dolls have also been received, and more are expected in a few days. I hope, therefore, that I shall be able to supply all demands in the course of the next week, and I shall be happy to receive further applications with as little delay as possible.

The Prince of Wales, who arrived at New Mar Lodge on Thursday afternoon from Balmoral, is to remain the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife until Friday, October 6, when he will return to London. On the 10th, H.R.H. goes to Newmarket until the 13th, and then to Sandringham for a few days. The Prince will take part in several deer drives in Mar Forest during his stay at Braemar, and he is to have a couple of days' shooting at Invercauld with Mr. Farquharson.

The Duke and Duchess of York will have a busy time next week. On Monday they are to travel from Braemar to Edinburgh, a journey of eight hours, including the eighteen-mile drive to Ballater. On Tuesday morning they are to take part in divers functions at Edinburgh, and in the afternoon they are to travel (five hours) to Wynyard Park, county Durham, where they will be the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry. On Wednesday the Duke and Duchess are to leave Wynyard after breakfast for Stockton, where again there are several functions, terminating with a Mayor's luncheon in the Public Hall, and then they will travel to York, where they are to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vyner at Fairfield. On Thursday there are three separate functions at the Mansion House, a Corporation luncheon at the Guildhall, the opening of a free library by the Duke, a "progress" through the principal streets of York, and an inspection of the Minster under the supervision of Dean Cust and Canon Fleming, finishing up with tea at the deanery; and then the Royal visitors will return to Fairfield. On Friday the Duke and Duchess are to travel to London by the train which arrives at King's Cross at 4.45, and on Saturday they are to receive a deputation from the Corporation of London at St. James's Palace, and the wedding gift of "the citizens" will then be presented to them.

Her Majesty has just sent 175 bottles of wine to the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, for the use of the patients in that institution.

Emperor Francis Joseph has sent a message to the Queen, through the Duke of Connaught, expressing a wish that his nephew (and ultimate heir), the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, may be permitted to pay his respects to her Majesty when he passes through England next month on his way home after a tour round the world. The Archduke, who is now in the United States, desires personally to thank the Queen for the hospitality which was accorded to him in India and elsewhere by her Majesty's representatives. The Archduke will, therefore, pay a visit to the Queen at Balmoral, and the Prince of Wales is to give a dinner-party at Marlborough House in his honour, as the brief time at his disposal will not allow of his being entertained by H.R.H. at Sandringham.

The Queen intends to confer the Grand Cross of the Bath (Civil) upon the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who cannot well be given the Garter, as he is merely the heir-presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian Throne, and in no way related to our Royal Family.

Prince and Princess Christian are expected to return to Windsor in about a fortnight from Germany, and the Princess and her daughter, Princess Victoria, will then go to Balmoral on a visit to the Queen. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria have been staying for some time at Darmstadt, and they have also visited Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt at Dessau. Prince Christian is now at Homburg.

The Empress Eugénie arrived on Thursday evening at Abergeldie Castle, which has been lent to her by the Queen, this being her first visit to Deeside for three years. The Empress stayed for two days on her way north at Meikleour House, Perthshire, on a visit to the Dowager Lady Lansdowne (Baroness Nairne), when the party included the Marquise Delavalette, Lord and Lady Blythswood, and Lord Reay. The Empress Eugénie is to reside at Abergeldie for about a month, and she will probably pay a visit to Lord and Lady Blythswood at Blythswood House, Renfrewshire, on her way south.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has been cruising for nearly three weeks in his yacht, the *Sheila*, along the west coast of Scotland. He finished the trip by having his vessel towed through the Caledonian Canal from Oban to Inverness, whence he sailed to Burghead, and there landed, and proceeded to Gordon Castle on a visit to the Duke of Richmond. Prince Henry has now returned to Balmoral.

The Queen of Denmark received some very valuable presents on her birthday, which was celebrated at Fredensborg with the usual functions, the Court mourning for Prince William of Glücksburg being suspended for the day. The Emperor of Russia gave his mother-in-law a diamond brooch, with a sapphire in the centre (valued at £2,000) and an exquisite bouquet, tied with a ribbon, which was fastened by means of a superb diamond clasp. The Czarewitch presented a handle for a stick or umbrella, made of lapis lazuli, a snake of solid gold with ruby eyes being twisted round it. The King of Greece gave his mother a sumptuous travelling-bag, with gold and coral fittings, and the Queen gave a jewel-case. The Prince of Wales sent a gold heart, covered with precious stones; and the Princess gave her mother a very pretty little dog-cart, with a thoroughly-trained black cob and harness, as well as a gold box, set with emeralds.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole, who is staying at Balmoral as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, will be replaced next week by the Dowager Lady Erroll, and after her turn the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe is to come to Court for a fortnight.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edmund Commerell, who has been staying at Balmoral during the last fortnight as Groom-in-Waiting on the Queen, will be replaced on Tuesday next by Major H. C. Legge, who is to be on duty until October 17.

The Duke of Cambridge, who has been on a tour of garrison inspections, will shortly be the guest of Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel Hall, Dorsetshire, for a few days. The Duke was last week the guest of Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell at Newburgh Park, Yorkshire, when the party included the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Londonderry, Lord and Lady Jersey and Lady Margaret Villiers, and Lord Charles Beresford. Some excellent sport was obtained in the preserves around Coxwold.

Mr. Gladstone's intended visit to Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny had to be given up, as the Foreign Secretary is obliged to be at Balmoral this week as Minister-in-Attendance. Mr. Gladstone arrives from Blackcraig this afternoon at Edinburgh, where he is to sleep, and to-morrow morning he will proceed to Hawarden, where he is to stay until the last week in October.

Lord Rosebery had a very unpleasant journey to Balmoral last Friday. He was to have arrived at Blairgowrie at 7.10, having travelled all night from London, but his train being late, he missed the connection at Perth, and, after waiting there for some time, went on by another train, which did not run to Blairgowrie, so he left it at Cupar Angus, the result being that he did not reach Blackcraig till ten o'clock, having been expected at half-past eight. Lord Rosebery had arranged to drive over the hills to Braemar by the Spittal of Glenshee, and he left Blackcraig at half-past twelve, proceeding north by Bridge of Cally, and ultimately arrived at Balmoral at half-past seven, having changed horses three times. There was deep snow along the road, which passes through very wild scenery, and the air was bitterly cold.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have left Bolton Priory for the season, and they are staying at Braemar with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and will remain in Scotland until the middle of next week, when they are coming to town for a few days, before going to Newmarket. On the 14th they will arrive at Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, where they are to entertain a shooting-party during the third week in October.

Sir Alexander Galt was one of the most eminent of the old type of Canadian statesmen, the men who really created the Dominion. He was a son of John Galt of Irvine, whose novels of Scotch life and character enjoyed a wide popularity in their day. Sir Alexander settled in Canada in 1835 (at the age of eighteen), when he obtained employment from the British American Land Company, in whose service he remained until 1856. He was prominently associated with Canadian politics from 1849 until the Confederation had been accomplished, which he did much to bring about, and since that time he had very efficiently filled several important representative posts, among others that of High Commissioner for Canada in London, which he held for several years, resigning in 1883. Sir Alexander had been in failing health for a long time.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is quite wrong in stating that Lord Cantelupe bought the *Sunbeam* from Lord Brassey, and that the yacht now known by that name is "a new and a larger vessel." Lord Brassey has never sold the *Sunbeam*, and the yacht in which he is going to India is the original vessel. Lord Cantelupe merely owned a small sailing yacht which was called the *Sunbeam*. The same journal is also mistaken in announcing that "the Earl of Caithness has placed" the Stagenhoe Park estate, in Hertfordshire, in the market. This property belongs to the heirs of the fifteenth Earl, and it passed away from the title when he died in 1889.

For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 661.
For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 662 663 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 663.

Messrs. Redfern beg to announce that the models of Gowns, Coats, Mantles, &c., designed and prepared for autumn and early winter wear, are now ready, and display the combined ideas of the latest London and Paris Houses.—27, New Bond-street, W.

WELL DONE, DOCTOR!

[A certain Doctor Theodore Hertzka has resolved to start forthwith a new community on the banks of the Tana, an East African river which runs into the sea at Lamu. The colony is to be called Freeland, and is to consist of people weary of the old conventions, and yearning for the freedom of the new life.—*Evening paper.*]

Doctor Hertzka, success to your project's promotion!
Your purposed departure is assuredly sound;
Yes, without the least doubt, it's an excellent notion—
This colony new you've determined to found.
Its climate, 'tis true, may be not too salubrious;
Its life may be rough to a certain degree;
But what though the outlook be somewhat lugubrious,
So long as your Freeland's the land of the free?

For think what this means—no benumbing convention
Your Freelanders' souls will essay to repress;
No craze will be deemed too outrageous to mention,
No creed too improper to boldly profess.
On the banks of the Tana no strait-laced Society,
No grim Mrs. Grundy, will issue decrees;
But crotchety faddists in endless variety
Will do just precisely whatever they please.

Come, all of you, then, who resent old restrictions;
Come all whom the thought of a precedent sours;
Come all who, possessed by the oddest convictions,
Are sick of this play'd-out old island of ours.
Come you who deride what we've hitherto treasured,
You artists, you critics, you humourists new;
We can spare you indeed with a gladness unmeasured,
So go to this Freeland that's waiting for you!

Go, go, silly youths, who, with blatant admissions,
Declare that you yearn to be Pagans again.
Go, go, minor poets, whose tiny editions,
Are puffed by the cute Elkin Matthews and Lane;
For we've had quite enough of your crass affectation,
Your turgid erotics, your far-fetched conceits,
Suggesting a not at all nice combination
Of Swinburne, O. Wilde, Schopenhauer, and Keats.

For there, on the banks of that African river,
You can paint the abortions which pictures you call;
At the horrors of Ibsen you nightly can shiver,
At the feet of Count Tolstoi in ecstasy fall.
Aye, there you unsavoury problems can tackle,
And air any notion, however absurd,
Whilst round you the gross and cacophonous cackle
Of shameless new bardlets is constantly heard.

In Freeland, no doubt, you can scout all propriety,
The failure of marriage can loudly proclaim;
In Freeland, your craze to attain notoriety,
Unchecked may achieve you ephemeral fame.
No critics in Freeland your folly will censure,
No laws will coerce you, whatever you do;
So come, and the Doctor to aid in his venture,
Right quickly embark for the port of Lamu.

There was a large gathering of Dumbartonshire notabilities at Dumbarton on Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Smollett, of Bonhill, was presented with his portrait by Mr. Guthrie, R.S.A., and a replica of the picture is to be hung in the County Buildings. Mr. Smollett was a very popular Member of the House of Commons for about twenty-one years; but since he succeeded to the large and valuable family estates in 1882 he has resided principally at Bonhill House, and has taken an active part in the management of his property and in Dumbartonshire county affairs. Mr. Smollett is a most liberal and considerate landlord, and he is a great favourite among all classes in Dumbartonshire. He is a lineal descendant of the famous Tobias.

It is almost certain that the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in 1895 will be held at Darlington, and several members of the Royal Family will be entertained at Raby Castle by Lord and Lady Barnard.

The Northern Meeting at Inverness was largely attended last week, although the weather was very unfavourable; and the balls were crowded, but the company at them was more numerous than select. Very few smart people were to be seen, and hardly any of the great Highland houses (such as Dunrobin, Blair, and Gordon Castle) were represented.

At the sales of Lord Brougham's and Mr. Thompson's Shorthorns several of the best animals were purchased for the Queen's herd at Windsor, and for the Prince of Wales's herd at Sandringham.

The Queen sold a draft from her famous herd of pedigree Jersey cattle at Windsor last week at Slough, but very poor prices were realised. The animals had all been bred and reared upon the Royal dairy farm at Frogmore.

A draft from the Duke of Buccleuch's celebrated stud of Shire horses at Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, was sold on Thursday, and excellent prices were obtained, a colt foal realising 370 gs. The biddings were very brisk throughout the sale.

I have been receiving a good deal of information from different sources during the last two or three weeks about Australian sheep, alive and dead, and I have accepted it all with perfect faith. I find, however, that my informants have now fallen to contradicting one another. Last week I stated on the authority of one of them that sheep's wool in Australia tended to become hairy after two or three generations. Another of them now says that this may happen in Queensland, but the Victorian wool never degenerates; and that Tasmanian is, figuratively speaking, not a patch upon it. This contradiction, however, entirely destroys my faith in my correspondents, and I must consequently decline to devote further space to Australian wool.

Apropos of pigs, however, which, as I have said before, ought to be a subject of more concern to the British agriculturist, I have received an interesting communication from Messrs. Harris & Co., of Calne, who are, I understand, large curers of bacon. They complain

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BOURNEMOUTH.—"Royal Bath." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

that the majority of English feeders have an idea that a pig cannot be too fat. This idea is a delusion. There is an increasing difficulty in disposing of over-fat bacon, and consequently an increasing advantage to the foreigner, who produces a leaner sort. The lean swine, in short, like Pharaoh's lean kine, will in the end eat up the fat ones.

Last week the estate of Bonnydown, in Fifeshire, near St. Andrews, which is all in grass, was sold to Mr. Morrison, of Demerara, for £9,500. Twenty years ago this property was valued at £18,000.

The tyranny of Cheshire landowners is bringing them into unenviable notoriety. A few months since a tenant was ejected from a farm which he and his family had held for generations, because he refused to oblige his landlord by serving in the Yeomanry. Now attention is being directed to what, if the facts alleged by the tenant are correct, is a most discreditable instance of political persecution. The tenant in question is Mr. Thomas Parker, of Churton-by-Farndon, and the landlord Mr. H. Barnston, of Farndon. In a long letter which has been published in the *Chester Chronicle*, Mr. Parker states that he and his father have been on the Barnston estate for three-quarters of a century, and during that period have expended a very large amount in improvements. Mr. Parker's relations with his landlord were smooth enough till 1880, when he for the first time publicly associated himself with the Liberal Party. That, of course, was an unpardonable sin. Mrs. Barnston, the mother of the heir of the estate, is alleged to have called upon the audacious tenant, and to have endeavoured to frighten him from his allegiance to the Liberal cause.

Since the memorable visit from Mrs. Barnston, Mr. Parker says, "things have changed." In January, 1884, he was served with notice to quit, but stayed on under new conditions, which he must now bitterly repent having accepted. His rent was raised 10s. an acre, although on no other farm on the estate has there been an increase, whilst several new tenants have had considerable reductions. Mr. Parker asserts that he has spent over £4,000 in general improvements. The landlord's agent valued the improvements at £490. 17s. 6d., and, under pressure of the notice to quit, Mr. Parker was induced to sign a most stringent agreement, by which he disposed of his claim to compensation. To complete the story, Mr. Parker has again received notice to quit. He attributes his treatment to his advocacy of Radical principles. If his statement be correct, he has certainly been the victim of oppression and injustice.

What has happened to the Bass Rock? It used to be somewhere off the coast of Haddington. A gentleman, however, on the staff of the *Times*, who has been reviewing Mr. Stephenson's last book speaks, with an air of personal familiarity, about "the bellowing of the wild Atlantic surges as they fall back from the grey precipices" of this eminence. What does this mean? Stands Scotland where it did? Or has "the wild Atlantic" broken loose?

A biography of Cardinal Manning, by Mr. E. S. Purcell, is to be published in a few months by Messrs. Macmillan, who also promise "The Life and Letters" of Bishop Phillips Brooks, and a Memoir of Bishop Lightfoot, which will be a reprint of the admirable article on that Prelate which appeared some time ago in the *Quarterly Review*.

Archdeacon Buckle, who died last week at a great age, was the elder brother of Canon Buckle, of Wells. He was for forty years one of the best known and most popular clergymen in Dorsetshire, and he did a great deal of good work in that county. He was appointed Archdeacon of Dorset in 1836 by Bishop Burgess ("the Apostolic Bishop," of whom Mr. Mozley gives an entertaining account in his famous "Reminiscences"), and a year later the same prelate gave him the rectory of Upway. He resigned the Archdeaconry in 1863. Archdeacon Buckle was a High Churchman of what is usually defined as the old-fashioned Anglican school, and he was a man of great learning.

At this time of the year, as sure as the leaves fall, we are pestered with the moans and cries of mischievous busybodies who go about protesting that the grave of this or that departed celebrity is in a scandalous condition. They desire to advertise themselves at the expense of the dead. They started a few weeks ago with the grave of Adelaide Neilson in Brompton Cemetery, and out of regard for a gifted woman I strolled into that cemetery one day—the one cemetery that seems to defy the intramural Act, and to flourish in the very heart of a great metropolis. As usual, the "scandal," as it was called, was grossly exaggerated. A gardener, at the immediate request of the trustees of the Adelaide Neilson Fund, put the matter straight in a couple of hours. If the babbling protestor about scandals and decency had put his hand in his own pocket and done good in secret, there would have been no need of any pother at all.

Next this chattering Old Mortality went down to Birchington, in Kent, and strove to arouse public indignation about the neglected state of the grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Now, I happened to have visited Rossetti's grave a few days before the letter appeared, and I am able to contradict the unnecessary rumour. There is nothing whatever the matter with Rossetti's grave. The grass around it is worn down with the feet of many pilgrims, but that surely is no bad compliment to the esteem in which the poet-painter is held. The stone on which Ford Madox-Brown carved his beautiful allegory is, unfortunately, very soft and porous, and has been affected by the salt air and strong winds of Birchington. But there are no traces or sign of desecration of the grave whatever. The pretty churchyard is guarded by an exceptionally courteous and intelligent sexton, who loves to show any visitor the pretty grave and the memorial window erected by

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to C.O.M. Whisky. every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., C.O.M. Whisky. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

Rossetti's mother. But it is not at all likely that a clergyman whose church and churchyard are in such excellent order would allow Rossetti's grave or memory to perish down in the Isle of Thanet.

THE "DESECRATION" (?) OF STONEHENGE.

O prosy archæologists!
O fussy antiquarians!
Though you no doubt
At us will flout
As Vandalish barbarians,
We will maintain that that fierce love
Of which you make profession
In such loud tones
For ancient stones,
Shows zeal without discretion.

We quite agree we should conserve
Those relics of our history,
Which tell a tale,
Or face the gale
In their archaic mystery.
But reason should your actions guide,
And sense and moderation;
Since you at most,
You know, can't boast
That you're the British nation!

So when you grievously complain
And show an anger hearty,
And breathe revenge
Because Stonehenge
Attracts the picnic party;
Or when you fussily break out,
Curmudgeon-like, in chiding,
Because a boy
In youthful joy
Has down its stones been sliding;

You prompt the obvious retort,
That, spite your indignation,
No Cromlech stone
Exists alone
To give *you* delectation.
But that the people—spite your jibe
About uncouth barbarians—
Have, truth to tell,
Their rights as well
As rabid antiquarians.

An exceedingly beautiful reredos has been erected in the church at Charlynch, Somersetshire, as a memorial of the late Lady Taunton, and it was dedicated a few days ago by Archdeacon Denison in the presence of a very large congregation.

The Dowager Lady Dartmouth and her family have placed a splendid stained-glass window in the Kay Chapel of Almondbury Church, Yorkshire, as a memorial of the late Earl of Dartmouth.

Prebendary Cobbold, who died last week, had been beneficed in the diocese of Hereford for thirty-four years, and was very popular among both clergy and laity. He was a man of wide sympathies, and thoroughly manly in everything—in his views, in all his public utterances, and in his recreations. He took a warm interest in the local cricket and football clubs, and was also an ardent advocate of popular education. He held the important living of Ross during the last twenty years of his life, having been presented to it by Bishop Atlay on the death of the famous Dr. Ogilvie, Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church.

Canon Browne is to be in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during October, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month. Archdeacon Sinclair (who is now in Scotland) will be in residence during November.

The living of Durweston-cum-Bryanston, Dorsetshire, which is worth £500 a year, and is in the gift of Lord Portman, has become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. P. G. Willoughby (an uncle of Lord Middleton), who has been Rector for seventeen years, and who now intends to take up his residence at Scarborough.

I have received from the Rev. F. W. Davis, Rector of Blairgowrie, the following letter, accompanied by the sermon mentioned in it. I gather that the sermon is the one in which Mr. Davis was alleged to have preached "at" Mr. Gladstone. My other engagements unfortunately prevent my reading the sermon, but, from a hasty glance, I should say that it is of a most commonplace and inoffensive nature, and I hope that Mr. Davis will find my opinion "tally with his." The only remarkable thing about it is that this good man, who is so exercised about the revenues and endowments of the Welsh Church, and who can write such a foolish letter as the following, should yet be able to preach with a certain amount of sense on the duty of serving God and despising Mammon. If I might offer him a word of advice, it would be that he should henceforth devote himself to religion and despise politics:—

The Rectory, Blairgowrie, N.B.,
September 21, 1893.

DEAR VERACITY,—I send for your perusal, in the hope that I may see your opinion of it in the pages of that purgatorial print of yours, facetiously denominated TRUTH, a sermon of mine, preached on the morning of Sunday, the 10th inst., in the presence of a gentleman who has promised (for a consideration already granted) some twenty-five or more degenerate Welshmen, whose conduct I repudiate, and who have forsaken "the old paths" wherein their good old forefathers walked, to confiscate the revenues of the old Church of their country, which is more venerable in its antiquity than either the English Church or the English Parliament, and to put them to profane purposes.

Of course, if your opinion regarding it tally with mine, I shall think you a man of much discernment and clear penetration, and that you are not quite so innocent of wisdom-teeth as divers your maligners dare to insinuate; but, on the other hand, should your verdict be at all opposed to mine, although I shall be immensely amused, and probably, too, give utterance to an audible "Kismet!" I shall certainly think that the quotation, "Mens sana in corpore sano" does not apply to you.

Reminding you, Sir, that your reputation is at stake, and that, therefore, you were best to devote great care to the review of my sermon, I am,

A WELSH TORY AND NO ROBBER OF CHURCHES.

The Church scandal at Hornton is very materially aggravated by an article which has just appeared in the *Birmingham Gazette*. A letter signed by the churchwardens of Hornton was published in that paper. I have not seen it, but it appears to have offered some answer to the accounts of the state of the parish which had previously appeared. A representative of the *Gazette* then visited Hornton. He called on Mr. Gilkes, one of the churchwardens, who at once denied that he had ever seen or heard of the letter to which his signature was

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appended. He also denied the truth of the statements contained in the letter, and characterised one of them (which had reference to the condition of the church) as "an abominable lie." The other warden, Mr. Sanders, when similarly interrogated, stated that the Vicar had called upon him with the letter (already bearing Mr. Gilkes' signature), and had read to him certain passages, to which he assented. Seeing Mr. Gilkes' signature, he added his own; but he denied that certain of the statements in the letter (including one in which the Vicar was represented as "a most punctual, practical man") had even been read to him before he signed. Finally, the *Gazette* representative discovered the party, a stranger in the neighbourhood, named White, who had concocted the letter. This individual stated that he compiled it from notes supplied to him by the Vicar, and that he had added Mr. Gilkes' signature by the Vicar's authority.

No comment that I feel capable of adding is required to indicate the shameless iniquity of these proceedings. Mr. Heaven, the happily-named incumbent of this ecclesiastical Paradise, has been publicly accused of allowing his church and parish to fall into a condition which is a disgrace to the religion he professes. A reply is published bearing the signature of the two churchwardens; and it appears that this has been concocted by a stranger at the Vicar's instigation; that the signature of one churchwarden has been added, without his consent or knowledge, by the Vicar's orders; and that the signature of the other has been obtained on a false representation that his colleague had signed, and without his fully knowing what he was signing. I wait with curiosity to see what action any of the constituted authorities of the Church propose to take towards dealing with this scandal.

Up to the present their attitude has not been characterised by much vigour. It seems that, in consequence of the Press disclosures, the Archdeacon paid a visit to Hornton Church. He thought it desirable, however, to give notice of his intended visit, with the result that by the time of his arrival the church had been cleansed, swept, and garnished, and presented, bad though it was, a very much less neglected appearance than when the first reference to its condition appeared. An inspection carried out under these conditions is worse than useless. However, the state of the church has now become a matter of much less moment than the performances of the incumbent.

Canon Fisher, of Bournemouth, has been exceedingly shocked. "Only a fortnight since," he says, "on his way to church on Sunday morning, a boy offered him a newspaper for sale! Steady, concerted action must be taken," he adds, "to put that kind of thing down." And he states the reason why, too. Already, according to him, "the sea and cliffs are tempting enough to keep many persons from church, and they did not want Sunday newspapers to increase the temptation." Probably the worthy Canon, when he said this, did not fully appreciate what his contention implies. In effect, he suggests that it is bad enough for the clergy of Bournemouth to have to contend against the rival attractions which the Creator has provided outside the churches, but that with Sunday newspapers also in the field against them the clerical case would be hopeless indeed. Against God Almighty and the newsagent combined, in short, how can even the most eloquent dignitaries of the Church hope to hold their own?

The notice quoted below appears in the Stratford-on-Avon *Parish Magazine*. Why is 7s. 6d. extra charged for the use of the bier without the pall? A parishioner suggests to me that it is because the said pall is adorned with a magnificent red cross, so that the object in view is to impose a pecuniary fine on those whose religious opinions cause them to dislike this decoration. If any explanation more creditable to the Vicar is forthcoming, I shall be happy to give publicity to it.

The hours for funerals are 10.30, 12, or 5.30 on any day except Sunday. The use of a hand bier *with a pall*, can be obtained by notice to the Clerk, at a charge of 3s. including the services of two men. For the bier without the pall 10s. 6d. is charged.

The following announcement, taken from a Lancashire paper, has been sent to me. As I am not sure that I know precisely what it means, I think it safest to offer no comment:—

Lee.—Sunday, 17th inst., 10.15 a.m., at May Bank, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, the wife of Joseph Richard Lee, of a son.
"Not unto us, but unto Him be the glory," &c.

Among examples of "pious sentiments missing their mark" the following beats all competitors that I have come across. It is said to come from a tombstone in the North-West Provinces. I do not know whether it is new, but it is good enough to bear repetition:—

Sacred to the Memory of
The Rev. —— ——,
Who, after twenty years' unremitting labour as a Missionary, was accidentally shot by his Kitmagar.

"Well done, thou good and faithful Servant."

I have got into hot water by remarking a week or two back that, "In the Roman Church, I understand, the end justifies the means." This remark I made quite innocently, believing it to represent the true state of the case; but several Roman Catholics have written, with more or less acerbity, to inform me that my belief is erroneous. The Church of Rome, they tell me, including even the Jesuits, teaches that it is never lawful to do evil that good may result. I can only say that I am very glad to give publicity to this correction, as other non-Romanists may be in error besides myself. But, to go back to the original point, if this be so, how do the Roman Catholic clergy justify the promotion of lotteries for ecclesiastical purposes?

At a bazaar at Peebles the other day, a raffle was held, in which the Sheriff of the County drew the winning ticket for a case of Scotch whisky. Perhaps the end will be held to justify the means in this case.

The following amounts have reached me towards Lady Jeune's Poor Children's Holiday Fund:—H. S., £5. Mary C. Livingstone, £2.

In order to improve my knowledge of the traffic in old uniforms, an energetic reader of TRUTH in South Africa has been good enough to forward to this office a sample garment, purchased in a store at Pietermaritzburg. In view of the official statement in Parliament that the War Office requires all Army clothing when sold off to be altered beyond recognition, this garment is decidedly interesting. There has been not the slightest attempt to alter it. It is a tunic, apparently a bandsman's, of the Manchester Regiment—a little gone at the seams, but otherwise in good repair, and a sound, useful garment. It has the name "Manchester" in the usual place on both shoulders. The original brass buttons, adorned with the Royal arms, and bearing the name of Smith & Wright, Birmingham, are all in their places. Inside the breast is the crown and the broad arrow, and the mark, "Man. 432. 90." Perhaps with these particulars to guide them, the War Office authorities may hunt up the contractor, and bring him to book for the breach of his agreement to destroy the identity of the garment.

The consignor of this tunic to TRUTH Office says that he could, if he chose, buy similar garments by the hundred. The natives around Maritzburg are, he says, arrayed in all the uniforms of the British Army—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers. Kilts do not seem to be fashionable, but the trews are of common occurrence, usually in conjunction with a hussar jacket, or some other equally picturesque combination. A native has been seen in Durban attired in the complete undress uniform of a British officer, and driving a team of oxen. I was talking the other day about the martial qualities of Fuzzy-Wuzzy. It would seem that if the enterprising Mr. Rhodes requires a few thousand mercenaries to keep "Lo Ben" out of his (Lo Ben's) Mashonaland property, not only has he got plenty of the right sort ready to hand, but he can clothe his army at a moment's notice in every variety of the Queen's uniform. Whether this is a desirable state of things, I leave to the consideration of those who have rendered it possible.

As my readers already know, however, South Africa does not differ materially in this respect from any other distant colony. In addition to the evidence which I have at different times given under this head, I may mention that I have heard from British Guiana that every other coolie in that colony is attired in one or other of Tommy's cast-off garments; and not only so, but in Dutch Guiana the Queen's uniform is to be seen applied to similar purposes. The same state of things is reported to me from Assam, where the coolies on the tea and other plantations are described as almost universally clothed in old uniforms, and wearing military overcoats in winter in preference to their native blanket. The question which occurs to me after all this, and seeing the excellent condition of the sample tunic in my possession, is why should the uniforms be sold at all? If they are good enough for the wear of Kaffir bullock-drivers, coolies in Guiana, or plantation hands in the East Indies, surely they are good enough for a great deal of the fatigue work which "Tommy" himself performs. The French and the Germans are far more economical and practical in their military administration than we are. What do they do with their old uniforms? At any rate, they do not scatter them over the face of the globe for the adornment of the "inferior races," though they must have a great many more to dispose of than we have.

What I said last week as to the extent to which fraudulent enlistment is found to be connected with crime is strikingly corroborated by two letters since received from officers. One of them, who has had a large experience in Courts martial, says:—

> There are thousands of men who enlist without any intention of remaining in the regiment, and certainly without any intention of going abroad. When their defaulter-sheet begins to get uncomfortably full, and punishments proportionately severe, or they are nearing the time when they have to go abroad, they desert, sell as much of their kit as they can, and then re-enlist at some other depot, and begin the same course over again.

I am glad to find that officers are ready to fall in with the suggestion of a universal tattoo mark, applied to all ranks alike, as a check on this mischievous practice. In view, however, of the opposition which will be raised in many quarters to this suggestion, it is worth while to consider any other practical suggestion. I have had a very interesting letter on the subject from Mr. Grant Macdonald, who has had a large and peculiar experience in one direction as an Army boot contractor. I cannot make room for the whole of his letter, but here is one passage which is very suggestive:—

> In the course of my relations with recruits of various regiments, I have come across individuals whose measurements I had taken a twelvemonth previously—the first time, say, as a young recruit at Woolwich in one regiment, the next time, in the same character of young recruit, in another regiment, perhaps at Aldershot, Manchester, the Curragh, or Dublin. I assure you that this is by no means an unfrequent occurrence, and I could give you some humorous instances. My experience goes to prove that it would be impossible to calculate at what rate such desertions and fraudulent re-enlistments go on, at serious cost to the Army Budget, and still more serious damage to the morale of the Service.

Mr. Macdonald proposes a remedy for this, but it involves an enlisting of all recruits at a Central Depot, and other big Army reforms which I cannot go into. What this gentleman's experience rather suggests to me is that, if the tailor and the bootmaker, supplemented by the photographer, were to work together, it would be possible to put a check on fraudulent enlistment as things are, without pulling the whole military system to pieces. Given accurate measurements of every recruit's body, limbs, hands, and feet; a photograph of his face; a memorandum of the colour of his complexion, eyes, and hair, and any marks on his body, and finally a central office where all these details would be classified for reference, and to which information of all desertions would be sent, and it seems to me that the man who has once been enlisted would stand a very poor chance of getting into the Army a second time undetected.

THE IMPERIAL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—CHAS. A. REINGPACH, Manager.

One of the last pieces of news I have received from Regimental Depots is to the effect that the wife of a man, who is on the married establishment at Hamilton, has been ordered by the Sergeant-Major to attend church on Sundays. Much as I have heard about the Sergeant-Major, I confess that in the character of spiritual director of the married women attached to the Depot, he comes to me in a new light. I cannot find that the Regulations say anything respecting the attendance of Mrs. Atkins at church, and it may very easily happen that her attendance there is incompatible with the performance of her domestic duties. Unless, therefore, the Sergeant-Major is prepared to mind the baby while the mother is performing her devotions, his edict should be rescinded.

Apropos of Sergeant-Majors, I understand that the gallant warrior filling that office in the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers is about to extend his service, under circumstances which require some explanation. In the first place, a Royal Warrant of the present year seems to me to forbid a Warrant Officer extending his service in the Militia—a very salutary regulation, by all I can hear. Beyond this, I am credibly informed that this particular officer is disqualified on medical grounds; and this possibly explains the further irregularity that he has been examined and passed by a civilian medical practitioner in direct contravention of the Regulations on this point. Fortunately, the re-appointment of this officer is not yet fully completed, and I trust that the publication of these particulars will have the effect of nipping it in the bud.

The following further information has been sent to me respecting Colour-Sergeant Mustey, who was refused permission to re-engage in the 2nd Black Watch, under circumstances already described in TRUTH:—

This N.C.O.'s record of service is as follows:—He was promoted Corporal, May 10, 1882; Sergeant, July 12, 1883; Colour-Sergeant, April 27, 1888. His Company defaulter-sheet had no entries. He has never had a crime against him in the Service. In January, however, of the present year, an accusation was made against him which he absolutely denied. At his own request—he having asked the Commanding Officer to sift the matter to the bottom—it was referred to the Civil Authorities. They refused to move, on the ground that there was no evidence, as did also the General Officers commanding in Cork, Belfast, and Edinburgh. The C.O. applied to the General Officer commanding at Edinburgh for a District Court-Martial, which was refused, on the ground that there was no evidence. The C.O. then read all the correspondence which had passed to Mustey, and told him that there the matter must end, so far as he was concerned. It would seem, however, that in the result the N.C.O. has been practically condemned on this charge, untried though he is.

This, of course, is an *ex parte* statement. Until I have heard a complete case, and every case has two sides, I am averse to giving an opinion upon it. But as regards this N.C.O.'s previous record there can be no question. He has been in the service twelve years. He earned his promotion quickly. He has never had an entry against him. He is dismissed without warning of any kind, on allegations so vague that it is almost impossible to test them. Now, either the man is charged with some definite offence, or he is not. If he is, he ought to be given an opportunity of answering and defending himself. If he is not, he has been vilely treated.

PEUNGST FRÈRES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PEUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

A number of damaging allegations against Corporal (late Quartermaster-Sergeant) Wilson, of Bodmin, are published by a Service journal. They may or may not be true. If they are, they might go some way towards justifying the sentence passed by the Court-Martial. But pending inquiries as to their truth, I may point out that on the Bodmin Depot Scandal, that is to say, the doings of the Sergeant-Major, the treatment of that officer after his delinquencies had been brought to light, and the subsequent persecution of all those who had assisted in the exposure, these allegations have obviously no bearing whatever. They only tend to make the condition of this Depot one degree worse. Hitherto, it has appeared that there was, at any rate, *one* righteous man there.

There is a good deal more than indignity in denying to a doctor the status of a regimental officer in regard to a regimental function, and allowing him an officer's status in regard to paying the bill. The officer who gives this case proposes that, as a remedy for the grievances of his class, the Medical branch of the Service should be organised into a distinct Corps, like the Army Service Corps. This, he thinks, would give them a definite professional footing and encourage among them an *esprit de corps*, which they can never have, no matter what rank and title they bear, so long as their branch is a mere list of detached units. Whether this is a new proposal I do not know, but it sounds reasonable and promising, and, at any rate, the reform would cost nothing.

Scarcely a week passes but I hear something on the subject of the old sore point of confidential reports by Commanding Officers. One of the latest communications I have had was from a Field Officer in India who bore personal testimony to the vicious operation of the system. From the nature of the case it is impossible, or at any rate useless, to discuss in a newspaper individual instances of hardship suffered and personal animosity vented by reports of this kind; but that such instances are of frequent occurrence I think most officers have cause to know, or suspect. The system obviously lends itself readily to abuse, and if it is to be employed at all, it ought to be surrounded by much more stringent safeguards than exist at present.

I recently read some remarks in a Service paper tending to show that in alluding to the subject of kharki clothing I was rushing in where angels fear to tread. Nevertheless, I venture to publish the following facts, which are given me as items to be set on the opposite side of the account, against the issue of "free" kharki. If they are really facts, it would seem that when the account is adjusted the balance to credit of Government is not so large as might have been expected:—

1. Since the free issue of kharki the price of other necessary clothing has gone up. For example, a yard of flannel was 7a. 3p.; it is now 12a. 4p.
2. Before the free issue, a tunic and cloth trousers were issued every two years; now they are to be issued every four years.
3. Old clothing is now taken away.
4. No compensation is now given. Red clothing must now be taken, however much a man has in stock.

In TRUTH of May 4 reference was made to the manner in which a Lance-Corporal of the Medical Staff Corps at Devonport had been several times passed over for promotion, notwithstanding an unexceptionable record and the repeated recommendations of his superior officers. Inquiries in that part of the world show that the man in question still holds his former rank, although several men have been passed over his head since my last reference to the case. I should like to know whether any one in the office of the Director-General can throw any light upon these facts. This N.C.O. became qualified for promotion in 1887, and for years has been persistently subjected to this unjust and insulting treatment.

Should the Military authorities in London ever act on the numerous hints given in TRUTH, and investigate the extent to which the Regulations are violated by the retention of Non-Commissioned Officers at Depots after they have served the regulation period, they will do well to give their attention to Armagh among other places. I think it will be found that at that Depot there are two, if not three, men who ought long since to have been transferred to other spheres of usefulness.

An Indian Officer writes:—

> In yours of August 17, you animadvert on the injustice of passing over Lord Roberts for the Aldershot command, but as he is a member of the Royal—late Indian—Artillery, he is counted (as was explained in reply to a question in the House by Sir H. King) an "Indian Officer," and has not the smallest right to a home command. . . .

Whether my correspondent is right in his facts, I cannot say; but it is indeed a curious circumstance that he was better informed as to the reasons which kept Lord Roberts out of Aldershot than those who actually kept him out. Hard-pressed though Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has been to justify his appointment, it never seems to have occurred to him that Lord Roberts is "counted as an Indian Officer," and, therefore, "has not the smallest right to a home command." No doubt he will be interested to hear what the reason was which really influenced him.

Shortly before the House of Commons adjourned Sir Richard Temple put a question which has not hitherto attracted the attention it deserves. "Is Latin to be obligatory for candidates in the coming examination for the Army," he asked the Secretary of State, "and, if so, is the right honourable gentleman aware that a high standard in Latin must result in the rejection of numbers of very promising candidates?" That is to say, Sir Richard virtually asserts that ignorance is proof that a candidate is "very promising."

A Parliamentary paper has just been issued giving particulars respecting all officers who held the rank of Honorary Colonel in the Army, and who still receive pay in respect of that rank. The Duke of Cambridge draws £2,200 a year as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, £1,800 a year goes to Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar as Colonel of the 1st Life Guards, and the same amount to Lord Howe as Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards. The Prince of Wales draws £1,350 a year as Colonel of the 10th Hussars. There are sixty-three other cases of officers who are Honorary Colonels drawing the pay of that rank, the amount being usually £1,000 a year.

The perpetual pension of £2,000 a year, which was granted in 1816 to Admiral Viscount Exmouth, and his successors in that peerage, has just been redeemed by the Treasury, at a cost of £54,000.

A very sad story of the neglect and destitution in which yet another Crimean veteran has ended his days comes to me from Birmingham. I do not propose to relate the sad history here, but I thus allude to the case of Corporal Samuel Boot, in order to ask the War Office people once more whether something cannot be done to put a stop to the appearance of any more of these heart-rending paragraphs in the newspapers? I know too well what the stereotyped official answer always has been; but is there no one at Pall Mall with the will and the power to cut once for all the Gordian knot of red-tape into which this painful matter has been so persistently tied?

The following are the exact particulars of the punishments awarded on the *Colossus*, which have already been referred to in TRUTH of the 7th inst.:—Twenty men imprisoned; eleven sent to cells; twenty-six stoppages of leave, pay, &c.; nineteen good-conduct badges withdrawn; one man disrated. Such a record points to a serious outbreak of insubordination and misconduct, all apparently due to the most inconsiderate mismanagement. Since I referred to the matter the *Anson* has been commissioned to relieve the *Colossus*, but she is not expected to leave England for another six weeks or more. About five months will then have elapsed since the loss of the *Victoria*. Yet an official spokesman of the Admiralty has confidently asserted that there was no difficulty whatever in replacing that vessel.

Besides the defects in her armament, which have already been pointed out in TRUTH, the *Colossus* is short of her proper complement by two lieutenants, one sub-lieutenant, and forty men. It would certainly seem high time that she was relieved.

During the last fortnight the Lords of the Admiralty have been engaged in their annual tour of the Royal Dockyards, a perfect farce, which ought long ago to have been abolished, for it is utterly impossible that there can

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

In preparation for the cold and travelling season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

be any adequate inspection of these establishments in the very short time which is allowed for each port. A really systematic and thorough inspection of the Admiralty establishments at Devonport, Portsmouth, and Sheerness would occupy at least a month, whereas the three ports are now scrambled through in seven or eight days. The inspection, however, affords the members of the Board an excellent excuse for making a pleasant cruise in the Admiralty Yacht at the public expense.

I am asked to mention that a bazaar, of which the Duchess of York has become one of the patrons, will be held at Middlesbrough in December for the Mission to Seamen Institute in that town. It is hoped that about £1,700 will be raised for this purpose. Some 57,000 sailors are said to pass annually through the shipping office on the Tees, and the Institute will undoubtedly be a great boon to them, serving as a place of rest and recreation as well as of worship

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The Postmaster-General was questioned in the House of Commons last week respecting the recent promotion of a junior first-class sorting clerk over the heads of ten of his seniors at Bristol Post-office. The reply was that the men passed over, on being tried on higher duties, were found not to possess the necessary qualifications. But, apparently, Mr. Arnold Morley did not feel complete confidence in the official explanation which had been supplied to him, for he intimated that he was making further inquiries. When I alluded to the case in Truth a month ago, I described it as a manifestation of favouritism, and if Mr. Arnold Morley's inquiries are sufficiently searching he will find that I was perfectly correct. As a matter of fact, not one of the ten men passed over has been tried upon the particular duty in question, but for years past several of them have been doing higher duty than that for which they are now alleged to be unqualified. By extending the scope of his investigation, Mr. Arnold Morley will discover also that the present is by no means the first occasion on which an unfair promotion has taken place at Bristol. Hence the discontent now felt is all the deeper.

The following story throws some new light upon the relations between the Post Office and the public. The manager of certain mines in Cumberland, a little way from Cleator, paid for some ten years 6d. porterage on every telegram addressed to him. He received telegrams in large numbers, and the total cost of porterage consequently ran up to a considerable sum. Eventually, he discovered that his house was within a mile of Cleator office, and he therefore made a claim upon the Post Office for a return of the porterage fees. The Post Office, having ascertained that the distance was within the mile, disclaimed all responsibility for the overcharge, and referred him to the Cleator Postmaster. It seems that the Postmaster provides the messenger, and pockets the porterage fees. When applied to, however, this individual declined to recognise any claim.

Pending the negotiations, the gentleman aggrieved has died, and the Postmaster is no doubt fortified in the position he takes up by the additional difficulty thus thrown in the way of making out the claim. That there is a good and legal claim—though the precise amount may be difficult of proof—is beyond all question; and it is in the highest degree discreditable that, after a large sum—probably not less than £15 or £20—has been wrongfully obtained from a citizen in the name of the Post Office, by an official representative of the Department, that authority should wash its hands of the matter, and tell the victim, or his representatives, to fight it out with the agent—no matter at what cost or risk to themselves.

The system of extra payments for delivery of telegrams beyond a fixed distance is bad in principle and unfair in practice. With just as much, and just as little, reason might persons residing beyond a certain distance from a Post Office be charged an additional fee for the delivery of their letters. If the charge is to be regulated by the cost of transmission, the man who happens to live in the same house as a telegraph office, or next door, ought to get his telegrams cheaper than one who lives half a mile off. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless, lives about 2,000 yards from a telegraph office. He receives probably, on an average, twenty telegrams a week, and despatches a corresponding number. He is therefore an exceptionally large and valuable customer to the Department. On every message that he receives there is a surcharge of sixpence. Another man, living 1,700 yards from the same office, who, perhaps, does not do five shillings' worth of business with the Department in a year, gets his telegrams for nothing. The difference between the cost of delivery to one and the other is infinitesimal. On what principle can you defend this differentiation of tariffs in favour of the small and against the large customer?

The principle of the thing is clear. Either you must have a graduated scale, in which every house is charged at a different rate according to its distance from the office, or you must have a uniform tariff for all alike, in which the shorter distance is set off against the longer. The former principle is impossible in practice, and is also unfair to the large customer who resides at a distance, as compared with the small customer who resides close at hand. The latter is simplicity itself in practice, and does a rough sort of justice all round. On this principle the postage of letters is regulated, and it yields a handsome profit while satisfying everybody. The same rule ought to be applied to telegraphic business.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

"Toilet Lanoline" softens, clears, and preserves the skin, and should be used in every household. "Toilet Lanoline" protects the skin from the effects of exposure, and adds to the natural beauty. In collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1s.; in small boxes, 3d., from all chemists and druggists. Wholesale depôt, 67, Holborn-viaduct. The genuine bears the trade-mark, "Lanoline."

Doubtless as a sequel to the scandal which occurred at Thirsk some months ago, the Postmaster-General has issued a circular notifying that no Postmaster or Sub-Postmaster can be allowed to undertake, either as agent or principal, "any banking, life insurance, or money-lending business, or business connected with a building society which involves or admits of the receipt of money on deposit; or generally, any such business as that which the Department requires him to perform for itself." This is in itself an excellent order, and I hope it will be stringently enforced. But, as I pointed out in commenting upon the Thirsk and similar cases, many Postmasters are paid such small salaries that they are virtually compelled to engage in some other business. The Department, in fact, recognises this, and it would be most unjust to make restrictions as to the classes of business in which they may engage without granting some compensating advantage. I hope, therefore, that the fresh attempt which the Postmasters contemplate making to secure an improvement in their position will be more successful than the petition of three years ago. What they ask is that they shall be granted classification, with annual increments, and a reasonable prospect of promotion from class to class.

Provincial towns are very sensitive to any reflections upon their sanitary characters, and their officials usually indite very brusque letters to me or anybody else who offers any criticism on this point. Perhaps this is a good thing in the main. It shows, at any rate, a general alertness to the importance of the subject. At the risk, however, of exposing myself to much obloquy at the hands of medical officers and sanitary specialists, I am tempted to ask whether it is a necessary and unavoidable result of a perfect system of municipal sanitation that sewers should discharge volumes of noxious stink into the streets.

That this occurs wherever the drainage really is beyond suspicion, I have overwhelming evidence. I have referred to the case of Southport. I have now received from the Medical Officer of that town the letter which I was intended to have had last week. It shows that 100,000,000 gallons of water have been used in the last half-year in flushing the Southport drains, and that disinfectants *ad lib.* are added to the water when necessary. It also proves, by statistics, that Southport is one of the healthiest places in the kingdom. Yet that Southport is pervaded by offensive stinks is equally proved to me by a witness perfectly reputable and impartial, although it suits the Southport Medical Officer to represent him as inspired by a malicious desire to injure the town.

Then, again, I have had a strong letter from Ilfracombe, begging me to call attention to the fearful odours occasionally encountered there. If I were so ill-advised as to comply with this request, I have no doubt I should receive official information that the drains of Ilfracombe are as clean as the bed of an Arcadian brook, and I am quite sure that the town is as healthy a one as you can find on the coast. A more startling case is that of Eastbourne. I have often complimented the Eastbourne authorities on their town, which is one of the best managed of its kind in Europe, and I have no doubt the good management extends down to the sewers. But a friend of mine who has spent a couple of months there, reports the most appalling emanations from the grids in the road-ways. He deposes that there were certain corners which all through August he found it desirable to avoid, and that on one or two days the stench was blowing off so powerfully from the holes in the higher part of the roadway along the front, that, in driving past, you could detect each grating.

In view of all these facts, one is forced to conclude that the better the drainage the stronger the stink. The vital statistics seem to point to the further conclusion that the stink is rather healthy than otherwise. Nevertheless, smells on this scale in public thoroughfares, whether healthy or not, are to many persons of sensitive disposition extremely unpleasant, and I cannot help thinking that, especially in places which are resorted to for pleasure and health, the resources of civilisation might do something to repress them. Messrs. Merryweather & Sons are just now experimenting with a system which promises results in this direction. As the agent employed is sea-water electrically treated, the experiments are specially deserving of the attention of the sanitary authorities in seaside towns. In the meantime, I should like to know why more cannot be done with ventilating-shafts, which will discharge the smells from the sewers beyond the reach of our noses.

Just as I am going to press I have received a letter from the clerk to the Holywell Rural Sanitary Authority, in reference to the alleged use of night-soil in making a road at Golftyn. He informs me that some refuse from ashpits was used, not to make a road, but to fill a hole in a footpath across a field; that the Medical Officer reported that all offensive matter had become deodorised, and that no nuisance had been created, but that, as a precautionary measure, he ordered the removal of the material; and that it was so removed within twenty-four hours. The local report of the proceedings of the Board on which my remarks were founded, omitted to mention the last two facts.

To anybody who desires to obtain a thorough knowledge and understanding of the Small Holdings question, I can confidently recommend a little work which Mr. William E. Bear has written for the Cobden Club, and which Messrs. Cassell & Co. publish under the title, "A Study of Small Holdings." The information which Mr. Bear has accumulated on the subject is extremely valuable, and his conclusions appear to be generally sound. Obstacles placed by landlords in the way of a free growth of the Small Holdings system should be removed, but, that being done, it should be left to succeed by itself. As Mr. Bear says, "the coddling system of manufacturing peasant proprietors by means of State funds" is calculated to do more harm than good.

Lord Lovelace had been Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey for the extraordinary period of fifty-three years, having been appointed by Lord Melbourne in 1840. Lord Bateman, who "presides" over Herefordshire, is now the senior Lord-Lieutenant. Some time ago the Queen contemplated granting the privilege of the *entrée* to all Lords-Lieutenant of counties, and it is certainly somewhat anomalous that this coveted distinction should not be enjoyed by these functionaries, who are the representatives of the Sovereign in their respective counties, while it is allowed to the Gentlemen Ushers and other tagrag and bobtail of the Court.

I do not remember to have ever seen it noticed that while a barbarous legal anomaly allows every dog its "first bite" at the expense of any human subject who has the misfortune to suit the beast's taste, the dog which bites a sheep may be forthwith killed, and its owner mulcted in damages. A country correspondent has just drawn my attention to this monstrous state of things. I suppose it is another illustration of the morbid tenderness of our law for injuries to property as compared with its contempt for wrongs to the person. The "first bite" doctrine, however, is now ridiculed even by Judges and Magistrates, and when it appears that a sheep is of more consequence in the eye of the law than a human being, one may really hope that the time is at hand when this absurdity will be swept away.

Some curious points have been brought before me in connection with certain betting prosecutions at Derby last week. Three publicans were convicted by the Borough Bench of allowing betting, or themselves carrying on betting, on their licensed premises. The proceedings were taken under the Licensing Act, which enables the Magistrates, on conviction, to endorse the licence. In each of these cases the licence was endorsed. Had the proceedings been taken under the Betting Acts, the penalties might have been much heavier; but I understand the Magistrates would have had no power to endorse the licences. As it is known that betting has been almost openly carried on in scores of public-houses in Derby for years past, and no action has been taken until now, it is regarded as a fact not without significance that two of the houses whose landlords have been prosecuted are required by the Corporation for street improvements. The value of the properties will, of course, be very much diminished if, in consequence of the conviction of the holders, the licences are forfeited at the next Brewster Sessions. These and other circumstances, into which I need not enter, are calculated to suggest doubts as to the real motive for the prosecutions.

Mr. Henry Hemans, who appeared in the capacity of complainant at the Rothesay Sheriff Court last week, is entitled to the gratitude of all visitors to that region for the stand he has made against the rapacity of hotel servants. It seems that Mr. Hemans stayed at the Douglas Hotel, Brodick, and on his leaving, the "boots" took his bag to the pier—a distance of 100 yards or so—on a barrow along with the luggage of other parties. Being dissatisfied with a gratuity of sixpence which Mr. Hemans offered, the "boots" followed that gentleman on to the steamer, attempted to take his bag from him by force, and, being unable to do this, seized his overcoat and went ashore with it. As Mr. Hemans found that he was not by any means the first victim of this sort of treatment, he postponed his journey and summoned the man for assault. In defence, the extraordinary plea was set up that, under an agreement with the hotel proprietor, the accused had a right to charge a shilling for taking a visitor's luggage to the pier. Although such an agreement could be neither binding on Mr. Hemans nor any justification for the assault, the Sheriff put the complainant to further inconvenience by adjourning the case for several days in order that the hotel-keeper might be called. This gentleman did not, however, attend at the adjourned hearing, and the "boots" was fined, without further reference to the alleged agreement. If there is no such arrangement, the landlord would do well in his own interest to contradict the statement of the "boots." If there is, he would do well, for the same reason, to put an end to it.

Three Bolton Borough Justices — Messrs. Charles Heaton, John Berry, and J. Sherry—delivered themselves last week of a most remarkable *obiter dictum* on the employment of "excessive violence" by the police. Two men, named Blackburn and Dobson, were charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting police-constable Feeney. The officer himself admitted that he twice felled Blackburn to the ground with his staff, but said that he was kicked on the legs. Blackburn, on the other hand, alleged that he was first attacked by the constable, and his statement that he was shamefully ill-treated was conclusively corroborated by Mr. Jabez Broadbent, a well-known local gentleman, who voluntarily attended the Court to give evidence. This witness stated that "he saw Blackburn on the ground with the policeman Feeney standing over him and hitting him viciously. The officer undoubtedly used undue violence to the man when he was motionless and apparently unconscious; in fact, the blows that were given appeared to be death blows." In spite of Mr. Broadbent's testimony, the Bench sent Blackburn to goal for three months, and Dobson (a first offender) for two months, and expressed the opinion "that any excessive violence the officer had used was the result of him (*sic*) knowing the kind of man he had to deal with." It would therefore appear that far from censuring and punishing police brutality, these Bolton Solons are disposed to justify and encourage it. Rarely have I read a more discreditable and dangerous Magisterial pronouncement.

Another illustration of the bias which is constantly displayed in favour of the police has been furnished by the Reigate Borough Bench. In the early part of August

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

three labourers were summoned for using obscene language. The only witness against them was a policeman, and it was suggested that in bringing the charge he was actuated by personal spite. The Bench apparently felt that it would be going too far to convict the defendants on the officer's uncorroborated word, but they granted an adjournment in order that he might get some evidence. When the case came on again last week, the constable produced a witness who heard the bad language, but could not satisfactorily identify the three men, and the Head Constable came forward with a statement which he had not thought fit to tender at the first hearing, although he was in Court. However, Messrs. F. Budgen, H. Summers, G. E. Pyne, and R. Field, J.P.'s, convicted and fined the defendants. Three of these gentlemen are members of the Watch Committee, and, I suppose they feel that, however shaky a case may be, it is their duty to support the action of the police.

An exceptionally hard case came before Alderman Treloar in the City last week. A carman named Colburg was summoned for leaving a horse and cart unattended in the street whilst he went into a coffee-house to get a hasty breakfast. His defence was that he was badly in need of refreshment, as he had worked for twenty-four and a-half hours without a rest, and it transpired that he afterwards continued his work until he had actually completed thirty-eight hours on a stretch! The Alderman very properly dismissed the summons, and it is a pity he had not power to issue a fresh one against Colburg's employers. Most people will be of opinion that they really deserved a heavy fine, especially if it be true, as reported, that they discharged Colburg—a married man with three children—because he was summoned.

The correspondent from whose letter on the case of Pyloo Singh I quoted last week sends me the following letter. I regret the misprint which he points out, the blame for which rests entirely between me and my printers:—

Referring to your paragraph on the case of Pyloo Singh appearing in your last week's issue, permit me to make a correction. "Gross *incompetence of boy* Magistrates" should read "Gross *inexperience of lay* Magistrates." I should be doing an injustice to very hardworking and excellent officials were I to suggest their incompetence. Shortly, the position in the Malay Peninsula is this:—With two or three brilliant exceptions in the past and at present, the body of men by whom the law is administered are not lawyers. More able and distinguished men than the Residents of the Native States it would be difficult to find, numbering as they do among them such names as Swettenham and Treacher, but now that these States have assumed their present importance the time has come when the law, at any rate in serious cases, ought to be administered by men who have received a proper legal education, and have been in the habit of weighing large bodies of evidence. Such a state of things could easily be brought about, as one of the Judges of Straits Settlements could go circuit twice a year or oftener in the Native States.

In reference to an Airdrie assault case which figured in my Pillory a fortnight ago, it appears that in some particulars the newspaper report from which I quoted was incorrect. Mr. G. F. J. Fenton Livingstone, J.P., writes that there was no evidence that the constable was knocked down or bitten, or that the man who went to his assistance was also bitten.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. The Cardiff and Liverpool cases are particularly worthy of notice as illustrations of the misplaced lenity which Magistrates, paid and unpaid alike, are always ready to display where an offence against the person is concerned. Ferocious ruffians, such as the prisoners Bradley and Tunney, ought not to be allowed to escape punishment because the unfortunate women whom they half murder happen to be of an exceptionally forgiving nature. The Cardiff Stipendiary, it will be observed, expressed the opinion that Bradley richly deserved six months' imprisonment, and then proceeded to stultify himself by letting the brute off with a caution. What makes this straining of the quality of mercy the more monstrous is the fact that whilst it constantly occurs in cases of personal violence, it is never, or hardly ever, applied in favour of offenders against the sacred rights of the game-preserver or property owner:—

Grays Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. S. W. Squier and Alfred Sturgeon. Wallace Powell, charged with cruelty to a dog. He beat the animal with a whipstock, breaking its leg in two places. Fined 20s. and costs.

Grays Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Davis Hopton, charged with stealing three-pennyworth of potatoes. Seven days.

Blackburn Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Kenyon, H. Livesey, and G. Green. John Abbott, beer-seller, charged with assaulting his wife, who was granted a separation order. He caught her by the throat and held her till she was black in the face. She said she was "often black and blue through him." Fined 10s. and costs.

Blackburn Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. R. Bowdler and J. E. Sharples. Joseph Ward, Thomas Higham, and William Aspinall, charged with being in unlawful possession of rabbits and netting pegs. Fined 40s. each and costs.

Paisley Burgh Police-court. Before Bailie Fisher. Thomas Hailey, convicted of assaulting two women. He struck one in the face and kicked her, and also kicked the other. Fined 10s. 6d.

Paisley Sheriff Court. Before Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Caldwell. Francis Clark, charged with coming from land and being in possession of a net for taking game. Fined £2.

Reigate Borough Police-court. Hannah Atkinson, convicted of ill-treating her step-daughter, aged 10. Fined 5s. and costs.

Reigate Borough Police-court. Agnes St. George-charged with keeping an unlicensed dog. Fined 25s. and costs.

Airdrie. Before Sheriff Mair. Phillip Smith, charged with assaulting a little girl, aged 5, in Academy Park. Forty days.

Edinburgh Police-court. Before Acting-Sheriff-Substitute Sym. William Paterson, charged with begging. Forty days.

Liverpool Police-court. Before Colonel Ellison and Mr. John Henderson. John Tunney, charged with assaulting a woman with whom he lived. He beat her with a poker, breaking two of her fingers, and then pushed the poker down her throat. She did not wish to prosecute. Fined 10s. and costs.

Halstead Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. R. Vaizey, G. Courtauld, and C. E. Brewster. Three young labourers, named Johnson, Smith, and Heavingham, charged with game trespass, Johnson and Heavingham, fourteen days each; Smith (his first conviction), seven days.

Retford Police-court. Before Colonel Denison and Mr J. W. Holmes. Joseph Camm, farmer, charged with assaulting his maid-servant, who said he gave her a good "hiding," getting hold of her by the neck, throwing her down, and kicking her. When she got up he throttled her. Fined 20s., including costs.

Chelmsford Police-court. Before Alderman A. G. E. Morton. Thomas Welsh, charged with hawking without a licence. Fourteen days.

Peterborough Police-court. Before Lieut.-Colonel Strong and other Justices. Herbert Wilson, charged with stealing sixpennyworth of cultivated mushrooms. Fined 24s. 6d., including costs.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion.

Cardiff Borough Police-court. Before the Stipendiary and Mr. H. J. Cory. John Bradley, charged with assaulting a woman with whom he lived. While she was in bed he jumped on her, and, with his boots on, kicked her severely in the face, which bore shocking marks of his brutality. She had had frequent occasion to complain of his conduct, but did not wish to press the charge. The Stipendiary said prisoner richly deserved to be incarcerated for six months. Discharged with a caution.

Leeds West Riding Court. George Bullock, charged with assaulting three little girls. Two months.

Skipton Petty Sessions. Before Mr. J. Coulthurst and other Magistrates. James Lewis and Alexander McBride, charged with assaulting John Chapman Tate. Complainant was travelling by a train run in connection with Ayr races, and prisoners forced their way into the carriage and badly assaulted him, his left temple being split open. Fined £2 each, and costs.

Dudley Police-court. Before Alderman W. E. Walker and Mr. S. Bagott. Samuel Hall, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her on the forehead and took three running kicks at her. Fined 10s. and costs.

Sunderland Police-court. James Johnson, a well-known boxer, charged with refusing to pay a tram fare and with assault. He was very violent, and going to the Tramway Company's office, struck a clerk, felling him to the ground. No provocation whatever was given. Fined 10s. in each case.

Birmingham Police-court Before Messrs. Fallows and Hookham. Jane Hill, a hospital cook, charged with stealing a piece of bread and a pot of dripping. She sent the bread and dripping to her daughter, who, with her three or four children, was in want of food. One month.

Barnsley Police-court. William Swift, charged with stealing a shirt. Three months.

York County Police-court. Before Mr. James Melrose. Alfred Cappell, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Uppingham Police-court. Before Mr. A. Fludyer. William Hayes, William Hassall, and Reuben Bland, charged with sleeping out. Ten days each.

Old Hill Police-court. Before Messrs. G. H. Claughton and W. W. Wiggin. William Humphries, charged with gambling on Sunday. Fined 10s.

Tipton Police-court. Before the Rev. A. Cory and Mr. F. Grazebrooke. Walter Ellis, charged with stealing some apples from a garden. Six weeks.

As the Saffron Walden County Petty Sessions last week two boys, aged twelve and thirteen years respectively, were fined 8s. each, including costs, for ill-treating a donkey. In calling my attention to the case, a correspondent urges that, in view of the gross and wanton cruelty of which the defendants were guilty, the Bench dealt with them too leniently. But as I have frequently pointed out, the imposition of fines in such cases does not punish the culprits at all, but their parents, who have to find the money. The proper way of dealing with juvenile offenders of this kind would be to give them a sound whipping, and it is a pity the Magistrates are not empowered to adopt that course in cruelty cases.

By way of showing the extent to which the law assists the usurer in Cape Colony, a Kimberley correspondent sends me a report of a judgment last month in the High Court in which Justices Lawrence and Hopley allowed interest on a loan of £125 at the rate of "2 per cent. per month from November 19, 1891." The South African Shylock has thus obtained legal sanction for charging 24 per cent. per annum.

Typewriters of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. Taylor, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane.

A copy of a circular which has apparently been issued broadcast by the United Foreign Stamp Company, of Omaru, New Zealand, has been sent to me. The first sentence of this circular reads as follows:—"Sir,—We should be pleased to receive from you large or small quantities of your country's postage stamps—used or unused." When I add that the communication which begins thus is being addressed to "The Junior Clerks" of firms in various parts of the world, I have said quite enough, I think, to show that the United Foreign Stamp Company, of Omaru, has adopted a most questionable method of promoting its business.

Here is another advertisement which seems to be little better than an appeal to clerks to betray their employers' confidence. It appears in the *Birmingham Post*:—

Merchants' Clerks.—List of principal Articles exported to S. A., Mexico and Cuba. Required by Advertiser; also, names of manufacturers.—Address, in strict confidence, 641, *Daily Post*.

With reference to what was said in Truth a fortnight ago respecting the "Indian oculist," "Mohammed Jeneid Shah," a gentleman who takes an interest in the subject writes to me: "In my studies of quackery, I nearly always find the diploma of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art in a prominent position in the waiting-rooms of eminent quacks." They could not be displayed in a more appropriate place. At the same time, why one quack should pay another quack to decorate him, when he might just as easily do the job for himself and save his money, I do not understand. It may, however, be on the principle of "you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." At any rate, I see that among the testimonials to his healing powers which he circulates, Mohammed Jeneid prints one from another notorious "M.D." of much the same status as his own. He also, by the way, announces himself as "Membre de l'Académie des Sciences et des Arts, Bruxelles." I have had occasion to refer to this learned body before, and I take it to be a very similar institution to that of "The Professor Bœttcher," of Paris.

I have to thank several readers in different parts of the West-End, who write to tell me that they, too, like the gentleman whom I mentioned last week, have been invited to move out of their houses in order to provide accommodation for "a private tailor's business." There is apparently going to be a serious outbreak of private tailors at the West-End; but I am still as far as ever from learning what a "private tailor" is. One of them, however, desires to establish himself in a public-house.

Now that cholera is in the air, and that choleraic symptoms are about, I would suggest that towns in want of temporary hospitals should take advantage of the experience obtained by the French during the siege of Paris in the making of them. Churches and hotels were used, and in almost all cases fever broke out in them. In the Avenue de l'Impératrice the Americans erected a

Star & Garter Hotel, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, & healthy. Famed for its Guild and Corporation banquets, wedding breakfasts, balls, &c. Unrivalled winter residence.—Chas. James, Manager.

hospital such as had been found of advantage in their Civil War, and it turned out to be far superior to any other, whilst its cost was trifling. It was made in this way:—A long narrow trench was dug, with a large covered hole at one end. In the hole there was a stove, and from it passed a pipe along the trench. Above the trench a double tent of American duck was erected, wide enough to put a double line of beds, leaving a passage in the middle. The tent was never too hot or too cold, whilst the air was pure. In most of the other hospitals the wounded died, for their wounds festered and their limbs rotted. In the American Hospital this was never the case. Near the opposite end of the tent to the stove there was a canvas partition, and the portion beyond the partition was reserved for the nurses, &c.

The following has been appearing in a Tewkesbury paper:—

MONUMENTAL WORK

IN MARBLE, GRANITE, OR STONE.

SPLENDID DESIGNS of MARBLE MONUMENTS just ready for the coming Season, at Extraordinary Low Prices, &c.

What season, I wonder. The Cholera season? Or is it the Festive Season?

A movement has been on foot in the North of England for some two years past for the presentation of a testimonial to Dr. Abrath, of Sunderland, whose name was a good deal before the public a few years ago, in connection with his protracted litigation with the North-Eastern Railway Company. I would suggest to the promoters of this movement, who are, I understand, members of certain local Trades Unions, that it is about time the subscription list was closed. That Dr. Abrath is a deserving object for such a presentation I do not question. But when the process of touting for subscriptions is spread over several years, and the circulars issued for the purpose are largely composed of puffs of the Doctor's method of medical treatment, the motives at work are very liable to be misunderstood.

Addressing a Primrose demonstration among his constituents last week, Mr. Wickham, M.P., after various lamentations over the prolongation of the Session, said "he thought that if there was anything detestable in Mr. Gladstone's policy it was that he (Mr. Wickham) should sit in Parliament during the hunting season." Well, if that is the only detestable point, matters look promising for Mr. Gladstone. That he should inconvenience hunting men is awkward—for hunting men—but they are a very small minority in Parliament, and still smaller in the country.

But what hardihood do those Unionists show who can now go down to their constituents and rail at Mr. Gladstone for prolonging the Session! Mr. Gladstone, so far as I know, never had any desire to prolong it. His efforts have rather been directed to cutting it short, against the Unionist efforts to prolong it for an indefinite period.

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SCRUTATOR

ITALY AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

WERE a European war to take place between the Continental Powers north of the Alps, not one of them would dream of attacking Italy, for the assailant would only by this increase the number of his enemies. If ever, therefore, a country's policy consisted in holding aloof from foreign alliances, that country is Italy. Prince Bismarck, however, fooled Italy, and induced her to throw in her lot with Germany and Austria, taking advantage of the French having laid hands on Tunis (which he himself had advised them to do); of the vague dread that the French might aid the Pope to reacquire his temporal power; and of the restless desire of the Italians to prove themselves a Great Power by becoming a factor in European combinations. Crispi was invited to Berlin. When there, he explained to Bismarck that the difficulty in the way of Italy joining Austria and Germany was that her fleet could not single-handed defend her coasts from France in the event of war taking place between the two Powers. Bismarck met this by inducing Lord Salisbury to convey to Italy an assurance that England was so interested in the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, that were the French Fleet to take action, the English Fleet would range itself on the side of the Italians. It was due to these assurances that Italy joined the Triple Alliance, which is a guarantee that if France attacks either of the three Powers the other two will regard this as a *casus belli*. Thus the astute Bismarck secured a guarantee of Alsace and Lorraine from the Italians. Distrustful of this "League of Peace" based upon huge armies, France and Russia have made a counter Alliance, and thus Continental Europe is divided into two camps armed to the teeth.

What has been the result of this to Italy? She has to keep on foot an army far above her real requirements, and, although practically bankrupt, she has built gigantic ironclads, which seldom leave port, for there is a difficulty in finding sailors for them. In order to pay for these and the lavish waste in her administration, the Italians have to part with about 60 per cent. of their incomes in taxation; but notwithstanding this, the country has a permanent deficit. A vast floating debt hangs over her which she is unable to fund, for she cannot float a loan. It is, therefore, simply a question of time when she will have to go into bankruptcy.

But this is not all. Having adopted Protectionist principles, she proceeded to give effect to them by imposing high Custom duties on French imports. To this the French naturally responded in kind. But as the balance of trade was greatly in favour of Italy, she has been a heavy loser by the game. Italian silk has lost its market. Formerly Italy exported two million hectolitres of wine; she now exports one million: and as the supply greatly exceeds the demand, she gets for this million, not half of what she received for the two millions, but one quarter.

Italian working men and peasants work about twelve hours per diem. For this they receive the merest pittance, and out of this have not only to provide

for themselves and their families, but to pay in taxes about one half of their earnings. Is it surprising, therefore, that Socialism and Anarchist doctrines should be on the increase? Any social change the Italian worker feels must be to his advantage, and, without theorising, he is ready to welcome any prospect of a variation in his hard lot. A few more years of the present systen will consequently, in all probability, lead to a social revolution. With a most productive soil, and with a hard-working population, this country has been brought to the brink of ruin by the follies of its rulers. Its sole chance of escaping bankruptcy and revolution is for it to withdraw from the Triple Alliance, and even then I suspect that it will be found necessary to compound with the foreign creditor. The strongest adherent of the Triple Alliance is the King. He has unquestionably a large portion of the nation with him; but, notwithstanding the trade fight between Italian and French workmen at Aigues Mortes, the feeling is on the increase that it has been a mistake to side with Germany in her quarrel with France. The visit of the Prince of Naples to the German manœuvres in what was once French territory has not been popular. It is regarded as a foolish insult to France, and the newspapers are reminding their readers that, had it not been for the French armies, there would have been no Italy. No Italian wishes to re-enter into the possession either of Savoy or of Nice, and all are fully aware that if France be not gratuitously attacked by Italy as the ally of Germany, the French have no more notion of annexing any portion of Italy than of Nova Zembla.

A country, like a man, must lie on the bed that it makes. If Italy insists on consummating her ruin in order to secure to Germany her French chestnuts, it is to be regretted. But we ought not to encourage her in this folly by holding out any hopes that we shall step in to save her from the consequences, if she finds herself dragged into a European war which is no concern of hers. Our policy is clear. We must not take sides in Continental politics. If a great Continental war takes place, our aim must be to keep out of it. It is just as impossible that the vast Continental armaments can long be maintained on a war footing without war sooner or later breaking out, as that two clouds charged with electricity can range themselves opposite to each other without a storm. Should such a war take place, each side will throw the blame on the other. The blame really will rest on Germany for not having been satisfied with a war indemnity in 1871, but for having annexed French territory. It is all very well of us to say that the French should be so enamoured of peace that they ought to grin and bear it, rather than endeavour to recover their lost Provinces. But I doubt whether we should adopt this pacific view if we had been vanquished by Germany, and she had incorporated Cornwall and Devonshire into her Empire. Should a war break out, either France will be crushed, or she will regain her provinces. I can imagine nothing more baneful than a German domination of Europe; and, therefore, I hope that victory will be on the side of the French. Our policy is, however, I repeat, to look on, and neither directly nor indirectly to aid either of the combatants; still less to enter into any engagements at present which may involve us in the fight.

The latest development of our "mission" is, I gather from the newspapers, to maintain peace in the Mediterranean by keeping Russia out of it. As the only outlet for the southern provinces of Russia is through the Mediterranean, the mission appears a singular one. If we have a right to have a fleet there because it is on the high road to India, *a fortiori* the Russians have at least the same right. Whether they are wise, with their comparatively small Navy, in giving effect to that right is their affair, not ours. There is no probability of the French ever ceding to them a port. What will probably happen will be what happened before the annexation of Nice and Mentone to France. The Russians had a station at Villefranche for coals and stores. On Villefranche becoming French, the Russians were deprived of this station. Probably it will be given back to them as an earnest of the alliance between the two countries.

CHARTERED LIABILITY (UNLIMITED).

From the South and from the West of Africa demonstrations are at present being offered to the British public of the mischief of the system of colonisation by Chartered Company promoters, against which I have so long protested to the best of my ability. In the West, the Royal Niger Company has, very considerately, taken this opportunity of adding to the many grievances which the French have of late had against us. If the difference thus raised is not more serious, it does not appear that we have to thank the Niger Company for that circumstance. The attitude of their local agents towards the French seems to have been of the same overbearing and intolerant character as that which the Company assume towards their own (unchartered) countrymen in the neighbourhood, and towards the natives within their jurisdiction. Were the truth on these two last points more generally understood, it would, I think, deprive the Company of all public sympathy, including even that of the Jingo element which would back them through thick and thin in any squabble which they may provoke with the French. Mr. Lowther, speaking the other day with all the weight of his official experience, reminded the House of Commons that the Royal Niger pays a dividend, and has never asked for public money. The answer to this is very simple. The revenue from which the dividends are derived, and which have enabled the Company to carry on its business, without the aid of the British taxpayer, have been largely obtained at the expense of other British traders. What Mr. Lowther's authority could be for the statement that the independent traders have increased in numbers, I am at a loss to imagine. My information shows rather that independent trade has virtually ceased to exist. By a merciless system of tariffs, licences, and miscellaneous forms of boycotting, the Company has stamped out all rivals within the limits of its jurisdiction. These limits themselves have been extended in the most arbitrary manner at the will of the Company's officials. In short, the powers conferred by the Charter have been used in a

manner never contemplated when they were granted, to establish and extend a commercial monopoly, all the more powerful because it is backed up at home by shareholders and directors wielding immense social and political influence.

Mr. Lowther gave the House to understand that at the Foreign Office he had heard and seen nothing but good of the Niger Company. This I can readily understand. Had he, however, spent a corresponding period at TRUTH Office, he would have heard nothing but evil of the Company. This much is certain—that various firms of African merchants in Liverpool and other places have been for months, if not years, appealing to the Foreign Office without result against the tyranny of the Company; and that an ex-Under-Secretary of State should apparently have been kept in ignorance of the strength of their case is a convincing proof of the potency of the influences which the Company has at its command. I would ask whether any Consular Officer has ever reported favourably upon the operations of the Company? I doubt it. If my doubt is well founded, from whom did Mr. Lowther, when in office, obtain his information? Possibly from the reports of the Company upon itself. Did Mr. Lowther ever see the long-lost report of Sir Claude Macdonald upon the results of his mission? Was that report all in praise of the Company? If so, why was it not published? If not, why, and at whose instigation was it suppressed? Whatever the answer, I trust that the present Parliamentary representatives of the Colonial Office will look up this document and inwardly digest it. They may then be better informed respecting the misdeeds of the Company than their predecessors.

Among other points on which further information ought to be before the public is the treatment of natives in the Niger territories. Such evidence as has reached me personally on this point is in the highest degree unfavourable to the Company. Samples of it were given in TRUTH at the time of Sir C. Macdonald's mission, and the facts then alleged, not in TRUTH alone, have, to the best of my knowledge, not ever been denied. Here is a later piece of evidence given to me only last week by a gentleman, not a trader, who has been for some time on the West Coast of Africa. After describing how he met on board a steamer an agent of the Niger Company, who was enlisting Kroomen—the chief industrial population of that region—he says:—

> After great efforts, the agent was able to obtain the services of only forty Kroomen, instead of the 400 whom he was commissioned to engage. A number of these, who had been engaged through their head men, on learning that they were required for the service of the Niger Company jumped overboard and swam ashore, at the risk of their lives, through a sea infested with sharks. One of the men was questioned in my presence as to the cause of the violent detestation for the service of the Company manifested by his tribe. In his broken English he then gave a recital of the gross breaches of faith and contract, and the floggings and other barbarities which had been perpetrated on Kroomen by the officials of the Company.
>
> It seems a monstrous anachronism that this commercial confederacy, irresponsible to public control of any kind, should be allowed to exercise a despotic sway over an enormous area in West Africa, and render (as it undoubtedly has done) the name of England hateful to many millions of natives, who will naturally ally themselves with Frenchmen and Germans, eager competitors for British trade, in order to escape the Royal Niger yoke.

This "monstrous anachronism," however, is in full swing, and not only in the West, but in the South, and, to all appearance, in the East of Africa also. I have been much amused by a letter which has been sent to me, written by a young gentleman at Fort Salisbury immediately after the repulse of Lobengula's impi at Victoria. It gives an artless, and for that reason invaluable, indication of the sentiments which are hastening on a conflict with the Matabele, and which, if they are to have full play, will land us in one of the most senseless, useless, and costly Colonial wars of the century. I give below a few extracts from this epistle. I have no doubt that they faithfully reflect the sentiments of the average Mashonaland adventurer:—

> When the Charter was granted, the British South Africa Company pledged themselves to protect the Mahalaka from further annoyance, and to-day the Company has been brought face to face with the fact that the Matabele must be humbled, and further, for the sake of the country at large, the sooner the better. . . . . [Here comes an account of the raid.]
>
> This, however, is but the beginning, and in order to avoid a long series of future calamities and horrors, stringent measures will have to be adopted. Were we to allow the Matabeles to hunt down the Mashonas without interference, no doubt we could live alongside of them in comparative safety for some years to come. Fortunately, we are British born and descended, and abhor atrocities of this nature.

Very noble sentiments, doubtless; but let us take the measure of them a little more accurately. "Atrocities" of this nature—the raiding of weak tribes by strong—are in progress throughout the length and breadth of Africa. Where the raiders happen to be cannibals, the "atrocities" are infinitely more atrocious than anything which is likely to be seen under Lobengula's auspices. That Englishmen on the spot who witness doings of this kind should feel impelled to interfere is very much to their honour. But let them remember that they can only interfere at their own risk. Should their interference get them into difficulties, are their countrymen at home and in Cape Colony to be expected to come to the rescue? If so, the British taxpayer may as well at once undertake to establish law and order on the European model throughout Central Africa; for if "atrocities" are to be put down in one place they must be put down in another.

My young friend at Fort Salisbury goes on to draw a glowing picture of the enthusiastic meeting held at that settlement on receipt of the news from Victoria, "Mr. E. A. Maund, a well-known speculator, being in the chair;" and this is followed by a thrilling account of the arming and drilling of the settlers of all nationalities, and their unanimous resolve to "defend the country of their adoption." This sudden outburst of patriotism is as beautiful as the previous spasm of philanthropy. What right have these valiant patriots in "the country of their adoption"—where not one of them has been established more than a few months? Why, just as much as the Company from whom they hold their licences. And what are the Company's rights? Originally the founders obtained from Lobengula, for the purpose of their Company-mongering manœuvres, mining rights through out this region. Not a fraction of territorial right was originally granted, and though some shadowy powers over the surface have since been extorted, from beginning to end of his relations with the Company, Lobengula, so far as a savage could, has reserved and guarded all his sovereign rights in Mashonaland. Those rights include the right to raid his subjects, the Mashonas, when he thinks fit, as he and

his predecessors have raided them hitherto. In a word, all that Lobengula has done up to the present is to assert his sovereign rights in the country of which alike in law and justice he is the sovereign. Well-known speculators naturally object to his doing this. It certainly upsets their calculations. That they should expect us to interfere, however, in order to save them from the consequences of having speculated on a false basis, is an even cooler piece of impudence than to invite us to send an army for the defence of the harried Mashonas.

BOGUS DEGREES—AND OTHERS.

The following letter has been addressed to me with reference to the article in last week's Truth upon Sturman's Society. It seems to me to give an original view of the subject, if nothing else:—

Dear Truth,—You are very much down on these enterprising individuals who trade in degrees, diplomas, hoods, gowns, and other similar decorative wares of their own manufacture. I honour your virtuous indignation, but in this instance it seems to me a little misplaced. I look at the thing in this way. Mankind, including womankind, has an all but universal desire for a handle to its name. This may be due to the love of adornment and display which man shares with the lower creation, and which produces (directly or indirectly) the feathers in the cock's tail, the tattooing on the South Sea Islander, and the frill round a woman's petticoat. Or it may be due in some measure to commercial considerations. A peer's name is worth more than a commoner's on the board of a new company; an usher with one or two capital letters after his name is worth a pound or two a year more than one who has all his initials in front; and so on. It follows from this that those who manufacture and retail titles, degrees, and similar honours, are doing just as legitimate a business as those who manufacture and retail soap, matches, aërated waters, weekly newspapers, and other necessaries of civilised life. They may not be philanthropists, but they are ministering according to their lights to the wants of humanity, adding their little quota to the common stock of happiness.

But you will say that there are sham honours and genuine, bogus degrees and others; and that you only go for the vendor of the sham and the bogus article. My dear Sir, there are sham diamonds and real; bogus champagnes and others. In almost every department of commerce there is the genuine article and the cheap imitation. Do you want to put down all imitations? I am sure you don't; I have too high an opinion of your good sense. You know how many millions are as happy in the enjoyment of the imitation as they would be in that of the genuine article. You know that the factory-girl is just as pleased with herself in her bit of Brummagem jewellery as the titled dame in her blaze of diamonds. You know that the cheap swell with his pint of Old Gooseberry 1893, is just as happy as you or I with our bottle of undeniable Bollinger 1884.

But when it comes to bogus honours and others, I should like to ask you a further question. Which are the bogus and which are the others? I know a distinguished personage who writes "K.G." after his name. What does this mean—I don't mean what do the letters stand for, but what do they tell you about the personal merits of the individual? I cannot say, and I am sure you could not. The party thus adorned has not rendered any particular public service; he has not passed any examination; he hasn't even drawn a salary for any length of time. How do you draw the line between the Queen, who made this individual a K.G., and Sturman, who for a paltry consideration not worth mentioning, would cheerfully make him an F.S.S.? It isn't only the K.G. All other State decorations stand on the same footing. C.B., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.S.I.—what do they all mean? That the wearer belongs to the South Kensington Gang, or that he has drawn a salary for so many years in the Army, or the Colonies, or India, and has not got into hot water. That is about the size of it. As for the degrees granted by the Universities, they are the biggest fraud of all. What does "B.A., Oxon.," or "B.A., Cantab.," signify? That the party thus designated has passed the next educational grade above the top standard in a Board School. And M.A.? That he has been a B.A. long enough to have forgotten the little he originally knew, and has paid a small sum down to make him a Parliamentary elector for life. I might say a good deal, Sir, about titles of nobility—hereditary or acquired; but you have yourself so often appraised them at their true value, that for me to offer you my remarks would be an impertinence. This, however, I shou'd like to point out: You have often said that if a man is the happier for being styled "Lord" or "Sir," you would not grudge him this innocent joy. You have even gone so far as to suggest that politicians in exalted stations should minister to this widespread taste by making "Lords" and "Sirs," or even Dukes and Marquesses, of those who are willing to pay to the Party exchequer a reasonable price for happiness in this form. This proposal, Sir, I regard, if you will allow me to say so, as equally creditable to your head and your heart. But then comes my point. If the man who has brewed a billion gallons of ale, or who owns a square mile of houses, is to be allowed to buy a Dukedom or a Marquisate for himself and his progeny, why shouldn't Jones, the tailor, or Brown, the hairdresser, be equally free to buy his modest A.S.S., or any other badge in the market which suits his purse and his person? As a Democrat, I know what your answer will be to that question.—Yours obediently, Large Capitals.

I cannot hold myself responsible for the opinions of this eccentric correspondent. With much that he says I cordially agree. But he seems to me to overlook at least one important consideration. Apart from the personal gratification of being a K.G., or an M.A., or an X.Y.Z., there is substantial public convenience in having certain authoritative brands or trade-marks, which guarantee the quality of the bearer. The present recognised marks may not guarantee much, but they guarantee something. If I were a Vicar engaging a Curate, and a young man with an Oxford B.A. degree came after the place, I should have at once a certain security that if I asked him to dine at the vicarage with a few select parishioners, he would not drop his *h*'s or dip his knife into the salt-cellars, or otherwise offend the weaker brethren. If I am the editor of a newspaper in want of a leader writer, and a man comes to me with Sturman's diploma and the degree of F.S.S., I need not be long in sending him about his business. In these and almost all other cases, the degree—bogus or otherwise—does signify something, and so far saves trouble to all parties. The mischief of the present state of things, however, is that the something which is signified is not sufficiently definite. If the only M.A.'s and B.A.'s and LL.D.'s among us were graduates of the old-established Universities, everybody would know exactly what the letters imply. If the Societies whose "members" and "fellows" disport their titles all around us were limited to the few Royal Societies established in London, there would be equal certainty as to the titles and decorations so granted. But as long as the degrees of obscure American and Continental Universities are to be purchased of agents all over the Kingdom; so long as anybody may establish a "College," and grant degrees in music and other arts at whatever price

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they will fetch; and so long as any Morgan or Sturman is free to enrol subscribers at a few shillings per head, dub them a "Society," and bestow upon them any of the titles or insignia of membership which it pleases him to invent, so long to be a graduate of a College or University, or a Member or Fellow of a learned Society must be a meaningless distinction. These imitation degrees and titles are, to my mind, fraudulent, because they are largely sold to ignorant persons, who buy them supposing them to possess a value which they do not possess. Apart from this, I look upon them as mischievous, because they depreciate the value of the genuine article. For these reasons I am strongly of opinion that the granting of degrees and titles should be strictly regulated by law, as a matter of public convenience, and that the illicit manufacture and sale of such articles should be suppressed by public authority.

THE HAYMARKET DEVIL.

The dramatic and operatic stages have seen many devils. There have been red devils burning like hot coals, and green devils crawling like lizards, and blue devils moaning with depression. As yet, Faure, the singer, and Henry Irving have been the best representatives of his Satanic Majesty. No one can have forgotten the mocking laugh of the handsome baritone, or the mischievous chuckle of the Lyceum Lucifer when he refused to accommodate old Martha in the region down below on a lodging lease that lasts till eternity. But now up comes Mr. Beerbohm Tree with "his little lot" and a different kind of devil altogether. Le Sage, Calderon, Cervantes, Marlowe, Goethe, and all the rest of them did not conceive, paint, or illustrate the exact kind of devil who takes his walks abroad every night until further notice on the Haymarket stage. The new Devil assumes more the rôle of a variable and mischievous sprite, than the accepted old gentleman with horns, hoofs, and a curly forked tail. There is the air of the elf, the nomad, the dryad, and the Jack-o'-Lantern about the fantastic Tempter at the Haymarket.

First take his versatility. He is here, there, and everywhere, hop, skip, and jump. He is flying like an uncanny bat from a precipitous mountain, and as a flash of lightning he settles down as the steersman of a doomed vessel, chortling over the cries and curses of a drowning crew. Then he is a mock prince, scampering up and down the bedrooms and corridors of a mediæval inn. Then he is a Pan or Faun grinning through the branches of summer trees and making mischief among the mocking vines. He is a poetical monster, bred of the muse of Algernon Swinburne.

> And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
> Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
> Follows with daring, and fills with delight
> The Mœnad and the Bassarid;
> And soft as lips that laugh, and hide
> The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
> And screen from seeing, and leave in sight
> The god pursuing, the maiden hid.
>
> The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
> Over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes,
> The wild vine slipping down, leaves bare
> Her bright breast, shortening into sighs.
> The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
> But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
> To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
> The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

Yes, to tell the truth, I am reminded of the poet Swinburne more than once when I listen to the dithyrambics of the poet Jones. I do not mean the new Algernon of the laby odes, the cleansed constitution, and the prospective Laureateship. I mean the Algernon of other days, of Faustine, and our Lady of Pain, and Atalanta in Calydon. When the poet Jones twangs his lyre, and the comedian Tree plays the Devil in a troubadour's dress, and Miss Julia Neilson babbles erotic poetry, then the Swinburne of old arises up before my mind. But I bethink me that not even the Algernon Charles Swinburne of the symposia days of Rossetti, Marston, Joseph Knight and John Camden Hotten would ever have dreamed of apostrophising the ancient city of Canterbury in the reckless fashion adopted by the Haymarket Devil, as he swings and babbles on a cathedral gargoyle. What on earth can Canterbury have done to offend the poet Jones? I should have thought that if there was one city in the wide world that would have won his devotion and loyal regard it would have been Canterbury. Did not Canterbury only last year erect a memorial to Christopher Marlowe, the heretic and blasphemer—not, mark you, on the Dane John among the bushes, but right under the shadow and at the very gate of holy church? Did not the Toynbee Hall gentlemen, so dear to the poet Jones, come down in a body to congratulate liberal Canterbury? Did not Henry Irving deliver an oration bare-headed in the chill autumn air, at which the contributors to the Mermaid series rejoiced exceedingly? And it is this very Canterbury that the poet Jones allows the Devil to kick at, in words presumably unfit for publication in any series, Mermaid or otherwise. I can only account for the curious phraseology adopted by the poet, but omitted even by the Devil in his soliloquy, on the supposition that once on a time at the ancient City of Canterbury they put the poet into a not very clean bed at a commercial inn. Canterbury has always seemed to me exactly the reverse of what it is described to be by the poet Jones, but unendorsed by the Devil.

But though ubiquitous, fantastic, picturesque, and mischievous, there is something very modern and commonplace about the actions of the Haymarket monster. That little affair about the bedroom key is a trifle petty, and has an air of the kitchen and servants' hall about it. The passionate chivalric and troubadour lover, who would, even at the instigation of the Devil, condescend to false keys in order to enter my lady's chamber is, as Browning would say, "No hero, I confess." Nor does our sympathy go out much more to the housemaid heroine, whose virtue is confined by a door-key and who, having yielded up her prize to the burglarious boaster, hides her pretty eyes and blushing face, as much as to say, "How could you ever go for to do it, but don't tell ma or missus." Mr. Tree's Devil is certainly not heroic, but he is amusing. He is a satirist of a very modern pattern—a very *fin de siècle* cynic.

I have little doubt that the poet Jones's verses are very lovely. People tell me so, and I am bound to believe them. They are certainly, as the booksellers' catalogues would say, "curious" at times, but then the gifted author is impregnated by, and soaked in, the old dramatists. He cannot get away from the archaic form.

After Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Devil, which both interested and fascinated me, as everything does that is taken in hand by this observant, original, and clever comedian, I am free to confess that nothing charmed me more in the play than the acting of Mrs. Tree and of Mr. F. Everill. In criticising Mrs. Tree's delightful performance I see they allude to her Ophelia manner. A greater compliment could not be paid to the actress, for her Ophelia is one of the very best I have ever seen on the English stage, and the memories include Miss Heath, Kate and Ellen Terry, and Florence Gerard. Mrs. Tree's delivery of the last, and certainly the best, of the poet Jones's dream speeches was the most artistic moment of the evening. She and Mr. Everill, a fine actor of the old school, dignified, clear, and never stilted or preachy, brought into the play its only human moments, and, say the new critics what they will, humanity is a factor that dramatists cannot afford to dispense with.

Now, here is an example where the "actor-manager" is diffident to his own disadvantage. A manager who was not an actor would, in all human probability, have reversed the parts awarded to Mrs. Tree and Miss Julia Neilson. But obviously the Haymarket manager hesitated to do so. I regret it in one way, because the heroine of Mr. Jones's "Tempter" is one of the finest acting parts that he has ever given to the stage. Give it to a Sarah Bernhardt or an Ellen Terry, and then see the difference. The whole play leans and depends on the heroine, and it cannot be fairly judged until it is braced up exactly where it totters. It is not the fault of poor Miss Julia Neilson. She is a handsome girl, and does her best. She is energetic, anxious, and determined. But she wants training and teaching. She needs to be taught how to discriminate between hysteria and passion. No doubt she feels the character, but she cannot express it as yet. It is a great pity that so capable and beautiful a lady should be lost to the imaginative stage for the simple want of practice and tuition. Mr. Fred Terry was just the knight that the author devised, and his clear elocution and manly style were of great value to this "curious" play. There is no accounting for tastes, and it is sincerely to be trusted that Mr. Beerbohm Tree's faith in the new tragedy will not be so severely shaken as it was in the case of the sensation shipwreck, whose merits were unduly proclaimed in advance. But it would not be surprising if many dramatic Philistines preferred an evening with Albert Chevalier in order to hear him sing the "Nipper's Lullaby" and the "Old Dutch." Art with a very big A is to be found at the variety theatres just now, and I always regret that the Devil should not have his due.

A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

I cannot help it; they may call me a Philistine, or just whatever other name they like, but to my mind, the "Life of Pleasure" at old Drury is capital fun. The dreadfully serious people may turn up their noses at it, and laugh melodrama to scorn, but in these days of modern devils, and realistically-revolting women, with life as it is and horrors as they are, and dramatised disease and the glorification of the exceptional case, and the flutter of the fad and the cry of the crank, it is no bad thing to find a theatre where you can laugh, and a manager who has no ideas beyond the wholesome art of legitimate amusement.

First when the curtain draws up we are treated to a comic Irish eviction. Politicians need not be alarmed. There is no offence in it. The scene might be presented on the floor of the House of Commons without a suspicion of danger. The trouble, as usual, is about the women; but what the dear creatures have to do with the woes of Ireland or the eviction in question is not very clear. All I could discover was that all the men, from the veteran Henry Neville to the juvenile Frank Fenton, even the seductive Arthur Dacre with the majestic eye and the drooping head thrown in, were all madly in love with the Peeress and the peasant. And who could wonder at it when the Peeress was personated by Miss Lily Hanbury, by special permission of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the peasant was the most magnificent specimen of a Connemara colleen, who borrowed her brogue from her old friend Peg Woffington, and was naturally represented by Mrs. Bernard-Beere. It takes a long time before you can quite persuade yourself that Mrs. Bernard Beere is the darling daughter of an Irish blacksmith. But that arises from the horrible convention of Irish drama. I always thought that Irish colleens, who milked cows on three-legged stools and bathed in buttermilk, wore short petticoats and grey worsted stockings and little buckled shoes. But that was in the old days, when Mrs. Dion Boucicault played the "Colleen Bawn," and was saved by Myles na-Coppaleen. The colleen of the modern stage has lengthened her skirts and concealed her hose, affecting Liberty gowns of blue and white, of the pattern found on Japanese "kimonos." Mr. Arthur Dacre, who is a kind of melodramatic "Charles—his friend," is evidently a bad lot. He wants to marry the Peeress and deceive the peasant. He has a very obliging friend in Lord Avondale, who loves his tenants and is beloved by them—in fact, a model Irish landlord — but, for the convenience of the legend, he always goes away just when he is most wanted. His sublime faith in Arthur Dacre is ludicrous. For, directly the Peer's back is turned the destructive Dacre, who has got a power of attorney to do anything devilish, resolves, apropos of nothing, to have an eviction. There is no conceivable dramatic reason for an eviction, but it is necessary at Drury, because Mr. Harry Nicholls is a comic masher officer, and has to come on in a red coat and give the word of command, and our old friend Henry Neville has to come back from America in brown boots and a fashionable straw hat. Henry Neville is always coming back from somewhere in brown boots and a semi-nautical attire. He is usually the patron saint of all the girls, but now he is only allowed to have one, the Bernard-Beere colleen, whose Irish immaculate virtue must be protected by Henry Neville at all costs. Arthur Dacre having cast his unholy "rolling eye" on the Irish colleen, it is as well that Henry Neville should come back. Back he comes, accordingly, in

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

the good old jaunty style from America. The front hair is still assertive, and the exit on the prompt side as elastic as ever. Henry Neville, glowing with Celto-Lancashire enthusiasm, sees the dear old domestic forge. We are in terror lest he will take to singing the "Village Blacksmith" in his middle age. The scene seems set for it. A sigh of intense relief is heard from the patient audience when Henry Neville merely peels off his coat and hammers a horse-shoe, just to show that there is no ill-feeling between the ex-labourer and the domestic and paternal forge. To my intense surprise, even Mr. J. M. Glover in the orchestra refuses to make the slightest allusion to either the Harmonious or the Village Blacksmith with the wood-wind. The temptation was great, but he resisted. But the eviction is necessary, even if Handel and Hatton are not. On come the constabulary. "Yar! yar! yar!" go the crowd. Bang, bang, bang, go the shillelaghs. On come the British soldiers of the line, commanded by Captain Harry Nicholls. On comes the little sneaking rat of an attorney, familiar ever since the days of Falconer and Dominic Murray. The eviction is almost a certainty, when the *deus ex machinâ* comes out of the blacksmith's forge in the person of Henry Neville. His pockets are stuffed with bank-notes, and who should save the nearly-evicted blacksmith but the blacksmith's friend? Captain Harry Nicholls is jolly glad to get out of a disagreeable business, and the curtain falls on the eviction that never took place. Away we go after that to Maidenhead. Good old Robert Soutar, the original vendor of trotters in the original "Ticket-of-Leave Man," is bound to be on the lawn at Skindle's to help his old friend Henry Neville, alias Bob Brierly. In melodramatic death these good old friends are not to be divided. But we cannot be on the lawn at Skindle's for ever, so off we go to a houseboat, where Captain Harry Nicholls has a comic scene in order to relieve the melodramatic terror. He poses as a reciter, and his houseboat audience threatens him with condign punishment, if not violence, if he persists in his deadly design. He proposes Lord Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and the proposal is treated with an ominous groan. He suggests Clement Scott's "Women of Mumbles Head," and each guest seizes a soda-water or champagne bottle, and the life of the Captain is in danger. Driven desperate, he selects, in a meek voice, "Christmas Day in a Workhouse," by George R. Sims. Whereon all the assembled guests "silently steal away" like the Arabs, and Captain Harry Nicholls is left alone with his recitation undone. All this merry house-boat time Henry Neville has been sneaking among the bulrushes to find the lost—the very lost—Norah Bernard-Beere. He has turned himself into a riparian Peggotty. But the plot has stopped short somehow, and promises never to go on any more. No one minds very much. The second act of "A Life of Pleasure" is a house-boat farce, with Harry Nicholls on the roof instead of our good old friend Walker, London, Toole being absent in the provinces.

The third act is a Dame aux Camélias act for Arthur Dacre and Norah Bernard-Beere. The lady becomes desperate, and takes to "throwing things" at Dacre. First she throws all her jewels at Dacre's head in a most alarming Moorish mausoleum known indefinitely as Piccadilly Chambers. It is an unwise proceeding, for Norah's jewels would have been safer at her uncle's than on Dacre's floor or face. But just as Rawdon Crawley wrenched off Becky's bracelet and cut Lord Steyne's face with it, so does Norah Bernard-Beere repay the dastardly Dacre in his own coin. But she has not done with Dacre yet. She follows him to the Empire in a marigold mantle, and again she begins throwing things about. It is champagne this time, and with Imperial Moët or priceless Pommery she baptises the best coat of Arthur Dacre. And then, triumphant in mantled marigold, she sails out. There are no more things to fling, and Dacre has had quite enough by this time.

Away we go again to Burmah and battle. No one knows why we go to Burmah, or why there should be a battle. Luckily for us, the comic Jew does not turn up in Burmah or in the battle. Some of us are getting sick of the comic Jew. He ought to have died with Harry Jackson, and been allowed to rest in peace. The worst of him is that he revives all the Jew stories that have been told since the passage of the Red Sea. And there are as many Jew stories as parrot stories in circulation. I wish some one would write two books:—

Vol. I.—Jew Stories.

Vol. II.—Parrot Stories.

and there they would end, and we should have no more Jews on the stage—no more parrot parables. But it is an excellent battle for all that—one of the best battles the stage has ever seen. Officers come up from Aldershot, Chatham, and Shorncliffe, expressly to see it. They cannot find much fault with technical details, for they have been passed on military official authority. A great deal too much fuss has been made about the smoke in the theatre. I have never seen a battle on the stage where there was more fire or less smoke, and by this time Sir Augustus uses "smokeless powder." This is almost enough for the ordinary sight-seer. Most of the people go home when the battle is won. But the enduring remain to see the story close with the clash of wedding bells and the discomfiture of Dacre.

Sir Augustus Harris was perfectly right when he engaged Mrs. Bernard-Beere for his melodramatic heroine. She is about the only melodramatic actress that the stage possesses. She ought to have been at Drury years ago, for she has a superb presence and a fine sweeping style. With Mrs. Bernard-Beere at Drury Lane we ought to have Sardou's "Patrie," the finest melodrama of modern times. Let Sir Augustus Harris look to it. I believe all London, fashionable and unfashionable, will go to see "A Life of Pleasure." Already I have heard it discussed over a club fire and outside a public-house in the Seven Dials. The special favourites in both places appear to be Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Clarence Holt.

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

DOLLARS AND SENSE.

The only value of this plotless play, so far as I can see, is that it affords the delightful Ada Rehan an opportunity of giving us another example of her extraordinary variety and versatility. Few modern actresses would have the pluck to do what Ada Rehan does in the mad scene of this invertebrate German farce. She simply goes mad, as if she were a female Doricourt in the "Belle's Stratagem." Her object is to give an elderly gentleman the "jumps," and she does it most effectually. She touzles her hair, puts on a man's overcoat, slops about in canoe-shaped shoes, and in this wild attire sings a ditty called "Jenny o' Jones," to the tune of "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush." It would be impossible to describe the antics of the actress, but there is not a suspicion of vulgarity in them. She lets herself go, but she has a tight hand on the curb. Ada Rehan in this "crazy billy" attire does not in the least mind disfiguring herself for the sake of a situation, and this is exactly what the majority of our leading actresses refuse to do. I have seen artists of distinction, who ought to know better, play Nan in "Good for Nothing" as if she were a spick-and-span charity-girl, and, when the washing scene came, shirk the cold water and make her ablution what the children call a "lick and a promise." This is not Ada Rehan's way. If she were to play Nan she would take her model from a veritable gutter-child on the Dials. There is not much more to be said about this particular farce, which is no better or worse than many farces of the same pattern, except that Arthur Bourchier is vastly improving under the excellent régime of Augustin Daly. As for James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, they are a pair of comedians who recall the best days of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews. The next big move on these boards will be the production of Lord Tennyson's "Foresters."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A NEW FLOWER OF CIVILISATION.

CIVILISATION and the requirements of the Divorce Court Judges are producing a new type of Society lady, which is beginning to crop up at watering-places and health-resorts. "Beware! Take care! Take care! Beware!" is the refrain that should be dinned into the ears of those whom she seeks to cultivate. I found her at Aix-les-Bains, at Brives, at Bardonnechia, and elsewhere. Ten years or so hence the type must needs be vastly multiplied, and, with the cheapening of railway fares and the widening of Divorce Court business, must descend from being stylish—not to say aristocratic—to middle-class, and possibly democratic. As it is, the lady detective is well connected and related. Of course, she is poor. A person of this new species had been a good deal under my observation this autumn. At first I could not make her out, there being a good deal in her that struck me as more enigmatic than interesting. She dressed well, she had money to join in every expensive excursion, she had evidently been in society, and might be still in it. Nevertheless, one saw that she was not at ease, and she was always jotting down expenses in a pretty little note-book. Her manners were smooth, but scarcely soft, and a touch of hauteur and aristocratic reserve served to impress fellow-lodgers with the idea that she was "of the right sort," and to draw them into making advances. She had rather fine eyes, with a blank look, unless when, she forgetting herself, they shot a quick, piercing glance. In the hotels where I saw her she often wrote letters, using her own blotting-paper, and taking them herself to the post. It came out that she was a widow, who had made an unfortunate match, though her husband's name, as well as her own, is in the "Peerage"—but in the character of a younger son. It was noticed that she often crossed the path of a lady of leading, but scarcely of light, who was making a tour in all sorts of newly-discovered picturesque places, along with an old maid, a *femme de chambre*, and a cousin of the other sex. This party, it now appears, were travelling incog., and there was nothing in the behaviour of any of them to attract attention. The typical person somehow got in with them while seeming to keep at a distance. We only knew why after the lady of leading and her fellow-tourists had suddenly disappeared. They had gone with her one day down the Dora Riparia Valley to ponder, at Exilles, over the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, and fell in with a London solicitor whom they knew. He startled them by hints he gave, and, on being pressed, told them that the enigmatic lady was employed by Hook, Crook, & Co., of Gray's Inn, and was probably on their trail as a detective. She was known to some members of the legal profession as an invaluable person to point out witnesses in divorce-court affairs, and to make mere clues strong evidence.

I wonder the Dora Riparia is so little known to tourists. One has there milk as cheap and aromatic as in Switzerland, fruit far cheaper, and handsome people to look at. If one is fond of Roman antiquity, one has many of its remains round here. I will not say that no European country which the Romans did not pass over and subjugate is worth visiting. But those that were Romanised when all but Greece and Italy were barbarous are far the most interesting, and have a mellowness that one does not find elsewhere. One can enjoy a late season in the Alps through which the Dora runs, and in the Cogne and Gran Paradiso ranges. The weather there in September is bright, and not roasting, and remains fine up to the second week in October. Queen Margherita has been mountaineering in these parts of the Alpine district. She went little to hotels, there being no need to do so, Victor Emmanuel having left many hunting-boxes or chalets in this region to his sons. Some of them are State and some private properties. The latter belong to the Aostas. The former were made over by the present King to the State and are kept up by the Civil List under the heading of "Royal Palaces." They are looked after by pastoral persons who live in outbuildings, and are just good enough to camp in. The caretakers are allowed the use of the meadow or meadows round the shooting-box,

and given small salaries. In return they are expected to supply Royal visitors with milk and poultry. Victor Emmanuel was content with mountain fare and was a great eater of onions. His son is not luxurious when he goes to hunt the chamois. But he sends a cook before him, as he generally has a following of gentlemanly attendants and secretaries. The Queen has also a chef and one or two aides in her under-domesticity during her mountain tours. Some of the hunting-boxes are furnished in a homely, not to say rustic, style, and the best with bamboo chairs and sofas and chintz and muslin hangings. The lodge near Louson is decorated with relics of Victor Emmanuel, and the hat and coat racks are made of the horns of chamois that he shot. Heads of these mountain deer in the hall and dining-room are hairless through age, but must not be replaced by newer ones, they being held sacred as relics. The double-barrelled fowling-piece that he used as Prince of Savoy is kept in this chalet, with his Alpine stocks, which bear incredible records in the names of Alpine peaks which the late King climbed. The present King is an intrepid chamois hunter when he has time; but that is not often. He has so many palaces in so many provinces, and is obliged for duty's sake to go about so much from one to another when he is not in Rome, as to be always unsettled, and to have no home, except at the Quirinal, where he stays under a Papal malediction. The wife of the caretaker of the Louson hunting-box is the image of the Queen of Portugal, but with a more *bravura* air.

The keepers of *pensions* and hotels at Continental watering-places and health-resorts say that, between the Chicago Exhibition and the commercial crisis in the United States, there are not many Americans in Europe this year. I have myself noticed that they have not swarmed in places where they usually do in July and August. The few that I met were of the aspiring sort, and had come from London, whither they went for the Royal marriage, but had not there as good a time as they expected. A fair society autocrat, they said, has set her face against American belles. Style, wealth, beauty, are of no avail in overcoming her aversion. Doors which used to fly open at their approach are now kept closed against them. A rather common-place American lady from a west-central State of the Union, whom the capricious favour of Dame Fashion (or of somebody else as potent) had brought, socially speaking, up so high as to make her an object of envy not merely to her own aspiring countrywomen, had relapsed into her native littleness. And this because the autocratic Peeress frowned when the lady's name was mentioned. For three or four summers this Prairie Rose had held quite a Court at Homburg. American reporters used to follow her there, and fill their cablegrams with accounts of her doings, of the company she kept, of the dinners to which she was invited on the terrace, and with reflections which they suggested to their Republican minds.

It may comfort some of those whose aspirations were discouraged last season in London to know that there are fine fields for enterprise in Malta and in Italy. Malta being a small place, and not very dressy, a few good letters of introduction and a little money go a long way. The best sort of Army and Navy company is to be met there. Enterprising American belles have found it out. It appears that means are being taken by their British rivals to drive them from the field. In Italy the Americans have it all their own way. The old Roman families who furnish Popes to the Church speak of the Queen's Court as the American one, which it undeniably is. Her Majesty in speaking English betrays familiarity with American terms of expression. The uppermost places in her household are filled with nieces of Uncle Sam. It is even said, but I do not believe it, that a son of the Duke of Aosta has fallen in love with a convent-bred American girl, and wants to marry her. My reason for being incredulous is the extreme Conservatism of the Aosta family. It is of the Turinese type. With this they have the cool heads of the De Mérodes, and expect, the Prince of Naples not being a marrying man, to be the regal family. They are fairly wealthy, and keep up the traditions of the House of Savoy, living much in Piedmont, and seldom going to Rome. The youngest, Prince Luigi, Duke of the Abruzzi, differs from the others, having had a naval education of a thoroughly professional kind. His cousin, the Duke of Genoa, was sent to England, and placed under the late Matthew Arnold, of all other persons, to prepare for sea, and is an accomplished gentleman with the amiability that one might expect to find in a brother of the Queen. Luigi entered the Italian navy at the age of eleven, and had with him in the training ship a son of Menotti Garibaldi, with whom he struck up an intimate friendship. The two lads were, as midshipmen in one of the vessels of the Italian squadron, sent five years ago to Barcelona to salute Queen Christina and her son, but were not given leave to go ashore, because Luigi had formerly been Don Luis, and an Infant of Spain, and the name of Garibaldi is malodorous to Spanish Catholics. The Duke of the Abruzzi is to start on a naval tour round the world, after the English Mediterranean Squadron has been received by the King and Queen of Italy in Neapolitan waters, which, I suppose, is to be done by way of answer to the fuss the French are making about the expected visit of a Russian squadron at Toulon. A month is to be spent in the Italian possessions of the Red Sea, which an Italian-American who has been there tells me are the nearest thing to Sheol on the face of the globe. The Sultan of Zanzibar is to be called on, and then the *Volturna* is to touch at Bombay, a Cingalese port, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Shanghai, a Japanese port, and to cross the Pacific to British Columbia. She is then to run along the western coasts of North and South America, and, after doubling Cape Horn, steer for Quebec, calling on the way at the great ports on the eastern coasts of the two Americas.

Queen Margherita is waging a successful war against a tendency to become portly, which comes to her from the Saxony side of the house. The *anti-obesitas* precautions she has taken are early rising, mountain climbing, mule riding, and avoidance of a rich diet, such as chefs take a pride in preparing. She has a talent for saying the right thing at the right moment. A proffered kindness, coming from no matter whom, is always accepted by her. She

shows cleverness in the prettily pointed terms in which she returns thanks, and has a touch of Saxon friendliness in her manners, which, being united with Italian gracefulness, makes her a most gracious lady.

Have you ever risen before dawn on the Alps above Domodossola, to revel in that soft zephyr known as the *aure*, which heralds the sunrise? It is laden with aroma and is the most balmy of mild breezes. One feels that one loses the morning on which one has not been up early enough to be stimulated by the *aure*. The effects of light and shade, as the sun rises and the zephyr dies away, are entrancing, and different from those north of the St. Bernard and the Simplon. On the Italian spurs of the Alps life is a blessing from heaven, and the poorest people seem to think so. A blind fiddler conveyed the strongest impression I ever received of gladness. He sang a song with the gushing melody of a skylark and played the accompaniment. A great charm of this district is the general consent of all the inhabitants to let the world go on as it pleases, and not fuss or fret about the course it may take. The boys grow up into statuesque-looking men without troubling themselves with athletic sports. I never saw a finer lot of human beings than a gang of Italian navvies who were going up the Pass to work at the military defences on the Swiss side. The Swiss are good for clambering rocks, mowing, and making hay on Alps, which goats can climb with difficulty, and for wood-sawing and carving. But they are poor creatures at spade work. Their railways were all made by Italians, who work at them in summer and go back in winter, to spend their earnings in their own sunny country.

The Principality of Salm-Salm is not in Germany, but in the Vosges, and was annexed to France a hundred years ago. It is a charming little place, with a château and an abbey, though a good deal spoiled by factories. The old residence is turned to an industrial use. It was seized during the reign of terror by the French, soon after they had annexed Montbéliard, the old fief of the Wurtemberg family. When the sister of Queen Louise of Prussia, and afterwards Queen of Hanover, was first married to the Prince of Salm-Salm, the most lucrative source of revenue of the high and mighty Salm-Salm family was the power to sell the freedom of their Principality to Jews. This accounts for the Semitic type being so common about Saint-Dié, which is now in the same district as the former Principality, and has for its member the brother of the late M. Jules Ferry. When the château and abbey were sold to turn them into a factory, the owner contracted to respect the bones of gone-by Princes and Princesses of Salm-Salm. This covenant was executed by his gathering them all together and burying them in a common grave, which is now surrounded by the forged iron balusters of the château-stairs. The Salm-Salms followed the Duc de Choiseul to Paris, and were brilliant courtiers there. One of them built the residence which is now the Palace of the Legion of Honour, and aspired to be married to Mademoiselle de Condé, who died a nun. This property was seized, as well as his Principality. He was a Marie Antoinette enthusiast, and, not believing that the Bourbons could long be kept from their own, went into the coalition against the Republic.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

ADAM in Paradise, dear Lady Betty, discovered Eve; Eve discovered Original Sin; and Christopher Columbus discovered America.

These are three critical epochs in human history.

It has been reserved for me to establish the fourth. I have discovered the American father.

* * * * *

For a quarter of a century now Europe has been overrun with American visitors. The type is a very familiar one.

There is the American mother—stout, sleek, self-sufficient, a peripatetic *Grande Dame* with all the polish of the Palace—of Varieties.

The American daughter—peerlessly beautiful, singularly fascinating, fabulously wealthy (by repute), and atrociously artificial.

The American younger daughter—a precocious hobbledehoy, with not the very faintest symptom of coming good looks.

But never a father!

Wherever it may be, whether in Paris or in London, at Rome or on the Riviera, the American father is conspicuous by his obstinate absence. There is never even a photograph of him. His existence is generally suggested to us through a series of ill-suppressed sighs. He is an incurable dipsomaniac, who has wrecked the American mother's life.

American fathers must be fiendishly wicked.

* * * * *

I was sitting in Rotten Row one afternoon in last week revelling in the farewell favours of the splendid summer, when a stranger strolled up and settled himself upon the chair next to mine. He was of a communicative disposition, and we soon became talkative. We spoke of many things; we discussed the weather, the attractions of London, the limited Monarchy, Mr. Gladstone, and—the projected abolition of the House of Lords.

"Well, stranger," said my neighbour, with that musical twang which is so decided an improvement upon our old-world pronunciation, "you must understand that I regard this measure from an absolutely disinterested point of view. I am an American father. . . ."

With a yell of triumph I bounced from my chair and, clutching the creature by the throat, I hissed through my teeth, "*Man, you lie!*"

It was a terrific moment. I gradually calmed down, when he very generously proved to me that his assertion was correct.

* * * * *

It is impossible, of course, to describe my feelings. The excitements of a lifetime were crowded into a short period. I felt like the naturalist who should chance upon a live dodo.

"Sir," I asked, "tell me as a man now—and pray excuse any apparent discourtesy—are you an incorrigible drunkard?"

He assured me that this was not in any way the case.

"Have you ruined the middle-aged hopes, blighted the middle-aged life, crushed the gentle spirit of your devoted and inconsolable wife?"

He smiled curiously.

"Do you or do you not belong to one of the 'First Families' of America?"

"Well, I don't precisely know," he replied, "but mother, I believe, before she emigrated to the States did

do charing for your first families over here. Is it to this that you refer?"

"Man," I continued, "do not trifle! This is a memorable moment. Is your daughter fabulously rich?"

The surprise this time was altogether upon his side. Starting up, he said, "What . . . my Janie rich? Well, I am right glad to hear of it, and I hope she will spare her poppa a dollar or two to pull along with, for I tell it to you straight, stranger, that I am about as dead broke as they make them."

* * * * *

The shades of evening were rapidly closing in, the autumn dew was settling upon the ground, the yellow-gold lights of the lamps of London were casting warmth upon the cold grey streets, and cabs and carriages were flitting along Piccadilly, bearing skilfully undressed women to dinner or to the play, when, tearing myself from the American father—by the way, I handed him half-a-sovereign; it was a bad one—I hurried back to the club, with all the feverishness of accomplished greatness upon me.

Adam—Eve—Christopher Columbus—and I—the four epoch-making discoverers in the long life of human history!

* * * * *

Lord Elgin and Lord Sandhurst are spoken of in the best-informed quarters as the favourites for the office of Viceroy of India, which has been rendered vacant through the withdrawal of his acceptance by Sir Henry Norman. Disagreement as to policy was the cause of Sir Henry's very embarrassing withdrawal. Lord Elgin was amongst those whose merits were discussed before the recent unsuccessful appointment was made.

In the early days of last week it became known that the illness of Count de Bylandt, the Netherlands Minister in London, had taken a serious turn. Count Charles de Bylandt died at Aix-les-Bains on Thursday morning from bronchitis at the advanced age of seventy-seven.

Although representing one of the minor Powers, the position of the late Count de Bylandt amongst his colleagues and in Society was exceptional. His great experience and his knowledge of diplomatic questions made him a valuable referee in all important matters, and even the leading Ambassadors were not above consulting him on delicate and intricate subjects. His popularity with the cosmopolitan elements of London Society was remarkable. His career in the higher appointments includes Constantinople, Berlin, and finally London, where he has held the post of Netherlands Minister for twenty-three years. His services date so far back as the Germanic Confederation at Frankfort, where he was Secretary at the time when the late Sir Alexander Malet was our representative there. The late Count de Bylandt was also Secretary at St. Petersburg during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, and he frequently recounted a dramatic episode which occurred during a bear-hunt at which the Emperor was his host, when at imminent peril to his own life he saved the life of the Emperor. This incident was recorded in a painting which he was fond of showing to his friends at his house while giving the particulars of the event. He was a remarkable linguist, and spoke English like an Englishman. His genial, kindly manners, his ready wit—for which he was famous—never failed him, and he was perhaps the youngest-looking man of his time, until some twelve or eighteen months ago, when his health first broke down. The Countess de Bylandt shared fully with him his popularity. The Countess is a Russian, Yazikoff being her maiden name.

The late Count de Bylandt has left two sons—one is the Netherlands Minister in Japan, and the other holds an appointment at the Foreign Office at the Hague.

I am asked to say that a Memorial Service, which will be attended by almost the entire Corps Diplomatique in London, will be held to-morrow (Thursday) at half-past eleven, at the Dutch Reformed Church in Austin Friars.

The present Netherlands Minister at Berlin will, in all probability, be appointed to succeed the late Count de Bylandt in London

I am told that a marriage has been arranged, and will take place in Paris early in December, between Comte Jacques de Pourtalès, formerly Secretary to the French Embassy in London, and Mdlle. Jacqueline de Monbrison.

It has been definitely decided that Mr. Poynter, R.A., will succeed Sir Frederick Burton as Director of the National Gallery when Sir Frederick retires from that office. Mr. Poynter some three or four years ago published a valuable handbook upon painting. He is a liberal-minded man, whose selection of pictures for the National Gallery is not at all likely to be governed by personal preference or prejudice. At the same time, it is difficult to understand how it will benefit him to accept the appointment, which, though it carries a knighthood with it, has attached to it a salary of only £1,000 a year. The important development of the collection has increased the duties of the Director to so great a degree now as to leave him little or no time for private work. As Mr. Poynter must be earning an income of some thousands by his painting, it seems hard to see how he will benefit by the transaction. To the nation the appointment is altogether satisfactory.

It is all very well to insist upon Ireland for the Irish, but let us also insist upon having England for the English. Mr. Astor, the American millionaire who some months ago purchased the Cliveden estate above Maidenhead from the Duke of Westminster, has now cancelled the late owner's generous permission to those who use this reach of the River Thames to land upon the Cliveden bank. Moreover, the tenant of the picturesque cottage where for the past seventeen years thousands have had tea and refreshments, has been forbidden to continue to supply these trifling luxuries. Californian millionaires, American wives, German clerks, Swiss waiters, French milliners, Polish tailors, Lascar sailors, Italian ice-cream men, besides the exiled riff-raff of every possible country—I really do not see how the unfortunate Englishman is going to earn a living. And they all are prepared to work for less than we are willing to accept. Even the American women are satisfied with the second-hand goods in the matrimonial market. It is really very distressing. And to make it worse, most of the things which we eat, drink, smoke, and wear, as also most of our luxuries, are now supplied to us from abroad. The attack comes from both sides. They must quickly pickle a prosperous Englishman and preserve him in a museum, otherwise the species will become extinct, and there will be no specimen left for our successors to wonder at.

The Marques and the Marquesa de Torre-Hermosa, who have taken Strathlean Lodge, near Dingwall, in Ross-shire, for the autumn months, have been entertaining a series of friends from the South. Up till now the Marques and his guests have killed over thirty stags.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THERE were only four runners for the Lancashire Plate, and the event had not excited nearly so much public interest as in some former years, but it turned out to be the most important and sensational race of the whole season. Isinglass is a very good horse, but his defeat by Raeburn proves that he is not the marvel which some crackbrained gushers have made him out to be, and it is, perhaps, lucky for him that neither Meddler nor Marcion was among the competitors for the "classic" stakes. The running of La Flèche (who was the general fancy at Newmarket) shows conclusively that the tales about her having regained her best form were all moonshine, and that she can have no chance for either the autumn handicaps or for her Paris engagement.

After Raeburn's defeat at Newmarket, nearly three months ago, the Duke of Portland was advised in Truth to give his colt a rest for some time, and then to have him prepared exclusively for his Manchester engagement, for his spring form had demonstrated that he could have no chance whatever for the Leger. This course was

adopted with Raeburn, and his victory on Saturday was the satisfactory result. There must, however, be vituperative cacklings among his legion of backers for the Two Thousand and Derby, as very few, indeed, of these could have gone for him last week. Raeburn was stale at Ascot, and in his previous races this year the distances were too far for him. An easy mile is evidently the length of his tether. He is now favourite for the Cambridgeshire, in which handicap he has 8 st. 1 lb. to carry; but I do not believe for a moment that he will win that race, which is usually run at a fast pace "from end to end," and as Raeburn palpably failed to stay the R.M. last May, I fail to see how he is now to win over that course with an extra two furlongs to traverse. The rushing of Raeburn in the betting is all nonsense and rubbish, and backers had better leave him alone; for, apart from all other considerations, he has several intervening engagements (the Triennial, the Champion Plate, and the Royal Stakes) which he is tolerably certain to fulfil.

Mr. Rose's St. Hilaire will never be within measurable distance of his unlucky brother, St. Damien, for at Manchester on Friday Sempronius, who was giving him 11 lb., would certainly have won if he had tried in earnest. He ran in a despicably faint-hearted fashion, and it would seem that Mr. Baird has another rogue in his stud besides Galloping Dick. The regrets which were expressed in the summer that Sempronius is not engaged in the Derby were decidedly premature, and if Ladas goes on all right, he will simply lose Mr. Baird's colt whenever they meet. The easy victory of Sempronius over Bullingdon at Stockbridge remains one of the most extraordinary mysteries of the season, and I cannot conceive how the form could be explained.

The Newmarket autumn sales are to be this season on a prodigious scale, and breeders who expect to sell yearlings at remunerative rates must be uncommonly sanguine people. This week there are two sales, the catalogues of which fill three columns of the "Calendar," but during the Second October Meeting there will be sales every day, and no more lots can be taken. On October 11 the studs of Lady Stamford and of Mr. Brodrick-Cloete are to be dispersed, and on the 12th will come Lord Calthorpe's racing and breeding studs, consisting of forty-four lots, and nine racehorses belonging to Lord Penrhyn, as well as a number of miscellaneous lots, including three mares from the Duke of Westminster's stud at Eaton.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose has leased five of her yearlings to Sir Frederick Johnstone for their racing careers, and it is rumoured that in December her stud will be very largely reduced. The lot taken by Sir Frederick (presumably in conjunction with Lord Alington) includes Charles Edward, by Clairvaux or Macheath out of Marie Stuart; Le Ver, own brother to Seabreeze and Riviera; Royal Corrie, by Royal Hampton out of Corrie Roy; and St. Lorenzo, half-brother, by Galopin, to Medora.

Ladas runs for the Middle Park Plate, after which he will be "thrown up" for the season, an arrangement which will considerably improve the prospects of the Dewhurst Plate, which, in his absence, will probably be contested by a large field, as it seems to be a very open race, the entry including Galloping Dick and Speed (each 7 lb. extra), St. Florian, Sanderling, and Schoolbook. I dare say a "dark" animal will win this race.

The Jockey Club advertised two £10,000 stakes for now foals and yearlings, to be run in 1896, and the Stewards stipulated for 250 entries for each race. I pointed out some weeks ago that under existing circumstances it is simply preposterous to demand so extravagantly large a number of entries, and that these stakes were not likely to fill with such conditions. It now turns out that my views were correct, as neither stake has received the required number of entries. It would be much better to make these races of the value of £5,000 each, and then ask for 125 entries, which number could, no doubt, be easily obtained. But the fact is that these big stakes have ceased to attract owners, who find them dreadfully costly, and they have not been stimulated to patronise them by past results, for they have all gone into a very few hands, and have invariably been won by very rich men. The Duke of Westminster has won the Eclipse Stake of £10,000 on three occasions, the race having been run only six times altogether.

The Leicester meeting was notable for the successful début of St. Michael, and the easy victory of his sister Laodamia. St. Michael was purchased at Dublin last year for 800 gs. by Mr. Fulton, who then paid 3,500 gs. for Laodamia, and 2,200 gs. for Crystabelle, while their dam, Chrysalis, was bought by Sir Tatton Sykes for the Sledmere stud for 2,600 gs. St. Michael has no engagements, which is a most unfortunate circumstance for his owner, as he is very backward and capable of vast improvement, but he won last week in a canter, and is probably one of the smartest two-year-olds of the season. What the backers were about when they allowed St. Michael to start at 4 to 1 in a field of five (and such a field!) it is impossible to conjecture, as they might surely have suspected that the colt had been well backed away at starting price, and I hear that a very large stake was won by his success. Laodamia cantered away with the Mile Plate, and here, again, the backers were presumably overtaken by a gush of imbecility, for, whereas it was really 100 to 1 on her, the bookmakers accepted 6 to 5, and, of course, a big starting price *coup* was brought off. Laodamia is by no means out of the Cambridgeshire, even with 8 st. 9 lb., and it is evident that Mr. Fulton made a frightful blunder in not starting her for the City and Suburban, in which race she had only 6 st. 7 lb. to carry, and in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap her weight was 7 st. 8 lb. Either race was at her mercy, and she would undoubtedly have won the One Thousand and Oaks if she had been entered for those stakes. Laodamia is a magnificent mare, and it may be hoped that if she stands training for another year we shall see her running next season in the Ascot Cup and other races of high class.

It would have been a very good thing for the speculative public if Eyrefield had never been foaled. This horse, having won several races in Ireland for Mr. Linde, was purchased towards the end of 1890 by Mr. "Abington" for £4,000. Eyrefield was over and over again backed for important handicaps, and more than once he was an early favourite for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. He never won a race for Mr. "Abington," and his first success since his two-year-old season was obtained last week at Leicester, where he carried off a trumpery selling plate, and was afterwards bought in for £60!

Miss Hoyden, who belongs to Lord Houghton, was exceedingly well tried before Derby, as was mentioned in TRUTH, but she ran badly there. However, it was extraordinary that she should have been so entirely neglected for the Michaelmas Plate at Manchester, which she won easily, as she had been going uncommonly well at Newmarket.

Childwick is doing good work at Newmarket, and I hear that he is intended to start either for the Champion Plate, which is run on the first day of the Second October Meeting, or for the Lowther Stakes on the Middle Park Plate day. I should fancy he will go for the latter race, in which he would have a great advantage in the weights, while in the other stake he would meet Raeburn on equal terms.

Delphos won another race in Ireland last week, and on all accounts it is a very great pity that this exceedingly smart colt is not engaged in the Derby, for he would be as good a favourite as Ladas. Considering the comparatively easy terms on which a subscriber to the Derby can "get out" if so disposed, it is remarkable that so many animals of the highest class should be omitted from the entry, notably Marcion this year, and Delphos next year, while Amphion was another instance. Delphos will entirely spoil what was intended to be the great two-year-old race of the "back end" meetings—the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of £2,900, which is run at Liverpool on November 9, in which Mr. Blake's colt has no extra weight to carry, as his penalty of 10 lb. is got rid of by means of a breeding allowance of 10 lb. Forty-one two-year-olds are left in for this race, including Galloping Dick (10 lb. extra), St. Florian, Wherwell (3 lb.

allowed), and Bullingdon (7 lb. extra), of which the Duke of Westminster's colt certainly will not run, and there seems nothing in the entry which can have a chance with Delphos at the weights.

A singularly mean opinion must have been entertained of Bullingdon, who is now second favourite for the Derby, even down to so late a period as the last week in March, for he was then withdrawn from the Rous Memorial Stakes at Newmarket, a valuable race, which would have been a certainty for him if he had been left in. Bullingdon was taken out of the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park just a year ago another blunder, for he would have an excellent chance of winning that race if he were at all in the entry. I see, by the way, that Bullingdon has been backed for the Derby at 100 to 15, but surely his supporter must be an idiot, for if the price of Ladas is 3½ to 1, then nobody fit to be at large would accept less than 10 to 1 about the Duke of Westminster's colt. If the pair ran a match over the B.S.C. I am quite certain that at least 3 to 1 would be eagerly betted on Ladas.

Next week there will be racing at Nottingham, Hurst Park, Hamilton Park, and at Kempton Park, where the autumn meeting is now the most important fixture after Doncaster, excepting Newmarket.

For the £5,000 two-year-old stake seventy-two animals are still left in, for each of which a "subscription" of £40 will have to be paid. I do not expect, however, that there will be a large field. Mr. D. Baird has Galloping Dick (10 lb. extra) and St. Florian. Mr. D. Cooper's Jack the Dandy (by Satiety out of Satire), about whom there has been a deal of talk, may start here instead of being reserved for the Middle Park Plate. The Duke of Devonshire may run Wherwell, who has a breeding allowance of 5 lb., and I hear that he has been in reserve for this race since his inglorious début at York. Wedding Bell and Go Lightly will no doubt be among the starters, and the Duke of Portland may run Cessnock, by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune, as Schoolbook, who won the great spring race here, can have no chance with her penalty. I fancy that Mr. D. Baird will win this race, probably with St. Florian, who was considered by many good judges to be the best looking and most promising two-year-old which ran at Goodwood.

The Duke of York Handicap of £3,000 bids fair to prove as great a success in the autumn at Kempton Park as the Jubilee Handicap has always been at the May meeting. If Orme (10 st.) had been left in for this race I would not have looked elsewhere for the winner, as the distance would have just exactly suited him, and it must be remembered that the handicap is on a heavier scale by 7 lb. than the Cambridgeshire. Suspender is now top-weight, but I do not believe that this horse will again stand a thorough preparation, and the Bedford Cottage stable will almost certainly be represented by Haut Brion, a horse of whose present form nothing whatever is yet known. Orvieto is being specially prepared for this race, but he always runs best on very hard ground, and, in my opinion, he was decidedly fortunate to have won the Jubilee Handicap last May. Wolf's Craig is over-weighted, and so also is Gangway, and I have no fancy for Roy Neil (who is said to be sure to win a big handicap before the close of the season), nor for The Smew. As to Prisoner, he is not likely to run next week, after the way in which he has been backed for the Cesarewitch. There are people at Newmarket who vow that Molly Morgan is quite likely to win both this handicap and the Cambridgeshire, but I have not heard of her having yet been tried in any such way as would justify these florid rhapsodies. Esmond's prospect has not been improved by his defeat at Manchester. Avington is favourite, but there has been very little betting on this race so far, nor is the market likely to expand much until the beginning of next week. There will probably be a large field, and backers must have a fearful recollection of the dressing they received last year, when a complete outsider won, but there will be a better lot running next week. I shall plump for Cabin Boy, and Llanthony will run well if he "goes for" this race.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN, Another fortnightly settlement has come round, and on looking back upon the account which is now coming to a close, it must be admitted that very little headway has been made in the markets, while set backs have to be recorded in not a few instances. The latter are apparently of a temporary kind, and belong to the chapter of accidents, but they suffice to discourage the public from operating, and so the cry of the jobber and broker is still "no business."

The Position on the Stock Exchange.

There are, in fact, no exceptions to this melancholy experience. One of our leading stockholders doing a very large, and what you would call an "influential," business, said a few days ago, "Wherever I go I find no disposition to operate. Men sit in their offices smoking and reading the newspapers, and will hardly talk business, and where I formerly had twenty or thirty substantial contracts to sign every day at this period of the year I only have one or two now. People have got no money, sir; they are too poor to speculate." This, of course, is a figure of speech, for there are a few people left who are not reduced to their last shilling, even if they are not millionaires like Baron Hirsch, who is credited with having during the last six weeks sold £1,000,000 of Italian Rentes in order to re-invest it in Yankee bonds and shares. The accidents to which I have referred as having adversely affected the markets are a fresh batch of revolutionary outbreaks in the Argentine Republic, a reported crisis in Johannesburg, which has led to forced sales of South African Mining shares, and the development of strong obstructionist tactics by the "Silverites" in the United States Senate. In addition to this new crop of unfavourable influences, we have the coal strikes and the Brazilian upheaval still with us, while the announcement that Victoria is again coming for a loan, although it is only for the purpose of paying off other liabilities falling due, at one time also created a disagreeable impression. On the favourable side we have the reduction in the Bank rate to 3½ per cent., and prospects of very easy money. A rapid improvement in the position of the New York Associated Banks, and in the monetary outlook in the United States, and the splendid wine harvest in France, which promises to greatly enhance the national prosperity of that country, and will in due time, no doubt, make fresh sums available for investment in securities. The trouble in Johannesburg explains the recent want of activity in the Kaffir Circus, notwithstanding splendid crushings of the Randt Mines, and when the forced sales have been completed a sharp rebound may be looked for. The political ferment in Argentina has now, in view of the weakness of character of President Saënz Peña, resolved itself into a duel between Dr. Alesse, the Radical leader, and General Roca. Both are friendly to the Foreign Bondholders, who will not, therefore, suffer by the defeat of either party, as long as it is prompt and decisive. What will be the upshot of the struggle in Brazil I would not venture to predict, but that the Sherman Silver Bill will be repealed I do not doubt for a moment, and the decisive vote will finally come very suddenly. The coal strikes, too, have evidently entered the final stage now that the Miners' Federation has agreed to negotiate. There is thus every prospect of a better state of things coming about, and but one course can be recommended to the investor, viz., to stick tightly to his stocks and to pick up cheap securities if he can afford to add to his investments. The man who now goes on the Bear tack, gives hostages to fortune, for it will be found, when a change comes over the markets, that hardly any stock is about.

Home Rails.

After the experience which "House" operators have of late gone through, they will probably leave alone "Bear" selling of substantial Home Railway stocks for some time

to come. The disastrous nature of the coal strikes would certainly have justified a material decline, especially in the stocks of the "Heavy" lines, but these securities are well placed, and holders are so partial to them, that they are evidently determined to disregard the loss of traffic caused by the strikes. And who will blame them, if they do not part with stocks which have yielded them good and regular interest, and which will do so again when the effect of the strikes has spent itself? Midlands, which are suffering most of all, have actually gained a point, to which extent North-Western and Great Western have also risen. North-Eastern are also firmer, although it is argued that the termination of the strikes will take from this line some of the additional traffic at present falling to its share, owing to the collieries in its district supplying part of the coal usually obtained from the Midlands. The price of Great Eastern has also been well maintained. That Company has a very solid phalanx of supporters amongst local investors along the whole line, with whom its future progress is an article of faith, and I shall not be surprised if the termination of the strikes runs the quotation of the stock up again. The Great Eastern shows for the half-year ended June 30 much greater progress in Continental steamboat traffic than any of the other Companies, the net revenue from that source having been £29,000, against £21,000 in 1892 and £19,000 in 1891; that of the Brighton line for the first half of 1893 being £8,300, Chatham £12,000, South-Eastern £4,000. This is ascribed by the *Railway News* to the fact that the Great Eastern goods traffic viâ Harwich to Antwerp and Rotterdam is especially heavy and remunerative, and less hampered by fiscal restrictions, and it is therefore an important factor in future progress. A great deal of interest centres at present in Brighton "A." Traffics continue wretched, the gross decrease since July 1 amounting now to £47,785, so that a serious decline in the dividend is threatened. Yet the "Bears" are unhappy. First of all, they have too much company on this tack; and, secondly, the amount of floating stock has been greatly reduced by investment purchases, while the "short" account is estimated at £200,000 stock. Thus, notwithstanding the unfavourable traffics and a probably unsatisfactory August statement to be published on Wednesday, the ursine party, amongst whom the London Bridge contingent is also represented, are within an ace of a squeeze. It is reported in the market that the holding registered in the name of Messrs. Rothschild is £570,000, but it is impossible to verify these figures. At the office of the Company no objection is made to giving the names of the stockholders, but the amount of their holding is not disclosed. Supposing that the above amount is correctly stated, it is argued that only a portion is held for the firm's own account, and that the rest is under advance for others. It follows, however, in any case, that New Court is the arbiter of the course of this market in the near future, and as brokers usually acting for that quarter have been buyers of late, whenever prices gave way, the "Bears" have an uncomfortable feeling that some day a mine might be sprung upon them. In the meantime they try to conceal their nervousness under a great deal of loud talk about the new capital requirements, foreshadowing that in November, when these powers are applied for, £2,000,000 will be asked for instead of £400,000. Dover "A" have recovered to some extent from the effects of the last unsatisfactory working statement. Speculation for an immediate rise in this stock looks hardly promising, although there is a moderate "Bear" account, but a lock-up for say six months would no doubt prove remunerative. Amongst low priced stocks, Metropolitan Districts have again reacted, but Sheffield "A" are the turn firmer. The two Macs are also proportionately lower in sympathy with the general dulness, North British Deferred and Caledonian Deferred still standing at about the same level, viz., 32½.

The Yankee Market.

The American market has reacted moderately during the week, chiefly, if not wholly, owing to the obstructionist policy adopted by the Silver Senators in Washington, who, if they cannot prevent the passing of the Repeal Bill, are at least doing their best to delay it. Then the pessimists argue that, when the repeal has been passed, there will be a brief spurt, after which a reaction in the Stock Market will set in. This may be so, temporarily, but that the market will eventually go ahead again cannot for a moment be doubted. It is expected by those who have every opportunity of judging that as soon as the Silver purchase enactment is repealed, financial measures dealing with the currency, and embodying a reform of the banking system will be initiated by President Cleveland and his advisers. As to the effect of the passing of repeal a Wall Street contemporary expresses the opinion that the delay of a final vote in the Senate is calculated to make confidence all the stronger when the vote is given. "While discussion is going on," says my contemporary, "consumption is quietly absorbing the goods upon merchants' shelves, leaving the dealers unable to fill orders. Manufacturers, therefore, will immediately upon a resumption of confidence be practically swamped with orders, and a revival of business will result, proving that the recent stoppage of trade and traffic has been a blessing in disguise." The last New York Bank statement, showing that the banks have increased their reserve by 7,000,000 dols., and that the surplus above legal requirements has now reached 17,606,000 dols., fully confirms what I said last week about the marvellous rapidity of recuperation of the country. An important consideration is, of course, the question of future railway traffics. If they remain as large as they are at present, the recovery may be delayed, but if the decreases should gradually diminish, a revulsion of feeling would be caused amongst those who are at present merrily selling stocks "short" on the traffic returns. The World's Fair at Chicago, although it has greatly benefited the business of the Grand Trunk Company, does not appear to be a factor as regards Yankee Rails, although the total paid attendance at the exhibition exceeded 11,000,000 a fortnight ago, and holders of Exhibition stock are now expected to get back some of their money, even if the period should not be extended beyond October 31. In the meantime the hoarding of currency has ceased, and money is pouring back into the banks; rates are easier, and no solvent borrower need any longer suffer from want of credit accommodation. Viewing the position as a whole and from the investor's point of view, I have therefore no hesitation to say that purchases on the reactions, which are now the order of the day, are still to be recommended. I do not advocate speculation, as some spasms will probably have to be faced before repeal is voted, but those who are able to pay for well-selected securities are certain, within a comparatively short period, say, three or six months, to realise a substantial profit. With reference to Louisville, a leading firm has received a cablegram from New York stating that the recent persistent sales were made by "Bears" on the traffic decreases, but I cannot help thinking that there is more than meets the eye, and I repeat, therefore, my advice not to leave much money in Louisville, but to distribute it over other sound Yankee stocks. As such I have mentioned Lake Shore, New York Central, Illinois Central, Reading Second Mortgage bonds, Milwaukees (which will shortly be quoted ex the 2 dols. dividend), and especially Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. Amongst low-priced stocks Central Pacifics, Atlantic Firsts, Norfolk Prefs., and Ohios are worthy of attention, and with certain reservations Reading and Erie shares. The question as regards these is, of course, what manner of reconstruction will be proposed. There has been some good buying of Readings of late, but part of the improvements has been lost again. With further progress in the financial position in the States, however, some new scheme will, no doubt, be devised. Mr. Rice's statement concerning the road has been received with a chorus of disapprobation in the States, and a Wall-street organ in discussing the absence of the name of Messrs. Speyer & Co. as endorsers of that gentleman's views suggests that the reason lies in the fact that Speyer & Co. want their money, and have a real interest in the Reading. "They have," continues my contemporary, "no disposition to indorse 'Rice' simply on account of

Ulsters, Overcoats, and Capes are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W

race prejudices, and, being a real power in financial circles, do not intend to lose their influence at the expense of the main chance—profit." It is also being asserted on the other side of the Atlantic that the bulk of Reading stock has passed into New York control, and that Philadelphia is out of the running. The slump in Erie is attributed by some to the realisations by a big "Bull" operator, by others to fears of an impending assessment of the Ordinary stock. There is no doubt that the Erie directors are considering the feasibility of taking steps to restore the Company to the control of its stockholders; but with the generally improved financial condition it is thought this can be done without any further reorganisation than a readjustment of the interest and conditions of the Second Mortgage bonds. There has been some talk of President Fowler, of the New York, Ontario, and Western becoming President of the Erie, in place of Mr. King, but this is now again denied. The latter gentleman has worked very hard in the interests of the Erie, but his task has been a most difficult one, in view of the need of the road for additional capital. The Canadian Pacific is not doing nearly so well as the Grand Trunk, which has certainly had a wonderful traffic return. The "Bulls" are talking of the possibility of the full guaranteed dividend being paid, but it is early days to prophesy, especially as the Chicago Exhibition appears to benefit the line chiefly, and that will not last for ever.

Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes.

The payment of the October interest on all the bond issues of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, including the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds, has now been announced, and Atchison stocks generally have been in favour. Boston advices report a very large short interest in Atchison, the demand for which in the loan crowd is of unusual proportions. The few weeks of decreases in earnings have encouraged a good many "Bear" sales, which have yet to be covered, and whenever traffics improve there will be some lively doings. In the meantime the financial position has been made quite safe by the placing of the Guarantee Fund Six per Cent. Mortgage Notes, to which I have already referred. Out of the 7,000,000 dols. which matured on November 1 holders of 5,000,000 in Boston and New York have assented to their continuation for five years. As I have stated, two millions were placed here and in Amsterdam, but as, no doubt, a few of the original holders will want to be paid off, there is still an opportunity to buy these Notes, which besides being a mortgage on the main line, are further secured by the deposit in trust with the Union Trust Company of New York of a similar amount of General Mortgage Four per Cent. Gold bonds. As these Notes are repayable in five years at 103, they yield as much as 7 per cent. per annum at the present price of 97¾, and should be very suitable for private investors, as well as for Insurance Companies, Banking firms, &c. Not only will they get a Stock Exchange quotation shortly, but there is quite a free market in them already.

South Americans.

The temporary recovery in Italians, which I fore shadowed last week, duly came about, 83½ being touched at one time, but the market is weaker again at 82¾. In view of the wretched financial position in Italy, I quite look for a further decline, but the "Bear" account may cause some diversion in the meantime. Spanish are listless, but not quite so weak, and Greeks have had another set back. The news from Brazil is most conflicting, and an extraordinary amount of lying is apparently being indulged in. President Peixoto's Government appears to be completely discredited, and the accession of a new régime might improve matters. It seems doubtful if a restoration of the Monarchy with a young Prince, under Admiral de Mello's tutelage, would be exactly blissful, but the Admiral is credited with this intention. Holders of Brazilian stocks cannot, to my mind, do better than hold their stocks until the fighting is over. The Argentine political view is also very gloomy, but the position may change very suddenly. The one satisfactory feature is the announcement of the payment of the October coupons; as to the Funding Loan in cash at the full 6 per cent. rate and of the other loans in cash at a fixed rate of 63½ per cent., this being the approximate value of Funding bonds. Thus the bondholders are getting even better interest than if the terms of the new arrangement concluded with the Rothschild Committee had been adopted. The gold premium, however, shows no disposition to decline. Mexican Sixes have been steady on the whole, and Peruvian Corporation Debentures have improved, while the rest of the South American department is altogether lifeless. There is no option but to "wait until the clouds roll by."

A Word with Chili.

I have always called Chili the only honest South American country, and I still do so. The Chilians are a sturdy, courageous, and industrious race, and in this they are superior to the inhabitants of other Spanish-American Republics. They have kept faith with the foreign bondholder, and punctually paid the interest on their debt, even during the time when the country was in the throes of civil war. The consequence has been that English capital has been ungrudgingly poured into Chili for the development of her industries and the construction of her railways. But some of those who are at present controlling the fortunes of Chili appear to have forgotten that these pleasant relations are based upon a friendly reciprocity, and there has of late been a spirit hostile to England abroad. An agitation arose for largely increasing the nitrate duties, and thus severely handicapping this trade, and the Finance Minister went so far as to prepare a Bill to that purpose, which, although it was not proceeded with, has been held as a threat over the heads of those connected with the nitrate industry ever since. Again the combination of nitrate producers, which was formed by them in self-defence for the restriction of the output in a fair proportion to the consumption, has been severely attacked in Chili, and it was virtually the fear that the Chilian Government would put a veto upon its continuation, which caused the decision arrived at last week by the Permanent Nitrate Committee to cable to Iquique that the English Companies are opposed to any restriction of the production or export of nitrate of soda after March 31, 1894, when the existing arrangement expires. For all that, it is a matter almost of life and death to many nitrate producers that the restrictive combination should be continued, even though the limit of production be raised. The talk in Government circles in Santiago, where it is just now the fashion to curry favour with the local interests is very mischievous. Why, they ask, should we only obtain an export duty on 20,000,000 quintals of nitrate when 40,000,000 could be produced, and our revenue thus be increased? Those who argue so forget that any considerable increase in the production would depress the price to such an extent that all but the largest and best situated Companies would be ruined, for nitrate cannot be produced at a less cost than £7. 18s. per ton on board vessels at English ports of call. And who would again embark capital in Chili if the Government were to ruin this industry by wanton interference? Who would, in fact, buy the nitrate grounds which the Chilian Government is so anxious to sell, and which it intends shortly to place upon the market? The Chilians themselves are too poor to give a fair price, and although some French or German buyers may be forthcoming, they will chiefly have to look to England as the probable purchaser. This cry of "Chili for the Chilians" is very mischievous, and it could be illustrated by further reference to the jealousy in Chilian banking circles of the Bank of Tarapacá and to the interference with the concessions of the Railways; but what I have said will point the lesson to Chili, that being a poor country, and not strong enough financially to stand alone—it would be suicidal of her to quarrel with her best friend, England, who has stood by her through good and bad times. If the powers that be at Santiago are wise, they will reverse their short-sighted policy, perseverance in which would mean the loss of Chili's credit and good name in the markets of the world. On the principle that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," the Nitrate Railway will, of course, be greatly benefited

by whatever increase in the production of nitrate of soda will eventually take place. Already, through the raising of the limit of production in the current year, a traffic increase of £26,331 is shown, and with the opening of Colonel North's new Lagunas oficina at the commencement of the new year, a further addition to the traffic may be looked for, irrespective altogether from any further general increase in the production. No wonder, therefore, that Nitrate Rails are on the up grade.

The Kaffir Circus.

The incipient improvement in South African Gold Mining shares has made room for another reaction, which seems to be due chiefly to forced selling of shares in Johannesburg, where the Banks are stated to have thrown out some blocks of stock. It is strange that such a movement should take place at a time when excellent results are being obtained on the Witwatersrand goldfields, but it may be assumed that, when the shares have been absorbed, they will be found to have passed into stronger hands, and prices will improve again. The market has also been rendered nervous by a sharp drop of ¼ in Goldfields of South Africa to 1½, and all manner of suggestions have been hazarded, the probability of the passing of the dividend being one of these, while it has also been rumoured that this concern was selling part of its holding of Randt shares. However this may be, the Company is evidently not flourishing, which is, perhaps, not surprising, as the British Chartered Company, with which it is so closely connected, has also fallen upon evil times. Matters with regard to the latter are apparently approaching a crisis, and news of the commencement of the struggle with the Matabele may now at any time be looked for as a result of the injudicious and overbearing conduct of the Company's officials in the past. Should hostilities break out, we may anticipate a fresh fall in the price of the shares. Mr. Cecil Rhodes will, no doubt, soon be heard of as proceeding by the Beira Railway to Mahonaland, and when he thus traverses the property of the Mozambique Company he will realise that the Chartered Company is now altogether dependent upon that Company for its communication with the rest of the world. In fact, Mozambique shares have been in strong demand during the week up to about 1⅝ on advices that the influx of settlers is weekly increasing, while Port Beira is growing into quite a respectable town. The scare in Mashonaland is, moreover, causing a number of settlers and mining prospectors to cross into the Mozambique district, where they are perfectly safe, which they are certainly not in British Chartered territory. In view of the complication with Lobengula the British Chartered Company is now practically at the mercy of the Mozambique Company, and it would not be surprising if in the negotiations which Mr. Rhodes is now opening with them the latter Company were to stipulate as the first condition the restoration of a part at least of the land which the Chartered Company took from them some years ago by sheer force. Further samples of rich gold ore have been received at the offices of the Mozambique Company, proving that the gold deposits in this property are far superior to those in Mashonaland, the working of which is fraught with so much danger. Oceana shares have reacted but slightly in sympathy with the renewed depression in the Kaffir Circus, and these as well as Oceana Development shares will no doubt be amongst the first to advance again. The reaction has not so far affected the lower-priced shares so much. Thus Afrikanders are still quoted 1⅞, South Simmer and Jack 1 to 1⅛, Graskop 1s. 6d.—1s. 9d., and a considerable amount of quiet buying has been going on in these, which should also at once be benefited by any recovery in the market for Gold shares. Diamond shares have also been depressed by the Cape sales, both De Beers and New Jagersfontein declining, the latter notwithstanding the declaration of an interim dividend.

Indian, Australian, and American Mines.

The Miscellaneous Mining Market shows by no means the nervousness of the Kaffir Circus, and dealings in low-priced shares have been quite active at times. Amongst Indian mines the feature of the week has been the advance of Mysore Reefs from 9s. to 13s. These shares are controlled by a clique who have private inside information, and this clique can do pretty well what they like with the shares. Undoubtedly the property recently acquired by the Company has developed in a most satisfactory manner, but I should advise intending investors not to be led away by the recent movement in the shares, because a great deal of work will yet have to be done to prove the new property, and should the buying of the clique above referred to cease, the price of the shares would undoubtedly dwindle away again. This movement in Mysore Reefs has to an extent been reflected in South-East Mysores, which Company owns a property near to the Mysore Reef. The public will do well to await further developments. Passing to Australian mines, I note that Day Dawn P.C. have reacted 6d., while Sunburst No. 1 East shares rose 9d. to 1s. 6d. Moonstone United are ⅛ lower at ⅞-1. With reference to the Baker's Creek Gold Mining Company in New South Wales, which I was the first to mention to British investors on the strength of a communication received from a reader of Truth in that Colony, Messrs. W. H. Barker & Co. state, in their new investment circular, that, according to cablegrams, a new reef, 2 ft. thick, showing gold freely, had been struck in Murray's tunnel, and that the Company had acquired by purchase the adjoining mines. A cablegram from the Croydon Goldfield (Queensland) runs as follows:—"Croydon King, No. 1, N., crushing in grand style." This mine adjoins the Croydon King Block, to which I have referred on a previous occasion, on the northern boundary, and recently had a crushing yielding 16 oz. to the ton, the stone being taken from within 60 ft. of the Croydon King Block boundary. Another cablegram announces a large crushing yielding 7 oz. to the ton from the No. 7 Croydon King mine, which adjoins the Croydon King Block on the southern boundary. This is good news for the latter mine, in which the rich shoot of stone now being worked by the No. 1 N. Croydon King is expected to be struck at any moment. Advices from the mining markets in the Colonies do not report a very flourishing state of things. All is dull in Sydney, while Adelaide neglects its silver stocks and looks across to Victoria for gold shares. A better market is reported from Ballarat, and recent gold yields at Bendigo were the largest for the year. As a curiosity it is reported that in stone-broke Melbourne an enterprising promoter has just floated a new gold mine, which has hardly yet been tested, to the tune of £30,000. That looks as if the Melbourne people were going in for gambling again. With regard to American Mines the following very curious paragraph is making the round of the New York papers:—

> The report is current that a syndicate composed of B. F. Haggin, John W. Mackay, and Senator Jones of Nevada, have designs on rich gold mines in Quebec and Chile in anticipation of the metal's rise in value. They have arranged, it is said, to buy all the gold mines and interests in the Beauce district in the Province of Quebec. Mining Expert Crittenden, who has been all over Mexico, South America, and South Africa in the interests of the syndicate, reports of the Beauce mines, that he has found a large number of gold-bearing quartz veins. The value of the mines is away up in the millions. Mining men here are much interested in the outcome of the deal, as the same syndicate is reported to have recently secured some of the richest mines in Chile in return for cash advances made at the time of the Chilean war.

It is difficult to make head or tail of this strange communication, but it is satisfactory that the silvermen are at last hunting for gold. Some recovery has taken place in Linares, El Callao, and Don Pedro shares, but Elkhorn and De Lamar are lower. A cablegram which has been received from the manager of the Holcomb Valley, stating that operations have commenced, that the machinery works satisfactorily, and that the gravel handled, chiefly top stuff, runs as high as 2s. 1d. per cubic yard, will be good news for the shareholders. It is also satisfactory to find that the Directors of the Caratal Company are keeping pace with the times in their negotiations regarding the adoption of the cyanide process. I am told that the Caratal will take the lead amongst the Venezuelan Mining Companies in this respect, and that some kind of combination of these Mines will be headed by it.

An official statement will probably be made by the Board in a few days. Not many months since "tape" quotations appeared pretty regularly for a short time of the Atlantic Cable Consolidated Mines. Nothing, however, can now be learned of this concern. Perhaps the Secretary, whoever he may be, will give some information as to what is being done. If not, it may be necessary for me to make further inquiries, in which case my readers shall be informed of the result. I have received some communications from shareholders in the unfortunate Ida Gold Company, the reconstruction of the Elmore Gold Company, complaining that, notwithstanding the extreme rigour with which the last calls have been forced in by the directors, there are no signs yet of the return of some of their money, which was promised. The promises held out by the Directors at the reconstruction have so egregiously been falsified that the shareholders are not unnaturally determined to get back what they can out of the concern, and it is quite time that the liquidator, Mr. Charles Harrison Smith, should make a statement as to the present position.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds

M. B.—You should certainly hold your Uruguay bonds, and as the remittances towards the November coupon are being regularly made, there is a reasonable prospect of its payment. The special information which you require will be found in the *South American Journal*. *Hopeful.*—You have reason to be satisfied with Atchison. The price of the Confederate bonds is quite nominal, but if you are a holder, do not throw them away, as something may yet turn up. *J. W. B.*—Matters are looking more hopeful in Mexico, and you should hold both City of Mexico bonds and Interoceanic Railway of Mexico debentures as likely to improve. *Laggan.*—You had better hold Province of Buenos Ayres (1), Greek Monopoly (2), and City of Cordoba (3) in the hope of a recovery. I do not like City of Rome bonds (4) in the present state of Italian finances. The stocks Nos. 5, 6, and 7 should also be held, as it is not advisable to sell during the present unfavourable period. There is no market yet for the Railway Stock (No. 8). You will have to await the completion of the line. *C. C. H.*—You do not seem to read my remarks regularly. For six months I have urged the sale of Italians. Had you followed my advice, you would not now be a loser of 7 points. Even now they are but a poor investment. *Otterburn.*—Certainly hold Mexican Sixes, City of Mexico bonds, Peruvian Corporation Debentures, and Interoceanic of Mexico prior lien bonds (1 to 4) as good investments. 5. The interest on Erie Second Mortgage bonds will, possibly, be scaled down, and some other bonds given to make up for this. Hold Nos. 6 and 7. I do not like Pennsylvanian shares (8), which have fallen considerably since I first expressed an adverse opinion. Hold Nos. 9, 10, and 11 for a recovery.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Aleph.—It is a great pity that you did not take my advice, given in TRUTH for the last two years, to clear out of these Australian Banks. The writer in question is a rabid pessimist, and, although I do not think much of the Bank in question, I should say that your best plan would be to pay up and then sell. *W. B. S.*—No, I do not advise you to deal with this firm of outside brokers, although they are not so bad as some. *D. M.*—I do not think that you have much to complain of at the way your stockbroker has treated you. Once you were no longer able to pay your differences, they had the right to close when it suited them. *Grocer.*—I do not like the Mortgage bonds of this American Land Company, and have repeatedly expressed this view. But I do not advise sacrificing them, now that the concern is in temporary difficulties. *Paterfamilias, Bognor.*—I quite agree with you on this question of receipts for deposits of shares or bonds with Banks, and have briefly referred to the matter. *Eskdale.*—Although I do not like the Trust Company in question, I do not advise an immediate sale of the Debenture stock, as a recovery seems probable. *Bunthorne.*—Yes, these foreign lotteries are conducted on a pretty fair basis, but the chances are not so good as represented in the prospectus. Many of the intermediaries, however, are unreliable, so that especially residents outside the country would very probably be swindled. *Weymouth.*—You will find on experience that the chances of these Lottery bonds are but poor, but that is a matter of taste. If you wish to buy them, however, employ a respectable banking firm, and not the people in question, who charge something like 40 per cent. more than market price for them. *Algiers.*—I do not like these fixed deposits, and as you have already had a very disagreeable experience with the City of Melbourne Bank, you should invest the money in sound stocks. The Atchison Six per Guarantee Fund Notes at 97¾, referred to in to-day's letter, which yield 7 per cent. on the investment, ought to suit you. *Alpha Beta.*—You do not enclose your name and address in token of good faith. I cannot reply to anonymous letters. *Zone.*—As far as I am able to ascertain, the letter of which you send copy correctly describes the circumstances. But it is a question for your solicitor, whom you should consult.

Home Rails.

Sugar Cane, St. K itts.—1. Dover "A" are South Eastern Deferred, "Satas" are Sheffield Deferred (Sheffield "A"), and "Brums" are London and North Western Ordinary stock. 2. Yes; Sheffield "A" are worth locking up for, say, six months, and so will Great Northern "A" be when the coal strike is over. 3. The reason of the rise in South Western is the large traffic increase, and quite recently the accession of traffic through the new American steamer line. 4. Yes; South Eastern Deferred are also worth locking up for six months.

American and Foreign Rails.

A. H. B.—I am glad to hear that you bought Atchison "A" Second Mortgage bonds, on what you are good enough to call my "marvellous hint" at 31 (now 44). As you are going to hold these as a permanent investment, it will save you a good deal of trouble as regards the collection of dividends and be a safeguard against possible frauds if you register them with the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders. *Ajax.*—If you sell your Louisville shares you had better put the money into other American Rails, say Atchison "A" Second Mortgage bonds by preference. *M. C. W.*—The Brazilian revolution, of course, temporarily affects this Railway stock, but the latter should be held, as a better state of things may follow the present upheaval. *Anxious.*—I gave my advice respecting Louisville very distinctly last week. It seems preferable to sell and spread the money over other American Rails. The persistent sales are suspicious. See remarks under "Yankee Rails." *Sussex.*—You cannot get high dividends and perfect safety. But I should say for your purpose Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes, which yield 7 per cent. per annum on the investment, would be very suitable. See remarks on these in to-day's letter. *J. D.*—You had better make your selection of American Rails on my remarks under "Yankee Rails." It is a pity you did not buy earlier, when I so strongly advised purchases at a lower level. *Baby Jee.*—The Atchison Guarantee Fund Six per Cent. Mortgage Notes are not the same stock as Equipment Fund Gold bonds. The price is now 97¾, at which they yield 7 per cent. per annum. You will find some remarks on the same in to-day's letter. You might make the proposed exchange. *Confucius.*—Yes, you had better hold the three first-named American Railroad stocks and the Grand Trunks for the period suggested by you. But you had better sell the Louisville shares, and re-invest in Milwaukees or Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. *Carolus.*—1. Yes, these bonds are a first charge on about 800 miles of railroad, being constructed with the proceeds of the issue. 2. The Great Northern Railway Company of Minnesota was formed to take over, for 999 years, from January 31, 1890, the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway system and all its engagements, the condition being that the Great Northern pays 6 per cent. per annum dividends on the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba share capital. No. 1 is, of course, preferable. *Flutter.*—Yes; there is a fair prospect of these shares improving again as soon as matters financial in Chili mend. *Hope.*—Certainly hold your Central Pacifics and Atchison "A" bonds, but replace Louisville by Reading First Income bonds and Milwaukees. *G. R.*—1 and 2. The persistent sales of Louisville are suspicious, and you have too much in these shares. Better spread your investment over Milwaukees, Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds, and Reading First Income bonds. 3. No; I should prefer dealing with a member of the Stock Exchange. *J. C. S.*—You should hold your Atchison "B" bonds, they are an excellent investment.

Mining Shares.

E. A. S.—You should hold New Queens (1) and Glencairns (2), prospects are favourable. I do not recommend the shares No. 3, as they are too speculative for your purpose. As you want a permanent investment, you should select a dividend-paying mine, such, for instance, as New Primrose or Nigels. *W. M.*—1. Do you mean the Victory Gold Mining Company of Charters Towers, Queensland? 2. Yes, African Gold Recovery Shares should be held for a rise. *Brodrick.*—The silver situation is too uncertain yet to justify purchases of Broken Hill Proprietary. *R. S. T.*—Amongst cheap South African Gold Mining shares South Simmer and Jack at 1-1⅛, and Graskops at 1s. 6d-1s. 9d. are to be recommended, also Africander. *D. O.*—Yes, I think you had better join the Macate reconstruction. It looks as if this mine were at last on the threshold of good profits. *R. E. B.*—I thank you for pointing out my error as regards Lomas. It would appear that at the end of May the Company had cash and investments to the amount of £8,500. Calls to the amount of £7,200 were unpaid, and it is difficult to say how much of this the Company will succeed in getting in. Mount Morgans are about 30s., but more easily bought than sold. Sales are still coming forward on Australian account. Mills Day Dawn has paid steady dividends for some time past, and the shares look cheap. The price of the shares would be higher but for the "tap" that is always on. De Lamar I should leave alone. *Trustee.*—1. I know no more than what the directors

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

stated in their last circular. Whenever good times come this Company will benefit; but the times are still bad. 2. Yes; the Columbian Hydraulic will probably recover itself. *Brian.*—1. The Dutch Guiana Exploration Company has belied the extravagant promises made about it two years since, despite the nuggets which were then exhibited in a shop in Old Broad-street. There is no market for the shares. 2. Yes; Wentworth Priority are worth watching. *G. E. L.*—No result is so far reported by the Carisa Gold Mines, Limited, and there is no market for the shares. *Comutator.*—1. The address of the Paarl Central Office is 29 and 30, Holborn-viaduct, E.C. 2. If you are a holder do not sell, but do not buy more yet. 3. These should be held. 4. No catch. 5. Glencairns and Oceanas are a good purchase. I do not care much for Shebas. *Eblana.*—I should advise you to spread the amount over all these, as they are equally promising. *Donovan.*—I cannot help "Bear" tactics of outside mining brokers. They will be caught in the end. Hold, and see latest advices under "Indian, Australian, and American Mines." *D. S., Kirk Michael.*—Hold the shares for an important rise. Very favourable news has come to hand, as you will see from my letter. *J. A.*—You should disregard statements coming from such a source, which are evidently due to blackmailing tactics. Hold the shares you have bought, and see remarks in my letter concerning the other mines. *Gold Speck.*—I can only refer you to the latest news as published under "Indian, Australian, and American Mines," and advise you to hold. *H.*—I do not think much of Metropolitan Gold, but you have done well to buy the low-priced shares referred to.

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Rustic.—No, I do not advise averaging these Nitrate shares yet until it is possible to see more clearly. *J. E. G.*—The consideration money on the transfer does not govern the matter, but the contract, and you cannot claim more. It is a pity you sold, as the Brewery is doing well. *Shareholder, Ipswich.*—This Company seems to be at last in a fair way of obtaining commercial results. Hold! *S. H., Nottingham.*—You cannot be a regular reader of TRUTH, or else you would not have applied for shares in the Automatic and Horton Ice Company, which I criticised very adversely on its formation.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

Chancel.—Both the Transvaal bonds and Brighton "A" would be suitable for your proposed investment. *Forest.*—I do not see how you can make much money in Home railways just now, but you might put the £1,000 into Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes at 97¾, which yield 7 per cent. per annum. See remarks in to day's letter. *Hartlepool.*—No, I do not advise purchase of either of these shares at present. *Archipelago.*—1. It is advisable to hold these Trust stocks, as an improvement is on the cards. 2. No progress has so far been made with the Santa Fé arrangement, and there is nothing for it but to be patient. 3. Payment of interest has been postponed, but it may be hoped that things will come right again. *J. W. W.*—1. A fair investment, but I should like Guinness Debentures better. 2. Certainly hold. 3. Hold on, the Brazilian trouble may come to an end very suddenly. 4. Prospects are fair, hold. 5. I never advise "Bear" sales and Spanish, although likely to go lower eventually, may harden first. *Claremont.*—1. Yes, hold the Brewery shares. 2. Hold the Grand Trunks for a substantial recovery, then sell! 3. I do not like these shares as a permanent investment, as the concern entirely depends upon enormous advertising. *Nero.*—For the lock up of your £1,000, Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds (1), City of Mexico bonds, Milwaukee shares, and Nitrate Rails would be suitable. I do not advise purchase of Nos. 2 and 3 just now.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Instead of a new Indian loan, we have now an application for more money by the Colony of Victoria to the tune of two millions sterling. The leaking out of the news at first caused dismay, and a fall of 2–3 points in the old loans, but the market improved on discovering that the money would be used for paying off Debentures falling due on January 1, and did not, therefore, constitute fresh borrowing. I am not an admirer of Australian financial methods, but I am gratified that Victoria has this time followed my urgent advice to abandon the old vicious system of tenders, which unduly benefited a group of professional sharks, for an issue at a fixed price (96 for a 4 per cent. loan), and if only for that reason I wish it success. Rupee paper has declined to 65½ on the statement made in the House of Commons that no special measures will be taken to fix the value of the Rupee at 1s. 4d.—the half-hearted policy of the India Council being thus continued. Mexican Rails have been at times quite active, and, although the First Prefs. are rather easier at 70½, the Second Prefs. have been marked up to 47, Mr. Mackusick having been at work again. Personally I consider the First Prefs. immeasurably cheaper than the Seconds. It is satisfactory to note another improvement in Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds to 54. A correspondent writes to me with reference to the refusal by leading banks in London to give a receipt to their clients, who deposit bonds or shares with them for safe custody. To my knowledge, some banks are giving these receipts, which ought certainly to be furnished, and the fact that some institutions comply with this reasonable request renders the refusal of the others all the more ungracious. A "Regular Reader" of TRUTH, a stockbroker, states the following case, asking me to publish it, as local lawyers do not care to tackle the matter:—

1. X. Y. Z. issue prospectus (to which my client subscribes) stating that certain contracts have been entered into, one of which (with vendor of property to be acquired) renders Company liable for a cash payment of £10,000.

2. Only £6,000 is subscribed. Nevertheless, the Directors proceed to allotment, thereby rendering it impossible for them at the outset to carry out contract named above.

3. Seeing their difficulty, they consult their lawyers, and, without consulting the shareholders, cause to be issued to third vendor certain unsubscribed Ordinary shares in lieu of cash at a substantial discount, which vendor accepts, thereby rendering himself liable for difference between issued price and par value.

4. The progress of the Company's business is slow and unsatisfactory, and at close of second year (no dividends having been paid) a call is made for general purposes (no suggestion of redemption of Vendor's shares).

The difference between par and issued price of Vendor's shares is £1,700, or sufficient to pay call made and a small dividend in addition.

How can action be taken to recovery said £1,700? Are the Directors liable?

The vendor is a rich man, and quite equal to liability.

My client wishes to avoid liquidation proceedings.

Perhaps some of my readers will bring their ingenuity to bear upon the case. Amongst the Syndicate touts who are still keeping up the game is the Imperial Stock, Share, and Debenture Corporation, of 45, Finsbury-pavement, E.C., which boasts of its "Special Stock Combinations" as a splendid means of "employing" capital. I should say that it would be a sure means to "reduce" one's capital to join these precious combinations. A correspondent in Glasgow forwards a circular of the notorious touts, Duncan Short & Co., of 39, Lombard-street, stating that they are inundating that city with their impudent missives, in which the boast is made that their Louisville Co-operation was closed at a profit of 237½ per cent. Is it necessary to warn the canny Scots to have nothing to do with these men?—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

BLANCHE BRADFORD'S BOUQUETS.

"WELL, Jack," said Mrs. Bradford, across the breakfast table, "I think you might take me. It's my birthday, you know; and Lady Ancestre has always been very civil to you. And the squash on those narrow stairs will be awful, so a broad-shouldered man will have his uses. Besides, other women take their husbands, and it doesn't look well for me to be always alone."

"Possibly, Blanche: but I fancy very few of the husbands of Lady Ancestre's guests are hard-working professional men. Then I shall take you to the big supper at the Betterton to-night, so you will get your birthday treat all the same. And, to speak frankly, I have got an appointment with a client at five this afternoon, so the thing's impossible."

"Lady client?" said Mrs. Bradford, demurely.

Her husband nodded, as he munched his toast.

"Theatrical lady client?" continued Mrs. Bradford, with marked emphasis on the epithet.

"Well, yes," said Jack Bradford, "if you wish to know, it *is* an actress. Maud Maitland, the comédienne, has got into a mess with a manager—and——"

"And so," continued Mrs. Bradford, "she flies to that clever young solicitor, Mr. Bradford. You see, dear, the lot of the hard-working professional man is not without its compensations, when the prettiest women on the boards pour forth their sorrows into his sympathetic ear"

"Hang it all, Blanche, if it comes to that, what price that long legged, tousle headed, conceited ass, Lorraine, oh, whose smug face in a plush frame adorns your *escritoire*? How often does he come and have tea with you, I should like to know?"

"Basil Lorraine is an institution, my dear, not a man. No, you needn't smile. He's very charming and agreeable. And if he cannot hit a piece of leather with a nasty, horrid bat, like Mr. Bradford, I suppose that doesn't make him any less the best love-maker on the stage; and sweet and poetical and altogether charming. Besides, all the other women are mad with envy because he comes here. But never mind dear Mr. Lorraine, tell me about that Maitland woman. She is rather pretty, I must admit, though her complexion *is* capricious. By the way, Jack, I suppose theatrical ladies who are successful in litigation occasionally give nice little presents to their clever solicitors, don't they?"

"Presents, indeed! They generally get the costs taxed. Besides, I shouldn't accept them. You needn't look so incredulous, Blanche. Would you accept a present from that—I mean from Mr. Basil Lorraine?"

"Good gracious, no! I should at once return it."

"Sure, Blanche?" said Jack, tenderly.

"Oh, quite," said his wife; but the tones of her voice lacked entire conviction. "Besides, he would never dream of doing such a thing. Why, during the six months I have known him he has never written me so much as a note."

"Hem! Well, good-bye, dear; and, as it's your birthday, and we are going out to a big spread, I will buy you a nice bouquet at Isaacs', as I go to the office this morning. Ta-ta."

"I do believe Jack's quite jealous," remarked Mrs. Bradford softly to herself, as she heard her husband fumbling in the hall-table.

The front door clanged. She sprang up, ran upstairs to her drawing-room, and took up the photograph which had aroused her husband's wrath.

Everybody knows Mr. Basil Lorraine, who plays so many lover's parts with wooden uniformity, but looks equally romantic in each. Some time before the foregoing conversation he had met Mrs. Bradford at a garden-party. She had admitted that his impersonation of Romeo had quite opened her eyes to the merit of one—Shakespeare. So he asked leave to call, for Mrs. Bradford was pretty and she appreciated Mr. Lorraine. These, according to Mr. Lorraine at least, were the two qualities which were indispensable to the perfect woman. Accordingly he came and drank tea pretty frequently in Eversley-gardens, and discoursed on things in general, in so far as they bore relation to Mr. Lorraine. The neighbours used to shake their heads ominously when the long-haired actor emerged from his hansom. Some, indeed, of them—of course, out of pure friendship—were good enough to warn Mrs. Bradford against the insidious Basil. This was, of course, very delightful to that lady. Jack, whenever he saw the lustrous-eyed actor, used to grind his teeth audibly. This was still more ecstatic, and really, from mere spirit of opposition, a very ordinary acquaintance was rapidly developing into a nice little flirtation. No wonder Mrs. Bradford felt happy.

About twelve o'clock that day as Mrs. Bradford sat in her bedroom choosing the dress for the evening, her maid entered bearing in her hands a most lovely bouquet tied with white ribbons. It was entirely composed of white roses and maiden-hair fern. The bouquet was tightly put together, and the wealth of flowers was remarkable even for one of Mr. Isaacs' floral masterpieces. The effect of compactness and grace quite charmed Mrs. Bradford, who was exacting.

"How sweet!" she cried. "And white flowers too: because my name's Blanche. Fancy, dear old Jack being so poetical—I'll take it to-night to the Betterton." She placed it in water and resumed her task.

Three-quarters of an hour later the maid entered the room again. Mrs. Bradford gave a cry of surprise. She bore in her hand another bouquet of exactly the same dimensions, also tied with white ribbons, also brought by a boy from Mr. Isaacs, composed, moreover, of the same combination—white roses and maiden-hair fern. The two bouquets were, doubtless, made by the same hand according to a recognised pattern. Attached to the new bouquet was a visiting card of Mr. Basil Lorraine with the words, "Wishing dear Mrs. Bradford many happy returns of the day."

The maid retired, and sad is it to say that Mrs. Bradford kissed one of the bouquets, and that was not the one she had received first.

"How sweet of Basil—'wishing dear Mrs. Bradford.' I really must wear it to-night at the Betterton. Oh! but I forgot—what about Jack's?"

The situation at once dawned upon Mrs. Bradford. In the first place, when her husband came home, he would notice that she had received two bouquets. One from himself and one from——. Now, Jack was, out of his office, not very sharp, but he would guess pretty quickly from whom the second bouquet came.

Besides, had she not sworn that very morning that she would never receive a present from Basil Lorraine? But was a bouquet a present in the proper sense of the word? Oh, surely not. It was not less perishable than the flowers whereof it consisted. To call a thing a present that was here to-day and gone to-morrow was absurd. Still, Jack was so unreasonable, and he did so detest Basil. On the other hand, if she wore Jack's bouquet at the Betterton supper, and if Lorraine, who was sure to be there, noticed that she was not carrying the one he had sent, he would assuredly go elsewhere for feminine appreciation. But then would he distinguish his bouquet from another so very like it? She put the two together, and tried to discover any distinguishing mark between them. At last she saw the difference. The ribbons in Jack's were tied in a simple bow. Those in Basil Lorraine's were deftly fashioned into a true-lover's knot.

"Dear Basil," she murmured. "Poor old Jack——" What was to be done? After a few minutes she made up her mind. It was clear Jack must see only one bouquet when he returned. She must obviously get rid of the other. But *which* should she part with?

She sat silently looking at them both—and then, once again repeating with a gentle laugh the formula, "Poor old Jack," she took the bouquet sent by the actor, re-tied the ribbons into a bow, and popped it into water. She then took her husband's gift, replaced the paper round it, tied the ribbons in a little true-lover's knot, put on a bonnet, and hailed a hansom. One would have naturally thought that there are easy methods of destroying a bouquet, which though really innocent might appear compromising. But then Mrs. Bradford resembled the immortal Gilpin, for, though frequently on pleasure bent, she had a frugal mind. A bouquet cost a guinea at least—and a guinea was a guinea, and might mean another bouquet of the same price. Now, she was a constant customer of old Isaacs', with whom she had a goodly bill. It was very improbable he would know one bouquet from another, and Jack did not enter the shop once in six months—besides florists are discreet people. So, taking the bouquet she entered the shop and explained the matter to the proprietor, or, rather, her version of it. She had received two bouquets from his shop that morning, one from her husband, and one from a gentleman. It seemed a pity to waste the latter, and as the gentleman was really a very slight acquaintance who ought not to have sent flowers to a lady he knew so little, would Mr. Isaacs allow her to return this bouquet, which was quite fresh, and permit her to have one in its place—say next week, when she was going to the opera?

Mr. Isaacs lifted his eyebrows, smiled, said it was a little unusual, but as Mrs. Bradford was an old customer he would grant her request. The guinea was credited to Mrs. Bradford's account, and the bouquet replaced in the florist's window.

When Jack Bradford returned in the evening, and saw his wife's bouquet on her washing-stand, his eyes danced with genuine pleasure. Never was he more bright and elated. His mood was apparently contagious, for his wife was equally merry, and if she felt any guilty qualms at her conjugal perfidy, she certainly succeeded in concealing them.

Now, it so happened that on the very night of Blanche Bradford's birthday, the Shakesperean Revival of

"A Winter's Tale" entered upon its three-hundredth night at the Betterton Theatre; and Edward Shuter, the acting manager of that theatre had resolved to celebrate the occasion by a supper on the stage after the curtain had fallen, and a dance afterwards. Every section of smart society would be represented, and Mrs. Bradford was indeed happy to think that Mr. Shuter's affairs were looked after by that excellent firm of theatrical solicitors, Messrs. Carson & Bradford, for, in due course, she had received a card for the function.

That unrivalled scene of brilliancy, beauty, light, and colour has been so frequently described by pen and portrayed by pencil that it were superfluous to endeavour to reproduce it once again. Suffice to say that by two in the morning the long tables that had been but a few minutes before groaning with edibles, potables, lights, and flowers, were removed; the orchestra struck up a waltz, and all were happy. All, do we say? Not all, we fear. Mrs. Bradford's spirits had become strangely subdued. Her husband, who regarded the ways of women as quite unaccountable, attributed the change to that reaction which so frequently assails ladies in their merriest mood. This was scarcely fair, for there were causes for his wife's depression. In the first place she had prudently left the bouquet at home, lest haply Mr. Lorraine seeing that the ribbons were tied in a different knot, might have assumed, though wrongly, that his gift was discarded in favour of that of another admirer. The bouquet having been left behind, she was anxious lest her husband should remark the absence of what he conceived to be *his* gift, and twit her with indifference. As yet he had not noticed her remissness, but he might do so any moment. Again, Mr. Lorraine had turned up, but whether he noticed the absence of his bouquet she knew not, but any way he never vouchsafed a word to her the whole evening through, but sat in a box with a lady. Certainly his companion was a Countess, but still Mrs. Bradford thought it a little unkind. And lastly another circumstance, far more vital, checked her previous hilarity. Scarcely had supper commenced (to which Mrs. Bradford had been escorted by an eminent politician) when she saw a tall woman, very graceful, with a pale, beautifully cut face, dark eyes, and a strangely sympathetic mouth, leaning on Jack Bradford's arm. They sat immediately opposite Mrs. Bradford. That lady recognised her at once—it was Maud Maitland. Now, so differently are the sexes regarded in the theatrical profession, that Mrs. Bradford, who saw no harm in taking tea alone with Basil Lorraine, surmised endless wickedness in her husband sitting next to Maud Maitland at a public supper-table. Her suspicions were the more stimulated by the significant fact that the actress carried a large bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair, exactly like that which her husband had given her that very morning. The ribbons, moreover, were tied in a little true-lover's knot. She had noticed that morning in Isaacs' shop that all the bouquets were tied in simple bows. So this significant addition was doubtless an attention—an eloquent attention on the part of her husband. And it just fitted in with her gloomy suspicions, that while he should send a bouquet to his wife as it appeared in the shop, he should re-tie the ribbons for Miss Maitland. Certainly, Basil Lorraine had done precisely the same thing to her, but then, as we have observed, that was quite a different matter.

The dance commenced. Jack waltzed two or three times with his wife, who, though angry, was glad to keep him by her side.

"Blanche, dear, may I introduce you to Miss Maud Maitland, with whom I am going to have this dance, as she has to go away at once?"

The actress put out her hand kindly, and seemed rather surprised at the frigid little bow that was returned.

Now Mrs. Bradford happened to be sitting on a couch near the "flies." There was a vacant chair near her, and upon this Miss Maitland placed the bouquet. Mrs. Bradford eyed it with wistful curiosity. The flowers had been battered about in the crush; they were separated one from the other, and amidst the interstices of the flowers and fern Mrs. Bradford detected the corner of a white note. She checked a cry with difficulty. That her husband had given Miss Maitland a bouquet (of which fact she had little doubt) was bad enough, but that he should put a love-letter in it was intolerable. Oh, what would she give to confront him with his perfidy! He who had dared to speak of Basil. She looked anxiously round her. The surging mass whirled here and there—oblivious of all but the intoxication of the dance. She wore her opera-cloak, for it was draughty in the wings. She stole to the seat, possessed herself of the bouquet, returned, placed it underneath her cloak, and awaited the return of her husband. He came back with Miss Maitland on his arm. That lady looked on the chair for her flowers; they were gone. She shrugged her shoulders. Some one had taken them by mistake. She laughed, wished the Bradfords good night, and left the building.

"Hillo, Blanche," said Jack Bradford, as they drove home an hour later, "where did you get that bouquet?"

"Why, you stupid boy," she replied, "it's the one you gave me this morning, don't you remember?"

"I could have sworn you hadn't one when we started, any way," said he, rather curiously.

"Of course, I kept it under my cloak in the cab. You don't suppose I would expose these pretty flowers to the night air?"

As Jack was paying the cab, she dashed into the house, turned the lamp up, and, diving her hand into the bouquet, fished out the note. Her worst anticipations were realised. The handwriting was that of her husband. It ran:—"With fondest love, from her darling Jack."

"You cruel, wicked monster," she cried, as her husband entered the room. "You were right—this is not the very bouquet you gave me: this is the one that horrid Miss Maitland carried, and which you gave her—and loo-ook wha-at I've fo-ound in it." Mrs. Bradford, with many tears, handed her husband the compromising note. He looked at it, glanced at the bouquet, gave a low and significant whistle, and left the room. She heard him running upstairs—he returned in a minute, carrying the *other* bouquet.

"My dear Blanche, you are in luck to-day. You have received two bouquets—one from me and one from somebody else. That from your husband you sold back to old Isaacs—yes, you may well turn pale—the other you kept: this is the other. In this also *I* can feel a little love-letter. Shall I follow your example, and read it?" He thrust his hand between the leaves. But Mrs. Bradford—not knowing what that foolish Basil might have written, and knowing, moreover, that her husband, though tender enough to herself, would be ruthless to her lover—fell upon her knees in a paroxysm of terror, and implored him to spare her. She had done very, very wrong. She had received the two bouquets, though how he had found it out she couldn't conceive, and she had kept that of Basil Lorraine in preference to his own, but she really didn't care for the actor a bit. In fact, that very evening she realised how she hated him—nasty tuft-hunter. And, oh! she was so sorry, and Jack mustn't mistrust her, for she really loved him better than the world, though he did send other women bouquets.

Her voice was broken, the tears were in her eyes, her lips quivered very pitifully.

"Don't cry, darling," said her husband, "it was all a joke!"

"What's all a joke?" asked Blanche, between her sobs.

"Why, that bouquet which was supposed to come from Lorraine."

"*Supposed*—you don't mean to say you——" She stopped short. Words were powerless to express the indignation that had supplanted tears.

"Yes, dear, *I* sent it. Well, you needn't look so angry, considering it relieves you of all this penitential inconvenience, and you admit that he's a horrid tuft-hunter. Well, any way, I did send it you for a lark. I wanted to see if you would refuse a present from Lorraine after all—and so I took one of his cards from the tray this morning, and as you said you had never seen his handwriting, I wrote a message in a feigned hand. Then I

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told old Isaacs to send the second bouquet some time after the one I sent as from myself. I felt pretty sure you wouldn't keep both, and that you would get old Isaacs to take one back, for this is a little trick you have played once or twice before. But to distinguish the two bouquets I tied the ribbons differently. Coming back from the office, I went purposely past the shop, and, sure enough, in the window was a bouquet, which, as it was tied in a true lover's knot such as I had tied on the second bouquet, I had little doubt it was the one I had sent as from Lorraine. As you may imagine, I was delighted. When, however, I saw that it was marked half-price (for the flowers had, in the meantime, lost their early freshness) I thought it a bit rough on old Isaacs that he should actually lose money for helping in my little joke. So I went in and bought it back again, and sent it off to Maud Maitland, from whom I had just parted, and whom, being down on her luck, I thought the little attention would cheer. Hence your discovering in it the very note I wrote to you this morning, and which I had little doubt you would look for."

"Then," said Blanche, "this"—she flung the bouquet down on the floor—"never did come from Mr. Lorraine, and you knew that there was no note in it when you extracted my confession."

"Exactly," said Jack, cheerfully. "Rather a smart little ruse, eh? But never mind, dear. I'll never tell any one, I swear."

"I don't need that assurance," said Mrs. Bradford, as she left the room. "You couldn't."

"Why not?" said her husband hotly.

"Because, darling," she replied gently over her shoulder, "in telling the story you would have to admit that when your wife had to choose between the present from her husband and a similar present from a conceited ass of an actor, she preferred that of—the actor."

MUSIC.

THE PROPOSED ROYAL CHARTER FOR ORGANISTS.

THE College of Organists has presented a petition to her Majesty in Council, signed by Sirs G. Grove, J. Barnby, J. Stainer, and Parratt, Drs. Bridge, Mackenzie, Martin, and Pole, for the grant of a Royal Charter, and a reprint of the document, with its schedules and the proposed draft charter, has just been issued from the Privy Council office. The only chartered musical institutions in London at the present time are the Royal College of Music, which, besides being a teaching institution, also has the right to grant degrees, and the Royal Academy of Music, which has no such power. The Universities also have the right to examine and to grant degrees, and as a legacy from the Pope of Rome—or, at any rate, as the successor of the Papal Legates—the Archbishops of Canterbury, who as a rule know not one note of music from another, claim authority to grant degrees of Mus.Doc., which are now conferred with some circumspection, but were for many years the scorn and derision of the whole musical profession. The Society of Musicians, which annually holds a Congress, some little time since applied for a Royal Charter, but did not obtain it, and now the College of Organists proposes to have a try, gilding the pill in Court eyes by adopting the high-sounding title of the "Royal" College of Organists. It should be stated at the outset that the College of Organists must not be classed among the mushroom institutions which send men about the country to hold more or less "bogus" examinations. It is an association—small, perhaps, but quite bonâ fide—of church and other organists, and it holds perfectly proper, and for the higher grade even stringent, examinations in order that no unqualified person shall become a Fellow or Associate. In 1877 the College satisfied the requirements of the Board of Trade, and was registered as a Limited Liability Company "Not for Profit," its Directors thereby relieving themselves from the necessity to print after their title the obnoxious word "Limited." At present the Fellows and Associates number 587 persons. It is true the expression "Not for Profit" is taken in a somewhat elastic sense, for, without unduly muzzling the ox which treadeth out the corn—or, in other words, while fully remunerating the various officers and examiners—the profits have been such that the investments now exceed £1,000. A large proportion of the current annual income is derived from examination fees—or, in other words, last year the fees were £685 and the members' subscriptions £948—and, inasmuch as a chartered institution has a great deal better chance of increasing its examination connection than the best of bodies working under the Companies Acts, the hankering after a Royal Charter is perfectly explicable.

Before, however, the Privy Council come to any decision in the matter, the provisions of the draft charter should be subjected to very close examination. The College has, for example, established a department for the sale of "hoods, gowns, and caps." It is true that only £36 worth of this ridiculous musical millinery was disposed of last year at a loss of some pounds, and that it should hardly need a Royal charter for a turnover of which even a village draper would not particularly be proud. At present the simpletons who sport those "hoods, gowns, and caps" do so quite without authority, and doubtless mainly in imitation of university graduates, whose weakness for such nonsense is well known, whereas if the College had a Royal Charter, the claim to assume the millinery might be held to have received some sort of authoritative recognition. Another doubtful point is the proposed bye-law in regard to examination fees. The College proposes to charge two guineas for examination, and four guineas if you pass—that is to say, the extra two guineas is supposed to be for the "diploma," which costs, of course, only a few pence. Certain mushroom institutions adopted this somewhat doubtful plan years ago, with a result that the system is now wholly discredited. A case in regard to one of the "bogus" examination schemes was, indeed, brought under my notice some time since, where a candidate for singing received a diploma for harmony, a subject in which she had never been examined at all. The examinations of the College of Organists are, of course, thoroughly fair, but, in course of time, when the direction falls into other hands, the temptation to "pass" every examinee in order to increase the funds may become irresistible, and, at any rate, in a Royal Charter the possibility should be guarded against. Even last year, out of 218 persons examined, no fewer than 107 passed, and had to pay the extra £2. 2s. each for these diplomas. If the "Royal" College of Organists really wanted to lend a helping hand to promising students, it should reverse the figures, charging £4. 4s. to the dunces, and rewarding those who had taken the trouble to perfect themselves by reducing the fee to £2. 2s. The fact also should not be overlooked that these proposed chartered diplomas and certificates are to be granted not only for organ playing, but also for "general musical knowledge," a term the elasticity of which is almost unbounded.

It is a far more serious objection to the proposed Royal Charter that, according to the bye-laws, the "Members" of the College are to be admitted without any sort of examination at all. All that is necessary is that they shall be proposed by two other members and elected by a bare majority of the Council, when, by the mere payment of a guinea a year, they will be able to place after their names those mystic initials which the soul of the weaker sort of Briton loves. Already the names of these guinea-a-year members extend over seven foolscap columns, and, should the College of Organists obtain a Royal Charter, the catalogue is likely to be largely increased—doubtless to the pecuniary benefit of the institution, but scarcely to the advantage of music. No doubt regulations might be framed forbidding the guinea people to place

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M.C.O. after their names; but the College would have no more power to stop them than the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music have the power to prevent any person who has studied for six weeks at Tenterden-street from printing on his professional cards the initials "R.A.M." I am well aware the Royal Academy people claim they are entitled to prevent the use of such initials, but they have never dared to test their alleged right, well knowing what short work a Court of law would make of it. It will be observed that I have dealt with this matter in no hostile spirit. The College of Organists, though a comparatively small body, is influential, and does much really useful work. But when a Royal Charter is in question it is imperative that the weak spots in the scheme should be pointed out with a view to their amendment before a charter is granted.

The London rehearsals of the Norwich Festival begin to-day (Thursday), and the Festival itself will take place next week. A splendid programme has been prepared, and Mr. Randegger, the conductor, believes the choir, which, however, never has been a strong point in East Anglia, to be in far better condition than before. Under the late Sir Julius Benedict matters were taken very coolly, and no attempt was made to weed the chorus of the aged, fresh singers only being introduced in place of those who, to use Benedict's quaint language, had since the previous Festival "done me the favour to die." Mr. Randegger is understood to have adopted a more vigorous policy.

The music in connection with the festivities of the Institute of Journalists included a symphony concert at the Crystal Palace, songs by Mesdames Marie Roze and Warwick, Messrs. Piercy and Maybrick at the banquet, a vocal concert supported by Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, and Greene, Mesdames Palliser, Valda, McIntosh, Warwick, and Trust at the Imperial Institute, and a variety entertainment organised by Mr. Hugh J. Didcott in the same building. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about this music-hall show, which, by the way, did not begin till 11.30 p.m., an hour when the "unco' guid" ought to have been in bed. But the fact should be recollected that her Majesty at the opening ceremonial devoted the Imperial Institute to "the use and advantage of the Empire," and Mr. Didcott merely carried out the Royal wishes, drawing, however, his artists from various halls, and without conferring an absolute monopoly upon the popular establishment in Leicester-square.

It seems that Mr. Gilbert will in the new Savoy piece satirise a Court Drawing Room and other British absurdities and customs. In the new opera the King of a South Pacific Island is bitten by Anglomania, and sends his daughter to Girton to study our political and social institutions. Thackeray, of course, did this in another way. Mr. Gilbert's Princess, however, brings to her South Pacific home a variety of British officials to make a sham Court. The best singing parts fall to Miss McIntosh and Miss Brandram as the Princess and her Gouvernant; but I understand that the comic men—Mr. Barrington as the King, and Messrs. Denny and John Le Hay as his Ministers—have the cream of the fun. The music is of the lightest sort, and this time, I believe, Sir Arthur Sullivan proposes to write the orchestral prelude himself.

M. Paderewski is a man of wealth, and is therefore able to carry on the business of composition in somewhat lordly fashion. He has written a Polish Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra for the Norwich Festival, and, being desirous of hearing the music before he delivered it, he last week organised a performance on his own account, engaging a private band and conductor, and he himself playing the pianoforte solo. Other than the executants there was not a soul in the room. Such a performance, I should imagine, is almost unique.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I write you this week from "Merry Margate," where we have been experiencing the full benefit of brilliant sunshine and breezes so strong and lively that they almost blow our hairpins out. Sunshades with crook handles are quite in demand down here for holding on the hats, and it is the orthodox attitude just now to have the crook planted on the top of the head, the stick forming a line down the centre of the face between the eyes. The effect is occasionally funny. In fact, though the crowded season is over and the cheap tripper has ceased from tripping, there is much that is funny going on here. The great number of very short and very wide visitors is one item in the amusing section of our daily bill of fare. I wish I could draw some of them for you. They are so numerous as to be really remarkable, and the curious part of it is that they all seem to be exactly the same height, though in width they differ. I should guess the height to be about 4 ft. 9 in. You can imagine for yourself the combination with these sparse inches of shoulders and hips suitable to the biggest frames. You can vary the type considerably, some of them, both men and women, being handsomely, if rather gaudily, dressed, while others descend the social scale as rapidly as a switchback. There are men in soiled "flannels." Is there anything more horrid than dingy flannels? And with them are the squat little women in shiny black satin gowns and the inevitable travelling cap, which is apparently considered to be the correct headgear for old and young of that class—grey hair and the curly, brown tresses emerging alike from under the cloth crowns.

I suppose you will laugh to any extent when I tell you our adventures on Saturday. Maud and I came down by an early train with Lilla, who shares our expenses here, and has rooms with Fred in the same house. We got all our arrangements made, unpacking done, and the catering attended to, and went down to meet the boat from London on which father and Fred were to arrive. Charlie, you know, is shooting in Scotland. Arrived at the Jetty Extension, we innocently inquired if the boat was likely to be punctual, and to our amazement received the following facetious reply from the official:—"No fear! The 'usbands' boat is always punkshal to the minute. Ain't she, ladies?" turning to about a dozen women who were standing there. They were quite equal to the occasion. One of them said: "Comes sooner than she's wanted sometimes," whereupon another said: "She's for pretendin' she don't care." You can imagine Lilla's face of intense disgust at all this. I could just see her by the light of the lantern as we passed through to the Extension, leaving the expectant wives on the other side. "Madge!" said Lilla, "how *sickening!*" and she stalked along with her head thrown well back, too much disgusted to say more. But there was plenty more in store for us, and we made a resolution not to go anywhere near the 'usbands' boat again.

There are some nice people here now, and I must tell you about a few good gowns we have seen, interspersed with some extraordinary costumes. A very handsome girl with dark eyes and olive tinting wears the orthodox blue serge with full basques and waistband over the coat, and a scarlet mess jacket. A blue yachting cap with a monogram in scarlet and gold has a gold band across the top of the peak. So much colour would be dreadful on most people, but it suits her, and she looks quite bewitching. Some days she has a stiff-fronted white shirt and a tie in the Guards' colours—red and blue. This suits her too. The complexions here are lovely, and the girls have a way of putting their veils on which is extremely becoming.

Rational Dog Feeding.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, Spratt's Patent, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

Hunting Season, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—John Busvine, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c

I have never seen brighter eyes or prettier cheeks, lips, and teeth than there are here just now. A *petite* beauty with a sweet little figure wears a green cloth gown bordered with beaver and made with revers of the fur, and a bonnet composed of two very large pink roses pinned on her hair. Another nice-looking girl wears black hopsacking, with a tight-fitting waistcoat of white cloth, with a line of wavy black braid down either side of the gilt mess buttons. Her bonnet is black, with scarlet poppies laid flat against it all round, and she wears a scarlet tie to match, and carries a striped black-and-red *en tout cas*. Against a background of blue-grey sea, with a great streak here and there of pale bright green like chrysoprase, these vivid colours look extremely well, and not in the least bit loud.

We see the most awful chignons that you can possibly imagine down here; plaits that cannot have been unplaited for weeks at least; obviously false rolls pinned on at the back under nets; and on one tall and imposing person, a whole crop of "dead" ringlets hanging down from under a remarkable bonnet, which rises straight in the air in a high peak. Another rather elderly person wears an old chignon, which must have been lying by since this form of coiffure was last in fashion, so very dingy and battered does it look.

Don't you wish people wouldn't do this kind of thing? There is no vital necessity for wearing back hair at all, and untidiness is more particularly noticeable nowadays when hair is so well tended, so bright and burnished, and well arranged.

One of the most successful costumes here is a Redfern sail-cloth in a curiously new and pretty tone of tan colour. It is severely simple with its plain bell skirt and well-made coat turned back with a snuff-brown satin collar, the revers matching it. On one day it was worn with a snuff-brown silk blouse figured over with little curlikews in tan colour; but I think it looked even better with a white silk shirt. The coat is finished at the waist with a pointed band of the snuff-brown satin. I think this is more becoming than the plain ones, unless the waist is very long, when the straight bands are better.

Do you know the sort of girl that has always very pretty etceteras for her dress? I mean such things as waist-buckles, lace-pins, hair-pins of tortoiseshell, jet, or silver, cuff-fasteners, sets of buttons, and so on? I have always noticed that a girl who is especially well provided in this way is either very nice indeed or else very much the reverse. Either she is so much liked that her friends are always giving her some token of their friendship for her, or else she is so selfish that she is continually buying some token of her affection for herself. There is such a girl here, and we were wondering to which category she belonged when we accidentally overheard two persons discussing her. Said one to the other: "She has such lovely things, and, among the rest, three beautiful watches, two of them in bracelets." The other supposed she had heaps of money. "Not at all," was the reply. "She has not any beyond her dress allowance from her father, but she has been engaged three times, and has kept *all* the presents." There was something in the pronunciation of the word *all* that was eloquent indeed. It meant that the three men had all been liberal, and had all been "done" by the girl in question. "Did they all stand it?" asked the one who was being informed on the subject. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "What can an unfortunate man do? He does not like to ask for his presents to be returned if the girl has not the decency to send them back without being asked."

How can any girl be so horridly mean, Amy dear? It is hard on a man, when he thinks he is making presents to his future wife, to have them retained by a girl who has jilted not only himself but one or two more. And yet there is no redress, for a man of good feeling could not prosecute, and a girl of that sort could not be influenced by any but a legal claim. Those trinkets of hers were simply loot.

Did you not pity the Dukes of Connaught and York when you read in your *Times* the other morning that they wore kilts up in the Highlands while snow lay on the summits of the hills about Balmoral? If any of us were to garb ourselves in an equally unnatural manner we should have the Press burst into a volley of gibes and jeers at us. But, after all, I suppose the Royal Dukes had to wear their kilts in deference to the wishes of the Queen.

We have admirable appetites down here, and do every justice to our landlady's excellent cooking. We feel quite greedy when meal time approaches, whereas in town eating is rather a bore than otherwise. She stews damsons with a little vanilla most deliciously for us, and the country cream is beyond praise. Are not potatoes good this autumn? We appreciate the great balls of flour she sends us up. There is so much in good cooking, is there not?

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Were there ever such "happy autumn fields" as those of this year? Did the woods ever before, within your memory, wear such beautiful and brilliant autumnal clothing? They display every possible tint of green, gold, russet, and even red, all alike vivid and sparkling in the constant sunshine. No rains have dulled their splendour, and the stormy winds have, so far, put off the gathering of their usual rough harvests from the boughs. In fact, until last week at least the woods were almost as murmurous and leafy as in June, and the paths through them as white and dusty. The rivers only have not been enjoying a good time; they are melancholy sights in their diminished glories. It was, however, full time for them to give other things a turn; they have had matters so entirely their own way for so many consecutive years. Lord Tennyson, in all his long life-time, can never have met with a season like this, or he could hardly have written with such confidence of the brook going on for ever. In this neighbourhood, at least, the brooks have quite forfeited their everlasting reputation. They have dried up and sunk to the mere human level by coming and going. Their stony beds know them no more; they have basely forsaken the forget me nots of happy lovers the haunts of fern, and the hazel covers. So far all is poetry, but life's inevitable prose comes in, when they neglect to join the brimming river and our water supply is consequently seriously threatened.

Of all the enemies of poetry—and it has many in these days of materialism—none is a greater foe than sanitary science, especially in its dealings with the murmuring brooks and sparkling springs, which have been so sweetly sung by poets in all ages and nations. How ruthlessly it analyses their waters, substituting by its methods the most uncompromising prose for poetry! Would not the "water from the spring" which accompanied Edwin's diet of herbs be impossible to a modern hermit of the dale? And how a knowledge of the germ theory and the possession of a filter would take him out of the realms of romance!

If science be not poetical, however, it is very wonderful. Imagine a water-works committee drawing down rain from the sky! As if Jupiter Pluvius himself were their chairman, and the early gods and the great Pan were not dead. Last week the efforts of science produced a rainfall of more than an hour in the Wicklow mountains. Tonite was exploded, and signals of distress were sent up into the clouds, which responded by coming down in copious showers. Was it not a curious and interesting experiment? Does it not sound like a fairy tale of science?

A scarcity of water in this island is very much a case of the unexpected happening. A water scare in Dublin is what a coal panic might be in Newcastle. The novelty has caused much alarm, and absorbed all other topics. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" we all of us suffer more or less from a smattering of science in these days. Like the bogie man of our childhood, the bacillus is always hovering round us threateningly. It often occurs to me—I am not scientific, of course—that the bacillus may also have this likeness to the bogie man—viz., that he will not touch us if we are good, that is, if we follow sanitary and reasonable modes of living. Water is such a scapegoat in these days, made accountable, like liberty, for every evil, especially by those who never touch a drop of it—that is applied internally—from one year's end to another.

Lord Houghton is still having his holiday in England, away from the doubtful delights of autumn at the Viceregal Lodge. It is a pity that the Viceroy should not have a country residence in Ireland—the Viceregal Lodge is practically not in the country, but only just outside the City boundaries. A change to bracing air could not fail to be useful to the rulers of Dublin Castle. Mr. Morley arrived last week in Dublin. But for the

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tourists and excursionists, he has the Irish capital all to himself. Probably he will betake himself to the sea-side—to Bray, as he usually does in fine weather. Last week a battalion of the Grenadier Guards arrived in H.M.S. *Assistance* at Kingstown, and are now at Richmond Barracks. They are in command of Colonel Eaton, who commanded them in Bermuda, and married a pretty American whom he met first in that island. Up to this we have been giving absorbing consideration to the lilies, the second bloom of roses, and the glorious colours wherewith the autumn trees are clothed; soon, however, we shall be obliged to turn our attention instead to our own raiment. What a strain this season has been on our summer garments! The dilapidated state of one's cotton frocks gives most conclusive proof of the abnormally fine summer—stretching well into autumn, too—that we have gone through. May it be ours to have many such experiences again.—Yours, ever,

CLARE.

I have nice recipes for you to try. First try this way of cooking vegetable marrow:—

Cut into two lengthwise a vegetable marrow, peel it thinly, and scoop out a little of the inside without touching the walls. Lay the halves in boiling salted water and let them simmer until just tender. In the meantime cook 1½ lb. of moderate-sized mushrooms, which have been skinned, stalked, and blanched, in a little heated milk, season each with pepper and salt, and then place them in a fryingpan with 1 oz. of butter. Cover the pan with a plate, set them over a clear fire, and when nearly done remove the cover and finish quickly. Cut two pieces of bread 2 in. in thickness, ornament the edges, and scoop out the centre so as to make a rack to steady the marrow. Dish the marrow carefully, and lay each piece on the bread. Fill the centre from which the sides were scooped out with the mushrooms. Have ready a thick, rich, brown gravy, with this screen the mushrooms neatly without touching the marrow. Over this scatter grated Parmesan cheese. Serve this hot as a *relevé* after an *entrée*.

Here is a recipe for September sandwiches:—

Cut into thin slices ½ lb. of good mellow cheese, add 1 oz. of butter, and a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, rub well together in a mortar until quite smooth. Season with a dash of cayenne, a dust of pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of made mustard. Spread the mixture on thinly-cut brown bread, sprinkle it over with chopped chilies, and cover with another slice of bread. Press the sandwiches together with plates, cut them into finger-lengths, and lay in a tin box.

Cut into pieces 1 lb. of undressed tender meat free from sinew, beat it in a mortar with two raw eggs and 2 oz. of marrow. Season the whole with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Put the mixture into a mould and let it simmer for nearly an hour in a bain-marie. When ready, spread this mixture on neatly-cut slices of brown bread. Over this lay rounds of olives, and cover with slices of bread. Place in a tin box.

Pound in a mortar a dozen oysters, the meat from a freshly-boiled lobster, then add the juice of a lemon. Season with pepper and salt, spread the mixture on slices of lightly-buttered rasped French roll (one day old). Sprinkle with good anchovy sauce, and screen with freshly-picked green leaves of tarragon and chervil. Cover with plain slices of rasped French roll, and keep in a tin box.

Here, finally, is an excellent way to prepare some salt fish:—

Soak and well clean the pieces of salt-fish you intend to dress. Lay them all night in water, to which has been added a wineglassful of ordinary vinegar. Boil two large parsnips, drain, cut into pieces, and beat in a mortar. Put them into a clean saucepan, throw in a lump of butter, well rolled in corn-flour, stir in a gill of cream, thoroughly heat, but do not let it boil. Let the fish simmer slowly in water, to which has been added a wineglassful of vinegar, but no salt. When it has been well drained pull it into flakes, arrange them on a dish, pour the sauce over all, garnish with hard-boiled eggs, shelled and cut lengthwise into quarters. Serve with half lemons. Some salt-fish takes a longer time to cook than other; the difference is caused by the salting, but it is easy to judge when it is done, as the flakes will then begin to separate.

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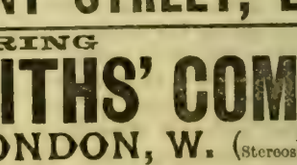
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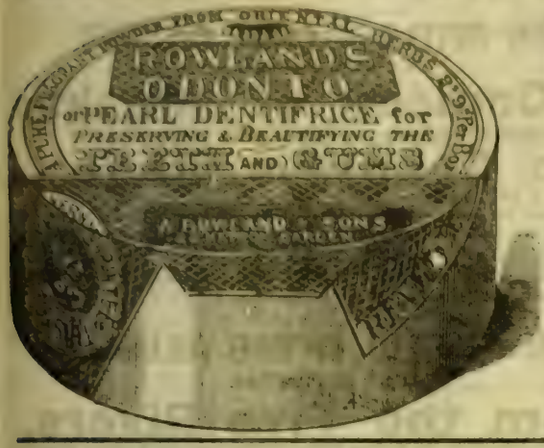

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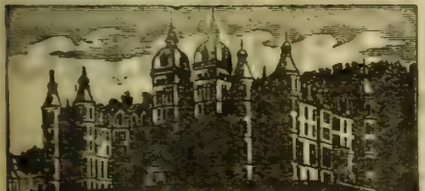

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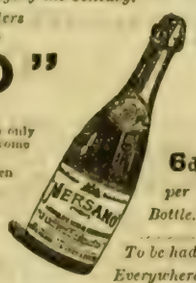

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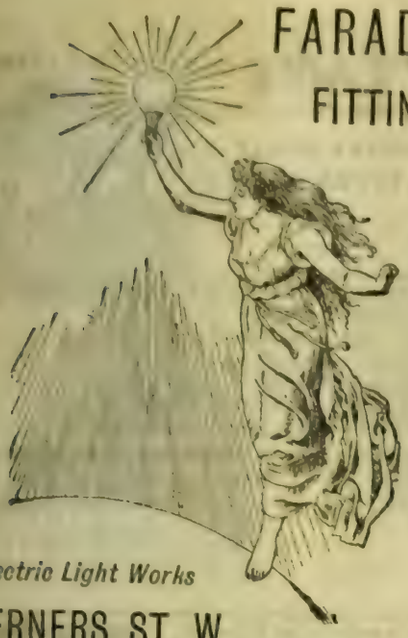

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.—TO FIND A RHYME TO WASP.

EBORACUM (real name and address will be published next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 761.—DESCRIPTION OF A WATERING-PLACE IN RHYMED VERSE.

POSSUM (real name and address will be published next week) £1 1 0

NIBS (" " " " ") 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 762.

The Prize in this competition has been divided between STERNE and ETTOL, who by way of a quotation tending to suggest that Shakespeare must have had an anticipatory knowledge of the cycle, each sent the following:

"Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle from her propriety. Othello, act ii., sc. 3."

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 766.

At this time, when the Football Season is setting in with its usual severity, there are many worthy, though unathletic, people who are at a loss to understand what is the marked difference between the popular winter game of England as played by the clubs belonging to the Rugby Union, and by those under the banner of the Association League. Perhaps this difference may be made more clear with the aid of the readers of TRUTH, and the usual Prize of Two Guineas is therefore offered for

THE BEST DEFINITIONS IN AS BRIEF AND AS EPIGRAMMATIC FORM AS POSSIBLE OF THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF THE RUGBY AND THE ASSOCIATION GAMES OF FOOTBALL.

The word "definition" is not used in its strict dictionary sense. That is to say, competitors are not desired to send in bald and literal descriptions of the two kinds of football referred to, but are expected rather to suggest the principal difference in the two modes of play in a smart and telling manner. All definitions must be received by me by the morning of Monday, October 9, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand; whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of OAK CROSS, winner of a half of Prize No. 752, are Miss Ora Crosse, 1, Belvoir-avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester.

*** The real name and the address of OLIVASTRO, winner of a half of Prize No. 752, are George Oliver, Esq., 13, Park-road, Tunbridge Wells.

*** The real name and the address of SALVÉ, winner of Prize No. 760, are Walter Scargill, Esq., 43, North-street, Colchester.

EBORACUM.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

DORA. The omission of your name is inexplicable. I took care, however, before making the award of the prize, to give you credit for all the quotations sent by you.

ÆSCULAPIUS.—Your first post-card did not reach me. Your lines arrived, however, and should have been acknowledged.

CHAUCER JUNIOR, OCCASIONAL COMPETITOR, LIMP, &c.—I will deal with the points raised in your letters next week.

BOMBARDON.—I am unable to trace the arrival of any quotation from you.

FLORENTINE.—Your excellent list of book titles unfortunately arrived too late to be printed with the others.

H. E. G.—I fear that it is now too late for Cooling Drink Recipes to be of any service.

BUSHRANGER.—Thanks for your letter. THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 763.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

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One Thousand Ways of Cooking Rice, by W. Besant. A Dripping Tragedy; being the Adventures of Fair Margerine. Samoa of the Same Sort, by R. L. Stevenson. How Many More? by Mrs. Oliphant. Lobby Sketches of Queer Sticks, by Hall Caine. Brush-work at Bushy, by Herkomer. A New England Puss, by M. E. W. A Binding Oath, by Scott! Badly Brought Up, by the author of Molly Bawn. Thoughts on My Bed, Stead. Mind your P's, by Q. The Rightful Heir; a Story of the Whigs of 1690.—West Wind.

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Backgammon, by Gull. Sport in Wood and Cover, by Carpenter. Masks and Faces, by the author of Bound to Deceive. Empty Titles, by Baron Grant. Bound to Adore, by Portier. Leafless Wood, by J. Strange Winter. Nihilism in Russia, by the Lord Mayor. Seems, Madam? Nay, It Is, Wood. The Entrance Out, U. R. Greene. Cells, by Warder. What to Avoid, by M. T. Space. Exits and Entrances, by Inigo Jones.—R. S. O.

Brigands and their Haunts: originally published as Handy Guide to the Hotels of Europe. Observations on British Fossils, by a Member of the Athenæum. The Pestilence that walketh in Darkness, by an Entomologist. Absence of Mind; its Prevalence and Causes: suggested by Recent Proceedings of some of our Learned Societies. Across the Veldt on a Lean Horse, by A. Haggard Rider. The Willow and the Palm: a Story of Grace. Twenty-seven Tailors in a Barge, by the Author of Three Men in a Boat. The Glacial Period; or, Five Minutes before the Announcement of Dinner. Ditto Repeated, by the Author of Dodo. Omne Vivum ex Ovo; or, the Genesis of the Heavenly Twins. Successful Ascent of High Holborn, by the Author of Mountaineering without Guides. A Tale of Old Doncaster; or, the Mustang that Bucked off the Hidalgo.—Eboracum.

The Black Man's Enemy: an Autobiography, by De Foe. The Mother's Dilemma; or, Which Daughter? by Watson. Etiquette, by Manners. A Southerly Wind: Poem, by N. Gale. Beau Welch: a Reminiscence, by Bell Scott. The Twofold Sign, by Mark Twain. The Cock-lane Ghost, by Grossmith. Young Lances of East Lynnwood, by C. M. Yonge and Mrs. H. Wood. The Great Homer Question, by A. Fancier. Light at Last: the Future of Africa, by the Author of On, Stanley, on! History of the Great Fire, by Burnett. Some of Our Beaks; being a History of British Owls, carefully compiled by Dr. Jowlett.—Toofdiarb.

Life in the Diggings, Baron De Worms. Essays on Taste, Andrew Langue. Tales of the Mint, Charles Lamb. An Essay on Gout, Mrs. Beecher Stowe (Mrs. Beecher's toe). A History of the Skalds, Robert Burns. Old English Coins, Dr. Angel Money. Osteology, Ossian (Ossy 'un). The Origin of Man, Adam Smith (Adam's Myth). Pressure Unbearable, Bunyan. Coursing on the Plains, Leigh Hunt (leo hunt). Hard Up, Author of We Two (we, too). Flute Playing, Aristotle (Arry's tootle).—Mac.

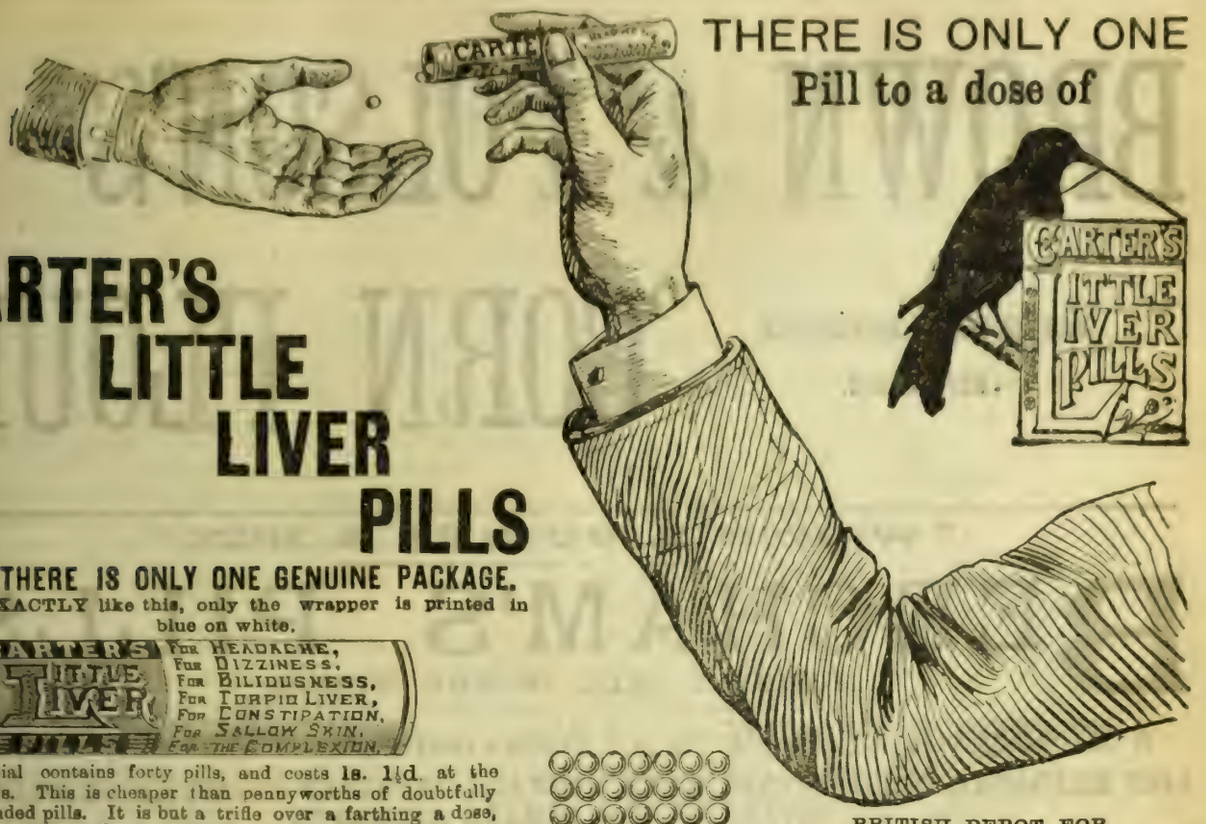
History of the Tchins, Harcourt. Knox on the Head. The Game of Fives, Balfour. Boyle on the Neck. A Little Speech and an Orchid Blue, Chamberlain. Taylor on Fits. Fish-catching, by Worms. Hare on the Scalp. The Bashful Man, by Gauche 'Un. Bunyan on the Foot. The Temple of Beauty; or, Richard's Himself Again. The Natural History of the Swift, H. Furniss.—Medicus.

Spirit Rapping by Night, Knox Little. Our Hydros, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Rank Irony, Sir R. Steele. Address on Woman, Worth. While the Sun Shines, Macaulay. Nightmare, Rider Haggard. Black Diamonds, Coleman, Inverness, by the Author of the North Cape, Poole. Bell-ringing and Bob Majors (Sir Robert) Peel. A Plain Address, Holm Lee. Britons Strike Home; or, *Punch* in Parliament, Mace. A Pauper's Suit, Tattersall.—Ionserette.

Infant Management, by Sir John Suckling. The Poultry Yard, by Corney Grain. Treatises on the Oyster (holster) and Artichoke (hearty choke), by Berry, Public Executioner. The Home Ruler, by its Mother. False better than True: a Tale of the Last Decade, by an Experienced Dentist. Vaseline as a Curative Agent, by Messrs. Burns and Healy. Buried (berry'd) Hopes; or, The Sprig of Mistletoe, by a Maiden of Forty. A Brace from a Covey, by Mark Twain. Sound Effects, by Albert Hall. The Sliding Scale, Illustrated by Orange Peel on the Pavement. Robbing Paul to pay Peter, How-ard Paul. Nothing More, by Lord Mayor Knill (nil).—Emily Culverhouse.

Mary's in the Way, by Arthur Helps. Vested in Consols, by the Author of In Silk Attire. Punch on the Head. A Barefoot Tramp Abroad, or a Bootless Errand, by Authors Twain. Teatotalism in England, by Bois Pean. Roots and Derivations, by Racine and a-bout. Once in a Hundred Years, by A. L. O. E. Cashmere Combinations and Eastern Conspiracies. Friday's Footprints, by An Impressionist. Martha Blunt, by William Sharp. Our Pet Tragedian, or a Pop'lar Tree. Hints on Golf, by One of a Clique.—Polly.

Answers have also been received from:—I. D. K., Swinton, Margit, Mia, Shlowmow, W. J. T., Dion, Shamrock, J. McG[illegible]or Allan, Katchonl, Droffats, Peshawar, Isidore, [illegible]an Lun, Gil, Cobbett, Caro, Mona, Sol fa, Nibs, Woggy, Spider, Scotland Yard, L. H., G. Spes, Ye Hermit, A. C., Hycus, Truth, Œdipus junior, F. P., Hazel Nut, Bel Domonlo, Libertas, Psittacus, Tiger Jess, Fay, Tout-à-Vous, Theology, Iberian, Glück, M. E. W., Chutney, Cockatoo, Jackie, Æsculaphus, Gobo, Growna, H. E. G., Senex, Dora Wood, Sol, W. Hill, Euphorbon, Dorothy, Enlorick, Qui Appollo, J. A. K., Dryasdust, D.A., Liachen, Clavos, Jo, Buddha, Divinity, Nora Creina, Excelsior, Esperanza, Cork, Chancer Junior, Comma, K., Nin-Nin, Gorald, Camodeln, Jessica, Clio, Buffalo Bill, Ozone, Olsita, Gradatim, Gownboy, Albericus, Drought, Incognita, Felsberg, Espérance, Esmeralda, Norman, Onycha, Caledonia, Stanchion, Chat, Earnest Selim, Anne Sirs, Renwick, Anon, Evolution, Victor, Goldfinch, Nicuni, Corporal, Garyowen, and Quaver.



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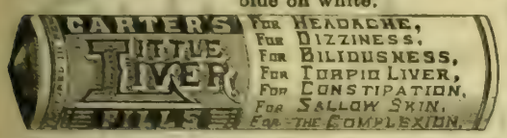

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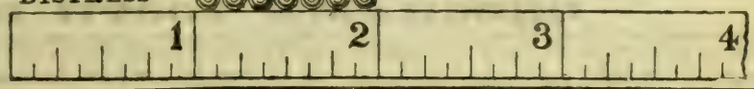

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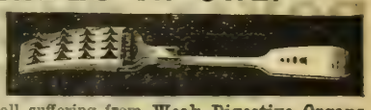

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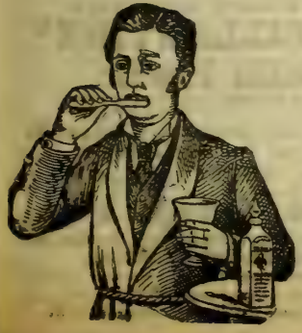

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· TRUTH ·

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE announcement which went round the papers last week that the Queen intends to stay at Balmoral until November 22 is not correct. The date fixed for the return of the Court to Windsor is November 17, but if the weather continues to be cold and stormy on Deeside, the Queen will leave Balmoral at an earlier date. It will save a great deal of trouble to Ministers and officials if the Queen returns to Windsor when the Autumn Session begins.

It is believed that the sudden visit to Balmoral of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge and the Grand Duke Paul is connected with a project of marriage. The Grand Duke Paul, who is the youngest brother of the Czar, was married about three years ago to the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of the Hellenes, but she died ten months afterwards. It is understood that the Grand Duke is now desirous of paying his addresses to one of the Queen's grand-daughters, the scheme having originated with his sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Serge (Princess Elizabeth of Hesse), who was the most intimate friend of his late wife during her brief married life. If the match comes off, the bride will have to join the Greek Church before her marriage, but no objections are likely to be raised either by the Queen or any of the other relations.

The Prince of Wales leaves Braemar on Friday for London, and it is probable that H.R.H. will be at Kempton Park races on Saturday afternoon, while on Tuesday next he goes to Newmarket, intending being there until Friday afternoon. The Prince is to have a day's shooting at Cheveley with Mr. MacCalmont during his visit to Newmarket, and it is probable that he will also be the guest of Lord Ellesmere, at Stetchworth.

Sir Fleetwood Edwards has been acting as Private Secretary to the Queen during the absence of Sir Henry Ponsonby, who has been taking a holiday. Lady Ponsonby and her family are passing the autumn at Abergeldie Mains, which residence was lent to them by the Queen when it was found that it would not be occupied by the Duchess of Albany, for whom it was originally intended this season.

One of the Royal cottages at Windsor is being overhauled and redecorated in order that it may become the residence of Hafiz Abdul Karim, the Queen's Munshi. This cottage is in the Frogmore grounds.

I saw it stated last week that the Queen had offered apartments at Hampton Court to the widow of General Sir John Hudson. This is not true, inasmuch as there are no apartments vacant either at Hampton Court or any other palace. It is very much hoped, however, in Service circles that the Queen will place the first set of apartments which may become vacant at the disposal of Lady Hudson, whose claims are far superior to those of any other possible candidate.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, who has succeeded the Dowager Duchess of Athole as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, will stay at Balmoral until the 17th, when she is to be replaced by the Dowager Lady Errol. The Dowager Duchess of Athole, who has been a Lady of the Bedchamber for nearly forty years, has been for some time desirous of resigning that post; but the Queen does not wish her to do so, as she is one of her Majesty's oldest friends, having (as Lady Glenlyon) entertained the Queen and Prince Albert at Blair Castle in 1842.

There is a vacancy in the Household for a Groom-in-Waiting, in consequence of Major Legge having been made an Equerry-in-Waiting, which means an increase of pay from £334 a year to £500 a year. It is expected that Mr. C. J. Innes-Ker, who is a grandson of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, will be appointed to succeed Major Legge. He at present holds the sinecure post of Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter, which is worth £80 a year.

The mess-room of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms at St. James's Palace affords very inadequate accommodation, and, after a great deal of negotiation, they have obtained permission to have an addition made to it, on condition that the members bear the whole of the expense themselves. The work is now in progress, and it will be quite finished before the first of the annual series of official dinners takes place.

The Duke and Duchess of York are expected to arrive at Sandringham on Saturday, the 14th, and they will reside at the Bachelor's Cottage until December 11, when they are to come to town for a short time. The Duchess

of Teck (who returns to Richmond on Saturday from Switzerland) will stay for some time at Sandringham with her daughter during the next two months.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who arrived at Bagshot Park on Friday from Homburg, where they had been paying a brief visit to the Empress Frederick, were to have returned to Balmoral, but their plans have been changed. The Duke pays his farewell official visit to Portsmouth to-morrow, and next Monday he will formally take over the Aldershot command from Sir Evelyn Wood.

The tourist season in Ireland has been unusually prolonged this year. The fine autumn has shown Killarney at its best, for at no time is this picturesque spot more picturesque than when the variety in the tints of the foliage give the charm—sometimes wanting in summer—of bright colouring to the scenery. Portrush, in the North, adjacent to the Giant's Causeway, has rivalled Killarney this year as a tourist resort. Its golf links are a new and interesting feature. Golf has distinctly "caught on" in Ireland, and is now bidding fair to be a popular sport.

Lord and Lady Powerscourt, with their family, have been spending the autumn at Powerscourt House, near Enniskerry, where they have been entertaining visitors. Lord Powerscourt has some good shooting on the Wicklow Hills, amongst which his residence lies. The celebrated Powerscourt Waterfall, which is within the demesne though several miles distant from the house, has been sensibly affected by the unusual dryness of the season, which has dealt severely as regards both the picturesque and the useful with all the rivers in Ireland.

There was a large attendance of Renfrewshire notables in the County Hall at Paisley on Thursday, when Lord Blythswood presented Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart with a portrait of her husband, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, of Ardgowan. The picture has been painted by Mr. Herkomer, R.A., and a replica has been presented to the Renfrewshire County Council. Sir Michael, who owns one of the largest and most valuable estates in the west of Scotland, has been for many years Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, and he sat for the county in three Parliaments, and has twice refused a Peerage.

The death of the Master of Balliol is the extinction of a great light, and at Oxford it will be quite impossible to fill up his place. He was not only a profound scholar and an admirable writer, but he was also a consummate organiser and administrator. He was for many years the *de facto* leader of the Oxford Liberals, and he was one of the pioneers of University reform, and rendered most valuable assistance to the University Commission of 1852, of which his old tutor, Archbishop Tait (then Dean of Carlisle), was the leading spirit. Professor Jowett was exceedingly advanced in his views on University Reform, but, at the same time, thoroughly practical. He had become one of the most prominent and influential of the Oxford Dons long before Lord Palmerston appointed him to the Greek Chair in 1855, and he was regarded with intense hostility by the Church "Malignants," who manifested their animosity in several foolish and despicable proceedings. Jowett was so saturated with the spirit of Plato and Hegel that he had no sympathy whatever with theological dogmatism of any kind, and Archbishop Tait truly observed that his friend and former pupil "lived in a region of critical and metaphysical theology of his own." There was a great deal of sympathy in these matters between Dean Stanley and Jowett, and their friendship extended over forty years.

Professor Jowett was an immense favourite among his friends, and an excellent host, for he was much "given to hospitality," and his Saturday-to-Monday parties at Balliol will be long remembered, for he was always at his very best on those occasions. He had the art of bringing together men from the most opposite camps, and convincing them how little in essentials they really differed, and this without controversy, but with a playful, if somewhat sarcastic, indulgence for party prejudices, and the fads of the sentimentalist and the doctrinaire. His friends always had a kindly laugh for his childlike and cherubic face, and his gentle simplicity of manner, under which lay so profound a knowledge of the world and the world's ways, so keen a sense of humour, a wit so subtle and graceful, such intense shrewdness, and so practical a perception of the character and conduct which commands success in public life. Jowett, who was really full of reverence for goodness, was entirely devoted to duty, unwearied in hard work, and was an eager and resolute champion of the causes which were dearest to his mind and heart. He was not in the least degree soured by the clerical persecution of which he was the victim nearly forty years ago, although his intolerant opponents succeeded in excluding him from the Mastership of Balliol when Dean Jenkyns died, and it was not until 1870 that he was elected to this office, which he filled with such eminent success. He will live long in the affectionate and grateful remembrance of an immense host of friends and pupils.

Mr. Wainwright, who died last week at Brighton, in his eighty-ninth year, was formerly one of the six Clerks in Chancery, and when those offices were abolished many years ago, he was granted an enormous pension, which was the only way to get rid of him and his colleagues. These places were of quite fabulous value, and I believe that Mr. Wainwright's pension amounted to many thousands a year.

The death of Mr. Balfour Melville is much regretted in Fifeshire. He succeeded to the Mount Melville estate just ten years ago, on the death of his kinsman, Mr. John Whyte Melville, the father of the author of "Digby Grand," and he had made himself very popular in the district, taking an active part in county affairs, and supervising the management of his property. He was a most liberal landlord, and took a warm interest in all the people on his estate, by whom his death is deeply mourned. Mr. Balfour Melville was an ardent Liberal until the split of 1886, when he joined the Unionists.

For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 715.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 716 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 717.

One of the best-known and most popular and esteemed country gentlemen in Scotland is removed by the death of Mr. Vans Agnew, of Barnbarroch. He was the head of a very ancient Border family, which for several centuries played an important part in Scotch history. Mr. Vans Agnew succeeded to his hereditary estates in Wigtownshire in 1842, and for fifty years he took a very active and useful part in all county affairs and local business, and he was a most liberal and considerate landlord, and a great favourite with all classes of his neighbours. He unsuccessfully contested the Wigtown Burghs as a Tory in 1868 against the then Lord Advocate, now Lord Young; but in 1873 he succeeded the present Lord Galloway as Member for the county, and he sat until 1880, when he retired in favour of Sir Herbert Maxwell, much to the regret of his constituents, for he had been a very useful representative.

The members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews have purchased the renowned Links near that place for £5,000 from Mr. Cheape, the proprietor. This arrangement has excited great and general dissatisfaction at St. Andrews, where it was unanimously agreed the other day at a largely-attended meeting of the ratepayers that the Links should be purchased by the Corporation for the use of the whole community. The Links will now simply become the property of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and it is nonsensical to anticipate that the rights of the public will be respected in the future as they have been in the past. It has already been decided to lay out a new private course, and inevitably all the activities of the Club will be exercised in taking care of the aforesaid private course, while the public part of the green will be neglected. It is of vital importance to the prosperity of St. Andrews that these splendid Links should remain free and open, and it may be hoped that the local authorities will act in accordance with the expressed wish of the ratepayers, and at once proceed to take steps to regain possession of the Links.

Despite all we hear about agricultural depression, there are landlords here and there who deem the present a suitable season for raising rents. A sale was held the other day on a farm at Overton, near Marlborough, of the entire stock and effects of a substantial farmer who was leaving in consequence of a demand of the landlord, Sir Henry Meux, for an additional £100 a year rent—equivalent to a rise of 33 per cent. From the accounts given of the proceedings, it would seem that the tenant had sunk a good deal of capital in the land, and brought it to a very high state of cultivation, and the fact that he submitted to be sold up at a ruinous loss and to leave the home where he had been established for many years rather than accept the terms offered him, is a pretty strong proof that the terms were utterly unreasonable. As £100 a year more or less cannot be a matter of any consequence to Sir Henry Meux, it would be interesting to know at the present crisis how he came to force a good tenant off his estate under these circumstances.

Another interesting case of landlordism is reported by the *Wiltshire Times*. In this instance the victim is not a farmer, but Mr. David Davies, a chemist and grocer, carrying on business in the village of Heytesbury. The shop, it seems, was originally a small cottage, but in the course of half a century or so it has been gradually transformed into a commodious business establishment at the cost of the occupiers, who held it under a lease from Lord Heytesbury. Mr. Davies has himself spent £300 in extensions and improvements, and his predecessors—his wife's father and grandfather—spent not less than £1,000 in a similar manner. Three years ago the lease fell in, and Mr. Davies became an ordinary tenant. Now Lord Heytesbury has given him notice to quit, and declines to allow him to find a suitable tenant to whom he could sell the goodwill of the business which he has built up. The landlord will thus take possession of a shop and business which have been created by the tenant, but for which he cannot claim a penny of compensation. To accentuate the hardship of the case, it is said that Mr. Davies is precluded from starting business elsewhere in the village, for Lord Heytesbury owns, with the exception of one small cottage, every foot of freehold land in the parish. The correspondence with Mr. Davies seems to have been conducted by the agent of the estate, and it may be that Lord Heytesbury himself is not thoroughly acquainted with the history of the case. Now that public attention has been drawn to it, doubtless he will personally consider the matter.

I understand that the long controversy over the right of the Ryde Pier Company to levy tolls on all passengers landed at the pier with railway tickets to Ryde has at last ended in the Company abandoning the noxious impost. The result reflects great honour on the one or two public-spirited individuals who have kept up the fight so persistently. A result, however, promising even more for Ryde, has just been arrived at by the Town Council, in the shape of a resolution to buy out the Pier Company. Seldom has a stronger case been made out for a step of this kind, for the pier has long since ceased to serve the purposes of a place of recreation and amusement, and the Pier Company has consequently degenerated into nothing more than a body of shareholders earning dividends by a tax on all persons entering or leaving the Island at this point. The acquisition of the pier is only one of a series of projected public improvements which will no doubt add much to the attractions of Ryde.

In view of a complaint addressed to me from Biarritz, visitors to that place will do well to be on their guard against attempting excursions to San Sebastian and back in the day. My correspondent, having gone over the Spanish frontier to see a bull-fight, left San Sebastian at 6.30 p.m. and arrived at Biarritz (56 kilomètres) at 11, having spent three hours at one of the intervening stations. He is of opinion that this delay is contrived

HÔTEL BURLINGTON, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth EAST Station.

for the benefit of the buffet proprietors. Perhaps, however, it is due to a desire to discourage the Biarritz people from attending bull-fights.

Having the other day pressed upon the London paterfamilias the expediency of taking his wife and daughters more often than he does to the hotels and restaurants which are so ready to cater for him, I have had several inquiries—not, I am bound to say, from paterfamilias, but from wives and daughters—as to the best place to go to. On this point, I am sorry to say, it is quite impossible for me to give advice, for at least half-a-dozen reasons. The best thing my lady readers can do, is to give each of the leading hotels and restaurants a turn, and form their own opinion as to the best of them. No one, however, who desires to enjoy a modern hotel dinner (or lunch) under the most attractive conditions should fail to visit the new *salle à manger* at the Hotel Albemarle, which is, like the whole interior of this charming hostelry, a triumph of decorative art. There is, I might perhaps add, one advantage which the dining-room of a well-appointed hotel like the Albemarle has over the mere restaurant—namely, that the company is invariably of as high a quality as the dinner.

Much interest appears to have been excited by some information which I picked up at Marienbad as to the best means of reducing fat. It is not the first time that I have referred to this matter, and I had a hope that I had shown all readers of TRUTH how to get thin. From the questions addressed to me, however, I suppose that a new and a fatter generation of readers has grown up. I must apologise for the delay in answering these inquiries, but I have been engaged in hunting up what I said before on this important question, and I hope next week to be able to furnish all the information that I have by me.

Mr. F. B. Behr, whose scheme for a Lightning Express Railway service was recently noticed in TRUTH, informs me that he has received numerous inquiries with regard to the ventilation of the carriages. He thus explains how the ventilation would be provided for if the Lartigue single-rail system were adopted :—

> The carriage is lighted by sheets of plate glass, which are fixtures, and is divided into two halves placed on either side of the central rail, leaving a sort of tunnel between these two halves. The tunnel is hermetically closed at the end facing the direction in which the carriage travels, but is open at the back. It is therefore always filled with a column of air which is practically stationary. This air communicates with the bottom of the carriages, and escapes at the top by an aperture inclined in the direction opposite to that in which the carriage travels, so that the foul air can freely escape. Thus the carriages will be effectually ventilated without the necessity of windows being opened, and at the same time the column of air in the carriage and tunnel is entirely uninfluenced by the rapid travelling of the carriage, though constantly replenished without any visible movement.

I am indebted to a Welsh reader for the information that Lord Cantelupe's yacht, the *Sunbeam*, is not, as I supposed, a sailing vessel, but a small steamer bought originally from a Welsh merchant, and fitted out for a pearl-fishing expedition. My correspondent adds, however, "the two *Sunbeams* are as different as two yachts well can be, and I should scarcely think that Lord Brassey felt pleased to see them confounded."

Lord Hindlip's sale of Shire horses, at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire, went off very well, the average for fifty-one head being nearly £65. Among the purchasers were the Prince of Wales, Lord Egerton of Tatton, and Mr. Muntz. At the preliminary luncheon, which was largely attended, Lord Coventry took the chair. Lord Hindlip is not giving up his stud, but has only sold his surplus stock.

The following note on pig-breeding comes from a gentleman in Wiltshire of exceptionally large experience, and fully bears out all that has already been said in TRUTH on the subject. The circular referred to is issued by a firm at Chippenham, and gives to breeders and feeders precisely identical advice to that which I mentioned last week as given by another bacon-curing firm :—

> There is no doubt a great deal in what you say, that many of the British farmers think that the propagation of swine may be left to chance.
>
> Bacon-curers have for some time past been endeavouring to impress on farmers the necessity of producing a pig which in shape, size, and quality shall defy competition, and so obtain the highest possible price, and their latest views are embodied in the enclosed circular recently issued to feeders by one of the largest bacon factories in England.
>
> From want of combination and slowness of action our farmers are allowing Denmark and Canada, two large dairy countries, to produce a breed of pigs which in shape, make, size, and profitableness is superior to theirs ; and although these countries, for various reasons, can never hope to produce meat of such fine quality as our English swine furnish, they have in an incredibly short space of time produced an animal which in many respects is better than ours, and is a formidable competitor.
>
> In Denmark ten years ago the bacon industry was practically unknown, and the pigs were gaunt, hideous creatures quite unsuited for the English market. The enterprising Danes have, however, in a few years by careful attention to breeding and feeding produced a pig almost perfect in shape and most profitable to deal with. It is to be wished that our farmers would take a lesson from them.

I am glad that I last week intimated my intention to say nothing more about Australian mutton and wool. The gentlemen who have been instructing me on the subject, after having differed on a matter of fact, now show a disposition to become dangerously personal. In one of the last letters addressed to me—but Heaven forbid that I should say by whom—I find the following disparaging sentiments :—

> Your correspondent seems to be one of those gentlemen who, having made money by a land bubble, have cleared out of Australia with the plunder, and try to palm off on the unsophisticated Englishman the profits of their gamble as honest trading in wool or gold, and who are detested in Australia.

To think that there should be such people among us !

The managers of the *Times* are to be congratulated. At last they have deigned to consult the convenience of their readers by prefixing each announcement of birth, marriage, and death with the name of the party to whom the announcement refers. For about twenty years this simple and obvious improvement has been resisted in the paper where it was most of all wanted. I find that the new departure saves me ten minutes per day, which is one hour per week, and more than two whole days per annum. Supposing the *Times* to have a quarter of a million readers daily, this means that half a million days, equivalent to over thirteen centuries, are saved to the public per annum.

C.O.M. WHISKY.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—ANDREWS & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

The difference of opinion between Mr. Arthur W. Pinero, the dramatist, and Mr. Clement Scott, the critic, was amicably settled on Saturday morning last in Ely-place, through the amicable intervention of Sir George Lewis, to whom the matter had been referred by consent of the disputants. Dramatist and critic shook hands and resolved to "bury the hatchet."

Sir William Jenner has always refused to publish his various lectures and papers on Fevers and Diphtheria in book form, but he has at last consented to do so, and the work will appear in a few weeks. These "Lectures and Essays" range from 1849 to 1879, and their publication at the present time is most seasonable, considering that the diseases of which they treat are now so prevalent.

A volume of letters written by Lady Burghersh (afterwards Lady Westmorland) from Germany and France during the campaign of 1813-14, will be published in a few weeks. The letters have been edited by Lady Rose Weigall. Lady Burghersh was a daughter of the third Lord Mornington, and a niece of the Duke of Wellington.

The correspondence of the celebrated Joseph Jekyll and Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley (1818-38) has been edited by Mr. Algernon Bourke, and it will be publishe in a few weeks by Mr. Murray.

What is the correct definition of an amateur writer? Considerable prizes are just now offered in a literary competition open to amateurs only. They are defined as persons "who do not gain their living by literature.' But, unfortunately, there are many professional writers to whom this definition applies with only too much exactness. Would not an amateur writer be more correctly defined as one who, being provided with bread and butter, gains the addition of jam by literature?

It will interest Mr. Stead to know, if he does not know it already, that the "spook," though new to this country, is a very old discovery in America. I have a correspondent in that country who corrects me in the suggestion, which I threw out the other day, that the "spook" had grown out of "Planchette." My correspondent says that Planchette was merely an ingenious contrivance for facilitating involuntary writing, which had been practised for many years previously; and she describes a serious family of her acquaintance, who, in the pre-Planchette era, used to sit regularly round a table to record the revelations—mostly of the most twaddling and commonplace character—vouchsafed to them by a familiar, who went by the name of "Insight." It occasionally happens, I grieve to hear, that the mysterious writing thus produced is of a character quite unfit for publication. I hope that Mr. Stead, of all men, has not had any experiences of this kind; but it may practically be taken for granted that a spook who bears the name of "Julia" is above suspicion.

I have been told that the diploma of the "Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London," was recently to be seen, mounted on a card, over a tobacco stall at a London show. Sturman's "F.S.S." is supposed to serve, it seems, as a recommendation of a new kind of pipe. I would advise tradesmen who desire to puff their wares in this way to purchase Professor Bœttcher's Diploma and "Grand Gold Medal (gilded)," which, in point of appearance, are fully worth the additional money, and mean quite as much—or quite as little.

In the Name of Consistency!

When Zola's novels came to town,
  No word of welcome was addressed them;
But, rising with a moral frown,
  The Law without delay suppressed them.
And, not content the books to brand,
  When in its wrath it had arisen,
It struck with still more heavy hand,
  And sent their publisher to prison.

But when M. Zola was our guest
  (The author of the works in question),
That he should also be suppress'd,
  There was no sign of a suggestion.
Nay, when in London he arrived,
  Sir Edward Lawson went to meet him;
And almost every one contrived
  Effusively to hail and greet him!

The papers praised him day by day,
  Addresses were presented gaily,
And no one spoke of Holloway,
  Or hinted at the Ancient Bailey.
Nay, London's own Chief Magistrate,
  That stern conserver of our morals,
Received him in official state,
  And crowned him, so to speak, with laurels.

Here, surely, is a contrast odd—
  For, having ostracised his novels,
London of Zola made a god,
  And even now before him grovels.
It burked his books, and stopped their sale,
  Made it a crime to even quote them,
Consigned their publisher to gaol,
  And glorified the man who wrote them!

In face, then, of the facts we pen,
  Facts very recently existent,
Who can deny that Englishmen
  Are sometimes grossly inconsistent?
Which course was right we won't decide,
  Their points of diff'rence are not slight ones,
But this at least can't be denied—
  Both of the courses can't be right ones.

There's no sound principle behind
  Our fits of morals periodic;
Our puritanic rage is blind,
  Our Tartuffe-ism's unmethodic.
And all our rushing to extremes—
  Brimstone to-day, to-morrow butter—
Our gushing cheers, our prudish screams,
  Are only humbug—sheer and utter!

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion. Perfect fit guaranteed. Caution, the only address, other people are trading on our name.

In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

The Dean and Chapter of Exeter have often been severely criticised (and with much justice) for the manner in which their Church patronage has been dispensed, but they have certainly compensated to some extent for many flagrant jobs in the past by making a most unexceptionable appointment to the important living of St. James's, Exeter, to which they have presented the Rev. C. V. Freeman, Vicar of West Anstey. He is the second son of the celebrated Archdeacon Freeman, a profound scholar and an admirable writer, whose premature death was deeply and long lamented in the West of England. Mr. Freeman is a most zealous, popular, and successful parish clergyman, and a man of enlightened views and broad sympathies, and his preferment to one of the most important charges in the West of England has caused much satisfaction in the diocese of Exeter among both clergy and laity. The statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the living of St. James's is "one of the most valuable in the diocese" is nonsense, for the net income does not exceed £250 a year.

By way of answer to my remarks a fortnight ago respecting the use made of his patronage and influence by Archdeacon Blakeney, a Sheffield paper prints a long rigmarole, confessedly inspired by the Archdeacon himself, and possibly penned by some clerical henchman. It is enough to say of this rubbish that one part of it consists of stupid gibes at TRUTH, and the rest of a shuffling attempt to relieve the Archdeacon of responsibility for the appointments of his own relatives, or, where that is impossible, of impudent contentions that the men appointed were the best available. So long as it cannot be denied that by the Archdeacon's direct act, or occult influence (which is even more efficacious), his own relatives, friends, and colleagues have been beneficed, whilst all outside that charmed circle have been left in the cold, such subterfuge as this will deceive nobody.

No condemnation pronounced in TRUTH hits the Archdeacon so hard as the following phrases of his own apologist:—

> If it be jobbery to prefer old, and tried, and talented, and popular curates before untried and probably unreliable men, jobbery becomes a virtue, and not an offence.

Read this by the light of the facts. Within a quite recent period ten curates have been appointed to Sheffield Parish Church, and have gone to livings of their own within, on an average, about three years from the date of their arrival. Yet of the score or two of curates outside the Archidiaconal circle not one has in all that time been found worthy of preferment. The above sentence, therefore, means, if it means anything, that a curate who has been three years at the parish church is counted as "old, tried, talented, and popular," while in all the other churches of Sheffield over a space of twelve years there have been none but "untried and probably unreliable men." After such a declaration it will be admitted, I think, that it was about time somebody called attention to this scandal.

One would scarcely expect to find the proceeds of a sacrilegious robbery—a robbery committed on a Sunday, too—amongst the attractions at an exhibition held under the auspices of the Bishops and Clergy. It is so, however, at Birmingham this week, as the following extract from "The Illustrated Guide to the Church Congress and Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition" will show:—

> Lent by the Rev. J. R. MILLS, *D.D.*, St. Michael's Vicarage, Coventry.
>
> 194. A Silver-gilt Benediction Cross used in blessing the Russian Army.
> 195. Large Copy of the Gospels in Silver-gilt Covers.
> 196. A Jesu.
> 197. A Silver Shrine Lamp.
>
> (All the above were taken from SEBASTOPOL CATHEDRAL when the English entered on Sunday, September 8, 1855.)

It seems to me that it would be a graceful act on the part of the Rev. Dr. Mills to return this property to the Cathedral from which it was, as the catalogue delicately puts it, "taken." If also the reverend gentleman should share my opinion that a wrong has been done to the Church at Sebastopol, he might do the equivalent of restoring the articles "fourfold," after the example of Zaccheus of old.

It is not for nothing that the patriotic Scotchman so proudly appropriates the adjective "cannie." Even when advertising for governesses the natives of Caledonia seem "to go one better" than we simple Southrons, if the following advertisement may be considered a representative one:—

> Governess, thorough English, advanced arithmetic, French, German, Latin, music, drawing, painting, needlework; 2 pupils (girl 14, in Class 7 Sen., Queen-street, Edinburgh; boy 12, do work equal to Class 3, Royal High School); E.C. preferred; salary £12 for ten months.—Address, with testimonials, &c., *Scotsman* Office, Edinburgh.

I am surprised to have heard nothing more from Mrs. Hewson, of Ennismore, Listowel, Co. Kerry, in answer to my remarks upon her letter in TRUTH of September 14. Mrs. Hewson circulated in England appeals for the family of a distressed Irish landowner, and offered to supply particulars of the case, if desired. An application was made to her for particulars, but her reply gave no information which was of the slightest use for testing the genuineness of the appeal. I pointed this out; but, instead of remedying her omission, she sent me some mutilated letters with reference to another matter. As I have already said, the lady clearly owes it to herself to supply forthwith such particulars as will enable the *bona fides* of her appeal to be seen. I would suggest at the same time that she should inform me whether the correspondent is right who tells me that she has been engaged for many years in collecting money for one purpose and another, and has never published any accounts, and also whether she is the lady who a few years ago largely advertised certain articles from Ennismore Lodge, Ballybunion. In the meantime I shall be glad if the correspondent in question will let me have an opportunity of communicating with him further.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—F. Gorringe, £5. 5s.; S. M., 5s.. For Lady Jeune's Fund—H. S., £5; F. Weldon, £5; and C. T. S., £1. 1s.

The following letter has reached me :—

2, Gresham-buildings, Basinghall street,
London, E.C., September 29, 1893.

SIR,—We are instructed by Sergeant Major Gardner, who holds the position of Sergeant-Major of the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, to call your attention to a paragraph most seriously reflecting upon our client on page 628 of your issue of TRUTH of yesterday. We are informed that apart from the insulting tone of the paragraph generally, it is entirely incorrect that our client is "disqualified on medical grounds" from his service being extended, and the statement that "he has been examined and passed by a civilian medical practitioner in direct contravention of the regulations on this point" is incorrect, as the practitioner by whom he has been examined and passed is the medical officer at present in charge of the battalion of which our client is Sergeant-Major.

It is clear that the entire paragraph, and particularly the part of it to which we have referred, is calculated to do and is doing our client considerable injury as a Non-Commissioned Officer in her Majesty's service.

Under these circumstances our instructions are to require that a full retraction of these incorrect statements, and an unqualified apology to our client in form to be approved of by him, should be inserted in the next issue of your paper; and, further, that the name and address of your informant be given to our client, failing which our client will take such proceedings for libel as he may be advised.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

The Editor of TRUTH, Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W. DEBENHAM & WALKER.

With all respect to Messrs. Debenham & Walker, who are, I doubt not, a most worthy firm, I cannot comply with their request. Neither can I say that I think their letter a wise one. As to the facts of this matter, there cannot be, so far as I can see, any room for doubt; and as to the "tone" of my paragraph, to speak of it as "insulting" to the Sergeant-Major is childish. To show this, I need only reproduce the paragraph itself :—

> Apropos of Sergeant-Majors, I understand that the gallant warrior filling that office in the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers is about to extend his service, under circumstances which require some explanation. In the first place, a Royal Warrant of the present year seems to me to forbid a Warrant Officer extending his service in the Militia—a very salutary regulation, by all I can hear. Beyond this, I am credibly informed that this particular officer is disqualified on medical grounds; and this possibly explains the further irregularity that he has been examined and passed by a civilian medical practitioner in direct contravention of the Regulations on this point. Fortunately, the re-appointment of this officer is not yet fully completed, and I trust that the publication of these particulars will have the effect of nipping it in the bud.

These remarks obviously reflect, not upon the Sergeant-Major, but on the superior officer, whoever he may be, responsible for the renewal of the engagement. Unless it be deemed an insult to speak of the Sergeant-Major as a "gallant warrior," there is not a word in the paragraph which casts the slightest reflection upon that officer. If the facts are as I stated them, though they may be the Sergeant-Major's misfortune, they certainly are not his fault.

Now, what are the facts? The language and threats of the solicitors' letter compel me to state them more explicitly than I should otherwise have done. The Sergeant-Major has been for some years past suffering from rupture. My knowledge of that circumstance is derived from evidence which does not admit of contradiction. When, therefore, Messrs. Debenham & Walker tell me that they are informed that "it is entirely incorrect that our client is disqualified on medical grounds," do they ask me to believe that such an infirmity as this is no bar to a renewal of a Warrant Officer's military service? This is certainly surprising information, and I think that if Messrs. Debenham & Walker will make further inquiries, they will find that they have been misinformed. Again, their observations with regard to the medical gentleman who passed their client are but a very flimsy bit of special pleading. It is perfectly true that the doctor in question is in charge of the battalion, but it is equally true that he is a civilian. The facts are these: There is no Army Medical Officer attached to the Depot, but the men are attended in case of need by Dr. Gordon Browne, of Finsbury-square. Dr. Browne himself has lately been away, and his duties have been discharged by a Dr. Appleford, who is the gentleman who certified the Sergeant-Major's fitness for re-engagement. My information is that, in the regular course of things, the Sergeant-Major should have been passed by the Medical Officer at the Tower, and, if Messrs. Debenham & Walker will inquire, I think that they will find the information to be correct.

It is said that my remarks are "calculated to do our client considerable injury." This I regret; but if a man is benefiting by an irregularity, and the irregularity is exposed, he necessarily suffers. I would point out to Messrs. Debenham & Walker that, if the irregularity were consummated, other men, at whose expense the Sergeant-Major is retained, would suffer an equal loss and a far greater injustice. To prevent such an injustice, not to injure the Sergeant-Major, was the object of my paragraph; and as a further justification of it I would call attention to the fact that the Sergeant-Major's solicitors do not attempt to answer my first point, that for a Warrant Officer to renew his Militia engagement is absolutely illegal. Under these circumstances there is nothing for me to retract or apologise for, and under no circumstances whatever should I have disclosed the sources of my information. The fact of this last demand being made, under threat of legal proceedings, on such frivolous grounds forces me to the conclusion that this Sergeant-Major hoped, by making use in this way of a respectable firm of solicitors, to frighten me into supplying him with the name of some unfortunate individual about the barracks, who would forthwith be sacrificed to his wounded dignity. That expectation I am very pleased to disappoint, and I have no fear of the consequences.

I intimated last week that I would make some inquiries into the allegations against Corporal Wilson, of Bodmin, put forward in the *Broad Arrow*. I have done so, with the result that the facts seem to have been most unwarrantably and maliciously exaggerated. The *Broad Arrow's* indictment of this man may be divided under two heads. The first relates to his having been Court-martialled, convicted, and reduced to the ranks (from that of Hospital-Sergeant) in 1880 for "using insubordinate language, and making a false accusation;" and to his having been again degraded and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment on a similar charge in 1883. The *Broad Arrow* prefaces the second incident with the statement that he had "become again Sergeant" in the interval. A more gross mis-statement of the truth

MAJOR HOWE & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

could hardly be imagined. The fact was that the man appealed successfully against his conviction in the first instance, with the result that he was reinstated in his former rank of Sergeant. The proceedings (he being in India at the time) occupied some twelve months. No sooner was he reinstated, however, than a vindictive charge was preferred against him (as usually happens in such cases), and this time with better success than on the first occasion. Of the twelve months' imprisonment awarded, however, nine were remitted.

The second head of the indictment relates to Wilson, after discharge to the Reserve, enlisting again in 1885 in his present Regiment under a false name (his true name seems to be Craig), and making false statements on the occasion. This charge is undoubtedly true, and all there is to be said about it is that Wilson received a pardon for the offence, and that he has served with credit and gained his promotion steadily since his re-enlistment. Whatever indiscretions may have marked his first period of service, the fact remains that at the time of the beginning of this affair at Bodmin, Wilson would have been entitled, under the terms of the Regulations, to the character of "exemplary." The question, however, which the Bodmin scandal raises, is, not what Wilson's past character has been, but whether the allegations which he made against the Sergeant-Major in 1893 are true, and whether the truth really came out at the Court-martial. On these points, I have already said all that there is to be said, and this attempt in the *Broad Arrow* to obscure the real issue, by pelting Wilson with mud dug up from a distance of eight, ten, or twelve years ago, only lends additional force to my contention that the man has been maliciously persecuted.

I should vastly like to know who supplied the *Broad Arrow* with the raw material for this mud-throwing achievement. Appended to Wilson's record is an extract from a communication, which bears the strongest internal evidence of having come from the Depot at Bodmin. It contains among other things the following account of what followed the inquiry in March :—

> Things settled down quietly at the Depot for a short period, but *finding that scarcely any of his comrades cared to associate with him*, Wilson commenced writing again, &c.

Seeing that it was conclusively proved at the Court-martial by the evidence of one after another of the "comrades" here referred to that, owing to the terrorism which prevailed, they were all of them afraid to speak to Wilson, and also that the few who had the courage to speak to him were immediately packed out of the place, the officer (as I suppose him to be) who could pen the above impudent misrepresentation of the facts may well be deemed capable of anything. I am making some further inquiries as to the source of the *Broad Arrow's* valuable communication, and should they have the result which I anticipate, this indiscreet effusion will prove that one at least of Wilson's allegations, which the Court found to be not proven, was well within the truth.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

Again I must respectfully but firmly call attention to the retention of two Colour-Sergeants at Beverley long after their legitimate term of duty at the Depot has expired. These men will have to go sooner or later, and it would be much more to the credit of the Commanding Officers of the Depot and the Home Battalion of the Regiment (the East Yorkshire) if they would put the matter right, before pressure is brought to bear upon them from other quarters.

I hear from Hamilton that the Sergeant-Major was not the party really responsible for the order to which I referred to last week that a certain private's lady should attend church. The order seems to have emanated from a chaplain, and the Sergeant-Major was merely the medium through which it was conveyed. I understand, however, that the order had been rescinded before last week's TRUTH reached Hamilton, so no more need be said about it.

The following letter was by accident crowded out of last week's TRUTH, while certain remarks, which I made with special reference to it, upon the position of doctors in regiments were published. Although as a general rule grievances on the score of "dignity" do not deeply impress me, there is, as I said last week, something more than indignity in such treatment as is here described, and any reform which would place doctors more on a footing of real equality with those with whom they daily associate, nominally on equal terms, would only be bare justice :—

> A Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel is appointed to a native regiment in India, which may be, and often is, commanded by a Captain. The Captain Commandant reports confidentially every year on the conduct, professional capacity, social qualities, &c., of the Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel. Should a mixed Board be ordered on the Sepoy, his field rations or his latrine, a doctor is not held fit to sit on that Board, but he is ordered to be in attendance only. Now mark the kind of substantive rank which you say the doctor has been granted. An entertainment is given by the regiment commanded by a Captain and doctored by a Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel. The invitations are issued in the name of Captain —— and Officers 99th Bengal Tigers. The doctor, who does not wear the uniform of the regiment, is quite in the background until the reckoning is brought, when he finds his mess bill debited with more than a Lieutenant-Colonel's share, while the Captain's command allowance (nearly double his grade pay) is left out in calculating his share all according to regulations, of course. How does this strike you with your well-known love of fairplay?

As has more than once been pointed out in TRUTH, the Colour-Sergeant of a British Regiment in India is considerably worse off than the corresponding officer in England, owing to the different scale of extra-duty pay. A brief representation of this anomaly, supported by a table showing that the loss in the writer's case amounted to over £1 per month, notwithstanding that the extra duty was heavier, was recently laid by a Colour-Sergeant before his Company Officer, who laid it before the C.O., who laid it before the Assistant Adjutant-General, with a hope that the regulations would be modified in the direction pointed out. In due course there came back through the same channel a copy of a reply addressed three years ago to another similar representation on the same point. This reply is a miracle of circumlocution;—but though it purports to defend the anomaly, it really gives nothing more than a history of how the present state of things came about, and an indirect intimation

that the Government do not intend to alter it. As it appears from this that Commanding Officers in India have now been for three years pressing the Indian Government upon this point, and that the Government obstinately refuses to do its obvious duty, the next step would seem to be that the War Office should step in, and use its influence to get its men properly paid.

In this connection, however, I may remark that, in some respects, the position of a Colour-Sergeant at home leaves a good deal to be desired. I had a forcible communication on the subject only a week or two back. The burden of the complaint was (1) that a Colour-Sergeant has scarcely any opportunities of rising to better things; (2) that he cannot by any length of service increase his pension. For instance, in one battalion that was pointed out to me, the senior Colour-Sergeant—an exemplary soldier—had held that rank thirteen years; another man, only half way up the roll, had been in the same rank seven years. In another case, an N.C.O., who had served continuously as Colour-Sergeant for twelve years, and another who had served eleven years as Sergeant and one year as Colour-Sergeant, were discharged to pension simultaneously, and, of course, at the same figure. Colour-Sergeants occupy the most important and responsible posts of any N.C.O.'s—to say nothing of Commissioned Officers—and I certainly think that their claims to a progressive improvement in their position deserve consideration.

I have had a visit from Pensioner McGrorty, late of the 1st Border Regiment. If I am not mistaken, McGrorty would esteem it a favour if I would agitate for the summary dismissal of all the officials at Chelsea Hospital. His grievance against them is this:—He has been deprived of three months' pension "as a punishment for having made a false declaration as to the loss of his life and identity certificates, which he had pledged." Now it is clear that the certificates were pledged; it is clear that Mr. McG. made a declaration that he had lost them. But he declares to me, with a solemnity by which I cannot help being impressed, that he did lose his certificates, and that he did not pledge them. His account of it is that he was set upon and maltreated by certain evil-disposed persons at Sheffield, that he was knocked insensible, and that when he recovered he found he had been robbed, and that his certificates were gone. That is his story. He has made a formal demand that it may be investigated, and it would be a very easy matter to investigate it. But to dock him of three months' pension, as seems to have been done, without any attempt at investigation, seems to me a high-handed proceeding which fully justifies McGrorty's indignation.

The last growl that has reached me on the subject of the detention of time-expired men in India comes from one whose colour-service is completed in the middle of October. He has just received an intimation that he will leave on December 23—that is to say, he is compulsorily detained for two months beyond his contract time, to which another month will have been added before he is finally discharged in England. Of course there are dozens more in a similar situation. A ship cannot be kept in waiting to transport each man to England as his time expires. That I see; but why each ship that leaves does not take home all the men whose time will expire before the sailing of the next ship I do not see. That this would be done if strict faith were kept with the men is beyond question. Will nothing short of a vote in Parliament induce the military authorities to keep strict faith?

As considerable interest seems to be felt in Mr. Grant McDonald's scheme for dealing with recruits, I publish the following further letter from that gentleman, which sufficiently explains the idea. I think that there is a good deal in the suggestion; and it might gain additional value, if at the conclusion of his two years' training the man who had satisfactorily demonstrated his unfitness for any branch of the Service were discharged:—

> Sir,—In reference to your courteous summary of my remarks in this week's issue of Truth, permit me to point out that the Central Depot I propose would be intended for the reception of newly-enlisted recruits from all parts of the United Kingdom, in which they would remain for two years, during which time they would serve for six months in each of the four arms of the Service, viz., the Infantry, the Army Service Corps, the Artillery, and the Cavalry. At the expiration of this period they would be drafted into whichever branch of the Army they would select, and into which they would enlist for a period of at least ten years. On joining his selected corps, each man would be a fully-trained soldier, and, consequently, the offices of Regimental Drill Sergeant and Riding Master would, practically, become superfluous.
>
> I would also point out that the officials of the Central Depot should all be permanent, viz., the Commandant, the Adjutant, the Quarter-Master, the Non-Commissioned Drill Officers, as well as the bootmaker, the tailor, and the photographer.
>
> This plan would, I submit, not be a revolution of the Army system. It would simplify and centralise the present loose and disjointed system of manufacturing a soldier. It would do more; it would raise the standard of efficiency to the highest practical point, and reduce the cost to the minimum point.—Yours respectfully, Grant McDonald.
>
> 3, Broadway, Ludgate-hill, E.C.,
> September 27, 1893.

In reference to the letter which I published last week from an Indian Officer, denying Lord Roberts's right, as an officer of the Royal (late Bengal) Artillery to a Home command, I have received several letters from other Indian Officers pointing out that, since the amalgamation of 1861, any officer of the late Indian European troops has an equal right to a Home command with other officers of the Indian Army. I beg to thank all my correspondents for their letters, but there is so little opening for doubt about the matter that I hardly think the letter which I published is worth an answer.

There is one class of "Service Journals" which ought to be excepted from the criticism lately discharged at some such publications by correspondents of Truth—I mean the Regimental Magazines. I have several times

To Sportsmen and Others.—Messrs. Field, Warwick, & Co.'s Cold Air Stores, 71, High-st., Wapping, London, E. Every convenience for freezing and storing all kinds of game, hares, rabbits, &c. (rate 2d. per head per month). Consignments can afterwards be put on the market to be sold at suitable intervals, or can be sent to any address, as required.

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spoken in praise of the literary and editorial ability displayed by different regiments in this direction, but I am moved to speak to the same effect again by the receipt of a copy of *Ours*, the monthly magazine of the Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), which is one of the very best papers of its class. When M. Zola remarked the other day that English journalists are not, like their brave French contemporaries, fighting men, he was not aware, I think, how many of our fighting men are journalists.

A provincial paper reports a "singular accident" to the coastguard cruiser *Fanny*, the nature of the accident being that the Kingston valve somehow dropped clean through the bottom of the ship. This truly "singular" occurrence serves to emphasise what was lately said in an evening paper as to the dangerously rotten condition of the crazy old tubs belonging to this class. The *Fanny* is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, ship in the service, though her age has been partially disguised under frequent changes of name. She was originally a sailing ship, and dates back to the very first era of the introduction of steam, if not earlier. I believe it is a fact that her engines were shown in the Exhibition of 1851. They are now utterly worn out; her timbers are rotten; she is alive with vermin; and every voyage is expected to be her last. Nevertheless, the Admiralty persist in spending substantial sums every year in patching up craft such as this, whose retention in the "Navy List" is a fraud upon the taxpayers and an outrage upon those who are sent to sea in them.

At the time of the accident above mentioned—if the natural process of dissolution in a vessel of this antiquity can be styled an "accident"—the *Fanny* was conveying the families of coastguards from Kingstown to Plymouth. A year or two ago, I called attention to the horrors inflicted on women and children shipped about in this way; but in this respect even the worst of the steamboats furnishes no experience to be compared with what is occasionally suffered on board the one or two small cutters employed on the same service. The *Irish Daily Independent* has just given a description of a voyage of this kind, in which the wives and families of three coastguardsmen are depicted shut up between decks in bad weather on board a 60-ton cutter, with absolutely no accommodation of any kind beyond that provided for the crew, and exposed perhaps for several days to all the horrors of sea-sickness, semi-suffocation, and sometimes semi-starvation. This phase of naval administration requires immediate attention and reform.

Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins ought to have been retired for age on September 1, but he is to retain the office of First Sea Lord for several weeks longer, in order that he may be qualified for an additional pension. This is a scandalous job. The age clause has always been rigorously enforced against officers who were quite as worthy of special consideration as Sir Anthony Hoskins, and the exceptional favour which is being manifested towards him has excited a great deal of grumbling in Service circles. The Admiralty authorities always seem to think that they can ignore or suspend the regulations whenever it may suit them to do so. In these matters, however, there ought to be one weight and one measure for officers of all ranks.

I am informed that when Prince Louis of Battenberg vacates his present post he is to be appointed to the command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. This project explains how it has come about that Admiral Fullerton has been allowed to retain the command of that vessel long after his promotion to flag rank, in flagrant violation of the rules of the Service. The fact is that Admiral Fullerton is complacently acting as warming-pan for Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The following story of a Post Office practical joke is told me apropos of the case of overcharge for telegraph porterage at Cleator. A miller in Midlothian, after paying porterage on his telegrams for many years, discovered that he was within a mile of the office, and made a claim for repayment. The Post Office officials investigated the facts, and admitted in writing that the distance was under a mile. They demanded inspection of all the telegrams on which the overcharge was claimed. This was conceded, and, after a long delay, the claim was paid. A month or so elapsed, when two gentlemen arrived, and proceeded to argue with the mill-owner that his house was really over the mile from the office. The fact was that it was over the mile by the high-road, but under the mile when a cut was taken by a footpath. Before a group of amused spectators, the two officials proceeded to demonstrate their case by solemnly pacing down the high-road, after which they announced that the distance was a mile and so many yards, and that the claim would not be entertained. Great, as may be imagined, was their discomfiture when they then learned that the Department had long since admitted the distance, and paid the claim. I can readily understand that this was regarded as very good fun by the mill-owner and his friends; but I should like to know who paid for the joke.

From the foregoing narrative it appears that sometimes the Post Office does hold itself responsible for porterage wrongly charged, and meets claims for repayment. That is as it should be. But if this is done in Midlothian, why not in Cumberland?

Here is another matter relating to the delivery of telegrams which demands attention. A gentleman had occasion to telegraph late at night, and went to the office at Victoria Station, which is advertised as open all night. Having with difficulty aroused a sleepy youth, and con-

Star & Garter Hotel, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, & healthy. Famed for its Guild and Corporation banquets, wedding breakfasts, balls, &c. Unrivalled winter residence.—Chas. James, Manager.

Ulsters, Overcoats, and Capes are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

vinced him (much against his will) that there was an office open at Reading also, he was then informed that, though the telegram could be *sent* to Reading, it could not be *delivered* from that station. Such a state of things is almost too absurd for belief. For what purpose is it supposed that the public should despatch telegrams which cannot be delivered, and by what process of mental aberration can the Post Office be induced to incur the expense of keeping offices open on such conditions? Little wonder the telegraphs do not pay!

In connection with the recent unfair promotion at Bristol Post Office, it is particularly desirable that Mr. Arnold Morley should extend the inquiries which he has promised to make to the correspondence which took place on a former occasion, when a Superintendent's son was promoted over the heads of a number of men. If I am correctly informed, the then Postmaster of Bristol received an intimation from St. Martin's-le-Grand that the reasons he had given for the promotion were not valid, and that in future he must train the next man on the staff list for promotion to such a vacant post. The Postmaster-General should insist upon knowing why that instruction has been disregarded.

From certain voluminous reports and documents which have been sent to me, it seems that the little village of Alderley Edge, Cheshire, has lately been aroused from its customary torpor into a state of seething excitement. The cause of the commotion was the action of the local governing body, the Chorley Local Board, in dismissing a rate-collector. Public meetings were held by sympathisers with the dismissed official, and Colonel F. Haworth, a resident of Alderley Edge and a J.P. for Manchester, especially distinguished himself by the vigour, not to say virulence, of his attacks upon the Board and its Law Clerk, Mr. W. E. Rowcliffe. A sequel to what the local Press described as the "dashing" speech of the gallant officer has just appeared in the shape of an advertisement, in which, under a threat of legal proceedings, he withdraws, and apologises for his reflections on Mr. Rowcliffe, and undertakes to pay the sum of £10 to some local institution, as well as all costs and expenses. It is to be hoped that Colonel Haworth exercises more care and discretion as a magistrate than he appears to do as a public orator.

Some interesting information has reached me with regard to the non-enforcement of the Weights and Measures Acts in Dover—a matter to which frequent reference has been made in TRUTH. It appears that owing to a remonstrance from the Board of Trade the late Inspector has resigned, and the Corporation have appointed his successor. The late Inspector held office for fourteen months, and during this period he examined and certified to the correctness of 522 measures, 3,727 weights, and 518 scales, for which work the Corporation received fees amounting to £29. 2s. The value of this individual's examinations and certificates may be judged from the fact that he failed to pass the Board of Trade examination, and could not in consequence institute a single prosecution under the Act. It is not, however, simply during the late Inspector's tenure of office that the law has been allowed to remain a dead-letter in Dover. I have not been able to discover any one in the borough who can recall a weights and measures prosecution for a period of something like a quarter of a century.

I believe a number of Dover tradesmen look upon prosecutions under the Acts as an unnecessary and unwarrantable interference with their business. In that view they have hitherto had the sympathetic support of the Corporation, who have appointed and kept in office an unqualified Inspector. The results of this policy have been shown from time to time at Folkestone, where hawkers from Dover, on being convicted of being in possession of unjust weights, have pleaded in extenuation that nobody troubled about such things at Dover. I am told, by the way, that it is not alone in regard to their weights and measures that the integrity of Dover tradesmen has been treated as above suspicion. There is a Borough Analyst, but prosecutions for the adulteration of milk, butter, &c., appear to be as rare as those for false weights and measures. The shopkeepers of the town must, indeed, be a superior race if they always sell pure articles as well as give full weight.

I trust that Mr. Fowler will see his way at an early date to modify, under certain circumstances, the present regulations with regard to the confiscation of money found upon those seeking shelter in workhouses. An old man from the Hackney Union Workhouse (a "deserving" pauper, too—for he had been a ratepayer forty years) was visited the other day by a niece from Australia, who gave him £4 to take him into the country, and then went back. The money was discovered by an official, and promptly confiscated; and, though the poor old man came with his tale to Mr. Bros at the North London Police-court, it was, of course, only to find that he had no remedy open to him. This case is only one degree less hard than the fleecing of Mrs. Hartnoll, the hop-picker, by the Malling Guardians. That a pauper should not be allowed to have a pocketful of money while the ratepayers are keeping him is a very sound principle; but, like other sound principles, it requires to be applied with a little discrimination. It is for want of such discrimination that the Poor Law looks so mercilessly hard.

The Sanitary authorities at Leicester have just made the interesting discovery that some of the Corporation

GREAT ECONOMY IN DOMESTIC SANITATION.—Thirty Gallons of the strongest and safest Disinfectant that the world has ever known can be made with a half-crown bottle of IZAL. Of all Chemists in large bottles at 1s. 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; also in one-gallon tins at 10s.

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

employés have for months, if not for years, made a practice of baling out into the River Soar gallons of liquid filth from canal boats containing night soil, putrid fish, and other similar abominations. The discovery has naturally created some excitement, and this has further resulted in attention being called to the fact that the Soar has been for miles polluted by other drainages and leakings of an equally pestilent character. No doubt seems to be felt that these pollutions are at the bottom of an unaccountable outbreak of typhoid which had previously occurred at one end of the town. Leicester has for a long time past been endeavouring to show the world how immunity from disease is to be secured by effective sanitation. What then may we expect to find in towns less sensitive on this point?

There appeared in the *Sun* the other day a loathsome but valuable description of the way market carts which bring vegetables into London are utilised on the return journey. They go back, it seems, laden with manure of every variety, but chiefly the stable manure from the unwholesome mews and courts, and the refuse of the fish markets and the slaughter-houses. The object of the writer was to show how infection is carried into the suburban districts, and doubtless this is an important consideration enough. But, as a dweller in the town, what impresses me most about it is the fact that the carts which go into the country thus laden bring back the vegetables for our dinners and lunches on the return journey. The sanitary authorities who are responsible for the markets ought without delay to give their attention to these carts.

At a certain popular watering-place in the West of England, the wiseacres of the Local Board have ordered the closing of the public pumps in the town until the water has been analysed. It appears that these pumps are used for watering the streets and similar purposes. Now, what in the sacred name of common sense is the object of analysing the water, unless the numerous private pumps which are used for drinking purposes are also analysed? This same Local Board has just been sharply snubbed by the Whitehall authorities for some absurd and foolish proceedings with respect to fish coming from the northern ports.

Judging from the correspondence which has been appearing in a local paper, there must be something radically wrong with the water supplied by the Limpsfield and Oxted Water Company. The Directors seem to rely upon the good character which they obtained for the water when a sample was submitted to Dr. Stevenson for analysis a month or so ago. Since then, however, numerous complaints have been made of its thick and muddy condition, and another analyst, to whom a sample was submitted a fortnight ago, testifies to the presence of "contaminating matter," and says that he should himself "hesitate to habitually drink such water." A lady at Oxted, who has written to me on the subject, says that the water served to her for toilet purposes has frequently been unfit for use owing to its foul smell; and a Limpsfield correspondent confirms this. It is to be hoped that the Company will give more attention than they have hitherto done to the complaints which are being made.

The Latest Terror.

[The *British Medical Journal* publishes a list of eleven diseases (including such unpleasant disorders as herpes tonsurans, impetiginous eczema, trichorrhexis nodosa, typhoid, and cholera), to the risk of catching which every one who seats himself in a hairdresser's saloon is exposed.]

We Britons are a hardy race,
To mortal risks no strangers;
And often with a smiling face
We front no common dangers.
We meet the savage beast at bay
Upon the jungle's marges,
We often stand without dismay
While Fuzzy-Wuzzy charges.

In ironclads—oh, hazard dire!—
We sail, and show our daring;
Our monster guns we even fire,
Determined, though despairing.
Nay, spite what analysts repeat,
And deaf to doctors' warning,
We, pale but resolute, still eat
Our breakfast every morning.

Then, if such awful risks are found
Unable to appal us;
There clearly can be no just ground
A craven race to call us;
Nor need we dread the scoffer's sneer,
Nor trouble to dissemble
The fact that there is now one fear
Which makes our stoutest tremble.

For even he who oft has been
In death's stern eyes a gazer;
No more can brave with face serene,
The barber's lethal razor;
And he who still a path to fame
Through perils sore will dare cut,
Will shrink—and who shall deem it shame?—
Again to have his hair cut.

For he who braves the barber's chair
'Gainst dreader odds is battling
Than those who seek the lion's lair,
Or face the guns of Gatling;
For fell diseases lurk within
The comb employed to "dress" us;
The towel *coiffeurs* round us pin
Becomes a shirt of Nessus.

The powder-puff—oh, prospect black!—
May in infection steep us;
The very brush itself, alack!
To Hades swift may sweep us.
In short, to save continual frights,
Henceforth, in spite of quizzers,
We'd better all be Nazarites
And say good-bye to scissors.

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, Manager.

Over and over again I have protested against barristers practising in Courts where their fathers or other near relatives sit as judges. The objections to it are obvious, and I am, therefore, not surprised to hear from Manchester growls against the numerous appearances of Mr. Leresche, junior, as counsel in cases before Mr. Leresche, senior. At the late County Brewster Sessions, where Mr. J. H. Leresche presided, his son was briefed in no fewer than six cases. That many suitors deem it an advantage to have the son as an advocate with the father is, I should say, beyond question. They may be wrong in holding this opinion, but the prevalence of the opinion gives the son an unfair advantage over other barristers, which is in itself an objection to the practice. Holding the high opinion which I do of English Judges and Magistrates, I have no doubt that the opinion is wrong. So far from it being an advantage to be represented by a barrister who has a relative on the Bench, I should say that it is a distinct disadvantage. So jealous are our judicial functionaries of their reputation for impartiality, that I am convinced that, in their desire to show no favour to their relatives at the Bar, they would fall into the opposite extreme, and favour the other side. That, however, is equally disastrous. In a court of justice we want to get rid of as many as possible of the influences which tend to bias the judicial mind. There will always remain more than enough of which it is impossible to get rid.

Mr. William Tallack, of the Howard Association, has written an interesting report upon the visits which he recently paid to a number of prisons by permission of the Commissioners. It is satisfactory to learn that in his opinion our English local gaols are "unsurpassed in the world for their management and discipline." He points out some matters in which improvements might be obtained, but admits—and in this I heartily agree with him—that it is in our system, or rather absence of system, in regard to sentences that reform is now most required in our treatment of criminals. How urgently such reform is needed is proved in these columns every week.

For downright, regular, unadulterated Dogberryism, commend me to the Barnsley Bench. Last Wednesday three men were brought up, accused of "being on premises for an unlawful purpose—viz., to commit a felony." Not a scrap of evidence was adduced in support of this charge. They had simply been found sleeping beside a haystack, but apparently the usual charge under the Vagrancy Act was not sufficient to satisfy the requirements of Barnsley justice. The prisoners having explained that the mill in which they were employed at Bradford had stopped for want of coal, the following colloquy ensued:—

Norton (one of the accused): We heard there was a chance of getting work at Sheffield, and started to go there.

Mr. J. Kaye (Chairman of the Bench): Started off cadging, I expect.

Norton: No; we never cadged at all.

Mr. Kaye: Three men walking about the country, you know, are dangerous. There's going to be a stop put to that sort of work. Mr. Kaye then referred to a shop robbery which had occurred in a neighbouring village, but which had not the remotest connection with the present case, and added: "That's the sort of lawless work we're having, I'm afraid, pervading the country, but it will get stopped."

After making some further equally intelligent observations, Mr. Kaye conferred with his colleagues, Mr. J. Dyson and Captain Ormsby, and then sentenced the prisoners, who are described as "decent young fellows," to ten days' imprisonment each. The present is not the first occasion on which Mr. Kaye has distinguished himself in this way. It appears to me a positive scandal that a man who talks such muddy-minded nonsense, and, what is worse, acts up to it, should be any longer entrusted with the administration of the law.

A little incident which occurred at the Brecon Licensing Sessions the other day shows what strange notions some of the Great Unpaid have of judicial functions. In making an application for the renewal of a licence, a solicitor objected to the presence on the Bench of Messrs. W. and H. de Winton, on the ground that they were shareholders in a Brecon hotel; but both gentlemen declined to retire until they were reminded that if they remained they would be liable to a penalty of £100 each. Having at last realised that it would be imprudent for him to sit as a Justice, Mr. W. de Winton went into the witness-box and gave evidence, in which he strenuously opposed the renewal of the licence in question. From this it is easy to imagine with what fairness and impartiality he would have adjudicated in the matter if he had been allowed to sit upon the Bench.

I understand that the Home Secretary has been petitioned for the return of certain fines and costs imposed by the King's Heath Bench in a poaching case heard on September 15, on the ground that the defendants were irregularly and improperly convicted. From a perusal of an exhaustive statement which has been drawn up by the learned gentleman who appeared for the defendants, it certainly seems to be a case deserving of further consideration. It is particularly worthy of Mr. Asquith's study, as showing the prejudiced minds with which game-preserving Justices hear a Game Law case. The Chairman of the King's Heath Bench evidently regarded himself and his colleagues as accusers, not judges, for in the course of the proceedings he is reported to have remarked: "We (that is the Magistrates) have to prove our case, I say, on the part of the prosecution!"

A strong feeling of indignation has been aroused in Folkestone by the refusal of the Licensing Justices to grant a provisional licence for the new Hotel Metropole which it is proposed to erect on the polo field facing the sea. The only hotel at present on the sea-front is situated at the bottom of the town, close to the harbour, and it is generally felt that the new establishment would supply a much-needed addition to the hotel accommodation of Folkestone. Practically the only opposition to the licence came from five or six rival hotel-keepers, and the action of the Justices in falling in with what was described as a "dog-in-the-manger" policy is very properly resented as inimical to the best interests of the place.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. It contains numerous telling illustrations of the remarkable lenity which is exhibited towards defendants guilty of abominable assaults on men, women, and children, or wanton cruelty to animals, and of the almost invariable severity which marks the punishment meted out to offenders against the sacred rights of the property-owner or the game preserver. I am inclined to think, however, that as an example of Justices' Justice the last case in the list is about the worst. Probably Alderman Airey and his colleagues of the Worcester Bench will seek to defend their action on the ground that this was not Dufty's first offence. It may be as well therefore, to say at once that in my opinion—in which most people outside the ranks of the Magistracy will concur—to commit a youth of nineteen to prison for a fortnight for playing cards on a river-side is a monstrously excessive sentence, which cannot be justified by any number of previous convictions. It may be interesting to add that the spot where Dufty and his companions were caught is within a stone's throw of the racecourse. When the next meeting comes round these youths will doubtless wonder why thousands of adults are permitted to gamble in wholesale fashion whilst they are sent to prison or fined for playing at cards for a few pence;—

Cerrigdruidion Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Mainwaring and Mr. R. D. Roberts. David Roberts, farmer, charged with cruelty to two bullocks and a heifer. He incited two dogs to worry the cattle and himself beat them unmercifully with a stick. The beasts were driven to a barbed fence, through which they forced themselves and were badly injured. Defendant threatened to put a knife into a man who remonstrated with him. Fined £2 and costs.

Cerrigdruidion Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Edward Syke, charged with stealing a pair of trousers and a pair of boots. Fourteen days.

Halstead Police-court. Before Messrs. C. W. Start and C. E. Brewster. John Messent, aged 71, charged with stealing three ducks. Six weeks.

Sheffield City Police Court. Before Mr. H. Harrison and Mr. J. H. Barber. Henry Flatters charged with assaulting a girl aged 12. He offered her twopence, threw her down and assaulted her. Fined £5, or a month.

Sheffield City Police Court. Before the same Magistrates. Charles Kay, who said he had been out of work for thirteen weeks, and was "clamming," convicted of stealing a watch. One month.

Broxton Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. H. Leche, R. O. Orton, J. Howard, G. Barbour, H. Aldersey, and the Rev. C. Wolley Dod. Thos. Chesworth, convicted of assaulting his wife, who said he took hold of her by the neck, struck her, and tried to strangle her. She was afraid to live with him. Bound over, and ordered to pay the costs.

Broxton Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Jas. Clutton, labourer, charged with carrying a gun without a licence. He had been fined for poaching on the same occasion. Fined 10s. and costs.

Moreton-in-Marsh Petty Sessions. Before Mr. A. Rushout and Major Knox. John Murphy, groom, charged with stealing a rug. Twenty-one days.

Reading Borough Police-court. Before Messrs. C. J. Andrews, A. Hill, and M. J. Sutton. A man named Creed, charged with indecency. Fined 10s.

Reading Borough Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. A woman named Mott, charged with indecency in company with Creed. Two months.

Basingstoke County Police-court. Before Sir Nelson Rycroft, Mr. H. J. Hope, and Mr. A. Wallis. William O'Neal, charged with working a horse while in an unfit state. The animal was in an emaciated condition, reeling in the shafts of a van. Besides wounds and sores a policeman found forty weals caused by blows. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs. A similar fine was imposed on Edward Penfold, the owner of the horse.

Bridgwater County Police-court. Before Sir F. H. Hartwell, Rev. N. H. C. Ruddock, Messrs. W. B. Broadmead, T. P. Broadmead, G. B. Sully, and W. L. Winterbotham. George James, an old man, charged with sleeping out and having no visible means of subsistence. Seven days.

Dudley Police-court. Benjamin Waterfield, brick manufacturer, and John Leighton, charged with indecent behaviour on a tram-car. Leighton was also charged with assaulting a married woman, who remonstrated with them on their conduct. Fined £5 each and costs for the first offence, and Leighton 10s. for the assault.

Purslow Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. W. H. Whitaker and J. C. L. Rocke and Sir E. Ripley. Thomas Davies charged with assaulting John Weaver by knocking him down and kicking him. Complainant was stunned, and had to remain in bed two days and to be attended by a doctor. Fined 10s. and 10s. 6d. costs.

Wigan Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. M. Benson, W. B. Johnson, J. Cheetham, and other Magistrates. Adam Cartwright, charged with cruelty to a dog. He lifted the animal up by a scarf fastened round its neck, and then proceeded to kick it, saying he had a licence and could do what he liked with his dog. He was wearing clogs. Ordered to pay the costs.

Irvine Burgh Court. Before Bailie Jack. John M'Caskill, convicted of savagely assaulting his wife, who said he had ill-used her ever since they were married. The Fiscal characterised the prisoner as a cruel brute, and asked the Magistrate to send him to prison. The Bailie said "it was the most brutal case that had come before him." Fined £2. 10s. The fine was paid.

Kilmarnock Sheriff Court. Hugh M'Fadzean, charged with assaulting his wife. He dragged her along by the hair, and struck her on the head and face with his clenched fist. Previously convicted. Fined £3.

Norwich Police-court. Before Messrs. E. S. F. Trafford, R. B. Longe, F. A. Magnay, and Colonel Mansel. Charles Jillings, convicted of assaulting George B. Bone. Defendant struck complainant two violent blows across the head with a heavy stick, and when the stick was taken from him used his fists. Also convicted of assaulting Bone's brother, whom he struck across the head, taking a piece out of his ear. Fined £1 in each case or one month.

King's Heath Police-court. Before Messrs. Gilbert and Playfair. Edward Rose, aged 14, charged with entering a house and stealing a silver watch and cash-box. The father, a respectable working man, asked the Bench to deal with the lad under the First Offenders Act. One month.

Witham Petty Sessions. Henry Sayer charged with stealing fourpennyworth of apples. Seven days.

Braintree Petty Sessions. Before Mr. H. G. R. Marriott, Colonel S. G. Savill, and General G. W. Thompson. Samuel Foster charged with game trespass. In default of paying £2. 8s. 6d. committed for 21 days.

Blackpool Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Fisher and D. Hardman. Christopher Young, charged with trespassing at the railway station. Twenty-one days.

York East Riding Police-court. Before Major Sandys and Mr. E. H. Newton. James Griffin, charged with being in possession of a pheasant. Fourteen days, in default of paying £1 and costs.

Glasgow Sheriff Criminal Court. Before Sheriff Spens. Margaret M'Guire, charged with stealing a sheet. Forty days.

James Munro, charged with stealing a dog-collar. Three months.

Warwick Police-court. Amos Bench, labourer, charged with stealing a bushel of acorns. Twenty-one days.

Annie Quinn, charged with stealing a shirt. One month.

Chesterfield Petty Sessions. James Hogg, Samuel Gaunt, John Keeton, and Charles Keeton, charged with poaching on land of the Duke of Devonshire. Hogg (who had never previously been convicted) one month, the Keetons and Gaunt three months each.

Keynsham Police-court. Three men, named Lovell, Jones, and Hodges, charged with sleeping out. Three weeks each.

Thornbury Police-court. Before the Hon. R. W. H. Rodney, Colonel H. T. Salmon, Messrs. E. Harwood and E. Stafford Howard. Thomas Clark, aged 15, charged with game trespass. Committed for seven days in default of paying a fine of 10s. and 9s. 6d. costs.

Worcester City Police-Court. Before Alderman Airey and Messrs. W. Joseland and H. Urwick. Alfred Bird (14), Richard Jones (16), Edward Dufty (19), and Wilson George (16), charged with gaming with cards on the Severn side on Sunday. Alderman Airey said gaming amongst the boys in Worcester was becoming a great curse. Dufty, 14 days; the others fined, with costs, 14s. 9d. each.

The law is, no doubt, precisely the same for the classes as for the masses. But a good deal of difference is sometimes made in its application—especially by County Justices who happen to be called upon to deal with one of their own order. For instance, at Wolverhampton last week, before Messrs. H. T. Hinckes, T. V. Jackson, T. Beach, and S. T. Mander, Mr. E. L. Gatacre, of Gatacre Hall, near Bridgnorth, was charged with furious

driving, and with assaulting Thomas Prince, a pavior. Prince stated that he and a companion were on bicycles, and that the defendant not only drove his horse at a furious pace, but went from side to side of the road and tried to run over them. Evidence as to the furious driving was also given by a Wolverhampton doctor, who turned his vehicle into a bye-road to avoid a collision. With regard to the assault, Prince alleged that the defendant slashed him several times with his whip, and this was corroborated by an independent witness, a tradesman from Willenhall, who was driving along the road.

On the other hand, Mr. Gataere's groom—obviously an impartial witness!—denied that his master committed an assault. The Magistrates thereupon dismissed the second charge, whilst for the furious driving they imposed the ridiculously inadequate penalty of 1s. and costs. Supposing, for a moment, the gentleman from Gataere Hall had been the aggrieved cyclist, and the pavior the offending driver, does anybody believe the decisions of the Bench would have been the same? I, at least, do not.

Another of those cases which account for the popular distrust of the county Magistracy occurred at the Nottingham Shirehall a few days ago. A series of summonses and cross-summonses were heard in connection with an affray which had taken place between a number of miners and a party of gamekeepers outside a public-house at Annesley. It was clear that violence had been used on both sides, and in order to ascertain who were the aggressors it was necessary that most careful and dispassionate consideration should be given to a mass of conflicting evidence. The spirit in which the Bench approached this difficult duty was indicated by the Chairman (Mr. J. L. Francklin) at the outset of the case for the miners. Their first independent witness was bluntly told by Mr. Francklin that he "did not believe a word she had said," and upon the miners' solicitor mildly protesting against such an observation, the Chairman curtly replied that he "had a right to make any remark he liked." The decision which has become customary in proceedings of this kind was given, the charges against those notoriously immaculate individuals, the keepers, being dismissed, whilst the miners were convicted and fined or sent to prison. In the locality the result has been publicly denounced as a gross and flagrant miscarriage of justice, and after reading a full report of the case I have come to the conclusion that this language is fully justified.

As a rule, I take no notice of anonymous communications, but I feel disposed to make an exception in favour of a letter which I have received this week. It has reference to a recent case at Roborough Petty Sessions, and from the curiously addle-pated notion which is set forth I suspect that the writer is one of the pilloried Magistrates. For an extremely brutal wife-assault, the Bench imposed a fine of £1. 4s. 6d., including costs. They also, as I mentioned, granted a separation order, and, as most people are aware, in the ordinary course that is accompanied by a maintenance order. My anonymous correspondent's complaint is that I did not specifically state that a maintenance order of 7s. per week was made. He seems to labour under the delusion that this vindicates the action of the Bench. I differ from him. The prisoner in question had committed a most atrocious attack upon his wife, and only a few weeks before she suffered a serious illness through his violence. To argue that because she is allowed to live apart from him in future the Bench were justified in letting off such a ruffian with a fine instead of sending him to gaol is, to my mind, preposterous. Brutes anxious to get rid of their wives on easy terms may favour such a view, but how anybody else can do so passes my comprehension.

An edifying exchange of civilities between two of the Great Unpaid was witnessed in the Ashton-under-Lyne Police-court on Thursday. There were no fewer than eight Magistrates on the Bench, but apparently only two, Messrs. Boulton and Turner, were adjudicating in the case before the Court, the other six being seated some distance away. Suddenly Mr. Unwin, one of the six, announced that he and the gentlemen around him had determined to discharge the prisoner, whereupon Mr. Boulton loudly exclaimed, "If you will let us alone, we will do our own business." "We have a right to speak as well as you," remarked Mr. Unwin. "I want to have nothing to do with you," answered Mr. Boulton, "and you keep as far away from me as you can." Not choosing to be thus snuffed out, Mr. Unwin again asserted his right to speak, when Mr. Boulton, in a loud tone and amid considerable disorder both on the Bench and in the body of the Court, said: "You keep away from me; I have told you before." At this point the police discreetly "suppressed the noise in Court," and the squabble terminated. As it may break out again, however, the Chief Constable should take care in future to station one or two of his men on the Bench to keep order amongst the Justices, otherwise they may get from words to blows.

In the Kendal Police-court last week an extraordinary sentence for begging was recorded. The defendant, Henry J. Killingley, was not a professional mendicant. He is described as a very respectably-attired man, and it appeared that, being a stranger in the town, and having only fourpence in his possession, he applied to a person for assistance in getting a night's lodging, explaining that he did not want to go to a common lodging-house. Unfortunately the person whom he accosted happened to be a detective, and Killingley was arrested. At the police-station he gave his correct name, and said he came from Cambridge, and, in reply to an inquiry, the authorities there telegraphed that he was a racing tipster. Upon this evidence Messrs. Henry Wilson and John Rhodes sentenced the defendant to fourteen days' imprisonment. It is stated, I see, that these Kendal Dracos are prominent members of the Quaker and Plymouth Brethren sects. I can hardly believe that they would under the circumstances have passed such a severe sentence for the mere act of begging. Did they, then, punish Killingley because he is a racing tipster?

George Stow Hill was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court last week to two consecutive terms of five years' penal servitude for frauds committed by means of bogus bills of exchange, and five other members of the gang with which he worked to sentences ranging up to eighteen months' imprisonment. Thus satisfactorily ends another of the frauds which have been shown up in the pages of TRUTH. I had the satisfaction of describing Hill's operations on June 1 as a warning to merchants and tradesmen, and almost immediately afterwards the proceedings were commenced which ultimately brought the whole gang into the dock at the Old Bailey. Hill was a very audacious swindler in one of the most lucrative lines, and he must for a time have netted very considerable sums, for the cases proved against him by no means covered the whole extent of his operations. He deserved all he has got.

The Mayor of Carmarthen (Mr. H. Cadle) attended an inquest held in the borough the other day on the body of an unknown child, which had been deposited in a building yard. Although no evidence could be obtained to show who the mother of the child was, and the jury were obliged to return an open verdict, it was obviously a case in which an inquiry was not only desirable but absolutely necessary in order that the law might be complied with. His Worship, however, was ignorant of this, and at the conclusion of the proceedings he expressed the opinion that it was "disgraceful on the part of any official to bring such a matter before a jury and spend the ratepayers' money for nothing." The Mayor would do well to confine his attention to matters which he understands.

It may be remembered that I noticed last week the complaint of Mr. William Wickham, M.P., at a Primrose meeting that Mr. Gladstone's misguided policy would deprive him (Mr. W.) of his hunting. Now, Mr. Wickham may be a Tory, and a Primrose Leaguer, and he may say foolish things about Mr. Gladstone, but that is no reason why I should allow unfair aspersions to be cast upon him in his private capacity as a hunter of foxes. I am sorry to say that an elector of the Petersfield Division has been so ill-advised as to write and tell me that Mr. Wickham "invariably restricts his passion for the chase to a toddle once a week along the turnpike road." I could not allow such a statement to go forth to the world through the columns of TRUTH. On the contrary, with the view of defeating any such malicious suggestions, I shall be glad if Mr. Wickham will let me have, from time to time, a full report of his Nimrodic exploits, and I shall be happy to place a column—or, if necessary, two—at his disposal every week for this purpose.

I have received a circular from the President of the Rural Labourers' League asking me to assist in increasing the circulation of the organ of that body, the *Rural World*. When I mention that the President is Mr. Jesse Collings, and that the Vice-Presidents are six-and-thirty Unionists, it will, I think, be conceded that I have good cause for doubting whether the *Rural World* is likely to purvey that "sound and accurate information on the leading topics of the day" with which, the circular says, "it is especially important that the labouring population should be supplied." I must therefore respectfully decline Mr Jesse Collings's flattering invitation.

An anonymous critic takes me to task for endeavouring the other day to comfort a correspondent by telling him that, though I disagreed with certain views he expressed, I honoured him for being (as he professed) a good Radical. My anonymous critic avows himself a High Churchman and a Tory; but he says that he should "accuse himself of bigotry" if he honoured any one else merely because he had arrived at the same opinions as himself. On the same principle, apparently, he accuses me of bigotry because I honour a man for arriving at the same opinions as myself. Is not this the height of captiousness—if not something worse? If I consider that certain principles are right, why should I not honour anybody who upholds those principles? If you are not to honour a man for his principles, for what are you to honour him? I honour my captious critic for boldly proclaiming his own convictions. Apparently, his code allows him, if he likes, to honour me for proclaiming my views. If we may each honour those with whom we disagree, surely we may also honour our own side. The only man whom I decline to honour on account of his opinions, is the man who professes my opinions and acts on my opponents', *e.g.*, a "Unionist" who calls himself a Liberal and acts as a Tory.

Very opportunely, Mr. N. W. Sibley has just brought out a new edition of his pamphlet, "The Lords: What they have Done." I would recommend a perusal of it to those who are constantly applying to me for information as to books on this and other political questions. I find on one page of this pamphlet the following gems, illustrative of that sense of duty to the community at large which the Peers have invariably brought to the exercise of their political functions:—

1. In the case of the Earl of Pembroke, 1678, they resolved that the single testimony of a commoner is not sufficient against a Peer, thus recurring to the laws of Alfred, who declared he would pardon no treason against a Lord. . . .

2. Lord Mohun having complained of one Keigwin, and his attorney Danby, for suing him by common process in Michaelmas Term, 1651, in breach of privilege of Peerage, the House voted that he should have damages. . . .

3—4. In this reign (Charles II.) the Lords inserted an amendment in a Bill for regulating the Press, to the effect that their houses should not be searched for unlicensed books; and in the year of the Plague, when the Parliament sat at Oxford, a Bill to prevent the progress of infection was lost, because the Peers insisted that their houses should not be subjected to the general provisions of security.

It is entirely in accordance with human nature that almost all those who are advocates of bimetallism should find themselves in a position in which they would be bettered were this absurdity to be adopted. Some few there are who really believe in the quack medicine, just as there are a few persons who never clearly get into their heads that two and two make four. But who are the others? Those interested in silver mines; those who want the cost of manufacturing cotton goods in the East to go up, in order that they may compete for the market with advantage; and those whose estates are mortgaged and wish to pay off the mortgages in a depreciated currency. I do not believe that there are one thousand persons in the entire world who are bimetallists, and who would not find their personal profit in it.

I am surprised that the fact of the appreciation of gold is assumed. I greatly doubt whether it has appreciated. Where is the evidence that it has? It is true that a pound will in many instances purchase more commodities than a few years ago. But for this there are many reasons. The markets are overstocked, with the result that competition brings down prices. Moreover, every year the application of labour-saving machinery reduces cost of production. Given an excess of supply of raw material over demand, and reduced cost of manufacture, and it is abundantly clear that we have not to look further to account for lower prices to the consumer. This reduction would have been far greater than it is were it not that the wage of the artisan has gone up.

Just as it is with bimetallism, so it is with those buccaneering speculations called African Chartered Companies. A certain number of persons get hold of a large tract of land in Africa by fooling a native potentate out of a concession. They convert this concession into a Company. One portion of the capital consists of shares for which nothing has been paid. These they lay hold of. The other portion is made up of shares for which the public has paid cash. This cash is soon spent. But before the bubble has burst the speculators manage to sell a large number of their shares. Bankruptcy stares the Company in the face, on which they endeavour to get up a quarrel with the native potentate from whom they have obtained their concession, and call upon the Imperial Government to allow them to rob him of what remains to him, and, if necessary, to provide them with soldiers who will do the robbing for them at the cost of the taxpayer.

All this does not surprise me. As I have said, it is human nature. What does, however, surprise me is that any one should be taken in by the patriotism and the love of Christianity under which the speculators endeavour to conceal their personal aims. Profit, indeed! For themselves, they do not desire it! Their object is to enlarge the area of the Empire, and to provide a new field for missionary labour! That a huge profit will accrue to them is a sad necessity of the situation, which they almost deplore.

Look at the Chartered Company of South Africa. It is true that Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his gang created a Company with a capital of £1,000,000, on which nothing was paid, and that they are most anxious to sell the shares of this Company for cash to investors. It is equally true that they formed a Company of another million, the shares of which they took and paid for; and, having done so, forced them up to a premium of above 500, when they kindly parted with many of them to fools. It is true that this second Company has to pay one-half of all net profits to the first Company. True also that the second Company has spent the million, and has nothing to show for it, and is now worth £500,000 less than nothing. True, too, that it is very improbable that there is gold in paying quantity in Mashonaland. But what of all this? Mere incidents. Having made much money by palming off worthless shares to idiots who fancied that Mashonaland was a Land of Ophir, they now want to lay hold of Matabeleland in order once again to play the same game. What prevents them? The presence of the owner of Matabeleland with about 20,000 fighting men. Obviously this objectionable owner ought to be ejected. Is he not a cruel savage? Does he not maltreat some of his subjects? Ought such a man to be allowed to stand in the way of civilisation and Christian progress? Perish the thought! He ought to be replaced by a number of Christian gold seekers, and, whether there be gold or not in his country, it ought to become the property of the South African Chartered Company, in order to enable Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his friends to make money by announcing that the land is auriferous, and by persuading British investors to believe them, and to purchase shares of the Company.

These devourers of other men's goods have become more plausible, but in this alone do they differ from Ahab. That monarch lusted after a vineyard, and in a simple and straightforward way slew its possessor, and took possession of it. Had he declared that Naboth was a bad, wicked man who had no real right to have a vineyard; had he murdered him on this ground; and, having done so, had he converted the vineyard into a Company with a capital ten times the value of the vineyard, and palmed off the shares upon the investors of Samaria, he would have created a body of men ready to swear that the vineyard had been most legitimately acquired, and that it was his bounden duty to acquire in the same fashion a few of the surrounding properties. If Ahab had lived in our days, he would have got some African concession, turned it into a Company, with a couple of Dukes at its head, and been respected as a man of large and philanthropic aims, whilst, in addition to the good opinion of his contemporaries, he would have very comfortably feathered his own nest.

What renders the position in South Africa difficult for the Imperial Government is the duality of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. He is at once the Premier of the Cape Colony and the head of the South Africa Company. This is as though Mr. Gladstone were British Prime Minister and the Chairman of the East Africa Company; and I need hardly say that such a duality would not for a moment be tolerated by British public opinion. As Premier, Mr. Rhodes will do his best to force us to draw the Mashonaland chestnuts out of the fire for his Company, all the more as his monetary interests depend upon our performing this feat for him.

All I have said recently as to the attitude of the Foreign Office towards any complaints made by independent traders against the Royal Niger Company is strikingly confirmed by a correspondence which has been submitted to me by The Oil Rivers Trading and Exploration Company. From the following letter, it will be seen that, in response to a challenge on behalf of the Foreign Office in Parliament, evidence respecting certai

charges was offered to the Government if an inquiry into facts was promised :—

[Copy.]

September 15, 1893.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, &c.

My Lord,—Respecting the allegations made against the officials of the Royal Niger Company, I beg to ask your Lordship whether her Majesty's Government will order an inquiry if steps are taken to bring to this country the survivors of Mr. Zweifel's expedition, in order to give the evidence demanded by Sir E. Grey in the House of Commons.—I am, Sir, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) G. A. Moore.

Below will be seen the reply. Lord Rosebery takes refuge behind the report of Sir Claude MacDonald. But this report, as everybody knows, has been rigorously suppressed, although it is here explicitly admitted to have dealt with one of the most serious charges against the Company. It must have been suppressed either in the interests of the public or the interest of the Niger Company. That the public interest required its suppression is out of the question. Only one conclusion, therefore, remains to be drawn. Here is Lord Rosebery's letter :—

[Copy.]

Foreign Office,

September 25, 1893.

Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Rosebery to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., asking whether her Majesty's Government will order an inquiry into the events which took place at Lokoja in 1888 if the survivors of Mr. Zweifel's expedition are brought to this country to give evidence.

I am to state in reply that an inquiry was made on the spot shortly after the occurrence by Major (now Sir Claude) MacDonald, and that her Majesty's Government do not consider that there would be any advantage in re-opening the case.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) T. V. Lister.

SCRUTATOR.

A CASE FOR INQUIRY AT CATERHAM.

SINCE the publication in Truth of September 21 of a letter from Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, justifying the refusal of the Godstone Bench to grant an affiliation summons to a laundrymaid at Caterham Asylum against the Chaplain of that institution, I have undertaken some investigations into the case on my own account. I have interviewed the young woman, Sarah Hockley by name, as well as her solicitor, and I have been favoured with a visit from the Rev. Thomas Closs, the gentleman on whom the young woman seeks to fix the paternity of her child. The object of Mr. Closs's visit to me will interest Mr. Leveson-Gower, and affords the best possible answer to that gentleman's letter to me. Mr. Closs came to Truth Office in order to impress upon me, and, I suppose, through me upon the public at large, that he has been from the first most anxious to obtain the fullest investigation into the charge against him, and that no one regrets more than he does the refusal of the Magistrates to grant Miss Hockley a summons. He informs me that the inquiry which took place at the Asylum was held on his written demand. It also appears from documents which he laid before me that, being desirous of an inquiry on oath, he made an application to the Local Government Board to order such an inquiry, though the Board decided that there was no necessity for such a proceeding; and Mr. Closs states that at the time of the inquiry at the Asylum he formally offered Hockley to pay the costs of a summons if she would apply for one, and to contribute two guineas towards her costs in any event. Excellent, indeed, in theory is the desire of Mr. Leveson-Gower and his brother Magistrates to do nothing by which "a door could be opened to blackmailing in its most repulsive form." In face, however, of these statements of Mr. Closs to me, these worthy gentlemen cannot fail to see that the theory may work out terrible injustice in practice. Here is a reverend gentleman, in a position of peculiar trust and responsibility, who is exposed to one of the gravest imputations upon his character. Confident in his ability to rebut the accusation, he is burning to meet his accuser before a tribunal which can take evidence on oath. The Magistrates, however, know better than he what is the best thing for him. They desire to protect him, not only against his accuser, but against himself. So they veto the legal proceedings, which he is ready to pay for, lest, forsooth, by so doing they should "open a door to blackmailing." The public are much indebted to Mr. Closs for supplying such a *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Leveson-Gower's argument.

So much for the parson. What about the young woman? On her side she maintains the absolute truth of her charge. She contradicts Mr. Closs in every material particular, and she gives such a circumstantial account of her relations with him that her statements can be readily tested. She has left no stone unturned to bring them to the test. That a woman of hitherto excellent character should be cast adrift under such circumstances, with a child on her hands, and debarred from the remedy which the law provides for such cases, is as monstrous as it is that a gentleman bearing the three-fold character of Priest of the Church of England, officer of a public board, and father of a family, should be doomed to labour for an indefinite period under a disgraceful charge, despite all his efforts to meet and answer it. As between these two individuals, at any rate, the issue ought to be decided in a court of justice. But I go further. I maintain that such a decision is requisite in the public interest. The charge as it now stands affects the character of a public servant in an important office; and I may say that behind it are other matters affecting the character of other individuals, and indeed the whole character of this particular Asylum, matters which cannot be dealt with until the original charge is satisfactorily disposed of. The only question, then, now is—what form shall the inquiry take? Nothing would give me more pleasure than to sit at Truth office and deliver judgment between the parties, whose respective cases I have to a great measure heard. But in view of the direct contradiction between the witnesses on material points, and the great importance of the issue, I consider it indispensable that the evidence should be taken on oath. An opportunity for this to be done is now offered by an application which has been made to the Croydon Bench for an affiliation summons. Should the Croydon Justices prove wiser than their brethren at Godstone and grant a summons, well and good. If not, it will be necessary to press the Local Government Board to reconsider their answer to Mr. Closs, and hold an official inquiry into not only this but sundry other scandals at Caterham Asylum.

MORE LIGHT ON THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

In calling attention lately to the malpractices of certain individual Sergeants-Major, I have repeatedly asserted that these cases are by no means exceptional, but, on the contrary, typical of what is going on in all directions throughout the Army. Of this I have abundant evidence, and I propose now to state generally the results of this evidence, which points to systematic irregularities of a very objectionable kind, and to a great deal of downright corruption. The points to which I desire to draw attention relate to (1) promotion in the Non-Commissioned ranks; (2) regimental and depot appointments carrying extra pay; (3) the management of the Sergeants' Mess.

In regard to the first of these points, it may be remembered by some of my readers that a few months ago reference was made in TRUTH to certain serious allegations respecting bribery in connection with promotion in the Non-Commissioned ranks. The allegation was poohpoohed in a Service paper, and I did not follow the matter up at the moment, because direct proof of matters of this kind is necessarily almost impossible to obtain. In the meanwhile, however, I have received enough corroboration from different quarters to leave no doubt whatever in my mind that the original assertion was well-founded. I believe that there exists almost all through the Army a regular system of "backsheesh" in connection with such promotions. This is how it is described to me by one who has been through the mill:—Let us suppose that Colour-Sergeant A is about to leave the Service at the expiration of his time. Sergeant B, who desires to step into his shoes, goes to A, and notifies his willingness to give him a certain sum (it is usually £5) if he obtains the colours in his place. A's business is then to impress upon his Captain at every opportunity what a smart man B is, and generally to recommend him as the right man for the coming vacancy. B's next step is to go to the Sergeant-Major, whose influence with the C.O. on matters of this kind is usually decisive, and square him on similar terms. B may then look upon his promotion as safe. "It is idle," says my informant, "for the Service papers, or any other champions of the existing order of things, to deny this; half the N.C.O.'s in the Army could testify that it is the truth." So far as I can see myself, the practice is so general that it is not regarded in the light of bribery. One man has influence which he can exert. He promises to exert it, and the party who benefits makes him a little complimentary present. It will not, however, be denied that the system is both iniquitous and mischievous. The result of it must be that the man who cannot or will not pay is passed over, regardless of his merits, and of the merits of the man who steps over his head because he can pay and will pay. Such a state of things ought to be terminated without a moment's delay.

The traffic in various regimental appointments is carried on in an even more scandalous way; but here our old friend the Sergeant-Major seems to have the business all to himself. The chief posts to which this applies are those of Canteen, Refreshment, and Officers' Mess Sergeant, which are valuable chiefly for the illicit gains technically known as "makings," for which they afford an opportunity. When one of these posts is vacant it is the commonest thing for a candidate to go straight to the Sergeant-Major and make his terms, the consideration taking the form either of a lump sum, or of an agreement for a monthly percentage on the "makings." The percentage runs as high as 50 per cent. Having made his bargain, and got his appointment, the N.C.O. has then to "make" for himself and the Sergeant-Major at the expense of the Battalion. This he does for the most part by tampering with the liquors, and extorting commissions from tradesmen, which usually means that the worst tradesmen are dealt with, and the commissions taken out of the quality of goods supplied. Many a complaint addressed to me by Privates and N.C.O.'s as to the shortcomings of Canteen management has its root in this vicious system.

With regard to Sergeants' Mess management, what has already appeared in TRUTH will sufficiently show by what means and on what scale frauds are perpetrated. The Sergeant-Major is practically master of the situation; no one dares call him to account—unless through the columns of TRUTH. The caterer is usually his nominee, and holds his office on terms similar to those described above. Between the two, the Mess is robbed in the manner exemplified at Exeter and Bodmin. The most lucrative source of revenue to the Sergeant-Major lies, doubtless, in the commissions extorted from tradesmen. To what shameless frauds this may lead is shown by the following case. The Sergeant-Major of a certain battalion arranged with Mr. X—a wine and spirit merchant—for the supply of the pale ale of a celebrated Burton firm in barrels, at £3. Ale was duly supplied by Mr. X for about a year. At the end of that time the Sergeants, whose suspicions had been aroused, forwarded a sample of the ale to the celebrated Burton firm for their inspection. The Burton firm replied that it was not their ale, and that Mr. X was not an agent of theirs. Mr. X, called upon to explain to the Mess, admitted that the ale was not that contracted for, but explained that by agreement with the Sergeant-Major he supplied ale at 12s. less per barrel than the Burton ale, and handed the balance to the Sergeant-Major. He added, which is perhaps the most instructive part of his evidence, that he had had a similar arrangement with every Sergeant-Major that he had ever dealt with. Out of consideration for the family of the Sergeant-Major, he was allowed to refund the amount of his "makings," and there the matter ended, although the eminent Burton firm had offered to prosecute; but the size of the sum refunded—about £80—on transactions extending over little more than twelve months, affords ample proof of the scale on which frauds of this character are perpetrated. To satisfy Service journalists and others, I may add that I have in my possession the names of all the parties concerned in this particular business. My only reason for withholding them is that, as the scandal occurred several years ago, and the Sergeant-Major in question has since left the Service, there is no object in

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

now gibbeting the guilty parties. I am dealing for the moment, not with individuals, but with systematic practices which are not limited to any one battalion or depot.

How are these practices to be stopped? I have already shown. The root of the whole mischief lies in the autocratic position assigned to the Sergeant-Major, and only by placing some restriction on the powers of this officer will the foregoing evils—not to mention many others of a totally different character—be abated. For all practical purposes—that is to say, so far as the daily lives of all but the Commissioned Officers are concerned—the Sergeant-Major is more powerful than any other functionary in the Regiment, not excepting the Commanding Officer himself. The Commanding Officer necessarily has recourse to his advice, and in the majority of cases defers to his judgment, on all matters relating to the Non-Commissioned Officers and the rank and file. He is usually the right-hand man of the Adjutant, and frequently his *alter ego*. Among his own comrades he exercises uncontrolled sway. The scheme of the Queen's Regulations for securing to the Sergeants a collective management of their Mess, has, as I have already described, become in practice a complete farce, and the Sergeant-Major can and does assume just as much control over the Mess affairs as he chooses. Holding in his hands, as he does, the power to make or ruin every individual below his own rank, he is secure against all opposition and all overt criticism. In such a state of things, the wonder is not that Sergeants-Major are found abusing their powers, tyrannising over their juniors, and lining their pockets with plunder to which the whole battalion contributes, but that any men are found to resist the temptations to which such a position exposes them. That many do resist, that there are in the rank of Sergeant-Major soldiers of unimpeachable probity, I do not question. If, however, we wish to increase the number of honest men we must reduce the powers of the whole class and relieve them of some of their functions. I know of no reform affecting the interior economy of regiments which is more urgently called for.

SOWING THE WIND.

There has been a strong discussion recently on the question of actors and laymen in connection with theatrical management. Who really makes the better manager—the actor who has to appear on his own stage every night, or the mere artistic, critical, and commercial layman who never appears on the stage at all? There is much to be said on both sides. The greatest actors who have ever lived since the days of David Garrick have been managers of theatres, and many of them have been very good managers indeed, particularly when they have been allowed to have their own way, to select their own parts, to choose their own actresses, and to "boss" their own shows. And there have been not a few good theatre directors who never acted in their lives, from the days of the poet Bunn to those of practical John Hollingshead. But the bed of the layman manager is not always one of roses. There was a time when Macready was managed by Alfred Bunn, who had not calculated on the irritability and sensitiveness of a highly excitable race.

"On Friday, April 29," writes Mr. Manager Bunn, "I was sitting at my desk, a few minutes before nine o'clock, and by the light of a lamp, so shaded as to reflect on the table, but obscure the room generally. I was examining bills and documents previous to their payment on the following morning, when, without the slightest note of preparation, my door was opened, and, after an ejaculation of 'There you villain! take that—and that!' I was knocked down, one of my eyes completely closed up, the ankle of my left leg, which I am in the habit of passing round the leg of the chair when writing, violently sprained, my person plentifully soiled with blood, lamp-oil, and ink, the table upset, and Richard III. holding me down. On my naturally inquiring if he meant to murder me, and on his replying in the affirmative, I made a struggle for it, threw him off, and got up on my one leg, holding him fast by the collar, and finally succeeded in getting *him* down on the sofa, where, mutilated as I was, I could have made him 'Remember me' but for the interposition of the people who had soon filled the room."

What, then, was the cause of this intemperate attack by a furious actor on an inoffensive manager? Merely that the Poet Bunn, in the exercise of his managerial judgment, had made up a mixed bill of "Richard III.," "The Jewess," and one act of "Chevy Chase," and had run counter to the righteous indignation and wounded dignity of Mr. William Charles Macready. It is little wonder after this if laymen have, as a rule, shirked the responsibility of management. Mr. J. Comyns Carr, excellently qualified in every way for the post, has, however, ventured into the managerial arena, careless of its many dangers and chances of assault. Let me hope that he will get on better with his clever and friendly company than M. Jules Claretie has done recently with the sensitive *sociétaires* of the historic Comédie Française. Mr. Carr has certainly made a good start with an able and well-written play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, which has already found favour with a critical audience. The theme of the new dramatic discourse—namely, the woes of an illegitimate girl who is not allowed to marry a tipsy and dissolute young gambler—is not very novel, but it has been treated with a bold hand by the brilliant author. Mr. Grundy, who has clearly no inclination to follow the marsh lights of the new Ibsen school, and has no taste for the moral dissecting-room, uses a good large canvas on which to paint a very simple little scene; but he is a vivid colourist, with a delightful style, so this little fault can be easily forgiven. The new manager has selected for his hero and heroine Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Winifred Emery—careful, artistic, and sympathetic young people, but who are, perhaps, not quite strong enough for the characters entrusted to them. We want a Benjamin Webster for a part like the old Mr. Brabazon, the Benjamin Webster, nervous and virile, of the days when he played "One Touch of Nature" with such

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY. "The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's Glenisle Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently extended South Audley street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

eloquent effect and passionate truth. But the method of Mr. Brandon Thomas is not that of Benjamin Webster, or indeed of any pathetic actor I can call to mind. Having been denied by nature the great gift known as power, he is not so foolish as to attempt what he cannot do.

A greater actor than he, Coquelin, of the Théâtre Français, has recently persuaded himself that, being a comedian of exceptional merit, he can play anything, pathos and tragedy included. There are very few light comedians who do not in their hearts believe that they are undiscovered tragedians. So Coquelin took to playing broken-hearted lovers and despondent widowers, much to the regret of all who admired him as the servant and comic man of old French comedy. Mr. Brandon Thomas never attempts the tragic step. His method is voiceless pathos. He is an advocate for repose. Where another artist would storm, he whispers. Where another artist would ascend the scale, he descends it. It is clever, no doubt, to know the limitation of your power in any form of art, but whether Mr. Grundy's play would have been improved by another reading is a totally different question. Unconventionality is, no doubt, the order of the day, and a vast deal of whimsical nonsense is daily written about it. But we cannot get over the fact that a good play is often spoiled by the extreme caution that ends in under-acting. I may be wrong, but I do not think Miss Winifred Emery could have been very well on the first night of this pretty play. She did herself justice only by fits and starts. It was not a performance of sustained excellence. This charming actress has given us before now such constant examples of her skill that I refuse to believe she would ever take a whole scene, or a long speech, in a low key, in order to get her effect at the conclusion. She deeply affected many in the audience, and I only regret that I did not happen to be one of the lucky ones who shed the tributary tear. Miss Rose Leclercq was, as usual, most excellent as a society lady sixty years ago. She has a rare vein of humour, and a gentle spirit of light caricature. She can chaff our grandmothers as well as she can "take off" the fashionable ladies of modern Mayfair. The comic side of the new play is, to my mind, somewhat laboured, and the young people engaged did not mend matters very much. But they were to be pitied; it was not wholly their fault. Mr. Maurice, who had to say "smash my topper" every five minutes, deserved as much commiseration as Goldfinch or Mr. Furnivall, the old solicitor, in "The Two Roses," with his eternal "Dear me." It requires genius to naturalise a new catch word. However, Mr. Comyns Carr has started well, and I hope he has many more good plays in his managerial desk. His speech from the stage was a model of good taste, tact, and discretion.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

IN SWITZERLAND.

AN OPENING FOR "GOLF DAUGHTERS."

THE great gathering place of Continental "high life" this autumn has been Zurich, which is in railway communication with all the points of interest in Switzerland. Among the visitors now are the Archduke Charles Louis, Prince and Princess Constantine Radzivill (*née* Blanc of Monaco), the anti-Semite Marquis de Morès and his Semitic parents-in-law, Sir Robert Morier, the Italian Ambassador to the French Republic, Prince Bariatinsky, the Esterhazys, and a number of high and mighty Germans, who have come with freshly cleansed blood from the spa springs, which are so numerous in their country. Zurich is fast becoming, in regard to scientific culture, what Geneva used to be to theology, and its general life is highly civilised. One enjoys there every advantage of a great intellectual centre, with the purest country air, soft-smiling scenery, a prospect of the Alps at a right distance, and beautiful lake-side walks and lake excursions. The grand people who come here live like any one else, staying *en pension* at hotels. But landlords allow them to dine in rooms to which none are admitted who are not somewhat of their set. Dinner parties are given to fellow-lodgers, at which each pays his shot. The Archduke Charles Louis might be recognised by any one who remembers the face of the late Archduke Maximilian as his brother. He is a person of a serene countenance and easy, quiet manner. Though not very much younger than the Emperor Francis Joseph, he looks fifteen years his junior. As coming Kaiser he is a good deal courted by those who have the honour of his acquaintance. They seem to wait—and particularly the Diplomatists—on his pleasure, and to pay close attention to all he says, in order to echo it, and thereby delicately flatter him. Before he becomes Emperor he will not be able to bear the crease of a rose-leaf.

There are but few native "gentlemen" and "ladies" in Switzerland, which is a country of unaffected, hard-working folks from top to bottom. I was at a *pension* a short time ago kept by the President of a Cantonal Council or Government. The waiters and the chef, being Swiss and young, had to leave their places to undergo military training. To make good their loss, Madame la Présidente, as the French would say, with the help of a daughter and a niece, cooked the dinner. M. le Président helped to serve, and his brother blacked the guests' boots. The damsels who attend at hotels and pensions are usually relatives of the host and his wife. Most quick, neat-handed, and generally fit they are, and none of them are above looking for tips. They are, however, easily satisfied. In all but the very grand hotels, a fee of about 2d. a day to each attendant whose services are required is thought satisfactory. Thus, if one stays eight days, 1s. 6d. will do for the chambermaids and parlourmaids, 8d. for the boots, and 8d. for the hall-porter. I wonder it has never occurred to philanthropists to send young English girls in needy circumstances to serve in Swiss boarding-houses and hotels, instead of

exporting them to Paris to be badly paid and treated as governesses there. They would be all the more fit for Colonial life if they spent a few summers as attendants in Swiss hotels, and above all if they took a turn in the kitchen. Were there a paternal Government in England, I should propose that no struggling female be allowed to let lodgings unless she first learned the business of taking in and doing for lodgers among the Swiss, whom I have found as keepers of hotels and boarding-houses much less sharp than the Germans, and particularly in the unpretending places. "Our girls" might have a nice time in learning in Switzerland to become neat-handed parlour-maids.

At the Crown Hotel, on the road to the Furka pass, I found myself in a sort of Militia barrack. Autumn manœuvres were in full swing, and Engineer officers were inspecting those tremendous defensive works on the St. Gothard passes. Forty Militia and other officers sat down each evening at the table d'hôte, and the *stube-saal* was given over to the privates. But the house was as quiet as if there were not a soldier in it. The men at the officers' table were plain, blunt, hearty Switzers. Still, not a loud word or gross or unseemly expression crossed their lips. The only fast conduct of which they were guilty was a little flirtation with the girls who served. The latter answered as if they were their equals and partners in a dance—as well they might, the Militia Commander of the district being their father, and some of the other officers their uncles and cousins. This was in one of the best hotels in the St. Gothard neighbourhood. Before I left it, the Commander's wife came to consult me about a situation for her daughter in England, where she wanted to send her to learn English. Her idea was that she should go as a parlour-maid, which she thought would be more useful and better paid than a nursery-governess or governess. But I told her that she had better look for a situation as French and German governess, her daughter speaking both languages well. I also exhorted her to ask a high salary, for that otherwise her services and activity would not be valued. She is a very well-educated, nice girl. The mother had no idea of the gulf that is fixed between the servants'-hall and the parlour. I should be happy to give the address of the Colonel's wife to any really good family wanting a governess to go about with young girls, and to make herself generally useful as a sort of housekeeper. I relate the conversation to throw light on the *égalitaires* and simple manners of the country, which is happy and prosperous because all social shams are unaided.

In not only good, but luxurious quarters, the Villa Maria at Lucerne, the same simplicity prevailed. This villa is quite a new place in the beautiful and recently-created quarter of the Drei Linden. My bedroom was also a sitting-room, and sumptuous in size, decorations, and furniture, and its wide bow window looked down from a height on the lake. A door of this room opened on a wide terrace arranged as a summer parlour, and three stories above a hill-side garden in the Italian style. Fresh air could be enjoyed without going up or down stairs. At first, I was frightened at the grand style of the place, and had visions of fearful bills. But, to my agreeable surprise, I found that I could board—of course at the table d'hôte—and have a breakfast served in the bedroom just described, with light and attendance, at 10 fr. a day. Small tips, however, were expected for the servants. They came to 80 centimes a day. This place was run by a family, each member of which was busy as a bee. The host is one Anzolato, an ex-personal conductor of Cook's tours, and a mine of valuable information to tourists going to no matter where. I never saw a more smoothly-worked place, or more universal and prompt civility without fuss. Is it not better for well-reared girls to thus seek occupations, for which there is a remunerative market, than to be over-crowding genteel professions which cost dear to obtain, and, except to a few, are little good when obtained? The servant question does not exist in Switzerland, because, I fancy, nobody is above serving, and every one feels that stooping to conquer independent means is no disgrace.

It was greatly borne in upon my mind that if hotels and lodging-houses in England and Ireland (Scotland being able to take care of itself, I need not speak of it) were conducted on Swiss lines, rich and well-to-do Englishry would spend more money as tourists at home than abroad. I shall here give another example of the absence of false pride in landlords. When a Boniface with us names his price, however exorbitant it may be, and however certain he is not to get it, he is above coming down. In Switzerland there is no such folly. An instance of another kind of mercantile tactics. A party of Cambridge undergrads whom I fell in with came, hungry, tired, and poorer than they had anticipated, to a spot of interest in Le Valais. There were there two hotels, a big one and a little. Half the party were for going at once to the little hotel, and the other half to the big hotel. It was finally agreed to ask the terms of each, and put up at the cheaper. The little hotel began by asking 7 francs a day for *pension*. "Before we give it," quoth the spokesman of the party, "we must ascertain the prices of the big hotel yonder." He went to do so, and was asked 8 francs. But the big hotel, on hearing that the little hotel was willing to take a franc less for each, reduced its terms by that figure. This was reported to the little hotel, which at once under-bid the big hotel. On learning of this proffered reduction, the big hotel came down half a franc. Thereupon the spokesman went to the little hotel, where 4 francs 50 cents. was asked. He then went back to the grander place to state at what he and his friends could be received at the other. "In that case," answered the landlord, "stay; I will not ask a higher price." So they stayed.

I was taken to see the Pension Wallis, near Lucerne, where the Queen spent a spring holiday some years ago. She would have been better off in the wing of some big country hotel, such as they now build in Switzerland. A rack railway now runs up the Gutch hill on which her Majesty abode. But the sycamore walk in the orchard, where she used to take exercise, and the summer kiosk in which she used to read and sign papers, are as they were when she used them. A great oval table, that was made for her use, is denuded of the cloth that covered it when the Queen sat at it transacting business. Mould is spoiling this piece of furniture. I wonder the owners never put it

up to auction. Were it brought to the hammer, relic-hunters would make it almost worth its weight in gold.

I had thought that rack railways had been made to every high place north of the Simplon and the Saint Gothard which was worth climbing to. But I found a nice old place from which the nearest steam conveyance—it is by water—is fifteen miles. A sweeter spot does not exist. Its name is Engelberg, or Angels' Mount. The altitude is 1,300 above Staus, where Winkelried was very much a prophet in his own country. An antique mail-coach, with a high and hooded rumble behind, a covered carriage in the centre, and a coupé in the front, carries the mails, the portmanteaus, and parcels sent by post, and passengers. A man dressed like William Tell in the opera drives, and four horses drag the lumbering vehicle, every day, winter and summer, up a road that ascends to dizzy heights, and which is always threatening to fall down the precipices it overhangs, or to be fallen upon by loose, overhanging cliffs. How the journey can be made in snow I am at a loss to know. The Angels' Mount is an upper dale, through which the Aar and a number of tributary streams rush. It has snowy Alps around, but is green and warm, the highest peaks intercepting the north wind. There is a show waterfall that attracts visitors, but a solidly-built monastery in a serious style of architecture, and looking like an old German schloss, gives the great human interest to the place. It was founded there time out of mind by St. Benedict himself on the advice of his sister, Saint Scholastica, was endowed by a Count Conrad, whose bones and armour are treasured by the monks, and boasted of a couple of saintly Abbots whose skeletons are neatly packed beneath the skulls of each, and glittering with jewellery, at which these death's-heads seem to scoff. Scholastica was well inspired. The monks were left undisturbed in the quiet upper dale for I know not how many centuries. They accumulated manuscripts and precious books, and raised in a quiet, slow-going way the people round them to a more religious and intellectual life. The religion shows itself in endless little shrine-niches of triangular shape, set on stone pillars, in which there are pictures or statues, borrowed from those in the monastery church. Lamps are lighted in them in winter, and serve when landmarks are effaced by snow to guide the wayfarer on path or highway. Just ninety-five years ago the monastery was rooted up by Masséna and his soldiers, who had pushed back Suwaroff. The French General was a *ci-devant* smuggler, and might have been an Alpine guide. He climbed up to Engelberg, and being also a judge of *curios*, looted the rarest of the old manuscripts and carried them off to Paris. What became of them nobody knows. The monks are still, however, proud of their library. They admit persons of their own sex to read in it, but shut out persons of the other sex, who are only free to enter the church. The monastery is more severe in character within than without. The floors, except in the Abbot's room, the chapter-hall, and the infirmary, are flagged with stone flags. Roman arches, everywhere whitewashed, spring from thick walls and form the ceilings of the galleries, cells, and other apartments. Idleness being forbidden, the monks teach, board-and lodge about seventy boys. They charge six or seven francs a week for each pupil, and the food is plentiful and excellent. But they only receive children of whom German is the mother tongue, the classes being conducted in that language. A good general education is given, but particular attention is paid to Latin. The cheese farm they set up four miles down the dale has not been successful, and they will give it up. Count Conrad belonged to a family which was converted by the Irish missionaries who swarmed over the North of England, Brittany, and Germany in the seventh century. Tradition makes him an ancestor of the Estes or Guelphs, one of his daughters having married a Guelph, Count of Altdorf, whose county was at the foot of Conrad's Alpine domains of Unter and Ober Walden.

Musical services in the Benedictines' Church are among the attractions of Engelberg. The rustics enjoy the best of them, which take place when the pupils of the school are not in vacation, there being then clear, high, piping voices in the choir. I only heard the monks sing, and thought they wanted a good tenor. They had a capital baritone, and a good organist. Their church is in the Spanish rococo style, and rich in many-coloured marble and pictorial decorations. Some of the paintings were done by unskilled artists. But the moral of them all is that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be found in the exercise of the cardinal virtues, and that where no cross has been borne no crown will be worn.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

I HAVE purposely postponed, dear Lady Betty, passing any remarks upon the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, recently erected at Piccadilly-circus, until the professional critics of the Press had exhausted their criticism. Now that they have all had their say, I will have mine.

The late Lord Shaftesbury was a great and a good man. He was a philanthropist who devoted his life to improving the position of the poor. Lord Shaftesbury died, and the community decided to perpetuate his memory by erecting a monument as a tribute to his innumerable virtues. This good man is now commemorated by a pulpit-like basin, from the centre of which rises a spindle, surmounted by an oxidised silver Cupid, who is depicted as having just buried a shaft from his bow in the ground beneath. This is an ingenious pun upon the name of the deceased philanthropist—Shaftes-bury!

The monument is, in fact, a combination of a ponderous pulpit and of a paltry pun. The inscription upon the memorial was composed by Mr. Gladstone. The chief circumstance of interest connected with this is that the name of the late peer has been misspelt, for whereas his full name ran "Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury," &c., the inscription records the Anthony without the "h," though Anthony—with the "h"—has been from time immemorial the first name of the Ashleys.

This, then, is the monument which the entire London Press has combined in describing as one of the "finest triumphs of the sculptor's art produced within the present century"! No wonder that in England we preserve the anonymous in journalism. Anonymity conceals imbecility.

By the way, the mention of the now almost obsolete word "pun" reminds me of the following. Under the reign of Louis Philippe, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the day announced in the Chamber one of the then periodical sieges of Herat in these words:—"J'ai à vous prévenir, Messieurs, que Dost Mahomet fait le siége

d'Hérat." The late M. Thiers, who was in Opposition, exclaimed, "Que dira le Shah?" In the midst of the loud laughter which followed this, M. Thiers rose again and demurely added, "Je m'aperçois, Messieurs, que mon calembour involontaire a provoqué les sourires de la Chambre."

As is inevitable, one story leads to another. A would-be smart young French traveller was calling upon the late Baron James de Rothschild, in Paris, on his return from long travels in foreign countries, including amongst others Tahiti. The Baron, always anxious for information, inquired if anything remarkable had struck him in Tahiti. "Mais non," said the Frenchman; "the women are pretty and friendly—but I now remember, a very curious thing is that there are no pigs to be found in the country, and no Jews."

"Allons y ensemble, mon cher," promptly replied the Baron. "Nous ferons fortune."

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In an "Occasional Note" last Friday, the *Pall Mall Gazette* assured its readers that "Mr. Gladstone's well-known expression about Home Rule, holding the field," was not created by the Premier, but is borrowed from Martin Luther's celebrated war song. As a matter of fact, it is two centuries older than this, for it appears in Dante's "Purgatory" as "Credette Cimabue nella pittura tenere il campo." I am sorry to deprive Martin Luther and his political successor of the honour of having coined this not altogether brilliant phrase.

* * * * *

The Queen-Regent of Spain has presented her photograph, together with an autograph, to Miss Yonge, the authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe," an honour which has also been accorded to her by the Queen of Italy. Besides this, to commemorate the seventieth birthday of Miss Yonge, which occurred last August, her admirers have presented her with an album containing as many as five thousand five hundred signatures.

As I foretold would be the case several weeks ago, Lord Cromer has refused the offer made to him to succeed Lord Lansdowne as Viceroy of India. Lord Cromer was strongly pressed by the Queen to accept the appointment, but for several reasons he felt compelled to persist in his refusal. Amongst the reasons that influenced him in this decision are—first, that the climate of India does not agree either with Lady Cromer or with him; secondly, that by leaving the Diplomatic Service now he would forfeit his retiring pension, which is a matter for consideration, as Lord Cromer is by no means a wealthy man; and thirdly, which is more important still, that his children, to whom he is devoted, are at school in England, and in going to India he would practically make it impossible for him to see them again for the next five years.

Sir Robert Morier, our most able and powerful Ambassador at St. Petersburg, will in all probability be compelled shortly to resign his post on account of ill-health. It is more than possible that, should this unfortunately happen, Lord Cromer will be appointed to succeed him at St. Petersburg.

Another high appointment, which is not at all improbable in the course of time, is that of Lord Lansdowne to succeed Lord Dufferin in Paris when the latter concludes his term of office.

The name of Prince Bismarck has been so much before the public of late that the following story of the great Chancellor may not be out of place here. When Prince Bismarck was in Paris, a certain American official was perpetually pressing to obtain an introduction to the Prince. At length Bismarck consented to grant an interview. When the moment arrived for this he was, however, surprised to find that the American had, of his own initiative, come accompanied by his son, a youth in his teens. In due course, the visitor introduced the son, and, in order to recommend him to Prince Bismarck, he mentioned that he was "un garçon très remarquable; il parle sept langues."

"Quel excellent garçon de café ça ferait," replied Bismarck, who, amongst his other idiosyncrasies, places little or no value upon the talent for languages.

The full-length portrait of the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Archie Wortley, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy last Season, has been purchased by subscription amongst the members of the Junior Carlton Club. Within the past fortnight it has been hung upon the south-west wall of the morning-room there facing the War Office.

Though perhaps a trifle too long, the Memorial Service at the Dutch Church, Austinfriars, for the late Count Charles de Bylandt, Netherlands Minister in London, was both impressive and successful. The address by the Rev. S. de Waard, of the Hague, was excellent; but yet good as it certainly was, it by no means said all that might be said of the late Minister, for Count Charles de Bylandt was an altogether remarkable man. To the Corps Diplomatique in London his death is an irreparable loss.

It is considered more than probable that Mr. Hugh Myddleton Ellicombe, Second Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg, will be appointed to succeed the late Mr. Henry Cadogan, as First Secretary of Legation at Teheran. Mr. Ellicombe is a nephew of the late Sir Frances Adams, of most happy memory.

* * * * *

How gentlemen are made now—

Act I. Nothing in the West-end—something in the City.

Act II. Nothing in the City — something in the West-end.

How gentlemen are unmade now—

Act I. Something in the West-end.

Act II. Something in the City.

Act III. Nothing in the City—nothing in the West-end.

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE sporting papers have been pretty well engrossed with the defeat of Isinglass, and cataracts of nonsense have been let loose on the occasion. The fact is, that Isinglass was beaten by the miserable pace at which the race was run, and his having to make his own running was a fatal drawback. It is rubbish to assert that Isinglass must have lost his speed for the present, in consequence of his having been trained for the Leger distance, considering that the Lancashire Plate had previously fallen to Seabreeze, Donovan, and La Flèche, all winners at Doncaster. Under the circumstances it was desperate fatuity to stop Isinglass in his work only two days before the race was run, in order that he might be exhibited at Cheveley to Mr. McCalmont's friends and neighbours, who were being propitiated with an entertainment, given ostensibly to celebrate the Leger victory but in reality intended to promote the interests of the Tory candidate for the Newmarket division of Cambridgeshire. Isinglass manifestly wants a rest, and it is a good thing that he has been struck out of all his remaining engagements for this year. It is well worth Mr. McCalmont's while to take every care of his horse, considering that next season he is in the two £10,000 stakes at Newmarket, in the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 at Sandown Park, and in the Hardwicke Stakes of £2,730 at Ascot.

Raeburn is a firm favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but I do not fancy him in the least degree, for he will not stay the course if the race is run at a fast pace, as will almost certainly be the case. My own idea is that Le Nicham will beat Raeburn over this distance at even

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weights. No rational being will venture a farthing on the Cambridgeshire until after the Second October Meeting, for it cannot be dealt with until both the Duke of York Handicap and the Cesarewitch have been decided. If Prisoner wins the long race easily he will become favourite for the Cambridgeshire, in which he would then have 8 st. to carry, whereas if he just misses success next Wednesday, he is sure to become an immense fancy for the other handicap with only 7 st. There is no genuine market on the Cambridgeshire as yet, and when speculation extends presently, it is tolerably certain that larger odds will be betted against Raeburn than are now eagerly accepted.

With the Buckenham Stakes reduced to a match, Glare was sure to win, as Bullingdon had to make his own running, and he was never able to get out of the way of Mr. Cooper's filly, as he is very deficient in speed. We shall now see no more of Bullingdon until the Derby, and his chance in that race will depend very much on the state of the ground. If the going is heavy, then his stamina will serve him well. Glare has fully justified the high opinion of her racing merits which I was alone in expressing six months ago. She is a flyer over five furlongs, and I hope she will train on. We shall not see her out again this season, and next year she has been unaccountably omitted from the Two Thousand entry, but is engaged in the Newmarket Stakes, the Leger, and the Grand Prix. Glare was struck out of both the Derby and the Oaks last January, and Mr. Cooper must regret her withdrawal from the fillies' race, which apparently lies between Mecca and Letterewe on the two-year-old form of this season. Glare ought to be prepared next year for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. Wherwell, who won the Triennial, was bred by Lord Dudley, who sold him as a yearling to the Duke of Devonshire. This colt is very heavily engaged, and he ought to win plenty of races for his owner if he goes on all right. He cleverly defeated Priestholme on Thursday, and on the Tuesday that colt had walked in for the Boscawen Stakes, for which Schoolbook was favourite, but she is very moderate, and her victory in the £5,000 stake at Kempton Park last May was a wonderful piece of luck for the Duke of Portland. La Nièvre, having been well galloped the other day, was backed against the field for the Hopeful Stakes, but Mecca just beat her, the winner having been lucky in the way in which the race was run. Government's easy victory in the Double Trial Plate shows that Delphos must be a really first-class two-year-old, and it is most unfortunate that he has no engagements next season. The three-year-old racing at Newmarket was very uninteresting, but the complete and ignominious collapse of Montezuma in the St. Leger was a real crash for backers, who would not have rushed upon Jennings' horse so eagerly if they had seen him previously muddling along, for he was preposterously backward.

Last year Baron Hirsch gave 2,000 gs. for an own brother to Paradox, and it has just been weeded out of his stud for 30 gs. There has been a brother or a sister to Paradox coming up for sale nearly every season since 1885 (beginning with the worthless Loyalist, for which the Prince of Wales was rushed into giving 3,100 gs.), and they have always realised extravagant prices, but I cannot remember a single winner among the lot.

Ravensbury will not be sent to France for the £4,000 race next Sunday, nor is La Flèche likely to run, as she can have no chance on her recent form. Buccaneer will apparently be the best of the English lot, and he has won a trial at Newmarket, but it was a somewhat hugger-mugger affair. Callistrate is being trained at Wantage for the Cesarewitch, but if he runs at Longchamps he will have plenty of backers. My own idea is that Baron Schickler will win the £4,000 stake with either Fra Angelica or Fousi Yama; but whichever owner is successful, he should regard the withdrawal of Marcion as a direct and special interposition of Providence on his behalf, for the race would have been at the mercy of Mr. Vyner's horse if he could have been sent to the post in his Ascot form. I only hope it may not turn out that we have seen the last of Marcion on the turf.

The two £10,000 races at Newmarket in 1896 have not been the only failures there, for the Newmarket Stakes (1895) has also failed to fill. All these events have been re-opened, and they close next Tuesday. The Stewards stipulate for 100 entries for the Newmarket Stakes of £4,500, which would mean an addition from the fund of £1,500. For each of the £10,000 races 200 entries are now required, and the conditions have been altered, but it would have been much better (under present circumstances) to have cut down each stake to £5,000, and to have asked for only 100 entries. The Stewards hope to excite the cupidity of public breeders by offering a bonus of £400 to the nominator of each winner and £200 to the nominator of each second. It is a pity that this very objectionable system should have been adopted at Newmarket; for, although it may attract a few breeders, yet it is exceedingly unpopular among owners. I have more than once called attention to the utterly idiotic conditions of the Champion Stakes (and of many similar events at Newmarket), and am not surprised that this event (for 1895) has failed to fill. The race is to be re-opened, but it may be hoped that the conditions will be altered. Let it be a Plate of £1,000, added to a sweepstakes of £50 each, entrance £10, to be the only liability if struck out by the last Tuesday in October, 1894.

THE NEWMARKET PROGRAMME.

The prospects of next week's meeting are not very bright, and it is probable that there will be unusually small fields for most of the important stakes, but the nurseries, the selling races, and the over-night handicaps are likely to be well contested, as there are an enormous number of horses at Newmarket which have been waiting until the ground became soft, and many of these will be "slipped."

The Royal Stakes on Tuesday would be an interesting race if it brought out Prisoner and Raeburn, but Lord Cadogan's horse will probably walk over. This is an event which ought long ago to have disappeared from the programme. The conditions are hopelessly obsolete, and this stake never by any chance produces a good race. The Champion Stakes would be won by Buccaneer if he were reserved for that race, but it is almost certain that he will be sent to Paris in order that he may start for the Prix du Conseil Municipal on Sunday next. Raeburn will, of course, be favourite, and if the race is run at a slow pace he will probably win, but if there is a fast-run race I shall expect Le Nicham to beat him, for the Duke of Portland's horse cannot really stay the A.F. course. The Newmarket Oaks should be won by Queen of Navarre. The Lowther Stakes on Thursday has a very good entry, including May Duke, La Flèche, Suspender, Childwick, Le Nicham, and Simonian. I shall plump for Childwick, who has a great advantage in the weights. The Newmarket Derby on Friday may be left to Ravensbury.

There is a very small entry for the Clearwell Stakes, which at one time was the most important two-year-old race during this meeting. Galloping Dick cannot possibly lose if he will only do his best, and his jockey had better try to get well away, and then come right through with him. There is not likely to be a large field for the Middle Park Plate, and Ladas appears to hold safe all the public lot, of which the best are Sempronius, St. Florian, Wherwell, Schoolbook, St. Hilaire, Speed, Sanderling, and Priestholme. As to the dark contingent, there has been some talk about Facundo, by Ormonde out of Philosophy, and Jack the Dandy, by Satiety out of Satire, but I shall be surprised if either of them is able to beat Lord Rosebery's colt at 7 lb. The Duke of Portland has a very fine colt in Cessnock, by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune, but he will be scarcely fit next week and is not likely to be at his best until the spring. Cessnock is also engaged in the Dewhurst Plate.

I am not going to attempt to give a definite prediction

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for the Cesarewitch, for this race cannot be dealt with in these days until the last moment with any satisfactory result. Last year there was Burnaby unbacked, and apparently a doubtful starter, until the day of running arrived, and then so overwhelming was the rush on him that he actually started first favourite. Very likely there will be the same sort of manœuvre again next week with some beast which is now utterly neglected. Prisoner is a very hot favourite, but I fancy that people who are content to depend upon the Doncaster Cup form will presently find that the running in that race was all wrong. Prisoner's stamina was certainly not tested on that occasion in any conclusive way, as they really raced for only about five furlongs. Lady Rosebery appears to have lost her form, and no reliance can be placed upon her running. Prisoner's manner of galloping has not been generally admired at Newmarket, and many good judges insist that he is not doing enough work. One remembers, however, that innumerable Newmarket favourites have performed wretchedly in their races through having been overdone with those "splendid gallops" which always throw the touts into paroxysms of enthusiasm. My own expectation is that Prisoner will fail to stay the Cesarewitch course, as he will find galloping at racing pace for two miles and a quarter a very different ordeal from his puddling performance in the Doncaster Cup. A great deal too much elaborate noise has been raised about Red Eyes. This mare is managed by very astute people, who do not rush about cackling and bellowing when they have a good thing on hand. Red Eyes is generally preferred at Newmarket to Prisoner, and what an absolute certainty she would have been for this handicap if she had been kept for it instead of being exposed at Goodwood. Pilot has been going well, and I expect that Sir Blundell Maple's horse will come to a short price before the flag falls. Brandy, who has been backed for a great deal of money, has gone wrong in some way, and her too eager supporters will have reason to repent of the impetuosity with which they rushed on her. Of the Malton pair I prefer Newcourt, as Self-Sacrifice ran in the Leger like a non-stayer. Of course we have heard wondrous tales about the superiority of the mare at the weights, but these must be all moonshine, for plenty of stable money has gone on the horse. Lady Rosebery is understood to be a certain starter, but she can have no chance on her recent form; and if she does happen to win there will be a tremendous din and hurly-burly. It is now clear that Molly Morgan will be the best of Lord Dunraven's pair, and, as I recently mentioned, there are people at Newmarket who vow that she will win both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. She is a very good-looking mare, and has been much admired in her gallops. Molly Morgan is thrown in with only 6 st. 4 lb. to carry, and if she wins—or, indeed, if she runs well—she will become a great favourite for the Cambridgeshire, in which she has only 6 st. 5 lb., and her victory next Wednesday would involve a penalty of 14 lb.; but 7 st. 5 lb. is a light weight for a slashing four-year-old. The Manton stable does not seem likely to be dangerous now that Ragimunde has disappeared, and Madame d'Albany will apparently be Taylor's best. The Belgian horse Victorin was considerably touted last week, and is generally thought to be a good stayer but deficient in speed. He is the sort of slow, steady-going animal that will be only getting fairly into his stride as the winner's number is being hoisted. Theobald will very likely be dangerous, and it will not surprise me if we find Ancajano coming again towards the last. Amandier has been knocked out, but I suppose that he will run on the off chance, as the Rothschild stable has nothing else engaged. I do not believe that Amandier has any pretensions to stay this severe course. I have been told by a clever person that Bushey Park will run well, and give the tip for what it is worth, but nothing should be backed until the numbers are up.

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MAMMON.

THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.

YEARS ago, I had occasion to criticise the system adopted by the Provident Association of London, as well as the non-publication of full accounts as furnished by all similar Companies, and especially the absence of a revenue or profit and loss account. Many and various have been the inquiries which have reached me since, respecting this concern, and, in default of the information for which I had repeatedly pressed Baron Jos. Profumo, the founder and presiding genius of the Association, and owing to the information supplied to me at the time by one of its former Chief Superintendents, I have been compelled to advise my correspondents to have nothing to do with the concern. The investigations which I have made, and the information which I was able to obtain from present or former members, in fact all point in one direction, viz., that the extravagant promises which are made in the printed prospectuses of the Association in order to attract the public, are not borne out by results, and that grave disappointment falls to the lot of most of those who join the concern. Circumstances have, however, now arisen which render it necessary for me to again inquire closely into the working of the Association. Not that I attach undue importance to the case of Bolitho *v.* Profumo, which was some six weeks ago at Bristol Assizes decided in favour of the philanthropic Baron, for I fully concur in the remarks of Mr. Justice Day concerning plaintiff's nefarious attempt at black-mailing under the cover of journalism. But in the course of the evidence given on behalf of the Association by Mr. Lancaster, it was stated that no steps were taken on the part of the management to refute the articles in TRUTH, it having been the Association's practice not to answer newspaper publications. This is not quite correct, as the Baron-Philanthropist favoured me with a lengthy rejoinder, which I published on June 10, 1886, but he has certainly not replied to the many articles which appeared subsequently in TRUTH, and in which his Association, its basis, system, and doings were severely criticised.

I have since allowed events to take their course, frequently warning my readers, however, as to the disappointment which would be in store for them if they joined the Association. But the growing number of inquiries and the frequent complaints of disappointed members impose the duty upon me to renew my investigation into the merits, stability, and methods of this concern. I propose to touch but lightly to-day upon the points which have to be chiefly considered, and I should be glad if, in the meantime, those of my readers who are or have been members of the Association would favour me with an account of their experiences.

The Provident Association of London claims to be the banker of its members, and at the same time to act as their Building Society and Life Assurance Office. A great parade is made of the bonds issued by the Association, which are stated in the prospectus to secure to the holder the amount of his bond at the end of a specified time, or earlier, upon the number of the bond being drawn in the ballot. It is at the same time held out as a bait that the whole amount of such bond will be advanced, free of interest, until the maturity of the bonds, upon the number of the bonds being drawn in the ballot. From the communications which are reaching me there is evidence that the advantages claimed are illusory, and that, as was the case years ago, when I criticised the Association's methods, not only is the proportion of bonds drawn exceedingly small, and the chance of drawings remote, but that they do not confer any benefit which could not also be obtained from a Building Society. Many members are, moreover, led by the circulars issued to believe that, after five years' payments, the money paid in would become available for the purchase of a house, and that the Association would, in addition, lend the bondholder the remainder. The result instead was, in a case which has been brought under my notice, as follows:—A, the bondholder in question, holds two bonds each of £250, and pays in six years £73. 13s. 4d.; he wishes to borrow £430, but the

Provident will only lend £380 on mortgage at 5 per cent., payable six months in advance, charging him further for expenses, &c., altogether £29. 16s. 3d., so that A's present position is that he is paying up on the bond for which he gets no interest, and is also paying the Association interest at the rate of 5 per cent. on a mortgage, the latter securing itself by holding the title deeds and the bond. Where, then, do Baron Profumo's boasted advantages come in?

Another, and even more serious complaint, is that the Association in a great measure lives on lapses. One of its rules, which unfortunately is not sufficiently considered by members on joining, is that any bondholder on discontinuing his subscription, or falling in arrear before the bond has been in force five years, forfeits the whole of his payments. This, by the way, is not done by building societies, which content themselves with imposing fines. Further complaint is made that the surrender value of the bonds after five years is altogether inadequate; but on this point I should like to have actual evidence from some of my readers. What may be the amount of lapses which year by year benefit the Provident Association of London is not, of course, known to any but the initiated; neither is the proportion of bonds drawn to the amount of bonds outstanding (which I have seen stated at £6,000,000) published. But an even more important omission is the non-publication of a revenue or profit and loss account. I should like to know what is the amount of the subscriptions paid, the sum paid for agents' commission (which is known to be very large), the amount of lapses and surrendered bonds, the remuneration, whatever shape it may assume, of Baron Profumo, and of the staff of the Association, and the dividends paid on the Ordinary capital, also the names and holdings of the shareholders. It would then be possible to arrive at some sort of idea as to what the cost is at which the undertaking is carried on, and what are the benefits, or otherwise, conferred upon the British public by the Baron Philanthropist, who came to us from foreign shores in order to inculcate habits of thrift, and to demonstrate the advantages of the principle upon which, as the prospectus grandiloquently states, the Society is based, viz., *the power of compound interest*. It would, then, also be possible to ascertain in how far the Baron's creations—for there are two of these, the Provident Association of London, Limited, having given birth to another philanthropic concern, "The Provident Free House Assurance Company, Limited"—are superior or inferior in their working to our Building Societies, Life Assurance Offices, and Friendly Societies, all of which publish full particulars of their doings and accounts, which, unfortunately, the Provident Association for reasons best known to Baron Profumo, does not condescend to place before the public or even before the bondholders.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—Once again the appearance of the markets shows a considerable improvement, and, although business is still restricted, there are indications of a revival. After recent disappointments, it would be premature to assume that we are on the eve of an important recovery. The spurts of activity have of late been so short lived and the glimpses of improvement so fleeting, that it is dangerous to trust in the permanence of any movement, and I prefer, therefore, to keep an open mind on this subject.

Will the Stock Exchange Revive?

There is, however, no doubt that if business on the Stock Exchange does not revive it ought to do so. It is true that we have the coal strikes still with us, and that there is no sign yet of an early termination, but it may be assumed that this untoward trouble will, no doubt, be settled within a month or two. Whenever the end comes a spurt may be looked for in the Home Railway department, which is at present so great a sufferer, but the settlement of the strikes will not alter the fact that very heavy losses in traffic have been caused, and that dividends will be cut down materially for the current half-year. I do not, therefore, look for any permanent improvement in Home Rails, the prices of which have kept up wonderfully in the face of these adverse features. It is different, however, in nearly all the other markets, in which, with the exception of securities of the very highest class, prices are at present at a very low level. Values in the American department, in the Mining and South American markets are certain eventually to improve, and the only question is as to the time when the recovery will come about. Money is plentiful, the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is ample, while more is on the way from Australia; and it is not expected that the German demand for the precious metal will assume large proportions. The tone of Yankee Rails has distinctly improved since the publication of President Cleveland's letter to the Governor of Georgia, and it is now generally anticipated that repeal will be voted by the Senate very shortly. Those most conversant with the inner working of the Kaffir Circus will tell you that after the last "shake-out," which has been helped by the big operators, this market is in a sounder position than it has been for a long time, all the weak operators having been eliminated. The insurrection in the Argentine Republic has been put down, and matters are shaping themselves much more favourably since General Roca, the only strong statesman in the country, is practically at the helm again. As was expected all the time, this modern Cincinnatus has emerged from his retirement at the urgent call of the Government, and I have no doubt that he will henceforth pull the strings. Should peace be re-established in Argentina, the whole list of South American securities will improve with Argentine Government and Railway stocks, even though the revolution in Brazil may drag along for some time yet. There is also a more confident tone in the Colonial market, and although it seems to have been fanned into life chiefly by the desire of the jobbers, who have been so long out of work, to be doing something, it is, all the same, one of the straws that shows how the wind blows. From all which circumstances I conclude, Ben, that in the ordinary course of events we ought to have now a spell of activity and advancing values. That no fresh untoward accident may spoil the fun is now, to use President Cleveland's latest phrase, the "daily prayer" of the Stock Exchange.

Home Rails.

The stocks of the "Heavy" brigade were in better supply at the settlement, and the prices of Midlands and North Eastern have given way a point. Traffic returns showed again heavy decreases, with the sole exception of the Scotch stocks, and even if the coal strikes were to come to an end soon, traffics could recover only very slowly, as the industries of the whole country have been disorganised. Shareholders are not parting with their holdings, but it is just on the cards that they may do so to some extent when they are actually face to face with the diminished dividends in the early part of 1894. By that time, however, the general outlook may have improved sufficiently to justify the expectation of a return to normal dividends for that year, so that the blow would be softened. But the losses in gross traffic caused by the strikes already amount to over a million sterling, and although the net loss will be much smaller in view of the savings which are being effected in all directions, the measure of disappointment which must fall to the lot especially of Midland, North-Western, Great Western, and Great Northern shareholders will be considerable. There has, so far, been no resumption of the buying of low-priced shares, such as Sheffield "A," Metropolitan Districts, "Vestas," or Little Chathams, but that may come about whenever the other departments revive. Great Eastern have remained stationary. Mr. C. H. Parkes has now retired from the Chairmanship, and Lord Claud Hamilton, who has been connected with the Company since 1872, has taken his place. The Scotch stocks are quoted ex dividend, and prices have been well supported. These lines have not to contend with coal strikes, and the outlook appears to be satisfactory. The Chairman of the North British foreshadowed at the meeting on Friday that similar large savings in expenses to those in the first half

will also be effected in the second half of the financial year, while the prospects of the Forth Bridge traffics were described as most promising. On the whole Caledonian Deferred, which stand at 32 xd., against North British Deferred at 32⅛ xd., are, of course, better value than the latter. Brighton "A" were again scarce at the settlement, the backwardation rising from ⅜ to ½, but the expected "Bear" squeeze has not so far come about. The August statement proved very unsatisfactory, and as the coal strikes continue, there is little prospect as yet of an improvement in the goods traffic, which has of late shown the heaviest decrease. But the passenger traffic will henceforth compare less unfavourably, as the Worthing incident will lose its effect. Dover "A" have dropped 2 points, the usual operators in this stock being at present greatly discouraged.

Yankee Rails.

The reaction in Yankee Rails has again made room for an upward movement, owing chiefly to the growing conviction that the Repeal Bill will pass the U.S. Senate very shortly. The wild talk indulged in by the silver men created at times a mistaken impression, but President Cleveland's letter to the Governor of Georgia has brushed the cobwebs aside again, and foreshadows not only the early passing of unconditional repeal, but also measures for dealing with the currency question to follow the voting of repeal. Milwaukees, which are now quoted ex div., have been one of the strongest markets, and both these and Atchison bonds remain my favourites. It is perfectly plain, from the Milwaukee report, that although enough money has been earned to pay the dividend the Company had not got it in cash. It has, however, 7,735,000 dols. of bonds in treasury or due from the trustees, 1,089,000 dols. of Milwaukee and Northern Company's 6s, and 700,000 dols. of loans and bills receivable. A considerable part of the indebtedness was incurred in building an extension of the second track on the La Crosse division, and the redemption and cancelling of maturing bonds. The Company has preferred, therefore, to borrow money temporarily, "which they have been able to do without difficulty," says the report, and 5,000,000 dols. of bonds will be left for sale after the disposition of a sufficient number of them to pay off all the floating debt. According to mail advices Mr. Miller, the President of the Company, has talked freely about the position of late, and has conveyed the impression that he is hopeful, without being enthusiastic, in regard to a recovery in earnings. He looks for large decreases to disappear soon, but does not see how the former volume of earnings is likely to be restored for a month or more to come. With reference to the Atchison Company there is no doubt that the rush to the Cherokee strip and the carriage of building and other material, which will follow it, will bring a material accession of traffic to that line, and I also learn from a private cablegram which has been received here that the business of the Road generally is improving, also that they have concluded a contract with the United States Government for the carriage of material, which it will take two years to execute. The half-yearly interest on the Bonded debt of the Road has been punctually met, including that on the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds, and these I consider an excellent investment even at present prices. The recent talk about an assessment of Erie shares was evidently unfounded, and the unfavourable rumours respecting the alleged intentions of the General Mortgage bondholders of the Reading to foreclose are also being contradicted. It is, of course, advisable to carefully watch any developments concerning the reorganisation of these lines, which will, no doubt, eventually be arranged, but I should say that purchasers of these stocks at present prices may look forward to an improvement. The announcement of a new Louisville issue of 50,000 shares fully confirms the view which I have so repeatedly expressed that something of this kind was intended by the Board. The persistent selling of the stock is now explained, and my advice to holders not to disregard it is shown to be justified. It is evident that insiders on the other side of the Atlantic marketed stock all the time when the quotation was 56 to 58. I may here mention as an instance of the intelligent utilisation of a valuable hint, that a reader of Truth, who held 500 Louisville shares, sold out on my advice at about 56 and reinvested in Atchison's Second Mortgage "A" bonds at 36. The former now stand at 52½, the latter at 44. *Sapienti sat.* As regards the rumoured intention of the Louisville Board to take over the Chesapeake and Ohio South-Western, this report is well founded; but I fancy the transaction will not come off in view of the danger of incurring so heavy a liability, while the finances of the Company are so severely strained. The fact is that the Louisville and Nashville Company has to face liabilities shortly falling due to the extent of 1,000,000 dols.; it has to repay an advance of 1,000,000 dols. obtained some time ago on the 22,000 shares in the Treasury, and 1,000,000 dols. more is wanted for capital requirements to the end of this year. These three items total up to 3,000,000 dols., while the proposed new issue will not produce much more than 2,500,000 dols, so that other provision would have to be made if the line above referred to is to be taken over. The Louisville Board has, therefore, food for serious reflection, the more so as the heavy traffic decreases have to be taken into account. Canadian Pacifics have, as usual, sympathised with the Yankee market, and Grand Trunks have been sold by earlier buyers anxious to realise their profits, notwithstanding another really splendid traffic return.

American Railroad Bonds.

An improved demand has been experienced of late for American Railroad bonds, and, with the general improvement in the financial outlook in the United States, this movement is likely to gather strength. A very useful exchange might, moreover, be made from English Railway stocks which will not yield more than 3 to 3½ per cent. in the near future to well-selected bonds of this kind. Advices from New York are to the effect that quotations of bonds are hardening, and that there is very little stock about at the present level. The following seem to be specially suitable for investment:—

	Interest per Cent.	Price.	Yield per Cent.
New York Central Gold Debentures	4	104¼	£3 18 0
Baltimore & Ohio S.-Western Bonds	4½	109	4 2 6
Manhattan Cons. Mortgage Bonds...	4	95¼	4 6 3
Louisville & Nashville First Mort. Trust Bonds	5	105	4 15 0
Willmar and Sioux Falls First Mort. bonds	5	107	4 16 3
New York, Ontario, & Western Refunding Mortgage	4	82½	5 0 0
South & North Alabama Cons. Gold guaranteed by the Louisville ...	5	100½	5 1 6
Atchison Ten-year Equipment Mort.	5	95	6 3 0
Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes.....	6	97½	7 7 6

Here, then, there are yields to please all tastes. With regard to Louisville bonds, it may be said that the issue of Ordinary stock really improves their position. Further amounts of Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes have been absorbed at from 97 to 97½, and quite an active market has been established for them in Amsterdam since the "Administratie" is issuing its certificates of 1,000 dols. and 500 dols., so as to facilitate the subdivision of the Notes, which are all of the sum of 5,000 dols.

The South American Market.

The insurrections in the Argentine Republic are being gradually quelled, and it now looks as if General Roca would, in future, again be the power behind the Presidential Chair, so inadequately filled by Dr. Saenz-Peña, who has given more proofs of late of a weak and vacillating character, unworthy of his high position. Personally, I should have preferred to see the Radicals in power, as some more cleansing of the Augean stables seems called for. But they are evidently badly organised, and even worse led, as the abortive insurrections in Tucuman and Santa Fé, and the absurd attack by torpedo-boats on the Argentine

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men-of-war sufficiently prove. Under these circumstances it will be preferable that the stronger party should be in control, so as to ensure the peaceful development of the country, which is what the majority of the inhabitants chiefly desire. General Roca is known to be in favour of honest treatment of the foreign creditors, and the day when he consents to take office and form a ministry will be celebrated by a substantial rise in the Argentine market. Argentine Government stocks, the coupons on which are now being paid, have already improved, and the Railway stocks are also hardening. It is as yet too early to predict the result of the Brazilian revolution. The news continues most contradictory, and the lies which are evidently being told are monstrous. Mexican Government stocks have been well supported and will probably promptly recover the amount of the October coupons now being paid. People will now, of course, begin to ask if the January coupon will also be paid, but President Diaz and his Cabinet are taking up so resolute a position as to the fulfilment of all their engagements to European creditors, that Mexican bondholders seem to be justified in looking hopefully into the future. Costa Rica bonds have improved 2. The Government of this Republic has also shown of late years so firm a purpose of paying its way, that the present low prices of the "A" and "B" bonds—especially of the latter—cannot be said to represent their intrinsic value. Peruvian Corporation stocks are the turn easier, but these will, no doubt, improve again, especially the debentures, which are now ex coupon.

South American Railway Debentures.

At the present time, when gilt-edged securities are in such request, it will be useful to point out to investors that an excellent opportunity offers at present to obtain a comparatively good return from the debentures of large and prosperous South American Railways, which have, moreover, passed unscathed through a period of almost unexampled depression. The latter has, however, left its traces in quotations, which are, therefore, tempting to purchasers who are seeking progressive permanent investments. The following comparison will, under the circumstances, prove of interest:—

	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	Present price.	Yield per cent. per an. £. s. d.
Antofagasta (Chili and Bolivia) Four per Cent. Debentures	96½	90	92	4 6 11
Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debentures	107	98	103	3 17 8
Buenos Ayres Rosario Four per Cent. Debentures	95⅞	80½	87	4 11 11
Central Argentine Six per Cent. Debentures	136½	100	136	4 8 2
Central Uruguay of Montevideo Six per Cent. Debentures	129	114	123	4 17 6
Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. Debentures*	74½	59	52	7 13 9
Mexican Railway Six per Cent. Perpetual Debentures	129	112½	109	5 10 1
Buenos Ayres Western Four per Cent. Debentures	97¾	78	93	4 6 0
Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage Debentures (1925)	109¾	97	107	4 13 5
Nitrate Railways Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds	98¾	90	94	5 6 5

* The interest actually paid for the half-year ended August 31 was as to half in cash and half in deferred warrants, equivalent to 4 per cent. cash for the year.

As the comparatively small yield indicates, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debenture stock is considered the most gilt-edged of all, this being a well-established line with a large reserve fund; but it may be said that Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Debentures run the Great Southern stock very close in merit, as the line is doing remarkably well, and the Debentures have a large Ordinary capital behind them on which 6 per cent. per annum is regularly paid, and, in fact, guaranteed by Chili and Bolivia. The Buenos Ayres and Rosario has, for the half-year ended June 30 last, paid its Debenture and Preference interest, and carried forward a net balance of £22,691. The Central Argentine has, during the same period, according to a summary just issued, obtained a gross traffic increase of £79,000 at the cost of an increase of only £18,000 in the working expenses while the amount available, after providing for fixed charges, would have sufficed to pay a dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. on the Ordinary stock—a very satisfactory result. The yield on Cordoba and Rosario Debentures is calculated on the actual amounts paid for the last half-year only, viz., at the rate of 4 per cent., but these Debentures will eventually receive 5 per cent., when the yield on present price would be £9. 12s. 3d. per cent. There is a proposal on foot for amalgamating the Buenos Ayres Great Southern with the Buenos Ayres Western, and the Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds (1925) will no doubt eventually be redeemed on favourable terms. The Nitrate Railway bonds pay good interest, and have a large amount of Ordinary capital in the receipt of 20 per cent. interest behind them.

Chili and the Nitrate Group.

I am glad to see that the subject of the treatment of foreigners and of foreign capital in Chili, to which I referred last week, is being taken up seriously by the Press. Of special interest is the letter which a well-informed correspondent has written to the financial papers, in which Chili is seriously taken to task for the change which has taken place in sentiment in that Republic since it became enriched through the acquisition from Peru of the Province of Tarapacà. Duties were put on nitrate until they stand now at the high figure of £2. 11s. per ton, and the public revenue rose very substantially. But with the greater riches came also a change in the class of men at the head of affairs, culminating in the disreputable politicians by whom Balmaceda surrounded himself. Then came the civil war, which ended in the overthrow of Balmaceda, and during which material help and sympathy were accorded in English circles to the Congress party, who, on the other hand, were most generous in promises of every consideration for foreign capital and foreign enterprises. Two years have passed since these events, but the promises remain unfulfilled. Not a penny has been paid of the indemnity promised to foreigners, to the Nitrate Companies, and the Nitrate Railway for losses suffered during the war, and a dead set is being made against foreign capital and foreign interests, as I have already explained last week. It is time that the Chilian Government should put an end to this ill-advised agitation and return to the honourable traditions of the past. The Nitrate Railway, it is true, would be benefited by permanently abolishing the Nitrate Combination, and the shares of this Company are again advancing, as they are considered in any case as certain of their 20 per cent. dividend, so that they yield at 14 upwards of 14 per cent. on the investment. But the Nitrate industry itself would be ruined by the ill-considered interference of the Government, which, it appears, threatens to increase the already excessive duty, unless the exports are raised to 40,000,000 quintals, being double the amount of the actual consumption. In view of the contempt shown in Chili for the rights of foreigners, who have embarked their money in the industries of the country, it is not surprising that the credit of Chili should suffer and her bonds fall in the market, and the perseverance in so mischievous a course cannot fail to bring about consequences which the Government at Santiago will have every reason to bitterly regret.

The Kaffir Circus.

Whether the forced selling of Gold shares from Johannesburg has come to an end for good it is as yet impossible to say, but that we are not far from a smart recovery is pretty certain, in view of the state of the market, which seems ready to rise on insignificant purchases. The fact is that the big operators have done their best to help prices down in order to get hold of cheap stock, and during the slump the small and weak holders have all gone to the wall. The market is thus left in a very strong position, and it will not be long before this fact is demonstrated by a movement. As to the future of the gold-mining industry on the Randt there can be but

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one opinion. As the *South American Financial Record* puts it, sixty producing Companies are putting out gold at the rate—supposing there is no increase—of £4,800,000 per annum. At present there are, approximately, 2,100 stamps at work, divided over less than sixty properties. A year hence we may expect to see a large increase in the list of producers, and the number of stamps employed nearer 3,000 than 2,000, with a corresponding augmentation of the output. The following little table will serve as some guide to those who may wish to avail themselves of the present opportunity of buying substantial dividend-paying Mining shares at the reduced prices :—

	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	Price on July 1, 1893.	Divd. paid per cent. in 1892.	Divd. paid per cent. in 1893.	Present price.
Crown Reef	8½	4½	7	55	50	6½
City and Suburban	9⅝	5½	11¾	—	50	9⅝
Durban Roodepoort	4⅛	2½	4⅜xd.	40	25	4⅜
Ferreira	9¼	7⅝	7⅝	125	85	8
Geldenhuis	4⅜	3¼	4¼	10	25	4½
Jubilee	6¼	4⅜	6¼	45	75	6½
Jumpers	5½	1¼	2⅜	—	10	2⅜
Meyer and Charlton	4⅜	4	6½	45	55	5½
New Primrose	5	4 1/16	5⅝	27½	27½	3⅝
Nigels	4½	3½	3 7/16	47½	25	3⅜
Langlaagte	3⅜	2⅝	3 9/16	20	20	2⅛
Robinson (£5 shares)	3¼	3	4½	7	8	4
Simmer & Jack	5¼	3½	4 1/16	40	30	3¾

It will be seen that already the dividends paid in the present year are in some cases larger than those paid for the whole year 1892, and that they promise in most cases to top the 1892 dividends very materially. The return is in most cases very high on the present quotations, as my readers will see for themselves, and is likely to vary from 10 to 15 per cent., and more, per annum, with the prospect of continued progress. Amongst the shares which are likely to reach the dividend-paying stage at no distant date, Afrikander, South Simmer and Jack, and Glencairns are at present the most promising; and amongst the low-priced shares Graskop are deserving of most attention at about 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d., favourable advices from the mine being expected shortly. Another excellent crushing is expected at the Afrikander mine for September, while a "Bear" attack on South Simmer and Jack has failed. Diamond shares are at present in the dumps. The African Gold Recovery Company announce, with regard to certain irresponsible rumours, that they are not aware of legal action having been taken to dispute the MacArthur-Forrest patents in South Africa, nor has any payment of royalty been refused. There seems to be some rumour of certain Companies contemplating agitation with the view of obtaining a reduction of present royalties, but they will not probably get much in this way. In the meantime the Company has again declared an interim dividend of 5 per cent. and the shares are firmer. Oceana and Oceana Development shares are again improving, advices being very favourable. A cablegram has just been received from the Coal Company to the following effect :—"Extracting coal, it is good hard coal." The troubles of the British Chartered Company are coming to a head, and news of fighting with Lobengula's warriors may come to hand any day. Many of my Transvaal contemporaries emphatically endorse my remarks on the monstrous conduct of the officials and the grasping ambition of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and express surprise at the manner in which the *Times* and other London papers are backing up this concern. The *South African Echo* printed at Beaconsfield recently, published a cartoon representing Cecil Rhodes dropping the Charter in a hot corner between Lobengula and a representative of the Diamond Fields Union, with TRUTH looking on. The cartoon is entitled "Squaring," and in the accompanying remarks it is suggested that TRUTH has been a somewhat hard nut for Mr. Rhodes to crack. Mozambique shares have improved again to 1 7/16. Whatever may be the consequences for the Chartered Company of present developments, the Mozambique Company is certain to benefit. For one thing, advices by last mail bring official figures for the past seven months of the year, which show an increase in the Customs Revenue of Beira alone of 300 per cent., other duties and taxes producing similar increases. Moreover, the settlers in Mashonaland, who are now flying for safety into the Mozambique territory, are now taking out mining licences on the spot, direct from the Sub-Commandant of Manica and Sofala, instead of having to go down to Beira for their licences, and as Mr. Alford, the well-known mining engineer, is also on the spot, this important goldfield is likely to be opened up rapidly.

Miscellaneous Mines.

Amongst Indian Mines, Mysore Reefs have again attracted attention; but the quotation has not risen above 13s., and I fully confirm my warning of a week ago. Ooregum Ordinary are also firmer. Australian Mining shares have been very dull, declines being marked in Victory, Day Dawn P.C., Brilliant Block, and Aladdins. For the fortnight ending September 23 the Day Dawn P.C. Mine crushed 275 tons for 205 ozs. only. Mail advices from Melbourne report a slight improvement in that market. At Ballarat occasional spasms of excitement were experienced, and from Bendigo sharp fluctuations in the Johnson stocks (Johnson's Reef, Princess Dagmar, and Golden Age) were reported, the new reef in the Dagmar being smaller than was anticipated. The Sydney market, however, seems absolutely lifeless. An egregious failure of mining is reported from the Mount Wills Tin Mine (Vic.) on which £23,000 have been spent with absolutely no return. Fortunately, no English money has so far been sunk in this enterprise. The collapse of silver is causing gold-mining to be fostered again in the States. From Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and all parts of California comes information of more prospectors being in the field, and of new mines (placer, gravel, and quartz) being discovered and developed, while many abandoned mines are to be re-located and worked. This latter is made possible by the improvement and appliances and methods of mining. Even Nevada and and Arizona have joined in the procession, and report new gold finds. Many of the miners who have lost their employment by the shutting down of silver-mines served their apprenticeship in gold-mines. These, naturally, have returned to their first love, and as the old mines have all the hands wanted, the only course left was prospecting, and so far with favourable results. The Springdale Gold Mining and Milling Company of Denver, Colorado, have cabled to their London agency :—"Miners working day and night raising ore to sample." This is interpreted by the London secretary as referring to the cable received on July 22, in which the following statement was made :—"Manager reports abundant 1,000 dols. ore." As I have received several inquiries concerning Lomas, I may as well state that I do not recommend their purchase. Richmond Consolidated improved on the statements made at the meeting of shareholders, but Frontinos are down. Although great things are predicted on reaching the next level in the Elkhorn Mine, the price has given way again.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents :—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Senex.—I do not recommend the purchase of these Lottery bonds, but if you are determined to buy them you had better do so through a respectable firm of bankers, certainly not through the touts in question, who would charge you 20 to 40 per cent. above market price. Nos. 2 and 5 would be preferable. *H. H. O.* —1. These Trust debentures should be held for a recovery. 2. Natal Consolidated Four per Cent. stock is a good investment.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

N'oubliez.—I have invariably advised my readers to give these American Land Companies a wide berth, and I emphasised this view about a month ago, when the first rumours concerning the Jarvis Conklin Trusts were current. On Friday last a receivership was decreed, and you must now await the course of events. *N. L.*—I am exceedingly pleased to hear that you have succeeded in baffling outside stockbroking swindlers, through the solicitors in question, and that you have to pay only £50 instead of £800 claimed. These vermin should always be fought. *E. Y. E. N.* —These Lottery bonds are no catch, yielding but little interest, and with poor chances of drawings. The firm in question charge a good deal more than the actual market price. Be very careful. *D. M.*—I replied to your inquiry in last week's issue. *Rex.*—To judge from your questions, you are dealing on the cover system with outside brokers, and if you do so, you must not be surprised if you are treated badly. 1. If you were dealing with a member of the Stock Exchange, the answer would be no. 2. If he is an outside broker, and he

has not swindled you, yes. 3. I do not think it honest to plead the Gaming Acts. *Auld Reekie.*—I have again and again warned my readers not to have any dealings with Duncan, Short, & Co., and I expressed my view as late as last week under "Various Investments." *W. M., No.* 72.—I should advise you to have nothing to do with that Bank. High rates of deposit are not compatible with safety. *Chester.*—Having found out the provincial broker in question in an attempt to swindle you, you should at once claim the amount of the over-charge. Insist upon his producing his books, and employ in case of need an accountant. You can claim to have the whole of the transactions cancelled. *R. T.*—Your case in connection with the fiasco of the Country Cheque Clearing Bank, Limited, is undoubtedly a hard one, but as the *Financial Times* has already ably dealt with this matter, it seems superfluous for me also to take up the cudgels. I should say a smart solicitor could do something for you. *Alpha.*—They are Lottery bonds, yielding but a poor return apart from the chances of drawings. You can obtain the information you want only in Paris, and you should be very careful of intermediaries.

Home Rails.

Bis.—I have stated repeatedly that there is no temptation to buy the stocks of the heavy lines in view of the heavy losses caused by the coal strikes. Reduced dividends are, of course, certain. *T. C.*—Certainly, hold your North British Preferred, they yield a fair return.

American and Foreign Rails.

C. T.—I do not advise you to throw away your Louisville shares, but to sell them on a favourable opportunity and buy other Yankee stocks instead, by preference Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. On no account sell out of American Rails generally, as you can easily make double what you may lose in Louisville by purchasing other stocks. *R. C.*—You should hold your Denvers, but if you wish to buy more Yankee Rails you had better choose Milwaukees or Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. Hold Ottoman Banks, and certainly buy more Nitrate Rails to average, their position is very promising just now. Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds should be held. *A. P. K.*—1. You should hold Atchison "B" Second Mortgage bonds, they are an excellent investment. 2. You must be aware of my opinion of the British Chartered Company of South Africa, and you should not be tempted to join it merely for the sake of dukes and lords being shareholders. These got in very much cheaper than you ever will. *Jaz.*—There is nothing against the securities Nos. 1-3, Nitrate Railway Debentures (3) being a good investment, while Nos. 1-2 are not exactly a catch. You might do better by making a little Trust of the Debentures mentioned under the "South American Market." *Sevres.*—You will now see the reason for my warning concerning Louisville in the revision of stock. See remarks in to-day's letter. *W. W. S.*—U.S. Railroad Debentures, well selected, are an excellent investment, and so are the bonds. I am not in favour of the Pennsylvania Company, whose position is deteriorating, and I do not, therefore, advise you to keep them permanently, although there is no hurry to get out. You should hold Atchison Four per Cent. Gold bonds for a considerable improvement. *R. H. N.*—I always advise the taking of good profits, and having bought and taken up, on my advice, Erie at 10⅜ (now 14⅜), Atchison "A" bonds at 35½ (now 44½), ditto Ordinary shares at 15⅝ (now 21½), Norfolk Prefs. at 21⅛ (now 23), Northern Pacific Prefs. at 19¼ (now 22¼), you might sell half on the further advance which may be expected on the passing of repeal, holding the rest for a further advance in the next three or six months. You should deal in a similar manner with your further purchases. I do not think that Denver Prefs. will improve immediately, but they are a good "lock up." With respect to your inquiry about mines, see under "Mining Shares." *D. E.*—Yes, Nitrate Rails will, no doubt, get their full 20 per cent. dividend, and are very cheap at about 14. *J. E. V.*—No, I do not think that is a drawback, and I do not think there is any intention of making such an issue. The Company is now on a sound financial basis, and the opinion of this outside firm of brokers is quite valueless.

Mining Shares.

C. W. B.—1. Better pay a member of the "House" a little more brokerage than deal with an outside concern which generally runs against you. 2. I do not think much of the low-priced Diamond shares in question. *J. D. R., The Hague.*—This is not only a Gold Mine, but also an important Land Company, and the future is promising. Hold. *C. R.*—Nos. 1-3. The four South African Gold Mines in question are all good dividend-paying properties. I should give Nigels the preference. See remarks under the "Kaffir Circus." 4. If you had read my remarks regularly you would not have bought Chartered of South Africa at 39s and 24s. You must know that my views are exceedingly unfavourable. *J. E. B.*—1. No, I do not see any special inducement to buy these Diamond shares at present, although a rally in the whole Kaffir Market is on the cards. 2. No, I do not advise you to have anything to do with this outside broker concern. *Moorside.*—Holcomb Valley shares are now fully paid, and there is no further liability. The only liability upon Caratals is 2d. per share. There is no further liability upon Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold Bonds, and the interest is assured for several years, apart altogether from the revenue of the line. *Borth.*—Don't you think it will be preferable to put off buying more shares until the result of the first crushing comes to hand? With regard to the other mine, see under "The Miscellaneous Mining Market." *Normandy.*—Do not take up additional shares in the Victoria and Altamira, although it would appear that a determined effort is now being made to develop the property. *J. B., Glasgow.*—You had better place this matter concerning the Queen's Birthday Gold Mines into the hands of a solicitor at once! *R. H. N.*—Do not buy more Poormans now, but await development. Tolima are a fair purchase. *C. C. C.*—I should advise you to hold all the shares, Nos. 1—5, especially Oceana and New Primrose, for a marked improvement. No. 6 depends upon the course of silver, but there seems to be no reason for selling now. *Zeno.*—1. Yes, they have an interest in the French Company, which is said to be doing well. 2. With regard to exchange of New Moss Rose shares for New Primrose, at any time Moss Rose certificates are presented at the offices, 2, Drapers gardens, Throgmorton street, E.C., exchange receipts will be given for same and New Primrose certificates will be ready about ten days from date of presentation of old scrip. *J. P.*—1. Rich stone is reported, and you might buy more, if you can do so at a moderate quotation. 2. Hold these shares; but as to buying more, don't you think that 5,000 shares are enough for any one? *Richmond.*—The Secretary of the Kimberley Roodeport states that every information has been given on inquiries. To the best of his belief crushing commenced at the middle of September. *M. A.*—1. You had better hold, but do not average yet until the outlook is clearer. I will let you know what I hear about the other mine; in the meantime I should be glad if you would send me the report in question to look at (in confidence). *53, Cardiff.*—Yes, you should join the reconstruction in question. *T. S. S.*—Yes, keep these shares by all means; they will improve again. *F. W. M.*—Hold, developments will shortly take place which will cause a recovery. *J. R.*—What can this provincial paper possibly know about the matter? It looks like a piece of spite. *Ponto.*—You should disregard such absurd reports. *J. C. A., Dundee and Broughyfuzy.*—It is evidently a strong effort of imagination, and altogether too absurd a notion. If the writer is your guide, philosopher, and friend, you had better stick to him. *S. N.*—No, I do not recommend the purchase of Lornas, against which I have always warned my readers.

Industrial Companies.

Seafin.—1. Bona fide, yes; but not likely to do better. 2. Through your broker. 3. I should hold the Nitrate shares for the present. *Sold.*—Very little information is available concerning this Company, but it is supposed to be doing well. Write to the Secretary. *Koppah.*—There seems to be little hope for these shares until the English and French Companies have obtained a fair measure of success. *F. W. K., Leamington.*—The opinion of those connected with the Company is that the Vaal River scheme will have no effect upon the Johannesburg Waterworks. Whether it succeeds or whether it fails, it is a perfectly friendly scheme so far as the Waterworks Company is concerned. *Wango.*—1. Same reply as above. 2. In consequence of the fall in silver. But the interest is secured for some years to come, altogether independently of this. 3. Yes, certainly hold, Argentine affairs are improving.

Mixed Investments.

Chaletson.—1. I cannot exactly go so far as to answer all your questions in the affirmative, but it is a respectable firm. 2. You might buy £1,000 more of these bonds, which will recover with the Argentine market; but do not go in too heavily yet. 3. Yes; Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes are an excellent investment for your purpose. The price is now 97—½. *Q. C. G.*—There is nothing actually against the five investments you propose to make for the £2,000 in question; yet the Irish Railway stock is hardly a progressive one, and upon the whole you might perhaps do better with some of the Debentures and bonds mentioned under "The South American Market" and "American Railroad Bonds." *Rota.*—I do not think much of the stock mentioned under A. You should hold B for a recovery. No reason to sell the Brewery stocks C and D now. E is, of course, speculative, and you have no option but to hold F, the reconstructed Australian Bank shares, which will, no doubt, eventually get a quotation, but I do not know when. *Salopian.*—As regards the investment of the £5,000, a good deal depends upon the Trusts Act, or Trusts deeds under which you have to act. If high class South Americans and United States Railway Debentures are allowed, you would be able to make up an excellent selection from the lists of stocks mentioned under "The South American Market" and "American Railroad Bonds." *Knock.*—I advise you to have nothing to do with the outside broker's concern in question. The Tramway Company in question is doing badly. *R. P. H.*—Your list of thirty-five investments has suffered from the general depression, and many of those which have declined should recover again. Thus it would be preferable to hold the Trust stocks Nos. 1-4, and the South American stocks Nos. 5 and 6, 9-14, also the securities in default, Nos. 15-21, as some settlement will, no doubt, eventually be made. No good to sell Nos. 22-28 now. No. 29 is a good investment, and so are Nos. 30-31. A recovery is expected in No. 33, but No. 34 is in liquidation, owing to gross mismanagement. I do not like any of the Mashonaland concerns, least of all No. 35. The bonds Nos. 7 and 8 were an unfortunate purchase, against which I have always warned my readers. But there is now no option but to wait.

Various Investments.

I said last week that I was no admirer of Australian financial methods, and I regret that I have now even to withdraw the limited measure of approval which I

accorded to the new Victoria Loan. Whether the Colonial Government or the London and Westminster Bank were answerable for the way in which the issue was conducted, it is absolutely disgraceful that between them they should have managed to practically cheat the holders of the Five per Cent. Debentures, of which it was a conversion, out of their allotments for the sake of securing a market success, and for that purpose benefiting some of the privileged professionals. With regard to the New South Wales Loan, which has so promptly followed the borrowing of Victoria, I regret that the hateful tender system has been followed again. This £2,500,000 is not a conversion of old loans, but it is openly confessed that it is intended to redeem Treasury bills coming due and to pay for productive public works. I always thought that these Colonies would not be able to go on without further borrowing, and they have seized the very earliest opportunity to tap the British investors' pockets. In this they are encouraged by the pillars of finance on the Stock Exchange, who will in the present dearth of business do anything to make money again, and have promptly marked the scrip at a substantial premium, so as to attract the outside public. Silver is again the turn firmer at 34⅛d., but Rupee Paper is down to 65¼, the Indian exchanges being weaker than ever in view of the indecision of the India Council. Mexican Rails have reacted, the First Prefs. to 68, the Second Prefs. to 45, chiefly owing to a disappointing traffic. But the Universal Stock Exchange and Mr. Mackusick made the "Bears" of the Second Prefs. smart at the settlement. They took up more stock, and hoisted the backwardation to 1⅝, although it finally gave way to 1½, at which rate a lady shareholder with an eye to business satisfied the needs of the ursine party. The Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company has now followed the Lombard Investment Company into the Receiver's hands, and it is only too much to be feared that, in consequence of the persistent efforts to market the Debentures of these concerns, there is a large holding on this side. As in the case of the Australian Banks and of the Australian Land Companies, I have for some years warned my readers to give these American Land Mortgage Companies a wide berth, and have answered many hundreds of inquiries respecting the two above-mentioned concerns to this effect. That was better, because it was timely, advice than that now tendered to the unfortunate Debenture-holders by some of the financial writers, viz., to organise in order to avert grave danger, and to investigate. I have received a communication from a reader of TRUTH residing near Bradford, informing me that "through my advice and strictures of outside brokers, and the recommendation of a firm of solicitors, he has been saved the payment of nearly £800, the plaintiff accepting, in lieu of that amount, £50 for his solicitor's costs, the case being conducted in the smartest possible manner." If I recollect rightly, this was a case in which a firm of outside brokers claimed a preposterous amount of loss into which they had run their client without, however, actually transacting any business. If all the shady outside brokers who run against their clients were to be served in the same way they would, no doubt, soon retire from business. In the meantime, the syndicate touts are continuing their nefarious efforts to swindle the public, and it is again Duncan, Short, & Co., of 39, Lombard-street, against whom the greatest complaint is made. The following is a letter which I have received from Glasgow concerning these indefatigable touts:—

> I enclose circulars which come to almost every office here, and are a perfect nuisance as well as fraud, and I believe a goodly sum is sent weekly. With such a valuable connection as your paper commands, surely you can show the public that the whole scheme is a swindle. I know you have on different occasions denounced such frauds, but I am afraid you don't know the enormous number of circulars sent all over the country, and also the immense amount of money sent never to return. Trusting this will receive your kind attention.

I ask again, is it possible that the canny Scots can fall into such clumsy traps, especially as so many of them read their TRUTH?—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY;

A COAL-STRIKE OUTRAGE.

OUR old friend, Mr. Hydenseke, the eminent private detective, of Long Acre, was taking his annual autumn holiday at Scarborough, where his fagged brain and weary body found welcome rest and refreshment in the fine air and lively occupations of that attractive place. No one knew better how to throw off the cares of business and to enter fully into every sort of amusement. This hard-headed little gentleman gave himself up to boating, fishing, walking, sketching, watching cricket matches and theatricals, listening to nigger minstrels on the sands, criticising the ladies' bathing costumes, burning his jolly little face in the sun, and all the rest of it, with a zeal and energy altogether marvellous.

Together with his professional character he always, on these occasions, laid aside his professional name, and had himself entered in the hotel books as "Mr. John Smith," for his personality was so little known that, with this precaution, his incog. was tolerably secure. In fact, the one person that knew his whereabouts was his confidential clerk in London, who had instructions to wire to him in case any very important matter turned up; otherwise, his holiday was not to be disturbed.

He was not particularly well pleased, therefore, when, while smoking his after-breakfast cigar in the hotel gardens, an elderly gentleman, whom he had never set eyes on before, came up to him, and, in a low voice, accosted him by his professional name.

"I went up to town to see you yesterday," the stranger explained; "and there I saw your deputy, who, on hearing the urgent nature of my business, gave me your address here, and the assumed name under which you are passing. You have just been pointed out to me by one of the waiters. Can I have a few words with you?"

"Very well," assented Mr. Hydenseke, eyeing his interlocutor shrewdly. The latter was a tall, big man, with a consequential bearing, a capacious waistcoat, and a generally prosperous air, whose countenance now showed strong marks of agitation. "Let us take a seat on that bench yonder, in the sun. Have a cigar?"

"No, thank you; don't smoke. Now, Mr. Hydenseke" (as he deposited his ponderous person on the seat indicated), "about this matter on which I have come to seek your assistance. It is so extremely urgent that I will take leave to put it before you without delay. First, do you know who I am?"

Mr. Hydenseke shook his head.

"My name is Dallas Upton," the other continued. "Now perhaps you know me as one of the largest coal-owners in Yorkshire?"

"I do."

"And you also know, I dare say" (with a half-sardonic smile), "that I am quite one of the least popular—especially now?"

"That I have heard, too."

"Pardon my asking—but it may save time—did you read the strike news in yesterday's paper?"

"No."

"Ah! well," said Mr. Upton, hastily drawing a doubled-up copy of the *Yorkshire Post* from his pocket, unfolding it, and handing it to his companion, "just read that, will you" (pointing out a certain paragraph). "You will get hold of the facts quicker that way than I shall be able to tell them."

Mr. Hydenseke took the paper, and read as follows:—

> A peculiar and mysterious outrage was committed last evening at the Mainwyke Colliery, in this district. It appears that since the commencement of the disturbances, about a week ago, the proprietor, Mr. Dallas Upton, and his foreman, a man named Wallis, have slept each night at the Colliery Offices, which they have converted into a kind of small fort. They had firearms loaded and ready to hand, and were in every way prepared for an attack. Mr. Upton also had a favourite little terrier with him as a watch-dog; and he believed that no strangers could possibly attack the place without its giving the alarm. On waking up, however, yesterday morning, and calling to his foreman, the proprietor of the Colliery received no reply. He, therefore, entered his room, and what was his horror to find

no forecast there, but, lying in the empty bed, a bleeding heart transfixed with a knife, and wrapped round the handle of the latter a crumpled fragment of paper, containing the following words:—

To Dallas Upton. Take heed you ——. We could have served you the same. But we choose to give you this warning. No bolts, or bars, or watch dogs avail against us. Take heed. Take heed.

The terrier had also disappeared, but its carcase was soon afterwards found outside the house, its skull having been smashed in with some blunt instrument.

The matter is in the hands of the police, who are understood to be following up a clue, though no arrests have yet been made.

"Umph," said Mr. Hydenseke, thoughtfully, when he had digested the above paragraph; "anything further transpired since this was printed?"

"Not in that direction," replied Mr. Upton, his voice trembling with anger and agitation, "but the scoundrels—the devils—have attacked me in another and—and a worse way."

"And what is that?" inquired the detective, looking straight before him, and blowing the clouds of smoke from his lips into a series of artistic rings.

"I will tell you. But, first of all, you must know that about a month ago, before these terrible strikes began, my wife, who is something of an invalid, was ordered up on to the moors for change of air and complete rest and quiet. I therefore took rooms for her at a lonely farm-house, some eight miles from Pickering, which stood on the highest ground in the whole Riding, was well out of the range of visitors and tourists, and seemed, in fact, the very place for her. There she has remained since, with my only child, a daughter, who is scarcely eighteen years old. And thankful enough I was that they should be in such a quiet, peaceful spot, right away from the riots and confusion of the manufacturing and colliery districts. There, I felt, they could not possibly come to any harm. But my confidence was misplaced.

"The day before yesterday my daughter went out, as she often did, by herself, to sketch in the neighbourhood of the farm-house, saying that she should be back in time for tea. But when the tea hour came she did not return. Several hours went by. Darkness came on. And her poor mother, naturally quite frantic, had several of the farm servants sent off in different directions to seek her. Their search proved futile; but next morning the post brought my wife a brief missive, couched in coarse, brutal language, the gist of which was that my girl had been seized and carried off by a band of strikers, who intended to hold her as a hostage for my conduct, and threatening towards her treatment far worse than death unless their demands were complied with. "This," the document concluded, "is your —— husband's second warning."

"Ah," said Mr. Hydenseke, scratching his chin reflectively; "has anything been heard of the poor girl since?"

"Not a syllable. The police are doing all they can, but my faith in their dexterity is not very great, and that is why I have applied to you. Will you assist me—at your own figure?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hydenseke, briskly, rising from the seat and throwing away the stump of his cigar. "Now these two documents of which you speak, and which are highly important—the police have them, of course?"

Mr. Upton nodded assent.

"And may I ask the name of the officer who has charge of the case?"

"Inspector Penny, of Scotland-yard. He is quartered in Leeds during these disturbances."

"Good! I know him pretty well, professionally. We have helped one another more than once. In fact, I have always been on good terms with the Scotland-yard officials. It pays them, and it pays me. I know he will confide to me anything that he may have discovered. But now, of course, there is no time to lose!"

"Not an instant," was the excited rejoinder.

"When is the next train for Mainwyke?" asked Mr. Hydenseke.

"There is one in half an hour."

"Very good. We will travel by that as far as York; and on the way you can tell me the many details I shall want to know. After that, we will proceed independently of one another. For I do not wish to arouse suspicion by being seen in your company. I mean to pose as the special correspondent of a London paper, or something in that line, which will account for my hanging about and inspecting the scene of the outrage. I shall also wire to a trustworthy employé of mine to conduct the investigations here [illegible]. He will be down by this evening. I will go and send that wire at once, and just pack up a few traps. Meet me at the station in half an hour."

Mr. Hydenseke had been quite transformed by these few minutes of business conversation from the easy going little holiday-maker into the shrewd, brisk little inquiry agent; and the keen sparkle in his small, sharp eyes betokened that, despite the interruption of his holiday, he thoroughly enjoyed the prospect of a difficult case.

He met Mr. Upton at the station in plenty of time for the train, and, according to agreement, they travelled together as far as York. They were fortunate in having a compartment to themselves; and thus the detective was able to pump his companion to his heart's content on every point connected with the outrage. He jotted down an abstract of the latter's answers in his pocket-book, and by the time they reached York was thoroughly primed with all possible preliminary information. They went on from York to Mainwyke in the same train, but in different carriages; and, on alighting at that station, behaved as total strangers to one another. But after dark that evening, having previously reconnoitred the colliery on his own account, with sketch-book and note-book, in the character of a special artist, the detective slipped into the colliery office, had another interview with Mr. Upton, and thoroughly inspected the inside of the premises.

After carefully noting all the points here which could in any way bear upon the outrage, he went over to Leeds to instruct his employé, whom he had wired for from town to meet him there, and also to interview Inspector Penny. That officer, who was nearly harassed to death by the great pressure of work which the strikes entailed upon him, was only too glad to give what information he could to so discreet and capable an auxiliary as his very good friend Mr. Hydenseke. In fact, an amicable arrangement was come to between these two gentlemen, which, if not strictly in accordance with the regulations of the Force, was, at any rate, conducive to the best interests of both parties.

In this manner Mr. Hydenseke obtained possession of the two threatening letters; and also photographs of the missing girl and of the murdered foreman. And these, on returning to his hotel late that night, he spread out on a table and inspected carefully. He remained absorbed in this study, and in a subsequent train of thought which it occasioned, until the flaring up of his bed-candle in its socket brought him to himself with a start. He then stowed away the photographs and letters in a pocket-book, which he placed, for security, under his pillow, and, after a particularly brief disrobing, was soon in bed and fast asleep.

His first move after breakfast next morning was to visit Mr. Upton, at the colliery offices.

"Found out anything?" asked the latter, anxiously.

Mr. Hydenseke shook his head.

"Nothing whatever yet; though I hope to hit upon a clue shortly. By the way, as I was passing, I thought I'd just drop in and ask you one question, in case I might have to identify poor Wallis's body—was he a big man, now?"

"As fine a young fellow as I ever saw," answered Mr. Upton, emphatically. "Six feet two, and broad in proportion."

"Ah, thanks," nodded Mr. Hydenseke. "I have his photo. But photos give no idea of size. Well—well, his size and strength won't help him much where he's gone, poor fellow! Sad business—sad business. But the living before the dead, of course. And my first energies shall be devoted to finding out the whereabouts of your daughter."

It seemed, however, that Mr. Hydenseke's business lay with the dead first, in spite of what he had said. For

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

immediately on leaving the colliery he betook himself to the office of the registrar of deaths in Mainwyke, and requested leave to inspect the latest page of entries. Having thus done and paid the usual fee, he immediately left and turned his steps in the direction of the poorest part of Mainwyke—a series of miserable slums—and as he passed through them, note-book and pencil in hand, he stopped and made hasty sketches, quite in the character of the special artist of an illustrated paper.

On reaching a certain house in the most squalid street of them all, he stopped, and knocked upon the door with his stick. It was opened by a dishevelled scarecrow of a woman, who curtly demanded his business.

"I have come to see if I can help you," said Mr. Hydenseke, in his blandest and most soothing tones. "I hear you have been in great trouble and nearly starving."

"My husband *was* starved," she replied, with sullen misery. "He died Monday evening. And I don't know that he ain't better off than we, now," she added, bitterly.

"Yes, yes, I heard all about it. Sad—very sad," the detective said, sympathetically. "And I'm really anxious to help you. The fact is I'm special correspondent of the *Populace*, and if I could put your sad story before the public it would bring you in quite a lot of money. I heard that you were driven to such straits, my poor woman, that you had to sell your husband's body to the doctors to pay your rent and keep a roof over your children's heads."

"Dr. Pease told you that, I reckon?" said the woman, eyeing him closely.

"Yes," lied Mr. Hydenseke, unblushingly.

"Ah, well, that's all right," she answered. "He told me particular not to mention it; as, though bodies must be had for purposes of anan-antimony, yet folks didn't like the idea of their being bought, and it might lose him patients. But, as he has told you himself, he cannot blame me."

"Of course not; well, if you will just allow me to come in, I will make a sketch of your room and children to put in the paper. It will mean quite a tidy little sum to you. And here's a sovereign to go on with."

The feel of the gold mollified the woman still further, and she readily admitted him into their squalid apartment, where he made one or two rough sketches, and then took his departure.

"By Jove," he soliloquised, as he walked away. "I half believe guesswork has hit the right nail on the head. But now to find out about this Dr. Pease."

He went straight to the colliery and saw Mr. Upton.

"Just a question or two to ask you," he said. "Had poor Wallis enjoyed good health before his death?"

"Not entirely," answered the other, rather surprised at the question. "He was under medical treatment at the time of his death, poor fellow. Something internal, he told me, but not very serious."

"What doctor attended him?"

"Dr. Pease, of this place."

"Ah! thank you. Is he a good doctor, d'you think?"

"I don't know much about him. He has not been here very long; and I believe he has rather offended the other doctors by trying to undersell them. But although he has got a lavish practice by these means among the very poor, it does not bring him in much money, and I happen to know that he is always hard up. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing particular. But in case one finds poor Wallis's body mutilated beyond recognition, his doctor's help might be very useful for identification."

"Have you found his body, then?" exclaimed Mr. Upton, excitedly.

"Not yet; but I hope to do so shortly."

For the next three or four days Mr. Hydenseke was extraordinarily busy; he was in constant communication with Inspector Penny, and paid more than one visit in the Inspector's company to the coroner's Magistrate of the borough. He also went over to Pickering to see his employé there, and gave him instructions which sent him to all the railway stations and booking offices in the neighbourhood, and also farther afield, in pursuit of his vigorous inquiries, which extended even so far as some of the large manufacturing centres in the Midlands and Lancashire.

Whatever clue was being followed, however, Mr. Hydenseke kept it profoundly secret. And even Mr. Upton, who was now nearly mad with anxiety about his daughter, could not get a syllable of information from him.

On the fifth day, however, the coal-owner received the following wire from an address in Liverpool:—

Come here by next train.—HYDENSEKE.

Of course, he lost no time in complying with the summons, and was at the address named within a few hours of receiving the message.

"Well," said Mr. Hydenseke, with a smug smile of satisfaction, "The job's done. The whole affair is cleared up from start to finish."

"Have—have—you found my daughter?" cried the father, anxiously.

"Yes. She is lodging in a house not five minutes from this."

"Oh, let me go to her at once."

"When you have heard the facts, certainly. You will then know better how to act. I will be as brief as possible. I may tell you that I had my suspicions as to the genuineness of the outrage from the first; and they have been fully justified. The heart found in Wallis's bed (and which the doctors certified to be a human heart, belonging to a man not many hours dead) was not Wallis's heart, but was a heart obtained by him, through Dr. Pease, for the express purpose of hoaxing yourself and the police."

"But why should he wish to hoax us?" gasped Mr. Upton.

"For a very good reason. His exceptionally fine person and handsome face had inspired a foolish but absorbing passion in—your daughter!"

"This—this can't be true," cried Mr. Upton, turning pale, and trembling all over.

"There is no doubt about it," was the emphatic reply. "The passion was mutual, and, knowing that you would never consent to their union, Wallis hit upon this crude, audacious, but still rather ingenious scheme of throwing dust in your eyes, and screening (until it should be too late) his elopement with your daughter."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Upton, through his clenched teeth. "By heaven, he shall pay for it!"

"He meant to take her across the Atlantic," continued the other. "But your daughter, you will be relieved to hear, had sufficient self-respect to decline starting with him as his wife until they had been legally tied. He, therefore, posted their names—false, of course, and your daughter's age false, too—at the registrar's here; and as the necessary seven days will then be up, they would have been married to-morrow. But that, fortunately, you are just in time to prevent. Here is your daughter's address. You had better go there at once, and take her home to-night."

"And what shall I do about Wallis? Can I get a warrant for his arrest?"

"If you wish, certainly; on a charge of abduction. But I shall not advise one way or the other. My part of the business is over. I am a detective; not a confidential adviser. By the way, my figure's three hundred. A cheque for that amount, at your convenience, will greatly oblige."

ART NOTES.

MR. KNOWLES has demonstrated by his conduct of the *Nineteenth Century* how dearly the reading public love not only a lord, but a lord's article. Some day, perhaps, an enterprising Showman will hit the taste of the picture viewing public by giving them an Art Exhibition contributed to only by members of the Peerage. "Pictures and Pastels by Peers" would, I feel convinced, prove a safe draw for an Art Gallery. It is not difficult, indeed, to imagine how people would crowd to see mezzo-tints by Marchionesses, and etchings by Earls, for at the present moment the exhibition of a single work by a Countess is causing quite a mild excitement at a Bond-street picture-shop. The work in question is a Tiger's Head, by Lady Clancarty, to be seen at the Continental

Gallery, and one outspoken critic has suggested that it would serve admirably for embodiment in a hearth rug. For myself, I prefer to say that there is promise in it despite the unabashed crudeness of its primary colouring.

It is only fair to add, however, that the Continental Gallery Exhibition possesses far more legitimate attractions than this. The Show, indeed, is one of considerable interest, and contains many works of merit; a fact which I am the more pleased to place on record, as I have more than once had to say hard things about this particular Gallery. Most of the pictures have come from one or other of the Paris *Salons*, and the place of honour is accorded to a landscape of very large dimensions by M. Didier-Pouget, depicting a wide expanse of heathery upland at the moment when the shimmering sun-light is getting the better of the white morning mist. Probably, however, if it had not been for the fear of Mrs. Grundy, the place of M. Didier Pouget's fine landscape would have been filled by M. Le Quesne's "Daughters of Menestho," a study of the nude of unusual frankness and size. M. Le Quesne is still a comparatively young artist, but of his talent there can be no question; and though seen under evident disadvantage where it is now hung, his picture of the eleven maidens "wid nodlings on," issuing from an enormous sea-shell, and scampering gleefully along the sea-sands, is full of delightful effects of graceful form and luminous colour. Another picture to be specially looked for is Herr Mesdag's "Morning at Scheveningen," a most convincing study of clouds fleeting over a grey sea. Very effective in a theatrical sort of way is M. Girardet's "After the Battle of Quiberon," in which we see the shore of a cliff-bound little bay strewn with soldiers' corpses, amongst which the rising waves are already washing in the moonlight. A glance at M. Roussin's "La Toilette" arouses one's surprise that so large a model should have attempted to conceal herself behind so small a screen; whilst in M. Besnard's "Morning" there is a study of a toilette comb far too realistic for so impressionistic a pastel. Very clever, though exceedingly unpleasant, is M. Planels-Ricardo's picture of an old man leaning over the back of a chair, apparently at a *café*, with two ladies for his *vis-à-vis*; and it may save the visitor trouble if I add that M. Romin's picture (No. 31), though catalogued as "The *Serf*," has really nothing to do with Russian peasant life, but is a somewhat wooden study of the sea.

Already, I am surprised to see, Mr. Gilbert's much-belauded Memorial Fountain at Piccadilly-circus has ceased to play. It is true, as I pointed out some time since, that the weary wayfarer who paused to drink at it received a gratuitous shower-bath as well as the internal aqueous refreshment he sought; but surely there must be some better remedy for this too copious supply of cold water other than cutting it off altogether. As the matter now stands, the dry and dusty basins of the fountain are indeed an ironical comment on Lord Shaftesbury's open-hearted philanthropy and Mr. Gilbert's elaborate symbolic design expressive of ever-free and gushing Charity! And what about the aluminium young man with the bow on the top of the fountain? His typical significance is so utterly lost under existing circumstances that he really ought to be covered up until the fountain begins to play again.

MUSIC.

THE REVOLT OF THE ORGANIST.

THE long-suffering church organist has turned at last, and has made a demand that his emoluments shall be an amount equal to at least one-tenth of the parson's revenue. Thus, if the church is a poor one, and the clergyman is paid only £250 a year, the organist will have to put up with £25 annually; if the parson takes £1,000 a year, the organist should receive £100; while I suppose, if the thing were carried out fairly, Dr. Longhurst at Canterbury Cathedral should be paid the princely revenue of £1,500. The demand is not extravagant, but I doubt whether it will be conceded. The clergy love the loaves and fishes far too well to give the musicians a look in. The fact that the organist is obliged to undergo quite as severe preliminary training as the clergyman, and that intellectually he usually is the parson's superior, go for nothing. Foolishly enough the musician has refrained from organising his profession, which for want of a trades union is overcrowded by amateurs and incapables. Therefore the supply largely exceeds the demand, and the organist singly is powerless. If he had a trades union he could go to Parliament and ask for some sort of fixity of tenure, such, for example, as the clerk who says "Amen" already enjoys, instead of being, as now, liable to be dismissed at a moment's notice at the mere whim of the vicar. At present, however, he is satisfied with settling in his own mind, and to his own satisfaction, that he will not accept any income less than a tithe of the parson's salary. Apparently he does not get it at Northfleet, where it is stated the fees of the organist amount to exactly ninepence per attendance. As church service usually lasts about two hours, the lucky musician would appear to receive about 25 per cent. less than the dockers' "tanner." Nor if the Northfleet organist were dissatisfied with his job, would he greatly better himself by turning his attention to Clacton-on-Sea, where an "organist and choir-master" is required for a musical service at the lordly remuneration of £25 per year. I can imagine a farm-labourer's reply to the offer of a wage of 9s. 7½d. a week, and "find himself." The farm-hand is indeed far better off, but, unfortunately, the organist is a mere musician, and cannot hoe potatoes. And then, again, no employer troubles about the morals of a farm-labourer, while the Vicar usually is particularly careful about the private character and religious views of his organist. In this the Church of England differs from the reformed Jews (the orthodox Israelite hates the kist o' whistles more fiercely than the Presbyterian), who, if I am rightly informed, will not engage a Hebrew organist, and do not care a straw what other faith he professes so long as he plays properly.

During the past week no fewer than five days have been devoted to the rehearsals for the Norwich Musical Festival, which began on Tuesday night, too late, of course, for notice this week. Norwich has a most interesting programme, full of novelties, one or two of which, at any rate, bid fair to become favourites throughout the country. Mr. Gaul's "Una," for example, is written upon popular lines, and the melodiousness of Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata for female voices only, entitled "The Wishing Bell," will certainly cause it to be admired in ladies' schools. Mr. Cowen's cantata, "The Water Lily," is suggested by Wordsworth's "Egyptian Maid," and its music, like that of "The Sleeping Beauty," is remarkable for its profuse employment of "leading motives," treated in the Cowenesque rather than the Wagnerian manner. M. Paderewski, with his new Polish Fantasia, which will probably prove a hard nut for anybody but himself to crack, will certainly be one of the lions of the Festival, and indeed even on Saturday last all the seats for the performance at which he appears were sold out. Señor Sarasate is also engaged, and Mr. Edward German's new symphony in A minor is sure to attract much attention. Norwich, like other provincial cities, has not escaped the effects of the commercial and agricultural depression, but it is stirring about its Festival, and means to make it a success.

The Promenade Concert season will close this week, as the ordinary serial concerts will then be beginning, and Mr. Cowen's orchestra will not be wanted. The experiment tried last week of producing M. Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila" as an oratorio ended as was anticipated. It is true that the performance was a more than usually inefficient one, but the work, as I pointed out some few weeks since, is utterly unsuited to Promenade Concerts. Mr. Sinkins, indeed, himself tardily recognised this fact, and after the first representation, withdrew

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

the oratorio, the remaining performances announced at Covent Garden being abandoned. Instead, the manager declares he will give it at the new Queen's Hall, where he will, it is hoped, be able to secure a more efficient choir and better soloists. Whether, however, "Samson et Dalila" will prove a big thing in this country remains of course to be seen. Dr. Hubert Parry will conduct the Promenade Concert orchestra on Friday, as Mr. Cowen will be at Norwich directing the first performance of his "Water Lily," and his deputy, Mr. Betjemann, is leader of the Norwich Festival orchestra.

A good joke is told against himself by Dr. Turpin, the editor of the *Musical News*, who was recently asked by a gentleman to play a couple of violin solos at a charitable concert at Spurgeon's Tabernacle on October 11. The writer added, "I cannot offer you a fee on this occasion as the concert is for charitable purposes, but I can get you a good press report." The exact means by which the gentleman in question proposed to secure "a good press report" demand some explanation, but in any event the editor did not bite.

After a good deal of fuss and newspaper paragraphing the Holmes organ at the Albert Palace has not been secured for the public, and it is now advertised to be sold again by private treaty. Those who proposed to purchase it for the public probably forgot that although the Holmes organ is one of the finest instruments in the country, yet a good deal of money would be necessary to put it into repair.

Mr. Barton McGuckin will probably be interested to learn that, according to a periodical called "Musical Opinion," he "and his wife, Miss Lucille Saunders, have accepted an engagement for forty weeks offered by the Bostonians, and they have accordingly set sail for New York!" As Mr. Barton McGuckin is already a married man—he, Mr. Frederick King, the baritone, and Mr. Arthur Oswald, the tenor, married three sisters—the consequences might have been a trifle awkward, were not the paragraph a ridiculous blunder. Miss Lucille Saunders' husband is Mr. Albert McGuckin, a baritone, late of the Carl Rosa Company.

I hear that there is a slight falling off in the number of students at the Guildhall School of Music this term, although the exact reason for this drop cannot be traced. At any rate, Sir J. Barnby is now taking steps to increase the popularity of the School, and he is organising a large mixed choir to take part in the concerts, altogether apart from the ladies' choir which the late Weist Hill founded. The new Principal is undertaking a good deal of extra work, and he promises to have his hands tolerably full. At the Royal College there is an increase in the number of pupils, and the numbers promise to considerably advance when the new building is ready next spring. At the Royal Academy of Music, where the electric light has been installed during the recess, there is also an increased attendance. The Glasgow School, founded a few years since on the lines of the Guildhall School, now boasts 600, and the Liverpool School over 300, pupils.

The holders of "bogus" degrees will hardly thank Mr. Southgate for his contributions to the Roll of the Union of Graduates in Music. This little volume supplies a genuine want in giving a complete list of all living musical university graduates. When, therefore, a man dubs himself "Dr." Bona Fide or "Dr." Fraud, as the case may be, a mere reference to the list will suffice to show whether he holds an university degree or whether his honours are purely ornamental or self-conferred. The volume also contains a succinct and plainly written account of the origin of musical degrees, a subject upon which there has been a good deal of misapprehension.

Death has been busy with musicians of late. First came Dubrucq, one of the sweetest-toned oboists we ever had, and who was run over and killed by a cab at Hastings. Next came news of the decease of Maurice Dongremont, who, fourteen years ago, was a "prodigy" violinist, and who was, it is alleged—upon wholly insufficient evidence—physically and mentally injured by overforcing. Thomas Haddock, one of the most popular violoncellists in Lancashire, is also dead, together with Ehrke, the finest of all exponents of Beckmesser in Wagner's "Meistersinger"; Sellenicke, for many years conductor of the famous band of the Garde Républicaine; and J. S. Dwight, founder and, for nearly forty years, editor of "Dwight's Journal of Music," in its day one of the most influential of the American musical journals.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We are still at Margate, but go up to town to-morrow. There are a great many people here still, especially on the Fort and out towards Cliftonville, but Saturday ended the season proper. The band went away. The donkey boys were dismissed by the donkey proprietors, and are now looking out for winter occupation. The goat-chaises have made their last journey for this year with a cargo of babies for passengers. The shows that work when a penny is put in the slot are all packed up and gone away to town. Punch and Judy have had their last performance on the beach, and the "niggers" have made their very last collection of pennies. Even the benefits are all over, and this always signifies the conclusion. Margate is never more delightful than when all these heterogeneous forms of amusement are over and done with. The noisy medley is at an end, and the cries and yells of spoiled children are not for ever in our ears. How frightfully some people do spoil their children, Amy! It is one of the commonest forms of self-indulgence, and one that carries with it its own retribution; but, unfortunately, there is a Nemesis for the child as well as for the person who is really in fault.

Maud and I have thoroughly enjoyed our long walks upon the cliff, far out towards the North Foreland, and then striking inland to come back again. There is a pleasant sensation of laying up a store of health and vigour for one's benefit during the winter months, and as we hear that London has already indulged in its first fog, we shall probably need all that we can collect of health and fortitude to withstand the buffets of various descriptions that our climate has in store for us.

You ask me to advise you about some winter gowns. Your country dressmaker is enough to give anybody fits! Fancy her telling you that walking skirts are worn with little trains! On the contrary, they are made to clear the ground completely all round. The fourth or fifth rate *couturière* will persist in making them long enough to dip at the back and sides, unless one is very firm with them, but even they have long given up the idea of making the minutest of trains with out-door dress. The smartest gowns are at least two inches off the ground the whole way round. That is, they just reach the instep in front, and the rest is made to accord with this convenient length.

This reminds me to mention that one or two girls here in Margate, who have very small and pretty feet, wear their dresses very short in front. This is peculiarly ugly and ungraceful—so much so, that not even the freely-displayed, well-turned ankles and arched insteps can atone for it. There is one girl here with the smallest feet I have ever seen, except on a Chinese lady, and her face is a pretty one, as well. There has been quite an unusual number of pretty girls in Margate since we came down. One of them wears a yachting cap pushed well back upon her head, and she really looks lovely in it. Her mother does not look quite so well in this style of headgear. It is a mistake to invite comparison in this way with the youthful freshness of one's own daughters, is it not? And yet how hard it is for a once-pretty woman to realise that her good looks have faded, and are only a memory

Hunting Season, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook street, or will be sent by return of post.—John Busvine, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

with her friends. They are still present, to her idea, and what she sees in the mirror is more reminiscent than actual. It is very sad and pathetic, Amy dear, is it not? Growing old is hard enough, even when there have been no particular good looks to lose; but it must be deadly hard when beauty as well as youth have to be parted with.

But I am forgetting about your winter gowns. It is easier to advise you as to what not to have than what to have. Do not choose anything that is shot. You cannot imagine how easily one tires of this sort of gown when it is one's own. And besides, it is really difficult to assort to a shot dress one's headgear, tie, and en tout cas. What would you think of a cloth gown in the fashionable, rich, deep tan-colour, made with a bell skirt, frilled round the hips with black satin, the coat turned back with black satin, and hemmed with Persian lamb? If you choose this you must have a couple of the new waistcoats, made double-breasted in Tattersall or cashmere, and furnished with silk sleeves to which are added cuffs of the same material with the vest. This supplies the one thing wanting to make the ordinary vest a sensible and comfortable garment. Without sleeves it is inconsistently cold for the arms, as compared with the extra warmth it affords to the chest.

I saw a very pretty brown costume the other morning made of some kind of soft woollen twill, and finished with a square collar of white bengaline and large, square revers of the same. The cuffs were also in bengaline. Another good gown was in olive-green serge, the skirt finished with several rows of stitching, and trimmed round the hips with two or three frills of black satin. There was a short cape of the serge turned back from the neck the whole way round with a deep circular collar of the black satin, the serge being stitched up on the border of it with several closely-set rows of stitching. A large cart-wheel hat of black straw was worn with this, trimmed with one or two small breakers made of short black feathers. Now, would you like anything like these?

Brown is to be in great favour this autumn, and so are some rather bright, though by no means crude, shades of blue. A combination of the two might please you. For instance, a blue cloth with a fair amount of grey in it, either in a tone of réseda or in sea-blue of the deepest tint, might be trimmed with three, five, or seven bands of brown velvet ribbon. You could either have sleeves of the brown velvet, with a pretty pointed waistband of the same, or you might have a yoke of the velvet and deep, full Bishop sleeves of the blue, gathered into bands of brown velvet. You can have any kind of basque, either plain or full; single, double, or treble; long or short; going all round or stopping short at the sides or in front; or you need have no basque at all, the bodice passing beneath the skirt, and the join concealed under a belt of silk or velvet. Do you like the flecked materials? I have never taken kindly to them, but they occasionally look well when in handsome material, very skilfully made.

You must have your habit from Busvine, of course; not only on account of the patent safety skirt which has converted so many bad accidents, but because his habits make the figure look so lovely. He has several novelties for this season. One of these is a tight-fitting habit bodice without any visible fastenings. You know how very becoming this form is in a dress, so you can imagine how it improves the figure in a habit. Another new idea is a tight-fitting riding-jacket, a very great improvement upon the loose ones, giving a very smart appearance to the rider. There is also a semi-tight hunting jacket, made single-breasted, with a new style of front, which can be worn either open or buttoned. The "Dreadnought" hunting coat is a complete protection against the worst climatic vagaries of the hunting season, covering the wearer down to the knees. There is also a covert coat of similar build, made in thin, light waterproofed materials, and suitable for wearing in mild, "muggy," damp weather, when the "Dreadnought" would be uncomfortably hot. So, you see, there is every variety for your choice. You say you are going to have a brown habit this time. I would not, if I were you, for anything in colour dates so, whereas a black one is not remembered in the same way by those uncomfortable friends whose memories are so very inconveniently excellent.

I have had a sensible and interesting letter from Brighton about bonnets. My correspondent attributes more than half the bad influenza colds from which women suffer to the tiny little scraps of headgear that are now in fashion. She says that no possible amount of false hair or of high collar meets the case or supplies the necessary warmth, and advocates the adoption of bonnets something like the pretty little Quakeress variety worn some years ago, which covered the ears and protected the nape of the neck. For women who drive about almost daily in carriages, the small bonnets must be really injurious in wintry weather; but I am afraid it would need at least a Royal Princess to initiate a change in the matter. Common-sense and fashion are generally at variance. Do you not think so?

I see that the seventh Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition is to be held at the end of this month in the Portman Rooms, under most distinguished patronage, the Duke of Cambridge heading the list, which includes the names of Princesses Christian and Louise, the Duchess of Fife, and many other Royalties. A number of special prizes are to be given this time for the best-made soups, dressed fish, dishes for invalids, modes of dressing meat, savouries, curries, bread, cakes, pastry, puddings, &c. As there is no entrance-fee for either professional cooks or amateurs, there will probably be a large number of competitors for the gold, silver, and bronze medals, cash prizes, books, diplomas of merit, and certificates to be awarded by the jury.

This must, by the way, be rather an onerous task. Fancy, for instance, tasting a score or so of curries, and pronouncing upon their relative merits. One must have an excellent palate to be able to discriminate among so many. I should think that after the first half-dozen one is apt to lose one's initial keenness of perception among so many flavours. I suppose, however, that not only the taste of the dishes, but their appearance, is taken into account, and the mode in which they are served up—a detail that adds largely to the appreciation of the eater.

I remember of old that, like the rest of us, you use Fletcher's handy little gas burners on the Bunsen principle for boiling small saucepans and kettles. We have just got a new one, which I mention to you because, instead of the old-fashioned black enamel, which does not always wear well, it is covered with a new enamel, called "Chimatto," which Messrs. Fletcher & Co. have brought out, and which is quite impervious to any degree of heat. It has the advantage that it is made in an endless variety of shades, so that it can be applied with excellent effect to all kinds of gas stoves and similar articles, which have hitherto been compelled to appear in a dull black uniform, and are consequently anything but decorative objects.

By the way, talking about new inventions, I meant to have told you before about a novelty that we saw the other day when visiting a Children's Hospital in our neighbourhood. It looked like a night-light, but its proper name is a "Sulphur Fumigating Candle" (Kingzett's), the great merit of which is that it enables sulphur to be burned in a room without any of the difficulties which usually attend that process—if you have ever had the misfortune to be compelled to use it. When we made the acquaintance of the candle it was being used to disinfect a room where scarlet fever had unexpectedly made its appearance. But it may also be applied, of

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course, wherever sulphur fumes are efficacious, and there is nothing like them for destroying insect pests of all kinds, not only in houses, but in kennels, poultry-houses, and all such places. I have serious thoughts, Amy, of writing to the Zoological Society to recommend an illumination of the monkey-house with these candles. They are to be obtained from the "Sanitas" Company.

The following dish has been christened "Love in Disguise" by its inventor :—

Thoroughly clean a calf's heart ; see that each section is free and perfect ; in the meantime make a rich forcemeat of a tea-cupful of bread-crumbs, 1 lb. of beef marrow, a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, a tea-spoonful of mixed sweet herbs, season with nutmeg, pepper, and salt, mix all together with a beaten egg. Well blanch the heart, take it from the water, fill the inside with blue-point oysters which have been previously bearded, cover the heart in an inch thickness of forcemeat, then roll it in vermicelli, lay it in an oval dish that will stand the fire, and bake it for two hours. Baste it well two or three times while cooking. Garnish with balls made from chopped calf's kidneys, and a little of the fat seasoned with minced shalot, chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Mix all well together with a beaten egg. Form the whole into oblong balls, and fry them in heated fat. Send to table hot, with small glasses of red-currant jelly.

Pigeon patties à la Monte Carlo, prepared in this fashion, are very nice :—

Cut the meat from three or four lightly-cooked pigeons, and pound it thoroughly in a mortar. Throw in a small quantity of chopped lemon-rind, parsley, and thyme ; add a sufficient thickening of flour, and season with salt and cayenne to taste. Stir in the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and mix all the ingredients together until they form a stiff paste. Then roll out the paste into card shaped squares of a half-inch thickness, place them upon a well-buttered sheet of paper, and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven, the heat rising to 246 deg. Fahrenheit. Have ready a thick white sauce prepared with the usual quantities of milk, butter, and flour, slightly stiffened with a solution of dissolved isinglass. Allow it to partially cool, and when the patties become firm and cold pour it lightly over them to the depth of a quarter of an inch. Cut a truffle and a beetroot into thin slices, fashion them into clubs, spades, hearts, and diamonds, and press them evenly upon the sauce in the design of cards. Throw the patties carelessly upon a dish of fried parsley, and send to table cold. The green of the parsley forms a very effective "table" for the "cards."

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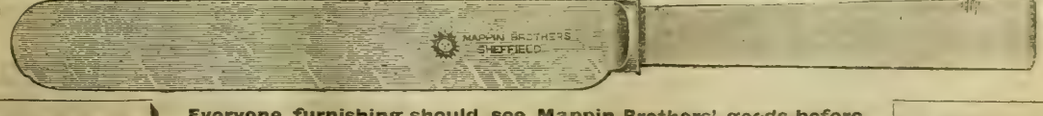

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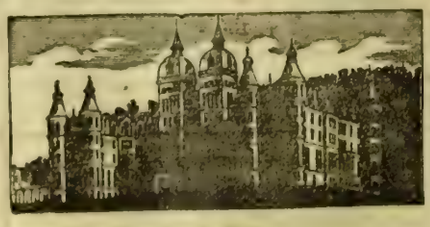

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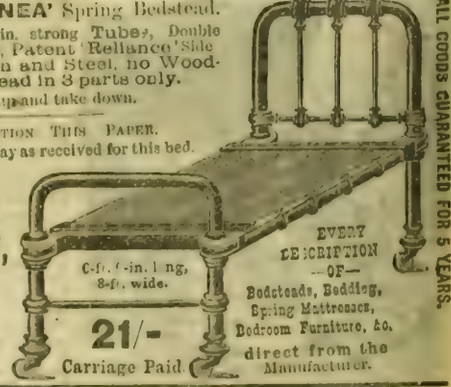

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A FEW MIRZAPORE CARPETS, 9 ft. by 6 ft. ... 27/6 each.
KURD RUGS, 5 ft. by 3 ft. ... 5/9 „
BANGALORE RUGS, 6 ft. by 3ft. ... 5/- each.
KURD CARPETS, 9 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. ... 21/- „

Catalogues of all the best Floor Coverings free.

TRELOAR & SONS

LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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THE ROYAL SCOTCH WAREHOUSE

115 & 115A REGENT STREET
LONDON W.

For
Coats & Ulsters.
Travelling Cloaks.
Carriage Rugs.
Travelling Wraps.
Shawls. Mauds.
Shetland Shawls.
Shooting Stockings.
Scotch Tweeds & Homespuns for Suits & Gowns.

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THREE GOLD MEDALS.

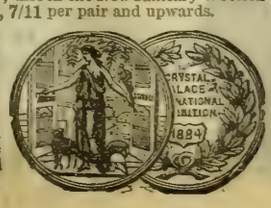
The Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort. Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom and Colonies.



The Burglar Bewildered.

HOW?

THROUGH THE

HOMACOUSTIC

WHAT IS THE HOMACOUSTIC?

The HOMACOUSTIC is a contrivance connected with Speaking Tubes, which entirely supersedes, for indoor purposes, not only the Telephone, but all other existing arrangements for indoor inter-communication.

HOW WAS THE BURGLAR BEWILDERED?

The owner of the house fortunately had a Homacoustic commutator fixed in his bedroom. This commutator placed him in direct communication, not only with his butler's rooms, but with seven other rooms in the house.

Directly he heard the Burglars he explained the state of affairs through the Homacoustic to his butler, and to the occupants of the other rooms; arranged what should be done, and they were thus all enabled to pounce on the Burglars together, and catch them red-handed, without their being even aware that their presence was so much as suspected. There was no ringing of electric bells, no creeping about the house to warn the inmates, NO PERSONAL DANGER.

The Homacoustic is far more dreaded by Burglars than any existing arrangement of "Protection from Burglary," for whereas when an electric bell rings, though it may probably arouse the inmates, it also acts as a warning to the Burglars themselves to be off.

NO HOUSE IS REALLY SAFE
— WITHOUT THE —

HOMACOUSTIC

Independent of its protective advantages, the Homacoustic is invaluable in all private houses for everyday use, and in all properly arranged business premises it is an absolute necessity.

The Homacoustic is automatic, not mechanical. Once fixed, always in working order. Its first cost is its last cost.

With the Homacoustic there is no blowing into pipes. The automatic whistle is always in position. One speaks and listens at the same time. The tube is closed when not in actual use. Ordinary speaking tubes can be utilised.

The HOMACOUSTIC SAVES TIME, TEMPER, & TROUBLE.

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Special Report.

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IS INVALUABLE FOR

Convalescents

ESPECIALLY AFTER

ACCOUCHEMENT,
INFLUENZA,
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FEVERS, &c.

Price 3s. 9d. per large bottle, 42s. per doz. everywhere, or carriage paid of the

MARZA CO., LIM.

19, WILSON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MARZA WINE

The Latest, Only Palatable, and Scientific Iron and Coca Wine.

SUPPORTS THE CONSTITUTION

For Feeble and Debilitated Men and Women and Growing Children.

MARZA WINE

MAKES RICH RED BLOOD, AND GIVES TONE AND VIGOUR TO ALL THE VITAL ORGANS.

AWARDED THE

GOLD MEDAL

For Purity, Palatability, And Excellence.

Recommended by Eminent Physicians for

ANÆMIA, INSOMNIA,
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Does it not strike you that a machine invented by one of the first mechanical geniuses of the day,
That in two years has obtained an unprecedented sale,
That has been adopted by one Emperor, one King, several Princes and Princesses, and 20,000 ordinary users.
That has obtained the highest awards wherever exhibited,
That has gained Five Gold Medals,
That has even found its way into the Vatican at Rome,
That has received hundreds of testimonials,
That has found profitable occupation for thousands of operators,
That has been adopted by the principal Railway Co.'s, Chief Engineering Firms, Technical and other Schools,
That is the easiest to learn, does the best work, and
Has no filthy ink ribbon,

Is the Typewriter you Want?

THE YŌST IS ALL THIS AND MORE.

Contractors to

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The Colonial Governments,
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the WORLD.

PREVENTS THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Is Partly Composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,

Only put in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from Falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no Unpleasant Odour.

IS NOT A DYE.

Should be in every House where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANISED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES & BEDSTEADS.

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

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SPÉCIALITÉ:—THICK LEGS & THIN FEET

"A Want Long Felt, met at Last.

GOLF, SHOOTING, and CYCLING

STOCKINGS!

HOMEKNIT.

Free from all Seams.

Made of pure long staple Scotch Wool, full length, broad ribs, double heels and toes, most comfortable in wear, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Colours: Navy Blue, Black, Light and Dark Grey, Heathers, and Fancy Mixtures.

ALL SIZES—1/9, 2/3, 3/6.

Spécialité:

THICK LEGS and THIN FEET, **2/6, 3/6.**

THE HIGHLAND CHECK,

(As Illustration.)

Hand-Knitted, for Cycling, Golf, or Shooting, 3/6 & 4/6

Thick legs and thin feet 5/6

Postage, 3d. per pair; 2 pairs, 4½d.

Terms: Strictly Cash with Order.

A. W. GAMAGE,

126, 127, 128, 129, HOLBORN, E.C.

FAC SIMILE OF STAMP ON BACK OF EVERY TWO YARDS OF ALL GENUINE

CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS

W. BLISS & SON, MANUFACTURERS

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Specialty for HUNTING & RIDING BREECHES, Tweed Suits, Boys Wear & all HARD WEAR

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

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NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING.

Black Handle .. 5/6 | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Rus. Leather Case, 21/- | Duplex Strop 7/6

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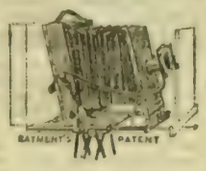

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Ins. 4¼ × 3¼	6½ × 4¾	8½ × 6½	10 × 8	12 × 10	15 × 12
£10	£12	£15	£20	£23	£30

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A SEPARATE MOUTHPIECE FOR EACH CIGARETTE.

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LITERARY MACHINE

For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1.1s.

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Walking Machine for the lame

Adjustable Couches and Beds, £2. Exercising Chairs £5. 5s. Reclining Boards £1.1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d. Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.

Carrying Chairs, £1. Bed Tables 7s. 6d. Crutches 10s. 6d. Folding Couch Chairs 10s. Bed Rests 10s.

BATH CHAIRS

From **£1.5s.**

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS

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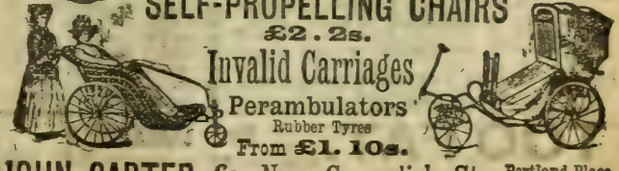

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(Established 1867.)

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods, From **£30** to **£5,000,**

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.
Apply to the SECRETARY.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.
An Original Case of MÜLHENS'

CASE OF SIX BOTTLES 12/6

GENUINE **NO. 4711** BRAND OF

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THE PUREST & STRONGEST, YET MOST DELICATE EVER PRODUCED.

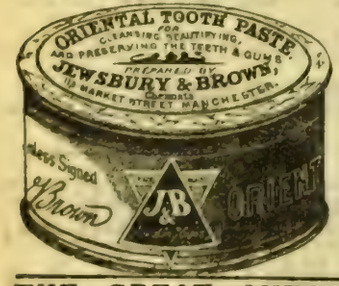
THE WORLD says: "Anyone desirous of getting a thoroughly genuine Cologne, cannot do better than send for a bottle of the '4711' Double Extract. Once having used it, repetition is a foregone conclusion."

Large selection of Choicest Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple Concentrated Extracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse.

Of All dealers in Perfumes, or at the LONDON BRANCH:
62, NEW BOND ST., W.
(ONE DOOR FROM BROOK STREET.)
Price Lists on application to Mr. C. REUTER, Manager. And at
COLOGNE, NEW YORK, VIENNA, RIGA, and ODESSA.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste.

White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.



CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.
Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.
60 YEARS IN USE.

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WHAT TO DRINK?
PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement and biliousness, it has been pronounced by medical men of high authority as most efficacious.

"I use the Aerated Pitkeathly largely, and value it."—Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

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Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors,
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

TOO FAT. Dr. GORDON'S

Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS, rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London.

The List of Applications for Shares will open on Wednesday the 4th instant and will close on or before Saturday, the 7th instant, for both Town and Country.

According to the Accountant's report, dated the 22nd June, 1893, showing the returns for the last four years and eight months, the net profits have averaged 25 per cent. of the gross receipts of the Circus, thus demonstrating the highly remunerative and satisfactory nature of this business.

An enterprise combining a high-class Circus and a light Variety Entertainment, the Circus being famous for some years past in several of the following important Cities and Towns,

London,	Munich,	Rotterdam,	Stuttgart,
Liege,	Brussels,	Budapest,	Carlsruthe,
Berlin,	Dublin,	Brighton,	Bale,

Herr Edward Wulff states the performances of this Circus have been patronised by several Members of the Royal Family of England, and other illustrious and distinguished personages, of whom the following may be mentioned:—

H.I.M. The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty the King of Italy.
His Majesty the King of Bavaria.
Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians.
H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.
H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh.
The Grand Duke of Darmstadt.
H.I.M. the Shah of Persia.
His Majesty the King of Saxony.
His Majesty the King of Wurtemberg.
H.S.H. the Grand Duke of Baden.
H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife.
His Excellency the Lord-Lieut. of Ireland
The Duke of Fife.
And many others.

It is proposed that the Circus shall be located in London for a large portion of the year, it being a well-known fact that at the present time there is a want of such a class of entertainment in the Metropolis.

WULFF'S CIRCUS, LIMITED, proposed to be carried on in London, in Argyll-street, Regent-street, at the premises formerly occupied and known as Hengler's Cirque. Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL, £55,000, divided into

27,500 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each	£27,500
27,500 Ordinary Shares of £1 each	£27,500
55,000	£55,000

Of the above, £10,000 in Preference and Ordinary Shares will be allotted to the Vendor in part payment of the purchase-money. The balance is now offered for Subscription, payable: 5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the balance One Month after Allotment.

Directors.

Sir John D. Astley, Bart., Elsham Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire.
Edward Rawlings, Esq. (Chairman of the Canterbury and Paragon Company, Limited), 16, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.
John Coupland, Esq., Goscote Hall, Leicester.
Richard Bell, Esq., 30, Loudoun-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
*Herr Edward Wulff, Wulff's Circus, London, *Managing Director.*
*Will join the Board after Allotment.

Business Managers.
Victor Levi.
Jean Luttgens.

Auditors.—Messrs. Frith & Clarke, 6, Lombard-court, E.C., London.

Bankers.—Parr's Banking Company & The Alliance Bank, Limited, Bartholomew-lane, London, E.C., and Branches.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Fowler & Co., 28, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

Secretary.—H. Cleland Heywood.

Offices—72, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring from the owner Herr Edward Wulff, and carrying on, the well-known Circus and Variety Entertainment ("Wulff's Continental Circus") which has been very successful in many of the principal Cities on the Continent of Europe, and Great Britain.

An option has been secured of the unexpired term of about 21 years of the lease and premises situate in Argyle-street, Regent-street, and formerly occupied and known as Hengler's Cirque.

The Books and Accounts have been examined by Mr. A. T. Clarke, C.A., of the firm of Messrs. Frith & Clarke, Lombard-court, London, whose Report is as follows:—

London, 22nd June, 1893.

To the Directors of Wulff's Circus, Limited, London.

Gentlemen,—As requested by you, I have examined the books and accounts of Herr Wulff for the past four years and eight months, showing the Receipts of the Circus for that period, and I find them to be as follows:—

From June, 1888, to February, 1893 (Four years and eight months).

1888.	June 9th, to 1889, June 24th	£22,628 15 0
1889.	June 27th, to 1890, June 30th	£25,565 0 11
1890.	July 1st, to 1891, May 3rd (ten months)	£19,390 2 4
1891.	May 9th, to 1892, April 26th	£26,448 6 0
1892.	May 1st, to 1893, February 28th (ten months)	£27,803 18 5

I have further ascertained that the net profits have been at the average rate of 25 per cent. of gross receipts, not allowing for interest upon Capital.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. T. CLARKE, C.A.

The net profits on the above basis, from 9th May, 1891, to 28th February, 1893 (taking the same ratio of receipts), would show an average for the complete years at the rate of £7,503 per annum; of this amount, after payment of 8 per cent. on the Preference Shares, viz.: £2,200, and setting aside the sum of £1,700 for the expenses of Management, there would remain £3,603, equal to a dividend of 13 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares of the Company.

The Directors have secured by an agreement the exclusive services of Herr Edward Wulff for a period of five years, so that no alteration will take place in the management of the business.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at the Offices of the Bankers, or Solicitors of the Company.

BUYERS and SELLERS of quoted and unquoted Commercial, Industrial, and Mining Securities should communicate with

THE COMMERCIAL STOCK and SHARE CORPORATION, Limited, Stock and Share Dealers, 10, Throgmorton-avenue, London, E.C. Telegraphic Address: "UNQUOTED, LONDON." Mining Shares dealt in at close current quotations. Advances made on Stocks and Shares at moderate rates. Send for List, giving numerous quotations not published by any other firm, post free.

W. ROBERTS & CO., 3, Air-street, Piccadilly, W., Licensed Valuers for every purpose. Financiers, General Com. and Insurance Agents. Make TEMPORARY ADVANCES upon every kind of security to Nobility and Gentry. Town or country. Works of Art, Modern and Antique Jewellery bought for cash or sold on commission. All communications strictly confident.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily Closing Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at Close Market Prices. No "Distances."

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LARGE CASH BONUSES

AND SPEEDY SETTLEMENTS.

ESTD. 1810.

Apply for NEW PROSPECTUS at the Chief Office, 63, THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS, *General Manager.*

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT £4 PER CENT. INSCRIBED STOCK—1933.

Issue of £2,500,000, Repayable at Par, 1st July, 1933. First Dividend, being Six Months' Interest, payable 1st January, 1894. Minimum Price of Issue, £98 10s. Per Cent.

Authorised by the Parliament of New South Wales under Acts 54 Vict., No. 33, 1890, and 55 Vict., No. 35, 1892.

The proceeds of this Loan will be applied as follows, viz.: £1,250,000 to redeem Treasury Bills for this amount raised for the purpose of productive Public Works, due 1st January next, and the balance to complete productive Public Works now in progress.

The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that they are authorised to receive on Thursday, 5th October, 1893, Tenders for £2,500,000 New South Wales £4 per Cent. Inscribed Stock, repayable at par, 1st July, 1933.

This Stock will be in addition to, and will rank *pari passu* with, the New South Wales £4 per Cent. Stock, 1933, already existing, the Dividends on which are payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July; the first dividend on the present issue, due 1st January, 1894, will be for six months' Interest on the nominal amount of Stock.

The Books of the Stock are kept at the Bank of England, where all assignments and transfers are made; and holders of the Stock are able, on payment of the usual fees, to take out Stock Certificates to Bearer, with coupons attached, which Certificates may be re-inscribed into Stock at the will of the holder.

All Transfers and Stock Certificates are free of Stamp Duty.

Dividend Warrants will be transmitted by post if desired.

By the Act 40 & 41 Vict. ch. 59, the Revenues of the Colony of New South Wales alone will be liable in respect of this Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the Stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of Stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of Stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be accepted. Tenders must be delivered at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, before two o'clock, on Thursday, 5th October, 1893. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms. The amount of Stock applied for must be written on the outside of the tender.

The minimum price, below which no tender will be accepted, has been fixed at £98 10s. for every £100 of Stock.

A deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount of Stock tendered for must be paid at the same Office at the time of the delivery of the tender, and the deposit must not be enclosed in the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.

In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of Stock than that proposed to be issued, at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro rata* diminution.

The dates at which the further payments on account of the Loan will be required are as follows:—

On Tuesday, the 17th October, 1893, { so much as, when added to the deposit, will leave Seventy-five pounds (Sterling) to be paid for each hundred pounds of Stock.

On Thursday, the 16th November, 1893, £25 per cent.;
On Friday, the 22nd December, 1893, £25 per cent.;
On Monday, the 22nd January, 1894, £25 per cent.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after the 17th October, 1893, under discount at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposits and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer, with a Coupon attached for the half-year's dividend payable 1st January, 1894, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Bank Books on or after the 22nd January, 1894, but Scrip paid up in full may be forthwith inscribed.

No tender will be received unless upon the printed form, which can be obtained at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., Stock Brokers, 4, Lombard-street, London, E.C.; and of the Agent-General for the Government of New South Wales, 9, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON,
September 29th, 1893.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEN,
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Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

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OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

IT may seem early to be talking about Christmas, but it is not a week too soon to remind the readers of TRUTH that the time has again come round for preparing for the Doll Show, which is always held towards the end of December. It has now, I am glad to say, become quite unnecessary to describe the why and wherefore of this annual fixture, which has so grown in size and importance since its establishment thirteen years ago, and which last Christmas achieved such unprecedented success at the Royal Albert Hall. All that I have to do now is to once more solicit that kind co-operation on which a repetition of past successes so entirely depends. The Dolls—some 4,000 of them in all—are now coming in from the manufacturers, and what I have to ask is that those ladies who may intend to assist in dressing them for the Christmas Show will kindly let me have an intimation of the fact as soon as they conveniently can. As on former occasions, the Dolls to be dressed are of three sizes—large, medium, and small. The new system adopted with regard to the Prizes proved so popular last winter that a similar course will be taken this year. That is to say, gold and silver articles of appropriate designs and varying values, will be presented to those ladies who may be adjudged the Prize-winners at the Christmas Exhibition. It is intended also to present, as far as possible, some lasting reminiscence of the Show to every lady who dresses a certain number of Dolls. Fuller details as to these points will, however, be published in a future number. For the present I would only reiterate the request that applications for the Dolls may be sent in without delay. As may be imagined, the space taken up by the Dolls at this office is not inconsiderable, and I shall be very glad to reduce the stock forthwith. And I need scarcely point out that by obtaining their parcels of Dolls promptly ladies will have an opportunity of devoting more time to their kindly work—to the obvious advantage of the coming Show.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 762.—SHAKESPEARE AND THE BICYCLE.

ETTOL (real name and address will be published next week) £1 1 0

STERNE (" " " " ") 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 763.

The answers received in this competition were so numerous that, if necessary, a whole library full of dummy books might be provided with titles; and the lists published last week were only a small proportion of those received. It has been not a little difficult to decide on the Prize-winner, seeing that each list had to be judged as a whole. In many cases competitors included in their lists several titles which were very good; but they failed to sustain an average merit. What I have tried to do, however, is to find a list in which all the twelve titles suggested attained to a certain standard of excellence. As, however, I hope to have some space available next week for the publication of a further selection of Lists, I will not announce the Prize-winner's name this week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 767.

We have several times produced very successful and interesting competitions by offering a prize for the most humorous incident in connection with the game of cricket; and it is thought that some amusement may be provided by dealing in a similar way with the game that follows on when the cricket season is over. The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered, therefore, for

THE MOST AMUSING ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF SOME INCIDENT IN CONNECTION WITH THE GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

By "original" is meant that the anecdotes should be such as have not yet appeared in print. Competitors will please relate their incidents as briefly as possible, and take care to let me have their answers by the morning of Monday, October 16th, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of NIBS, winner of a half of Prize No. 761, are Thos. D. Turpin, Esq., Navan, co. Meath.

*** The real name and the address of EBORACUM, winner of Prize No. 759, are G. W. de C. Baldwin, Esq., Diocesan Training College, York.

BUSHRANGER.—There is, I think, much force in your contention.

W. A. O.—Thanks for your drawing, which, unfortunately, I could not reproduce.

A. NEWSENSE.—Any communication not relating to the Puzzle pages should be addressed to the Editor.

KURLEE AND GUIATUS.—Your lists of Book Titles reached me too late.

E. B. K.—Such a Puzzle as you suggest has already been given in TRUTH. Many thanks, however, for your suggestion.

BETA.—I am sorry to be unable to comply with your request; being, in fact, unable to find the lines you refer to.

THE O'M., BUSHRANGER, MONA, IVY LEAVES, JUSTINIAN, P. H.—Your letters have duly reached me and shall receive attention.

DOROTHEA.—Your first List failed to arrive. The second, however, shall be included in the competition under the circumstances.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 764.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS OF WHAT TREES, FLOWERS, &c., WOULD COME UP IF THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC CHARACTERS WERE "PLANTED," VIZ.:—1. MR. GLADSTONE. 2. LORD SALISBURY. 3. LORD R. CHURCHILL. 4. MR. H. IRVING. 5. LORD ROBERTS. 6. MR. A. C. SWINBURNE. 7. MR. JOHN BURNS. 8. MR. J. CHAMBERLAIN. 9. SIR F. LEIGHTON.

*** It is impossible to find space for more than a small selection of the answers received, and it must not be supposed that many of those not printed are not as good as those to be found below.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

1. Loose-strife. 2. Primrose. 3. Madder. 4. Passion Flower. 5. Bay (Laurus nobilis). 6. Love Apple. 7. London Pride. 8. Rue. 9. Venus's looking-glass.—Hortus.

1. An Evergreen Oak. 2. A Primrose. 3. A Copper Plant. 4. Sweet William. 5. A Service Tree. 6. A Passion Flower. 7. Dock (weed). 8. Wormwood. 9. A Painted Lady.—Bertha.

When Gladstone has been planted in the ground,
Nowing above Sweet William shall be found.
Through Salisbury's dealings with the Ulster band
An Orange Lily on his tomb shall stand.
For Churchill, dandy lion hunter's grave,
The Dandelion certainly shall wave.
That no man fear lest art dramatic dies,
From Irving's ashes shall a Tree arise.
But of a greater marvel next we hear,
From Roberts' grave behold a Wood appear
Nearly fill his place. O'er Swinburne's tomb
The Laurel, not obtained in life, shall bloom.
When John Burns dies, an Ash o'er him shall grow;
Whose berries produce ashes, as we all should know.
The first big Whig again: Home Rule to preach,
He sought the C. side, otherwise the beach;
Therefore upon his grave a Beech is seen,
The earliest of trees to doff its green.
Frederick Leighton last; when he is dead,
An Artichoke shall grow above his head.

New Chum.

1. Sweet William. 2. A Primrose. 3. A Dandy-lion. 4. "Bells." 5. A Scarlet-runner. 6. Narcissus Poeticus. 7. Thrift, or Honesty. 8. Butterfly-Orchid. 9. Madder.—Cygne.

1. Shamrock. 2. Primrose. 3. Spleenwort. 4. London Pride. 5. Forbidden Fruit. 6. Passion Flower. 7. Docks. 8. Adder's-tongue Fern. 9. Brushwood.—Acton.

1. Nimble Will.* 2. Spleen-wort. 3. 'Arum (scarum) Lily. 4. C-act-us. 5. Scarlet-runner. 6. Helio-trope. 7. Lab(o)ur-num. 8. Se-cedar. 9. Brush-wood.—Hallamshire.

* Nimble Will—a species of American grass.

1. A Double Everlasting. 2. Primroses. 3. A Puzzle Monkey. 4. Marguerite. 5. Scarlet-runners. 6. Laurel (doubtful, if it will germinate). 7. Docks (probably sour). 8. Cattleya Chamberlainiana. 9. Venus's Looking-glass.—Brum.

1. A Wild Elder. 2. A King of the Blues (Crocus). 3. A Dandy Lion. 4. Good King Henry. 5. A Pride of India. 6. A Reed. 7. A Whig Tree. 8. A Judas Tree. 9. Art-I-choke.—Minnehaha.

1. Upas Tree. 2. Oak Tree. 3. Sting Nettle. 4. London Pride. 5. Laurel Tree. 6. Love Lies Bleeding. 7. Medlar Tree. 8. Mushroom. 9. Iris.—Jungler, Junior.

1. Sweet William—Everlasting. 2. Honesty. 3. Monkey-puzzle tree. 4. Hare-bells. 5. Artillery plant. 6. Poeticus Narcissus. 7. Rue. 8. Judas-tree. 9. Daphne.—Espoir.

1. Everlasting. 2. Bittersweet. 3. A Fumitory (fumy Tory). 4. Enchanter's Nightshade. 5. Forget-me-not. 6. Parnassus grass. 7. Common Thrift. 8. A Thorny Rose. 9. A Wallflower.—Bushranger.

Old Ewart, who for "new-art" takes the cake,
The Yew-tree—Taxus also called—would make.
From Salisbury, creeping seriously about,
A Creeping Cereus would arise, no doubt.
Then Dandy Churchill, who once kept his eye on
The King of Beasts, would yield the Dandelion.
O'er Irving Opera Girls would sure be found
A mystery (Miss Terry) his honour doth surround.
Lord Roberts—truer soldier ne'er will be—
Would show unto the world True Service-tree;
While Madder would from Algy Swinburne rise—
He madder grows each day, to our surprise.
Then Burns—a warm un for the sons of woe
Who've mustered oft for right—would mustard grow:
While Joseph—him a man we cannot class—
Would yield no better plant than Viper's Grass.
Leighton, whose works are shaded by a Knight,
Would nothing but the Nightshade bring to light.

Felixicus.

1. Funckia, a genus of the Lily family (funks everything). 2. Roast Beef (of Old England) Plant. 3. Sauce Alone. 4. Good King Henry. 5. Wellingtonia Gigantea. 6. Bittersweet. 7. Bladderwort (wants pricking). 8. Cucumber (don't think the Cucumber is as cool as Joe, though). 9. None so Pretty. Saxifraga Umbrosa.—Tenakee.

1. Sweet William. 2. London Pride. 3. Monkey Puzzle. 4. A Primrose. 5. Scarlet Runner. 6. Rime-covered Leaves. 7. Thrift. 8. Turn Again, Gentleman. 9. Bachelor Buttons.—West.

1. The Olive Tree. 2. Scorpion's Tail. 3. Blenheim Orange. 4. Beerholm Tree. 5. Laurel Tree. 6. Convolvulus. 7. Dockweed. 8. Duchess Pear-tree. 9. Brushwood.—Baritone.

1. Shamrock. 2. Primrose. 3. Dandelions. 4. Starwort. 5. Alder (short). 6. Laurel. 7. Laburnum. 8. Orchid. 9. P.R.A.ties. Baba Jujube.

1. Gladiolus. 2. Sesselí (Cecil he). 3. Frittillaria. 4. (Dr) Primrose. 5. Aldersh(o)t. 6. Poeticus Ornatus (Narcissus). 7. A Stump. 8. Screw Pine. 9. Madonna Lily.—Dora.

* Meadow Saxifrage.

1. Tongue-grass (so called in Ireland). 2. Rosebery (Rosebud). 3. Box-wood. 4. Palm-tree. 5. Beet-root (beat all comers to Candahar). 6. Laurel. 7. Shamrock. 8. Orchid. 9. Brush-wood.—Egadlas.

1. Elder Bush. 2. Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle. 3. London Pride. 4. Hops. 5. Indian Grass. 6. A Sensitive Plant. 7. Passion Flower. 8. An Orchid. 9. Everlasting Flowers.—Gyp.

1. Shamrock. 2. Bilberry (Bill-bury, vide papers, "Lord S.'s Funeral Oration on Home Rule Bill"). 3. Puff Ball. 4. Enchanter's Nightshade. 5. Orchis Militaris. 6. Bittersweet. 7. Loose Strife. 8. Judas Tree. 9. Water Lily.—Anon.

1. An Everlasting. 2. A Service Tree. 3. A Crocus (Crow Cuss). 4. A Creeper. 5. A Bloody Warrior (Species of Wallflower). 6. Love in a Mist. 7. Common Sage. 8. Stinging Nettle. 9. Sage Brush.—Almaviva.

1. Sweet William. 2. Salisburia Adiantifolia. 3. Dandelion. 4. Cardinal Flower. 5. True Service. 6. Asphodel. 7. Honesty. 8. The Common Stinging Nettle. 9. Madder Plant.—Foppy.

1. Speedwell, Sweet William. 2. Onion and Orange (forced). 3. Bushes, Capers, Dandelions, and Ginger (but not Cereus). 4. Canterbury Bells. 5. Plants of the Indigo Tribe, with many Styles and Pistils, but without Stigma (not Beet). 6. Belladonna. 7. Pop'lar (but not Spruce). 8. The Judas Tree, with much Bark. 9. Adonis.—The Old Mole.

1. Sham-rock. 2. Magnum Bonum. 3. Quer-cus. 4. Lycium. 5. Indian-shot. 6. Love-in-a-mist. 7. Loosestrife. 8. Judas-tree. 9. Andromeda.—Crispin. For plants named see "English Flower Garden," by W. Robinson, F.L.S. Published by Murray.

1. Shamrock. 2. London Pride. 3. Traveller's Joy. 4. Agaric (A. Garrick). 5. Victoria Regia. 6. Grass of Parnassus. 7. Honesty. 8. A Cucumber. 9. A Dandy Lion.—Ranee.

1. Old Man. 2. Gage (plum). 3. Loosestrife. 4. Good King Henry. 5. Forget-me-not. 6. Laurel. 7. Dock Plant. 8. Judas Tree. 9. Brushwood.—Tom Nissed.

1. Old Man (Southern-wood). 2. His Peach tree (his speech tree). 3. A Plane tree. 4. A Juniper tree (Jew-nipper). 5. Scarlet Runners. 6. Laurels. 7. Red-hot pokers (tall red and yellow flowers). 8. Orchids (ad lib.). 9. Wall-flowers.—Fidelia.

1. A Judas tree. 2. A British oak. 3. Dwarf African Marigold. 4. Three faces under a hood (pansy). 5. Bloody Warrior. 6. Narcissus Poeticus. 7. Ragwort or Banweed. 8. Odontoglossum. 9. Painted Lady Pea. - Maiden Castle.

1. Nimble Will. 2. Herb Robert. 3. Dandelion. 4. Marguerite. 5. Indian Shot. 6. Narcissus Poeticus. 7. Flame Tree. 8. Screw Pine. 9. Adonis.—Iglix.

1. Old Man. 2. Strawberry Leaves. 3. Rocket. 4. (Dr.) Primrose. 5. Service Tree. 6. Passion Flower. 7. Broom. 8. Judas Tree. 9. Belladonna.—C. M. P.

1. Sweet William. 2. Crown Imperial. 3. Capers. 4. London Pride. 5. Flags. 6. Bitter Sweet. 7. Honesty. 8. Lords and Ladies. 9. Venus's Looking Glass.—Musmé.

1. Sweet William. 2. Primroses. 3. Blenheim Pippin. 4. Lettuce stalk (let us "stalk" across the stage). 5. Indian Poppy. 6. Love in a Mist (flower). 7. Dock plant. 8. Orchids. 9. Wall-flowers (pictures).—Hesperus.

1. Athanasia, an evergreen shrub (from *a*, not, and *thanatos*, death, alluding to the length of time the flower lasts). 2. Anemone, or wind-flower (from *anemos*, wind; the greater part of the species are found in elevated places, much exposed to the wind). 3. Anisomeles, an ornamental shrub (from *anisos*, unequal, and *melos*, a member). 4. Geaster, an earth star. 5. Epacris, a greenhouse shrub (from *epi*, upon, and *akros*, the summit). 6. Astrantia, an herbaceous perennial (from *astron*, a star, in composition signifying comparison). 7. Nertera, a creeping herb (from *nerteros*, lowly, referring to the habit of the species). 8. Leiochilus, a small genus of orchid (from *leios*, smooth, and *cheilos*, a lip, in allusion to the smooth labellum). 9. Carthamus, a hardy annual (from the Arabic *qurtom*, to paint, referring to the flower yielding a fine colour).—Genoma.

1. The Evergreen *Laurus nobilis*. 2. The Strawberry Leaf. 3. The (sour) Grape. 4. The "Two Roses." 5. The Laurel. 6. The Poet's Daffodil. 7. The Laburnum Labornum 8. The Orchid. 9. The Bachelor's Button.—Truth.

Plant Gladstone—Sweet William—an Evergreen, too,
Or a Medlar (as some think) would soon spring to view;
Whilst from Salisbury we'd have no reason to doubt
That a Conserva-Tory, well stock'd, would crop out.
From Churchill Spirea would come, and from Randy
The Lion that's commonly known as the dandy.
Near Irving, 'tis clear that the Box would take root;
And from Roberts, a Géant des Batailles should shoot.
Give to Swinburne the Laurel (a little bit late),
Whilst from Burns will come Ashes as certain as fate.
Next from Chamberlain Radish, yet o'er him, we know,
The Jack (of the Union) will certainly show.
Last there's Leighton, and from him see Brushwood appear,
And a 'Lychnis, and eke Bella Donna so dear.

* Likeness—oh! Lunatic.

1. An Evegreen Oak. 2. A Lily of the Valley.* 3. The Barren Fig-tree. 4. An Artificial Flower. 5. A Forget-me-Not. 6. Meadow Sweet.† 7. A Medlar. 8. A Judas Tree. 9. May-blossom.—Mrs. Micawber.

* Lord Salisbury was not born to be a popular hero. Nothing bores him so much as an ovation. Last Friday night the acclamations of the crowd in Palace Yard seemed only to quicken his eagerness to get home.—Weekly Paper.

† Meadow Sweet, though beautiful and fragrant, is very injurious to health.

1. Sweet William. 2. Cran-berries. 3. Dandelion. 4. Pop(u)lar. 5. A Scarlet Runner (in remembrance of his celebrated march). 6. Laurel (probably!). 7. The Red Hot Poker (plant). 8 Asters (Astors). 9. Flora's Paint-Brush (*Caccalia coccinea*).—Ozone.

1. Wild William. 2 French Beans. 3. Dandelion. 4. Lycium (box-thorn). 5. Indian Shot (Canna indica). 6. Algæ (seaweed) and H(e)art's Tongue. 7. Dock. 8. Judas Tree. 9. Burlingtonia (an orchid).—D'Ewlappe.

1. A Cow-slip (which should not be mistaken for a bull-rush). 2. Gout-weed. 3. A Dandy-lion. 4. A Hop (or some other creeper). 5. Indiarubber Plant. 6. A Pot-ato. 7. Docks. 8. Pop'lar. 9. Art-ichoke.—W. A. O.

1. Great Masterwort. 2. Irish Spurge. 3. Dandelion. 4. Enchanter's Nightshade. 5. Tiger-lily. 6. Narcissus Poeticus. 7. Great Water Dock. 8. Man Tway Blade.* 9. Ladies' Tresses.—Grimley.

* He is double-edged, and wears an orchid.

1. A blooming plant. 2. Obesia. 3. Cockscomb. 4. Cardinal Flower. 5. Flags. 6. Algæ. 7. Medlar. 8. Judas Tree. 9. Tuberose.—Katherine.

1. Scotch Kale or Madder. 2. King of Primroses. 3. Nettle. 4. Favourite (Dahlia). 5. Gladiolus. 6. Passion Flower. 7. Medlar—Battersea Cabbage. 8. Orchid. 9. Adonis (White-tipped Dahlia).—Infelix.

1. Shamrocks, growing round a Tree of Liberty. 2. A British Thorn combined with a Gnarled Oak. 3. Stinging Nettles and Wild Thyme (time). 4. Canterbury Bells (*vide* Becket and Matthias). 5. The Belladonna Plant (Bella, bella, horrida bella). 6. Narcissus Poeticus. 7. Burrs. 8. An Orchid (and, sometimes, an "awkid" opponent). 9. Flower o' the Broom (or Brush).—Hopetoun.

1. Trefoil (Tree foil). 2. Ginkgo (*Salisburia*, Nat. Ord. Coniferæ—Jingo). 3. Dandelions (Dandy Lions, Africa). 4. Canterbury Bells (Canterbury-Becket-Bells, piece of that name). 5. Indigo (India-go! Soldiers). 6. Lavender (Lay-vendor). 7. Docks. 8. Orchids. 9. Artichoke (Art I choke—alluding to number of pictures in Royal Academy).—Butler Cat.

Answers have also been received from:—Violet Grove, G. M. V., E. Culverhouse, Bertie, Chatte, Mulu, Felsberg, The Ventur, Nicuni, Victor, Winnie Prout, Nodding Violet, Bee, Kok, Corn Cockle, Mos, H. E. G., Rose, J. B. W., In hoc signo, Scirocco, Thistledown, Will, Agricola, An Ulster Unionist, Tippy, Taeping, Bernerhof, Strix, Chanticleer, Tout-à-Vous, Theology, Toujours Prêt, Margit, Maia, Chaucer Junior, Cork, J. Kinsbury, Erin, Ivy Leaves, Barkis, Nibs, Jam, Caro, Spider, Simona, Beer Barrel, Claymore, Goldfinch, G., Spes, Growna, Possum, Goodrich, Rydur, E. H. S., B. S. W., W. S. B., Arachne, Fly-fisher, Anon, The Unlucky Bag, Frank Gregory, Rhoscalyn, Veritas, Rope, E. Draper, W. H. Hill, Eboracum, Zilla, J. McGrigor Allan, Chiripa, Dup, Yash, Reader, Mersey A. Rose, Terrakoe, Memo, J. Lewis, W. W., Penguin, Bee II., Training, Whig, Lorenzo II., Enurick, Gobo, Oriel, Bulrushes, Georgina, F. C., C. W. S., F. W. Collins, Frank, Wot Cher, Wren, A Daft Scot, Raddie, Cigarette, Garry Owen, Julian, Sterne, Lancastrian, Œdipus jun., Diana, Longfellow, J. A. Y., Chica, Nemo, Double H., Wallflower, Katenorri, Spero, Gay, Halma, Aloyse, Scotia, Dry as Dust, Laugh, Melum, Pengem, Red Hair, Endure Fort, Grimsby, Oriel, Jack Cade, C. M. P., Muff, Mam, Shlowmow, P. H. A., Mona, Shamrock, Ignoramus, Bel Domino, Cora Lynn, Marguerite, Scalpa, An Irish Girl, Whipcord, Triddie, Bibsky, Luben, Pat-a-Cake, Tyro, Linnæus, Erin, Frank Gregory, Jabberwock, Orotava, Santos, Dido, Elsinore, Tuck, Woggy, Sea sands, Incognita, Limp, Excelsior, Esperanza, Aziaz, Lady Anne, Carticau, Caledonia, Wig and Gown, E. W. S. B., W. Turner, Staunchion, Pauncefote, Nim-Nin, Dryasdust, Hobbima, Comtesse Olga, The Snark, Pansy, Erin, Yamstock, Solan Goose, Nolton, Harley, Æsculapius, Vellchen, Freak, O. P. Q., Tout-à-Vous, Aurora, Simla, and Tiennius.

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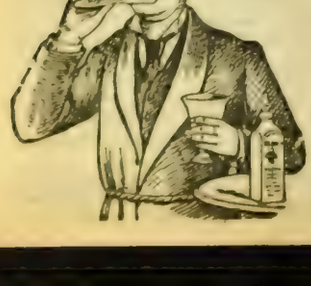

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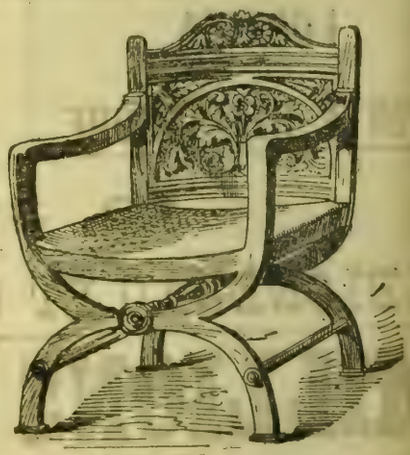

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· TRUTH ·

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I AM very glad to say that the next Truth Toy and Doll Show will, like the last, be held at the Albert Hall. The authorities have again, in the most generous manner, placed that commodious building at my disposal; and I hasten to make known a fact which cannot but appreciably affect the success of the Show next Christmas. Meanwhile, it becomes more than ever necessary that there shall be no falling off in the number of dolls dressed for exhibition. The available space which has to be filled is virtually limitless; and I would, therefore, again ask for the kind co-operation of the fair readers of Truth. Dolls are now coming in quickly from the manufacturers, and, as all of them have to be dressed, I shall be pleased to send out parcels to applicants forthwith. Those interested in this matter will find a further notice on the subject on page 781.

A paragraph has been going round the country papers which states that "before the end of the year" the Queen will pay a visit to Germany, where her Majesty is to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg at Reinhardsbrunn or Coburg, and of the Emperor and Empress at Potsdam. This is all a farrago of the purest fiction. The Queen is to reside at Balmoral until the middle of next month, when the Court will return to Windsor Castle until about December 20, and her Majesty then goes to Osborne for two months. The Queen will proceed to the Continent in March (shortly before Easter), and is expected to spend a month in Italy, and then to return home through Germany, but nothing has yet been settled, and it is untrue that "an agent" of her Majesty has been inspecting villas in the neighbourhood of Florence on her behalf, as, if she goes there next spring, she will again occupy the Villa Palmieri.

The Prince of Wales, who arrived in town on Saturday morning from Braemar, is now at Newmarket, and on Friday he is going to Easton Lodge, Essex, on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke, who have just returned there after passing the autumn in Scotland. The Prince will return to Marlborough House on Tuesday morning, and is to stay in town until the end of the week, when he will go to Sandringham, and thence, on the morning of the 24th, to Newmarket.

The Duke of Coburg is to arrive at Balmoral about the 30th on a visit to the Queen for a few days, and during the following week he will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The Duke is to bring to England his late uncle's insignia of the Garter, which he will deliver up to the Queen. Duke Ernest was invested at a Chapter of the Order which was held at Windsor Castle by the Queen in December, 1844, and his George is a very fine one, and of quite exceptional value.

Some of the papers have been printing a great deal of nonsense about the Duke of Edinburgh's succession to the throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. It has been seriously stated that Duke Alfred "inherits nothing but debts." The late Duke Ernest's vast estates were strictly entailed, and he had no power to charge them with the payment of his debts, so that they have come to his successor absolutely unencumbered. Duke Ernest's embarrassments were principally caused by his having to provide out of his own resources for a number of persons who had claims upon him. The new Duke and Duchess will be among the wealthiest Royal personages in Europe as soon as affairs have been settled. It is reported that Duke Alfred contemplates selling his uncle's estates in the Tyrol, which is one of the finest sporting domains in Europe, and there would be no difficulty in obtaining a very high price for it.

It has lately been stated, moreover, that some years ago Prince Bismarck was anxious to induce the Duke of Edinburgh to surrender his right to the succession, in consideration of a pecuniary indemnity. This happens to be just the reverse of the truth. If Prince Bismarck had really entertained such a wish, the Duke of Edinburgh would practically have had no alternative but to acquiesce. As a matter of fact, however, it was Duke Alfred who desired to sell the reversionary interest of himself and his son, and in 1876 the Queen went to Baden-Baden, and had a conference with the old Emperor William in the hope of being able to arrange satisfactory terms. After a great deal of haggling, the negotiations fell through, because the Duke stipulated for a sum paid down, whereas the German Government would give him only a liberal annuity. But there was no anxiety at Berlin to conclude the transaction.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has been staying with the Crown Princess of Roumania at Pelesh Castle, Sinaia, the summer residence of the King of Roumania. Pelesh Castle is a fine building in the heart of the Carpathians, about three hours' journey from Bucharest, and standing in the midst of pine forests, and overlooking on a mountain side, at the foot of which runs the River Pelesh. The Castle is the private property of the King, and was built by him, the site having been chosen by the Queen.

I hear that the real object of the sudden journey of the Comte de Paris and his eldest son to Denmark was connected with a project for betrothing the Duc d'Orléans to Princess Marie of Greece, the second daughter of King George and Queen Olga. The Duc d'Orléans took the Princess in to dinner every day at Fredensborg, and he was constantly walking about with her in the gardens, but it remains to be seen whether their betrothal will be shortly announced.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, who is now in the United States, is to be the guest of the Queen at Balmoral during the latter part of the week after next for a couple of days, and during his stay in town the Prince of Wales will give a dinner in his honour at Marlborough House.

An imaginative "London correspondent" announces that the Queen "has projected a scheme by which her benefactions in the Balmoral district will have a more regular and, perhaps, a more disciplined character." There is not a particle of foundation for this statement. The Queen's very liberal "benefactions" at and around Balmoral are dispensed by herself when she is on Deeside, and at other times her almoners are Dr. Profeit (her "Commissioner") and Mr. Campbell, the Minister of Crathie. These "benefactions" have always been administered regularly by persons who possessed a competent knowledge of the real circumstances of all the inhabitants of the district.

The people who desire the immediate abolition of the Royal Buckhounds ought to have addressed their memorial to the Queen, for it is a matter at her absolute discretion, and quite out of the province of the interference of the Government.

Dowager Lady Erroll goes to Balmoral next Tuesday as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in succession to the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. Lady Antrim and Lady Doune are also to be in waiting before the Queen returns to Windsor.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord Ripon, Lord Kimberley and Mr. Asquith are to be successively the Ministers in attendance on the Queen during the remainder of her Majesty's stay at Balmoral.

It is understood that there will shortly be another vacancy among the Equerries, which is to be filled by Lord William Cecil, whose place as Groom-in-Waiting will be taken by Mr. John Innes-Ker, who is now a Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter.

Prince Louis of Battenberg has invented a new system of signalling, which is to be tried during the approaching cruise of the *Royal Sovereign*.

Lord and Lady Salisbury are next week to be the guests of Lord and Lady Lathom at Lathom House, Lancashire, where the party will also include Lord and Lady Derby.

Mr. Balfour, who has been residing at Whittinghame, his family place in Haddingtonshire, since he left North Berwick, is to be the guest of Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield House, for a few days before he returns to town for the Autumn Session.

The late Sir Stevenson Blackwood had been known so long in connection with the Post Office, and also as an earnest Evangelical leader and preacher, that most people will be surprised to hear that he went through all the hardships and risks of the Crimean campaign. When war broke out in 1854, Blackwood, who was then a young clerk in the Treasury, volunteered for service in the Commissariat Department, and was at once despatched to the East, where he remained for nearly two years, working very hard, and enduring much suffering.

Mrs. Alexander Ireland, who died suddenly last week at Manchester, had been for years a copious contributor to magazines, but she was best known as the author of a biography of Mrs. Carlyle, which was not a valuable addition to literature. The papers have stated that Mr. and Mrs. Ireland were intimate friends of the Carlyles for many years; but there must be a mistake somewhere, for Mrs. Ireland was not married until 1865, and Mrs. Carlyle, who died in 1866, certainly had not visited Manchester for many years before her death.

Lady Eastlake, who died last week, will be much missed by a very large circle of friends. She had known nearly all the celebrities (social, political, literary, and artistic) of the last fifty-five years. Lady Eastlake was a very clever woman, and forty years ago she had obtained a high reputation for bright and witty talk. She was an admirable writer, and was for many years a regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, for which she wrote the famous article on "Jane Eyre," which, at the time, was attributed to Croker, and which was supposed to have smashed and pulverised Charlotte Brontë. A more slashing criticism has never been written. Lady Eastlake kept up to the last all her interest in literary, political, and artistic affairs, and every week she was at home to her friends at her delightful house in Fitzroy-square.

For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 774-775 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 775.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 783

Mr. Walter Thomas Arnold, who died last week, was the youngest son of Dr. Arnold, whom in every respect he strongly resembled in character. He was a very clever man, but weak health prevented him from attaining the distinction to which he was entitled, and he had been a confirmed invalid for many years before his death. Mr. Arnold was able and sagacious, with much originality, and profoundly religious, and always took an intense interest in every kind of Church work.

Dunmore Park, Lord Dunmore's family seat in Stirlingshire, has been privately sold to Mr. C. H. Hamilton, the tenant of the place. The whole estate has been offered at the reserve price of £150,000, and Mr. Hamilton has paid about £65,000 for the eastern portion, including the house and its "policies," the woods, parks, home farm, and the large village of Dunmore. The place has not been occupied by its owner for many years past, the estate having been in the hands of trustees. Dunmore is a very large modern house, which stands in an extensive and well-timbered demesne, which is bordered by the River Forth. The remainder of the estate, which comprises a number of well-known farms, will be offered for sale at Edinburgh in separate lots.

It is not often that a whole island comes into the market, but last Wednesday Gometra, one of the Hebrides, was sold at Edinburgh to Mr. McLean, of Glasgow, for £4,530. Gometra, which lies off the west coast of Mull, extends to 1,200 acres, and includes a large area of excellent grazing land.

Lord Swansea's fine herd of pure-bred Shorthorns, at Singleton Park, Glamorganshire, is to be sold off on Thursday, the 19th, and Lord Swansea has let the farm on which it was kept. This herd was established about sixteen years ago.

The annual report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests has just been issued, and it appears that during the last financial year the Irish Crown rents and duties produced £40,587, and the arrears on March 31 amounted to £15,973. The Isle of Man realised (principally from mines) £8,639, and the arrears there were only £133. Wales furnished £13,463, and had £2,000 of arrears. The Crown property in Scotland produced £24,485, and the arrears were £7,224. With regard to England, there are about 70,000 acres of agricultural land, of which 2,487 acres are in hand, the unlet area consisting of five large farms in Bedfordshire, Oxfordshire, Kent, Lincolnshire, and Suffolk, respectively. During the year, sixty-seven leases were granted in England, and £14,000 was expended in improvements—principally in drainage and in repairing and building farmhouses and cottages for labourers. The Crown woods and plantations (including Windsor Great Park) extend to about 14,500 acres, of which nearly one-sixth is let to tenants, and a very considerable area consists of parks and commons which are used by the public for recreation purposes.

A correspondent writes:—

In Bâle certain cakes are manufactured. Twice I have bought some when staying there over a night, but when I have entered the station with them in my hand, I have been told that I must pay a tax for taking them away. Can any one explain to me the reason of this? I understand an octroi on provisions going into a town, but why is there a tax on these cakes when they leave the town?

In Folkestone a war of words is raging. It would seem that a London syndicate is disposed to build a large hotel on the Lees, and, with this object in view, they asked the Magistrates to grant a provisional licence. This the Magistrates refused to do on the ground that there are enough hotels and lodging-houses already, and that in their opinion a new hotel would not pay. I confess, however, that this seems to be rather a question for the speculators than for the Magistrates. On behalf of the Magistrates it is urged that the speculators would use the provisional licence as a means to put money in their own pockets, by selling it as an asset to any Company that they might form. But this is practically the result of any drink licence being granted. It becomes a property, which is often sold for a considerable sum. The system is a bad one, and ought to be swept away. Still, so long as it exists I should grant a licence to any new hotel which is likely to be respectably conducted, the objections to a drink licence attached to an hotel being far less than when attached to a public-house, where drinking alone takes place.

On the Lees of Folkestone a new town has been erected. It is well laid out, and greatly frequented during the autumn. The hotels and the lodging-houses are comfortable, and the charges are about what they are in other sea-side resorts. What the place wants, in my humble opinion, is not so much a new hotel, as some sort of place of resort on the lines of the Ostend Casino and the Devonshire Park at Eastbourne. This would, I am sure, attract many visitors. Persons coming from France would, perhaps, stay a day or two, and finding this Casino, would return for a longer sojourn. In these days of competition, no watering-place can afford to leave well alone. I have always considered Folkestone an exceptionally healthy and pretty resort, and I am confident that a reasonable expenditure on the part of the Corporation for the comfort and amusement of guests would be amply repaid.

One or two readers and correspondents at Bournemouth have sent me reports and comments upon an Excise prosecution heard there last week, when the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel was fined for breach of the Licensing Acts. The matter is one of some interest both to hotel proprietors and to the general public; but, seeing

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BOURNEMOUTH.—"Royal Bath." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

that a case has been granted with a view to an appeal, and that there is no knowing what the ultimate result may be, it seems premature to discuss it. What strikes me most about the case, however, is the odd fact that an hotel of the size and importance of the Imperial should have been carried on for so many years without a wine and spirit licence. This is stated to be due to a clause in the lease; but the explanation only raises the further question how such an hotel came to be held on such a lease.

A mill-owner in the North—he requests me not to reveal his identity—draws my attention to the injuries inflicted on children by riding on the backs of waggons, and a means of guarding against this danger. Having had, in the course of a few years, no less than four children maimed for life in this way, and without any fault whatever on the part of his drivers, my correspondent had his waggons altered by moving the springs inwards, so as to leave more space between them and the wheel, and at the same time completely covering the spokes with a sheet of iron. This effectually stops the most serious class of accidents—those caused by children hanging on to waggons and getting their feet caught in the wheels and drawn against the springs. That children can be altogether protected from getting into mischief of this kind would be too much to hope, but I think that the example of this gentleman might induce other owners of carts and vans to see what they can do in the same direction.

Authors like preliminary puffs. But is not this a little overdone? M. Zola intends, he says, to write a novel on England. It is not probable that he understands more about England than an English novelist about France. But if he likes to write about it, he is within his right; indeed, what chiefly distinguishes a Frenchman is the courage with which he writes on a subject upon which he knows nothing. But in Heaven's name let us wait for the novel to appear before we go into raptures over it, and let us leave M. Zola to write it before we insist upon his explaining to every one how it is to be written. To judge from the babble of interviews, one would really imagine that we owe a debt of gratitude to M. Zola for having contemplated the work.

Whilst M. Zola is vouchsafing the information that he intends to write a novel dealing with English life and thought in all their aspects (so soon as he knows a little about them), M. Paul Bourget, who is honouring America with his presence, announces that he contemplates doing a similar service to that country. It is, in truth, becoming a perfect mania with authors to take the world into their confidence as to their past, their present, and their future. For this magazines and newspapers are mainly responsible. An author—good, bad, or indifferent—is generally under the impression that his works will live for ever, and that everything which concerns either them or him is of interest to humanity. With a very little encouragement, he is ready to discourse on himself. Magazines and newspapers want copy; there is a sort of morbid public curiosity in regard to authors and their books. The newspapers are eager to pad their columns with personal details respecting any man who has written a book that has not been quite stillborn; the magazines want articles with a name. If the author will only kindly occupy a few of their pages in saying why he has published a book, what he intended by it, and what he did not intend by it; how thoughts occur to him, and how his vast brain deals with him; what he eats, drinks, and avoids; who his tailor is, and who his washerwoman, they gratefully find room for all this egotistical nonsense. Then comes the turn of the author's friends and enemies. The former dub him "the master," and endeavour in long-winded essays to prove that so profound a genius never existed. The latter question this, and take the opportunity to pit against him some other author whom they recognise as their "master." What the public think of all this I do not know. I am utterly sick of it.

This is an age of authors, for paper and printing are cheap, and readers are plentiful. Quantity makes up for quality. How many are likely to be remembered in fifty years? At most fifty, probably not more than ten. If people in sufficient numbers to make the business a paying one are prepared to buy a man's books, then, in default of having a more remunerative occupation, he is wise to manufacture his wares; but, in Heaven's name, let us not be pestered with the why and the wherefore, with the shape of the chair in which he sits, or the cut of the trousers that he wears. If any one likes to call some particular author "master," let him black the master's boots in private. If any one disapproves of another man's "master," let him console himself with the thought that in a very few years the name of this teacher will be forgotten. Write, if I may venture to address a word of advice to these guides, philosophers, and friends of humanity, fewer books and better works; leave them to find their own level; and do not confide to the world, either in newspapers or in magazines, drivel about yourselves, the only effect of which is to convince all that—whether you can write well or ill—you are the vainest and the silliest of God's creatures.

Apropos of the surprising reform in the first column of the *Times*, a reader of that journal asks me to call attention to the absurdity of describing widows—as is usually done in that column—as "widow of *the late* so-and-so." It certainly seems superfluous to mention the fact that a widow's husband is dead; but I feel bound to add that I have known cases where there was room for doubt upon the point.

A volume of memorials of the twelfth Duke of Somerset has been prepared for publication by his daughter, Lady Gwendoline Ramsden, assisted by Mr W. H. Mallock, and it will be brought out shortly by Mr. Bentley. This Duke was for several years First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Palmerston, and a

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Lord Seymour he was for a quarter of a century a well-known member of Parliament, and a prominent Whig leader. He was also a social celebrity, and a man of great and original talents. The book will contain selections from the Duke's correspondence, and copious extracts from his journals.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has finished his "Life and Times" of Mr. W. H. Smith, and the work will be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Blackwood in two volumes. I hope this will be a more interesting book than Mr. Lang's life of Mr. Smith's colleague and intimate friend, Lord Iddesleigh, which was a miserable production, and wholly devoid of either entertainment or instruction.

I announced several months ago that a collection of Sir Walter Scott's letters, which has been preserved at Abbotsford, had been placed by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott in the hands of Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, who so admirably edited Scott's journal. The letters, which extend from 1797 to 1825 (when the journal begins), will be published next month in two volumes. They were written to Scott's family and to his intimate friends, and they are all quite new, for Lockhart included very few of his father-in-law's letters in his delightful biography.

The masters at one of the leading public schools received not long ago a circular from a coaching establishment in Germany containing this offer:—

> We are willing to pay to teachers 7½ per cent. on the fees paid during the first year by any boys who may join us on their recommendation.

Probably similar communications have been addressed to masters in other schools. A more objectionable offer of its kind can hardly be imagined. Not only is an inducement here held out to assistant-masters to get boys to leave their present schools, but a price is offered for recommending an establishment, of which the man who gives the recommendation may know absolutely no more than the name. Parents, therefore, will do well to be on their guard against any apparently disinterested advice of this nature given to them by schoolmasters.

The Dean of Chester is to be the special preacher at St Paul's Cathedral next Sunday evening.

On Sunday last the Bishop of Exeter preached at a Harvest Thanksgiving Service in the chapel of the Devon and Exeter Hospital; and considerable amusement was caused (and manifested) when, at the close of an unusually long and prosy discourse, which had obviously exhausted the patience of the audience, the Chaplain rose, and gave out the hymn, "Now thank we all our God." Those present state that the words have seldom been sung with greater fervour.

The Northern Convocation is to meet at York for business on Wednesday, November 8, under the presidency of Archbishop Maclagan, who will entertain a large clerical party at Bishopthorpe Palace during the session.

Somebody sends me a newspaper advertisement in which the Rector of Blairgowrie offers to send post free for a remittance of 7d. a copy of his sermon "preached before the Prime Minister." I suppose this is the same discourse a copy of which was lately sent to me by the reverend author, with a request that I would review, or, in plainer English, puff it. I would, therefore, warn all who may see the advertisement that the sermon contains no reference whatever to the Prime Minister, and that an equally good (or indifferent) discourse may be heard any Sunday in the nearest church for nothing. The truth seems to be that this reverend person, having learned that chance would bring Mr. Gladstone to worship in his church, laid himself out to get a gratuitous advertisement out of the incident, and then turn it into hard cash. Thanks to the indiscreet zeal of one or two Liberal journalists, he seems to have been uncommonly successful; but the whole affair is a queer comment on a sermon ostensibly designed to inculcate the duty of "despising Mammon."

A Hampshire paper reports the following astounding statement as having been made by a reverend gentleman named Dolling in the course of an address "to men only" at St. Agatha's, Portsmouth:—

> Mr. Dolling asserted that a number of houses, which were houses of ill-fame, in the Borough, were owned by a Magistrate and Churchwarden; that he (Mr. Dolling) had repeatedly complained to the owner of the character of these houses, but that that character remained unimproved.

It seems to me that instead of complaining to the owner, and then retailing the facts for the delectation of the frequenters of discourses "for men only," Mr. Dolling would have shown more sense and better taste in laying his information before the civil authorities, who could deal with the houses; the Vicar of the parish in which the proprietor of these places acts as churchwarden; or the Lord Chancellor, who can take cognisance of the individual's conduct as a Magistrate. One or other of these courses ought now to be taken without loss of time.

If a Bishop resigns his See he gets a third of the gross stipend as a retiring pension. I do not understand why the "working clergy" should be treated with gross and scandalous injustice when such exceedingly generous arrangements are made for their "chief pastors." If an incumbent resigns a living through ill-health, he is practically at the mercy of the Commissioners who are appointed by the Bishop of the diocese to make provision for his retirement; and their decisions are not only not guided by any fixed principle, but they are apparently not guided by any principles whatever—always, however, being flagrantly unfair to the unfortunate clergyman who is vacating the living.

A most outrageous case has just occurred in Yorkshire, to which I wish to direct the attention of Archbishop Maclagan. The Rev. John Denney has held the rectory of Burton Agnes for sixteen years, and now desires to resign, in consequence of ill-health. The average annual value of the living has been £778 a year, and there is a house. Will it be credited that the Commissioners appointed by the Archbishop to consider the case have

assigned Mr. Denney a retiring pension of £25 a year? The decision is perfectly monstrous, and I do not wonder that Mr. Denney has announced that an appropriation of £25 year out of a stipend of £778 a year meets neither the justice of the case nor the intention of the Incumbents' Resignation Act.

The Birmingham Church Congress has been numerically the best attended of all the thirty-three which have composed the series, beating the Manchester record of 1888 by the sale of a single ticket. Notwithstanding this fact, however, it is believed that, in consequence of the heavy expenditure in fitting up Bingley Hall and the other necessary offices, a small call will have to be made upon the guarantors.

The large attendance at the Congress seems to have excited the satisfaction of the dignitaries who were present. The fact is, however, that the annual Congress affords a plausible excuse to many ecclesiastics for a cheap "outing." By taking a Congress ticket, a clergyman has a claim for "hospitality" at, or near, the place of meeting. The applications for "hospitality" have increased so largely of late years that there is now great difficulty in obtaining accommodation for the Congress members; and if this was a trouble to the officials at such a place as Birmingham, I cannot conceive how they will get on next year at Exeter. The local notables on these occasions are ready enough to receive Bishops, Deans, and any celebrated Divines as guests, but they do not respond to applications for "hospitality" to practically unknown ecclesiastics.

The object of one of the most largely-attended of the meetings was to discuss the possibility of re-union with other Churches, but the scenes which took place during the afternoon clearly demonstrated the flagrant dis-union which at present exists in the Anglican Church itself. Father Ignatius, having attempted to protest against the "false teaching" of the Rev. Charles Gore, who was the principal speaker at the meeting, was silenced by the Bishop of Worcester, amidst a tremendous uproar, for it was evident that at least a third of the audience were in sympathy with him. Father Ignatius, indeed, had reason to complain of the Bishop's sharp practice, for he was given to understand that he would be allowed to speak before the meeting broke up; whereas directly Dr. Perowne had concluded his own address, he hastily pronounced the Benediction, and at once left the platform, while the monk remained surrounded ("The wil. bulls of Bashan compassed me about!") by a legion c clerical and lay officials, who were supported by some policemen, and his numerous friends among the audience loudly expressed their disapproval of the Bishop's procedure.

It may be that Bishop Perowne, who is not a 'strong' man, was unnerved by the outrageous manner in which he was himself treated by the audience when he rose and explained his presence at the Grindelwald Re-union Conference. He was literally howled at throughout his speech, every sentence being interrupted by shouts of laughter, bursts of hissing, and cries of "Shame," and "Traitor." Bishop Perowne has probably by this time come to the conclusion that his sagacious predecessor, Bishop Phillpot, was not far wrong when he declined to do anything to facilitate a meeting of the Church Congress in the Diocese of Worcester.

However, I can well imagine that it was almost a relief to the deadly dulness of the essays, which divines and others inflicted upon their long-suffering auditors, when the presiding Bishop had to call in the police to prevent the *odium theologicum* leading to a general scrimmage. On doctrinal questions, *tot homines tot sententiæ*, but all the clerics were agreed in deprecating the doles that are now administered by Churchwardens being placed under the control of Parish Councils. There were various cogent reasons put forward against this change. The real reason was, however, not stated. These doles, although supposed to be given irrespective of Church Membership, are used in many parishes, in order to confirm the faithful in their adherence to the Church of England. At elections they play an important part. Labourers often do not dare openly to attend Liberal meetings, and if asked why, they explain that they will endanger their chance of profiting by these doles. They are, in fact, the electoral fund of the Church, or, what is now the same thing, of the Tory Party. That Tory Churchmen should not wish them to be administered fairly I can well understand. Unfortunately, however, for these estimable electioneers, Liberals are alive to the improper use that is made of them, and will take good care to see that the Parish Councils Bill hands them over to the Councils.

I am all for the principle of rendering unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. These doles, however, belong to Cæsar, and it is merely because there was no Parish Council in existence when the original donors willed or gave them to the poor of the parish that their administration has fallen into the hands of clerics. The State Church, now, however, seems unable to draw the distinction between spiritual and temporal matters. Just as it approves of Bishops having voted on that essentially temporal issue, Home Rule, so would it have temporal charities which have absolutely nothing in common with the Church administered by the Parish Parson.

Bishop Perowne announced at one of the Church Congress meetings that he would give up £500 a year out of the Episcopal revenue of the See of Worcester towards an endowment for the proposed See of Birmingham. The "cheers" which greeted this intimation must surely have been ironical. The Bishop of Worcester receives £5,000 a year, and he is to be relieved of the heaviest portion of his diocese. One would suppose that he would be prepared to surrender at least £2,000 a year, but he actually proposes to retain nine-tenths of the revenue. If £3,000 a year is enough for the Bishops of Wakefield and Truro, surely the same stipend should suffice for the See of Worcester, when it is reduced by the loss of the Birmingham district.

Aut "Brummagem" aut Nullus.

[A correspondent, who was at the Church Congress, sends me the following metrical paraphrase of the opening speech by the Bishop of Worcester.]

There were Rectors, and Vicars, and Deans, and Archdeacons,
And clerical magnates of varied degrees,
With a posse of Bishops, those light flashing beacons,
Who shine through the darkness of Anglican Sees;
And all of them moved by the same grand idea—
To war with the woes that on all sides increase—
Had met to devise some supreme panacea
To bring to the people contentment and peace.
Yes, their aims were the highest, and, bold in affirming 'em,
They gathered in Congress last Tuesday at Birmingham.

Said the President (he was an eminent prelate),
"Ah, truly, our Church has a great work to do;
There are evils around us our tears can but swell at,
There is want in the land, there is misery, too.
Our Church has a highly responsible mission
To make English homes glad and healthy and pure;
To aid those who toil and to raise their condition;
Abuses to end and reforms to mature.
Ay, these are our ends, let us see to confirming 'em,
And crown with success this our Congress at Birmingham.

"Then what shall be done? What shall be our first action,
To prove that we all are in earnest, indeed?
To show that our Church is no empty abstraction,
To prove that vitality burns in our creed?
The danger is pressing; our task is tremendous,
'Twill need all our efforts to carry it through;
The forces against us arrayed are stupendous,
But let us take courage—we know what to do.
To accomplish our ends—we've been candid in terming 'em—
What we want first of all is—*a Bishop for Birmingham!*

"Ay, if we would Capital dovetail with Labour,
Uniting the two with an equable link;
If we'd teach the rich man to assist his poor neighbour;
If we'd fight with the demon portentous of Drink;
If we'd make Plenty's song in the homes of the many hum,
Where Sorrow's sad cadence has echoed before;
If, in short, we would hasten our Island's Millennium,
And build up the walls of our Zion once more—
If the people we'd bless, then to aid in confirming 'em,
We must consecrate quickly *a Bishop of Birmingham!*

"Then let us all join in that effort colossal,
Which love of the people so strongly inspires—
For a Bishop, you see, quite unlike an Apostle,
Three thousand five hundred per annum requires.
So bring those donations for which we have pleaded,
Come up with your gifts in a liberal crowd,
For much as this bishopric new may be needed,
It can't be created until it's endowed.
So remember my hints—I've been loud in affirming 'em—
No Millennium till there's a Bishop of Birmingham!"

One of my readers has been shocked at reading that the average age of the Bishop of Bath and Wells and his three Archdeacons is eighty-four years, and he asks me to agitate against the retention of men in such posts to such an advanced age. I am not myself shocked, because I have too long been familiar with facts of this kind, against which I have often lifted up my voice. With the spectacle before us of Mr. Gladstone leading the House of Commons, addressing public meetings for hours at a time, and fighting in the forefront of the toughest political battle of the last fifty years, it is difficult to say what a man can or cannot do at eighty-four. Gladstones, however, are the exception. We must look at the general rule. This we have already done in most of the Public Services, by requiring a man to retire somewhere about the age of sixty-five, at which point, on the average, his value for active work begins to decline. Some such rule should be applied to the Church—not to mention other quarters.

What a "Girls' Letter Guild" may be I am not very certain; but from a notice under this head which appears in the *Queen*, I gather that it is an organisation by which well-to-do ladies are to afford "help and sympathy" to their sisters in humbler circumstances. If that is correct, why impart religious distinctions and animosities into such a movement? The notice to which I have referred states:—

> Ladies should state the age they wish their girls to be, and whether Church or Chapel. *Unitarian and Jewish ladies are not admitted*, and Roman Catholics have now a guild of their own.

If "Church and Chapel" can meet on a common footing to do work of this kind, why not Chapel and Unitarianism, or Christian and Jew?

Lady Nottage is organising a Bal Poudré (for the third year in succession) in aid of the funds of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The ball will take place at Queen's Gate Hall on Wednesday, October 25. Tickets and all other information may be obtained from Lady Nottage at 35, Collingham-road, S.W.

The Royal Humane Society have just awarded testimonials to the crew of Mrs. Varley's rescue boat for saving the life of a young man at Bundorran, Co. Donegal. It will be remembered that Mrs. Varley established this boat after the drowning of two young ladies a couple of years back, and two bathers have already been rescued from drowning by it, while innumerable others have been kept out of danger by timely warning. I may mention that any contributions towards the maintenance of this boat will be gladly received by Mrs. Varley, at Bundorran.

I have received from E. B., £2; the Misses E. J. and E. Wood, £1; Major J. C. Harris, R.E., £1. 1s.; M. A. R., 10s. 6d., towards this year's Toy Fund for providing the poor children in the London Hospitals, Workhouses, Workhouse Schools, and Infirmaries with toys at Christmas.

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

The Military authorities have found great difficulty in obtaining a successor to the Duke of Connaught at Portsmouth, the post having been refused by four officers. The fact is that the expenses are so heavy that the Portsmouth command can be held only by an officer who possesses considerable private means. The occupant of the Government House is expected to be quite as hospitable as the Naval Commander-in-Chief, who receives an allowance of £35 a week for "table money," whereas the General gets nothing, but has to find his "table money" out of his own pocket.

I had a sad complaint a week or two back from a Second Lieutenant somewhere out in the North-West Provinces, who signed himself "Hope Deferred," and thought that "something should be done to counterbalance the difference in the rate of promotion in different regiments." He then sought to impress upon me that the hardships arising from this cause press with peculiar severity upon the Second Lieutenant; but, after making some inquiries upon the point, I am at a loss to understand how or why. On the contrary, I have found in higher ranks in other regiments even harder cases of "Hope Deferred" than this one in the North-West Provinces. If anybody can suggest to me any means (short of giving junior officers the right to assassinate their seniors) of avoiding these irregularities in the flow of promotion, I shall be happy to ventilate it. But I have been unable to discover one for myself.

A curious statement has been sent to me from India, in which it is alleged that an officer of the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel was summarily dismissed from the Army in 1890 for having taken measures which prevented a similar, and possibly worse, outbreak than the late religious riots in Bombay. The incident in question occurred at Malagaon Nasik in 1890. My correspondent has, however, unfortunately omitted to inform me what the position of affairs was, and what were the measures taken. I am consequently unable to form an opinion on the measures, or to test the soundness of his opinion that but for these measures a serious outbreak must have ensued. For anything, therefore, that I can see, the Government may have been right and the Lieutenant-Colonel wrong.

A friend of mine, however, who was a thorough soldier, held a good many years ago a commission in a West India regiment. From the threatening behaviour of his men on one occasion he, like the Lieutenant-Colonel at Malagaon, formed the opinion that a serious outbreak was impending. Like the Lieutenant-Colonel, again, he took energetic measures to frustrate any such design. He shot six of his men dead on the spot. The reason he did not shoot more was that he only had a six-chambered revolver. His patriotic intentions, however, met with a very unexpected recognition. Instead of being acclaimed as a hero, he was tried by Court-martial and dismissed the Service. Even this did not satisfy some persons, who declared that he ought to have been hanged. I do not know whether this story will afford any instruction to the Lieutenant-Colonel, but it will at least show him that he is not the only man who has suffered for being "a little previous" in dealing with an emergency.

Several further communications on the subject of the Sergeant-Major, apropos to my last week's article, I must reserve for notice on a future occasion. The following extracts, however, from a very practical letter, written by an officer who seems to know what he is talking about, speak for themselves. After dealing with the influence exercised by Sergeants-Major over Commanding Officers, he says:—

> Though there are plenty of excellent Warrant Officers and senior N.C.O.'s in the Service, the very best of these require looking after, and only in the rarest cases are they good men to consult on business matters—least of all those relating to promotion or preferment. As to the management of canteens, Sergeants' messes, &c., I doubt whether there are a score of men in the Service who run really straight. . . . .
>
> It would be a useful reform that all voting at Sergeants' mess-meetings should be taken by ballot; and I will venture to say that if by this or any other means Presidents, Treasurers, and other officers of Sergeants' messes could be kept strictly honest and above-board in all their dealings, the cost of living would be very much reduced in the non-commissioned ranks. Most Sergeants have to pay 7d. per diem for messing. Speaking with some considerable knowledge of the subject, I assert that, with thoroughly honest and capable management, the sum could be reduced certainly to 5d., and possibly to 4d. or less. There are few ways in which so much could be done for the N.C.O. at so little cost.

An officer, who is evidently a humourist in his way, remarks that if I concern myself about Colour-Sergeants having their periods of Depot service improperly prolonged, I had much better go to the top of the tree and denounce the "ceaseless extensions of Staff service" among the "mutual admiration society of Pall Mall," or the "Bobs-jobs ring" (what can "Bobs-jobs" be?) at Simla. I am always ready to denounce irregularities wherever I discover them, whether at the top of the tree or at the root, and the irregular prolongation of Staff service is an old story to readers of Truth. Denunciation in this case, however, goes for very little, because the parties who are breaking the Regulations are the parties responsible for seeing that the Regulations are observed. The Regulations expressly limit the tenure of a Staff appointment to five years, but it is no use making laws unless you provide machinery to enforce them.

A new form of irregularity, in which I am sorry to say my friend Thomas Atkins is implicated, has just come under my notice. It seems that it is the practice in certain quarters for a man to go to his Company shoemaker with an order from his Quartermaster-Sergeant for the repairing of his boots, or, perhaps, the issue of a new pair. Instead of this order being literally executed, the shoemaker gives cash for it. The amount is duly debited to Atkins, who thereby gets an advance upon his prospective pay. As might be expected, he does not get accommodation for nothing; on the contrary, the Quartermaster-Sergeant's note or ticket is discounted on

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much the same principles as a note of hand offered to a West End Shylock. Thus on a ticket for 9s., I understand that the usual advance is 5s.; on one for 7s., the amount will be 4s.; and on one for 3s., 2s.

It will be seen from this that somebody is doing very good business in this humble system of usury. Who it may be I have not sufficient evidence before me to say for certain; but those who know the ins and out of regimental life will probably agree with me that the game is not carried on without the complicity of the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and that, if he is in it at all, he probably makes a much better thing out of it than the shoemaker, who is more likely to be the usurer's agent than to be dealing with his own capital. That the facts are as above stated is clearly shown by certain original documents now in my possession, and as the practice will probably be new to most Commanding Officers, I advise them to look a little more closely into the shoemakers' bills. When a man is found to have had his boots soled and heeled three or four times in a month, it will not be difficult to draw conclusions.

The following account is sent to me of a military irregularity said to be practised at Gibraltar. As I am not sure that I understand the circumstances, I give the statement for what it is worth. The gist of it, however, is clear, namely, that the Sergeants drive a usury business, on terms which would make a West-end Shylock's mouth water, by discounting the pay of the men under their command. How such a system can be carried on upon any considerable scale without coming to light before this, I do not understand; but such a statement calls for notice of some kind:—

> The authorities have apparently no knowledge of a system by which Sergeants of the ——, stationed here, buy up the pay of their men, when in charge of working parties furnished to the Royal Engineers. The pay arrangements of the Royal Engineers are such that a man does not get payment for his day's work until a fortnight has elapsed. The Sergeants take advantage of this to induce the men under their charge to sell their pay in advance. The price is one peseta (9½d.) for a day's pay (1s.), but as the shilling is here really worth 1s. 2d., the profit is 4½d. per shilling per fortnight. When I tell you that a working party is composed of about fifty men, and that at least forty of these sell their pay *every day*, you can perceive what the profits amount to. The game has been going on here for nearly two years, and every one seems to be aware of it, from the Sergeant-Major, who keeps the roster, to the youngest recruit.

Another Gibraltar correspondent informs me that for some time past ebullitions of discontent, in the form of destruction of accoutrements, clothing, and furniture, have been going on almost continuously in the Somersetshire Light Infantry; and at the time when this information was sent there were two men in prison, and one awaiting trial for offences of this nature. When a spirit of this kind is rife, it is mere childishness to think that it can be appeased by "making examples," without any steps being taken to ascertain and remove the cause of dissatisfaction. A very little inquiry would, I have reason to think, reveal the *causa causans* in this instance; but, no doubt, the grievance, whatever it is, is aggravated, in the manner which I have frequently alluded to of late, by the monotonous conditions of garrison life at this station.

Indeed, if the new Governor desires to earn immortality in the annals of the Rock, he cannot do it more quickly than by exerting himself to shorten the period for which troops are kept there, or to increase the opportunities allowed to individual soldiers of getting away from that station temporarily. There can be no doubt that a spell of several years' garrison life within the narrow limits of this fortress is peculiarly wearisome, and also apt to become somewhat demoralising. An N.C.O. writing to me on the subject suggests that, after eighteen months' service there, a furlough of at least six weeks should be allowed. But furlough would not be much use to the average private, and I should think it would be much better to move the whole Battalion after it has been there, say, a year and a half. This, I may add, applies to one or two other isolated military outposts besides Gibraltar.

A private in an Irish Regiment who goes to the Reserve next month asks me whether he has a right to retain his old clothes. I do not know of any such right, but I was under the impression that men had recently been allowed to retain their old clothes as a favour, and that the Secretary of State communicated something of this sort to Parliament. As, however, my present correspondent informs me that at his station up to the present all men on leaving the colours have returned their old clothing, I conclude I have been under a misapprehension. In that case, I must once more begin pressing the War Office to grant this very small and reasonable concession.

With reference to the fate of old uniforms, an old soldier writes:—

> Are the public aware that many men serve for years on the plains of India and never wear a tunic? Yet the usual issue of "Europe clothes" is regularly made. These fall into the hands of coolies, sometimes without even having been worn. Could not the kharki and white be issued free in place of cloth?

Since my correspondent's day, the free issue of kharki seems to have become a fact, though a letter, which I published last week, suggests that the idea of kharki "in place of cloth" is not universally acceptable. The point in this letter, however, to which I would specially call attention is the fact of uniforms falling into the hands of coolies before they have been worn. That this happens is pretty certain; but that it points to a very lax and wasteful system—if not something worse—is also certain. I am sorry to say that several witnesses, with whose views I have been favoured, are of opinion that old uniforms find their way "into the hands of coolies" (and other parties) direct from the hands of Thomas Atkins himself, without the War Office knowing any thing about it.

A Marine tells me that the summer trousers, the cap, braces, socks (three pairs), and gloves (one pair), served out to a recruit when he joins, are still expected to last him the whole period of his service—twelve years at

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least, or twenty-one years if he re-engages. This is a matter which has already been referred to in Truth, and it ought to have been put right long ago. I have not before me at the moment the terms under which Marines are enlisted, but I presume that the above articles are issued under the head of "free kit." If so, they ought, of course, to be renewed at reasonable intervals, unless the Admiralty really lays claim to have discovered a make of trousers, socks, braces, and gloves which will wear for twenty-one years—in which case the discovery cannot too soon be made public.

I asked the other day how old Army uniforms were dealt with in France and Germany. A German officer has kindly answered the last part of the inquiry in a letter which is very interesting. He writes:—

> There is no such thing as traffic in old uniforms in Germany, for the very simple reason that when a German soldier has done with his uniform it would be difficult to find any one disposed to buy it. The coat is worn to such an extent that I doubt whether even the "inferior races" would consider themselves "adorned" by it. Although—as I believe it will be admitted—a German soldier presents a smart appearance on the review ground, any old coat (and properly so) is considered good enough for fatigue duty, and of this, besides the daily drills, there is an enormous amount to be performed. . . . . Germans being "poor but honest," the Tommy Atkins of the Fatherland is taught by his superiors that there is no degradation in wearing an old coat, so long as it is clean and the brass buttons are bright, and I believe they succeed in making him feel proud of his uniform, notwithstanding its patches.
>
> Every man in the German Army possesses thoroughly serviceable outfits, but these are carefully stored away, and are only handed out to the troops on State occasions, or in a case of emergency.

This is precisely what I expected to hear. What earthly reason is there why the same economy which this German officer describes cannot be adopted in England? What reason is there why the Manchester bandsman's tunic sent to me the other day from the Cape, and twenty thousand other equally serviceable garments, should ever have been sold out of the Service at all? None whatever. I believe that my tunic—and I have ascertained that it is a fairly representative one—if it were properly repaired, has years of wear in it still. In this belief, I am now ready to make a present of it to the Nation, and I shall be happy to forward it to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, carriage paid, at any address which he will give; or it may be called for at this office any day between 10 o'clock and 5. The object of my donation is that this historic garment may form the nucleus of a Second-Hand Army Clothing Depot, which ought to be established without delay.

More about Army clothing. When the 1st Gordon Highlanders left Ceylon for India in January, 1892, their great-coats, which had been served out in 1885, and had had two years' wear at home and two at Malta before Ceylon, were overhauled, and about 80 per cent. of them were condemned. Since the arrival of the battalion in India, several regimental boards have sat and repeated the condemnation. The coats are now, as might be expected, in the last stage of dilapidation, and for the most part unfit for use, but no new garments are forthcoming. Possibly in India a defective overcoat is not a serious consideration; but if the battalion were suddenly required for active service the coats are as essential to its efficiency as rifles; and what is the use of solemnly considering and condemning the articles over and over again if no result follows?

A job of phenomenal audacity recently occurred in the State of Perak. Mr. F. T. D. Thorold, an officer of long experience and proved capacity, was away on leave. In his absence a junior was coolly pitchforked into his appointment. On his return Mr. Thorold was sent off, on a lower footing in the Service, to fill what has been officially admitted to be a more important post. He very naturally resigned, and came home, showing thereby how the best men are driven out of the public service. Now, what was the motive for this unscrupulous and mischievous job? I find the following explanation in the *Penang Gazette*. Can any other be offered?—

> We were under the impression that Mr. Thorold had been prevailed upon to withdraw his resignation; but the reason of his sending it in is generally understood to be that, as he is not a cricketer, the Resident sent him to an out-station, giving the post to which Mr. Thorold is entitled, both on account of his seniority and capacity, to a man who is a cricketer. The well-known concentration of cricketers in Taipeng, in total disregard to their seniority, or the fact that others are equally or more capable of filling their posts satisfactorily, is the occasion of much heart-burning among those Government officers who are not cricketers.

Here we have it treated as a matter of common knowledge that in this particular corner of the Service promotion goes solely by proficiency in the game of cricket. Does the same state of things exist anywhere else in the East?

A contemporary relates that the late Captain Gammell, who served in the Peninsular War, and was engaged at Bayonne in 1814, though his services were overlooked for the moment, received the Peninsular Decoration from the Queen in 1889. He must then have been in his 93rd year, and if he recollected the occurrences of seventy-five years previously, he was no doubt highly gratified to find that he had not been forgotten. I refer to this case for the benefit of military men, who occasionally complain to me that they have not yet received the decorations which they earned in the affairs of yesterday like the Egyptian or Ashantee Campaigns. Let them have patience. In another fifty or sixty years it will all come right.

Among other remedies for checking fraudulent enlistment, I have had brought before me that of vaccinating men "in an unusual manner and with an unusual design." This scheme was proposed some years ago by an ingenious Medical Officer, but was promptly vetoed by the War Office. The War Office were quite right; for to carry the idea out would be to take advantage of the man's consent to be vaccinated, in the usual sense of the word, in order to mark him for life as an old soldier.

In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

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That a man should in some way be permanently marked as a soldier may be expedient, but there are two indispensable conditions—(1) that he knowingly consents to it; (2) that the marking is compulsory on all grades alike, from the Commander-in-Chief to the private soldier.

As I published last week and commented upon a letter from Messrs. Debenham & Walker, of Basinghall street, with reference to the case of Sergeant-Major Gardner, I think it due to that firm to publish the following further communication received from them. I have referred Messrs. Debenham & Walker to Messrs. Lewis & Lewis:—

2, Gresham-buildings,
Basinghall street, London, E.C.,
October 7, 1893.

SERGT.-MAJOR GARDINER AND YOURSELF.

SIR,—Referring to our letter of the 29th ult., and to the paragraphs relating to our client contained in your issues of TRUTH of the 28th ult. and the 5th inst., as it would seem from the latter issue that further correspondence on the matter would be useless, our client has no alternative but to take legal proceedings in order to clear himself from the imputations contained in those paragraphs.

We have, therefore, issued a writ against you at his suit with respect to the libels mentioned in our letter, and also with respect to the further libels contained in your issue of the 5th inst.

Will you kindly favour us with the names of your solicitors who will accept service on your behalf?—We are, Sir, your obedient servants, DEBENHAM & WALKER.

Henry Labouchere, Esq., M.P.
TRUTH Editorial Offices,
Carteret-street, S.W.

Somebody sends me the last official report of the New South Wales "Nautical School-ship" (*i.e.*, training-ship) *Sobraon*, and it is certainly a document worth notice, affording ample evidence of the excellent way in which this particular ship is managed, and of the value of the training-ship system when wisely conducted. The following statistics of the antecedents of the boys admitted during the year show what unpromising material is dealt with:—

Failures under charitable organisations	31
Previously before Police-courts	106
Three times before Police-courts	6

Nevertheless, except for one or two hopeless failures, the general conduct of the lads is reported as excellent; and that the improvement is permanent is shown by the fact that of some hundreds of boys apprenticed on shore from the ship, 93 per cent. received satisfactory characters. Better results could hardly be shown in any school.

A gentleman who says he speaks from ample personal experience wishes me to draw attention once more to the scandalously inadequate provision made by the naval authorities for embarkations on troopships at Portsmouth. One wretched narrow ladder connects the vessel with the quay, and "along this, backwards and forwards, have to struggle for hours before departure, officers, ladies, and children, some 1,000 soldiers, N.C.O.'s, women, and children, the crew, and the friends of all, together with the personal effects." I can well believe that this scene of confusion and discomfort beggars description. Such a disgraceful condition of things, it is quite certain, would not be tolerated for a moment by a private steamship Company.

Among other little reforms which I may congratulate myself on having brought about within the last few months is the abolition of the light dues on vessels calling at ports in the United Kingdom for bunker coal. It will be remembered that the injustice and impolicy of these charges have been repeatedly referred to in TRUTH, and though, in the first instance, the Trinity Brethren questioned the justice of my criticism, they have, in the long run, had the good sense to give way. I have now hopes of this venerable Corporation which I did not entertain before.

My success in the foregoing instance encourages me to call attention to another port tax which weighs most unfairly on British shipping in the Levant. A Parliamentary Return has just been published showing the receipts during the last five years from the British Hospitals at Constantinople and Smyrna. The return discloses the astonishing fact that these institutions are a rich source of revenue to the British Government. In the five years the surplus receipts from the Smyrna Hospital amounted to £1,917. 16s. 1d., while at Constantinople they reached the enormous figure of £14,040. 12s. 11d. How is this revenue raised? By dues on a monstrous scale levied on ships calling at these ports. At Smyrna the charge is 1¼d. per net register ton, which means for a steamer of 1,000 tons, £5. 4s. 2d. As many ships do not stay beyond twenty-four hours, and few more than two or three days, it will be seen at once that such a charge is altogether disproportionate to any benefits which are likely to be received from the hospital. At Constantinople, though less extortionate, the dues are quite unreasonable.

Another point in connection with these hospitals calls for notice. Large though the profits are, the expenses are upon a most extravagant scale. At Smyrna last year, the treatment of 62 "in" and 129 "out" patients cost £1,305, or £6. 12s. per head, a monstrous cost, when it is remembered that the bulk of the out-patients are sailors from passing ships, who would make at the most only two or three visits. It also appears that, while during the five years the number of patients treated at Smyrna has decreased by about 25 per cent., the expenses have increased by nearly 100 per cent. The conclusion is irresistible that the hospital officials are drawing yet a larger benefit from the institution than the Government. At Smyrna there are nine other hospitals maintained free of all charge to their own subjects by various foreign Governments, whose enlightened policy in this respect affords a remarkable contrast to that of the leading maritime nation. In view of these facts Mr. Mundella may well be asked to consider whether it is justifiable to continue to tax British shipping to the amount of over £3,000 a year for this purpose.

A timely note appeared in the *Financial News* last week on the need for an enlightened Post-office man rather than a Treasury official to fill Sir Arthur Blackwood's place. The importance of this point cannot be over-

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THE DENSMORE—The World's Greatest Typewriter. Now adopted in the highest and most experienced quarters. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.—51, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

stated. The question which it involves is simply this. Whether the Post Office is to stand on the footing of a public service, like the maintenance of roads or the lighting and drainage of towns, or a profit-earning machine conducted for the relief of taxation. The last is, always has been, and always will be, the Treasury view of the Post Office. It is mischievous in practice, creating a constant obstructive influence to every extension of postal facilities which is not certain to yield a profit. It is also unsound in theory, because the Post-office revenue is in reality an indirect tax upon all forms of postal communication. The sooner business men appreciate this last point, the better for the cause of good government and sound taxation.

A correspondent who has an inexhaustible store of grievances against the Post Office sends me, from his experience, sundry samples of anomalies in the matter of charging for re-direction. In one of them, after he had refused to pay the surcharge for re-direction on a half-penny packet which he took to be a circular, the Post Office, having inspected the packet, and found that it was not a circular, sent it on to him free. For this I really think he ought to be grateful. I have no doubt that cases of a more or less similar kind might be quoted indefinitely, but I should myself be sorry to say that in a service of such immense variety and complexity as the Post Office, perfectly logical and harmonious rules ought to be forthcoming to meet every case which arises. There must be some anomalies, and we can only expect to get rid of the bigger ones.

It is far too usual in the Post Office for country post-masterships to be handed on from father to son, and Liberal Postmasters-General ought to set their faces against this importation of the hereditary principle into the Civil Service. A case has lately occurred at a seaside town in Somersetshire, where a man of only ten years' service was jobbed into the appointment previously held by his father, in preference to several candidates with twice the length of service and quite unimpeachable testimonials. To further demonstrate the favouritism at work here, within a few weeks after the appointment was effected the salary was raised £20 a year, a step for which, under the circumstances, there could not be the slightest pretext. More than half these jobs—and probably this one among the rest—are due to the undue influence of the Surveyors.

Some of my readers seem to over-estimate my powers. A lady comes to me from the neighbourhood of Portman-square to ask my assistance against the Income-tax collector. Her grievance against that individual seems to be that she has no assessable property in this country, but "a palatial residence" in London, which she is unable to let, and which she therefore utilises by "living in a section of it." My sympathies are all with the lady, but what can I do for her? If I could keep off the Income-tax collector I should begin by defending myself against this brigand; but if I once undertook to go to the rescue of others, where should I stop?

A lady writes to me:—

I am a mother, and it grieves me to the heart to read that hundreds of little ones die every year simply because they have not a cot to sleep in, and are suffocated in their mothers' beds. One thousand are said to have perished so in London only during the last year. The poor mothers of these babes have in many cases no means to provide their little ones with a separate bed. Surely women by the hundred would gladly subscribe a small sum to a Cot Fund. The details and organisation might easily be arranged, and willing workers found on all sides. In some cases cots might be given away; in others they could be lent on hire for a trifling weekly or monthly payment.

The evil referred to by this lady is, if anything, more terrible than she represents it. The late Sir John Humphreys once told me that he had himself held inquests in one year on several hundred babies which had perished in this way. But he added—and this point, ugly though it is, must be borne in mind by any one who proposes to deal with the evil—that in the majority of the cases he had no doubt in his own mind that the children were *intended to die*. Far be it from me, however, to throw cold water upon any project for supplying cots to the hundreds and thousands of poor mothers who would be only too thankful for them. If any benevolent ladies are disposed to move for that purpose, I shall be happy to put them in communication with one another.

According to an official return, which has just been issued at Berlin, there are thirty-one persons in Germany whose incomes are assessed at upwards of £50,000 a year. The largest income is £378,000, the next is £297,000, and then comes one of £215,000.

A formidable rival has appeared to the lunatics who persist in maintaining, in defiance of argument and demonstration, that the earth is flat. He hails from the town of Dumfries, and he has embodied in a book a New Theory of the Universe. My acquaintance with this bold spirit is derived from a letter addressed by him to a Member of Parliament soliciting an order for one copy of his book, price 2s. 6d., post free. The following extracts will show that the author does not under-rate the surprising nature of his discoveries:—

I can assure you it is the greatest discovery ever yet brought out in science, and will certainly bring immortal fame to Scotland. It has withstood all manner of tests, and it is praised by the highest authorities as the grandest work ever published. . . . .

From all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, the Continent, United States, Canada, Mexico, Australia, and New Zealand, and in fact from every part of the globe, comes the same high praise, that for interest and truth it has no equal on earth. . . .

It is really the most remarkable and most momentous undertaking ever yet given to the world. If there is a scientist living who can refute it, I will forfeit the book. . . . .

It is the masterpiece of the nineteenth century, the crowning point of science, and no work has yet received higher praise.

No one, I think, will contradict the last assertion.

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

"Truth" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the Manager, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

It is evident that the members of the Trades' House of Glasgow are still sore about the remarks which I made three months ago respecting the expenditure of the trust funds on their annual dinner and outing. At the last meeting, Bailie M'Lennan talked of "the insinuations thrown out by TRUTH that the funds of the House were not administered exclusively for the benefit of the decayed members," and urged the appointment of a public auditor as a means of "dispelling that illusion." Apparently the Bailie's insinuation is that there has not been such misapplication of the trust money as I condemned. That is an illusion which I feel bound to dispel by the following extract from a recent statement of accounts—not the last return, it is true, but the last which can be procured by an outsider:—

Paid proportion of expense of annual dinner ...	£100	0	0
Paid expense of conveyance for annual trip ...	30	0	0
Paid for Convener's coat	15	0	0
	£145	0	0

For a period of at least twenty years payments of this kind were regularly made from the revenue which Bailie M'Lennan wishes us to infer has been devoted exclusively to the benefit of the decayed brethren. As I mentioned when I last alluded to the subject, this squandering of the funds on the entertainment of office-bearers and their friends has been suspended for the present, and I am assured that there is no likelihood of its resumption during Bailie M'Lennan's tenure of office as Deacon-Convener. There is nothing, however, to stop the Trades' House from reverting at any time to the old practice, and the Glasgow public ought, therefore, to keep a close watch upon its proceedings.

Whenever the subject of smells from sewers is mentioned in TRUTH, I am at once overwhelmed with complaints and suggestions from all parts of the country, proving how universally the evil is felt. During the last month I have had an extensive correspondence of this kind. It is quite impossible to deal with any considerable number of these communications, but the chief conclusion forced upon me by all that I have heard is that there prevails among our sanitary authorities a totally false idea of the value of flushing. The truth seems to be that in drains of a certain size and shape, or with an insufficient fall, flushing, even on the largest scale, and with unlimited use of disinfectants, fails to effectually scour the channel, while it can never do what is, in the majority of cases, essential—purify the air in the sewers.

To take an instance. Evidence of the most convincing nature was lately given me of the smells pervading a certain watering-place. The Medical Officer of the place at once answered with a mass of statistics showing the quantity of water and disinfectants used. He also denounced the complaint as a malicious libel on the town. Of course, neither of these answers will comfort those who smell the smells and suffer from them. But, to prove what nonsense the reply was, a firm of sanitary engineers sent me a report made some years ago on this very town, in which the local authorities were unmistakably warned of the insufficiency of mere flushing under the circumstances of the place, and advised to adopt another method of keeping their drains sweet.

A traveller with an extensive experience writes:—

> Nothing so amazed me after a long residence abroad as to find on my return home the pernicious system of discharging sewer gas into the streets, or, what is equally bad, distributing it by pipes about the level of our bedroom windows, in full force all over the country. This is as unnecessary as it is pernicious. Have closed manholes at intervals for inspection and repairs, but why not ventilate our sewers, as we do our coal mines, by furnaces and chimney shafts, which should exhaust the foul air, and at the same time burn up and destroy the impurities instead of discharging them under our noses?

In this direction seems to me to lie the solution of the difficulty. Given a proper system of construction, it cannot be more difficult to ventilate a system of sewers than a coal-mine extending over a vast area and descending to a depth of hundreds of yards. I make a present of the suggestion to the authorities at S——t and E——e.

While on this subject, it will be a kindness to the inhabitants of Whitby if I mention that I have heard a very unsavoury account of the condition of their picturesque harbour. I understand that the greater part, if not the whole, of the drainage of the place is discharged into this convenient receptacle, and a recent visitor describes the appearance of the harbour at low water as "revolting," and the stench from it as unbearable. It is the height of folly to allow one of the most beautiful spots on the coast to be spoiled in this way, and if the natives possess the intelligence with which Yorkshiremen are credited, they will lose no time in disposing of their sewage in some more civilised way.

The insanitary condition of Farnborough Parish, to which attention was called in TRUTH of June 29 last, has at last caused a forcible remonstrance to be addressed to the Parochial Committee by an influential body of residents. The memorial contains such statements as the following:—

> Typhoid and other diseases, due to preventable causes, are of frequent occurrence (the former being now rife), and infectious discharges are in consequence being sent down the main sewer, thus rendering more frequent flushing imperative. . . . . We are of opinion that the insanitary condition of the district calls for your very serious attention; rubbish and filth are strewn about on all the waste places, and no attempt is made to remove or burn them. Individual complaints to the sanitary authorities meet with no response. . . . .

Among the "other diseases" here referred to are scarlet fever and diphtheria, both of which are prevalent, while of typhoid there has been a small epidemic. Until the Parochial Committee itself, however, is purged and reconstructed there is little hope of amendment. This body and the Woking Water Company are the real sanitary evils afflicting the district.

If a story told at Lambeth Police-court the other day be true, the vigilance of the Sanitary Authority in Peckham must be a curse rather than a blessing. A working man informed the Magistrate that the drains of his house had been opened up by direction of the Sanitary Authority, but that "the Sanitary Inspector neglected to come for a week, and the result was that he had all his children down with diphtheria, and he was prohibited from working at the gas works." Mr. Hopkins suggested that the applicant's remedy was against his landlord, but the man naturally failed to perceive how the landlord could be responsible for the neglect of the officer. Mr. Hopkins, however, is apparently of opinion that a Sanitary Inspector can do no wrong, for he "undertook to say" that this functionary was not to blame, in spite

of the man's statement to the contrary." The case seems a very hard one, and I hope some member of the Sanitary Authority will see that it is properly investigated.

A revolting instance of overcrowding has been brought to light during an inquiry into a charge of concealment of birth at Oswestry. The accused is a single woman named Richards, who lived with her parents at Trefonen, near Oswestry, and it transpired that she, her father and mother, two sons aged twenty-eight and twenty-three, a younger son, and a child aged four, all slept in one bedroom—the only one the house contained—which measured 12 ft. by 11 ft. A Superintendent of Police described the condition of the house as "most pitiable," and added the astounding information that there were others like it in the village. The existence of such a discreditable state of things points to a gross failure of duty on the part of the responsible sanitary authority.

The truly sympathetic spirit which pervades the administration of the Poor Law in the Epping Union was indicated at a meeting of the Guardians the other day. A labourer named Savill applied for relief, stating that he had been earning fifteen shillings a week, but had been discharged from his situation owing to shortness of work. "Have you any money in the bank?" asked the Chairman (Mr. G. Johnson), and Savill regretfully confessed that he had not. The irony of the question will be appreciated when it is explained that upon the income mentioned the man had to maintain himself, his wife, and four children. He added that they had no food whatever in the house, whereupon the Chairman remarked: "If you can't get work, you had better move on somewhere else. If you stop here, we can't help you and your family; and, what's more, we shan't." As an exposition of good old-fashioned Bumbleism, these utterances of Mr. G. Johnson will not easily be surpassed.

Attention was some time since called in TRUTH to the outrageous overcrowding of tram-cars at Southampton, and the consequent brutal cruelty inflicted upon the horses. A gentleman shortly afterwards wrote to the Watch Committee on the subject. Below I give the reply. Cruelty to animals, it will be seen, may be practised with impunity in the streets of Southampton, unless private individuals are disposed to take the matter up. The Municipal Gallios care for none of these things. The best advice I can give the citizens of Southampton is that they should provide themselves with a new Town Council; but as that is unfortunately a matter which takes time, I hope that in the meanwhile some private efforts will be made to enforce the law, which Parliament has passed for the protection of horses, but which the Southampton Watch Committee consider should not be enforced:—

OVERCROWDING OF THE SOUTHAMPTON TRAMWAYS.

DEAR SIR, I beg to inform you the Chairman of the Watch Committee has submitted to that Committee your communication of the 25th ultimo in reference to the above subject.

I am instructed by the Committee to inform you that, after full consideration of the matter, they are not prepared at the present time to instruct the Police to prosecute for overcrowding in the Southampton tram-cars.—I am, Dear Sir, your most obedient servant, R. J. PEARCE, Town Clerk.

In London we seem to go to the other extreme. A coachman in the service of a well-known West-End jobmaster last Saturday week drove a coach-and-four to the Guildhall. While the horses were waiting there a policeman discovered a slight sore under one horse's collar. The coachman was then and there arrested, and haled before Mr. Alderman Morgan. The constable and a comrade deposed to the condition of the horse. Two grooms who were with the coachman swore that there was nothing amiss when the animal left the stable. Without any opportunity being given the accused of obtaining independent testimony or legal assistance, he was fined twenty shillings and one shilling costs—though what costs could have been really incurred Gog and Magog alone could tell us. The coachman had not twenty-one shillings about him, and his request for a couple of hours' grace in order to obtain the money was refused. While one of the grooms went off to tell the master what had happened, the coachman was driven off in the prison-van to Pentonville. On his arrival his pockets were rifled, and he was informed that (though it was Saturday afternoon, and a difficult time to communicate with people) if the fine was not paid by four p.m., he would be washed, put into prison clothes, and detained in gaol till the Monday morning. Happily assistance arrived in time to prevent that catastrophe.

Now, I am as anxious as anybody to see cruelty to animals stopped, but the above proceedings are more likely to have the opposite effect, tending as they do to bring the law and all concerned in its administration into discredit. I say nothing as to the merits of the case, though the owner of the horse states confidently that the sore which led to the charge was nothing but a trifling abrasion of the skin, which occurred after leaving the stables, and could not have been avoided. But, if it had been ten times worse than that, the coachman ought to have been summoned, not arrested. He ought to have been given time to obtain advice and evidence, and prepare his defence—not hurried into Court, convicted, and fined all in the space of an hour or two. Lastly, he ought, beyond all question, to have had a reasonable opportunity of procuring the money before being hustled off to gaol. The City authorities, Aldermen and all, would do well to understand that cruelty to horses, however detestable, is less so than cruelty to human beings.

At Ryde Police-court on Thursday thirteen sailors were charged with refusing to obey the commands of the captain of the ship *Clan Robertson*. They pleaded that they were justified in so refusing in consequence of the state of the ship and the bad quality and insufficient quantity of the rations provided, and when given the option of returning to the vessel or undergoing seven days' hard labour, the thirteen, with one accord, chose the latter alternative. The captain and two of his officers asserted that the ship was perfectly sound and the food supply good, and the Magistrates accepted this testimony as more worthy of credence than the statements of the defendants. Surely, in cases like this, an independent investigation should be made respecting the men's allegations—especially when their faith in the accuracy of their own views is so strong that they prefer to be imprisoned rather than go back to the ship.

Deep rooted indeed is the Magisterial faith in the impeccability of the police. There was a remarkable illustration of the fact at Bradford last week when Mr. Edward Sparkes, a well-known local tradesman, was charged with assaulting a young constable named Heslop. The latter asserted that the defendant was drunk, and had attacked him brutally. Mr. Sparkes's version of the affair was that, having returned home by a late train, he was knocking at the door of his residence about two a.m., when the officer came up and ordered him away. He naturally declined to go, whereupon, he alleged, Heslop struck him a violent blow in the face with his fist, and another with his staff which broke in his hat and cut his head open. He was also kicked and otherwise ill-used, and finally hurried off to the police-station.

As proofs of the ill-usage to which he had been subjected, Mr. Sparkes had a black eye, a cut and "bumps" on his head, and bruises on various parts of his body. It was shown, moreover, that he was just recovering from a broken leg and hardly able to walk, so that he could not very well have made a brutal attack on the constable. On the other hand, Heslop was obliged to admit that he did not bear a single mark of Mr. Sparkes's alleged violence; and his other statement, that the defendant was drunk, was contradicted by the Inspector who was on duty at the time of the arrest. Will it be believed that upon this evidence the Bench actually fined Mr. Sparkes 10s.? In doing so the Stipendiary (Mr. Skidmore) sapiently observed that "police must be protected." Most people will agree with me that it is rather the public who need protection, not only from such officers as Heslop, but from such Magistrates as the Bradford Stipendiary. A more abominable miscarriage of justice has rarely come under my notice.

A sensible suggestion is made by a lady who writes me in reference to the recent conviction of two men at Brighton for stealing boots from outside a shop. As I have repeatedly pointed out, such robberies must be punished, but at the same time it is a pity some penalty does not fall on the tradesman whose goods are so exposed as to offer a strong temptation to thieves. My correspondent suggests that the Bench should be empowered to fine the prosecutor a sum sufficient to pay for the maintenance in gaol of the prisoners who are thus provoked into crime. This would be far more effective than the customary Magisterial admonition.

A local butcher recently applied at the Okehampton County Court for a commitment order against the late Curate-in-charge of Okehampton for £6. 18s. for meat supplied to that ecclesiastic. The Judge refused, on the ground that the debtor is now a bankrupt, so that further proceedings would only increase the loss of the unlucky butcher. He added, "Such fellows should be treated in the same way as the pickpockets were treated here last week." The dodge of people going to live in a country town, and there running up a number of heavy bills and then bolting away, has become scandalously common. But why do tradespeople so readily give credit to persons of whom they know nothing?

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. It may be explained that the Hove Bench have been allotted a place there mainly on account of their original contribution to the vexed question whether drunkenness should be regarded as an aggravating or mitigating circumstance in the commission of an offence. Some Justices take the first view, and others the second. The Hove Solons adopt both. If they are dealing with a theft, they hold that the fact that the accused was intoxicated at the time adds to his guilt. If, on the other hand, a man is charged with assaulting his wife, drunkenness is considered such a good excuse for his conduct that he is let off with a caution. This solution of the problem has the merit of being simple, and, probably, the Hove Bench do not trouble their minds about its transparent inconsistency. By way of variation on the record of wife assaults, I have quoted two cases from Ayr and Paisley in which the usual positions of the parties were reversed. In Scotland, at any rate, wives who beat their husbands do not appear to receive the same tender treatment as husbands who thrash their wives:—

Wolverhampton Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Recorder. James Wright, indicted for wounding his wife, who was granted a separation order. He inflicted several serious wounds on her head. Three months.

Hove Petty Sessions. William Craig charged with assaulting his wife. On learning that when sober he was a good husband, the Bench admonished him and bound him over.

Blackburn Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Kenyon, H. Livesey, and G. Green. Patrick Walsh, charged with assaulting his sister, with whom he lodged, by striking her in the face and kicking her. Fined 20s. and costs.

Norwich Police-court. Before Messrs. S. Newman, F. W. Harmer, H. Curl, and H. Flowers. Herbert Smith charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her on the side of the head, knocked her down, and kicked her. Fined 10s. or five days.

Stratford (Essex) Police-court Before Messrs. R. B. Reynolds and A. S. Walford. Fred Deane charged with assaulting John Parsons, whose face was badly scarred, and who said defendant knocked him down and kicked him. Previously convicted. Fined 40s. and costs.

West Powder Petty Sessions, Truro. Before Mr. T. R. Polwhele and other Magistrates. William Gribble, farmer, charged with assaulting his wife, who was granted a separation order. He beat her as she lay in bed, and she was bruised from head to foot. She escaped in her night-dress, and in that state ran a mile over the downs to her brother's house. Fined £2, including costs.

Stafford County Petty Sessions. Joseph Gripton and William Bratton, convicted of an unprovoked assault upon Louisa Evans, a married woman, whom they knocked down and kicked. Gripton fined 20s., and costs; Bratton 10s., and costs.

Wolverhampton Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. F. A. Bosanquet. Ellen Stringer, pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of boots and two pairs of corsets. Twelve months, and two years' police supervision.

Hove Petty Sessions. George Adams charged with stealing a piece of pork. Prosecutor said he thought prisoner was drunk at the time. Mr. Henriques said that rather increased the offence. Twenty-one days.

Blackburn Police-court. Before the same magistrates. James Brown, charged with absconding from the Workhouse. Two months.

Church Police-court. Before Mr. J. Barlow. Richard Smalley, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Norwich Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. A. F. C. Bolingbroke, S. Newman, F. W. Harmer, H. Curl, and H. Flowers. Walter Sadd, a youth, charged with destroying his trousers at the workhouse. Seven days.

Stratford (Essex) Police-court Before the same Magistrates. John Clark charged with stealing potatoes from a field. One month.

Southampton County Police court. Before Sir O'Bryen Hoare, Col. O. J. A. Grimston Lieut.-Col. F. Willan, Col. F Dugmore, and Col. H. G. L Crighton. George Snow, Jame Bright, and George Hutchings charged with stealing chestnuts value one shilling, which they picked up in North Stonehan Park. Already in custody fiv days. Fourteen days each. Th Chairman said that was dealin leniently with them.

Newark Borough Police court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Earp) and other Magistrates. John F. Peet, Joh Moore, and William Nicholso charged with gambling o Sunday. Peet fined £1 or days; the others 10s. each or days.

Newport (Salop) Police-court. Before Messrs. R. T. Masefield and C. E. Morris. Thomas Welsh, charged with assaulting Thomas Hughes on two dates. After a summons had been issued for the first assault, defendant met complainant and again attacked him, one blow closing his eye for five or six days. Fined 10s. and costs, or fourteen days in each case.

Ormskirk Petty Sessions. Before Lord Lathom and other Magistrates. James Leatherbarrow, charged under two summonses with being in unlawful possession of game. A constable searched him on the highway and found eight pheasants. Fined altogether £13 and costs; in default four months.

Six colliers, charged with game trespass. Four of them stood in a road watching the other two, who were in a field with a lurcher dog. All the defendants were out of work. Fined 20s. and costs each, or one month.

Cannock Police-court. Before Lord Hatherton, Messrs. A. L. Vernon, and B. Gilpin. Thomas Colley charged with assaulting a girl aged 16, his domestic servant. She said that whilst his wife was out he took hold of her but she got away. Afterwards he seized her again and, throwing her on her side, offered her money. Fined £10 and costs.

Walsall Police-court, Before Messrs. J. Wheway, S. Russell, J. Brewer, G. Gill, and J. Moseley. Joseph Pool and Henry James charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days each.

Ashbourne Police-court. Before Messrs. C. R. Kingdon, H. C. Okeover, W. B. Bodwell, Joseph Simpson, and G. M. Bond. George Gallimore, summoned for assaulting his daughter by kicking her severely on the legs. She was rendered lame for a couple of days. Fined 10s. and costs and bound over.

Bath County Police Court. Before Earl Temple, Messrs. Bythesea, and Pole. Joseph Drewell, charged with stealing four eggs. Fined £1 and costs, or seven days.

Manchester City Sessions. Before Mr. H. W. West, Q.C., Recorder. John Hickey pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of trousers. Three years' penal servitude and three years' police supervision.

Newcastle Police-court. Before Alderman C. F. Hamond and Mr. Hedley. A Crimean veteran, named Roche, charged with begging. He was suffering from lameness, the result of an injury sustained in the war. The Bench decided to send him to prison for "a thorough cleansing," and said they would afterwards see about sending him to the workhouse. One month.

Ayr Sheriff Court. Catherine Brady, charged with assaulting her husband. Thirty days.

Paisley Police-court. Ellen Connell, charged with breach of the peace and assaulting her husband. Thirty days.

Barnet Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. H. E. C. Stapylton (Chairman), S. H. Curtis, and H. W. Taylor. George Goodage charged with cruelty to a dog. Three witnesses were called for the prosecution, and defendant himself admitted that he killed the animal by hanging it up at the back of the door and beating it about the head with a hammer. The Bench, however, said there was no evidence that he had ill-treated the dog. Case dismissed.

I am glad to hear, just as I am going to press, that the Croydon Magistrates have taken the course, which I pointed out last week as the proper one, and granted a summons against Mr. Closs at the instance of Miss Hockley. By this means the Caterham Asylum scandal may now be disposed of in the manner desired by both parties. The only pity is that this course was not taken at first.

A recent paragraph in the *Times of India* records a case in which a Magistrate at Tasgaon fined an old woman Rs. 15., with the alternative of a fortnight's imprisonment, for manufacturing salt of the value of three annas. Without any idea that she was committing an offence, the woman had boiled down some water from a stream, and thus obtained a small quantity of salt, which she used for a medicinal purpose; and that was the "manufacture" of which she was charged. My Indian contemporary quotes the case as an example of "the rather rigid manner in which the provisions of the Salt Act are enforced in the Mofussil." I feel more inclined to stigmatise it as an example of scandalous oppression and persecution. However, it is satisfactory to know that the sentence has since been reduced to a fine of one rupee.

Shuckburgh, the Bristol money-lender, is trying a new dodge. It may be remembered that this individual baits his hook with a page or two of what he represents to be testimonials received from anonymous parsons and doctors, who are supposed to have borrowed money of him. When I spoke of them in Truth as "pretended testimonials," a solicitor named Cumberland wrote to me asserting that the description was untrue. He also demanded an immediate apology, under threat of legal proceedings. I did not offer an apology, and I did not answer the letter, but I informed Cumberland and his client that if they would give me in confidence the name of the writer of one of the testimonials, I would withdraw the word "pretended." I heard nothing more after that from either the solicitor or the client. This recapitulation of facts is necessary in order to explain Shuckburgh's latest move. He did not carry out his threat of proving the genuineness of his testimonials in a Court of Law. He did not accept my generous offer to publicly guarantee the genuineness of his documents for him. But he has printed and is now sending out with his old circulars the following anonymous testimonial to the genuineness of the other anonymous testimonials:—

The following testimonial was voluntarily sent me on September 11 this year:—

"———— Vicarage,
"September 11, 1893.

"Dear Sir,—I have seen a publication in which there appears comments calling in question the authenticity of your testimonials received from several gentlemen.

"You have informed me also that other papers, with an intention probably of blackmailing you, have attacked you.

"Let me say, then, that I have seen the original testimonials referred to in your circular, and that I myself came to you at one time, when I was in immediate want of money, and asked you to assist me; this you readily did to the amount of £400, on my note of hand alone, and dealt with me throughout the transaction in a most considerate and gentlemanly manner.

"I do not think you have any cause to fear that your reputation will suffer from the scurrilous attacks of papers, which live by scandalising men of character and position.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours, "———— B.C.L.

"Vicar of ————
"And Honorary Canon of————
"To Edward Shuckburg, Esq., Bristol."

As this man is still persistently pushing his pernicious trade among country clergymen and other small professional men, it seems desirable to mention again that he bears even among his class an exceptionally disreputable character. A few weeks ago he defended an action brought against him by his own brother (whom he had endeavoured to swindle), which action resulted in his counsel throwing up his brief, in consequence of the damaging admissions extracted from Shuckburgh in the witness-box. I thus summed up the result of the case in Truth of August 17:—

The jury by their verdict find that Edward Shuckburgh endeavoured to rob his deceased brother's estate, for the purpose of depriving their surviving brother of his share of it, and that in pursuance of this amiable project he perjured himself in the witness-box. It is further proved that Edward has previously refused to hand over the share of one of his brothers in their aunt's estate; and that he had made a false declaration to the War Office in order to obtain exclusive possession of the other brother's personal effects.

Anybody who can have dealings with Shuckburgh after this deserves the worst that can happen to him.

In Truth of September 28 I suggested that the subscription list for a testimonial to Dr. Abrath, of Sunderland, having been open "for two years past," should now be closed, as a process of touting for subscriptions over so long a period, accompanied by puffs of the Doctor's methods of medical treatment, was liable to be misunderstood. On this, Mr. W. A. Currie, "Secretary for the 228 Committee of the Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders' Society, and Secretary to No. 8 Lodge of the above Society," writes me a long letter in this strain :—

> The paragraph as it stands I consider nothing short of an insult to the promoters of the testimonial, and certainly most damaging to its success. . . . . The article may be prompted by some jealous eye ; but, be that as it may, I should like to ask the reason of your interference in the matter by suggesting to the promoters of the movement that it is about time the subscription list was closed, particularly when you do not deny that Dr. Abrath is a deserving object for such a presentation. The proper time for closing the subscription list is a question neither for yourself nor your informant, but for the committee.

Mr. Currie "trusts" that I will publish a letter in this strain extending to just ten times the length of the above extract. I decline to do so—first, because such a demand on my space is utterly unreasonable; secondly, because the whole letter contains nothing which answers the obvious objections to the manner in which this testimonial is being promoted.

I will, however, answer with pleasure the question which Mr. Currie puts to me above. The "reason of my interference" was, that appeals for money are being made to the public in connection with this testimonial, and that such appeals are a matter of public interest, on which it is my business to comment. These appeals have been addressed to persons who know nothing of Dr. Abrath or the Trade Societies promoting it, one of whom actually wrote to inquire of me whether it was a swindle—which shows that the motives are not only "liable to be misunderstood," but actually are misunderstood. Having some knowledge both of Dr. Abrath and the Boilermakers, I tendered them a piece of very sound advice, and it is a pity that it should not be accepted in the spirit in which it was offered.

It seems almost lost labour to warn the public against cheats like Stockham, the bogus house-agent. A case has just been brought to my notice in which a firm of Bedford-row solicitors, who had been consulted by one of Stockham's victims, advised their client that they were afraid that he was "strictly liable to pay" the demand made upon him; and dissuaded him from defending a threatened action on the ground that even if he were successful he was not likely to get his costs out of Stockham. This shows, among other things, the mistake of trusting to old-established, highly-respectable, but intensely pedantic old firms of family lawyers against the machinations of any fairly sharp swindler. Had the victim in this instance come for advice to Truth Office, instead of Bedford-row, he would have learned that on the only occasion when Stockham ventured to take a case into court he was ignominiously defeated, and that since that date he has never gone beyond threatening any one who has had the courage to defy him.

Here are some quaint specimens of Baboo English, taken from a petition lately addressed to a British Officer in Central India :—

> Our dear god Agent Bahadoor.
> We beg to know you our hurt, illness.
>
> That Divan ——— is very angry with us, he is our foe, when your honour were at ———, we attend in your service to tell our hurt about Bill trade, after your meting. We had been to Divan to say your kindness, news, so he heard and became very angry like a mad mane, and so hot as a fire, and cry too loud voice, stood from the chair and spoke us why did you go to see Agent, and why sue upon me, what Agent can do, and what Bengal can do, they can do nothing, I have friendly with Lord North Brook, I will order and punish you, remember dont forget, . . . And Phosdar ———, also very heree and rascal man. First he was in ——— State, there he trouble the people, then ——— Mahoraja struck him and escaped out of ———. Now he come here, hurt the whole city use evill word the people, in Court, and beating and taking Roospat (bribe), he has four evil wives, and playing the whole day and night with them, &c.

Much comment, not altogether complimentary to the Agent-General, has been caused by the presentation to the Tasmanian House of Assembly of a return showing the comparative price of stationery, (1) as supplied to the Tasmanian Government by a Mr. Button; (2) as ordered through the Agent-General; (3) as tendered for by a Melbourne firm. The goods being in each case the same, and the price that for cash on delivery at Hobart, the prices stand thus: Melbourne tender, £5,721. 18s. 6d.; Mr. Button, £6,616. 3s. 1d.; Agent-General, £8,305. 0s. 6d. The Agent-General, whatever his personal or political merits, is clearly not quite the man to go to for stationery.

A good deal has been said lately in Truth as to the way in which all private trade is crushed out of the Niger Territory by the Company's prohibitive tariff. The following samples of the scale of duties in force in the Niger Territory and Oil Rivers Protectorate respectively will show very clearly how the thing is done :—

Import Duties.

	Niger Territory.	Oil Rivers Protectorate
Spirits, per gallon... ...	2s.	1s.
Tobacco, per lb.	6d.	2d.
Gunpowder...	100 per cent.	2d. per lb.
Guns...	100 per cent.	2s. 6d. each.

Other goods in same proportion.

Export Duties.

	Niger Territory.	Oil Rivers Protectorate.
Palm oil	£2 per cask	Nil.
Palm kernels	£2 per ton	Nil.

Should this Niger Chartered Company involve itself in difficulties with the French or the natives (as there is every probability that it will ultimately do), the Directors and shareholders will expect their fellow countrymen to come to their assistance. Yet it is clear from the above and many other facts that they are determined that their fellow countrymen at large shall have no footing within their dominions. For all commercial purposes, the Niger Territory is now a foreign country to Englishmen; indeed were the country under the French or German flag, it is doubtful whether British traders would find themselves treated with such hostility. The only interest which Englishmen at large have in the territory is the privilege of extricating the owners from any mess they may get into. Such is the new system of "Chartered Liability, Unlimited." And as it is in West Africa, so

it is to all intents and purposes in the Chartered Territory of the South.

Since my last reference to the matter I have been favoured with several further communications respecting State-aided coolie immigration into the West Indies. Some writers support the view originally expressed in TRUTH; others prophesy that it implies ruin to West Indian agriculture. I cannot deal with them all, but I may refer specially to one planter in Jamaica who is exceptionally strong on the worthlessness of native labour, which he considers to be amply paid for at current rates. He says:—

> On my coffee plantation the natives commence work at 9 a.m. and leave off at 4 p.m., taking one hour for "breakfast" in the middle of the day. If from rain or any other cause they do not turn out on Monday morning, they take a holiday for the entire week. None work continuously, and nine months of this kind of labour during the year is probably the utmost that they ever give. They are employed by contract, and can earn from 12s. to 15s. in four days. Considering that the climate does not compel them to buy clothes or fuel, that their "grounds" give them all they require to eat, that illegitimacy is 72 per cent. and few have household disbursements, that they do not drink, and have no ambition, you will see that they are infinitely better paid than the "gentlemen of Billingsgate."
>
> With such insufficient labour—for it is only a few that will work even as above described, the greater portion do nothing—it is impossible to cultivate any estate. In Jamaica all coffee planters are resident proprietors. No new industries can possibly be opened up without coolie immigration. Coolies in no way injure the natives who will not work, or reduce the earning power of those that occasionally do, but by their constant labour enable produce to be raised which is the only source of prosperity. To stop coolie immigration would be to reduce the natives to the state of the savage, for all capital must leave.

In regard to this, I would mention, first, that I spoke with more particular reference to Trinidad, and, so far as I can discover, the economic conditions in different West Indian islands differ considerably. As to the nigger or the creole, the view above given of the value of his labour is not universally held, and cannot be universally true. I understand that on the tramways at Port of Spain the employés—three-fourths of whom are black—work seventeen hours a day for seven days per week, without any allowance for meals. The pay is 3s. per day, and there has never been any difficulty in obtaining any quantity of labour on these terms. English tramway Companies would be only too happy to find themselves in the same position. In Demerara, gold mining Companies have been paying 2s. 8d. a day for labour of the most arduous kind, and have had no difficulty in finding it. I hear from George Town that the demand had quite cleared the town of coloured idlers. A month or two back one of these Companies desired to engage sixty men in Trinidad, and 600 at once presented themselves. The gold-mines have so drained the coloured labour off the estates in Demerara that the planters have actually raised a cry for a tax on the gold industry on this ground. Yet in the face of facts like these the Trinidad Government has just been arranging for the importation of 3,000 coolies during the season 1893-4.

The truth I take to be that the nigger will work if sufficient inducements are forthcoming, but that he declines to put himself to any inconvenience as long as a "bare subsistence wage" is held out to him. In this he shows his wisdom; and if the climate and the social conditions help him to act up to this principle, so much the better for him. The "governing classes" may corner him, of course, by importing coolies, but I take the liberty to doubt both the morality and expediency of that policy; and, personally, I would not stir a finger to save from extinction any industry which can only be carried on upon such conditions, since it is confessedly an industry which exists solely for the benefit of the capitalist. I am glad to see that there are white men of my way of thinking in the West Indies, and that the policy of encouraging the negro to acquire land and generally to improve his social position is being advocated—in Trinidad at any rate.

An official proclamation just issued at Freetown gives notice that "whereas, owing to the depredations of the Sofas the slave trade is rife in the districts of Kuniki, Koranko, and parts of the Mendi country within the sphere of British influence; and whereas it is desirable to prevent the Sofas from obtaining flint-lock guns and common gunpowder," the Governor will be compelled to exercise sundry restrictive powers vested in him, unless merchants take measures to prevent arms and ammunition being obtained by these Sofas in the Colony. Here it seems to be expressly admitted that the slave trade is "rife" within "spheres of British influence." To prevent the raiders obtaining arms and ammunition in the Colony is very pretty as far as it goes, but if "British influence" is incapable of suppressing the slave trade altogether, it does not seem to me good for very much.

Is there still a Liberal Association in Tory Paddington? I ask in view of the following communication from a friend residing in that constituency. If such an Association still exists, it would seem that there is room for a considerable expansion of its activities:—

> I migrated into Paddington from another metropolitan constituency at Christmas, 1890. Consequently, by the operation of our inquitous registration system, I did not get on to the Register till October, 1892, and was disfranchised at the last General Election. Immediately after I became qualified, a Conservative agent called and made inquiries as to my political sentiments; but in the whole time I have been here, now nearly three years, the Liberal organisation has never troubled itself about me. When the time came for me to make my claim last year, I called at the office of the Liberal Association and filled up my form. At the same time I informed the clerk that if he would let me know when I was duly on the Register, he might book me for a subscription to the Association. One would have thought that this would have stimulated him, but I have never heard a word from the office to this day. Since that, the Liberal Association has disappeared, and its offices have fallen into the hands of a so-called "Ratepayers' Protection Association." For anything I can learn to the contrary, the Liberal organisation in this constituency may be defunct. Can you enlighten me on that point? There are not many Radical voters in my immediate neighbourhood, but that seems to me only the more reason why the few there are should be carefully cultivated.

Circumstances alter cases. I recorded not long back how the Conservative Association at Kensington had gone to work to collect money (even from Liberals) for a wedding present to Miss Borthwick. I do not suppose that they previously asked permission of the young lady or her father. How different is the attitude of his neighbours towards the noble bridegroom! At a meeting

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING for BREAKFAST and SUPPER is EPPS'S COCOA, made with boiling water or milk. Sold in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

at Cirencester the following grovelling resolution was passed :—

That Earl Bathurst be asked to allow the inhabitants of Cirencester and district to offer for his acceptance a wedding present.

When it is considered desirable to begin by passing a resolution to ask this august being to allow a wedding present to be offered for his acceptance, to what depths of abasement will it be necessary to descend in presenting the offering, should his lordship graciously deign to permit it to be offered to him at all? I presume that the deputation will crawl before him on their knees, and fall upon their faces when he addresses them.

From the evidence of my letter-box during the last week, I conclude that "Comm.-General J. O. Hamley, C.B.," has been sending out another batch of invitations to all sorts and conditions of men, including a large number of prominent Radicals, to become members of the Junior Conservative Club at a guinea a head. "Although this Club is political," says Comm.-General Hamley, "it is intended to strictly maintain its social prestige." The idea of maintaining the "social prestige" of a club by touting for members in the same way that an advertising tailor touts for customers is decidedly original. It is astonishing that men in the position of the Marquis of Londonderry, Baron de Worms, Sir George Baden-Powell, and others should allow their names to be used in these touting operations, which must do the Party a vast deal of mischief.

The following letter addressed to me last week may amuse some of my readers. Despite his professions, I cannot see anything in this "Suffolk Saxon" but a Suffolk Tory, dressed in what he supposes to be Radical clothes. A countryman who can write as good a hand as this one does, and knows how to spell a name like Kaulbars, would not spell Dilke with a small "d," or triple with two "p's." Neither would any Radical accuse me of crying "Vive la Russie." The French alliance with Russia is an unnatural alliance, which would never have come into existence but for the policy of Prince Bismarck :—

Ipswich, October 3, 1893.

MR. LABOUCHERE,—In case of an European struggle you states in last week's TRUTH you would like see the french victorius: Now has an Englishman I thinks its time to hit out straight from the shoulder. I don't know whether you are a born frenchman or a german, but don't you think this combination between france and russia is a rotten one. Has a radical myself, though its against the old cause, I should like to see the tripple alliance maintain the surpremacy by all means. I would rather be under the tripple flag than be under such brutes has Gourki, Kaulbars, and a few more of them. O you Republican's Vive La Russia. Ay, if that visit of the russian fleet to Toulon ain't enough to make you and Charley dilke cry ago I shall be very much surprised. Just ask John burns what he thinks. He'll rub it into you on this Vive la russia. All I hope whether it come's in my time or after I'm dead and gone the tripple alliance will be victorius.—I am, Yours, &c.,

A SUFFOLK SAXON.

If the Unionists are minded to delay the passing of the Parish Councils Bill before Christmas, probably they will be able to do so. Except, however, on the general tactical principle that it is a mistake to allow your opponents to do anything that may redound to their credit, it is doubtful whether the Opposition would not do itself more harm than good by obstructing a measure on which the rural electors have set their hearts.

Far more important is the course that is to be pursued next Session in regard to Home Rule. It has passed the Commons and it has been thrown out by the Lords. Any one reading Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speech and interpreting its phrases in their direct sense finds himself in a difficulty. The House of Commons is to send up to the Lords a number of important British Bills, and, at the same time, Home Rule is to rise from the waves under which it is temporarily submerged. It is evident, however, that the British Bills will occupy so much time that if they are to be sent up to the Lords there will be no opportunity to re-discuss Home Rule—unless Providence vouchsafes to Mr. Gladstone the power of Joshua, the son of Nun, to arrest the course of the sun and the moon, a contingency which is hardly within the area of practical politics.

I have never seen why the time of the existing House of Commons should be taken up by further discussions on Home Rule. We have carried it in the People's House. The Lords have thrown it out, and there is not the slightest doubt that, if sent up to them again by the present People's House, it will encounter the same fate. Either the country approves of this action, or it does not. If it does not approve, it will say so when the time comes. If it does approve, it will not alter its mind because the Bill is thrown out twice instead of once. Will the Irish remain in London through the next Session, it is asked, if Home Rule be not brought in a second time? If they do not, they will be exceedingly foolish; and not only foolish, but ungrateful. The majority of the Members of the House of Commons were elected in order to carry out certain reforms in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Ireland has had its Session, when the British Members sat night after night voting for Irish Home Rule. Next year it will be the turn of the Irish Members to sit night after night voting for British Reforms. If there is to be no reciprocity of obligation between them and us, how can the alliance hold? A General Election will see the end of it.

In Mr. Gladstone's indictment against the House of Lords I fully agree. I should have been glad, however, had his conclusions been somewhat more definite. As I understand him, the future existence of the Lords is to depend upon whether they pass the Home Rule Bill in the present Parliament. If they do not, the country is to be asked to approve both of Home Rule and of their extinction. If they do, that Assembly is to be allowed to last on. Now I am for their extinction whatever they do in regard to this Bill. Their plea for throwing it out is that the country is with them. As a matter of fact, the country has declared itself for Home Rule. They insist that this is not so. If this be their opinion, they are bound to act upon it, and to insist upon an appeal to the country before the Bill becomes law. They exist, so far as I understand, for the express purpose of securing this appeal, whenever they deem that the country is with them. I therefore no more blame them for throwing out the Home Rule

Bill than I should blame a mouse for eating a cheese into which it has been introduced by the owner of the cheese. The owner has to accept the consequences of his own folly. If he has a grain of sense, instead of arguing with the mouse, and informing it that it will be slain if it misconducts itself, he would avoid leaving his cheese at the mercy of mice.

It is as much in the nature of a body of hereditary Tory legislators to oppose Radical legislation as it is in the nature of mice to eat cheese. Their tendency must always be to imagine (sincerely, perhaps) that the country, on second thoughts, will come to their way of thinking. They can lose nothing by giving themselves the chance of being in the right; and, by adopting this system in regard to all Radical Bills, they at least put on their side the factor of time. They are like gamblers, who, when they find that they have a bad hand, insist on a re-deal, in the hopes that they will better their luck. If, as Mr. Gladstone says, the House of Lords has persistently done evil, if they are a permanent obstruction to all sound legislation, then let him appeal to the country on the direct issue of their extinction. His arguments all go to this conclusion. Why, then, hesitate to formulate the conclusion? Why make action dependent upon that of the Lords on one particular Bill, and tell this pernicious assembly that their existence depends upon their agreeing at once to pass the Bill?

Parliament cannot legislate, Mr. Gladstone tells us, because it is overcharged with business, and the country suffers from this legislative paralysis. Nothing is more true. But what is the remedy for this? Home Rule all round. Why, then, does he hesitate to draw the conclusion, and to appeal to the country to give effect to it?

For my part, since I have taken an interest in public affairs I have preached, in season and out of season, three articles of faith:—1. That all hereditary rights of legislation ought to be abolished; 2. That every citizen ought, so far as is possible, to have an equal share in electing the ruling Council of the nation; 3. That all local matters ought to be relegated to local assemblies, leaving the Imperial Parliament to deal alone with Imperial measures. It is a mere waste of time to advocate this or that reform when we know that the House of Commons does not contain a numerical representation of the country; that its pace is that of a one-legged cripple; and that when the cripple does manage to stumble a little along the legislative path, there is a gang of hereditary obstructors that kick him back to the starting-post.

Let us, by all means, send up a few good Radical Bills to the Lords next Session. Their rejection by the Lords may be a useful object-lesson. But when we appeal to the country the appeal ought not to be on these Bills, but upon the larger issue whether the legislative machine is to be democratic, or whether it is to remain as now, a machine which can never be expected to do democratic work.

SCRUTATOR.

A GIRL, BOY, AND MAN FLOGGER.

THE following advertisement has been appearing during the last few weeks in the *Standard* and one or two other London papers:—

> A clergyman's daughter, strict disciplinarian, gives lessons to unruly boys, girls, and adults. Advice letter, 5s.; home consultation, 6s. 6d.; corporal punishment from 8s. 6d. Visits all parts; terms according to distance. Rods, &c., supplied, 1s. 6d. each.—Mrs. Peirce, Lime Cottage, Lancers-road, Hounslow.

This announcement—detestable enough, upon the face of it, to excite amazement at its appearance in the columns of a respectable journal—emanates, as might be expected, from one of the vilest and most degraded beings that ever traded upon the weaknesses of human nature. Since her first advertisement appeared I have had her under observation. One or two ladies and gentlemen have also been good enough, at considerable violence to their own feelings, to enter into negotiations with her on my behalf. I will briefly indicate the result, and leave the reader to judge whether any expression of loathing or scorn can be too strong for a creature such as I am about to describe.

The woman has been seen at the address which she gives in her advertisement—a small detached house, with a garden in front of it, in a somewhat lonely situation. She is described to me as a middle-aged female, probably about fifty, short, but strongly built, and of unprepossessing features. Her correspondence and speech show her to be illiterate. Her manners are coarse, and her language shamelessly obscene. The statement which she makes, that her father was the Rector of Cranbrook, is simply incredible. But on all these points her own letters and conversation are better evidence of her character and antecedents than any statement or description which I can furnish. Let her be her own witness. Here is a letter which she wrote a few weeks ago, to a lady who, at my suggestion, had written to inquire whether she would undertake the treatment of "an unruly girl of 17." If it were necessary I would reproduce the epistle in facsimile; but it is enough to say that, in penmanship, in punctuation, and in the indiscriminate use of capital and small letters, the communication is just such a one as might be expected from a washerwoman of ordinary education:—

> Lime Villa Lancers-road Hounslow
> September 8 1893
>
> MADAM—It is quite an impossibility to answer your questions as I could wish without receiving further details I think if like the Dr without it is an incurable *disease* I shall *use* My own experience and deep read studies how to *act* in such a case
>
> If you will kindly remit me My *fee* of 5s. stamped directed Envelope for *reply* stating fully the case and all symptoms then I shall be Most happy to send you My letter of *advice* and how you should act in such a *case* I am Madam yours Obediently
>
> MADELINE S PEIRCE

The following letter was written by her to a gentleman, who, in answer to the advertisement, sounded the woman as to the treatment which she would prescribe for his motherless daughter, aged fourteen. The particulars of the régime at Lime Cottage are specially interesting, in

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CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

view of such information as is available respecting the appointments of this agreeable household:—

Lime Cottage Lancers Road Hounslow
August 19th 1893

SIR—Thanks for your letter and remittance Sorry to hear of your unruly child My advice is to *you* let her have a *good spank* —— with a *severe* birching or *so* This her being a Girl you are unable to administer YOURSELF I will take her in hand and strange if I do not turn her out an *obedient* good *Girl* a comfort instead of a curse which every spoilt wilful and *disobedient* child is to any *parent* or *guardian*

She must be treated as a Child Girls of that age now a days fancy they are *women* and know *More* than their *Elders* I dont know how you are situated as regards being able to have her corrected but I could receive her here for *Corporal punishment* also I could receive *here* from one to three weeks *residence* I am a Widow Middle aged without family and only receive *one* pupil at the *time* She would be treated with kindness and firmness Prayers Night and Morn Church or Chapel on Sundays I should take her for long walking *exercise* daily Hours of rising 6 30 a M retiring at 9 30 p m her Bed room *next to mine* 3 Meals daily Breakfast Tea or Coffee Bread and butter with relish at ½ to Eight a m Dinner 1 30 Meat 2 Vegetables Puddding or Tart

Tea Bread Butter Marmalade or Cake If wished *for* before retiring a peice of Bread and Cheese with a Glass of Milk or Lemonade The same Drink for Dinner I have a long Garden My House is a detached one containing 6 rooms washouse etc 5 Minutes walk from Houns low Station Waterloo line or 8 from the District line

If you think well I could see you here on MONDAY after Eight in the *evening* or Tuesday by *appointment* here but Not on Monday in the *day* having several Engagements I could come up to Town on Tuesday and wait upon you Fee 7/6 at my house here 5/ Railway fare being paid Second Class and omnibus fare being paid *one* way by you A Personal interview is most desirable by knowing the girls *faults* etc I could better advise you she being unfortunately Motherless as she is just coming to a very critical age My system is to cure not to kill and Turn my Pupils out loveable obedient Children a blessing Not a curse to their Parents I am Sir yours Obediently M S PEIRCE

The house where this creature thus offers to receive a girl of fourteen, to be "treated with kindness and firmness," is a small cottage, roughly furnished, and occupied apparently by no one but the Flogger and an elderly man, who seems to spend his time between digging in the garden and making excursions to a neighbouring public-house for beer and spirits. There is no servant. No stranger is admitted to the house who has not previously shown his *bona fides* by paying 5s. for a personal interview with the Flogger. A gentleman who called unannounced the other day, seeing smoke rising from a chimney, waited about for half an hour, and hammered at the door till he was tired. He then walked round and looked in at the windows, and, catching sight of a woman in one room, rapped upon the glass till she answered him. This woman then opened the front door an inch or two, and, on the caller asking for Mrs. Peirce, informed him (while keeping herself carefully out of sight) that Mrs. Peirce was in London, and could only be seen by appointment. In all probability the speaker was Mrs. Peirce herself; but, whoever it may have been, the incident is suggestive enough as to the character of the house and its inmates. God help any poor motherless child condemned to a few weeks of "kindness and firmness" there!

The gentleman to whom the letter quoted above was written, desiring to know more of his correspondent, paid his five shillings and in due course presented himself at Lime Cottage. There he was rewarded by the Flogger unbosoming herself of all the details of her abominable trade, not only without any show of compunction, but with a brazen defiance of modesty and decency which speaks conclusively as to her character. She stated that she goes about London flogging girls and boys. She uses a birch, which she makes up herself. She has a "tawse" for use if desired, but prefers the birch, as being at once safer and more efficacious. She always, however, commences the operation by "spanking" with her hand. The interviewer having expressed scepticism about the efficacy of "spanking," she invited him to hold out his hand and try it, and gave him a blow which (he deposes) left him no desire for a second. Anxious to complete his knowledge, he next held out his hand for a taste of the birch, and received two blows from the shoulder. "I pity," he says, "the girl who gets one such blow." One, however, is out of the question. Mrs. Peirce's minimum allowance is eight or ten "spanks," followed by sixteen strokes with a birch, which would be increased to eighteen, twenty, or five-and-twenty at discretion. The *modus operandi* she described with the most offensive minuteness and relish, but I will spare the reader a recapitulation of it. She stated that she had recently flogged one girl twenty years of age five times in a fortnight. If girls began to scream under the operation, she forced into their mouths a woollen pad covered with silk. The interviewer asked if girls never resisted. Oh, yes. One sturdy girl of eighteen—more power to her, say I!—had kicked the Flogger in the face and left a mark still visible. The same girl had also kicked her on the ankle and broken it, in consequence of which (by her own account) the Flogger walks a little lame to this day. In view of this painful experience the Flogger is now equipped with a pair of handcuffs, which hold the victim's wrists, a similar pair of articles for the legs, and a strap which she passes round the body. Thus bound, hand, body, and foot, and with a gag in her mouth, the most "unruly" young woman is warranted to take her twenty or five-and-twenty strokes without inconvenience to anybody but herself. Hysterics occasionally ensue, but a glass of water or lemonade is found by the Flogger sufficient for that complaint. It is desirable, however, to make the girl stand in the corner (still bound) for a few minutes in order to counteract the tendency of the punishment to make the blood fly to the head. The Flogger has, however, a yet more telling sedative than this. "After the whipping," she said, "I give them a good lecture and read them a chapter of the Bible. I always carry my Bible with me for this purpose." Here, it will be seen, the "Clergyman's Daughter" comes out.

At the time of this interview, the reference to "adults" in the advertisement which I have quoted above had not appeared. The woman was only advertising for "unruly boys and girls." Of her own accord, however, she proceeded to inform her interviewer that she was in the habit of birching not only boys and girls, but grown men. At this point she entered into filthy and obscene disclosures where it is impossible to follow her. What, however, I would ask the reader to mark is that the whole of this horrible confession was poured out voluntarily, and with the utmost gusto, for the delectation of a gentleman who had ostensibly come to consult this foul-mouthed vixen

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

respecting his own daughter, and whose child the woman was actually offering to receive into her house for a course of "kindness and firmness," accompanied by "family prayers night and morning." The reader may draw his own conclusions as to the class of parents and guardians who are in the habit of conferring with this woman with a view to the moral and spiritual improvement of their children. I should, perhaps, add that the gentleman above referred to is not in any way connected with TRUTH, and is prepared to testify in a Court of Justice to everything above stated, and to a great deal more, which no newspaper could print.

Being anxious, if possible, to obtain against this loathsome creature some evidence which would bring her immediately within the reach of the law, I commissioned another gentleman to approach her on somewhat different lines. His object was to ascertain whether, besides ministering to cruelty in its most hateful form, she made it her business to pander to yet baser vices. With this interviewer (who had also paid his five shillings for personal advice respecting a troublesome girl) the Flogger was even more frank than with his predecessor, which is perhaps easily explained. At an early stage of the proceedings the visitor suggested that a little liquid refreshment would facilitate negotiations. He produced the money for that purpose, and the "Clergyman's Daughter" at once disappeared with it, returning presently with a bottle of whiskey and some soda-water, of which beverages, particularly the former, she partook liberally. Under this genial influence she became extremely confidential, informing her visitor at the outset that they had better speak plainly and have "no mock modesty," and herself adhering faithfully to this principle throughout the conversation. After a few particulars of her experience in flogging girls, she volunteered an account of her exploits as a man flogger, detailing, with a sickening wealth of detail, and utter insensibility to shame, the objects and incidents of this phase of her infamous trade. To enter into this part of the disclosure is, as I have said, out of the question. It may be stated, however, as some explanation of statements otherwise almost too revolting to be believed, that the Flogger alleged that her "adult" clients were chiefly ascetics of a certain school, who, it would seem, come to her in order that she may "whip the offending Adam out of them." From the circumstantiality of her statements, little room is left for doubt that this part of the story is substantially accurate; and, indeed, there can be no reason why the woman should go on advertising herself as a flogger of adults unless she has found that there is a demand for her services in this direction.

With a view to the more immediate object of his visit, the second interviewer sounded the Flogger as to her willingness to allow a third party to witness her prowess with the birch. When confidence was fully established, he went so far as to admit that he was desirous of arranging for an elderly friend of his, who had a depraved taste in this direction, to witness the whipping of a young girl under the most sensational circumstances. When it came to this, the Flogger, notwithstanding the whiskey, was on her guard. She was beset, she said, with such applications from old men and young; but the risks were so great that she preferred to keep to the legitimate business. Still it might be managed, if the money were forthcoming in sufficient quantity, and if her visitor would condescend to a little deception on his elderly friend. As regards money, it would be in any case "a £5 job." What if they—she and her interviewer—divided the £5 between them? He (the negotiator) could then, for a reasonable consideration, procure a woman of a certain class who would submit to the operation. She (the Flogger) would arrange details and accessories so as to satisfy the old gentleman that he was witnessing the whipping of an innocent school-girl. Such was the proposal; and, after promising that he would give it the fullest consideration, the visitor took his leave of Mrs. Peirce. At this point, too, I think I may also leave her.

A word of apology is perhaps due to the readers of TRUTH for asking them to follow even thus far these shocking and offensive revelations. Many, I doubt not, will say that such things ought not to be published. With this view I most emphatically disagree. There is no means for dealing with a vile wretch like this but by turning on to her the full light of day. There is no means of putting a stop to such infamous abominations but by describing them as they are, and calling upon public opinion to assert itself. Most carefully have I deliberated for several weeks past upon the possibility of entrapping this woman in the meshes of the law, and crushing her by some other means than exposure in the columns of TRUTH; but, short of playing the *agent provocateur* myself and entangling several innocent persons in a criminal conspiracy, with at the best but a doubtful prospect of success, every means that could be thought of to this end has proved impracticable. Under these circumstances, I adopt the last resort of dragging this creature before the public, showing her in all her native hideousness, and leaving the public or its authorised representatives to deal with her.

But on one point let there be no mistake. I mean as to the truthfulness of this woman's account of herself. If the circumstantial details of her statements to a series of witnesses did not carry conviction, all doubt would be dispelled by the letters—her "business correspondence"—which she showed to one of the two gentlemen whose reports I have given. A pile of this correspondence was produced by her. There were answers to her advertisements from "parents and guardians" all over London and the immediate neighbourhood; letters fixing appointments; letters with reference to cases already under treatment. I repeat that there is, unhappily, no room for doubt that this Hounslow Girl-Flogger is doing a roaring trade. I commend that fact specially to the consideration of the manager and proprietor of the *Standard* newspaper, who have done more than any other person to find the creature a plentiful supply of victims. I have no desire to criticise unfairly the contents of the advertisement columns of any of my contemporaries. I am a journalist. I know

TYPEWRITERS of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane.

the exigencies of the trade, and the accidents which will occasionally happen in spite of every watchfulness. But no excuse of this kind will avail the managers of the *Standard*. It is not the first time, nor the second, nor the third that they have been convicted of allowing the use of their columns for the worst purposes. Nor can it be pretended that the character of such an advertisement quoted above is open to any doubt. Though he may know nothing (because he does not choose to inquire) of the character of the advertiser, the newspaper proprietor who publishes this infamous announcement consents, for payment of a paltry three or four shillings, to assist in procuring "boys, girls, and adults" to be flogged by this unsexed harridan at eight-and sixpence apiece. This has been done day after day for weeks by the managers both of the *Standard* and the *Evening Standard*. Nor do they stand alone. Not to mention its appearance in a slightly modified form in a leading "ladies' paper," the advertisement has been lending unusual piquancy to the sanctified columns of the *Christian World*. If this selection of journals has any significance at all, it means this—that among the ultra-respectable and the ultra-religious the professional Flogger of girls and men looks for her most valuable clients. And to all appearance she does not look in vain.

When on previous occasions I have held up to the public gaze other practitioners of this vile trade, there have not been wanting those who have had the audacity to maintain that flogging in its most indecent shape is a useful and wholesome discipline for girls, and the professional Girl-Flogger a valuable adjunct of civilisation. I trust that one of the results of the above detailed description of a distinguished educationalist of this school will make an end once and for all of this pernicious and sickening cant. Without hesitation I assert that the "parents" or "guardians" who can for a few shillings hire a coarse, illiterate, and foul-minded virago like this to outrage the bodies of their daughters or their wards are not a single degree less infamous than the creature who takes their money and does their bidding. It would be an insult to every man and woman who reads these lines, if I doubted that they will hold this opinion as strongly as I do. If, however, any decent-minded man can for a moment feel a doubt about it, let him picture to himself his own daughter or sister stripped, gagged, bound hand and foot, writhing and bleeding under the blows of a she-devil such as I have described. The pretence that any influence for good can be exerted by such an ordeal of humiliation and brutality is only a lie uttered to conceal a crime. One motive and one alone lies at the root of these vile practices, and that motive is cruelty in its most hateful and prurient form. This hideous hag from Hounslow, when she goes her daily round, birch in hand and Bible in pocket, is, in fact, simply the vile instrument procured to gratify some of the basest instincts of humanity—the unnatural hatred which parents, after the manner of the lower animals, occasionally conceive against their own offspring; the impious travesty of religion, which finds in the infliction of pain a devotional exercise; or the most depraved form of lust, which satisfies itself by the torture of its object. For such purposes as these, and such alone, the professional Girl-Flogger of to-day plies her trade. That such a calling should be exercised day by day unchecked, that it should be freely advertised in the daily newspapers on the footing of an ordinary business undertaking, is a disgrace to any nation which allows such abominations to go on in its midst. If there be a law which can deal with this foul iniquity, let the law now do its work. If not, let public opinion demand that the law be forthwith armed with power to repress Girl-Flogging, and all kindred barbarities, as it has repressed a dozen others many degrees less revolting and inhuman.

A MATTER FOR LORD ROSEBERY.

For a year or two past I have, at every available opportunity, warned the public against the elaborate swindle which is usually described as "The Spanish Prison Trick." Whatever effect, however, a few appropriate notices in TRUTH may have upon the operations of our native swindlers, the case is different when the parties are resident beyond the jurisdiction of the British Courts. I venture to hope that the repeated references to the matter in TRUTH have done something to spoil the game of these rascals, and to reduce the number of their victims in Great Britain and Ireland; but unfortunately I am not yet able to reach every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, and until the day—I hope it may not be far distant—when I am able to do so, there will always be some opening for swindles of this kind. For this reason I venture again to call the attention of certain authorities, who have it in their power to act with some effect, to the scale on which this game is being worked, and the duty of stopping it if it can be stopped.

I need not explain again in any detail what the Spanish Prison Trick is, or the different forms which it assumes. The principle of the thing is this: There is a *soi-disant* political prisoner, who states that he is incarcerated in some Spanish gaol, usually Barcelona or Saganto. He writes to a gentleman in this country, with whom he usually pretends to have some remote or ancient acquaintanceship, to entrust him with the secret of a vast treasure, buried over here in a political emergency, and to beg his assistance in recovering it. If the party thus favoured responds, he is next informed that full particulars and instructions for the recovery of the treasure are being forwarded by a confidant of the prisoner in a trunk with a secret receptacle, and he is promised a certain share of the money for himself, if he faithfully discharges the trust committed to him. If he swallows the bait to this point, the next step is the sad announcement that the trunk has been seized at the suit of the landlord of the hotel or lodgings lately occupied by the prisoner, and will not be released until the little bill of £10 or £20, or whatever it may be, is paid. As I have already stated, cases have been mentioned to me in which persons have been induced by this story to part with considerable sums—in one case as much as £40—in order to release the mysterious trunk; and the fact that letters from the Spanish prisoner are being every week received in almost all parts of

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and not a few of the Colonies—while the trick is also being played, to my knowledge, in France, Germany, Hungary, Algeria, Chili, and I know not in how many countries besides—shows that the trick must succeed often enough to repay the labour and expense of carrying it on upon this scale.

That the Spanish police could track down the gang engaged in this business and put a stop to the swindle, if they chose, there cannot be the slightest doubt. The whole game being carried on through the post, there is no difficulty in finding the parties who receive the letters intended for the imprisoned proprietor of the buried treasure. On the evidence already accumulated at TRUTH office, I would back any Scotland-yard detective to run down the whole gang in a few weeks. In point of fact, the Spanish police already know all about them. This is proved by, among other things, a very interesting letter which I lately had from a French gentleman in Algeria, giving his experience of the swindle. A friend of his having received one of the usual communications from the Spanish prisoner, and having his suspicions about that worthy, my correspondent went on his friend's behalf to consult the nearest Spanish Consul. It so happened that the Spanish Consul had formerly been the head of the Secret Police at Madrid, in which capacity he seems to have been introduced to the swindle. He stated at once that the political prisoner and his buried treasure were the subjects of constant inquiry at Spanish Consulates abroad; and that within his (the Consul's) own knowledge three "naïfs" had sent the interesting prisoner considerable sums—one of them a gentleman at Valparaiso, another the Maire of a Commune in Algeria, and the third a French nobleman residing in the same country. The Consul maintained, however, that the police of Spain had found it impossible to lay their hands upon "ces aigrefins cosmopolites." To this I must respectfully demur, not only for the reasons which I have already given, but because a police raid was actually made upon one of the gangs in either Madrid or Barcelona a few years ago under circumstances which I have already mentioned. To my mind there cannot be any reasonable doubt that if the facts as they have now been described in TRUTH, and in not a few provincial papers, were made the subject of a formal representation by our Foreign Office to the Spanish Government, the Spanish police would very soon find a means of stopping this lucrative game. The matter is fully deserving of such a representation, and quite as important as more than half the daily business which diplomatists transact. I hope, therefore, that Lord Rosebery will give it his attention, and if any of the documents in my possession, relating to the subject, will assist his lordship in doing so, they are at his disposal.

SULLIVAN AND GILBERT AGAIN.

Both Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have seen the error of their ways. A flirtation such as the one indulged in with poor Cellier, and the other with Mr. Grundy, may be all very well for a midsummer frolic; but, after all, two establishments are poor economy, so the pair have come together again, with Mr. D'Oyly Carte as mama-in-law. Each is henceforward *chef de famille*, no tame cats being allowed, but with mama-in-law to keep house and choose and decide (if she desire to do so) upon all the household arrangements, down to the pattern of the carpets. To Mr. Gilbert, who has not contributed anything to the Savoy since the production of "The Gondoliers," in 1889, has been vouchsafed a double measure of grace. Time was when, like the Utopians of his present story, he wasted his great talents on "dreams of nothingness." Satirising Mr. Oscar Wilde, for example, was pure waste of time, particularly as the barb had little chance of penetrating the hide. The Japs and the Beefeaters, the police and the pirates, were likewise poor quarry for such a huntsman, while, even in so popular a piece as "Pinafore," there was something of the breaking of a butterfly on the wheel about the satire lavished upon the "First Lord." But in "Utopia (Limited)," whatever its defects may be, Mr. Gilbert, at any rate, deals with matters interesting to people of the present day. The shafts levelled at Anglomania will, perhaps, best be appreciated by the American market, but the Company Promoter with a capital of a few shillings—

> Do you suppose that signifies perdition?
> If so, you're but a monetary dunce.
> You merely file a winding-up petition,
> And start another Company at once—

we have always with us, as Mr. Registrar Emden can testify; while equally familiar figures are the officer who in time of war "represents a military scheme in all its proud perfection," and the Q.C.,

> Who demonstrates, beyond all possibility of doubt,
> That, whether you're an honest man, or whether you're a thief,
> Depends on whose solicitor has given him his brief.

The County Councillor, who "dwelling-houses sanitates, and purifies the Halls," is, moreover, not absolutely unknown to the present generation; while our old friend Captain Corcoran, now promoted from "H.M.S. Pinafore" to the command of an ironclad, is still bound to qualify with the familiar "Hardly ever," the sweeping assertion that he "never runs a ship ashore." To my Radical mind it certainly seems a pity that that most grotesque of British institutions, the Court Drawing Room, has not been made the subject of the satire to which it so easily lends itself; and perhaps more fun might have been got out of it were it not for the chance that "Utopia" has of presentation at Windsor at Christmas. Indeed, except to make envious Sir Augustus Harris, who was present in a grand-tier box, it is not quite easy to understand why this procession of Court officials and Court trains was introduced at all. It smacks of the milliner's shop, the stage is too crowded to allow of a proper setting of the trains and a full curtsey; and almost the only individual who gained any satisfaction out of it was Mr. Rutland Barrington, who, though mightily uncomfortable in the full uniform of a British Field-Marshal, doubtless solaced himself with the promiscuous osculation of sundry young women in white. But the parody of a Cabinet Council, Ministers arranging themselves in a semi-circle and after producing banjos, bones, and tambourines, singing a glorified Christy Minstrel chorus, would have delighted the heart of Lord Rosebery; and I have no doubt the character of a Company Promoter who becomes a Courtier and eventually Controller of the Royal Utopian Household may equally interest Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gilbert, however,

deals out his satirical hits with nice impartiality and without wounding the susceptibilities of any save the thinnest skinned. He puts forward a theory of "Despotism tempered by Dynamite," but the "Public Exploder" is so timorous that he is obliged to pull bon bons for practice. That he makes a sordid jack-in-office financially interested in an "Army Clothing Concern" would seem to indicate that our author has learned something from a perusal of TRUTH, while nothing can be better than the confident assertion, "You know you can't help believing an affidavit," and the despair of the Utopian Anglomaniac who is obliged to fall back on his own gibberish because, "in the language of that great and pure nation (England), strong expressions do not exist." Of course, several of the characters are more or less familar to us, as the two demure Princesses are of the family of the "Three Little Maids from School," and the Life Guards and the Duenna are old friends. On the other hand, what Mr. Gilbert meant to be made of the parts of the Wise Men, who are always ridiculous and often dull, even two such excellent comedians as Messrs. Denny and Le Hay were hardly able to make clear. The music, full of charming things as it is, is not by any means the best that Sir Arthur Sullivan has given us. According to certain possibly uninspired newspaper paragraphs it was written with great rapidity, but if this be the case, it seems a pity that the composer did not allow himself further time. Some of his songs are so thinly accompanied as to give rise to the impression that the scoring is not yet complete, and the setting of Mr. Gilbert's really poetical eulogy of an English girl is by no means up to the ordinary Sullivan standard. Elsewhere he is in a far happier vein, and in many instances, which need not be particularly enumerated, a delicious stream of melody runs through the voice parts. There are also at least two examples of almost unaccompanied part music, which at the Savoy is always popular, besides plenty of dances, and in the first finale music of a higher character. Whimsical use is made of snatches of "Rule Britannia," "St. Patrick's Day," "God Save the Queen," and other tunes, and the re-introduction of "So Here's Three Cheers, and One Cheer More," from "Pinafore," one of the earliest successes of the partnership, was received with genuine applause from all parts of the house. Still, if there be nothing in "Utopia" with the lilt which sends the audience out of the theatre a-humming it—such as the "Three Little Maids who all Unwary," from "The Mikado;" "Sing Hoity Toity," from "Princess Ida;" "I've a Song to Sing O," from "The Yeoman of the Guard;" and "No Possible Doubt Whatever," from "The Gondoliers"—the new opera nevertheless contains plenty of excellent music. No doubt in a few days the fun will be worked up, and the first act will play closer than an hour and three-quarters; but at present Mr. Rutland Barrington, as the Utopian King, is responsible for most of the fun, while Mr. Kenningham, Miss Brandram, Mr. Fisher, and Miss McIntosh (the new comer suffering severely from stage fright) had the chief singing parts. Every stage detail has been looked after by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. C. Harris, down to the parquet flooring of the Drawing Room and the printing of the title-page of the "Palace Peeper," as the King's private scurrilous newspaper is entitled; but, although the stage show is at once gorgeous and tasteful, I beg politely to doubt the correctness of the rumours which put the expense of mounting the new Savoy opera at £10,000. Half that amount would be much beyond the sum a new and original comic opera usually costs.

THE FORESTERS.

The critical gentlemen who are appointed to preside over our dramatic destinies, have—with a very few exceptions—elected to pooh-pooh and cold-shoulder Lord Tennyson's "Woodland Masque." And to tell the truth, the public appear to agree with the majority of the critical gentlemen, for they have remained away from Mr. Daly's theatre with a unanimity quite remarkable. As a general rule, the vast proportion of the playgoing public go to see for themselves. When critics disagree, who shall decide but the critical playgoer? But in this case the public never attempted to decide the question one way or the other. They simply did not go. I am sorry for it, because they missed what was to my mind a very delightful entertainment. The comic business might have been a little crude and archaic, but then we can forgive the want of true sense of humour in such a poet and lyrist as Tennyson. Humour was not the great bard's forte. Once upon a time he wrote a poem called "The Skipping Rope," which appears in the second (Moxon's) edition of poems by Alfred Tennyson. Thus it runs:—

Sure, never yet was antelope
  Could skip so lightly by.
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
  Will hit you in the eye.
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope,
  How fairy-like you fly;
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope,
  I hate that silly sigh.
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
  Or tell me how to die.
Here, take it—take my skipping-rope,
  And hang yourself thereby.

It seems to me that the mere humour of the witlings in "The Foresters," of the merry men of Sherwood Forest who imitated old crones like the late Mr. Woodin, the entertainer, or Mr. Howard Paul, who pricked one another's calves and danced with gouty pain; of the lion-hearted Richard who came back from the Crusades in armour to play buffets and punch the chests of the brawny outlaws—was just on a par with the Skipping Rope of 1838, the antelope and the "dearest" who was nearly hit in the eye. But there was far more in "The Foresters" than this nursery and schoolboy wit. The success or failure of the play did not depend on that.

First of all, there was Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, by far the most beautiful that he has ever given to the poetic and pastoral drama. His musical ode "To Sleep," his forest songs, his manly English carols, will live and endure long after the "Woodland Masque" as an acting play is dead, buried, and forgotten. Next, there was the acting of Miss Ada Rehan as Maid Marian, a happy combination of her Rosalind and Viola, as the character and subject happily suggested, the very performance that the poet-author would have desired. But the critics would not accept Miss Ada Rehan any more than the play. They actually fell foul of her exquisite and artistic rendering of a little crooning love song in the first act, a gem of vocal expression and declamation,

and said that the song and the songstress should be relegated to "limbo" along with Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Mephistophelean song in "The Tempter." I suppose it is my bad taste; but the song by Miss Rehan in "The Foresters" and that of Mr. Tree in "The Tempter" struck me as being exactly what was required in the situation. To my mind it was far more natural to see and hear Miss Ada Rehan leaning over the lilies and singing her song to the summer air, and to observe Mr. Tree skipping about with his mandolin, than to welcome an affected prima-donna who, in order to sing, brings her concert grimaces and affectations to the stage, or the dull and meaningless tenor who cannot say anything unless he comes down to the footlights and pats his heart. The Charles Surface supper-scene in "The School for Scandal" is invariably spoiled by Charles, his friend, with a song, or Sir Harry Bumpus with a song, who appear in this fastidious company in the form of some obese and moustachiod tenor, who throats out his ditty and puts the whole picture out of drawing. Now, Ada Rehan and Beerbohm Tree never do this. Be this as it may, "The Foresters" as a play is doomed, however much it may endure as a poem. I should have thought that the gentlemen who talk so much about the regeneration of the stage and the revival of the poetic drama might have helped even a lame dog over a stile. But when the poor dog tried to jump they hustled him away, and positively threw stones at him. It was a great occasion for the superior young man, the youth of some twenty odd summers who talks of the Tennysonian, or Macaulay, or Browning ballad as "pastiche, toujours pastiche," who turns his nose up at "Chevy Chase" and believes that the ballad of faultlessness was invented by Rudyard Kipling and the lyric by "Dodo." The superior young man had a field-day with Tennyson. He had happened to have read Peacock's "Maid Marian," and was very indignant with the Poet Laureate for daring to attack such a subject when Peacock had spoken the last word on it. In fact, he told the greatest lyrist of the century, the poet who has written the lyrics in "The Princess" and "Maud," the poet who in this very play has written the "Ode to Sleep" and the ringing epilogue, "Now the King is Home again, Never More to Roam again," that it required so little courage on the part of Tennyson to vie in the matter of woodland elegy with Peacock! And yet there are extant such woodland poems as "The Talking Oak" and "The Gardener's Daughter." But the superior young man is a wonderful personage. He has helped to kill "The Foresters" because he prefers Peacock to Tennyson.

"THE TWO JOHNNIES."

Pantomime-farce has still a hold on the public. They like their fun, their complication, their intrigue, their comic acting, but they also like their "rally." In Mr. Fred Horner's new farce all goes well and smoothly for—say half an hour or so. Mr. Frank Wyatt is excellent as a Charles Wyndham sort of hero of Palais Royal frivolity. Mr. Lionel Rignold as an illiterate but good-hearted tradesman is of the school of the late Mr. David James. Mr. Charles Glenney, a forcible and experienced actor, forces the fun along by his natural vivacity and impulse. There is no better farce-actor than your ex-tragedian or ex-melodramatic actor. The force they have been taught to bring out is of the greatest advantage for blustering, boisterous farce. But this is not enough for your farce audiences. At a certain given point the curtain has to come down with a crash. We must have broken chairs, smashed crockery, and disordered comedians. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Rignold, Mr. Glenney, and all the rest of them cease for the moment to be sane beings, and, metaphorically taking off their coats, keep the "pot a-bilin'" on a stage buttered slide. It is not, perhaps, a very edifying entertainment, but the people who pay are sure to like it. And who should say them nay? Mr. Horner's farce, borrowed, of course, from France, is neither better nor worse than its predecessors. But it is acted as well as such trifles deserve.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ON THINGS SARTORIAL.

THE attempts made by a syndicate of Franco-Viennese tailors, under the auspices of Le Prince du Chic and other high patronage, to revive the bright raiment of the courtly noblemen of the last two centuries, and of the dandies of the Directory, have fallen through. The fact that men-servants have had for nearly a hundred years a monopoly of many-coloured garments militates against the revival. "Les gentlemen" of "le high-life" do not like to be dressed as they are in the habit of seeing valets and other hirelings, such as paid huntsmen and whippers-in. Besides, the railway and the tramway have entered too largely into the habits and customs of our time, not to make for the retention of the plain dark woollen garments which came in at the Revolution, and held their own against the dandies of Thermidor. "Le gentleman" whose life is a hunt after amusement might find advantage in arraying himself in those fine feathers which the proverb tells us make fine birds; or, in other words, arraying himself in the silken stuffs specially manufactured for Worth's fair customers. But *l'homme distingué* would not. The plain, black-cloth evening suit throws into relief his personal distinction, and really helps to set him on a pedestal. Have you ever seen a really fine-looking man, with mind and grace of manner, who looked as well in fancy-ball finery as in ordinary clothing? Were there a return to the silks, satins, brocades, and the like, the point-lace ruffles, the beribbonments, hat feathers, and diamond buckles of the Versailles courtiers, there must needs be, for harmony's sake, a return to the flowing or the full-bottomed wigs. Divest Louis XIV. of his wig, and leave the rest of his clothing on him, and what a ludicrous object you will at once have before the eye of your imagination. Strip a beau of the Lord Chesterfield period of his powdered wig, and you will have a being not less absurd. Ladies themselves

Ulsters, Overcoats, and Capes are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

have been obliged to yield to the pace of the times in wearing close-fitting, tailor-made apparel, and in getting rid of skirts that stood in the way of frequent trips and tours and visits to the distant houses of friends. When they take cumbrous trunks to the seaside, unless they have villas of their own (and sometimes even then), they expose themselves to endless bother and expense, to say nothing of laying themselves at the mercy of hotel landlords. Fine clothing is also out of place at *tables d'hôte* and casinos. Smart, neatly made dresses, as easy to pack as a man's suit, and got up with a perception of the values of tints and hues, *demi* and *rompus*, are what are now most required in town and country. The crowded state of most ball-rooms make them also requisite there.

Anent things sumptuary, my attention was called the other day by an Italian lady to a lace trimming she was wearing that belonged to the First Pretender, and could be identified with *canon* knee-frills that he was represented to be wearing in a portrait which she also possesses. She is descended from a near relative of the poet Alfieri, to whom the lace and the painting were given by the Countess of Albany—the former for shirt ruffles and the latter as a work of art. The Countess, I need not say, had cut Charles Edward to devote herself to Alfieri. The portrait is in the style of the French eighteenth-century school, but, though a gem, by an unknown painter. The lace is thought more valuable, it being of the *point d'Angleterre* which was so highly prized at the Court of the Merry Monarch, and is now *introuvable*, unless in pictorial counterfeits and a few museums.

Prince Kotchebey, who recently married the daughter of the late Duke and of the ever-youthful Duchesse de Leuchtenberg (Comtesse de Beauharnais), is a grandson of Bressaut the actor. The Princess, *née* Bressaut, married a second time a M. Paul d'Artigue, who was a Sub-Prefect of Gambetta at Laon in 1870, and a man who had not much intellectual bullion, but quantities of small coin. He did not get on well with his Franco-Russian connections. Another Prince Kotchebey married some years ago a daughter of Marshal Serrano. She is a star of Parisian society, and has been a link between the Russian Grand Dukes, who are now at St. Sebastian and Biarritz, and the great world of Madrid. They and the Grand Duchess Wladimir go to *soirées priées*, given by the Duchesse de la Torre (Maréchale de Serrano), who does not forget that she was once in all but title the Queen of Spain. The Duchess having let this year her villa at Biarritz, has not been the hostess of the illustrious Russians who have gathered there and at San Sebastian.

Prince Menchikoff, who recently died at Baden-Baden, settled there many years ago, and remained faithful to that pretty town after the gambling tables had disappeared. He led a rather monotonous life. One of his amusements was a drive which he took at regular hours in a showy equipage drawn by a team of piebald horses. The first time I saw this turn-out I took it to be a circus advertisement. The Prince was descended from Menchikoff, the pastrycook whose clever impudence fascinated Peter the Great. He did not, as a favourite of that barbarian, sleep on a bed of roses. Voltaire gives the story of his adventures, which have been the subject of hippodrome drama. He managed, however, to leave a great fortune. The share inherited by his Baden Baden descendant will go to a Prince Gargorine.

I could not help, after a turn round the northern passes of the Alps, running back to sun myself again in Italy. It was like coming from the North Pole and its grim horrors to, say, some equatorial place in winter. The train encountered a snowstorm at Goschenen, and burst into sunshine and balmy air at Airola. The sun awoke me at Locarno in the morning. Hotels and boarding-houses managed by Northern Swiss make this place and Lugano recommendable for persons needing a genial climate in winter. Beds are always good and clean. There are no people in the world who get more for the money taken from them in taxes than the Swiss. I believe that jobbery is unknown in their Federal, Cantonal, town, or parochial councils. These bodies are slow to spend, and always spend to good purpose. The Italian Communal Councils might often give lessons to Tammany.

I hardly wonder there is such a fine soil for Socialism of the desperate kind now in Italy. North Italy is the richest part. None the less, one is struck with the stunted, starveling, careworn appearance of the lower-order women. Barefooted and ragged children swarm in the towns and villages. I should not mind the bare feet—which are preferable to ill-shod feet—if the brats were blooming. But they, too, looked unhealthy. There is a great outcry just now among the men against the French and the Pope, who are supposed to be playing into each other's hands to destroy Italian unity; and those who make it blame the King for sending his son to Metz. The middle-class young and youngish women are good-looking. But good looks fade fast in Italy as the glories of the evening. There is no intellectual pleasure to fall back upon, and so the elderly woman of every class, in the long sad dusk of her life, addicts herself to devotion. They have a heart-broken look in the churches as they invoke their favourite saints and the Virgin. St. Joseph's chapels are generally surrounded with careworn devotees. If they had not the church to go to, what would become of the poor souls? It is to them what the wattle is to the climbing pea. Their nervous agitation is lulled there. Mechanical prayer is a great soother, and they can, if they like, improvise supplications. Above all, hope is kept alive by their visits to the churches, and this is no small gain. These devotees feel dimly that a great truth lies behind the pictures of the glorified saints, martyrs, and of the triumphant Queen of the Angels, whose heart was pierced even as their own. I am sorry to say they prefer modern daubs of the stations of the Cross to the faded masterpieces in fresco: though I did notice a crowd before Luini's astonishing "Ecce Homo" in the Ambrozio Church. It stood startlingly out from the wall like a real man. The two artless ministering angels that stand to right and left prevented sadness from reigning overmuch in this picture. I never saw figures with more wonderful relief, and in which there is less straining after effect. The Man of Sorrows—resigned, mournful, and

simple in his lofty heroism—is there before our eyes, and his personality fills the old church. Crypt chapels also seem favourite resorts for the devout. I noticed with surprise that confessionals are not busy on Fridays and Saturdays, as in Paris; but baptistery chapels are much more often filled with christening parties than in France.

To turn to a profane subject, Biffa's Caffè, in the splendid Victor Emmanuel Arcade, is now the assembly-room of the Milanese, from the noble down to the small mercanti. Ladies avail themselves of this place of refreshment and conversation. They can dine or sup if they choose, and a gentleman is not needed to come with them. There is no possibility of imposition, scales of charges for meals being posted up on large cardboards in prominent places. One can have a meal for two to six lire, and for one lira more it will be served in a private room. One does not see at Biffa's any of those painted and smirking ladies who are legion in the Parisian Boulevard cafés and beer saloons. The tone of the place I now speak of is good, and a straitlaced person could not object to anything. A charming band plays in an upper gallery.

You are right to drop down on those who seek to fight their way forward by making a fuss about the graves of celebrities. Let me call to your attention a Sister of Charity of a teaching order who lives in an upper Alpine village. She is mistress there of the Communal School. I was taken to see her by a Vestryman of the Commune. The schoolhouse is a poor one, the children whom she teaches run about in bare feet. Her life should, one might fancy, be depressing, but it is not. Her recreation is to look after neglected graves in the village cemetery, to plant flowers round them, place field flowers on them, to see that when they are at all monumental they are planked over in the snowy season, and to put away the crowns of beads and enamelled metal in winter and hang them on the tombs in summer. There would be nothing but crosses to mark most of the graves in the common burial-ground were it not for Sister Theopanthes' care in making little garden plots on them. I never saw a sweeter or a brighter woman. There are three nuns in the schoolhouse, and she is the head one—a reason, she thinks, to cultivate the virtue of humility. She only speaks German. I was struck with her clear intellect, and I thought what a happy thing it was for human creatures in the plastic and imitating phase of life to have constantly before their eyes such a living poem.

A society for the protection of field flowers and plants has been formed at Geneva. Its present aim is to stop the vandalism of excursionists who, not satisfied with culling small nosegays which would suffice for souvenirs, play havoc by tearing up wild flowers by the roots and carrying them home in basketfuls. Different species of Alpine flowers have almost disappeared. Is not the flower dear to Lord Beaconsfield (in salad) also threatened with extinction in England? The society I speak of has heard that it is. Would that another society, and an efficient one, were formed for the suppression of disfiguring advertisements! It might find a means of action by getting all who join it to pledge themselves to give no custom to any tradesman who disfigured by advertisement any rock, hillside, picturesque place, or other natural object that embellishes a landscape. Some of the grandest spots of the St. Gothard gorges are made ridiculous by gigantic hoardings, or by having advertisements painted on them in flaring colours. The right has been sold by the municipality of Monza to corkscrew round the trunks of the plane-trees on each side of the high road to Milan not less staring advertisements of a Swiss soap. For a couple of miles the eyesore they form stares one in the face. The impecunious Royal Commune of Monza has a right to let the trunks of the plane-trees, but so has the public to combine against the goods of a soapboiler who makes himself a nuisance. Another manufacturer is bargaining for the power to cover the side of Vesuvius and the rim of the crater with advertisements. Each mountain-side where there is a rack railway in Italy, Switzerland, or Savoy is now made hideous with hoardings. Tradesmen are not to be blamed for trying to suggestionise the public in this way, but the public are geese not to unite in putting a stop to it by giving the advertisers reason to feel that their labour is in vain.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THE following letter, dear Lady Betty, has been addressed to me by a personage whose position compels me to attach an importance to the communication which it would otherwise certainly not possess:—

"Sir,—I have observed of late a distressing decrease of that proper respect and deference which are due from woman to man. The flushing of the cheeks, the faltering accent, the timid terror in the presence of man, which were formerly such gratifying tributes to our overwhelming intellectual and physical superiority, are seldom to be seen now. It grieves me indeed to notice that the modern woman not infrequently assumes even a critical and supercilious attitude towards us which is almost disconcerting.

"The women of my youth affected ecstasies at the sight of a shapeless baby; the merest suggestion of evil sent a shiver through their frail forms; they clasped their pet pug dogs with artless fervour; and their musical and incoherent prattle was a soothing accompaniment to a good dinner. But the modern woman positively affects to be intelligent, and wearies us by insisting that we shall talk to her seriously!

"We men have to work, and when we seek the society of women we expect to enjoy that sense of passive superiority which is so pleasant a contrast to the fierce struggle of our real lives. Instead of this, we are confronted now by experienced, critical, would-be intelligent women, who require us still further to strain our energies to secure their approval.

"But the woman of to-day is a big, bold, bad thing that stalks sturdily into a room and at once asserts control over all the men who may be present there. I am absolutely terrified at her, and feel in her presence much as a toy terrier might be expected to feel alongside of an elephant.

"I had always imagined that women were an afterthought; a luxury added to life when the rest of creation had been completed. After innumerable centuries of bewitching inferiority, why has woman developed, in the last twenty-five years, into the masterful, aggressive, big-bodied creature that she so frequently is now?—Faithfully yours, ——."

I take it that women are very much the same still that they always were. We have yet to learn what Adam thought of Eve. She ruined him, it must be remembered,

in less than twenty four hours, which was a very remarkable performance, considering that Eve was only the first woman.

* * * * *

The office of Viceroy of India is still going a-begging. The post has not as yet been offered to Lord Carrington, but it is highly probable that it will be, as also that Lord Carrington will accept the appointment. Putting Party politics aside, the Duke of Fife would make an ideal Viceroy. He is very wealthy, and his alliance with the Royal family would ensure a most popular welcome for him throughout India, where a Princess of the Blood for a Vice-Queen would gratify the native population. The Prince of Wales favours the proposal, but other considerations beyond that of mere fitness have to be taken into account in disposing of so great a prize in Party patronage.

The Countess de Bylandt, the widow of the late Netherlands Minister, is expected to return to London almost immediately. The Countess will remain in England some weeks.

The Grafton Galleries will, in all likelihood, reopen early in November with an exhibition of decorative art, which will, however, close after some five or six weeks, and will be followed by a Winter Exhibition of Modern British and Foreign Artists. On May 1 will be opened a unique exhibition of art in its relation to woman. Around the walls are to be hung portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated women of past and present times, whilst the collection will also comprise such other artistic embellishments associated with women, as lace, fans, embroidery, and jewellery. A Committee of ladies, including, amongst others, the Duchess of Portland and Lady Granby, has been appointed to assist in the selection and arrangement of the exhibits.

The Gallery Club will re-commence its Sunday evening smoking concerts on the re-opening of the Grafton Galleries in November.

It will be remembered that Mr. George Salting purchased over thirty-five thousand pounds' worth of *objets d'art* at the recent sale of the Spitzer collection in Paris. Most of these treasures have since been, by his kind permission, exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. One of the best amongst them is an equestrian statuette of the school of Antoine Pollijuolo, for which Mr. Salting paid twelve hundred pounds. Either through carelessness or from ignorance the descriptive label attached to this by the Museum authorities is altogether misleading. The "Antoine" is omitted—there were two brothers, one the sculptor and the other the painter; the "P" is written like a "C," and the name is otherwise misspelt by the omission of the "j" in the centre of the artist's name. This is in some way a small matter, but if the collection at South Kensington is to be of use in instructing the public about art, these small matters become exceedingly important. Moreover, such an error throws doubt upon the knowledge possessed by the authorities themselves, which is altogether more serious.

I venture to suggest a trifling improvement which might be made both at the National Gallery as also in the picture galleries at the South Kensington Museum. It would greatly assist visitors if the names of the various artists whose works are exhibited in the particular rooms were hung up at the entrances. For instance, wishing to look at certain pictures by Bonnington at South Kensington a few days ago, I was compelled to abandon the attempt, as in the mass of pictures I was unable to find where those I wanted to see were hung.

The English have no real artistic instinct. A visit to Westminster Abbey will prove this to any one who requires proof for so self-evident an assertion. In the centre of the nave there is a brass placed over the remains of Robert Stephenson. I have no desire to be irreverent, but anything more irresistibly funny than the figure of Stephenson engraved upon this, arrayed in a frock-coat, it is impossible to conceive. It is only to be matched by the painted glass window erected to the same celebrity in the north aisle which is covered with pink, blue, and green railroads, railway trains, and, if I recollect rightly, ticket-offices! This is Art in the Abbey!

The late Sir Francis Chantrey, by the way, did more to spoil Westminster Abbey than has any other man since Henry VIII. Amongst others of his misdeeds he deliberately destroyed and carted away the greater part of a magnificent old stone screen in order to make room to introduce his abominable monument to James Watt! Not content with this, he scraped off all the inlaid and painted work upon the monument over the remains of the Standard Bearer at Agincourt in order to prevent these clashing with the dead white marble of his outrageous statue!

The late Dr. Jowett was no doubt a man possessed of a very marked individuality. I should think that he was an essentially kind hearted man, who had a brusque manner and many prejudices. But if we are to judge of his wit by the surprisingly feeble anecdotes that have been made public since his death, it must have been of a very meagre kind. So far, not a single story has appeared which has even a suspicion of wit about it, and if his admirers have nothing better to give us than they have given already, they had much better desist at once.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE policy which has been pursued with Self Sacrifice merits severe censure, but I cannot see that there are any grounds for the interference of the Jockey Club. If the owner of the mare desired to sell her, certainly he had an unquestionable right to do so, and, having regard to past transactions, I am inclined to think that the people who are raising such a chorus of vituperative cackling would expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. I may congratulate myself upon having warned my speculative readers the week after Doncaster to leave Self Sacrifice alone, for I then had good reason to expect that there would be some hocus-pocus with the mare, and that Newcourt would ultimately turn out to be the Malton candidate. I do not believe that Self Sacrifice would, under any circumstances, have won the Cesarewitch. In the Leger she was heavily backed for a place, and failed to secure one, simply through lack of stamina, as Le Nicham fairly outstayed her. If, therefore, the Leger course was beyond her capacity, how on earth could she be expected to win over the longer and more severe Cesarewitch course? If people will rush in and back animals belonging to "astute owners" who make a pure business of racing, they need not be surprised if they get the worst of their transactions in the end, and this tragedy of Self Sacrifice is just precisely the issue upon which any reasonable speculator might have calculated. The whole affair bears an equivocal appearance, but it is all nonsense and rubbish to indulge in harebrained clamour for the interference of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The practical lesson which backers may learn is to defer their investments until the latest possible moment, an arrangement which would, at least, give them the certainty of a run for their money. The owner of Self Sacrifice would have done well to abstain from taking some of the sporting reporters into his confidence after Doncaster, and it is difficult to understand his object in doing so, unless (which is surely incredible!) he desired them to write up the Cesarewitch chance of Self Sacrifice, and thereby grossly mislead the simpletons who are guided by their dissertations.

Lord Stanley has succeeded Mr. Rose (who is apparently intending to retire from the turf) in the occupation of Suffolk House, Newmarket. Lord Stanley has several horses in training, and I hear that Lord Derby intends to keep a few, and he will probably establish a small breeding stud.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

I have repeatedly recommended in TRUTH that a rule should be passed by the Jockey Club providing that all objections on the ground of misstatement, omission, error in entry, or other technical pleas (except in the case of alleged fraud) shall be made before the race is run, which would put an end to much smart practice of the most discreditable description. I am glad to see that this much-needed reform is to be proposed by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, at the meeting of the Jockey Club, which will be held at Newmarket on the 25th, and it may be hoped that it will be passed.

The sale of the late Lord Calthorpe's breeding and racing studs will take place to-morrow at Newmarket, and in that line it is by far the most important event of the present year. There is likely to be some brisk bidding for the Isonomy sire, Satiety, and Petrarch will no doubt realise a fair price, although he is now twenty years old. As to the mares, fifteen in number, it is expected that Sir Tatton Sykes will secure Seabreeze for the Sledmere stud, but the facts that she has no foal and that she has been sent this year to Trayles are not calculated to stimulate competition on the part of the "public" breeders. The yearling out of Seabreeze is by Crafton or Trayles. Heresy, by Hermit, has been sent to St. Simon. She has a colt foal by Satiety, and her yearling is a colt by Satiety. Ste. Alvère, by Hermit, has been served by Donovan, and she has a colt foal by St. Simon, and her yearling is a colt by Satiety. Symbol is own sister to Geheimniss, and she cost 2,000 gs. as a yearling, but never did any good on the turf. She has a yearling colt by Kilwarlin, and she has been served by Petrarch. Devote is own sister to Thebais, and she was bought from the Duchess of Montrose in 1886 in the lot of yearlings which included Satiety and Seabreeze. She has been served by Satiety. Legality, by Isonomy out of Ste. Alvère, has been served by Petrarch. Stray Shot, the dam of Shotover and Martini, was weeded out of the Blankney stud several years ago. This mare represents one of the best strains of Sir Joseph Hawley's famous blood. She has a filly foal by Satiety, and has been served by that horse.

Of Lord Calthorpe's twelve racehorses, Buckingham will excite the most interest, and if there is a good race in this horse Captain Machell will probably buy him; and if any of the two-year-olds are smart they are not likely to be allowed to leave Bedford Cottage.

There was a large field for the £5,000 two-year-old stake at Kempton Park on Friday, and the race ended in a very fine finish between two animals, both of which had been well tried. Apart, however, from the first two, I do not believe that they were a good lot. As to Galloping Dick, he behaved like a mad horse, keeping the field muddling about at the post for half an hour with his infernal antics, and when at last the flag fell he ran like an arrant rogue. If Galloping Dick would do his best he would discover himself as being the smartest two-year-old of the season, as nothing could be better than his Richmond Stakes race at Goodwood, and he is certainly the highest bred animal of his age. Match Box, who won for Lord Alington, is by St. Simon out of Match Girl (half-sister, by Plebeian, to St. Blaise), and his only previous appearance in public has been at Sandown Park in July, when he ran behind Delphos and Glare, being then so preposterously backward that he might just as well have remained at Kingsclere. He had been highly tried by Porter for last week's race, and I understand that he is considerably superior to Bullingdon, but it remains to be seen whether he is endowed with the stamina for which the Duke of Westminster's horse is remarkable among the two-year-olds of the season. Match Box may possibly run for the Dewhurst Plate if Ladas is an absentee on that occasion, and next year he is in all the great races, beginning with the Two Thousand, in which the Kingsclere stable wanted a representative, as Bullingdon is not engaged.

Match Box is a fine, powerful, racing-like colt, and full of quality. He was lucky to win from Lord Durham's Son o' Mine, who had also been well tried, and if he had got away as well as did the winner, and if he had held as good a place in the race, he would not have been beaten. Son o' Mine has no other engagement this year, and next season his first race is the Hastings Plate, on the day before the Two Thousand, and he is in the Newmarket Stakes and in the Derby. Son o' Mine is by Isonomy out of Alibech, and, therefore, own brother to Ali. He is a great slashing colt, and capable of much improvement. Silver Image, who finished a bad third, is a handsome filly, but she cannot be smart, as the moderate Sir Jacob was close up with her, and he was giving her 6 lb., while she was receiving 13 lb. from the first two horses.

Mr. Mark Price, who died last week, had for many years managed the Manchester race-meetings with consummate ability, but it is really too much for the sporting papers to have the effrontery to state that during the latter years of his domination there "upwards of £45 000 a year has been given to be competed for." Everybody who has taken the pains to look into the conditions of the "great stakes" at Manchester, and to work out the financial results, knows very well that in most of these the whole of the money was really subscribed by the owners of the horses engaged, and that, in reality, only a comparatively small sum was yearly drawn from the enormous fund on account of added money.

It is to be hoped that next year the conditions of the Cesarewitch and of the Cambridgeshire will be altered, in that all winners after the publication of the weights will be obliged to carry penalties. It is most absurd and fatuous that the winner of a trumpery £100 handicap should have extra weight to carry if it starts for either of the Newmarket events, whereas Raeburn, winner of £8,000 at Manchester, and Prisoner, who carried off the Doncaster Cup, escape altogether. There is no reason whatever why any distinction should be drawn between weight-for-age stakes and handicaps in making the arrangements, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club will do well to put an end to the present very anomalous state of affairs.

There is a great deal of eulogistic trumpeting in the sporting papers about the proposed new racecourse for Birmingham. Considering the frightfully plethoric condition of the list of fixtures, any addition to it would be most unseasonable. It is only a few years since the Four Oaks scheme was floated with a prodigious chorus of ecstasy, but it ultimately collapsed after a most dreary career, and, remembering that abject failure, it does seem very strange to hear already of another scheme of the same kind in that district. Birmingham can evidently get on very well without a racecourse in the immediate vicinity, and surely the sporting inhabitants of the place find their tastes amply catered for at Warwick, Derby, Leicester, and Dunstall Park, all of which meetings are within such easy reach.

Mr. Vyner has refused an offer of £20,000 for Marcion, and it is hoped that this good horse will stand another preparation. I am informed that Mr. Vyner intends to have Marcion trained with a view to his running for the Ascot Gold Cup, and it will be a most interesting race if Isinglass is also included in the field. The dreadfully hard ground at Ascot last June gave Marcion a serious shaking, but he has since been very judiciously managed, and there is every reason to anticipate that he will stand training next season. I saw it stated last week that Marcion will not start for the Jockey Club Cup, but, as a matter of fact, he is not engaged in that race, and as he has been doing no work for a long time past, there is not the least chance that he will run again this season.

There will be racing next week at Gatwick and Sandown Park in the south, and at Newcastle and Thirsk in the north.

The Great Sapling Plate of £1,000 at Sandown will be won by Delphos, if he starts, and I should fancy that he will run for this race, as he has no other engagement, except the £2,900 stake at Liverpool next month, which apparently he cannot lose.

The Amphion Plate of £1,000 is a stake for two-year-

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olds and upwards, the distance being a mile. A very bad lot of animals are engaged in this race, and the entry does not include any two year olds which have distinguished themselves. Buccaneer is not likely to start, and he is the only animal of any renown among the older horses, now that St. Damien has quitted the turf. I should think that Ravensbury is tolerably certain to win the stake for Mr. Rose if he is all right.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The Stock Exchange has taken another little step during the past week towards a revival of confidence and a disposition to deal again, and there are some indications of growing interest on the part of the public. The movement is as yet somewhat half-hearted and confined to the South African and South American departments, operators, after all their bitter experience of the protracted depression, having to walk before they can think of running, but, barring accidents, there appears now to be a fair prospect of the improvement gathering strength.

Politics and Finance.

The chapter of accidents, of course, may play the "House" a few more tricks. Thus, a fresh political upheaval in South America would at once put a stop to the incipient recovery in securities connected with that volcanic part of the globe. The situation reminds me of a bon mot of Fould, when Minister of Finance of Napoleon III. The Emperor was complaining that Fould did not take care of French Rentes, and allowed quotations to slip away. "Sire," said the astute financier, "faites-moi de la bonne politique et je vous ferai de bonnes finances." If only the politics in Argentina were now to settle down, we should have a marked recovery in all Argentine and many allied stocks, prices of which are still at a very low level. As regards the United States, "bonne politique" in their case means the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill. Whenever that comes about—and it is now reported to be close at hand—a substantial rise in American Rails will no doubt follow, but it cannot come before. In the Colonial market the success of the New South Wales Loan is a very favourable point as showing that confidence is reviving amongst investors; and it is to be hoped that the Colonies will not disturb this hopeful development by rushing greedily into the markets with fresh loans, forgetful of their promises of retrenchment and abstention from the contraction of further debts. The most active dealings have taken place in the Kaffir Circus, and prices have advanced to a considerable extent, especially the shares of the substantial mines of which I published last week a list, with dividends paid in 1892 and 1893. This upward movement is fully justified by the position and earnings of these mines, and should not only gather strength but also set the rest of the mining market going. Money is plentiful and cheap, the directors of the Bank of England having lowered the rate to 3 per cent., and Continental politics are not for the nonce a disturbing factor. The coal war is the chief trouble in this country; but even that must eventually come to an end, and whenever it is settled home securities will revive. In the meantime there is quite a little "Bear" fidget in oversold securities, amongst which I may mention Brighton "A," Argentine Funding bonds, Nitrate Rails, Mexican Rails, Oceanas, &c., and whenever business gets more active operators for a fall will contribute a big share towards the hoisting of prices.

Home Rails.

The "Bears" are making frantic efforts to save their position in the southern passenger stocks. Their latest device was the spreading of rumours of an alleged intention of the South-Eastern to apply for fresh capital powers, and of a hitch in the amicable relations between the South Eastern and the Chatham. The result was a temporary decline to 68¼ in Dover "A," but a recovery has set in on the contradiction of these absurd rumours, Brighton "A" refused to be kept down any longer, and recovered to 147½ on attempts by the "shop" to cover some of their "short" sales, reacting, however, on fresh selling. At the commencement of this account sales were made for a fall, so that the "Bear" commitments should prove even larger at the impending settlement than at the preceding one. It is true that traffic returns are wretched, the total gross decrease since July 1 being now £53,588, but it should not be forgotten that a large portion of this decrease is due to the falling off of the coal traffic in consequence of the strikes, and will consequently be recovered whenever the latter come to an end. The traffic receipts obtained from coal by the Brighton line during the second half of 1892, with which comparison is now made, amounted to no less than £130,000, and as stocks are low everywhere along the line, it follows that a considerable increase in the goods department may be looked for when coal is again forthcoming. That is a point which the "Bears" are beginning to realise, and which will impress itself more forcibly upon them with the termination of the coal war. It equally affects the other southern passenger lines, notably the South-Eastern, and it is, therefore, giving hostages to fortune to sell Dover "A" short under 70. A wise step, and one which appears to have been facilitated by the more amicable relations with the South-Eastern, appears to be the discontinuance of the ruinous club train service by the Chatham Company; but it would be still more comforting for the shareholders in both Companies to hear that a satisfactory agreement has been come to in the negotiations concerning the Channel service with the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*. The traffics of such leading heavy lines as the Midland and the North-Western continue to suffer severely from the coal war, yet quotations of these stocks have actually improved. North-Eastern, on the other hand, curiously enough, remain stationary, although this line now shows small increases. Great-Eastern have also hardened, holders sticking tight to their stocks, and thus greatly disappointing the ursine contingent. The Scotch stocks are also improving, which is not surprising, especially in the case of Caledonian Deferred, which are very cheap. Sheffield "A" have lost all their recent buoyancy, but I shall not be surprised to see these and Metropolitan District improve again, the latter having the re-opening of Olympia to help them in the near future.

Yankee Rails.

The silver Senators in Washington are still talking against time. If ever the old adage, "Speech is silvern, silence golden," applied, it does to this idiotic ranting of the silver men, and it is quite time that steps should be taken, as is proposed by Senator Voorhees, to bring matters to an issue. It is reported that there is a majority in favour of unconditional repeal in the Senate, and so injurious is the delay that popular opinion is growing very impatient in the States. It is nearly nine weeks since Congress met to save the country from impending ruin, and the patient has made great progress without having received a single dose of legislative medicine, but the public has been educated to a strong view that repeal is indispensable in order to place the currency question on a solid basis, and repeal must therefore remain the controlling factor in the markets. In the meantime the position of the New York Associated Banks again shows a remarkable accession of strength. Nor is the improvement confined to New York. The Banks generally throughout the country are returning to their customary methods of business, and even the Chicago Banks are reported to be readily furnishing all the money necessary to move the crops. The "Bears" are, moreover, handicapped by the small supply of floating stock, the result being a moderate improvement in quotations of active stocks for the week, with the exception of instances in which special circumstances are affecting the price, as in the case of Louisville, which are down a point or two below 50. The statement which I made exclusively last week of the liabilities of the

Louisville Company, is fully borne out by the result of the meeting of shareholders held at Louisville on the 4th inst., at which the floating debt was stated at 3,000,000 dols., and by subsequent advices. There is thus no longer any doubt that the issue of new stock of 5,000,000 dols. will be required for the purposes of the Company, altogether apart from the acquisition of a further extension, which will, I hope, be negatived at the special meeting to be held on November 8th, at which the question of the increase of the capital already referred to will be discussed. I have, so far, guided my readers right with respect to Louisville affairs in sounding the alarm over six weeks ago, when prices ruled from 56 to 58, as to what was coming. Traffics are still showing heavy decreases, but an improvement will, probably, come about in time. Were a period of trouble and anxiety in store for the American market generally, Louisville shares would, no doubt, be in for a further heavy drop. But there is, on the contrary, a time of improvement at hand—provided repeal be voted—so that a further important fall is hardly justified, even though the shares will but slowly move up with the rest of the market, the impending issue of new stock acting necessarily as a wet blanket. But so considerable have been the sales of the shares during the past two months, that this eventuality must be to some extent discounted. I maintain my favourable view of Milwaukees, which have been a strong market. Traffic decreases are almost disappearing, the last weekly decrease figuring up to only 11,000 dols. Atchison Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds are also well maintained, reckoning the dividend off and latest advices are to the effect that the west-bound business is increasing rapidly, while the grain movement is heavy in Colorado. The largest silver mines have resumed operations with full forces, and President Reinhart is reported as having stated that the Road will make 1,000,000 dols. out of the Cherokee strip traffics in the first year. Concerning the general list, my view is also favourable, and investors in substantial securities as well as in the low-priced stocks will find themselves well rewarded, if they lock up a fair selection for a reasonable period, especially if they buy on reactions. Even Denvers and Denver Prefs. seem to have seen the worst, and Reading as well as Erie stocks will probably improve whenever steps are taken to bring about a reorganisation. Union Pacifics are still a very dark horse, but there is some prospect of the Northern Pacific being taken in hand by a more respectable clique than that which has hitherto presided over its fortunes, and, as some put it, sucked the life-blood out of it. Canadian Pacifics have improved on better traffics, and a considerable "Bear" account, which may lead to some curious developments, as Montreal operators are watching the position very closely. On the other hand, the remarkable traffics of the Grand Trunk have made no impression upon quotations, chiefly, perhaps, because they are due almost entirely to the Chicago Exhibition, which will close its doors in a few weeks.

South Americans.

A moderate improvement has taken place all round the South American market under the lead of Argentine Government stocks, which have risen from 2 to 3 points on the suppression of the revolution and a fall in the gold premium in Buenos Ayres to 237. Once again the tendency is upward in Argentine Railway stocks, the dividend announcements of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres Western Companies having created a favourable impression. The former Company pays 2½ per cent. for the half-year, making 5 per cent. for the year; it is true, not without drawing upon the reserve fund to the extent of £19,500, but that fund remains at the substantial figure of £365,702. The prospect of traffics is, moreover, improved by the excellence of the wool clip this year, which was very deficient last year, and this should make itself felt in the returns in November-December. The Buenos Ayres Western pays 6 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, and 2s. per share on the Deferred—a result which fully justifies the favourable views which I have repeatedly expressed concerning this line, especially as it has been obtained during very unsettled times. If only the country now settles down peacefully, very material progress would be made both commercially and financially. The Rothschild settlement of the debt has yet to be authorised by Congress, and an arrangement concerning the Railway guarantees remains to be made. Whenever these measures are carried through considerable animation will be the result, especially as there is room for a further advance in the Government stocks even on the basis of the temporary reduction which will remain in force for five to six years. It will be useful to calculate the yield on this basis, and I have therefore drawn up the following table, in which the yield of other leading South and Central American stocks is also given:—

South American Government Bonds.

—	Interest per Cent. —	Interest per Cent. Temporary Adjustment.	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	Present Price.	Yield per cent. per annum.
Argentine 1886	5	4	76	58½	63	6 7 0
Do. Funding...	6	5	73⅞	49	66½	7 10 4
Do. 1884	5	3	48	30	40½	7 8 1
Do. 1887 Treasury	5	3	44⅜	30½	38½	7 15 10
Do. 1888 Sterling External.	4½	2*l.* 14*s.*	41½	28¼	39	6 18 5
Do. 1889 External	3½	2*l.* 2*s.*	33¾	22½	28	7 10 0
Buenos Ayres Water Supply and Drainage Works ...	5	4	...	...	50	8 0 0
Brazilian 1889...	4	...	68⅝	54	60	6 13 4
Chilian 1886	4½	...	94	87½	78	5 15 4
Do. 1892	5	...	97¾	97¼	86	5 16 3
Costa Rica "B"	5	...	64	43	52	9 12 3
Guatemala Internal 1887 ...	4*l.* 16*s.*	...	56½	35½	47	10 4 3
Mexican 1888	6	...	87⅛	77⅛	61½	9 15 1
Uruguay Bonds	3½	...	40¼	27	34⅜	10 1 6
Peruvian Corporation Debentures	6	...	88½	79⅜	63½	9 8 11

It will be seen that the Buenos Ayres Waterworks bonds yield the highest return amongst the Argentine Government stocks, and it is probable that this discrepancy will eventually adjust itself. In fact, such a stock would still be cheap at 57, at which price it would return 7 per cent. on the investment. Amongst the remaining bonds Brazilians and Mexicans are under a cloud, which may, however, gradually disperse. Whenever the Chilian Government comes to its senses with reference to the treatment of foreigners and foreign capital, Chilian bonds will also become more popular again, and the Chilian Minister in Paris, or Don Augusto Matte here, can do their country no better service than to draw the attention of their Government to the grave results of this policy and to the feeling of irritation which has been aroused in England by the short-sighted views expressed in Santiago. Uruguay bonds are advancing owing to the punctuality with which remittances continue to be made by the Government for the payment of the coupons, that for November 1 now also being assured. Costa Rica "B" bonds deserve special attention. The Costa Rica Government has just decreed an export duty on coffee with a view to improving the local currency and also to securing the payment of the interest on the Foreign Debt in future. On the basis of the last five years' crops, this duty will yield from £70,000 to £80,000 per annum. Under these circumstances the advance in the bonds will, no doubt, make further progress. The Costa Rica Railway is also looking up, and will, moreover, benefit by the improvement in the currency. I hear that payment in cash will be resumed on the First Mortgage Debentures on January 1. The last three half-yearly payments were made in deferred warrants.

The Kaffir Circus.

The improvement in South African Gold Mining shares, which I have foreshadowed for some time, has now set in, and all the Randt Mines, of which I gave a list last week, have advanced, the most important rise, of 1⅛, taking place in City and Suburban and Crown Reefs, while

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Jubilee gained ⅛, most of the others, including New Primrose, ¼. As the improvement is based upon intrinsic merit it should make further progress, quotations being still very moderate. The total output of the Randt Mines for September amounted to 129,585 oz., against 136,069 oz. in August, and 107,850 oz. in September, 1892. This is approximately what had been anticipated. Some Mines have done better, some worse. The production of the New Primrose Mine for September was 7,519 oz. of gold, 100 stamps running twenty-seven days, while the profit amounted to £9,613. This is an increase of about 500 oz. in gold obtained, and of £2,500 in profits on the August return, and foreshadows further satisfactory dividends. The Glencairn result for September was 2,143 oz. from 4,953 tons, fifty stamps running twenty-eight days, against 2,111 oz. obtained in August, and was therefore also very satisfactory. Amongst the coming mines South-Simmer and Jack have attracted some attention. Advices from the property report the steady sinking of the shaft, which is expected to intersect rich reefs at a depth of 300 ft., and whenever that event comes off there will, no doubt, be a sharp rise. The "Bear" attack to which I referred last week has failed, there having been no sellers at the prices nominally quoted, and those who may be able to pick up shares at from ⅞ to 1 will, according to the information that reaches me, do well with them. Afrikander are still in request at about 1⅛, and a good September crushing will, no doubt, shortly be announced. Diamond shares have improved, especially New Jagersfontein, which are up 1⅜ at 15½ x.d. on a favourable statement for September. The British Chartered Company of South Africa is now actually engaged in the war with Lobengula, which it has courted, and, as the British Government have also been drawn into the quarrel—as I always said they would—through the Bechuanaland police, there is no doubt that, whatever may be the issue of the first skirmishes, the Matabele will finally be pulverised and their country be taken possession of by the adventurous crew of Chartered gold-seekers. By the way, would you be surprised to learn, Ben, that a prominent dealer in the Foreign Market is a Director of the Chartered Company, and is, consequently, quite behind the scenes as to what is going on within that undertaking? It is noticeable that he now spends more time in the "Kaffir circus" than in his legitimate market, and that he deals very largely in Chartereds and in "puts" and "calls" of the shares. It is usually considered irregular for officials of a Company to traffic in its shares, but an undertaking incorporated under Royal Charter is not an ordinary concern, and it may be that ordinary rules do not apply to it. The gentleman referred to is now nick-named "Lobengula," and his presence in the Kaffir circus does not seem to be altogether popular amongst his fellow niggers. Mozambique shares have advanced to 1$\frac{9}{16}$, owing to the improved prospects of the Company through the influx of miners from Mashonaland. The constant discoveries of gold in various parts of this territory are very promising. Mr. Alford, the well-known mining engineer, has left Massi Kessi with a party to explore the North-West, whence the news of important fresh discoveries of gold are reported by a cablegram which has just come to hand. A cablegram has come to hand advising the opening of a portion of the Beira Railway, an event of special importance to the Mozambique Company. The new Consular report from Beira also contains some important statements. The news from the property of the Oceana Transvaal Coal Company is extremely favourable. Mr. George Barker, the general manager (who was formerly connected with the Oaks Collieries, Barnsley, Yorkshire), commenced sinking on the seam referred to in the prospectus as gas coal at 55 ft., and cabled on 2nd inst. that he was extracting good hard coal. It was decided to begin working the gas coal first, and then the steam coal. Gas coal, it appears, is scarce and urgently needed in Johannesburg, especially by the Lighting Company, the Middelburg coal, upon which they were hitherto dependent, being inferior coking coal, besides having to be carried a greater distance. Early returns may therefore be expected by the shareholders. I understand that the certificates will be ready by the end of this month, and that a call of only 2s. 6d. more, making the shares 7s. 6d. paid, is anticipated, although it had formerly been estimated that 12s 6d might be required, the Manager having expressed the opinion that he will be able to pay his way at once with the coal extracted. The Oceana Coal shares stand at ¼ ½ premium, and will, no doubt, shortly go to a higher level. Oceana shares have been active and higher at 2⅜-⅝, Oceana Development shares at ¼ premium. Both classes of shares will, of course, benefit by the success of the Coal undertaking, as these Companies own a large portion of the shares.

Miscellaneous Mines.

While showing less buoyancy than the Randt Mines, the miscellaneous section is also waking up. Amongst Indian Gold Mining shares Ooregum Prefs. and Champion Reefs have improved ⅛, Nundydroogs $\frac{1}{16}$, but Mysore Reefs and South East Mysore have reacted, as I anticipated. The September returns from the principal mines were satisfactory, the Ooregum leading with 6,538 oz. against 6,512 oz. in August, while the Mysore returned 4,632 oz. against 4,511 oz. in August. The Balaghat obtained 612 oz. from 450 tons, against 415 oz. from 440 tons in August, which is an improvement. A feature in the Australian market has been the marked improvement in Wentworth Proprietary and Aladdin shares, the former having advanced to 10s. for the Ordinary and ⅞ for the Priority. Aladdins have risen as much as ½ to 1¾. It appears that the blocks of shares which were thrown upon the market during the recent period of panic in the Mining market have now been absorbed by investors, and prices seem bound for a higher level. Australian Broken Hill Consols are up again to 3s. 6d., some favourable advices from the mine being expected this week. Broken Hill Proprietary are also the turn better, but Bonnie Dundee and Cumberland are lower. According to the *Australian Mining Standard* the gold fever, if anything, is increasing in virulence; at any rate, the area of its activity is ever enlarging. West Australia, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, and, in a minor degree, New South Wales, are all suffering. The hegira from the east to Western Eldorados continues, and most markedly from South Australia and Victoria. Business is consequently brisker at Sydney, while a fair amount of dealings is reported from Bendigo, whence the striking of the reef at 2,080 ft. by the Garden Gully United is reported. The mining yield from Ballarat is reported as up to expectations, with the exception of the yield of only 202 oz. from 1,160 tons at the Black Horse United, being half the amount of gold obtained from the same quantity of stone operated upon during the previous fortnight. A heavy fall in the shares was the result. Gold has now also been discovered on the Greenough River in Western Australia, forty-five miles from Geraldton. In American Mines, Don Pedro have advanced 1s. on a good return for August. Tolimas are steady, but Alamillos and Oritàare lower. With reference to the proposed adoption of the cyanide process by the Caratal Company, I hear that important negotiations with the MacArthur-Forrest authorities are in progress, from which satisfactory results are anticipated. Caratal shares are quoted 9d. to 1s., with active dealings. The London Agency of the Springdale Gold Mining and Milling Company has received the following satisfactory cablegram:—"Estimated fifty tons from shaft alone. Value 100 dols. to 1,500 dols. per ton. Will be ready in about three weeks. Running levels." It is rumoured that an attempt is to be made to reconstruct the Mammoth Gold. If this is the case, I strongly advise shareholders not to be foolish enough to throw more good money after bad. The history of this concern has not been creditable to those connected with it, and the under-

"Toilet Lanoline" softens, clears, and preserves the skin, and should be used in every household. "Toilet Lanoline" protects the skin from the effects of exposure, and adds to the natural beauty. In collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1s.; in small boxes, 3d., from all chemists and druggists. Wholesale depôt, 67, Holborn-viaduct. The genuine bears the trade-mark, "Lanoline."

taking would appear to be first cousin to the New Sonora, which is located in the same offices. The Mammoth has an issued capital of £400,000 in £1 shares, and there is a Debenture issue of £72,000. The New Sonora was formed to carry on the business of the Sonora Silver Mining Company, but this was afterwards abandoned, and the undertaking was continued as a "prospecting and developing Company." The Mammoth is, without doubt, in a very bad way. Shareholders would like to know the exact position, and to hear what has been done with the capital. Searching investigations should be made into the affairs of the Mammoth and Sonora—they would probably prove instructive.

Assessmentism.

I was under the impression that the adverse criticisms which have appeared in the Financial and Insurance Press had killed the attempt to introduce the pernicious system of Assessment Assurance into this country, but it appears that it was only scotched, and that, like a truly poisonous plant, it flourishes temporarily in British soil just as it did years ago in the United States—its original home—until some hundreds of American Assessment Companies came to grief. A little pamphlet compiled by Mr. Harris C. I. Saunders, the well-known general manager of the Sun Life Office, giving a *résumé* of the arguments against Assessmentism as well as extracts from comments in the *Economist*, *Bankers' Magazine*, and the *Insurance Post* therefore comes very opportune. This system attracts the unreflecting by absurdly low premiums for new entrants, but while in the case of ordinary Life Assurance Companies a fixed annual premium secures a fixed amount paid at death to the policy-holder's representatives, assurers under the assessment system, after paying the usual heavy entrance fee (which is always required in addition to the first premium), may, when they reach old age, be called upon to pay four or five times the amount of their original premium, as the Company has reserved power to increase the premiums almost indefinitely. In fact, the burden of the policy-holder in an Assessment Assurance Company becomes heavier the longer he lives, while a man who has insured with a British office would probably, by commuting bonuses, be let off premiums altogether. I cannot do better than quote, in support of the argument against assessmentism, the following extract from the Presidential address of the President of the Institute of Actuaries delivered on November 28, 1892.

> Assessmentism at its best may be likened to a magic-lantern. The oil to lighten it up is the annual assessment. The lantern throws a shadow on a white sheet, which takes the shape of a policy. The supply of oil lasts for one year certain, and the shadow remains on the sheet, and is equal to a palpable form for that space of time, and from year to year—but the oil becomes dearer and dearer, and when too dear, *le jeu ne vaut plus la chandelle*, and the supply stops. There is no tank containing an appreciable reserve of oil—the lantern is extinguished—the blank sheet is there, but where is the shadow? The shadow was a dissolving view; the policy on the slide. And yet a certain section of an unthinking public are lured from the firm ground of life assurance to the quicksand of assessmentism.

When, finally, it is considered that the policies of Assessment Companies have no surrender value, and cannot be used for business purposes, security for advances, &c., it is evident that the adherents to assessmentism are grievously misled, and that they will realise, when too late, how fallacious the system is which proved at first so attractive to them.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Militia.—You should hold your Chilian bonds. The Chilian Government will no doubt come to their senses, and a recovery will eventually take place with the rest of the South American market. *Algar.*—Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes are cheaper than the other issue mentioned. See remarks in last week's issue. I do not care much for Victoria bonds. Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debenture stock is an excellent investment; the Six per Cent. stock should also be worth its price. *M. A., Kelso.*—New Zealand stock would be suitable, but if you do not care for this, why not select some of the high class South American Railway Debentures mentioned in last week's issue, such as Antofagasta and Western of Buenos Ayres (1925)? *Blackwood.*—1. Uruguay bonds have advanced to 34½, and seem to be bound for higher prices. You should not sell yet. 2. I have always warned my readers of Hyderabad Deccans.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Rex.—The reply was made in last week's issue. You did not give me time to answer. *Vicar, Cornwall.*—Harvey, McDonald, & Co., of Dublin, are syndicate touts, against whom I have repeatedly warned my readers. I am doing so again to-day in mentioning the case of your curate. *Will.*—The speedy collapse of the Theatrical Trust is certainly curious, and if you had asked my advice I should have told you to have nothing to do with it. If you have applied for shares on any prospectus, please to send it to me. *C. N., Derby.*—I should advise you to leave Panama bonds alone. *Anxiety.*—I know no more than what the Directors stated in their last circular to the shareholders, which you have no doubt received. All seems to me to depend upon the future course of business. *M. N.*—1. The London and River Plate Bank is a high-class institution with excellent prospects. No reason to sell No. 2, which should improve again. Also hold No. 3. *A Debenture-holder.*—Years ago I criticised the affairs and management of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency, and it is a pity that you did not sell out then. Now that the collapse has come, I do not see how I can help you, although you ought to have your redress by action at law if what you state is correct, that "certain Debenture-holders have had to submit to their claims being disallowed, although they were given to understand on purchasing that they held mortgages." *F. W.*—The position of the South America and Mexican Company is involved in so much uncertainty that I should certainly not pay the calls until the dispute has been settled.

Home Rails.

Notts.—No, I do not consider Hull and Barnsley Railway stock worth buying.

American and Foreign Rails.

J. Y. D.—If you had sold the shares at once and bought other American Rails instead you would have done well. At present the price has fallen so much that you had better hold. *Erin.*—I consider Pennsylvanians (3) the least promising of your Yankee Rails. You might safely hold Nos. 1 and 2. *Spectrum.*—1 and 2. I fancy it is rather early days to buy these Australian Gas shares. 3. Yes, Central New Jersey Five per Cent Gold bonds are a good investment. 4. I do not consider these Railway shares a catch at present price. You can do better in other Argentine Railways. *Sporting Parson.*—I am not as a rule in favour of the Trust Companies, but there seems no risk in holding those mentioned by you under Nos. 1 and 2. Pittsburg Central, Chicago, and St. Louis Four and a-Half per Cent. bonds (3), Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four and a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage bonds (5), and Louisville and Nashville Fifty Years Unified Gold Bonds are good investments, but I do not consider the Pennsylvanian bonds, No. 4, such good value. *Navy.*—All your stocks are well selected with the exception of Calgary and Edmonton, which I have never recommended. The rest of the American Railroad bonds are good permanent investments, while Chilians and the Mexican stocks are certain to improve again. If you care to go so far afield, the South American Railway Debentures, of which I gave a list last week, are certainly better value than Guinness's Debentures. The latter I recommend only to those who insist upon English stocks. *P. C.*—Yes, Nitrate Rails at anything like 14 are a good investment, as they yield about 14 per cent. per annum. *Evidential.*—The Northern Pacific is at present under a cloud, and the bonds have been defaulted on. There is nothing for it but to await developments. *U. S. Rolling Stock.*—The history of the United States Rolling Stock Company is an unfortunate one, and its position was aggravated by the crisis in the States. In the light of the recent meeting I do not see how anything else but the reorganisation scheme can pull the cart out of the mud.

Mining Shares.

Subscriber.—The office of the Central African and Zoutpansberg Company is at Portland House, Basinghall-street, E.C. You should hold these shares for a recovery. *Chaletson.*—1. All these mining shares are substantial, and there is very little choice in the matter; but I am rather disposed to recommend the "coming" mines mentioned in my letter as likely to have the biggest rise in proportion. 2. The crisis in Australia has interfered; but these shares should be held for a recovery, as a rich shoot is expected to be struck eventually. *B. L.*—It is impossible to say when the distribution of Oceana Coal shares to the Oceana and Oceana Development shareholders will be made; but the decision will probably be taken by December next, when the meetings of shareholders are held. Hold the other shares; the Company's meeting will shortly be held. *Robinson.*—Hold New Crœsus shares for a recovery, which is probable now that the South African market is looking up. *C. R.*—The turn of these Australian shares will come again, as there is every prospect of eventually striking the rich reef. *F. W. M.*—I am glad to hear that you have done well in New Primrose, and you will no doubt do well in Oceana. With reference to Carringtons, you must hold these with some patience. The crisis in Australia caused the temporary closing of the mine "under exemption" from the usual Government restrictions, but it is likely that work will be resumed again shortly; and according to independent advices from Charters Towers the mine is considered "a good

slow," and there is every chance of a valuable "shoot of gold" being met with as the reef is prospected. *J. H.*—The report is returned by post. I quite agree with your views. *D. R.*—Amongst "coming" mines Afrikanders and South Simmer and Jack should be bought as long as they can still be obtained at present prices. *Curious.*—Concerning Carnations see above reply to F. W. M. Hold also Day Dawn P.C., prospects of which are very good. *J. R.*—A "Bear" attack was made on the shares, but no sale took place below ¼, and those who pick them up cheap will see a good profit. *Cambria.* 1. Apply to the Secretary of the Poorman Mines, Leadenhall-buildings, E.C. 2. The other shares should be held for recovery. The cause of the fall was the sale of a block of shares held by a defaulter on the Stock Exchange. *Clifton.*—The crisis in the Colonies is chiefly responsible for the state of the market. You must hold all these shares for a recovery, which is probable. *G. S., Southport.*—This is, of course, a matter which is beyond my control. *A. Z.*—You must be aware that it is quite impossible for me to prevent any one publishing small extracts from TRUTH.

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Poor Irishman.—I am afraid there is no market for these shares, and I have but a poor opinion of the future of the undertaking. *Buyer.*—No. 1 is a good investment, No. 2 a fair speculative industrial stock, No. 3 a fair investment. I do not care for No. 4. *Cymro.*—1. I have never recommended these Brewery shares, but I am afraid you have no option but to hold in the hope of a recovery. 2. The same remark applies to these. 3. The Tramway shares should be held. *R. H. B.*—Both the securities mentioned are fair speculative industrial investments. If you want a really safe investment you must be satisfied with 4 per cent. *J. M.*—There is no reason why you should not put the money into Denver Prefs., which are a good investment. *Good Beer.*—I should not despair of a change for the better, but the management seems to be at fault. *Pavement.*—No, I do not consider this concern a safe investment.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

2, Oxford Park.—1. I am afraid that the business of the Construction Company continues to fall off. It is a pity that you did not sell when I advised you to do so. Write to the Secretary. 2. Brazilians should be held now as matters cannot get very much worse. 3. Prospects in Argentina have greatly improved. The 1886 loan will, no doubt, receive the cash dividend in January which has been arranged with the Rothschild Committee (4 per cent. temporarily instead of 5 per cent). This is, however, subject to the settlement of the debt being confirmed by Congress before that time. See under "South Americans." *Devonshire.*—Hold North British Deferred at present price. An improvement is probable. Certainly hold Western of Buenos Ayres Ordinary stock, which is receiving 6 per cent. dividend. No reason to sell Mexican Railway Six per Cent. debentures. As regards the Gold Mining shares, I do not recommend a purchase, but, being a holder, I do not advise you to sell yet. *A. B. C.*—All your South American stocks, Nos. 1-10, will eventually improve again, and should be held. A turn appears to have come. No reason to sell Nos. 11 to 16 now. I do not like No. 17, but suppose they will recover again. No. 18 is a speculative industrial investment. No reason to sell Nos. 19-21 now. *Jacques.*—1. No, I do not recommend the proposed exchange. You had better select some of the South American Government stocks mentioned in to-day's issue or Nitrate Rails, the latter yielding a very high interest, and being likely to improve. 2. If the next news from the mine reports a successful crushing in quantity, a considerable advance is probable, but I cannot obviously say how much the shares will rise. *Bey.*—You are right in saying that you share the fate of other investors in the depreciation of securities. It is a pity that you did not sell Portuguese (V) long ago, before the fall, when I so urgently advised sales. Hold these now. There is no reason for selling any of the other stocks, especially as they are well distributed. The American Rails, No. I., are a good stock, II., very good, the South Americans, III. and IV., are likely to recover, and the remaining, VI. to X., give you fair interest. You might put the money you mention into Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds at 42½, which will receive for the current fiscal year 3 per cent. *W. W.*—I do not know the firm who offer business in Villiers Hotel shares. They are outside brokers or dealers, and I should advise you to deal with a member the Stock Exchange.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

The New South Wales loan has proved a great success, the syndicate, which had tendered at £1. 19s. over the minimum price of 98½ per cent., receiving only 33 per cent. As a proof of the large amount of money seeking investment and of reviving confidence, this result is satisfactory, but I hope it will not encourage the Australian Colonies to flood the market with fresh loans. That would be the worst thing they could do for themselves. An unfavourable impression was already created by the announcement that the Victoria Government was about to issue £1,500,000 in Treasury bills, but it has since been stated that the issue will be made locally. Rupee Paper shows little change at 65⅝ and silver is but fractionally lower at 37⅞d. Mexican Rails have been irregular. While the First Prefs. are down to 67¼, the Second Prefs. have been rigged up to 19. It is, of course, all very well for the "Bears" of the latter to say that they are not worth anything like this price; that will not help them out of the squeeze as long as Mr. Mackusick and his Universal Stock Exchange can keep up the game. The question is, what will the latter do with the stock when they have got it all and the "Bears" have closed? There is no chance of a dividend, as even the First Prefs. can only receive a portion of their 8 per cent. dividend for the present. A considerable "Bear" position is also open in Nitrate Rails, which commanded a backwardation last settlement, and will, no doubt, do so again this week. A dangerous game this, selling a stock "short" at 14½, which is in the receipt of a dividend of 20 per cent. per annum, and has every prospect of largely increasing traffics. The last fortnightly traffic has brought up the increase for the year to £30,118. Spanish have got again on the down grade, as I thought they would, but Italians have recovered, as the German Government seems to have helped Italy to a loan. With reference to the case stated by me on the 28th ult., at the request of a reader of TRUTH, which the local lawyers did not care to tackle, I have received the following communication from a City solicitor:—

> In your issue of the 28th ult. "A Regular Reader" asks how a shareholder can get at a vendor holding shares not in law fully paid up. The point is interesting, but presents no great difficulty. Under the well-known Section 25 only the Company or some one using the Company's name can proceed against him. The aggrieved shareholder should formally request the Company to take action, and, failing its doing so, apply summarily for liberty to sue in the Company's name.
>
> This liberty might be made subject to a general meeting being called and approving.
>
> The Directors are not liable for the £1,700 as the Company has not suffered any loss, the money being due from the vendor. Nor are Directors liable for going to allotment injudiciously, as long as they acted *intra vires*.
>
> The £1,700, when recovered, will be capital, and has nothing to do with the call made.—Yours, &c., F. B. M.
>
> October 1, 1893.

In enclosing a touting circular from Harvey, Macdonald, & Co., Stock and Share Dealers and Brokers, of Dublin, a Vicar residing in the country writes to me as follows:—

> If enclosed were sent to me, I should take it as a tribute to my guilelessness. But as it is only sent to my unsophisticated curate, I am fain to suppose that the disinterested firm think they may reap more benefit from the unbeneficed. Their zeal for the welfare of the young deserves your kind attention.

Harvey, Macdonald, & Co. belong to the genus "Syndicate Touts," and have repeatedly received my attentions. They innocently head their circulars, "Why not increase your income?" Their methods are in every respect similar to those of their London colleagues. They "never guarantee to operate in any particular stock, rather being guided by the tone and state of financial circles at the time all subscriptions are to hand;" then they "select only such stocks as may be likely to give not less than 50 per cent. net profit in six or seven days." This is indeed true ability coupled with philanthropy. Here are men able to make 50 per cent. profits in a week, and yet they offer to share them with the public instead of pocketing all themselves. They also have the effrontery to state that they "number amongst their clients clergymen of all denominations." As a matter of fact, Harvey, Macdonald, & Co. are always pestering clergymen with their unblushing circulars, and many are the complaints which I have received from country parsons in this respect. But I should hope that even the most unsophisticated curate would not fall into the trap after all my warnings.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

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QUEER STORY.

THE CORPSE OF ARTAXERXES.

FRANCIS EVERETT SMITH-JONES, J.P., was much perturbed by a letter he received a few mornings after he had been pilloried in the papers for two sentences repugnant, and even revolting, to all sense of proportionate justice. Having sentenced a lad of seventeen to two months' hard labour for being found in possession of a hare, presumably poached, he let off a young gentleman—a nephew of Lord Hardchester—with a fine of 40s. for setting on fire a cat he had saturated with paraffin oil. These sentences were contrasted and commented on with especial severity in a journal which some kind friend forwarded, with the passage carefully marked, to Mr. Smith-Jones' aunt, from whom the worthy Justice had great expectations. For the newspaper attack Mr. Smith-Jones felt, or affected, a fine scorn, as the venomous yelping of envious Radical curs at the heels of their betters; but the effect of the attack upon his aunt he could not afford to despise. The old lady, while rather rejoicing over the sentence on the lad who had killed, probably in some cruel way, a poor hare, was absolutely horrified at the leniency of the sentence—only less criminal than the crime—of a fine of 40s. for burning a cat alive.

The old lady seemed to hold the cat in Egyptian reverence, for she devoted a suite of rooms and the service of two maids to the accommodation and comfort of choice specimens of the species, which she bred and showed at the Crystal Palace with no little success. Indeed, at the last show Artaxerxes, a fine Persian Tom, carried off the first prize in its class. Her passion for cats grew with the glory which these prizes reflected on her, till her nephew had much reason to fear that she would bequeath the bulk, if not the whole, of her property to some eccentric institution for the benefit of tabbies. This fear was quickened by the hysterical horror she expressed in the letter which so perturbed him, not only of the diabolical crime of the culprit, but of the encouragement to the committal of such crimes in the future by the infliction of a nominal sentence. Having eased his feelings by the discharge of strong language at the article in the journal, at the malicious friend who had marked and sent it to his aunt, and at the old lady herself, his worship paced the room to and fro in agitated meditation upon the best mode to undo the mischief.

"I must see the infernal old fool," he said at last, "and try to make it right somehow. There's nothing else for it." Accordingly he telegraphed that he would run down to Hypingham for dinner, and to stay for the night.

"My nephew, Francis, is coming down to dinner and to stay the night, Jemima," Miss Jones said on receipt of the telegram to her confidential maid, in a tone rather of worry than of welcome. "We must put him in Artaxerxes' room."

Now this was the room which the high-handed Persian had appropriated (without allotment), because something singularly sunny in its aspect or soft in the eider-down of its quilt appealed to his fine feline sense of comfort.

"Artacurses won't like it, ma'am," replied the maid, who affected, of course, to be more philofeline than even her mistress.

"No," Miss Jones said, anxiously. "But it's only for one night."

"Very well, ma'am," replied Jemima, resignedly.

Nor was the good lady's welcome of her nephew on his arrival just in time for dinner effusively cordial.

"I wish, Francis, you would give me longer notice of a visit than a few hours."

"My dear aunt, I could not allow myself to lie under the terrible charge you make in your letter an hour longer than I could help. How could you suppose for a moment that if young Carstairs—were he twenty times Lord Hardchester's nephew—had deliberately done this thing I should have let him off with a fine? He said himself that, as the cat was old and mangy and bald, he applied paraffin to the bald spots to make the hair grow, and was proceeding to singe the thin places with the same object when the hair took fire."

This certainly was the facetious defence offered with flippant effrontery by the young gentleman in his jaunty confidence in the indulgence of his judge.

"But the paper said——"

"*That* paper! My dear aunt, that paper lives on lies and libels of the respectable classes. Now, take that game case—that fellow to whom I gave two months for——"

"And quite right, too. I declare I think some of those abominable poachers ought to be hanged—the *horrid* traps they set for the poor creatures! I have myself lost two of the finest cats I ever had in traps they set in Sir Gore Gunning's place, there," nodding towards the wall which divided her lawn from Sir Gore's demesne.

Though her nephew had no doubt that the traps were set by gamekeepers to catch poachers of the sort they had caught, he discreetly let her believe the story of the keepers.

"Oh, by the way, aunt, talking of cats, I have never yet seen the one all the papers made such a fuss about—Nebuchadnezzar."

"Artaxerxes, you mean."

"Of course, Artaxerxes. I ought to know the name after all the talk about him in all the papers. They said he was the very finest creature of his kind that has ever been shown or seen."

Here the ice began to break up, and the old lady thawed more and more when, upon the production of Artaxerxes, her nephew went into hyperbolical raptures over his superb beauty. A more abominably behaved beast never infested a house, as Mr. Smith-Jones very soon had reason to know.

For the rest of the evening they talked of cats till he absolutely loathed the subject, and he retired early to escape it. But escape was not so easy. For a few brief minutes he had fallen into oblivion, when he was startled out of a sound sleep by a blow on the chest, given by whom or how he could not imagine. He lay still, trembling with superstitious fears, till the weight on his chest suggested that the blow was from a missile that lay where it had struck. Putting his hand out cautiously he felt along the quilt till it encountered Artaxerxes' thick fur. As he had good reason already to loathe the brute, he was infuriated by this disturbance and invasion, and attempted to seize the animal by the throat in order to hurl him from the bed. But Artaxerxes showed the courage and fight of a creature which had for the first time in its life encountered such coarse discourtesy. He spit and scratched, and would have bitten, but that his venomous scratch made the enemy retreat precipitately behind his entrenchments. His Worship at last thought it prudent to draw even his face under the clothes in the fear that the ferocious brute might assume the offensive. What on earth was to be done? He dared not go to sleep with that tiger nightmare on his chest.

At last it occurred to him to wrap the brute up in the quilt, and so carry him to the door and eject him. Putting both hands under the quilt he contrived to bag Artaxerxes in it, as in a net, which he carried cautiously towards the door. Here he had to disengage one hand to turn the handle, and Artaxerxes, who had been struggling frenziedly "as a wild bull caught in a net," managed to wriggle out of the relaxed quilt. The wretched Magistrate wrapped himself in the quilt in the fear of an attack from the infuriated brute, but was inexpressibly relieved to see its form dimly outlined against the dull light of dawn at the open window, by which it was now

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 466, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—Phillips & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion. Perfect fit guaranteed. Caution, the only address, other people are trading on our name.

evident that the creature had entered. At last Mr. Jones saw his chance. Creeping noiselessly as a shadow along the wall he reached the window, and then swiftly and suddenly with both hands brought down the sash with the spasmodic force of nervousness.

What cleaves the silent air
So madly shrill, so passing wild?
That as a mother's o'er her child
Done to death by sudden blow;
To the sky those accents go,
Like a soul's in endless woe;
Through the open lattice driven,
That horrid voice ascends to heaven.

It was the death-song of Artaxerxes. As he was not clear of the window, the descending sash guillotined him, severing the vertebræ.

Hardly had the hapless Magistrate realised the fatal felicide he had committed than a voice which he only knew too well cried outside the door, "Francis! Was that Artaxerxes?"

With an agility which only despair could have lent him, Francis jumped into bed, bearing with him the corpse, which he hid beneath the bed-clothes, and at once pretended to be plunged in profound slumber. Having knocked and called to him two or three times in vain, his aunt entered and searched the room while he snored. Finding no trace of Artaxerxes, she shook her nephew till he affected at last to wake.

"Halloa! What's the matter, aunt? House on fire?"

"Didn't you hear that frightful scream?"

"What scream? Where? When?" he cried.

"It was Artaxerxes. I know it was Artaxerxes. Something horrible has happened to him! He has been caught in some frightful trap!" she exclaimed, in such an agony of anxiety and terror that the Magistrate was exceedingly glad he had hidden away the corpse and the crime.

"Oh, nonsense, aunt; cats are always caterwauling like that."

"It was not caterwauling; I am sure it was not caterwauling," she cried, in a lamentable voice.

"You never can tell. Those foreign cats caterwaul in their own way." Mr. Smith-Jones spoke as though Artaxerxes serenaded in the tongue of Firdusee. However, he reassured her so far, at least, as to get rid of her. He had next to consider how to conceal the corpse. Here her fear that Artaxerxes had been trapped suggested a brilliant idea to him. Why not carry the corpse into Sir Gore Gunning's demesne—but a few steps across the lawn and over an easily-scaled wall—and put it there under some of the numberless traps his aunt assured him were set all over it? There was just a chance of his being seen or intercepted going or returning, but in that event he would explain the expedition by his anxiety as to the fate of Artaxerxes. Here was a happy thought! He jumped out of bed, pulled on his trousers, socks, and boots, and buttoning an overcoat over his night-shirt, and hiding under it the corpse, he stole from the room and from the house unintercepted and unperceived. He crossed the lawn, and, having first flung the corpse over the demesne wall, he scrambled up it himself, jumped down on the other side, picked up the cat, and proceeded to search for a vermin-trap. Having walked well into the woods and peered about in the dim light of the growing dawn without finding what he wanted, he was going to give up the search in despair, and to bury the corpse where he stood, when the struggles of a rabbit caught in a poacher's wire snare attracted his attention. Why, here was the very thing! He had but to release the hapless rabbit and replace its neck in the snare by that of Artaxerxes.

Laying down the corpse of the cat, he hurried to the mouth of the burrow, where the rabbit was strangling itself in frantic struggles to get free. As these struggles were redoubled on his approach, he had some difficulty in getting such a hold of the rabbit as would enable him to loosen the noose, and hardly had he got such a hold than he felt an iron grip on his shoulder and heard a harsh voice shout in his very ear—

"Ha! yo' dommed scoundrel! Aw've caught thee at last, aw hev!"

Looking up, he saw towering above him a gigantic Yorkshire gamekeeper.

"I—I was only setting this rabbit free," stammered the Magistrate.

"Ay, for sewer yo' wor! Come along, my mon; yo'll noan nah find it soa easy to get free theesen."

"What do you mean? I'm a Magistrate."

"All right, yo'r wushup. Coom along."

"But I am a Magistrate, my name is Smith Jones," cried that individual, trying to wrest himself free.

"Sithee, nah, Smith, Jones, or Robinson, every word of cheek yo' give will go into the bill, an' it's two months hard, as it is, if it's a day—two months hard, my mon."

Poor Smith Jones, giving up all hope of shaking off the Yorkshireman's iron grip, or of convincing him by his mere word of his being on the Commission of the Peace, felt for his purse to offer the most sovereign of all arguments. But he had no purse and no pocket! No waistcoat, no coat, no shirt but a night-shirt showing now under his opened overcoat! In this costume, with hair dishevelled and a beard of twenty hours' growth, he must, he thought, have looked an ideal poacher—as, in truth, he did. What was to be done? Confide the whole ridiculous story to this Yorkshire brute? If he could bring himself to tell it, would the fellow believe it? Or could he be depended upon to keep the confidence secret? Stay! Why not confide in Sir Gore Gunning? Here was an obvious, easy, and certain door of deliverance.

"Take me to the house!" he commanded, with what seemed to the gamekeeper chaff and cheek of a singularly audacious sort.

Instead of replying, the man gave orders to his assistant, who had just come up, to put the rabbit out of pain, and proceeded then to haul his prisoner along with unnecessary roughness.

This provoked the hapless Magistrate to language which lost him all chance of obtaining any satisfaction of any kind from his dour and dogged captor, who henceforth disdained even to answer him. Indeed, the only answer he got was from the under-keeper, to whom he presently appealed furiously.

"You are witness that I demanded to be taken to Sir Gore Gunning's."

"And ain't you been took thar?" retorted the assistant.

This silenced and also comforted him. He did not know Sir Gore, but he would have no difficulty in convincing him that he was Miss Jones's nephew.

On reaching the house, however, he was led round to the stables.

"Where are you taking me? I insist on seeing Sir Gore Gunning."

"Ne'er heed him, lad," said the Yorkshireman to the under-keeper, contemptuously; and it was only from a stable-boy that he learned to his consternation that Sir Gore was in London! They had come to the house but for a trap in which he was to be carted off to Hitherhampton, where the Justices sat that day at eleven o'clock. Into this, when the horse was put to, the luckless Smith-Jones was bundled unceremoniously, in spite of his furious protests, and off they set for a three hours' ride to Hitherhampton, picking up on the way, apparently as a mere incident and ornament, the local constable. To this constable, who was in front beside the gamekeeper, while the Magistrate sat with the under-keeper behind, our hero made his solemn protest that he was on the Commission of the Peace; but a nudge from the Yorkshireman and a single glance at the disreputable prisoner convinced the policeman that the protest was either insolence or insanity.

Then Mr. Smith-Jones, athirst for the severest vengeance within his reach, decided that this could be had only by letting the case come into Court, to the confusion and ruin of these scoundrels. It was doubtful, even to himself, whether any further struggle would avail him anything, since they ignored him as completely as though he were a sheep being carted to market. But his hour would come! Accordingly, he never in the police-office of Hitherhampton opened his lips in further protest; and it was only in Court, after the gamekeeper and his assistant had pattered off their evidence like a Ritualist

prayer, and the presiding Magistrate had responded to it with "two months' hard labour," as naturally and promptly as the clerk says "Amen," that Mr. Smith-Jones spoke.

"Sir," he said, "my name is Smith-Jones; I am myself a county Magistrate on the Commission of the Peace for Surrey. I stayed last night with my aunt, Miss Jones of Hypingham, who feared that a favourite Persian cat had wandered into the neighbouring demesne and been trapped. To relieve her anxiety I huddled on a few clothes and went to look for the cat in the demesne, where I saw a rabbit being strangled in a snare. I stooped to set it free, and was instantly set on by this ruffian, who, in spite of all my protests and explanations, dragged me along with the most savage violence, forced me into a dog-cart and into this Court. He would neither listen himself nor allow his assistant or the constable to listen to my explanation, and if I had been a murderer he could not have treated me with more outrageous violence."

The presiding Magistrate, having blinked blankly for some seconds at the prisoner, as Balaam might have looked at the ass while it was remonstrating against being thwacked, turned to ask the gamekeeper—

"Did he tell you this story?"

"Nay, nowt o' sowrt. He said nowt, nobbut that his name wor Smith or Jones, an' that he wor a Magistrate. If he is, he's t' rummest Magistrate iver aw seen; he is that!" the Yorkshireman replied, without being in the least disconcerted.

At this there was a roar of laughter in Court, in which the presiding Magistrate was forced to join, for anything less like a Magistrate than the unkempt, unshaven, half-dressed, and thoroughly disreputable-looking figure in the dock could not be imagined.

"If your story is true, and we have only your word for it so far, you had but to tell it and have it tested on the spot by the gamekeeper. It is not he, but yourself, you have to blame for what has happened, even if your account of yourself is correct. Have you any evidence as to your identity?"

"If you will telegraph to Miss Jones, Hypingham, you will, perhaps, be satisfied that there never has been a grosser outrage committed in the name of Justice than that I have been subjected to by this scoundrel and in this Court," Mr. Smith-Jones cried, furiously.

"That will do, sir; that will do. I may say for myself that I do not at all wonder at the gamekeeper's mistake—if it has been a mistake."

The telegraph in due course put it beyond a doubt that it was a mistake, but even then the wretched Smith-Jones was again curtly told by his brother-Justice that he had himself only to blame for what had happened to him! The unhappy man could only comfort himself with the thought that his aunt would feel that he had suffered all these violences and insults in her service. What was his dismay when on his return to Hypingham he was told by Jemima that his aunt declined to see him!

"Refuses to see me! Why? What for?" he gasped.

"Please, sir, Thomas Bent seen you throw Artacurses over the wall, an' when missus sent him to fetch it, it was found you'd broke its back."

Facts were too strong for him. With a heavy heart the pilloried Justice made his way home, only to find that the story of his appearance at Hitherhampton had got into the papers, and that he was the laughing-stock of all England.

ART NOTES.

AND so Postlethwaite and Maudle are not dead after all! They were only scotched and not killed, and the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society at the New Gallery has called them forth from their hiding-places. Yes, the "greenery-yallery" young man is again to be seen, and the soulfully intense but limp young woman in "cob-webby grey velvet with a tender bloom on it like cold gravy" is once more in evidence. And, apparently, they find the contents of the New Gallery distinctly precious—consummately utter—quite to all—but! For my own part, I do not share their ecstatic love for dirty greens, and what I may call stained glass anatomy. I find it impossible, in fact, to wax enthusiastic about the contents of the New Gallery. The notion one gets after wandering through the room is that a number of clever artists and skilful craftsmen have set themselves to be mediæval at any cost. "Come," they seem to have said one to another, "Oh, let us be Early English before it is too late!" The result is to be seen in most of the exhibits, which are painfully hard and chill and angular. There is not an armchair which makes even a faint promise of cosiness; not a settee which invites to comfortable recumbency; not a sideboard which suggests warm and bountiful hospitality. And as to the tapestries and window-curtains and partières and carpets, it is almost impossible to look at them without falling instinctively into stiff and exceedingly irksome Anglo-Saxon or Japanese attitudes. It has been repeatedly laid down that no work of art can possibly be useful, and apparently the members of the Arts and Crafts Society are determined that no piece of artistic furniture shall upon any consideration be comfortable. This may make no difference to the pronounced æsthete, but that it causes the average householder to steer clear of high art furniture (except he buy it to make wedding presents of) is, I think, an incontestable fact.

I amused myself by imagining the results of the furnishing at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and it was not difficult to form a mental picture of what a Notting Hill or a Hampstead drawing-room might look like with a "Hammersmith" carpet, stencilled sack-cloth curtains, a baronial firegrate, a carved alabaster chimney-piece, *à la* Wilson and Pomeray, and pieces of Mr. William Morris's tapestry, forming backgrounds for a selection of "Voysey" cabinets, "Lorimer" bureaux, "Spooner" tables, "Macartney" escritoires, and "Blomefield" settees. It would, indeed, be a fearful and wonderful apartment, but who, save a Reginald Bunthorne, would care to even pretend that he would like to live in, or live up to it? If the Arts and Crafts-men will take a little advice, they would do well to understand that if their art is to become popular it must be a little less archaic and antiquarian. There is a style in architecture called, I believe, debased Gothic; and I would suggest that something in the style of humiliated Early English would better suit our century-end requirements than what is now to be seen at the New Gallery. What I mean is that if we are to have Early English furniture at all, we want it with its angles rounded and its corners knocked off, with its stiff-neckedness, so to speak, humbled, and its bare-backedness fittingly padded and upholstered. In short I venture to say that ninety-nine people out of a hundred are at least sensible enough to prefer to be comfortable rather than æsthetic.

There is nothing particularly new or distinctive to be seen at the thirty-eighth annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain. Once every three months or so, on an average, we are assured in the most circumstantial way that the method of photography in colour has been discovered. But they evidently know nothing about the discovery at No. 5A, Pall Mall East. Perhaps by the time the circle is squared or perpetual motion is discovered, then the photographing of colours will be achieved. Meanwhile, photographic experts seem bent on making their work as unlike photography as possible; which makes up in a way for the painters whose chief object seems to be to impart a photographic realism to their pictures. There are signs, too, that the boom in amateur photography has reached its climax and is now on the decrease. "For this relief much thanks."

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MUSIC.

THE regular London musical season starts on Saturday with the first of the Crystal Palace and the first of the Sarasate concerts, while on Monday the Popular concerts recommence. To these facts must, of course, be attributed the closing last Monday of the Promenade Concerts. It is true that a wild proposal was made to continue the Covent Garden season another month, but it would hardly have stood the smallest chance in late October, and it wisely was abandoned. Mr. Farley Sinkins declares that he has "succeeded in raising the tone of Promenade Concerts to a pitch that they have never before attained"—an easy boast which, in view of what Mellon, Sullivan, and Weist Hill did for these entertainments, cannot in my humble opinion be substantiated. Indeed, if the manager had believed it himself, the high-flown language of the advertisements, "Great orchestra," "Great engagement of Madame Sanz," "Madame Saville, the great Australian prima donna, who has just returned from a series of grand concerts," and "the greatest galaxy of talent will appear that has ever been known at any promenade concert," could assuredly have been dispensed with. Provincial birds may be caught by this species of chaff, but London music-lovers are unused to such announcements, and I fully believe the audiences might have been larger if the advertisements had been couched in more modest terms. Mr. Sinkins has, however, put forward some very good programmes, he engaged a splendid orchestra, and he has been sensible enough to recognise—for example, in the case of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila"—when the taste of the public was against him. Next year I hope he will return, with increased experience, and will do even better. Meanwhile for the present, Covent Garden remains closed, although I should not be surprised if some sort of operatic enterprise were started there next month. At Christmas I understand a proposal has been made to convert the opera-house into a sort of animated Noah's Ark.

The Norwich Festival, which closed on Friday night, is expected to have resulted in a profit of about £500, and the degrading necessity of holding out the hat at the doors, as at the Three Choirs Festivals, has been avoided. It was a pity that time was wasted upon such works as Mr. Gaul's "Una" and Mr. Barnett's "Wishing Bell," both better suited to small choirs than a Musical Festival. Nor do I think that Mr. Cowen's "Water Lily" is likely to set the Thames ablaze. The work, despite a good deal of excellent music, is not easy either for choir or orchestra, and audiences nowadays vastly prefer religious to mythological subjects. M. Paderewski, who on each night of his visit outstayed the latest of his visitors at the Royal Hotel, introduced for the first time his so-called "Polish Fantasia," a piece of display of which this winter we bid fair to hear quite enough, and a very fine symphony in A minor, by Mr. Edward German, was likewise produced.

To the artists, the most interesting question at the Norwich Festival lay in the means by which the fiercest draughts could possibly be introduced into St. Andrew's Hall. The problem was triumphantly solved in the following fashion. First it was happily discovered that the great south doors of the building—which when the Musical Festivals are not in progress is used as a Town Council Chamber—opened only inwards, and consequently, for fear of panic, that they must be kept wide open during the performances. This in itself was quite a *coup*; but when it occurred to some official that the best way to draw the draught straight across the hall was to heat the water-pipes under the orchestra, the joke was complete. First Miss Marian McKenzie contracted quite a satisfactory cough. Then came Miss Anna Williams with a severe cold, Mrs. Trust followed, and even Mr. Lloyd, who usually is superior to such weaknesses, grew so hoarse that in Mr. Cowen's cantata he really ought to have been apologised for. The voices of eminent vocalists are dear to them, and they will, I fancy, be found still more dear to the Norwich Festival Committee if local architectural talent cannot cure the draughts before the next triennial festival.

Although, of course, all idea of a visit from the troupe of the Berlin Opera house has long since been abandoned, yet I am told that artists are now being secured at Munich and elsewhere for a brief German opera season in London next June. The repertory will probably be confined to Wagner's works—practically the only German operas of recent date for which the British musician really cares.

A cordial meeting took place last week at Norwich between Señor Sarasate and M. Paderewski, and the refusal of the former to co-operate with the Polish pianist in Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata was fully understood and appreciated by the challenger. "Cherchez la femme" (in its innocent sense) seems to hold good in this as in more serious cases. Madame Berthe Marx is accustomed to play this particular sonata with Señor Sarasate, who, with old-fashioned Spanish gallantry, feared lest an acceptance of M. Paderewski's invitation might be considered as a slight to the lady. That it would have been so no man in England would believe, for whatever may be the artistic capabilities of Madame Berthe Marx, it would be no discredit to her to make way for a pianist of the rank of M. Paderewski.

Sir Arthur Sullivan proposes shortly to return to his old quarters, near Monte Carlo, and upon one condition he may possibly occupy his holiday in the writing of a new cantata or oratorio for the Leeds Festival of the year after next. That condition is that somebody will provide him with a suitable subject. He had a similar difficulty with his last work, when "The Golden Legend," by far the most successful of all his concert compositions, was suggested to him by a young lady. It is to be hoped that this time he will be equally fortunate.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I saw a remarkably pretty, yet rather simple, dress the other day. It was made of tweed, in a mushroom shade, between fawn and grey. The bodice had a somewhat full basque and a frill, not quite so full, depending from the collar. Both frill and basque were bordered with an inch-wide line of very bright pink braid, in a sunset shade of that pretty colour. The bodice opened in front over a silk blouse, matching the braid exactly, and evidently lined with white linen or some other substantial fabric. A touch of pink in the mushroom-coloured felt hat trimmed with brown velvet brought the headgear into accord with the costume.

Quite half the new coats one sees are trimmed with rows of braid round the waist—a style that decidedly diminishes the apparent size of it. I have noticed a great number of brown cloth jackets done in this way with black braid. One dress made with a long double skirt was in coffee-brown cloth, and the double skirt was extremely full and bordered with seven rows of black braid. A deep, pointed cape covered the back of the bodice down to the waist, the frills of it forming two sides of a triangle, from where they parted at the waist to travel up each side of the bodice. These were also trimmed with several rows of braid, and so were the frills at the top of the sleeves. I have no doubt that the same over-elaboration characterised this costume in the front, but I saw only the back. At least half of those furlongs of braid ought to have been absent, for so much of it was a weariness to the eye.

Have you seen any of the new tartan stockings? There is more than the usual rage this autumn for what are erroneously called "plaids" by us English, who do not know that a plaid is a garment. I wonder who are the men who wear the awful tartan waistcoats and ties that we see in some of the hosiers' shops in Bond-street and Piccadilly? One never sees them on any one—a matter for thankfulness, as you would acknowledge, could you see the articles in question. We met, it is true, a

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

most extraordinary couple the other morning, whom I must describe to you. My own impression is that they were carrying out a wager or else simply enjoying a lark, for they were both obviously simmering with laughter the whole time that they were under our observation. The man wore a tartan waistcoat and a most obtrusively large tie of the same pattern. His suit was grey and brown in a huge portentous check, and his soft hat was made of a piece of it with a tartan ribbon round the crown. Can you conceive anything more startling?

His companion, a handsome girl, wore a tartan gown looped up in front over a green velvet petticoat, which was short enough to display tartan stockings and what our French neighbours rather amusingly call a very *décolleté* pair of shoes. The bodice of the dress was very full, the folds being caught in at the waist with a band of green velvet. A large green velvet hat with a silk tartan scarf wound round it composed the headgear. Nearly every one who passed this glaring couple turned round to stare after them, and their own amusement at the sensation they caused was very evident. Do you not think it must have been either a wager or a bit of fun?

How absurdly large some of the chignons are! Charlie declares that the huge lumps of hair at the back of the heads look just like cottage loaves; and they really are rather like them except in colour. Some of them are really and truly larger than the heads to which they are attached. This is far from being pretty or becoming, as you may imagine. The really fashionable coiffure is quite free from exaggeration of any kind. The hair parted down the middle suits some faces remarkably well, with just a small stray curl or two on the forehead. The fringe is now of the lightest and softest sort, neither high nor thick, but just like a softening finish to the mass of the hair itself. Some of the heads one sees are very pretty, while others are ever so much too large, even apart from the Sally Lunn at the back.

I know that you are most anxious to have a description of the dresses worn in the Drawing-room scene at the Savoy Theatre in Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, "Utopia, Limited." Fortunately I am able to tell you something about them this week, as I was present at the first performance on Saturday. To say that they are a perfect dream of magnificence from beginning to end is really putting the matter modestly. I had previously heard that Messrs. Russell & Allen were to be responsible for the Court dresses, so was naturally most anxious on Saturday night for the rising of the curtain in the second act. My only regret is that I cannot now describe to you what I saw as minutely as I should wish. From the stalls one could only get a passing glimpse of the various gowns as the wearers made their obeisance to his Majesty the King. I could see, though, that the eldest daughter of this Utopian Monarch wore a most wonderful petticoat of eau de Nil satin, which was resplendent with golden thread and clusters of raised silken roses in several soft tones of pink, the whole of the front being veiled in a shower of golden fringe reaching to her feet.

A brilliant gown of Mandarin coloured satin and brocade was quite unrelieved by any other colour whatever. It was well worn, and suited to perfection the tall, dark girl who had donned it. There were some uncommonly pretty shower bouquets, and one in yellow laburnum was among the most artistic. I often think that it is perhaps a pity that artificial flowers are not more affected for these bouquets, for, although nothing is more charming than natural flowers, they require most careful handling, especially when made up as shower bouquets, in order to prevent not only their own destruction, but also that of a delicate evening gown.

I am sure you would have fallen in love with a charming skirt of the palest possible tone of green, the entire front of which was strewn with velvet begonia leaves in a darker shade. I fancy the train to this was made of a heavy white brocade lined with coral pink, but of this I am not quite sure. Some of the trains were most becomingly hung, particularly those that did not hide in any way the back of the bodice, but were attached sparingly from each shoulder, and flowed from the waist into one voluminous train.

A sweetly-pretty little pair of Empire frocks in white crépon were worn by the pretty little pair of Princesses (younger daughters of the King of Utopia). These frocks hung untrammelled from yokes of white marguerites, and the same flowers in tiny bouquets trimmed the right side of the skirts. I must, however, defer a more detailed account of the various other delightful gowns I saw until I have had a further opportunity of looking at them. I may, however, just add now that Miss Brandram (the English governess) wore an effective costume in two shades of heliotrope, the petticoat being particularly handsomely worked in silk and jet.

I wonder if I quite like ermine as worn so much just now on black velvet? I am almost convinced that I dislike the conjunction. The contrast is much too violent to be pleasing. Ermine is, in itself, a beautiful fur, and on white or light-coloured garments it is exquisite. I shall have something to tell you about furs pretty soon, by the way. Green velvet is one of the most fashionable fabrics for coats to be trimmed with fur. I saw a long green velvet pelisse lined with sea-green and bordered with brown fur all round, which looked very handsome on a tall and well-bred looking woman. But it is only those who can have a variety of coats, capes, and mantles who dare venture on one of this kind. It would be idiotic to purchase such for ordinary winter wear without several others to vary it.

Do you like châtelaines? I think them very ugly things. A friend of ours had to employ a professional nurse for a week or two after an accident. This nurse wore a long châtelaine with a dozen or so of useful little implements depending from it, and to this the poor invalid took the most pronounced dislike on account of its jingle, which she describes as being wild and weird. The nurse could not move without some of the scissors and corkscrews and thimble-cases knocking together and making a noise. But I dislike the look of them, too. Do you? I can see no beauty in a number of long ends hanging down. It may be, probably is, utilitarian, but it is neither graceful nor beautiful.

A fashionable stone of the moment is the golden cornelian. It has superseded the chrysoprase, chiefly because it goes so beautifully with diamonds. I must confess that I had but the vaguest idea about the stone. I believe I even fancied that it was red, but it is a lovely lucid yellow, like the little clouds that float above the sun sometimes when he is setting. We saw some of the new designs for this stone at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company in Regent-street. The greater number were in brooches and lace-pins. Some of these took the form of two hearts set in diamonds. A true lovers' knot in the latter surmounted a few of them. There is more difference in the hearts than you could imagine without having seen them. Some were flat, others plump and full, like a well-conducted and satisfactory native oyster. In one case the two hearts adjoined each other at the side in a way that suggested a pair of semi-detached villas. Others were separated by a row of diamonds. What a capital design for the bridesmaids at a wedding between youth and beauty, mammon and old age! There were hearts for choosing of every sort. One or two little pendants had a heart each, with rims of diamonds, and a lover's knot above. You would have fallen in love with a pair of sleeve-links set in gold. These, too, were hearts—to be worn on the sleeve, in defiance of the old proverb. However, being cornelian, they would take but little hurt. A gold chain-bracelet had a fine stone set in diamonds for the centre. This was so arranged that it unscrewed and made a pin, a brooch, or a stud. You cannot think how lovely the pale yellow looks among the diamonds. We noticed a unique and beautiful pendant in one of the cases; a shamrock in diamonds with a large pearl in the centre of every leaf, one a pink pearl, another black, and the third white.

The most beautiful of Winter Garments are those of Nature's own production—FURS. For an elegant fit, genuine and best furs, go to NICHOLAY'S, Manufacturing Furriers, 170, Oxford-street, London. Seal Jackets re-made to fashionable shapes. Moderate prices.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin :—

Dearest Maggie,—To awake and find one's self famous is an perience for which each of us children of the nineteenth ntury yearns, and therefore is it not so with everything that want greatly? it is very rare. With the opposite experience is quite otherwise. How few there are who do not awake me morning to the sharp sense of being no one and nothing—dising, all of a sudden, their own infinitesimal smallness and solute insignificance in the general scheme of creation. Mere ins of sand on the shore, or blades of grass in the field, though ch has fancied himself to be a rare pebble, or special growth, at least, a little bit rarer and more special than all the ers.

I have been set moralising on this subject by a rude awakening, dreadful revelation of myself lately vouchsafed to me. I have nd that I am not "in it"! I, who up to this had fondly agined myself in the van of progress and up to the most ated level of "modernite"! Is it not an overwhelming dis- ery? For what is one, if not "in it"? Don't think that I s so introspective as to make the discovery myself; on the ntrary, it was forced on me. I was "discovered" perhaps I ght to say exposed—when staying on a country visit last week. e party were assembled—I was a mere adjunct of Fred—to ot whatever animal it is correct to destroy at this season erhaps pheasants—I never can remember the special victims the special month, can you? Lady F—— and Miss C—— were ongst the guests. They were my discoverers, especially the ter. They took kindly to me, at first sight; for one whole I was in their good graces. Afterwards Miss C—— explained s, with brutal frankness—the special feature of correct odernité." "Your dress deceived me. You don't live up to Your ideas are dreadfully behind those of your milliner. u are not 'in it,' though you look as if you might be."

he worst of it is, a dispassionate mind forces the confession, nilating though it may be, that she is right. To begin with, is so very much and indisputably "in it" herself, one must ept her judgment as that of an expert. And then it is quite e that cigarettes are impossible to me. As we were staying he same house, subterfuge was of no avail in the case. Of t use to pretend to being a good sailor while undergoing a gh sea voyage? Also, I was hopelessly "out of it" with rd to slang, strong language, &c.—the discreet veil of the tera is here advisedly used. An old-fashioned bringing is so terribly hampering in some ways; or, perhaps, any ging up at all. Supposing one were allowed to come only, one could then so much more easily develop s self in the required directions. Last of all, I was rised into betraying a profound ignorance of coster songs. course, it is very dreadful not to know such classics odern Society as "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins." In justice to Miss C——, I must that she was so kind as to find it very hard to believe in absolute ignorance on this subject, and to hold over some er contempt. But when it was found that I did not know Chevalier was—or should it not be is, very much is, in ?—then the strain on her good nature became too great, she obliged to give the final judgment that I certainly was not it." Is it not humiliating? Never did I feel so crushed in ny previous experiences of life. The consolation of thinking there are others in the same position, alone remains to me. instance, I wonder if you are "in it"? And do you know eatly doubt it? I have a horrible suspicion that you are ably situated just as I am.

e are having such an autumn! I hope that there are still y tourists in our island to see it. Even the autumn tints of rica, renowned as they are, can hardly surpass ours of this on. Lord Houghton is still holiday making. Mr. Morley's tant appearance in Dublin Castle makes one suppose that he mbining business with recreation, and only having a half- lay time. And to think that Parliament is to meet again ovember, when it seems to be only the other day that the on came to an end. At the next General Election it will be ssary to return a double set of members for each place, or at to allow to every representative an understudy.

e have had a most blessed immunity from politics lately in ty, and are getting on so well without the Irish question one begins to wonder if we might not do without it very altogether. Even the North is in a lamblike vein, and that valiant and fiery of northern heroes, Lord Templetown, has ten himself to the paths of pleasantness and peace, and in st, of all places in the world! Last week he opened the al exhibition of the Belfast Art Society, the elect of the hern Capital being assembled in goodly numbers for the ion. The North reminds one of the Dufferin family. It is rect, as so often stated, that Lady Dufferin has been left a fortune. An uncle of hers has left ten thousand pounds, or abouts, to each of her children. What pleasant things ies are, the more so when least expected. I wonder some of rich old people without kith or kin, whom one reads of in apers, do not take it into their heads to leave unexpected es—say, for instance, to you or to me.—Yours ever,

CLARE.

sula writes from Edinburgh :—

e approach of our winter season has been heralded here eek with a grand flourish of trumpets, the usual round nches, teas, dinners, balls, heart-burnings, and heart- ngs having been preceded by a visit from their Royal tesses the Duke and Duchess of York. Certainly the ages of being a Royal Personage are not wholly unmixed, e amount of work that our distinguished visitors had to get through between their arrival late one evening and their departure early the next afternoon would have appalled the most energetic, including as it did the presentation of the freedom of the city, visits to two hospitals, the reception of deputations with wedding gifts, and speeches, introductions, and bouquets to match. But to begin at the beginning, as we women generally say when we are half way through. The Duke and Duchess on arriving drove to the Royal Hotel, which is close to the Waverley Station, and where they occupied the same suite of rooms which had been allotted to Mr. Gladstone on the previous week. Almost directly they appeared on the balcony to look at the illuminations which had transformed the old town into fairy-land. The Castle was outlined with lamps, and a huge fire blazed in the old beacon cage, while below the gardens in Princes-street were aglow with coloured lights and Chinese lanterns. Thousands of candles had been served out to the poor people inhabiting the houses in High-street overlooking the valley, and the result was most effective, every window (and you know that some of the houses there are ten stories high) being illuminated with rows of lights. The North and Waverley Bridges were also brilliant, but a single festoon of Chinese lanterns on the Scott Monument hardly added to the dignity of that massive structure, and one could fancy poor Sir Walter looking more forlorn than ever inside. However, the Royal Hotel opposite was ablaze with red and yellow lamps. Late in the evening a fine display of fireworks came off from the Castle and Calton Hill simultaneously—so the town had really done *tout son possible*. Needless to say that the streets were thronged, and at one time the crush in front of the hotel was so great that the railings of Princes-street Gardens were broken, and a barricade was smashed. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, but the shouts of men and the screams of women made rather an alarming clamour.

The next day was happily fine, and Princes-street looked its best, thanks partly to the flags and other decorations with which many of the houses and shops were adorned. The Royal Standard was flying from the Castle, whence salutes of twenty-one guns were fired at 8 o'clock and 2.30. At half-past ten the Duke and Duchess of York received several deputations, who presented them with an exquisite service of table-glass (comprising 256 pieces), a number of books (including the Encyclopædia Britannica and a set of Scott's works), a silver-gilt afternoon tea service and a Bible and Hymnal respectively. The Duke, as in duty bound, wore a frock coat, and the Duchess appeared in a silk gown of brown shot with purple—a flounce edging the skirt and a yoke of turquoise blue velvet adorning the body. A small brown bonnet with pale pink and blue rosettes and some diamond ornaments completed the toilette, and later on her Royal Highness donned a brown velvet mantle trimmed with gold passementerie. From the hotel the Royal couple drove to our apology for a Town-hall, where meanwhile were assembling a number of civic and other dignitaries, including Lord and Lady Tweeddale (the latter in a dark silk, flowered with a large, bold design in some pale shade), Lord Lothian, Lord Rosebery, the Lord Provost of Glasgow and his young and sweet-looking wife, the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh, &c. Here the proceedings passed off with dispatch, the only incident worth recording being a comical slip on the part of the Town Clerk who, when reading an address of congratulation, which was written in July last, went on with the concluding paragraph which expressed the hope that their Royal Highnesses would soon find it convenient to visit Edinburgh. Discovering his mistake, he exclaimed, "Oh, that was written before, and should not have been read." This caused much amusement, and even brought a smile on the somewhat grave countenance of Royalty itself. After signing of names, &c., their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Lady Eva Greville, Sir Francis de Winton, Captain Keppel, members of their suite, Lord and Lady Tweeddale, the Lord Provost, &c., drove to the Royal Infirmary by a long and circuitous route, which gave everyone a chance of seeing the procession as it passed along the soldier-and-police-lined streets with its escort of Lancers. The opportunity was fully taken advantage of, and the crowds were both large and enthusiastic. The distinguished visitors spent a long time in the Infirmary, and saw several of the wards, where they spoke to the patients, and the Duke gratified two convalescent sailors by making several inquiries as to their ships. Leaving the Infirmary, another *détour* brought the party to the Longmore Hospital for Incurables at Newington, where they formally opened a new wing; and finally, the much-enduring Royalties returned to the hotel, whence, after a very brief rest, they emerged once more, and drove off to the railway station, *en route* for Wynyard Park.

I see that chestnuts are in. Have you ever observed that nearly every one takes these nuts when they are brought to table? And, in addition, have you noticed that there are never quite enough to go round? I often have. Hostesses do not appear to have realised what a universal favourite this nut is, especially when cooked to perfection over charcoal, and served with that delicate daintiness which its exquisite flavour deserves.

We dined out the other evening, and greatly admired

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the table decorations, which for the floral part consisted of leaves of the Virginia creeper in all their autumn glory of fiery crimson and bright gold. These were mingled with brown and green oak-leaves, which are wonderfully tinted this year owing to the long months of sunshine. The leaves were all arranged in pale-green glasses, trumpet-shaped, and five or six of them very tall. Smilax was wreathed round and round the stems, with a spray of barberries here and there twisted in with the smilax. In a circle round the base of each vase was a garland of barberries and smilax, carelessly woven together upon the white cloth. Can you imagine how pretty it all was?

How wonderfully it adds to the enjoyment of one's dinner when surroundings are bright and pretty like this! The soft tints impart an air of festivity to the scene, and the very sight of them raises the spirits.

You say that Stephen wants a recipe for bisque aux écrevisses, and also for sauce Soubise. Mrs. Beeton, in her new edition "Family Cookery and Housekeeping Book," gives the following instructions for making crayfish soup. Perhaps they will do:—

Ingredients for soup for eight persons:—Thirty crayfish, ¼ lb. of butter, six anchovies, the crumb of one French roll, a little lobster spawn, seasoning to taste, two quarts of medium stock or fish stock. Average cost, 7s. Shell the crayfish, and put the fish between two plates till they are wanted. Pound the shells in a mortar with the butter and anchovies; when well beaten, add a pint of stock, and simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Strain through a hair sieve, put the remainder of the stock to it, with the crumb of the roll; give it one boil, and rub it through a tammy with the lobster spawn. Put in the fish, but do not let the soup boil after it has been rubbed through the tammy. If necessary, add seasoning. Time, an hour and a half.

Mrs. Marshall's "Cookery Book" gives this recipe for Soubise, or white onion sauce:—

Cook three blanched and sliced onions with a pint of milk, ½ oz. of butter, a little pepper and salt, a bunch of herbs (thyme, parsley, and bayleaf), and half a pint of thick Béchamel sauce. Boil slowly for three-quarters of an hour, then remove the herbs and pass the sauce, with the onions, through the tammy or hair sieve, then add two tablespoonfuls of cream. Make it hot in the bain-marie, and use.

This is just the time for making apple jelly, you must remember, and for preserving marrows, so here are the instructions, provided by a clever housekeeper who has made these preserves for years in this way, as being much less troublesome than the modes given in the cookery books:—

Apple jelly is a very great delicacy, and can be made with the small and windfall apples. Cut any quantity into quarters without either paring or coring them; remove the specks and worm-eaten parts, and put them into a preserving-pan with barely sufficient water to cover them, and boil until they are reduced to a pulp. Then pour it into a hair-sieve (which must be placed over a basin) to drain all night. Next day, measure the liquid into a preserving-pan, and to every pint of juice add 1¼ lb. of loaf-sugar; stir frequently on a warm part of the stove until the sugar is dissolved. Then remove the spoon and bring it to the boil; remove every particle of the scum which will rise to the surface, and then boil the jelly quickly for an hour. It is advisable to test a small quantity by allowing it to cool before finally pouring into clean, dry glasses or jars. Tie down with brandied papers in the ordinary way.

The vegetable marrow preserve is prepared in the way:—

Marrow for preserving should be sound and ripe. Remove the rind and seeds and cut them into pieces half-an-inch square, weigh it, and for every pound of marrow allow 1 lb. of loaf sugar, half a pint of water, and the grated peel and juice of a lemon. Boil it in a preserving-pan until it is a very strong syrup, then add the marrow; stir until it boils all over, then simmer from twenty minutes to half an hour, or until it is quite transparent; pour into sound dry jars and tie down with brandied papers.

Another way is to allow half an ounce of crushed whole ginger for every pound of marrow. It should be boiled in the syrup and removed with a slice, before putting in the fruit. Boil and finish in exactly the same manner.

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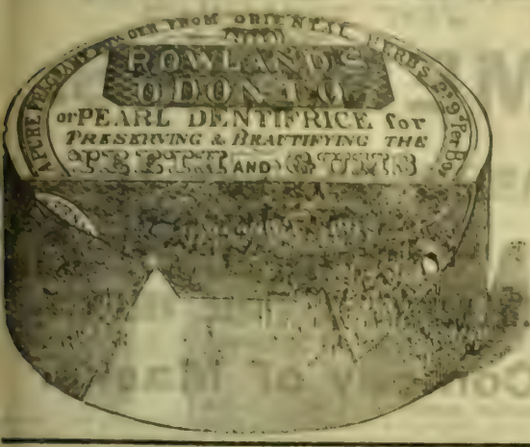

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AXMINSTER CARPETS, British Manufacture, 3s. 6d. per yard; orignal price, 5s. 11d. per yard, **Best Quality WILTON PILE CARPETS,** one piece of a pattern, 3s. 11d. per yard; original price, 6s. 6d. per yard. **Best 5-Frame BRUSSELS CARPETS,** 2s. 11d. and 3s. 3d. per yard. **BRUSSELS CARPETS,** good quality, 1s. 11d.; 5-frame quality, 2s. 6d. per yard. **TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,** best quality old patterns, 1s. 8½d.; original price, 2s. 6d. per yard.

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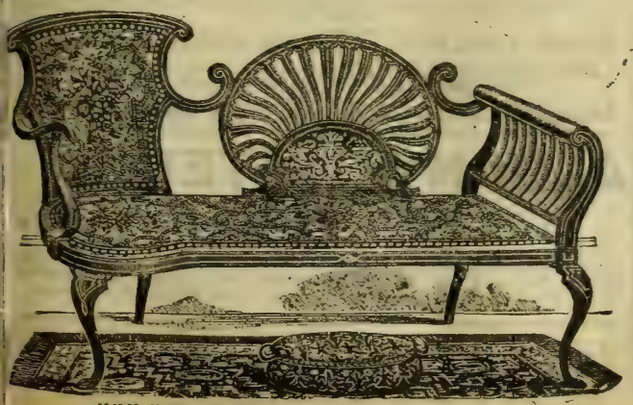

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With spring upholstered seat and back, covered with

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Splendid position facing the sea.
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According to position of rooms selected.

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Delightful position, fronting the sea.
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ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—The ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Eversfield-place, due south, facing the sea. Hydraulic lift to all floors. Billiard-room. Conservatory. Electric light in all public rooms. Table d'hote at separate tables, at 7.—Under the Management of Mr. and Mrs. PERCY BEER (Late of Bailey's Hotels, London).

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THE CHOICEST OF WINES. FRENCH CUISINE OF HIGHEST CHARACTER.

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The only Terminus Hotel of the Brighton Railway Company in London.
Electric Light throughout.

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Situated in the most fashionable, convenient, and healthy locality. Artesian Well Water. Electric Light throughout. Moderate Tariff.
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QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS.
(QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION).

Finest view. Most central position. Near Houses of Parliament, Victoria, and Charing Cross. Suites of Rooms, Furnished or Unfurnished, having all the quiet and privacy of home, at moderate outlay compared with expense of keeping house. All servants supplied and catering done by the Management. Rents include attendance, electric light, lifts, hot and cold water, &c.
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INNS OF COURT HOTEL, Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields. A high-class Family Hotel, with 200 bedrooms, happily situated, having all modern conveniences and a moderate tariff. Electric lights, lifts, &c. Banquets arranged. Masonic lodge, public meeting rooms, &c. Table d'hôte, 6 to 8, 3s. 6d., at separate tables.—FRANK BLACKLEY, Manager. Write for tariff.

FOLKESTONE.—WEST CLIFF HOTEL, 180 Apartments. Patronised by H. R. H. the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, K.T. Extensive Structural Alterations and Decorative Repairs have been carried out and 30 NEW BEDROOMS ADDED SINCE OCTOBER, 1891. The entire system of drainage has been re-modelled and re-constructed, and the most improved sanitary appliances fitted to all Bath-rooms, &c. The Hotel stands in its own private gardens of 2½ acres, faces the sea, and is only five minutes' from the Harbour in the lower part of the town and Shorncliffe New West End Station, and is most convenient for Continental travellers.—For tariff charges, &c., please address the Proprietor.

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LARGEST AND BEST APPOINTED HOTEL IN CHANNEL ISLES, AND THE FINEST SITUATION IN JERSEY.

Directly facing the Channel. Best Sands and Safest Sea Bathing opposite the Hotel. Magnificent Public Rooms. Swimming Bath. Tennis Courts, &c. TABLE D'HÔTE DINNER at 7 p.m. (separate tables) "best in Jersey." Terms Moderate (inclusive or à la carte).

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RUNNACLEAVE PRIVATE HOTEL,

ILFRACOMBE,

(As a Winter Resort.)

120 BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED ROOMS.

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The average mean Winter Temperature of the Town is the highest in the Kingdom, 44·6° (Torquay, 42·8°, Bournemouth, 41·5°). —See Proceedings "Meteorological Society," October, 1892, and *British Medical Journal*, April, 1893.

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Dramatic Performances, Concerts, and other Entertainments constantly given in Recreation Hall.

Inclusive Tariff from Two to Three Guineas Weekly.

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Finest position on the whole sea front. Enlarged and superbly furnished. Only Hotel with Electric Light in every room. Passenger Lift. Dining, Drawing, Reading, Writing, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms. Table d'Hote 7 p.m. Moderate Tariff. No charge for attendance. C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

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Finest and Most Realistic sight in London.
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DAILY, 10 to 10. Admission 1s. Children Half-price.
Tickets, Piccadilly and Victoria-roads, Hyde Park, and Metropolitan Stations.

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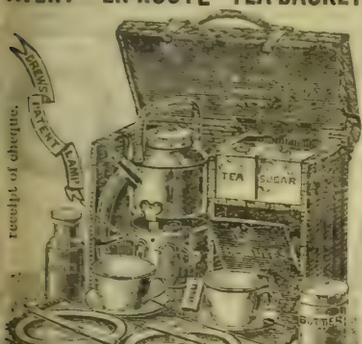

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LAST of CAPTAIN BOYTON'S

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WILL BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION BY

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Eight Sets of Town-made 4-horse Harness, by Parker Bros. Clothing, &c.

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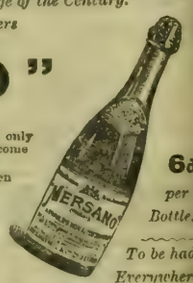

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Assets	Exceed	£5,000,000
Annual Income (1892)		£913,602
Total Payments under Policies		£11,000,000

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has lost lives. When Cod-liver Oil had to be taken plain or not at all, many Consumptives waited until it was too late before taking it. Now we have

Scott's Emulsion

which is Cod-liver Oil made palatable and easy to assimilate. No reason to wait now. We can prevent Consumption by taking Scott's Emulsion in time, and even cure Consumption in its early stages.

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arises from various causes, but principally it may be attributed to early neglect or the indiscriminate use of tooth powders and pastes, which give a momentary whiteness to the teeth while they corrode the enamel. The timely use of that delicate aromatic tooth-wash,

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will speedily arrest the progress of decay, harden the gums, and impart a delightful fragrance to the breath. The formula of **Sozodont** includes only botanic ingredients, and it contains only the purest and most salutary of these.

OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

IT may seem early to be talking about Christmas, but it is not a week too soon to remind the readers of TRUTH that the time has again come round for preparing for the Doll Show, which is always held towards the end of December. It has now, I am glad to say, become quite unnecessary to describe the why and wherefore of this annual fixture, which has so grown in size and importance since its establishment thirteen years ago, and which last Christmas achieved such unprecedented success at the Royal Albert Hall. All that I have to do now is to once more solicit that kind co-operation on which a repetition of past successes so entirely depends. The Dolls—some 4,000 of them in all—are now coming in from the manufacturers, and what I have to ask is that those ladies who may intend to assist in dressing them for the Christmas Show will kindly let me have an intimation of the fact as soon as they conveniently can. As on former occasions, the Dolls to be dressed are of three sizes—large, medium, and small. The new system adopted with regard to the Prizes proved so popular last winter that a similar course will be taken this year. That is to say, gold and silver articles of appropriate designs and varying values, will be presented to those ladies who may be adjudged the Prize-winners at the Christmas Exhibition. It is intended also to present, as far as possible, some lasting reminiscence of the Show to every lady who dresses a certain number of Dolls. Fuller details as to these points will, however, be published in a future number. For the present I would only reiterate the request that applications for the Dolls may be sent in without delay. As may be imagined, the space taken up by the Dolls at this office is not inconsiderable, and I shall be very glad to reduce the stock forthwith. And I need scarcely point out that by obtaining their parcels of Dolls promptly ladies will have an opportunity of devoting more time to their kindly work—to the obvious advantage of the coming Show.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 763.

As it is doubtful whether I shall be able to print a further selection of these Lists of Dummy Book-titles, I will at once say that the Prize will be divided between R. S. O. and BUSHRANGER. I would, at the same time, select for special commendation the lists sent by Lunatic, West Wind, Ombra, Silly Season, Justinian, Sea Dew, Awful Warrior, Netherby, Enyap, Whig, Infelix, Almaviva, East Anglia, Mos, Limp, Felixicus, Drought, Bobus, Kingston, Jo, The O'M., Outis, Ada, Moonlighter, Dombey, Thersites, Craigola, Girouette, and Flos.

PRIZE LISTS.

The Cannibal's Feast—Robert Browning. The Cannibal's Feast Gone Wrong—Robert Burns. Bunyan on the Great Toe. Undergraduates' Tricks, by Proctor. Ain't she Coming it?—Sarah Grand. The Policeman in the Area, by Eliza Cook. The Deserted Maiden—Lover and Lever. Great Cricketers, Vol. I., Tom Bowling by Henry Fielding. Autobiography of a Working-man Magistrate, by Collier (J.P.). On Frying-pans and Gridirons—Bacon. Life Made Pleasant, by Smiles and Helps. The Sweep—William Black.—Bushranger.

Backgammon, by Gull. Sport in Wood and Cover, by Carpenter. Masks and Faces, by the author of Bound to Deceive. Empty Titles, by Baron Grant. Bound to Adore, by Portiere. Leafless Wood, by J. Strange Winter. Nihilism in Russia, by the Lord Mayor. Seems, Madam? Nay, It Is—Wood. The Entrance Out—U. R. Greene. Cells, by Warder. What to Avoid, by M. T. Space. Exits and Entrances, by Inigo Jones.—R. S. O.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 759.

Several letters have been received by me in reference to this Competition protesting—in the most courteous manner, let me say—against my decision. To enter into a discussion with my correspondents is not my intention. But I may point out to them this fact, which they seem to have overlooked. What competitors had to do was not only to find a rhyme for "wasp," but to also introduce that rhyming word in a couplet or quatrain in as ingenious a way as possible. Now, as I need hardly say, a large number of competitors succeeded in finding a rhyme for "wasp," but many failed more or less when it came to making that rhyme a part of the desiderated verse, and I selected the winning stanza because, in my opinion, its author had hit upon a very ingenious manner of bringing in the rhyme suggested by him. It does not appear to me that the fact that that suggested rhyme was but a variation of the word "wasp" itself at all affects the question of its eligibility.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 764.

This Prize will be awarded next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 768.

In accordance with many requests the usual Two Guinea Prize is offered this week for

THE BEST ORIGINAL TOPICAL CONUNDRUM.

Competitors will please, in all cases, send the answers with their Conundrums, and so write them that they can be readily detached from the questions. There is no limit as to the number of Conundrums to be sent by each competitor, but all answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, October 23, at the latest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** All answers are held over until next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 765.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

HOW WIVES CAN INDUCE THEIR HUSBANDS TO ACCOMPANY THEM TO GARDEN PARTIES, MUSICAL "AT HOMES," &c.

Two of my friends have been very successful this year in convoying their husbands, whenever it was expedient, to the solemnities you mention. Their methods were different, but equally effectual. No. 1 is not averse, as her lord suspects, to a little harmless flirtation now and then. "Charlie, dear," she remarked one day at the beginning of the season, "I know how you hate these at-homes and garden-parties. Don't bother yourself a bit, dear boy, for the next couple of months. Captain Spooner has kindly undertaken to look after me." No. 2, who has provided her husband with a typical mother-in-law, observed about the same time: "Very well, Robert, please yourself. But, as I think it neither right nor proper that your wife should go everywhere alone, I will write at once to dear mamma, asking her to come up to Lady Borem's fête, and remain with us until after Christmas."—Maia.

A small table (or arbour) in a nice little secluded spot, hidden by bushes, and well furnished with soda-water, to say nothing of good whisky, champagne, and cigars, is a great attraction to mankind at garden-parties; and I find the houses at which this is provided are the ones where most men appear at the parties, and to which I can most easily induce my own especial mankind to go.—Medice.

Let the wives allow it to be generally understood that for a special reason they do not require their husband's presence at such entertainments. The jealous husbands will be sure then to attend, while those who are not jealous will generally be there for very much the same reason—to make other husbands jealous.—Æsculapius.

Let the guid wife tell her husband that she has the strongest objection to assist at the function unattended, and in case he should be unable to accompany her she thinks of inviting her mother (or some equally objectionable relative) to pay them a visit for a week or so, and who can then serve as a chaperon. That is the way to "fetch" him.—Merle.

1. Wife No. 1: Charlie, here's a card for the Frayers on the 13th, won't you come with me? Husband No. 1: Awfully sorry, pet, but I've an engagement for that date. Wife No. 1: But, Charlie (sliding her arm into his), if you were to come with me I would not want a new gown and bonnet, as a husband is a wife's greatest adornment, you know. Husband No. 1: H'm! I think I can put that engagement off, though it was rather an important one. 2. Wife No. 2: Fred, will you come with me to the Frayers on the 13th? Husband No. 2: No, my dear, I'll be—— shot if I do. Wife No. 2. Well, Fred, if you'll come I won't expect you to go to church with me for a month. Husband No. 2: Make it six weeks, little woman, and it's a bargain. 3. Wife No. 3: Harry, you must come with me to the Frayers on the 13th. Husband No. 3 (a hard-worked journalist): See here, dear; you know well the doctor has warned me against excitement, and yet you—— Wife No. 3: But, Harry, if you run this risk, I will spare you the "excitement" of having your "den" turned out for a whole month. Husband No. 3: Now you talk "biz," old lady, and I'm in it. Wife No. 3: Very well, then. You're engaged for the 13th, and, to use your own odious slang, "Don't you forget it, either."—No you don't.

The wife should assume a nervous desire to accept the invitation, and ask her husband if he is going. If he says "No," she can let just a transient gleam of satisfaction light up her face presently. Let him find her perusing a note, which she must hastily thrust in her pocket at his approach, saying, "Oh, nothing!" in reply to his query as to its contents; after this probably jealousy will take him to the party, and the wife must put on a distrait manner—just a semblance, nothing very apparent, but to an Othello; her eyes may wear a far-away look, as if searching for some one. This will answer for two or three parties; after that he may have acquired the habit of acceptance, or deem it advisable not to allow his wife to attend garden-parties unprotected.—E. Culverhouse.

Let her conduct to her husband be such that the first attraction will be the pleasure of being in her society. Let her conduct to every one be so courteous that a second attraction will be the prospect of seeing her shine in the society of others. Let her be wise in choosing her acquaintances, that a third attraction may be the certainty of meeting at least some interesting people. — Winifred Rawkins.

If I had a husband what wouldn't go
To garden-party, or other show,
D'ye think I'd bother him? Oh! dear, no!
Or try and persuade him to go? Oh! no!
I'd say, "You don't care for these things, and so
I have asked Maud Brighteyes with me to go—
She'll be here at 3.30"—and then, oho!
'Twill not be a case of "gee-up!" but "whoa!"
—Gently, Hubby.

Husbands may be most successfully induced to accompany their wives to garden-parties or "musical at-homes" by the latter twitting the would-be defaulters, with an account of all the fascinating men who paid attention to them at the last such gathering.—Norah Creina.

A little more ease and comfort introduced into the entertainments mentioned would, I think, soon remedy matters. Men have a great objection to stiffness and formality.—Enivrick.

To "fetch" her husband let the lady say
(In case the gentleman should say her nay)
She'll fetch her mother, who will come to stay!
—Marplot.

Where such inducement may be necessary, the prospect of a good dinner, supper, or other meal will generally be found to have the desired effect.—Stanchion.

Take it for granted that your husband will not accompany you, say you will ask a young and handsome cousin to go with you, and it is needless to add that you and your husband will be guests at the five o'clock tea or garden-party, which the soul of man loveth not.—Tilly Slowboy.

Get an invite for the prettiest girl of your acquaintance, and chaperon her to the entertainment.—Chica.

By betraying to him (in strict confidence, of course) that his distinguished presence, varied accomplishments, and incomparable conversation are most earnestly desired by a certain hostess. If she can also add (without a blush) that these affairs always fall so disastrously flat without his charming society, as a certain Mrs. —— has often informed her in secrecy, her object will be more than gained. "For all is vanity," and vanity will draw a fossil reptile out of his native sandstone.—Moonlighter.

Gentlemen will go to garden-parties if allowed to smoke there. They will go to at-homes if their wives impress on them that they are not wanted.—Ivy Leaves.

Let them think they are not wanted and, such is the perversity of man, they will be pretty sure to go.—Crosspatch.

The knowledge that there will be provided for them a card-room (or tent at a garden-party), a good meal, and good wine *ad libitum*.—Blackwood.

Simply pretend that *you* would much rather go without him. This plan acts like a charm, and you generally find him, tennis racquet in hand, waiting for you.—Tiger Jess.

Let her be sweet and winning as of yore,
Not striving less to please him now, but more;
Then going may not with his taste concur,
Yet he'll go anywhere to be with her.—Mos.

To garden-parties, by having a corner set apart where they might retire for a smoke occasionally. To musical at-homes, and such like, by having a room prepared where they could indulge in a rubber and smoke.—Mole.

By the hostess giving good claret and champagne. Not cup.—Fitzjames.

Print a copious programme on the back of the invitation cards.—Phos.

If men would adopt a greater variety of fashions in their costume then they would probably flock in great numbers, vieing to outshine others.—Moo Cow.

I think the great objection men have to accompanying their wives to garden-parties, &c., is the fear that not many other men may be there. This might be overcome if the party would tell No. 1 gentleman that No. 2 (a friend of his) had promised to go and tell No. 2 that No 1 had done likewise. Thus both could probably be persuaded to go. The giver could then inform other gentlemen that Nos. 1 and 2 would be there and thus many more gentlemen would accompany their wives to these gatherings. An intimation that there would be good refreshments, or a good supper as the case might be, would prove a great attraction.—Punster.

1. By telling their husbands that Mrs. —— was only lamenting the other day the following fact—she never got any handsome or clever men at her "at-homes," "musical réunions," &c. Result prognosticated: Sudden and unexpected crowd of males at these gatherings, each anxious to impress their hostess with their claims to be considered the possessors of good looks and brains galore. 2. By telling their husbands they are not going to this or that special gathering, but that somebody else's wife would grace the assembly.—Jo.

Tell him that there is really no need for him to trouble himself to go—that you will be quite happy, and that he will be far better at home.—Lynwood.

Cultivate a man's musical taste: get him (the husband) interested in your own friends; speak well of him always, so that others will think well of him. Many husbands would accompany their wives more to "at-homes," &c., if they truly felt they were liked and respected.—Abraxes.

Nothing will induce a husband to accompany his wife unless he is still so much in love with her that he can refuse her nothing, or unless he is jealous of her.—Betty.

Their wives must swear that Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Langtry will be there.—Ye Hermit.

Go back through each month or long year intervening,
Learn all that your marriage vows teach, and their meaning;
Love is but self-sacrifice free and unstinted—
How the test to apply, this puzzle has hinted.
Esperanza.

If our husbands were sure of having something to do they would come to garden and afternoon parties; really good music or first-rate lawn tennis would attract them, or if the hostess would allow the billiard-room, or even the smoking-room, to be open they would not be so afraid to come.—Kathleen.

Inducements will vary according to characters of husbands and wives. Should Mrs. Wayward say, "Stay at home and sulk by yourself," W. will accompany his wife, believing he has his own way. Should Mrs. MacTurk hint that she may meet a former admirer, jealousy will make M. go. His wife's delicate flattery that he will be the handsomest man present will make Prettyman go. Mesdames Meekman, Mannikin, Vassal, and other strong-minded ladies, disdaining all indirect influence, will simply order their respective husbands to accompany them.—J. McGrigor Allan.

Insinuate to your husband that he is not wanted.—Ivo.

1. Tease! 2. The best way to induce a man, be he husband or not, to do a thing he does not like is to offer him some equivalent which he desires and you do not.—Rich Man.

Make the function shorter, and let there be no dragging, no feeling of awkwardness. Get good professional talent, and let it be a couple of hours of high-strung enjoyment—no time for a yawn, and no possibility for the attention to flag.—Jam.

"My cavalier, dear Captain Spooner," said she,
"At the Junkets' 'at-home' I shall certainly see—
He 's a terrible critic on dress!
If you leave me to him, I shall want a new gown,
So 'tis plain, dearest hub, you must come, or 'come down'—
But you'll come?"
And he meekly said "Yes."
Isinglass.

Lawyers' wives might induce their husbands to accompany them to garden-parties by the hope of obtaining possible clients, either by personal efforts in the way of genial and amusing conversation, delicate attentions, or through introductions of mutual friends. Clergymen's wives, by the hope of possible patrons in a similar manner. Doctors' wives, also, by the hope of possible patients. Other ladies, wives of non-professional men, must rely either on their own or on others' charms to obtain their husbands' company at these afternoon réunions.—C. M. P.

Tell him his wife's former lover will be there.—Kingston.

Wife: "Are you going to Mrs. Smith's garden-party, dear?" Husband: "I! dear! Why?" Wife: "Oh! no reason, dear, only if it bores you, I know Captain Brown will see me home."—Moonshine.

That wife who never seeks to rule,
Who loves and honours and obeys,
Who never calls her husband "fool,"
He takes to parties and to "teys."
Heurteloup.

By a previous agreement, formally signed and sealed by the wives, that their husbands may devote their attention to other people's wives and daughters, and that there shall be no reflexions.—Charley's Aunt.

This can best be effected by ladies promising that their At Homes are to be really what they imply, and not the misnomers they almost invariably are. Married men hate and are always bored by the inevitable "small talk" common to these occasions. Abolish this and all useless formality to which they frequently have to submit. All husbands prefer realities to shams; so whether music, dancing, tennis, or what not be advertised on the invitation-cards, let it be clearly understood and expected that the same is to be carried out heartily and *con spirito*, and not made, as is too often the case, a mere subterfuge or medium for frivolous gossip, scandal, or serious flirtation between unmarried guests, any or all of which interfere with the programme of amusements provided by the hostess.—Ozone.

The best way to find a remedy for any evil is to discover the cause of the evil, and, if possible, remove that cause. The cause of the dislike shown by husbands to accompanying their wives to garden parties, musical at-homes, &c., is manifestly that the amusement provided is not to their taste. Men, with very few exceptions, do not care for tea and gossip, interspersed, in the case of the garden-party with mild out-door games, execrably played, and in the case of the musical at-home, with music of a more or less high class, to which they have to listen in silence. Let the amusements be made to suit their predilections, and they will flock to such social gatherings. For this purpose I maintain that the entertainment at a garden-party should be made to resemble as nearly as possible that provided in the gardens of the exhibitions at Earl's-court. There were always plenty of men as well as ladies in those gardens. The addition to the ordinary garden-party of a band playing lively airs, and a general permission to smoke, would go far towards this end. The musical evening is much easier to reform. I have seldom met with a man who did not appreciate a good comic song; in fact, the announcement of a song of that description always produces a smile of expectation from the whole of any audience. At a musical at-home let three or four comic songs by professional singers be fairly spread over the programme, and I am sure that the men would willingly endure the high-class music for the sake of those songs. I am aware that these proposals of mine will cause a thrill of horror in the bosoms of hostesses, but I am quite sure that if the husbands are to be entertained as well as the wives, something of the kind must be done.—Almaviva.

By tact and promises of reciprocity.—W. G. B.

Answers have also been received from Tuck, Ateel, and Zero.

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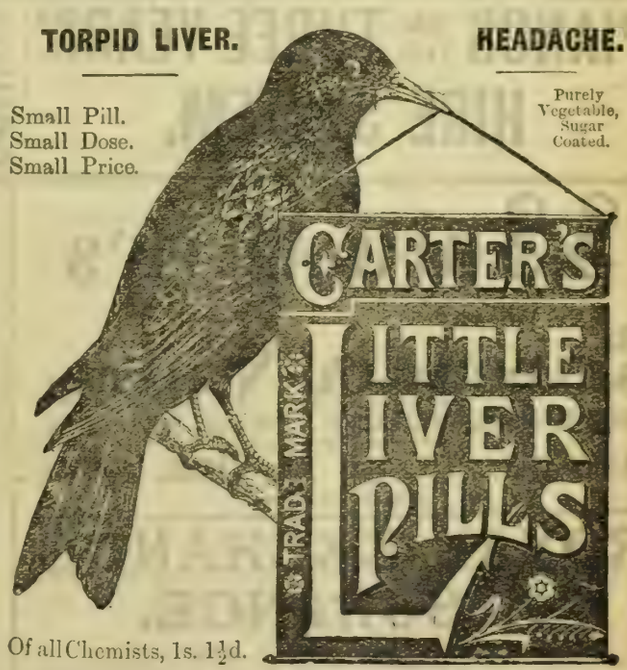

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NOTICES.

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No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen is in very good health, but her Majesty has aged lately to a remarkable degree, and she is obliged to be much more careful in her driving expeditions, so as to avoid all risk of taking cold. The old practice of going a long distance in an open carriage and then returning in the evening has been entirely given up, and now, when the Queen is out late in the afternoon, the vehicle is always closed directly the air begins to get chilly.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to arrive at Sandringham the week after next for the winter, and a succession of visitors will be entertained at the Hall from November 4 to 13. The first shooting-party is to be invited from November 6 to 11. It is expected that a County ball will be given at Sandringham on November 9, the Prince's birthday.

H.R.H., who was at Newmarket last week, went on Friday afternoon to visit Lord and Lady Brooke at Easton Lodge, and stayed there until Monday, when he came to town. The Prince will go to Sandringham at the end of the week until Tuesday, when he returns to Newmarket, and is to stay there until Friday, the 27th, when he comes back to town.

A most nonsensical paragraph has been going round the country papers, which states that Princess Maud of Wales "is being wooed" by Lord Camden, who, as a matter of fact, has never seen H.R.H. except on public occasions, nor has he ever spoken to her in his life.

Another paper makes the preposterous and altogether untrue statement that the Grand Dukes Sergius and Paul were offended because they were "received" at Ballater station, when on their way to Balmoral, only by Prince Henry of Battenberg, whereas they considered that a more important member of the Royal family ought to have been in attendance. Of course, this is a nonsensical fiction, and Prince Henry was emphatically the right person to meet the Grand Dukes, as he happens to be their first cousin, his father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, having been a brother (and the favourite brother) of their mother, the late Empress of Russia.

Princess Louis of Battenberg and her children are to stay during the winter at one of the Queen's houses on the Osborne domain, which place will, no doubt, become their permanent residence when Prince Louis obtains the command of the *Victoria and Albert.*

The Empress Frederick, who is residing at Homburg, is expected to arrive at Windsor Castle about November 23 on a visit to the Queen. The Empress will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham for a few days during her stay in England, which is to extend over a month.

I learn that the German Emperor, who is a most inveterate match-maker, is now trying to arrange a marriage between his brother-in-law, the Duke of Augustenberg (nephew of Prince Christian), and Princess Victoria Melita, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg. Duke Ernest Günther is supposed to be much in love with the Princess, but the Duchess of Coburg will not hear of the match, and she is believed to have a much more brilliant *parti* in her eye for her second daughter.

The story that there is a possibility of a marriage between the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and a member of our Royal Family is a most absurd fabrication. The first article of the Hapsburg family statutes provides that an Archduke or Archduchess can only marry a born Roman Catholic, and a breach of that law would involve *ipso facto* the forfeiture of both rank and property.

It is well known that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand has for years been devotedly attached to the Crown Princess Stéphanie; and although this is a marriage which would be most distasteful to the Emperor and to the Imperial family, yet it will probably take place. The Archduke, who possesses an immense fortune of his own, is believed to be quite willing to surrender his right of succession to the Throne sooner than give up the idea of marrying his cousin's widow.

I believe that I am right in saying that when last autumn Lord Ribblesdale was appointed Master of the Buckhounds it was on the distinct understanding that, after last winter's season, the Buckhounds were to be abolished. Who, then, has interfered to prevent this arrangement being carried out? It cannot be supposed that the Queen is desirous to keep up a pack of hounds for the amusement of her Windsor neighbours, or to give Lord Ribblesdale £2,000 per annum for acting as Master to the pack, as a sop for being good enough to support Mr. Gladstone in the House of Lords. The provision for

the Master, for the tame stags, and for the dogs, comes out of the Civil List; therefore it is difficult to raise the issue in the House of Commons. There is, however, an item in the accounts of the Woods and Forests anent the kennels in which the dogs are lodged, and this possibly would allow a motion to be made on the salaries of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

This tame stag-hunting is contemptible as sport, and, to the thinking of most people, it is cruel. Putting aside, however, all this, and admitting that to cart out a tame stag, and to gallop after it as it is pursued by dogs is a manly and humane amusement, I fail to see why about £10,000 per annum should be expended out of money derived from taxation for the amusement of the gentlemen residing in the vicinity of Windsor Castle. If they like to hunt tame stags, and if the law allows them, then let them pay themselves for their idiosyncrasy. Still more objectionable is it that a Peer should receive £2,000 per annum for hunting at the public cost, simply because he condescends to exercise his hereditary right to legislate in a wiser manner than most of his brother Legislators.

There is a fine level piece of Windsor Park, close to the town, and on this the officers of the Household Cavalry were accustomed to play at polo. Last year Prince Christian objected to this use being made of the ground. The reason was by no means clear, for the care taken of it improved it for all purposes, including grazing. The townspeople of Windsor and the neighbouring residents were in the habit of attending in large numbers to witness the polo. I cannot help thinking that if a direct appeal were made to the Queen, she would make known her wish that the Household Cavalry should be permitted to use this corner of the Royal Park for a healthy game, which affords pleasure not only to them but to lookers-on.

The papers announced on Saturday (on the authority of a news agency) that Lord Elgin will shortly visit the Queen at Balmoral, in order that he may kiss hands on his new appointment, and that "it is understood that he will then be sworn of the Privy Council." It happens that Lord Elgin was made a Privy Councillor nearly eight years ago, when Mr. Gladstone appointed him to be First Commissioner of Works. Lord Elgin will not kiss hands on his appointment to India until after the Queen has returned to Windsor Castle, and he is not expected to leave England for Calcutta until after Christmas.

Lord Elgin's selection as Viceroy of India can only be justified on the ground, that there is a Divinity which hedges a peer, and renders him capable of undertaking the government of men. The post of Indian Viceroy is one of the most important on the globe. A constitutional sovereign reigns, but the Viceroy rules—and in a land where want of judgment or of sagacity may land us in a sea of troubles. Lord Elgin may be a Heaven-born genius; but he is utterly without experience, and he has had no opportunity to show ability of any kind. If he does prove to be fit for the post to which he has been appointed on the sole grounds that he is a member of the Upper House, and the son of his father, it will be a most fortunate accident.

The Duke of Cambridge will have a shooting party next week at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, and the Prince of Wales is to be one of his guests. There are an immense number of partridges on this estate, and hares are very abundant.

Mr. Morley has been spending the autumn at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Phœnix Park. The official residence in Dublin Castle is rarely, if ever, occupied by an Irish Chief Secretary, the Lodge being in every way preferable. The latter is a sufficiently imposing-looking building, in a breezy situation, the whole stretch of the "Fifteen Acres"—in reality many times fifteen—lying in front, with a distant background of the Dublin mountains. At the end of the month, the Chief Secretary, with his family, leaves Ireland and returns to London.

Killiney, one of the most picturesque of Irish seaside resorts, overlooking the bay of that name, has always had a special attraction for politicians of Nationalist views. Modern historic interest attaches to many of the villas clustered on the slopes of Killiney Hill. Here Smith O'Brien and his lieutenant, Mr. J. Blake Dillon, spent the evening of their days. Mr. Davitt is now a resident in the neighbourhood, as well as Mr. W. Redmond. Mr. John Dillon and Mr. John Redmond have been spending the holiday time there since the end of the Parliamentary Session. Killiney is remarkable for the mildness of its climate, which, however, seems to have no enervating effects on the inhabitants. Tourists are shut out from this picturesque spot, there being no hotel or inn of any kind in the neighbourhood. It lies midway between Kingstown and Bray.

Lord and Lady Pembroke have been paying their now annual autumnal visit to Ireland. The Pembroke estates in the environs of Dublin and in the city itself are very extensive. Most of Merrion-square is the property of Lord Pembroke. Mount Merrion, Lord Pembroke's Irish residence, is neither large nor pretentious; situated about five miles south of Dublin, it is usually let to summer tenants. Last week Lord and Lady Pembroke opened the technical schools for fishermen at Ringsend, which Lord Pembroke has built and endowed.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are expected at Chatsworth early in November for a stay of three months, and during Derby race week they will entertain a large party, including the Prince of Wales, and they are to have a private special train each day of the meeting between Rowsley and Derby. Chatsworth House has been lighted throughout with electricity during the last three months, and many other improvements have been carried out. There are an immense number of pheasants in the extensive covers on the Chatsworth domain, and excellent sport is expected during the winter, while partridges are also very abundant.

Lord Chancellor Herschell cannot pay his usual visit to Pau this winter, and Deal Castle is too cold a residence, so he has taken a house at Virginia Water until Easter.

For the Truth Hotel List, see pages 834-835 in the present issue.
For Amusements, see page 833.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 833.

The death of Lord Stormont is deeply regretted in Perthshire. He had been for some time in failing health, but at the last he died quite suddenly. Only two days before his death he had resigned various important public offices, which he had held for many years. Lord Stormont took a very keen interest in Perthshire county affairs, and he was thoroughly acquainted with every department and detail of the work, and proved a most admirable Chairman of the County Council. He practically passed his whole life at Scone Palace, the family place near Perth, and for nearly twenty years he had entirely managed Lord Mansfield's large estates, which yield a rental of about £50,000 a year. Lord Stormont was a most generous considerate, and sympathising landlord, and every grievance which was brought under his notice he at once looked into, and did his best to redress, and the tenants felt that they were dealing with one who had a thorough practical knowledge of their business. He was a keen Tory, but he never took any prominent part in political affairs, although his influence in Perthshire had greatly increased during the last ten years.

Mr. Barnes, of Durham, the eminent antiquarian, who died a few days ago, possessed a rare and splendid collection of water-colour drawings, and a unique portfolio of the cuts of Bewick. Mr. Barnes was a highly-accomplished man, a fine scholar, and an enthusiastic but discriminating collector. He was an excellent judge of pictures, and generally of works of art.

Sir John Boyd's death will be widely and sincerely lamented both at Edinburgh and in Roxburghshire. He was an active and a valuable member of the Edinburgh City Council for nearly thirty years, and was Lord Provost from 1888 to 1891. Sir John was a zealous Liberal until 1886, when he joined the Unionists. He was all his life closely and prominently identified with the commercial, municipal, and political interests of Edinburgh, when he was very popular and universally esteemed. Sir John Boyd died at Maxpoffle, his place in Roxburghshire, which he had inherited from his father, who was also for many years a well-known Edinburgh citizen and Magistrate.

The following letter from Sir Henry Meux's agent, though dated October 7, only reached me on October 10—too late for insertion in last week's TRUTH. That the tenant's rent had previously been reduced, I was aware. The point on which I desired information, however, and which this letter entirely fails to clear up, is, why, if Mr. Butler's rent was reduced £175 between 1881 and 1892, the present year—a most disastrous one for the majority of agriculturists—was considered a suitable one for putting £100 on again. Mr. Butler is said to have received substantial "pecuniary assistance" beyond the reductions, but against this may be fairly set his capital expenditure and the improved condition of his farm. The alternative which he has accepted clearly shows that in his opinion the extra £100 a year meant ruin to him, and I should say he was the best judge:—

The Estate Office, Wootton Bassett, Wilts,
October 7, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that I can quite trust to your sense of justice to publish the following facts with regard to the alleged unfair treatment in the case of one of Sir Henry Meux's Wiltshire tenants, especially at a time when he is endeavouring to do all in his power to help them over this crisis.

The following figures, taken from the estate rent ledger, will show that the tenant has received more than 40 per cent. reduction since 1881, and the rent of the farm itself has been reduced over 65 per cent. since 1877:—

Mr. R. J. Butler took South Overton Farm—some 480 acres—together with seven cottages, in 1881, at a yearly rent of £450. (This farm had been previously let for £800 per annum.)

In 1885 the rent was reduced to £300.

In 1887, under peculiar circumstances, a further assistance was given by a reduction to £200, but this was readjusted to £275 per annum.

In addition to these very substantial reductions, Mr. Butler has received pecuniary assistance to the amount, in all, of £700, and this year has had a further special allowance of 10 per cent.—Yours faithfully, ERNEST C. TREPPLIN.

That English yachtsmen should continue to build and despatch to America yachts on the English pattern, in the hope of recovering the America Cup strikes me as very wonderful; for I should have thought it had been long since conclusively demonstrated that yachts of the English pattern cannot compete as mere racing machines with those built on the American pattern. All that the *Valkyrie* seems to have done is to prove this more conclusively than ever, for she is admitted on all hands to be one of the fastest English yachts ever built; and, after all, what does her performance amount to? That she came very near winning one race out of three, and might have won it but for accidents of the sort with which the defeated always console themselves in such cases. To send more English yachts of the same build across the Atlantic under these conditions may be highly characteristic of our national inability to see when we are beaten, but it is about as wise as if the Americans were to persist in sending over here trotting horses to compete for the Derby, or base-ball teams to play English cricketers. Were I a yachtsman desirous of winning the America Cup, I should devote myself to building yachts on the American model, which, if they would not sail across the Atlantic, should be carried across on steamboats.

Lord Hastings has broken up his rare and splendid collection of British and foreign birds at Melton Constable, and 300 cases have gone to the Norwich Museum, while the remaining 115 cases have been given by him to the Old Tolhouse Museum at Yarmouth.

Mr. James Blyth has again been remarkably successful at the Dairy show. Not only did he take three first prizes for Jerseys, but the Blythwood Cup was won by another owner with an animal bred by Mr. Blyth, though by the conditions of the competition the winner was subsequently disqualified, as having taken the same prize elsewhere. The Dairy Show is one of the most practical and useful institutions of the kind, and it is strange that the public do not take more interest in it I have my

HÔTEL BURLINGTON, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Electric light. Passenger lift. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth EAST Station.

doubts, however, respecting the poultry competition which was decided by eighty birds being killed and eaten. No doubt the proof of the chicken is in the eating; but did each judge taste each bird? If not, how could he give an opinion? And if he did taste the whole eighty, could he give an opinion then? He might, but I doubt whether it would be worth much.

A lady recently advertised that she was desirous of recommending a governess, competent to teach French, music, singing, and English subjects, and a first-rate needlewoman. Here is one of the answers which she received. At first sight it might be regarded as a practical joke, but there seems no reason to doubt the writer's earnestness. It is a pity that she does not state precisely what salary ("moderate") she is prepared to pay for the desired prodigy, who is apparently expected to discharge regularly all the functions of cook, housemaid, governess, lady's companion, and parish organist, and to act as housekeeper when occasion arises:—

DEAR MADAM,—I have seen your advertisement in *Christian Times*, and require, the middle of October, a superior person as governess-help, thoroughly domesticated, and a good cook, pastry-maker, better dishes, and sweets; to dust, help with beds, and light housework, and afternoon lessons to a girl 11. Must be a really good musician, able to teach well and to read quickly, to accompany for songs and violin. She would also have to play American organ in the church adjoining the house. Kindly, if able to undertake above, state salary (moderate), and if a good French scholar. Will be treated as one of the family. General and boy indoors kept, and house a good size. Kindly reply by return, as I am leaving here for Yorkshire on Monday morning. —Believe me, yours truly,

Also please state if able, in my absence or illness, to take entire charge of house and servants, carve, and manage for family. Is manner pleasant, refined, &c.? Gt. haste.

So far as I can see, however, the hardship of the governess's lot lies, in most cases, far less in what she has to do, or what she is paid, or not paid, than in her humiliating position in the family circle. By an odd coincidence, two bitter letters on this point reached me the other day by the same post. One came from Scotland, the other from the Punjab, but the position described and the sentiments expressed in each agreed so closely that they might have come from the same writer. The Scotch governess says:—

Take the position of a "lady by birth," sufficiently educated to obtain a high salary in a large house. What is her position in the family? She appears in the family circle at breakfast, and again at lunch. She is not expected to speak unless she is spoken to. Rarely is a remark addressed to her unless by some unusually genial visitor. The long meal comes to an end and she retires to her own apartments, not to speak to a soul except her pupil until the time arrives to go through the same ordeal again. This is the life led day after day by many a highly-educated gentlewoman—compelled to be in the family but not of it, cut off from all social intercourse, and in a more oppressive solitude than that of solitary confinement.

The Indian Governess says:—

The grievances of governesses are many, but the worst of them is the *social ban* to which they are subjected. Can it be right that a well educated fatherless girl who prefers earning her own living to subsisting on the bounty of friends should be excluded from the class among whom she lives and to which she has hitherto belonged? Are we to understand that the moment a lady undertakes to impart to others the knowledge which she has acquired she descends in the social scale, and has no longer the right to expect the courtesy due to a lady?

There are, I fear, a large number of well-to-do persons who consider all those who render them any service in return for payment as necessarily their inferiors, and make a point of showing this by their behaviour. Nothing that I or anybody else can say is likely to alter their demeanour. It must also be remembered that a governess, however kindly she may be treated, is not a member of the family, and that her presence in the family circle at all times and seasons imposes a restraint which few people will care to put up with. At the best the position of a salaried outsider in a private house is bound to have its awkwardness on one side or the other, or both. All I feel able to do is to invite ladies and gentlemen who have not thought much about it to read the above protests, and do what they can to make things more cheerful for the lady strangers within their gates. I should like to add, however, that if "ladies by birth," who have to get their own livings, would act more generally upon the advice which I have so often given, and go out as domestic servants instead of governesses, the evil would very soon right itself.

Apropos to the Excise prosecution against the proprietor of "The Imperial" at Bournemouth, I expressed surprise last week that an hotel should be held on a lease which forbids the house to be licensed. I have since been enlightened on this point to some extent by local correspondents, and it appears that, as a matter of fact, the house in question was not built as an hotel, and that the proprietor has been restrained at the instance of the ground landlord from styling it an hotel, the fact being that Sir George Meyrick, the ground landlord, is under contract with the proprietor of the Royal Bath Hotel not to allow another licensed house on his property. This raises in my mind the further question how Sir George Meyrick came to allow a building of the style and dimensions of the "Imperial" to be erected at all. Perhaps some one can enlighten me on this point.

I give below a letter from Dr. Yorke-Davies, the well-known specialist on obesity, and he has been good enough to forward to me his book on the subject. The theory of the Carlsbad and Marienbad doctors is, that the waters act rather as a dissolvent than as an aperient, but they do not contend that these waters would sensibly reduce fat without the régime. This régime is not starvation. It is a meat diet with a very little bread. The vexed question, however, is, whether fat produces fat. On this German doctors differ. The ablest of these doctors told me that, if no starch or sugar be taken, fat does not produce fat, but that the effect of taking fat together with starch or sugar is that not only are the latter converted into fat, but convert the fat into it also. On the question of the effect of drink, the Germans hold that a person may drink as much as he likes when not eating, but that if he drinks and eats at the same time, he increases his bulk, because in the latter case the water required for digestion is not taken from the globule of water in which each fat globule is enclosed. Very likely if a person gorges himself with fat he will be bilious; it does not, however, follow that he will be fat. So it is with exercise. If he takes none, he should eat very moderately; but provided that he does this, exercise is not necessary to health. Put a man in a prison cell,

SILVER DAMASCUS FILAGREE NECKLET.—An exquisite piece of Eastern workmanship. The design consists of a series of fine links, connected by small filagree bosses, with pendant balls, producing the effect of pearls. The simplicity and refinement of the ornament recommend to all in search of a souvenir. It is especially suitable for bridesmaids' gifts. Price 12s. 6d.—LIBERTY & Co., Jewellers, Regent-street, W.

give him a small amount of food, and unless he has some organic disease, he will probably outlive his contemporaries who are taking every day their "constitutionals." If a man likes exercise, he is wise to indulge in it. But I contend that if a person in youth takes a great deal of it, he becomes a slave to it in later years, the fact being that a human being can accustom himself to almost any mode of life, but when the habit is once acquired he has a difficulty to alter except at the cost of health. This is what Dr. Yorke-Davies says:—

SIR,—Your remarks on this subject will interest a great many people, as the desire to get thin is not confined to those who seek such places as Marienbad and other Spas for this purpose.

Though in the main your observations on the point are correct, my experience teaches me that on the system you suggest the result in nine cases out of ten would not be satisfactory. There would be no *loss* of fat.

You say that "no drugs can reduce fat without making the patient ill." This is absolutely true, and it is a great pity that so many people permanently injure themselves by taking the nostrums of quacks for this purpose. Even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad do not assist in reduction in themselves beyond acting as aperients, and thereby carrying off the food before it has nourished the system. As you remark, the reduction of fat is absolutely a matter of diet only. I agree with you when you say there should be no starving in the matter, but my experience teaches me that all fattening substances should be cut out of the dietary for a time, and that the amount of food should be adjusted to the requirements of the individual. An officer in a cavalry regiment requires a very different amount of food to a City man doing sedentary work. I take exception to your remark in the menu you lay down—that is, if the individual is to lose fat rapidly, as should be the case, and gain health and condition at the same time. For instance, you say that for breakfast "any sort of meat, *milk*, and *cream*, *butter*, and a piece of toast. The italics are mine. Your remarks as to lunch I take no exception to; but if the individual in the afternoon took tea, with—I presume as you allow it for breakfast—milk or cream, toast, and butter, he would lose but little, if any, fat, even if he did not put on more.

A diet to reduce fat and a diet that does not fatten are two totally different things.

You say the less he drinks at lunch and dinner the better. It is true that it is not desirable to take very much fluid with meals, but there is no reason why he should not drink a gallon of water a day if he feels so disposed. Of course all beverages containing sugar or starch should be avoided, such as sweet wines, beer, and sweet aërated waters.

Exercise, as you remark, tends to reduction of fat, though not essential to it; but it is of the greatest importance if health and condition are to be maintained. If you take a horse in from grass fat and lazy, confine him in the stable, and feed him on corn and hay, he will rapidly part with his fat, but he will not get into condition. He must be exercised for this purpose: so must the human animal.

The latter part of your advice I should certainly not recommend people to take, for in trying to avoid Scylla they would land themselves in Charybdis. You say, "What I want to bring home to the fat is that they may gorge themselves with fat meats, butter, and cream, without adding to their bulk." Possibly not, but they would undoubtedly become bilious, and upset their digestive organs. The whole secret of safely and rapidly reducing fat may be summed up in a few lines.

The dietary should be adjusted in quality to the requirements of the individual for a time. The foods that build up the frame—that is, are converted into muscle, bone, nerve, &c., and give energy, *i.e.*, lean meat of all kinds, green vegetables, &c.—should be increased, and those that keep up the heat of the body, and when taken in excess become stored as fat, should be cut out. These latter are sugar, starch, and in this case fat itself.

The body requires a large amount of fat-forming food to keep up its heat. When this food is cut off nature draws upon the fat stored in the body until it is exhausted.

When this happy consummation has taken place, the individual may return to his former mode of life, only avoiding to a slight extent sugar and starch. Thus the benefit gained is permanent, which a visit to Marienbad certainly is not. I speak from large experience in the matter I am writing on.—I am,
Sir, yours faithfully, N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

A bold experiment is about to be tried by Messrs. Spiers & Pond, who are opening in Paris (at 26, Boulevard des Capucines) an English Restaurant, with a grill-room on the most approved London model. Hitherto English cookery has been a by-word in France, but Messrs. Spiers & Pond will give the Parisians an opportunity of sampling dishes in which we really excel, presented in their most attractive form. Even if they fail to convert our neighbours to the British chop and steak, Englishmen in Paris will welcome the attempt, and there are enough of them to ensure its success. I would suggest, by the way, to Messrs. Spiers & Pond that they should open a Parisian "Duval" in London.

Mr. Stead, whose flow of novel and sensational ideas causes me much envy, has devised a scheme for a daily newspaper which is to be financed by the subscribers, and managed by an irresponsible editor, who, for want of a better, is to be himself. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this original proposal, always provided the right editor can be found. If 100,000 subscribers at 26s. per head respond to Mr. Stead's offer, this will prove that they regard him as the right editor, and the problem is therefore solved. For my part, I sincerely hope that the requisite 100,000 subscribers will be forthcoming. We have too long been condemned to take Mr. Stead in small monthly parts. I confess I should like to see him in a daily edition, and I am sure that if he comes out once more in that form he will supply a widely-felt want. Besides, the daily papers sadly need waking up, and there is no one living better qualified to do it than the editor of the *Review of Reviews*.

With much reluctance, however, I must differ from Mr. Stead upon one point. He says:—"I am the only English journalist who edits an organ of opinion whose area of circulation is co-extensive with the English-speaking race." I have no doubt that he believes this, but the idea is a pure delusion. Other editors may speak for themselves. As regards myself, I may say that there is absolutely no spot inhabited by the English-speaking race in which TRUTH does not circulate, and in which I have not regular subscribers. I may go beyond that and say that there is no such spot in which TRUTH is not constantly quoted, and from which numbers of "the English-speaking race" are not almost every week writing to me on one topic or another. I say this, not in any boastful spirit, but in the interest of truth. I have no doubt, however, that the British Empire is big enough to hold both Mr. Stead and me. If it were not, he would very soon have it enlarged.

The Life of Dean Stanley, about which there has been so much talk, and which has been in process of compilation for the last twelve years, is to be published in the course of the winter. It will largely consist of the Dean's own letters.

I am glad to hear that the letters of Harriet Countess Granville are being prepared for publication by her son, Mr. Edward Leveson-Gower. Lady Granville was a prominent figure in the very best society of Europe from 1810 until the death of her husband (who was long Ambassador at Paris) in 1845, and she was widely known for her brilliant wit, her charming manners, her fine abilities, and her rare tact and *finesse*. She was *très grande dame* to her finger-tips.

The Corporation of Manchester have just purchased Mr. Frank Goodall's Academy picture, "The Waters of the Nile," for their permanent Art Gallery.

PFUNGST FRÈRES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

With reference to foreign schools offering commissions to English masters for introducing pupils, an ex-schoolmaster tells me that I ought to have warned parents against the recommendations of scholastic agencies as well as schoolmasters, since they equally receive commissions on the result of their recommendations. I should hardly have thought, however, that such a warning was necessary. Any person of average intelligence who deals with an agency knows that the agent is paid by commission, and discounts his recommendations accordingly. But those who do not know what the real state of the case is, would be apt to attach very much greater weight to a recommendation given by a master at an English public school.

Of one thing there can be no doubt. Many of the foreign schools most puffed and pushed in England are most unsuitable places for English boys, and too much care cannot be exercised by parents in sending their children to them. One of my correspondents refers to a large proportion of such establishments as "dumping grounds for the intellectual and moral refuse of English schools," and he adds that this state of things is due to the reluctance of English Headmasters to expel boys, and their preference for the simpler and less troublesome course of recommending a naughty boy's parents to give him another chance abroad. This is, no doubt, true, but there is a converse side of the picture which equally requires to be studied. I mean that there are English schools which are "dumping grounds" for Continental refuse.

The Regius Chair of Greek at Oxford, which has become vacant by the death of the Master of Balliol, will be a much more valuable appointment in the future than it has been in the past, the increased income being drawn from the revenues of Christ Church, according to an arrangement which was made by the University Commissioners.

In a notice of the "Life of Dr. Pusey," the *St. James's Gazette* states that he gained a Fellowship of Oriel, "in the palmiest days of the famous Dr. Hawkins." As a matter of fact, the renowned Copleston was Provost of Oriel when Pusey was elected to a Fellowship, and for several years afterwards. The *St. James's* refers to the celebrated Hugh James Rose, merely as "a Cambridge Don," the writer having apparently not the slightest conception of the real position which that divine filled in the Church, or of the immense influence which he exercised over the originators of the Oxford movement.

Bishop Thorold has arranged to reside at Winchester for three months from the end of this week. The Bishop will stay at the Deanery, which has been placed at his disposal by Dean Kitchin.

The Rectory of Bury, which is worth upwards of £2,000 a year, with residence, and is in the gift of Lord Derby, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. F. E. Hopwood, who was presented about five years ago on the death of Canon Hornby, who held this great living for nearly forty years. The Rector of Bury is the patron of five livings in the town, being subdivisions of the original parish of Bury.

Canon Hopwood was one of the most popular clergymen in Lancashire, and at and around Bury his early death is deeply lamented. He was a man of wide sympathies, and interested himself zealously in educational affairs, and he was exceedingly charitable. Canon Hopwood, when he was at Christ Church, was in two successive years "cox" of the University boat. He was a son of Canon Hopwood, who married a sister of the late Lord Derby (an aunt of the present Peer), and who was presented by his brother-in-law to the rich living of Warwick, which he held for nearly thirty years.

Three or four weeks back I referred to a stupid hoax which had been perpetrated by the publication of an announcement that a Curate at a Somersetshire watering-place had been appointed Rector of Falmouth. The appointment actually found its way into the *Guardian*. Since then the announcement has appeared in several papers that the same gentleman has been appointed to the living of Masham in Yorkshire—a statement equally fictitious. It would be well if the papers which have been thus hoaxed could throw any light upon the author of these stupid attempts at practical joking, which have caused a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience to all three of the clerics whose names have been involved in them.

Two Scotch ministers have been distinguishing themselves by their rabid denunciations of dancing. It seems that a schoolmistress incurred the wrath of one of these gentlemen, the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of the Free Manse, Garth, by holding an annual prize distribution and party, followed by a dance, on the same evening as his reverence's weekly prayer-meeting. After some amiable remarks respecting the lady and her husband, Mr. Nicholson proceeds to express his regret that "too many of our Strath people countenanced them at the said tea-party and dancing, and neglected the prayer-meeting held at the same time in church." From this it may be inferred that the tea-party proved a greater attraction than the prayer-meeting. The truly Christian minister, however, is not without a consoling thought in his disappointment. "But," he concludes, "the great God and Judge of all will bring all such godless ones, rich and poor, to an account, and assign them their portion in hell for ever."

The second of these liberal-minded clerics is the Rev. Thomas Millar, of St. Paul's Parish Church, Lorne-street, Leith. The members of the choir having resolved to have a dance, Mr. Millar evidently considered that some special effort should be made to frustrate the pernicious proposal. Accordingly at the close of the morning service on Sunday week he and the elders and managers of the church pro-

The Imperial, East Cliff, Bournemouth.—Position, appointments, and cuisine unsurpassed. 100 rooms. Luxuriously furnished. Electric light. Private omnibuses meet trains. Telegraphic address, Imperial, Bournemouth.—Chas. A. Reingpach, Manager.

"Izal."—The new non-poisonous Disinfectant. The strongest and safest the world has ever known. Of all Chemists, in large bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and gallon tins, 10s.

ceeded in a body to the choir gallery, and there, to the astonishment of the choir, Mr. Millar denounced in strong terms the proposed dance. One audacious choirman asked the reverend gentleman to give his reasons, but he discreetly declined, remarking that "he would state his reasons to no man." It is satisfactory to learn that the choir determined not to abandon their dance because of the Rev. Thomas Millar's stupid prejudice.

The people of Hastings are to be congratulated on possessing an exceptionally wooden-headed and narrow-minded branch of the Lord's Day Observance fraternity. Among other twaddle uttered at a meeting of this sect last week, it is reported that "great regret was expressed that the Hastings Museum was recently thrown open to French archæologists on a Sunday, and also that several Hastings Town Councillors were present." The rest of the community will probably rejoice with me that the country was not made ridiculous in the eyes of the French archæologists by the closing of the Museum on such an occasion. It would seem, however, that the Hastings Sabbatarians desire to reduce their town on Sundays to the condition of a well-conducted cemetery; for they have passed votes of thanks to certain tradesmen who have "covered their goods with blinds on Sunday," and to the Lift Company for refusing to help people uphill on that day, and have also recorded their regret that it is impossible, in the present state of the law, to prevent flys and brakes plying for hire on Sunday. Why on earth cannot these sanctimonious noodles go indoors and draw their own blinds down, and leave the rest of the world to spend the Day of Rest as their conscience and intelligence suggest?

I have been asked to call the attention of my readers to the newly-formed Church of England Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals. The Honorary Secretary of this Society is the Rev. F. Lawrence, of Westow Vicarage, York, who will be glad to give any information about it, or to receive communications from those willing to promote local branches. I need not say that I wish every success to the movement, but why it should be thought necessary to encumber it with a sectarian title, or to limit it to a sectarian organisation, I confess I do not see.

A grand Bazaar under the patronage of Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, and other distinguished ladies will be held at Kensington Town Hall on December 6, 7, 8, and 9 in aid of the Children's Free Breakfasts and Winter Dinners for the Poor. Contributions of money or goods for sale may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Meyer, 12, Elm Park-gardens.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—York and Ipswich, 4s. 6d.; A. M. A., £1. 1s.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion. Perfect fit guaranteed. Caution, the only address, other people are trading on our name.

Had it not been that the Duke of Connaught's appointment to Aldershot has been strongly dealt with in TRUTH, and that I am apprehensive of being accused of hostility to a popular and meritorious officer merely because he is a Prince, I should have referred last week to the presentation and entertainment to his Royal Highness at Portsmouth. In view, however, of the number of indignant letters addressed to me by military men, I feel unable to pass over this scandal. Scandal is the only word for it. The Queen's Regulations say:—

> Every officer will be held responsible should he allow himself to be complimented by officers who are serving or have served under his command by means of presents of plate or any other collective expression of their opinion.

That the Duke of Connaught has allowed himself to be complimented in this way is beyond question. Is he, then, or is he not to be "held responsible" for the irregularity? If not, it follows that the Queen's Regulations are not considered to apply to the Queen's son. Had this been made known before the Duke's appointment to Aldershot, it would at once have been recognised on all hands that he was an impossible man for such a post.

I hear from a military correspondent at Poona that it is not true that a certain Colour-Sergeant, whose singularly lenient treatment after conviction of embezzlement was commented upon in TRUTH of August 31, is or was a Freemason. For the sake of the Freemasons I am glad to hear this. When, however, my correspondent goes on to cite cases by way of convincing me that a Freemason who commits a military offence, so far from being treated with favour by an officer in authority over him, is more likely than not to be at a disadvantage, I must reluctantly decline to be convinced. I have heard of late too much evidence the other way—though I do not say that it is in the mere assessment of punishment for "crimes" that Freemasonry in the Army is most mischievous.

Can it possibly be the fact that the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief in India are privileged to remit money home at 2s. 2d. and 2s. 3d. per rupee? I find this statement, not for the first time, in a complaint made to me on the eternal rupee question, and I should be glad to know whether it is really the case. If it is, a more scandalous injustice than the denial of such a privilege to needy men whose families are half-starved through the depreciation of the rupee, while the privilege is granted to extravagantly-paid officials who have no need of it, can hardly be imagined. To him that hath . . . .

Mr. Grant Macdonald, whose scheme for checking fraudulent enlistment by passing all recruits through a Central Depot for general training, will be surprised to hear that the idea is far from new. It appears in an almost identical shape in a pamphlet on Army Organisation, published so far back as 1877 by Captain Dugmore, as the extract below will show. Far be it from me to suggest that Mr. Macdonald is indebted to Captain Dugmore for the idea. The coincidence merely shows that the advantages of reform in this direction have

STAR AND GARTER HOTEL, Richmond Hill, S.W. High, dry, and freest from fog. Delightful winter residence. Moderate charges, and special terms for a lengthened stay.—CHAS. JAMES, Manager.

suggested themselves both to a civilian onlooker and to an experienced regimental officer. Captain Dugmore says:—

Then there is the question of how to put a stop to the increasingly prevalent practice of fraudulent enlistment, or "bounty-jumping," as it was called in the United States during the Civil War. I believe only one really effectual remedy is within our reach. I mean the establishment of a Central Depot for recruits—*not* a recruiting Depot—at Aldershot. As soon as a recruit is enlisted by a Regiment and duly attested, before he receives his kit, let him be sent off straight to this Depot. There let him be *photographed* in his civilian clothes; clothed and drilled, including a course of musketry, and perhaps a month's service attached to one of the Regiments in Camp. After which let him join his Regiment, an effective soldier.

It may interest the brilliant member of the *Broad Arrow's* staff who the other day scoffed at the idea of a Central Depot for recruits, as something too absurd to have been ventilated anywhere but in the columns of TRUTH, to hear that Mr. Grant Macdonald has laid his plan before the War Office, and that the objection there raised to it was only that of expense. The official answer given to Mr. Macdonald was to the effect that "His Royal Highness regrets that the expense which would be involved by the adoption of your proposals prevents their being seriously considered." With all respect to H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, I think that this objection is the last which can be effectually raised. Of course, if the scheme would cost more than it would save, there is an end of it, for the first object in view is to get rid of the waste arising from desertion and fraudulent re-enlistment. But, after the initial expense of establishing such a Depot, I should have thought that the system would work more economically than the present one, and turn out far more efficient soldiers.

An officer suggests to me a different explanation of the undue prevalence of crime in the 1st Somersetshire Light Infantry from that put forward in last week's TRUTH, and, whatever their bearing on this point, his facts are in the highest degree instructive. It seems that at the time when this Battalion, then at Aldershot, was put on a Foreign Service establishment, the 2nd Battalion was in India. The Depot was unable to supply the requirements of the two Battalions, and the Regiment had to be thrown open to the whole country for recruiting, with the result that (as my informant expresses it) "the dregs and scum of every Depot in the Kingdom were emptied into it." The recruiting difficulty has long since righted itself, the 2nd Battalion having been placed on a reduced establishment prior to returning home. A great many of the "hard bargains" have also been court-martialled and weeded out; but they have left their mark upon the record of one of the best-conducted Regiments in the Service, and they are answerable, so it is contended, for the state of things at Gibraltar which has been described.

This story is full of instruction for the functionaries at headquarters, civil and military, who have the working of the territorial system. I am told that the same thing is constantly occurring in one Regiment or another; but there is not the slightest necessity for it in time of peace, and it could be easily avoided if regimental establishments were increased and reduced gradually, and as circumstances permit. The supply of recruits at any local centre at a given time depends upon a variety of local circumstances. It cannot be increased *ad libitum* at a moment's notice to suit a War Office Order. The War Office requirements should, therefore, be estimated well in advance; and if, after all possible notice, the men are not forthcoming, time should be allowed to obtain them. It is unfair to a Battalion that it should be suddenly flooded with all the outcasts whom other corps may desire to get rid of. Nor is this the only objection to that practice. At the present time any number of desirable Somersetshire lads are anxious to enlist but are being turned away from the Depot, because the local Regiment is up to its full strength, and the men will not join any other corps. It is likely to be many months before the Regiment is again open for recruiting. If the territorial system is not worked with more judgment and foresight than this, it must do more harm than good.

So far as I can make out, the article in the Queen's Regulations which fixes three years as the limit of an N.C.O.'s tour of service at a Depot is more or less of a dead letter all through the Service. The last case in point to which my attention has been drawn is the Depot of the West Surrey Regiment at Guildford. The whole of the Colour-Sergeants there appear to have exceeded the Regulation limit. Two men have been at the Depot five years and upwards, and one who has just been reduced had been there about nine years. It would, perhaps, save time if my military correspondents would inform me of any Depot where the Regulations on this head *are* observed.

A correspondent writes:—

At Liverpool-street on Monday last, October 9, I saw some soldiers (Field Artillery) having in custody a prisoner, *in uniform*, handcuffed to one of the guard. I felt it as a personal insult and a dishonour to the flag. Cannot such degradation of the uniform be stopped?

It may be a degradation to the uniform, and, I suppose, whether he is in uniform or not, it is a degradation to the individual to be taken through the streets handcuffed. But it may be necessary and unavoidable. The other day, somewhere near London, the guard in charge of a prisoner, under circumstances like the above, took off his handcuffs in pure tenderness of heart. The prisoner repaid this kindness by making his escape. The result was that the tender-hearted guard suffered something considerably worse than "degradation."

During the absence of Dr. Fenn, the Viceroy's Surgeon, with the Mission to Cabul, his duties at Simla are being performed by Surgeon-Colonel Harvey, I.M.S., an administrative officer. This arrangement has caused much surprise and comment, for there is absolutely no precedent for an administrative Medical Officer being invested with executive and junior functions. Presumably the ordinary duties of an Officer in Surgeon-Colonel Harvey's position are sufficient to monopolise his time and energies. If they are not, his salary should be reduced, or his duties increased. If they are, some explanation of the present arrangement is due from the Principal Medical Officer.

In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

In a Battalion stationed at Satara the men of one mess recently objected to their dinners. The Orderly Officer was not on the spot, and, a message being conveyed to him, he sent word that he would look into the matter next day. How he could do this after the food had been disposed of is not at first sight apparent. However, the next day came and nothing was done, but a similar complaint was made about that day's rations. The Orderly Officer was again not visible, but on being communicated with he again sent word that he would attend to the matter next day, to which was added this time that if the men desired the Officer to see their rations they had better keep them and show them to him. It would seem, therefore, that in this Battalion, if rations are not satisfactory, Tommy is expected to save them up, day by day, and go without his dinner until such time as the Orderly Officer is at liberty to attend to his duty.

A correspondence laid before me by a Manchester firm shows what pernicious excesses of red-tapeism Army Reserve men have to contend against in their efforts to obtain civil employment. A Reservist obtained employment in the French house of a Manchester firm. Having to go to work at once, he proceeded to France and wrote to the War Office for their sanction to his residence in France. The Deputy-Adjutant-General replied that he must return at once, or he would be "treated as an absentee." A gentleman at Manchester then made an appeal on his behalf, pointing out that he was in an English house, that he could reach London in eight hours at a cost of 20s., that he could receive letters twice a day within about fifteen hours of their leaving London, and that he had no prospect of obtaining other employment. The reply was that the man had gone abroad without leave, and "therefore he is not entitled to any exception to the Regulations being made in his favour." In other words, to punish the man for the trivial mistake of anticipating the leave which might have reasonably expected to be given as a matter of course, the Adjutant-General throws him out of a good berth and leaves him without a prospect of another. It is this kind of wooden-headed and sour-tempered punctiliousness which does more than anything else to make military service hateful and unpopular in a free country.

Attention has lately been called to the unfair scale in force at the Royal dockyards for docking the pay of men who come in after bell-ringing. A similar grievance prevails among the men of the Ordnance Store Department at Portsmouth—and, I suppose, elsewhere. For being late for the first call (6 a.m.), a man in this Department loses one-fourth of a day's pay; and for being late at the second or third calls (8.45 a.m. and 2 p.m.), he is docked half a day. These penalties are considerably heavier than those which the Dockyard labourers complain of, and they are utterly unjust, because, once inside the Dockyard gates, a man cannot get out again, so that if he happens to be a minute or two late he is bound to do his day's work, though he is only paid for three-quarters or half-a-day, as the case may be. Business firms fine their hands who come late to work—as they have every right to do—but the fine bears some relation to the time lost, and so it should do in Government yards and workshops.

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

One of the most astounding manifestations of snobbism that I have ever heard of has lately been perpetrated by some Jack-in-Office connected with the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh. For some years past Upper Subordinates of the Public Works Department have been—to suit the purposes of the Government—placed in charge of districts previously exclusively in the charge of Assistant and Executive Engineers. By an official circular recently issued the designation of men in this position, who had been previously known as District Engineers, was altered to District Surveyors, apparently with a view of drawing a sharper line between them and the higher grades of the Service. At the same time a confidential circular was issued to collectors and others in authority, directing them to oppose the introduction of District Surveyors into the station clubs, and to refrain from inviting them to dinner-parties and other social functions. The men who are thus officially insulted have obtained their present rank by two stiff competitive examinations, and differ only from the Assistant Engineers, whose places they are filling, in that they do the same work for about half the pay. To proclaim against such officers a social boycott in a little society where there are often not above three or four resident European officials, is as cruel as it is snobbish, and if this contemptible suggestion is not universally repudiated there must be something hopelessly rotten in the state of Anglo-Indian society.

Criticism and remonstrance seem powerless to divert the present Director-General of Telegraphs in India from his capricious and unfair use of his patronage. In the superior staff of the Telegraph Department two men have just stepped over the heads of five others with from two to fourteen years' seniority to themselves, having altogether superseded no less than twenty-two of their seniors. In the subordinate staff three men have just been promoted to the rank of Assistant Superintendent over the heads of several who had reached the rank of Sub-Assistant Superintendent before their fortunate juniors entered the service; and, in all, these favoured ones have passed over the heads of twenty-seven of their seniors. Reference has again and again been made in TRUTH to the discontent which this persistent favouritism has caused, and if a more just system is not speedily introduced the efficiency of the department cannot fail to suffer.

Two months back I referred in TRUTH to the consternation and disgust excited in the Indian Survey Department by the report that the Surveyor-General, after eight years' tenure of office, was to have his appointment extended. Notwithstanding every protest, however, the threatened step has been carried out, by an extension of the Surveyor-General's term for one year from March 23rd next. The head man in each of six lower grades is thus deprived for one year of the step which he had a right to expect in the ordinary course of things, and in the present

pecuniary position of all grades of Anglo-Indian officials such a proceeding can only be characterised as an outrage upon all thus injured. Another similar job has also been perpetrated by the grant of a fifteen months' extension to the Deputy-Surveyor-General, but as this gentleman holds a notorious sinecure, which is to end with his tenancy, this is merely an outrage upon the public purse.

With regard to the sanitary condition of Farnborough, I understand that the Aldershot Government House really stands in Farnborough Parish. As it has always been a matter of proper concern in the highest quarters that the Duke of Connaught should not be exposed to more risk than is absolutely necessary in the exercise of his profession, the advent of his Royal Highness may possibly have the salutary effect of causing a little pressure to be put on the Farnborough sanitary authorities. There is some talk, by the way, in the locality, of obtaining a new water supply from the Frimley Company; but, as far as I can learn, this would be little better than an exchange of evils. The proper way out of the present difficulty, as pointed out in TRUTH long ago, is to get a new water-supply from Aldershot, and to constitute a new and representative sanitary authority.

My attention has been called to a report of Professor Crookshank on the water of Worthing, published in the *Lancet* of the 7th inst., which conveys a more serious imputation on the Worthing sanitary authorities than anything which has yet appeared. In May last Professor Crookshank experimented by bacteriological cultivation upon three samples of water submitted to him. The result in the case of two of the samples (B and C) is thus described:—

> On raising the dish which covered the plates the odour was extremely offensive. I can only compare the plate cultures which were obtained from samples B and C with cultures of sewage water, or water intentionally mixed with fæcal matter in studying the bacteria of the intestines, and the number of colonies present could only be estimated in millions. . . . I could not use terms too strong in condemnation of the water in samples B and C.

Sample "A" merely contained a trifle of 118,000 bacteria to the cubic centimetre, though this is "more than unfiltered Thames water in the worst month" (December). This report is dated May 29, and was "submitted to the Mayor and Corporation at the commencement of the outbreak." Yet for weeks after this every effort was made to convince the public that there was nothing seriously amiss with the sanitation of Worthing. I feel inclined to say of such conduct, as the Professor says of the water, that it is impossible to use terms too strong in condemnation of it.

In a case like the above, bacteriology is no doubt a trustworthy and useful science. Now, however, that the annual cholera scare is over, I should like to ask what the science is worth as a means of diagnosing disease. In case after case occurring in different parts of the country, the highest bacteriological authority, after due examination, has pronounced the cause of death to be Asiatic cholera. In the case of the charwoman from the Houses of Parliament, who died last month, the highest bacteriological authority reported, if I remember rightly, that it was the most unmistakable case of Asiatic cholera (from a bacteriological point of view) that he had ever come across. What are we to suppose, then—that isolated cases of Asiatic cholera have mysteriously appeared in half a dozen different parts of England without discoverable means of infection? Or that the bacteriological test is worth nothing, except as an aid to false alarm and panic? I incline to the latter view.

One thing is certain: Asiatic cholera is no longer a visitation which need be regarded in this country with any serious alarm. Whatever may be thought of sporadic cases that are bacteriologically proved to have occurred at Westminster and elsewhere, the disease has been beyond all doubt established for some time at Hull and Grimsby, and it has proved, if anything, less malignant and less difficult to control than many epidemics of small-pox, typhoid, and diphtheria. The one source of danger which we really have cause to fear is our water supply. What would happen to London if an outbreak occurred in some of the towns or villages in the Thames Valley, Heaven only knows. But then there seems to be no reason, as long as we keep our eyes open, why an outbreak should occur in the Thames Valley.

Those who take an interest in the welfare of Whitby will be glad to know that the town authorities have already taken the steps the advisability of which was pointed out in last week's TRUTH. I hear from a local correspondent:—

> A complete system of new sewers has just been completed in the town, and it now only requires that the discharge from this system shall be dealt with in an effectual manner. In pursuance of this object our Local Board, at their meeting last week, resolved to adopt a plan by which all the sewage will be conveyed along the coast to the east of the town, and discharged below the level of low spring tide. The work is to be begun as soon as possible.

From another source I hear that £15,000 are to be expended on this work. While they are about it, I hope that the Whitby authorities will profit by what has lately been said in these columns about smells from sewers, and the necessity for sewer-ventilation as well as flushing.

Apropos to my recent reference to the state of various watering-places, I am informed that Oban is entitled to distinguished mention among the more odoriferous spots on the coast. The difficulty will soon be to find a popular resort which is not distinguished for its foul smells; but so far as I can see at present it is the most fashionable and the most picturesque places which smell the strongest. In this connection I should like to hear from some competent authority whether there is any ground for the suspicion entertained by one of my correspondents that the cesspools by which Southport was drained in bygone days are still in existence, if not in use.

Bumbledom has not for a long time shocked the public with a grosser scandal than that which was brought to light at the meeting of the Newton Abbot Guardians last week. In the course of a discussion it transpired that patients suffering from scarlet-fever and itch are actually placed in the wards in which the old people in the workhouse have to sleep and live. Six or seven persons afflicted with itch are lodged in the room occupied by the old men, while the old women are favoured with

the presence in their midst of four cases of scarlet-fever. A Plymouth newspaper describes the workhouse as "a hot-bed of disease," and in view of these revelations it cannot be accused of exaggeration. The Guardians, it appears, have now decided to erect an infectious diseases hospital. But that work will, I suppose, occupy some time, and the Local Government Board ought to at once interfere, and insist upon an end being put to the existing disgraceful state of things. It is a pity that the Guardians who sanctioned it cannot be at the same time sent about their business, and a new Board elected.

I called attention some time ago to the case of Mr Davies, of Heytesbury, a chemist who has been for many years a tenant of Lord Heytesbury, and who is being evicted from his house and shop under circumstances which have caused a considerable commotion in Wiltshire. It is suggested that Mr. Davies is being thus treated because, as a member of the Rural Sanitary Authority, he had persisted in calling attention to sanitary defects and cases of overcrowding on Lord Heytesbury's estate. It appears that a month ago the members of the Warminster Rural Sanitary Authority ordered a house-to-house visitation to be made in the villages of Heytesbury and Sutton Veny, but nothing has been done, although an epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever is now raging at Heytesbury. I hope that Mr. Fowler and his myrmidoms at Whitehall will at once direct their attention towards the state of affairs at this village.

Some months ago I alluded to the bigoted action of the Board of Management of the Rugby Hospital of St. Cross in ordering that no Roman Catholic should be engaged in that institution, and that any nurse or other servant becoming a Roman Catholic should be dismissed. On Thursday last the Board rescinded this resolution in accordance with the demand of a meeting of the subscribers. They appear to have done so, however, with a very bad grace, for in place of the obnoxious rule they substituted another forbidding all attempts at proselytism in the hospital. There would be nothing to object to in this under ordinary circumstances. But the passing of such a resolution at the present moment seems very much like a gratuitous insult to the Roman Catholics, against whom the Board brought charges which they were unable to substantiate.

The coalowners are practically beaten, and I think that this is in accordance with what is just. Coal rose in price, and wages rose 40 per cent. Supply exceeded demand, the coalowners therefore competed with each other and prices fell. The coalowners got back a portion of the 40 per cent. by nibbling at the "allowances." More of it was wiped out by the reduction of the number of days worked per week. But the coalowners went on taking contracts which could only be fulfilled at a profit by a reduction of wages. Having done so, they announced the reduction. The men, therefore, were expected to suffer on account of the folly of the owners. To this they objected. Hence the strike.

I do not believe in coal being sold at an excessive price in order that pitmen should receive excessive wages. On the other hand, I do not believe in coalowners taking any price, and securing a profit to themselves by sweating their men. The living wage ought to be the minimum wage. If a coal pit can only be profitably worked by sweating its pitmen, it ought not to be worked.

So far as I can gather, one week with another, the average wage of a pitman ought to be 25s. per week. It may be said that it ought to be higher; but no one can say that it ought to be lower. Were I on the Miners' Federation I should not demand a sliding scale. I would leave all risks to the owner, and demand a fixed wage for the men. This might rule for a stated period, and then another agreement might be come to of the same nature. A sliding scale is fruitful in disputes

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It is suggested that mines should be nationalised. I doubt whether the men would benefit by this. At present the average royalty per ton is 6d.; where the coal is rich and easily worked, it is much higher; where it is poor or worked with difficulty it goes down to 2d. per ton. Clearly the country would not agree to confiscation, and if the royalties were all bought out by the State, the interest on the capital would not be much less than the royalties. It is a pity that mineral below surface was ever allowed to belong to the surface owner. But so it is. I think, however, that the law should have a word to say about way-leaves, which seem often to be used as a means for extortion.

It is difficult to say exactly what coal averages at the pit's mouth. It seems, however, to be admitted that 55 per cent. of the average sale price goes in wages, and that about one ton is equivalent to a man's daily work. The payment of a fair wage for that daily work ought to be a first charge on coal.

I have no doubt that this would lead to the closing of many pits. This, however, is a necessary consequence of the fair-wage doctrine. Men have become pitmen, because they found that agricultural labour did not pay. Evidently the State cannot interfere to secure men being employed on labour which is unremunerative. They must devote their energies to some other form of work. A trade union ought to see that all employed in the trade get a fair wage, but it cannot insist that particular work be found for all who wish to engage in that particular work. This must depend upon the demand.

That the State should take in hand all industries and their distribution is a wild dream. But I have never seen why local bodies should not have the right to engage in such enterprises if they so please. I would give them the right, and then we should be able to experiment in this direction. If it succeeded, the habit would spread; if it failed, it would not be largely adopted. I see no reason why the London County Council should not open shops where articles of primary necessity are sold in small quantities, such as bread, fish, coal, &c.; indeed, I would go a step further, and have public bakeries, corn-mills, &c. But I do not think that I would have the Council work coal-pits. In all these matters the bane of common sense is the hard-and-fast line.

That the medical advisers of Dr. Cornélius Herz are perfectly justified in declaring that he cannot be examined at Bow-street without risk to his life, is, if such be their opinion, unquestionable. When, however, they go out of their way to enter into the merits of the charge against their patient, and to suggest that possibly the warrant against him has been obtained illegally, and that consequently it would be well to decide on the legality without the presence of their patient, as its withdrawal might benefit his health, they assume a position entirely beyond their functions. Dr. Herz is charged with having committed certain crimes and misdemeanours in France. A warrant has been granted to enable a Magistrate to decide whether the demand for his extradition shall be granted. The assumption must be that the warrant was legally granted. If he is too ill to appear, then action cannot be taken until he can appear, but to discuss the legality of the warrant, with the full knowledge that, if valid, he will not be able to appear, would be absurd. "This course," say the medical men, "must, we are informed, result in cancelling the warrant," and, therefore, they protest "against legal formalities disguising injustice." Was there ever such a *petitio principii*? This interference is as ridiculous as it would be for the Crown Lawyers to suggest to the doctors an alteration in their treatment of Dr. Herz's complaints.

Dr. Herz is in bed. He is presumably well cared for. But the mere chance of his being handed over to the French Courts exercises, we are told, a harmful effect on his constitution. Therefore, the forms of law are to be altered, and he is to be relieved of this chance. But, supposing that the decision went the other way, would not the certainty of the warrant being valid exercise a depressing effect on this interesting and greatly wanted invalid? Supposing, moreover, that there is some illegality in the form of the warrant, what would follow? Another would at once be applied for, and the excitement of all this would hardly conduce to the patient's recovery. No, no! Either Dr. Herz did corrupt French officials and statesmen, or he did not. If he did, he ought to be punished; and the only way of knowing whether he did, is by a trial before the competent Courts in France. The business of his doctors is to do their best for his health by medical treatment. It begins and ends there.

On July 13, in Exeter County-court, Mr. Speller sued Mr. Heard, his landlord, to recover damages for injuries sustained by the overflow of a cistern in the premises where he carried on business. After a long hearing his Honour Judge Edge said he must consider his judgment, and would deliver it at the September Court. The September Court came (on the 13th ult.), but when counsel reminded the Judge of the case, his Honour candidly replied that "he was very sorry, but he had forgotten the case. He would refer to his notes, and forward the judgment to the Registrar." October 13 has arrived and passed, but nothing has been heard of the judgment, and to all appearance his Honour has again "forgotten the case." The probability is that he has not only forgotten the case, but forgotten the facts and forgotten the arguments. A trial under such circumstances is pure waste of time and money.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. It will be agreed, I think, that the most flagrant exhibition of addle-pated incompetence has occurred at Huddersfield, where a man guilty of a deliberate and disgraceful assault on a female is visited with precisely the same penalty as the groom who happens to fall asleep whilst in charge of a horse and trap. If this is the best the Huddersfield Bench can do in the direction of making the punishment fit the crime, it seems to me that they might as well hand over their duties to an automatic machine. I have no doubt that one could be constructed which would dispense justice quite as satisfactorily as these Shallows. Amongst the other cases in the appended list, I would particularly call attention to those at Wokingham and Cheadle, where the Magistrates, not content with inflicting heavy sentences for poaching, exercise their monstrous power of calling upon the defendants to find sureties for their good behaviour, and, in default, ordering that they shall be imprisoned for a further term of six months:—

Huddersfield Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Hirst), Messrs. G. Sykes, J. Lowenthal, G. W. Tomlinson, and J. A. Wrigley. Alfred Beaumont, coachman, summoned for indecently assaulting Clare Hepworth. He followed her some distance, and after a struggle threw her down. The charge was reduced to common assault in order that the Bench might deal with it. Fined 10s. and costs.

Huddersfield Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Sir Joseph Crosland, M.P., Messrs. J. E. Willans, F. Eastwood, G. Glendinning, and J. Taylor. Joseph Clough, groom, summoned for being asleep while in charge of a horse and trap. Fined 10s. and costs.

Malvern Petty Sessions. Before Mr. C. M. Berington, General Sir J. Hawkins, Colonel Heywood, and other Magistrates. James Lowe, charged with assaulting his wife. He hit her in the side and face as she lay in bed, and when she got up caught her by the throat and nearly throttled her. She escaped from the house partly dressed. Fined 5s. and costs.

Malvern Petty Sessions. Before Mr C. M. Berington, and Colonel Heywood. James Brazier, charged with poaching. "It being prisoner's first offence," the Bench let him off with two months' hard labour.

Stone Police-court. Before Messrs. J. G. Child, G. Wedgwood, J. Bourne, junr., and W. Thompson. Richard Warner, charged with assaulting his wife, who was granted a separation order. He kicked her out of the house and threatened to knock her brains out. Fined 1s. and costs.

Stone Police-court. Before Messrs. R. P. Copeland and W. Thompson. Stephen Merry, charged with stealing watercress from the grounds of the Duke of Sutherland. Two months.

Walsall Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Bayliss, W. Beebee, and G. A. Phillips. Elias James, farm bailiff, charged with assaulting Edith Ashfield. He threatened to throw her into the canal and set two dogs at her, one animal fastening its teeth in her arm. Fined 20s. and costs.

Cheadle Police-court. Before Sir Morton E. M. Buller and Mr. R. J. Beech. Richard Sharp, charged with poaching. Two months, and a further six months in default of finding sureties for his good behaviour for twelve months.

Nottingham Summons Court. Before Messrs. J. T. McCraith and W. F. Fox. Thomas Tringrove, charged with assaulting Thomas Davis by deliberately striking him a violent blow across the face with a cane and hitting him several times on the head. Fined 10s.

Nottingham Shire-hall. Before Mr. J. B. Wild, Captain Holden, and Colonel A. C. Hubbersty. William Giggle, an old man, charged with stealing 3 lb. of potatoes in January last. He said he had been out of work and wanted something to eat. Fourteen days.

Bradford, West Riding, Police-court. Before Messrs. Theo. Peel, A. Anderton, and W. Anderton. Alfred Pogson, charged with assaulting his wife. After knocking her down and kicking her, he turned her out of the house, and when she went back next day he again assaulted her. Fined £2.

Cambridge Borough Police-court. Before Dr. Cooper, the Master of Corpus (Dr. Perowne), Messrs. E. H. Parker, and Hugh Porter. Alfred Yaxley, charged with stealing wood, value 6d. Seven days.

Bootle Police-court. Before Messrs. W. H. Clemmey and G. Barnes. John Edwards, charged with assaulting his wife. He knocked her down and kicked her in a brutal manner about the body. He was in the habit of beating her when drunk. Fined 10s. and costs.

Barnsley Police-court. Before Messrs. F. H. Taylor, E. Lancaster, and Colonel Neville. Joseph Haigh, a retired farmer, charged with assaulting a young married woman, who said he put his arm round her, pushed her about, acted indecently, and tried to further assault her, but she struggled and got away. Fined £5 and costs.

Hedingham Petty Sessions. Before Mr. L. J. Way, Colonel Dawson, Messrs. V. W. Taylor, and T. F. Miller. Thomas Martin, charged with cruelty to a pig. After striking the animal repeatedly with a whip, he proceeded to kick it in the side, causing injuries from which it died. Fined 5s. and costs, allowed a fortnight for payment.

South-Western Police-court. Before Mr. Hopkins. James Freeman, charged with cruelty to two horses. Both animals had mange, and defendant kept them in a filthy stable, where they were so badly starved that the wood of the manger was gnawed away. Fined £4 and costs.

Towcester Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. W. Watkins, W. D. Grant Ives, and Joseph Westley. Joseph Smith, charged with stealing from a field potatoes, value 2d. Twenty-one days.

Wokingham Petty Sessions. Before Sir W. Farrer, Major-General Rickman, Colonel Molyneux, Messrs. T. C. Garth, J. A. Wiggett, and T. R. Herman. William Honour Smith, charged with poaching. Two months, and a further six months in default of finding a surety.

Daventry Divisional Police-court. Before Captain Stopford. Edward Bennett and Joseph Chambers, charged with lodging in the open air. Seven days each.

Mistley Petty Sessions. Before Mr. E. K. Norman, Colonel Morrell, and Mr. J. Woodgate. William Clarke, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

Manchester City Sessions. Before Mr. H. W. West, Recorder. Thomas Carr, charged with stealing a bundle of newspapers. Twelve months.

Aldershot Petty Sessions. Before Mr. F. H. Fitzroy, Colonel Birch, Major Barton, General Lemprière, Major Pidcock Henzell, Major Holt, and Major Newcome. Frederick Marshall and Isaiah Watson, soldiers, charged with stealing two haddocks. They picked up the fish, and when the shopman asked them to pay abused him and refused. Twenty-one days each.

Sunderland Police-court. Before Dr. Waterson and Alderman Bell. Robert Horn, a one-armed youth, charged with stealing nine pennyworth of coal from railway wagons. Two months.

Hastings Police-court. Two boys named Swaine, aged 10 and 12 respectively, charged with being concerned with their little sister (who was too young to be prosecuted) in stealing a purse. Seeing a mail-cart standing in the area of a house, the boys sent their sister to see if there was anything in it, and she found and took the purse. One month each, followed by five years in a reformatory for the elder prisoner, and four for the younger.

The Ipswich Bench adopt a drastic method of treatment for youthful delinquents. Last week an errand boy, aged fifteen, pleaded guilty to stealing a sovereign, which had been placed with other marked coins in his employers' till. The prosecutors stated that they did not wish to be hard upon the defendant, and, as there does not appear to have been any previous charge against him, he ought to have been dealt with under the First Offenders Act. The Mayor and his colleagues, however, ignored that wise and merciful measure, and actually committed this lad of fifteen to gaol for one month with hard labour.

A man who was charged at the East Grinstead Petty Sessions last week with cruelty to a cat, urged in extenuation that he kept birds, and had been subjected to annoyance from feline marauders. By this defence he completely exculpated himself in the eyes of one of my lady readers who keeps birds herself, and who writes protesting against what she calls the "savage sentence" which the Bench passed. Whilst I sympathise with people whose pet birds are menaced by their neighbours' cats, I cannot endorse the view put forward by my correspondent. The defendant incited his dog to worry the cat to death, and to facilitate the business held the creature down with his foot. Such deliberate and atrocious cruelty could not be justified by any amount of "annoyance," and the Magistrates did quite right in punishing it with a fortnight's imprisonment.

Mr. Thomas Marden, a Boxhill farmer, was summoned a few days ago for shooting a pigeon which had alighted on his barn. His defence was that, from its colour, he thought the bird was a wild one. As a matter of fact, however, the pigeon belonged to a boy, who informed the Bench that he bought it with another for 2s., but that he valued it at 10s. Incredible as it may seem, Colonel H. Lane, Sir A. Anson, Viscount Cantelupe, and the other Justices who heard the case, accepted the boy's estimate of the value of the bird, and ordered Mr. Marden to pay 10s. damage, in addition to a fine of the same amount, and 16s. costs. This makes altogether a penalty of £1. 16s. for shooting a pigeon which was purchased a few weeks previously for 1s.!

The Liverpool Stipendiary last week heard a charge of perjury against a police-constable. A short time ago a carter was summoned by the policeman for driving his lorry on the wrong side of the street. He asserted that he was obliged to do so in order to pass a sweeping machine; but the officer declared that there was no sweeping machine in the street at the time, and the carter was thereupon fined. It was on this evidence of the constable that the present charge was preferred, and the driver of the sweeping machine and another witness were called to prove that the carter was right and the officer wrong. Nevertheless, the Stipendiary dismissed the summons on the ground that "it was quite possible the constable did not see the sweeping machine." There must be something curiously defective about the man's vision if he could not see the machine whilst he saw the lorry, not half its height, which was passing it. The Stipendiary might very properly have left the question to be decided by a jury.

In the Chatham Police-court the other day, one William Gifford was charged with cruelty to his four children. Their mother, it appeared, was partially deranged, and the defendant, a man earning good wages, had callously and persistently neglected the little ones, who were found in a condition too filthy and revolting to be described. As Gifford had been convicted of a precisely similar offence only a few months ago, it was anticipated that on this occasion he would receive some exemplary punishment. To his intense relief, no doubt, and to the astonishment and indignation of everybody else, the Stipendiary (Mr. E. J. Alhawes) let the wretch off with a fine of £1 and costs—actually less than the former penalty—and allowed him a fortnight in which to pay. Gifford's satisfaction was doubtless complete when he learned that the four children were to be taken to another home, and that he himself would only have to contribute

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two shillings per week towards their maintenance. I am sure the Stipendiary has no desire to encourage cruelty to children, but his method of dealing with the offence is certainly calculated to have that result. It is like an intimation to parents that if they only neglect their offspring in a sufficiently shameful manner they may get rid of them altogether by payment of a small fine and the modest sum of sixpence per head per week for their support.

It is to be hoped that the evidence given at an inquest which has just been held at Cork County Gaol will not escape the attention of Mr. John Morley; for it can hardly fail, I think, to convince him of the necessity of several reforms in the Irish prison system. The deceased was a man named Jeremiah McCarthy. Being unable to pay a fine for drunkenness, he was arrested at Bantry at three o'clock one afternoon, kept at the police barracks till after six, and then taken by train to Cork, where he arrived about 10 p.m. The man was suffering from a very bad cough, and during the journey he complained of pains in his chest. Besides being unwell, he had had nothing to eat from the time of his arrest, and possibly not for hours before. But when he reached the County Gaol the regulation supper-hour was long passed, and, though it was not his fault that he was late, McCarthy had to go supperless to bed. At eight o'clock next morning, after fasting for seventeen hours, he was supplied with a "first-class" breakfast—8 oz. of bread and water. In spite, however, of this rich and nourishing fare, poor McCarthy became worse, and at 11 o'clock he expired. The cause of death was medically described as "cardiac syncope and acute catarrh."

One of the witnesses at the inquest was Dr. Moriarty, the medical officer, who, it is right to mention, was not summoned to see McCarthy till shortly before his death. Dr. Moriarty admitted that the deceased did not receive proper treatment, but pointed out that everything was done in accordance with the regulations. McCarthy's life, in fact, was sacrificed to the sacred cause of red tape; and, from the doctor's further statement, that all prisoners, even those suffering from heart diseases and broken-down constitutions, are kept on bread and water for the first three days, it would appear that there are plenty of other victims. The existence of such a state of things is nothing less than infamous, and the responsible authorities ought to at once put an end to it. They might, at the same time, consider whether the practice of sending prisoners like McCarthy to Cork could not be profitably discontinued. He was committed for seven days for non-payment of 11s. 6d.; the cost of conveying him in charge of a sergeant and constable from Bantry to Cork—about seventy miles—was £1. 9s. Would it not be far more sensible and economical to incarcerate prisoners of this class for their seven or fourteen days in the local Bridewell?

In the *Freeman's Journal* of last week a curious sentence is reported. Mrs. Dempsey charged two boys with having stolen by violence from her a workbasket and 3s. They also appear to have beaten her. For this they were fined 10s., ordered to be imprisoned for seven days, and to receive twelve strokes of a birch rod every morning. A sound flogging they undoubtedly deserved, but I should hardly have supposed that a boy may be sent to prison for a term and flogged every morning.

What an exaggerated view employers occasionally take of their rights, was strikingly shown last week at Tamworth County Court, when two girls sued a local draper, named Smith, for wages due and damages for wrongful dismissal. It appeared that after the closing of the shop on a Saturday night the two girls went across the road to a confectioner's shop to make a purchase. They were only gone a few minutes, but on their return they found the door shut against them, and a servant told them that Smith would not allow them to re-enter. Smith himself subsequently appeared at the window, and informed them that they were dismissed from his service, and could spend the night "on the streets." On the following day he relented so far as to let them in for that night, but on the Monday he sent them away without wages. The only excuse for this conduct was that it was contrary to "the rules" for employés to go out without leave, which defence the Judge very properly disposed of by telling the defendant that his proceedings were "un-Christian and ungentlemanly," and giving judgment for the plaintiffs. Mr. Smith's experience should teach his fellow-tradesmen that "the rules" of their establishments must conform to common-sense and humanity.

People who are interested in the treatment of prisoners, the prevention of crime, and kindred subjects will find a mass of instructive matter in the recently-issued annual report of the Howard Association. Several questions which frequently receive attention in these columns are dealt with in the Report, including the inadequacy of the punishment generally inflicted on brutal ruffians who outrage, assault, and ill-treat women and children. The Society, I am glad to observe, favours my view that flogging would be the most fitting and efficacious method of dealing with these offenders.

In the section of the Report referring to gaol administration, I notice the surprising statement that prisoners have no exercise on Sundays except the mere walking to and from the prison chapel. Thus, from Saturday they always have forty-eight hours without exercise in the open air, and if Saturday is wet, they sometimes have seventy-two hours. Such confinement is unreasonable if not harmful. It is due, it seems, not to any survival in official quarters of the Puritanical notion that walking on Sunday is a "vain and profane" exercise, but to a desire to lighten the labours of over-worked warders. According to the Howard Association, the insufficiency of warders is at the root of many defects in prison administration.

A country schoolmaster—there is no reason for mentioning his name—has just filed his petition, his state-

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COACHING of highest excellence in West of Eng. at "Crawford's," Wykeham Ho., Clifton, Glos., for ARMY EXAMS. (Univ. and Civ Serv.). Five crowded years of success. *No vacancies* till Jan., '94

ment of affairs representing that his liabilities are £578. 2s. 3d., and his assets (at his own estimate) £69. 11s. 8d. The following statement by him is embodied in the Official Receiver's "Observations":—

In 1890, I lost £47 as a bad debt, which led me to apply to some advertising money lenders, who lent me £40, for which I repaid them £60 by instalments, commencing after one month and extending over one year.

When that was cleared off they lent me another £60, for which I actually paid £76 during the year.

When that was paid off, I had another £50 on the same terms. I have therefore paid them £70 as interest for the use of about £30 on an average for three years.

I have also had two loans from a Jew at Brighton, each time £25, but at a heavier rate of interest.

In 1891, I had £40 from another money lender, for which I repaid him £60 in four equal quarterly payments. When that was paid off I had another advance of £40, of which I have repaid £17. I have therefore paid this man £77 on account of the £80 he has lent me, and he has now levied execution for £48.

On this the Official Receiver very pertinently remarks that it shows "the effect these advertising money-lenders have on the traders of the district." The fact is, of course, that the debtor was insolvent in 1890—he seems never to have had any capital behind him—and all that the money-lenders have done is to prop him up for three years in order that they might suck his blood while he lived on credit at the expense of the honest tradesmen round about. A better example of the mischief done by the lower class of usurers, and the folly of those who put their trust in them, could not be found. I should much like to know the name of the "Jew at Brighton." One of the worst representatives of his class is located there.

Mr. John Beirne, tailor and hatter, of Owen-street, Tipton, has also been giving an account of his extensive and peculiar transactions with the firm of Shylock & Co. Here are two or three of his experiences. He borrowed £5 from a Dudley money-lender, and gave a promissory-note for £21. But the Black Country usurer wants something more substantial than documentary security, and so Mr. Beirne deposited goods worth £25. For an advance of £25, obtained at Birmingham, he gave a bill for £35 and deposited stock to the value of £30. When this loan had been reduced to £15, Mr. Beirne borrowed another £20, and for the £35 thus made up he agreed to pay back £50, and as security deposited goods invoiced to him at about £25. From a Wolverhampton money-lender he borrowed £20, and signed for £25; and at Wednesbury he gave a bill for £16 for a loan of £12. It seems almost superfluous to add that Mr. John Beirne is now in the bankruptcy-court.

I have just heard from another gentleman who has been advised by an old-established and highly-respectable firm of family solicitors that, having inadvertently signed Stockham's swindling house-agency contract, he had no choice but to pay the guinea which this rascal demanded of him. The unhappy victim now asks me if there is any way in which he can get his money back. Not out of Stockham, certainly. But I think that if he represented the matter in the proper light to the old-established, &c., &c., firm of solicitors, they might see that the least they ought to do is to refund the money. It is an astonishing thing that lawyers, supposed to be men of the world, if they are nothing else, should give such stupid advice in a matter of this kind. They may say that they don't read TRUTH, but that is no excuse. Everybody ought to read TRUTH, but solicitors more especially. They will find it of far more practical use than Blackstone's Commentaries, or Coke upon Littleton. Happily, there are already some solicitors who appreciate this, and act upon it. I have just heard from a firm in the City who in two cases have acted for clients threatened by Stockham. In both, the mere show of resistance was sufficient to choke off this impudent blackmailer. The firm who thus defeated him authorise me to say that if anybody is disposed to prosecute Stockham, they will be willing to give evidence, and I can promise that whenever that desirable step is taken, assistance will be forthcoming from many quarters.

The manner in which quack advertisements are published by the smaller provincial papers in the disguise of editorial comment, is anything but creditable to the journalistic profession. A cutting was handed to me the other day from a small Kentish paper, but, no doubt, it has appeared in the same form in dozens of other journals. It is headed, "The Duty of the Press," and commences:—

It is the duty of every individual, and especially of the Press, to distribute news and facts which tend to promote general welfare; and by this means only will they reach all classes. Nothing is more deserving of publicity than the proper means which will ensure public health. . . . We again bring before our readers a marvellous cure effected in the case of, &c., &c.

This, of course, is a paid advertisement of a much-puffed quack remedy. The object of the advertiser is to put it forward, not as a paid advertisement, but as a personal recommendation from the editor, offered gratuitously in the public interest. I agree with the gentleman who gave me this extract that it is a fraud, and that hundreds of ignorant country people are duped by this means. If any provincial editor inserting such an advertisement in such a form can show cause why he is not to be treated as a party to the fraud, I shall be happy to hear what he can say. But it will take a good deal to convince me.

Can such things be? Mr. J. M. Pritchard, barrister and County Magistrate, of Holyhead, giving evidence before the Welsh Land Commission last week, asserted:—

That in Anglesey, Church and Conservative landlords charge 75 per cent. less rent than Liberal and Nonconformist landlords; that Sir George Meyrick, on buying a farm for which a Wesleyan owner had exacted £100 a year, reduced the rent to £45; that on a farm belonging to Lord Stanley of Alderley becoming vacant, it was re-let at the same rent, although several applicants were prepared to pay double the amount; that another noble landlord spent £1,200 on improvements on four farms which brought in £120 rent, and did not raise the rent a penny; that a farm on Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley's estate, which had been let at 18s. per acre, became vacant, but though one of the eight applicants offered 30s. per acre, Sir Richard let it to another person at 17s. per acre; and that Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley had let a farm to a Radical who had become obnoxious to him, although a Conservative was an applicant.

It would indeed be gratifying to know that Church and Tory landlords are such paragons of tolerance and generosity, as Mr. Pritchard depicted in the above and similar statements. Unfortunately for this beatific theory, however, a number of other witnesses have related specific acts of tyranny and rapacity, some on estates to which Mr. Pritchard alluded. And, still more unfortunately, whilst these witnesses spoke of their own personal experiences and gave the fullest particulars, Mr. Pritchard "preferred not to mention in public" such details as the names of certain farms and tenants which were lacking in his narrative. Why this reticence?

Something which has appeared in TRUTH has led an Anglo-Indian gentleman in the Isle of Wight to the conclusion that I am not "a perfect Gladstonian." On this ground he sends me for publication nine sheets and a half of closely-written manuscript, dealing with (1) the Jury System in India, (2) the Behar Cadastral Survey, (3) the Behar Record of Right, (4) the Depreciation of the Rupee, and (5) the Closing of the Mints. Whether this is intended to punish me for not being "a perfect Gladstonian," or as a reward for my having regained the path of political virtue, I do not know. But, in case any other Anglo-Indians should be moved to unburden themselves at similar length, I hasten to make it known that I *am* a perfect Gladstonian. I am immoveable in the faith. No argument can shake me. I stand to every line that Mr. Gladstone wrote and every word that he uttered when he was leading us to the Promised Land.

Seriously, I would ask my esteemed correspondents in all parts of the world to consider my position—and their own. On an average a hundred-and-fifty letters of one kind and another reach me per diem. No editor values his correspondents more than I do. I owe a great deal to them, and I endeavour to make them what return I can. But it must be obvious to the meanest capacity that I cannot read and digest a hundred-and-fifty letters every day. If, from a mistaken sense of duty, I had attempted it, I should have died many years ago. Fortunately, I have not a mistaken sense of duty. I, therefore, pick out the shortest letters and read them first. The others I put by to be read on the first opportunity; but somehow the letters seem to come much quicker than the opportunities, and I have now many large trunks full of these arrears. Should I be spared, I hope at some future date to find time to study the Jury System in India, the Cadastral Sewers—no, I beg pardon, Survey.—the Behar Record of Right, and all the rest of it. But in the meantime—I am a perfect Gladstonian.

It is an extraordinary fact, which physiologists might ook into, that all my longest letters come from India, or rom Anglo-Indians who have returned to their native and. Whether this is the result of the climate, or the Oriental associations, or want of occupation among the governing classes, I cannot say. The effect is most onspicuous in the case of my esteemed correspondent Tommy Atkins. He is a fairly fluent writer when at ome, but in India his prolixity becomes stupendous. I hink it must be the climate.

I am glad to hear, in response to the inquiry on the ubject published last week, that there still is a Liberal ssociation in Paddington, and that it not only exists, ut is in a most healthy and flourishing condition. It : to be found at 40, Formosa street, and I hope that my addington friend and many others will forthwith send their subscriptions to that address, with a view of aking the Association yet more healthy and flourishing.

"VERREY'S" RESTAURANT, Regent-street, corner of Hanover-reet. The oldest and most select French Restaurant in London. adies' luncheons at moderate prices a specialty. Dinners à la carte.

How to Debate up to Date.

In the course of the recent discussion on the Silver question in the United States Senate, Senator Allen, from Nebraska, spoke for fifteen hours at a stretch.—*Daily Paper.*

Speech is silvern!—*Old Saying.*

The Senator stood on the floor,
Whence most but he had fled;
And from the lobbies came the snore
Of those who longed for bed.
Men came, and heard, and passed away,
And sighed—and swore anon—
But, like the brook which would not stay,
The Senator went on.

The sun sloped, flaming, to the west,
The Speaker went to dine,
The stars peeped out their little best,
The moon began to shine.
The sun suffused the east with light,
The birds of morning sang—
The Senator with tireless might
Continued his harangue.

He talked of this, he talked of that,
He talked of many things,
Of plains and hills and Silver Bills,
And Silver Queens and Kings;
And when he'd nothing more to say
He yet would not be baulked;
Still in the most persistent way
He talked, and talked, and talked.

And now throughout the earth has spread
The glory of his fame;
Both hemispheres of him have read,
Two worlds applaud his name.
For fifteen hours he never failed
On nothing to dilate;
He beat the record, and is hailed
The Champion of Debate!

Let Members, then, who long, like him,
The sweets of fame to know,
With dumb-bells strengthen wind and limb,
And into training go.
In all athletic exercise
Let them take daily pains,
And work their lungs and test their tongues,
And never mind their brains.

De Tocqueville, Hallam, Erskine May,
They need not study more,
If only they can stand all day
And night upon the floor.
For logic, argument, sound sense,
And elocution's flowers,
Are trifles of no consequence
Compared with staying powers!

Mr. H. R. Grenfell has sent me the following letter:—

Bank of England,
Oct. 4, 1893.

SIR,—May I ask how you account for two paragraphs in TRUTH of to-morrow's date? The first calls silver a "depreciated currency." The next denies that gold has appreciated.

How can silver be depreciated otherwise than by gold appreciating? Silver can only be depreciated when told in gold, unless you import commodities into the question. At the time of the Gold and Silver Commission, commodities and silver had depreciated to about the same extent, which is equal to saying that silver had not depreciated in regard to commodities, but had depreciated in regard to gold.

I may also remark that in your first paragraph you speak of "those whose estates are mortgaged, and wish to pay off their mortgages in a depreciated currency."

Permit me to remind you that the currency in which the loans on these mortgages were borrowed was a currency founded on gold and silver, at that ratio fixed by law which bimetallists regret having been broken into.—Yours faithfully,

H. R. GRENFELL.

The difficulty in regard to a discussion on bimetallism is that there is usually a difference of opinion on facts, and, when this is got over, on their causes and their consequences. I call silver a depreciated currency because

it has depreciated, and I say that gold has not appreciated because it has not. One surely may depreciate without the other appreciating, if some third standard of value, i.e., commodities, be taken. So, again, with regard to mortgages; most of them—almost all—have been entered into since gold was the sole currency. A certain amount of gold was borrowed; it is only reasonable that this amount of gold should be repaid. Borrower and lender take their chance of gaining and losing by any appreciation or depreciation. The main objection, however, to bimetallism is this. The real value of gold or silver depends upon cost of production. If a shop be opened at which the two metals are exchanged at a fixed ratio, should this artificial ratio not keep pace with the real ratio based on cost of production, then producers turn their attention to the production of that which costs less, and, when they want the other, exchange their article for it. Thus the production of the one disappears. Heaven, however, preserve me from continuing the discussion. My mind is already tottering, and a continuous discussion would, I feel, land me in a lunatic asylum.

I cannot lay claim to any familiarity with the domestic politics of the Gold Coast, but if the Press of the Colony in any way represents public opinion, Lord Ripon will think twice, if not oftener, before allowing Sir Brandford Griffith to return to the Colony. By the kindness of numerous correspondents on the spot, I have had an opportunity of studying the opinions of the local journals on the Governor's departure and the prospect of his coming back again, and seldom have I seen so much unanimity displayed in condemning an official. Local opinion may be entirely wrong, but before the Governor's term of office is renewed, it ought to be clearly ascertained how the prevailing opinion (right or wrong) has come to be held, and whether there is any probability of its changing.

Mr. Rhodes has made a speech at Fort Salisbury, in which, replying to the statement of "a weekly paper in London," that the Company wants Matabeleland because there is no gold in Mashonaland, he says that "Mashonaland is equal in size to France, and its sparse population has pegged out 400 miles of gold-bearing claims." I have never denied that there is gold in Mashonaland, and I have no doubt that the sparse but speculative population has pegged out many claims. What I have denied is that the gold is in such paying quantities that these claims can be worked so as to cover interest on outlay, sale price to British investors, and the royalty of 50 per cent. on profits claimed by the Company. If the sparse population can sell their claims to idiots in England, the gain to the population is obvious; so, too, is the loss to the British purchasers. Very possibly, if Mashonaland were Wales, a man could earn a livelihood there by gold-mining, for the value of a gold-mine depends greatly on where it is situated. Mr. Rhodes seems to forget that the puffs of Matabeleland have already commenced, and that we are already being told that its gold reefs are richer than the Mashonaland reefs. Possibly they may be, possibly they may not be. The war has been forced on upon the chance of investors at least believing that they are. People have short memories, otherwise they would remember that the Chartered Company was floated on statements that Mashonaland was the land of Ophir from which Solomon derived his gold, and that the Palace of the Queen of Sheba had been discovered. "Once bit . . ."

One of the peculiarities of a Chartered Limited Liability Company is that it is not obliged to furnish to Somerset House a list of its shareholders. This, at least, ought to be met by the Colonial Office calling on the South African Company to furnish it with a full copy of its original share list, together with all transfers that have subsequently taken place. As we are being told every day in the newspapers that this particular gang of buccaneers are actuated by patriotic motives, it may be well to recapitulate how they have carried into effect their patriotism so far as regards feathering their own nests. Having obtained a concession, they bestowed it on themselves, and created with it, as the only asset, a Company with a nominal capital of one million, at a maximum outlay of about £10,000. These shares they divided amongst themselves, and they have, I believe, sold many of them. This Concessions Company let the concession that they thus acquired to the Chartered Company, on condition that the latter Company incurred all expenses and handed over to the first Company one-half of net proceeds. The Chartered Company has a capital of one million. Its shares were puffed up to 500 or 600 per cent., and since then at one moment they have been at a heavy premium, at another at a heavy discount, and for the last few years there have been large dealings in them. The subscribed capital has been exhausted, and the Company owes large sums.

Now, what I want is that there should be an investigation into all these transactions. Let us clearly understand, whether, as stated in South African newspapers, important personages have been "squared" with either free shares, or shares given at par when they could be sold at a premium. Let us know precisely what connection exists between Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, and the Company, on the directors of which he is supposed to exercise a check on behalf of the Imperial Government. Let us know who are the men that own shares or who are financially interested in the slaying of the Matabeles; and let us learn who have benefited by the speculative ups and downs in the price of the shares brought about by mendacious announcements as to the condition of things in Mashonaland. I have stated all the above facts in the House of Commons. They were not denied, for they cannot be denied, where there is an opportunity to meet the denial with facts. Whether it be necessary to make it clear to Lobengula that he must confine his Impis to some specific area may be a question. It is not, however, the question that I raise, which is that this Company trades under a Royal Charter, with two Dukes at its head in England, and a Colonial Prime Minister at its head in Africa; that it has preyed alike on natives in Africa and investors in Great Britain, to the huge profit of those connected with it; and that it is now engaged in a war with the sole object of getting hold of a vast area, in order to bolster up its

finances, by obtaining money to repay its debts, on the chance that this area is rich in gold.

It has been proved abundantly that when the S.A. Chartered Company raided Portuguese territory their officials lied. The raid was due to the fact of gold not being found in sufficient paying quantities in Mashonaland. They heard that it was abundant in Portuguese territory, and so picked a wolf-and-lamb quarrel with the Portuguese.

The Company is now bankrupt. Rhodes and his gang have made money by putting forward puffs of shares, and the investing public has lost what the gang made. The game, however, is up so far as Mashonaland is concerned. Bankruptcy stares the Company in the face if it cannot get hold of some country which may be described as a land of Ophir. Hence the desire to drive the Matabeles out of Mashonaland and to seize that territory, and hence all the tales about Lobengula seeking to attack the Company in Mashonaland.

Lobengula granted a mining concession. At that time his ownership of Mashonaland was recognised; indeed, it was involved in the concession. The Matabeles collected tribute from the Mashonas. They never divested themselves of this right. Last summer an Impi was sent to collect tribute, the Mashonas refused to pay it, and their cattle was seized. On this they fled into the fort of the Company. The chief of the Impi demanded their surrender. This was refused, and although the right of the Matabeles to these men was legally valid, I think that the refusal was proper. What then occurred? Telegrams have been sent home for our consumption. Those connected with the Company tell a very different tale in South Africa. Here is a letter that I extract from a South African newspaper:—

Durban, 15th (Special).

A private letter received in Durban from Victoria contains the following:—Last Tuesday Matabele came into Camp. The alarm was sounded and every one was shut in the fort. Dr. Jameson held an indaba, and gave them one hour to get out of Mashonaland (30 miles). An hour and a half afterwards fifty of us mounted and were sent to see if they had cleared, when we came across about sixty of them about seven miles from Camp. Captain Lendy gave us the order to charge and fire, which we did, killing between twenty-five and thirty. The others got into a kopje among the rocks, so we had to leave them. It was like buck-shooting, for the poor devils took to their heels and we galloped up and almost shot them point blank. I don't suppose any of them got less than four or five bullets in him. Two days ago a mounted party (twelve) went out as far as the border to see if any more Matabeles were about, and news came in this morning that they had had another brush with them, killing several.

I am now able to supplement this statement by another taken from an eye-witness. This witness states that when the pursuing party came in sight of the Matabeles, Captain Lendy gave the order to his men to "Ride on, and try to get them to open fire upon us." The Matabeles, however, could not be induced to fire. The pursuers then dismounted and opened fire at about 300 yards. The Matabeles only fired one or two shots as they fled. They left about twenty of their men dead. On the return of the pursuing party to camp, Dr. Jameson met Captain Lendy. After the result had been reported, Dr. Jameson was heard to say: "I suppose they fired on you first?" to which Captain Lendy answered, "Yes." It thus appears that every attempt was made to provoke the Matabeles into conflict with the Chartered Company's forces, but without success.

In the face of these two independent accounts of what occurred at the fort, I suspect that the statement that the Matabeles fired on the Imperial Bechuanaland Police is also untrue, or that, if true, it was because the Police attacked them. Lobengula is no fool, and it seems hardly probable that he played thus into the hands of the Company. Be this, however, as it may, I trust that some steps will be taken to come to a peaceful arrangement with Lobengula, based on his retaining Matabeleland, and giving up any rights that he may have in Mashonaland. In any case, the former territory ought not to fall into the hands of the Chartered Company. An investigation into that Company's career would show that Jabez Balfour might envy its financing, Captain Kidd its recklessness of human life, and Ananias its disregard of truth. It is a disgrace to the good name of England that such a Company should continue its career of blood and plunder under a Royal Charter.

The statement ascribed to Mr. Evans, with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's offer to unite with the Welsh Members in defeating the Government on the understanding that a Liberal-Unionist Government was to be formed with Welsh Disestablishment in the forefront of its programme, is denied by Mr. Evans, and I confess that I have had some difficulty in believing that Mr. Chamberlain would have been so indiscreet. It would seem that a Liberal-Unionist suggested the scheme to Mr. Evans. It does not, however, appear that there is any evidence that he was an emissary of Mr. Chamberlain. The emissary, indeed, in pointing out that either Mr. Chamberlain or the Duke of Devonshire (the former for choice) was to replace Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister sufficiently shows, that he could not have been well informed as to the position of affairs.

The plan of the Liberal-Unionists, should the Unionists obtain the victory at the next General Election, is, that the Duke of Devonshire should be Prime Minister, that Mr. Balfour should lead in the House of Commons, that Lord Salisbury should be Foreign Secretary, and that Mr. Chamberlain should sit by Mr. Balfour as the head of one of the great Departments. This—provided that Lord Salisbury is agreeable—is at least within the area of practical politics. But the Tories would never consent, either that Mr. Chamberlain should be the Premier of the coalition, or that whilst the uncle yields his place to the Duke of Devonshire in the Lords, the nephew should yield his place to Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons. The coalition has, however, first to catch the bear before the skin is divided.

I am an admirer of the Constitution of the United States, and, as an admirer, I would urge on my friends across the Atlantic to find some means to put an end to the scandal of a minority being able by physical endurance to impose their will on the majority in the Senate. There may be some difference of opinion as to how long a debate ought to last; no one, however, can contend that

ought to last for ever. The Senate should amend its ules of procedure. Already the anti popular newspapers ere are improving the occasion to compare advan- geously our doddering Lords with the American Senate.

A writer in the *New Review* discusses the House of ommons, and suggests various remedies for the weight f business, under which it hopelessly staggers. So ng as half a dozen pints are to be poured into a uart pot, so long will the procedure of the House of ommons be a scandal and a farce. The one and only medy is to leave local affairs to local assemblies. But o division of legislative functions must be absolute. the House of Commons is to assume any right over cal matters, then so much time will be occupied on em that the block will not be removed. The key- one of the American Constitution is that, within their tributes, the local Legislatures are independent of the ederal Legislature. Until we recognise and act on this inciple, we shall never clear the way for legislation. I eatly doubt whether the Home Rule Bill, as it passed e Commons, would—had it become law—have reduced e time occupied on Irish matters by one hour. This s its main defect, to my thinking.

I have received a good many letters asking what steps ght to be taken in regard to the House of Lords. My n feeling is, that those who believe that it is essential progress that this Assembly should cease to exist, ght not to mix up this issue with that of Home Rule. he action of the Lords on that Bill is merely an instance their unfitness to act as a legislative body. Whether not they happen in this particular instance to be right their estimate of public opinion, they cannot be fit dges. Their bias is against all Liberal measures, for ey are Tories. Their interests are bound up in putting end to any Liberal Administration, for a large number them look to a Tory Government for place, salaries, d honours. There is no more reason why they ould have the power to throw out a Bill than y other five or six hundred citizens with no presentative character. It must not, however, be lost ght of, that they not only throw out Liberal Bills, but, en they pass them introduce emasculating amend- nts in them, that have to be accepted as a condition of eir passing. When a Tory Government is in power, e control of the Lords disappears, for the majorities in th branches of the Legislature are one and the same. hen a Liberal Government is in power their control nains. This is obviously a very one-sided arrangement. hat would the Tories say if, whenever they have a jority in the House of Commons, all measures, before coming law, should be submitted to 500 Radical rking shoemakers of Northampton? Yet this, *datis mutandis*, is the system to which Liberals are fools ough to submit whenever the country has given its dict in their favour.

"You announced your Irish policy," say the Tories. You have carried it in the Commons, the Lords have own it out; therefore, why, if you are not afraid, do u not appeal to the country?" Let any one consider what this means—that whenever the Lords please they may provoke a Dissolution. An election is won or lost upon several issues. The winning side has to pass in the Commons first one, then the other. But, if this doctrine of Dissolution be correct, the Lords might insist upon an appeal on each separate issue, although, when their Tory friends have a majority, a Tory Government may legislate upon everything that it pleases without let or hindrance. There is but one way to meet such pernicious nonsense. It is to appeal to the country upon the issue whether the Lords shall continue to exist or be abolished. If the decision be against us, we must grin and bear it until a change in public opinion takes place. But I am convinced that it would be for us. England is only Conservative because Liberals are Radical when out of power, but the mildest of Liberals when in power.

SCRUTATOR.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

THERE are signs that the Italians and the Austrians are beginning to realise what fools they have been in joining the German Empire in an alliance against France, in order to secure to Germany the possession of the French provinces that she seized in 1871. Germany had concluded a previous alliance of the same nature with Austria and Russia. The Russian Emperor soon, however, discovered that what Germany meant by the union of the three Emperors was, that the armies of Russia and Austria were to be at her disposal, whilst in all questions between her and her allies, they were to yield to her. The Russian Emperor therefore withdrew. On this, Prince Bismarck replaced Russia by Italy in the alliance. This folly on the part of Italy would soon have come to an end had not Bismarck induced Crispi, who had previously opposed the German alliance, but who had become Prime Minister, to confirm and extend its scope.

The annexation of a portion of France by Germany, after the war of 1870, was one of the most stupendous faults that were ever made by Statesmen. Either France ought to have been so weakened that it would have been impossible for her ever to recover from the blow, or her territory should have been left intact. To leave her in a position to renew the struggle, and yet for Germany to hold by arms a portion of her territory, was to create a situation in Europe that rendered permanent peace impossible, and made vast armaments an eternal necessity. Had Germany been satisfied with a heavy war indemnity, France would not long have remained in antagonism to Germany; for the French would have thrown the responsibility of their disaster on the Empire, and would hardly have consented to bear a crushing taxation in the mere hope of a barren revenge. Germany, on the other hand, would have been safe from all assaults, owing to the unification of her forces, and she would have become the great ballasting European Power, attacking no one, and attacked by no one. Of what material advantage are Alsace and a portion of Lorraine to her in comparison with the wealth that would have been hers owing to her people being engaged

in industry instead of in drilling. Her military men, it is said, insisted upon the annexation, because it would give her a more defensible frontier. Very probably they did, for military men are poor guides to a nation. But Bismarck and her Statesmen ought to have realised that the permanent and persistent hostility of France was a more serious danger to Germany—placed as she is between three great military Powers—than the best of frontiers. As it is, Germany is obliged to keep her population under arms, to expend each year far more than she can afford on her Army, and all this with the knowledge that, if ever she quarrels with Italy, Austria, or Russia, either of these States will find an ally in France prepared to risk a contest in order to reacquire her lost provinces. How sane and sensible men, alive as one would suppose to these facts, can have made such a blunder surpasses my understanding.

France naturally desires to reacquire her lost provinces. But she dreams neither of attacking Austria nor Italy. Practically, therefore, the Triple Alliance amounts to a guarantee to Germany from Austria and Italy of these provinces; and that the statesmen of these two countries should have fallen into the net spread for them by the astute Bismarck does not say much for their wisdom. Russia, they seemed to have imagined, would hold aloof from European politics and submit to a European boycott. She did nothing of the kind, but entered into a counter alliance with France. The result, therefore, of this so-called League of Peace—or, as it ought really to be called, League to secure to Germany her conquests—has been, that Europe is split up into two hostile camps, armed to the teeth, and so evenly balanced that it is doubtful which would be the victor in the event of war.

It is possible that, had Prince Bismarck remained at the head of German affairs, he would have kept Russia apart from France by timely concessions on minor matters, for friendly relations between Prussia and Russia had always been the keystone of his policy. But when the German Emperor dismissed him, and took the reins in his own hands, all chance of this disappeared. Charles II., it is said, never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. The Emperor William is foolish alike in words and in acts. He soon succeeded in irritating the Emperor of Russia, and in making his friendship a heavy burthen to the Emperor of Austria and to the King of Italy. The young man is not wanting in a certain sort of ability, but he lacks common sense. There has been a good deal of madness in his family, and this he has inherited. Were he a private individual, and were he to commit a murder, a jury would probably find him guilty but recommend him to mercy on the ground that he is not entirely responsible for his actions, on which a war of doctors would break out, some holding to this view, others opining that he ought to be hanged. On such natures the possession of power exercises a most harmful influence. Young William had not been many months on the Prussian throne, before he was fully convinced that he was there by right divine; a little later he included the whole of Germany in his divine kingdom; and he is at present under the illusion that Providence has raised him up as the arbiter of Europe: a craze which obviously renders him somewhat a troublesome ally, unless his allies ar ready to agree with him.

The Emperor of Austria is far and away the mo sensible monarch in Europe. I should fancy that h allied himself with William partly to make certain th he would not enter into an alliance with Russia again Austria, and partly to play the part of the tame elephan towards him. Austria has never piqued herself upo her fidelity to any alliance, when it has been her int rest to evade its stipulations. Were William to pr cipitate a war with France, or were France and Russia drift into a war with Germany, Austria would in probability manage to slip out of the obligations the Triple Alliance, and to remain neutral. And this German statesmen are fully aware. Austria, wi her varied nationalities, aspires alone to peace. No that she has withdrawn from Italy, and from the Germa Confederation, she has no enemies. By the annexation Bosnia she has acquired the Dalmatian hinterland th she coveted, and if ever the Turkish Empire in Euro breaks up, she knows that she would inherit witho effort territory which would bring her down to Saloni As for Alsace and Lorraine, she is indifferent wheth they belong to Germany or to France. The last mo of Austria is proposing an electoral law, which, by givi the voting power to the non-German element, w probably lead to her withdrawal from the alliance.

The Italians are credited with being able diplomatis and in a small tricky way they are. But Italy has at prese no one that even flattery could dub a statesman. T Italians joined the Triple Alliance in a pet because Fran had taken (by the advice of Bismarck) Tunis, after whi they vaguely lusted. When Crispi went to visit Bismar at Berlin, that able but unscrupulous statesman flatter and fooled him. Crispi had the sense to see that a w with France would expose the Italian coasts to t ravages of the French marine. Bismarck, therefo induced Lord Salisbury to give some general assuran that England would regard with disfavour anything th might tend to disturb the *status quo* in the Medit ranean. These assurances Crispi translated into pledge that the British navy would hinder Fren ships from attacking Italian ports, or landing French army in Italy; and his sanguine countrymen now under the illusion that if an Italian army were join the German forces on the Rhine in an invasion France, we should inform that Republic that, whilst It might attack France, we could not allow France to att Italy. The Italians have been confirmed in this not since Russia allied herself with France, for they are un the impression that the main object of our policy is crush Russia, and that if that Power is on one side i European conflict, we should necessarily be on the othe

As I pointed out a fortnight ago, these silly Italians rushing blindly forward on the path that ends bankruptcy. Their floating debt amounts to above fo millions sterling. Each year shows an increasing defi their taxation is already crushing all industry and can be augmented, and no Ministry can stop the reckl expenditure, because it has to buy support with pub money. On their Navy they lavish money, but th sailors are of such questionable quality that th

hips seldom leave port. Their Army is far too numerous, and it is of such doubtful material that they have of late been laboriously bringing into existence a few good regiments by taking the best soldiers from all other regiments. Civil employés, helping each other to do nothing, are as plentiful as fleas. They are miserably paid, and the recent trials at Rome have shown that they supplement their salaries by illicit gains. The King has lost his former popularity. He is entirely in the hands of a certain Ratazzi (a nephew of the former Prime Minister of that name), a fussy, meddling man, with all the belongings of an adventurer, and ready to drag his country into any wild scheme that may serve his personal ends. Were a European war to break out in a year or two, it is possible that Italy would fall into line with Germany; if the war be deferred, she will have withdrawn from the Alliance, for unless she reduces alike her civil and military expenditure she will very shortly have to go into liquidation.

In the present day Statesmen are too apt to make the tenure of office their sole aim. In countries where this is dependent upon the vote of the people their tendency is rather to profess agreement with the opinion of the moment than to be themselves the exponents of the principles in which they themselves believe. Now, I hold to the right of a nation to shape its own destinies, whether for good or for evil. A Statesman must accept the popular verdict. He ought not, however, to be ready to carry it into effect in order to retain office, if he believes it to be injurious to his country. His duty, in this case, is to point out in what he considers it injurious, and to be prepared to accept the cold shade of opposition, and there to await patiently the moment when what he considers to be right becomes the opinion of the majority. Those who say that the people are always right are as contemptible as were the courtiers of Louis XIV., who bowed and grovelled before him in the expectation of some crumbs from his table falling to their lot. In no country are Statesmen more weak-kneed opportunists than in Italy, and the consequence of their yielding to every popular cry, instead of combating it when they know its error, is that their country has been brought to the verge of ruin. Italy is an object-lesson to all those would-be leaders of men who prefer the name of leading to the reality, and who make office rather an end than a means.

It is pretty clear that, as a League of Peace, the Triple Alliance has proved to be a failure. It never, indeed, was more than an alliance to secure to Germany the French provinces that she has acquired. With Continental Europe divided into two armed camps, the danger of war is serious. If war does break out, it is, as I have shown, very doubtful whether Italy and Austria will stand to their contract with Germany. Under these circumstances our obvious policy is to keep ourselves entirely free from all engagements, and, if war comes, to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality. In order to do this, we must realise that we cannot pretend to be the arbiters of the Universe. Those who are opposed to fresh annexations on our part, or to our taking upon ourselves to forbid annexations of countries that do not belong to us, are termed vestry politicians. If so, I can only say that I glory in being a vestry politician. The British Empire is a large enough vestry for me. To see that it be governed wisely is a task great enough to tax the resources of Statesmen. In all matters beyond our confines, I may have my sympathies; but I would not spend one farthing of the taxpayers' money, either to civilise Africa, or to meddle beyond our frontiers in Asia, or to hinder Europe becoming French, German, or Russian. Only a day or two ago I read an article in an important newspaper declaring that we must bring home to all that our maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean must be accepted as a law of nature. I can understand the necessity of our maintaining our right of way through it, but considering that we own none of its coasts, whilst other Great Powers do, is it likely that this claim to supremacy will be admitted? I am content with the conviction that the rival jealousies of our neighbours will always render, on the part of any of them, universal Empire impossible. Without agreeing in the foolish doctrine that we must make our fleet as strong as that of any other two Powers in the world, I hold to the opinion that our Navy should be sufficiently strong to enable us to defend our own; although I doubt whether we shall ever have to defend it, if we declare this to be the limit of our aspirations. The reason why I have always been in favour of our evacuation of Egypt is, not only that we have pledged ourselves to withdraw, but that our withdrawal is in our own interests, and that we are bound in honour to fulfil our pledge. I object to all vague Protectorates, for there is nothing more likely to involve us in wars. I would have everywhere clear and well-defined frontiers; within them I would brook no interference, outside them I would never interfere. And the Foreign Minister who adopts and strictly acts upon this policy is the man who best serves his country. When Lord Rosebery became Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Minister, the Unionist newspapers informed us that this was a surrender of the views of Mr. Gladstone in regard to our foreign relations, and they hugged themselves with the expectation that a Jingo policy was to be adopted by us all over the world. I am glad to think that they are awakening from this illusion. Lord Rosebery certainly has opinions in respect to our "pegging-out claims" in Africa in which I do not quite agree. It must be admitted, however, that he had to face a situation in Uganda which was not of his making; and that the silly conduct of the young Khedive in Egypt rendered the moment inopportune for withdrawal. Still, I should like to see negotiations set on foot in regard to this withdrawal. In respect to our relations with foreign Powers in Europe and in Asia, I have not perceived any tendency on the part of the Foreign Office to increase our responsibilities, or to compromise our neutral position in case of a Continental war. With the rivalries, the huge military expenditure, the alliances and counter-alliances on the Continent, war is always possible; indeed, I regard it as, sooner or later, the only outcome. If they

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fight amongst each other, we may regret it as humanitarians, but we cannot hinder it. Our one aim should be to keep out of the quarrel, and to see that the *pax Britannica* within the British Empire is not disturbed.

THE FLOGGING-WOMAN AND HER CLIENTS.

It is too early as yet to say what ultimate effect the exposure of Mrs. Peirce in last week's TRUTH will have upon the woman herself. But the first result has been of the paradoxical kind, which those familiar with the eccentricities of our system of law and police might have anticipated. The local authorities seem to have formed the opinion that the indignation of Mrs. Peirce's neighbours at Hounslow might possibly vent itself at that lady's personal expense, and in preparation for such a contingency no less than three police-constables have been mounting guard over Lime Cottage. At the time I write, a policeman is reported to be on duty at each end of Lancers-road, while a third is posted a few yards off. Although, as a rule, the cause of law and order has no stauncher champion than myself, I am bound to say that I cannot feel much enthusiasm for these efforts to overawe Judge Lynch. I concluded my exposure of the woman, with an appeal to the representatives of the law to punish this woman. And what is the result? The first thing the Law does is to take her under its protection. There may be considerable doubt, I fear there is, whether the Law can punish her at all; but about one thing there can be no doubt—the Law will allow no one else to punish her. The Law cannot interfere to prevent this vile hag from torturing and lacerating the bodies of the defenceless children handed over to her tender mercies; the Law can take no cognisance of the foul practices of other kinds to which she has pleaded guilty. But the Law is quick and vigilant to protect the creature herself; and at the mere thought of any harm befalling her sacred person, it supplies her with three stalwart guards at the public expense. Well, it does not surprise me. On the contrary, having seen a good deal of the Law, it is about what I should have expected of it. Heaven forbid that I should be accused of inciting anybody to violence, more especially in the presence of three constables on point duty. I cannot forget, however, that after the exposure of Mrs. Walter Smith in TRUTH, and when there was considerable doubt as to what steps could next be taken to put a stop to that woman's trade, the intelligent Democracy of the district cut short the difficulty by breaking the Girl-Flogger's windows and driving her out of their town. I shall always feel grateful to the stalwart citizens of Bristol and Clifton, who, without standing on ceremony, or taking counsel's opinion on any question of legality, thus terminated the career of the Clifton Girl-Flogger. I regret proportionately the presence of the three constables who seem to be securing to the Hounslow woman the right to continue at her trade with impunity. The most fitting sequel to the TRUTH disclosures would have been the flogging of the Flogger herself—previously handcuffed, strapped, and gagged with her own devilish implements—by a committee of her neighbours. If the police are there to prevent anything of that kind, I can only say that they are there to frustrate the ends of justice.

I need hardly say that I have received a large mass o correspondence on this subject; nor that every con ceivable view of it is represented by my correspondents though the great majority confine themselves to expres sions of indignation that such things should be, and o hope that some means may speedily be found of putting a stop to them. For all these communications, with one exception, I am very much obliged. The exception i an anonymous letter from Sheffield, the writer of whicl understands that there is a paragraph in TRUTH abou a girl and boy flogger, and requests me to kindly adver tise the address of the party referred to in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. Stamps are enclosed to defray th cost of the advertisement. To prevent any furthe misconception down at Sheffield, I may as wel say at once that it is not my present purpos to provide the Girl-Flogger with new customers I find, however, as I expected, that many persons—doubtless estimable persons in their way—are firmly convinced that birching may in many cases be useful and decorous discipline for girls and youn women, to say nothing of boys; and several ladie and gentlemen of this class have thought th present a suitable opportunity for putting forth thei views. Perhaps hereafter I may find an opportunity o dealing with what they say; but for the present absolutely decline to discuss it. The presence of thi hateful old hag at Hounslow, and her own revelations o her infamous trade, raise to my mind one question, an one only—namely, how she is to be deprived of her powe for mischief, or hunted out of civilised society, with th least possible delay. The only argument that I will use o this subject at present is "Down with the Girl-Flogger. When she is down, I will discuss the philosophy of flog ging with anybody who wishes it. I said last week, bu it seems necessary that I should repeat it again, that refuse to believe that a foul-minded, foul-mouthed, crue illiterate, and degraded creature such as this Peirce ca serve any legitimate purpose in the training or educatio of children of any age. And I should like to add to thi that I look with the utmost suspicion upon all argument tending to justify parents in hiring strangers to beat thei children. Whatever experience Solomon may have ha in his mind when he connected the sparing of the ro with the spoiling of the child—and if he had been a wise as he is reputed, I doubt whether he would eve have committed to paper a maxim so capable of perver sion to the worst uses—I am quite sure that this wis man never contemplated the picture of a "child," i the shape of a girl on the threshold of womanhoo gagged, bound, and stripped to receive the blows of a pr fessional flogger. The aspect of this matter which I desir to emphasise, next to the degraded character of th Flogger herself, is the depravity of the parents who em employ the creature. In his crusade against cruelty t children, Mr. Benjamin Waugh has asserted again an again that some of the worst of these enormities ar perpetrated in the homes of the well-to-do-classes. A doctor writing to me on the subject of flogging-wome to-day, accentuates the same unpleasant truth from hi own experience. Among other things he narrates to m how a lady of his acquaintance once witnessed in

London street some revolting brutality on the part of a nurse towards an infant—"the details," says the doctor, "were so revolting that they made me feel sick, doctor though I am." The lady was so horrified, that she tracked the nurse home to a West-End square, and sent in her card to the mistress of the house, to whom she reported what she had seen. The fond mother gave every indication of resenting the information as an impertinence, if not a falsehood, and she merely replied that she had every confidence in her nurse. "She is a type," says my correspondent, "of many West-end mothers whom I have met"; and doubtless she is one of those who, when the child grew up, would feel as much confidence in entrusting it to a professional Girl-Flogger as she did in its infancy in entrusting it to the professional nurse. To take another case, readers of TRUTH have not forgotten Mrs. Montagu and her methods of dealing with "unruly boys and girls." No one ever supposed that Mrs. Montagu is the only lady of education and position accustomed to indulge an unnatural love of cruelty under the cloak of parental authority. But there is many a Mrs. Montagu who lacks the nerve or the muscle to carry out her savage discipline for herself, and it is to such that the professional flogger ministers. There may not be much to choose between them, but of the two I confess that the Montagu who does her work herself seems to me the least unnatural and unsexed. Is it necessary to cite more evidence of the barbarity which the children of "the better classes" occasionally suffer at the hands of their parents? Let the reader refer to the sickening catalogue of atrocities unfolded last Saturday at Chester Police-court. While the case stands *sub judice* I cannot refer to it in detail; but never in the annals of crime of this kind have worse enormities been alleged than those charged in this case against "a gentleman of independent means" and his wife. With facts like these confronting us daily, I decline to be diverted from the pursuit of the Girl-Flogger by any question of the ethics of corporal punishment. The vocation of this hag is essentially brutal, cruel, and degrading. She can serve no purpose but to minister to the love of cruelty, or to yet worse vices, in others. There is no justification for her existence. I repeat, therefore, "Down with the Girl-Flogger!"

THE LAW AND THE LORD'S DAY.

By the strange irony of fate, the legislative achievement which is nowadays most generally associated with the reign of Charles II. is the Lord's Day Act. But whilst its title is familiar enough to newspaper readers, I fancy that the popular estimate scarcely does full justice to this precious memorial of his Majesty's well-known piety. It is never revealed to the public gaze in all its native beauty. In nineteen places out of twenty it is wholly a dead letter, and in the twentieth it is put in operation in a miserably half-hearted sort of way. When the authorities of some Little Peddlington suffer from an attack of Sabbatarianism they turn up the Act 29 Caroli II., cap. 7, and invoke its powers for the punishment and suppression of such awful crimes as shaving a man's beard or selling a twopenny cigar or a pennyworth of sweets on the Lord's Day. Prosecutions of this kind are frequently brought under my notice, the latest occurring a few days ago at Lincoln, where two tobacconists were fined. As no attempt is ever made to deal with other offences, an impression has got abroad that the Act of Charles II. is directed expressly and exclusively against the Sunday trader. So gross an error calls for correction. It is not fair to the fame of a most Christian king that the persecution of small shopkeepers should be regarded as the beginning and the end of his devout efforts to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath. Reference to the Act "for the better observation and keeping holy the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday," shows that other sinners besides the Sunday trader were aimed at. Here are the first few clauses:—

> That all the laws enacted and in force concerning the observation of the Lord's Day and repairing to the church thereon be carefully put in execution; (3) and that all and every person and persons whatsoever shall on every Lord's Day apply themselves to the observation of the same by exercising themselves thereon in the duties of piety and true religion, publickly and privately; (4) and that no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other person shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary calling upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof (works of necessity or charity only excepted); (5) and that every person of the age of fourteen years or upwards offending in the premisses shall for every such offence forfeit the sum of 5s.; (6) and that no person or persons whatsoever shall publickly or privately cry, shew forth, or expose to sale any wares, merchandise, fruit, herbs, goods, or chattels whatsoever upon the Lord's Day, or any part thereof, upon pain that every person so offending shall forfeit the same goods so cried or shewed forth or exposed to sale.

Parliament has so often tinkered at the Act, repealing some parts and amending others, that it is difficult to make out which of the original provisions are still the law of the land. The only clauses which are now enforced are those relating to the exercise of any "worldly labour, business, or work," and the exposure of goods for sale on the Lord's Day; and these, as I have indicated, are employed in a few benighted districts for the oppression of small tradesmen and street hawkers. But, so far as I can ascertain, persons who fail to exercise themselves "in the duties of piety and true religion, publickly and privately," violate the Act just as much as the shopkeepers who are convicted at Lincoln and elsewhere. If the Lord's Day Observance Society would boldly take steps to bring these culprits to justice, we should probably have some very curious revelations. But although the exercise of the duties of "piety and true religion" appears to remain obligatory, the laws as to "repairing to church" on Sunday have been materially altered. As recently as 1847 an Act was passed exempting Dissenters "usually attending some place of worship other than the Established Church" from the Act 5 & 6 Edward VI., cap. 1, and other statutes which the measure of Charles II. ordered to be "carefully put in execution." But Churchmen who never or hardly ever go to church—I believe Churchmen of this type are not altogether unknown—break the law every Sunday they absent themselves. Probably they will be relieved to hear that they are no longer liable, as they once were, to temporal punishment by fine or imprisonment. One Act which ornamented the statute book till 1847 provided that six months' imprisonment should be inflicted on a first conviction, twelve months on the second, and imprisonment for life on the third! Now, the only risk which offenders run is "pain of punishment by the censures of the Church." How the

"censures of the Church" would be pronounced—whether it would be a performance with bell, book, and candle, or anything of that kind—is more than I can say. Perhaps a daring Vicar will enlighten the public on this point, and, at the same time, earn no little distinction for himself by visiting a notorious absentee from Divine worship with the prescribed penalty. The proceeding would be all the more impressive if some well-known public man, who poses in Parliament and on the platform as an adherent and defender of the Church, were selected as the scapegoat. No doubt some of my clerical readers could furnish the names of distinguished Churchmen who display their allegiance to the Church by regularly abstaining from her services.

Another clause of the Act provides that "no drover, horse courser, waggoner, butcher, higgler, their or any of their servants, shall travel or come into his or their lodgings or any part thereof" upon the Lord's Day. The penalty for every such offence is 20s. It is hardly necessary to say that in these days it is never exacted. The Act further sets forth that "no person or persons shall use, employ, or travel upon the Lord's Day with any boat, wherry, lighter, or barge, except it be upon some extraordinary occasion, to be allowed by some Justice of the Peace of the county or Head Officer, or some Justice of the Peace of the city, borough, or town corporate where the fact shall be committed." Every such offender is to forfeit and lose the sum of 5s. This clause as to Sunday boating was repealed in 1827, so far as it affects the Thames up to New Windsor. But it still applies to the rest of the Thames, and to every other river and lake in the kingdom. As Sunday boating is not confined to the immediate neighbourhood of London, here is surely another fine opening for the zealous labours of the Lord's Day Observance Society. All they have to do is to obtain the consent of the Chief Constable or two Justices in each district, and to proceed against the thousands of ungodly individuals who throughout the summer pass their Sundays on the water. It can only be through an oversight that such an opportunity for the manifestation of Sabbatarian intolerance on a wholesale scale has been hitherto neglected.

In the course of a paper read at the recent Church Congress Canon Edmonds remarked that "Sabbatarianism had not unfrequently been cruel; it had often been grotesque; and it was almost always illogical." Although they were not so intended by the reverend author, these words seem to me to be especially applicable to the enforcement of the Act of Charles II. With the object, I suppose, of checking the abuse of its provisions, an Act was passed about thirty years ago ordaining that no proceeding shall be taken under the old statute except with the consent of the Chief Officer of Police or two Justices, or a Stipendiary. The result has been to make the absurdities of the Act more apparent than ever. In London and the greater part of the country police and Magistrates look upon it as obsolete and never dream of reviving it. At the same time, in a few small towns two or three bigots, who happen to be in positions of authority, are enabled to enforce the Act in accordance with their own pig-headed prejudices on the Sunday question. I have repeatedly given examples of the extreme hardship with which struggling shopkeepers have been treated. Apart, however, from the circumstances of individual cases, it is to my mind scandalous that convictions under this antiquated law should be any longer permitted. I am far from desiring to see any extension of Sunday trading. On the contrary, I am as anxious as anybody can be that it should be kept down to the smallest limits consistent with the public convenience. But this Act of Charles II. is as much out of harmony with the spirit of the age as the still more ancient statutes which enjoined the practice of archery every Sunday. The days for compelling the nation to be sanctimonious by Act of Parliament have passed; and the time has surely come when this venerable legislative relic should be swept from the Statute-book.

FRILLS AND FRIVOLITY.

The art of the burlesque-writer is not so much dead as ignored. Byron wrote burlesques, so did Burnand, and excellent burlesques too, from the days of Dido and Ixion to those of the skits and sketches done in partnership with Edward Solomon, who is as funny at the piano as Burnand is at the desk. But then Burnand is essentially both a humorist and a parodist. He can parody literary style, and few popular authors have escaped him since the lucky day when Mokeanna was accepted for *Punch*, and the future editor of that paper mounted into the stirrups. In a certain sense, Gilbert is also a parodist. When he writes he always has something to say. He works upon some definite foundation, but then again the humour of Gilbert is *sui generis*. Some of us may think that, as matters go at present, he is burlesquing his own style, parodying himself; but no human being ever called in question either the humour or originality of the "Bab Ballads." His invention is limited; he repeats himself eternally; for everlasting he performs the same somersault and turns the same cart-wheel, but he is never gravelled for lack of matter.

To judge by two recent productions, that can be classed with either frills or frivolity, the art of the writer of the new entertainment is no greater than that of the maker of a patchwork quilt. The diamonds or squares come from every imaginable quarter—a bit of song here, a bit of dance there; a lyric from Tom, a duologue from Dick, a stump speech from Harry, a washed-out edition of the old "can-can" in the days of La Chaumière in the Quartier Latin district of Paris, a wild replica of the nightly audacities of the Moulin Rouge, or the Parisian Casino, a shadow dance, a petticoat dance, a skirt dance, a limelight dance, a man who bounces about the stage like an indiarubber ball until he "lards the lean earth" and looks like fainting, a row of senseless, grinning women who eternally worry and fidget, marking time with the goose step, beauty unadorned, and nudity extravagant. What have all these shreds and patches

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to do with burlesque? Compare the burlesque stage of to-day with what it was when artists of admirable attainments held the field, when Robson turned humour into tragedy, and convinced many that his Medea was as good as Ristori, days of Marie Wilton and Fanny Josephs and Lydia Thompson, days of Rogers and Clarke, days of James and Thorne, days of Edward Terry and Royce and Kate Vaughan, and possibly, best of all, days of Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie, whose memory will never fade for many a long year. Not, indeed, that audiences and critics apparently require anything better than the present market can supply. When we are told that Mr. E. J. Lonnen "reminds us" of Leslie, and Miss May Yohé "reminds us" of the incomparable Farren, it is time to draw down the curtain. Mr. Lonnen is an excellent dancer, and can sing with commendable energy a good Irish song. But he has no idea of invention, no sense of character. He is Lonnen, and will be Lonnen, and nothing else but Lonnen. But Leslie! Leslie who could dance, Leslie who could sing, not only Irish songs, but French songs and German songs; Leslie who could imitate birds, beasts, and fishes; Leslie, who seemed to write a burlesque as he went along; Leslie, the Prince of Impromptu! No! it is a little unfair to hint that he has a successor yet awhile, and that he could have made nothing more than we see now out of the characters and disguises provided in "Little Christopher Columbus."

The only difference, so far as I can see, between the modern music-hall and the modern frivolity show is that in one case the performers are starred out, numbered, and ticketed, and in the other they are jumbled together and enter on a "go-as-you-please" race. What, for instance, do we find in "Little Christopher Columbus"? The usual amount of simpering nonentities, a mass of pretty and ugly dresses—the ugly ones in unusual preponderance—some ambitious and very faulty dancing, as a rule not nearly so good as can be found any night for half the price at the music-halls; some clever songs, but very seldom well and artistically sung: but of actual talent in any one branch, the mimetic, the histrionic, the vocal, or the terpsichorean, the very slightest and faintest suspicion. If I were asked to name the best artist at the Lyric I should point to Miss Adelaide Newton, who, so far as I can see, has not been mentioned. She has but little to do, but that little she does uncommonly well. I don't care a fig or a straw for these critical and ethical discussions about the art of burlesque. I am sick to death of all this cant about the mission of the stage and its educating power. All I want when I pay half-a-guinea for my amusement, is to get my half-guinea's worth of fun. I don't, with all due deference to these active missionaries, imagine that Mr. Lonnen, or Miss May Yohé, or Miss Minnie St. Cyr, or any one of them, can teach me anything I care to know. All I desire is that they should amuse me. Regretfully I say they do not. It may be my fault or my obtuseness, but there it is. I would give anything for a good hearty laugh, but it will not come. I feel as uncomfortable, when I sit down to laugh, and become gloomier and gloomier, as after a suppressed sneeze. It may be that the sad youth by my side thinks these young ladies in the padded crinolines and yellow garters are "awfully rippin, don't you know"; but I only wish he could have seen Schneider, and Hading, and Granier at their best. I wish he could take the trouble to go over to Paris and see what sheer cleverness and art are in Yvette Guilbert.

The author of "A Gaiety Girl" is on the far safer tack when he suggests, and suggests with considerable skill, that the pearls of frivolity can be strung together and the yards of frills can be stitched into shape. In "Columbus" the frivolity pearls are scattered all over the stage, and every one is treading on remnants of torn and unstitched frills. But "A Gaiety Girl," whatever constitutional defects she may have, suggests something like order and system. Primarily the piece is on the lines of the musical farce which last year became popular; but here is comedy dialogue—smart, direct, pointed, and up to date, and also a mild hint of melodrama, though the story in this regard is necessarily thin. In previous productions of this genus, natural sequence has been altogether neglected, and the public have not concerned themselves as to the appropriateness of a song or dance so long as that song or dance has been palatable. In "A Gaiety Girl" the "incidentals" are naturally led up to. Every song has its proper place in the piece. It seems, indeed, almost a pity that the author had not tried his hand at a light comic opera after the fashion of "La Fille de Madame Angot" or "Les Cloches de Corneville," or chosen some English story to chaff, instead of embarking on a social satire to which some objection may reasonably be taken. Grandmotherly legislation is as absurd and unnecessary nowadays as the mincing of the young lady of fifteen; but I am bound to say that I am not astonished when Mr. Pigott puts his foot down on personalities. Sir Francis May, a Divorce Court Judge, and Mr. Candlewick, Q.C., a Divorce Court leading counsel, are as transparent as the nomenclature of the old farce-writers: Mr. Bull, a butcher; Mr. Sole, a fishmonger; Mr. Tape, a solicitor; Mr. Banns, a barrister; or Mr. J Pen, a journalist. It is possible to be funny without being personal, and after all the play would be just as amusing if the Judge were called Sir Augustus Law, or the barrister Benjamin Brief, Q.C.

But the good of "A Gaiety Girl" outweighs the evil. She has a clever and uncommonly promising representative in Miss Maud Hobson, who makes the most of an exacting part, and the songs of Mr. Hayden Coffin, who made his re-appearance, after a prolonged absence, in splendid voice, are worth a place in the best school of comic opera. In fact, "A Gaiety Girl" is all cleverness, although in certain cases the cleverness is misapplied. If the people want frills and frivolity, they must presumably have them. But the frills must be well starched, and the frivolity allied with good honest fun.

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE TOULON JUNKETINGS.

FRANCE has not in her fever of enthusiasm for the Russian alliance departed from the virtue of economy. Purse-strings were not much unloosed when the begging-box for a "national subscription" was going round. But little over eight thousand pounds were collected. Lorraine, which stood aloof from the promoters of this fund, has since, in proportion to her size, subscribed much more handsomely than all the rest of the country, she having in a few days collected, and from Lorrainers only, sixteen hundred pounds. It is true that this money is to be spent entirely in the chief town of that province on an objet d'art, taking the form of an illustrated album, destined for presentation to the Czar through Admiral Avellan, to whom it is to be confided by a Committee at the Russsian Embassy here. The illustrations will be furnished gratis by eminent Lorraine artists, of whom there are not a few in Paris. A Nancy bookbinder of renown in the trade, with the help of a no less well-known silversmith and jeweller, is to do the binding. All kinds of difficulties stood in the way of its being presented at the Russian Embassy. As part of Lorraine is now German, the Russian Ambassador would not stir until he had had instructions both from the Chancellery at St. Petersburg and from Fredensborg. He took the Nancy notables who came to him about the album over the Embassy to show them its splendours, and had much conversation with them which you must not expect to see in print. What put the idea of the souvenir into their heads was having remembered that the Czar's memorable message to M. Carnot was delivered to M. Carnot by the Grand Duke Constantine at Nancy. It came at a critical hour. What its substance was may be divined from the address which is to be read at the ceremony of presenting the album. M. de Mézières is the author, and is senator for the Meurthe and Moselle, the department in which fair Nancy stands. He is also a member of the Academy, and understands the art of writing between the lines. What he wrote was submitted to Baron Mohrenheim, who, after sifting it, sent it on to his hierarchical chief and Imperial master, who, I am led to understand, is determined not to let fat be thrown on the fire. The most significant phrase is the one in which M. de Mézières speaks of Nancy (*i.e.*, the Grand Duke's visit there to M. Carnot), Cronstadt, and Toulon as being links in the same chain, and one leading to the other. From this we may skip to the conclusion that the Grand Duke was sent to Nancy to ask the French Government to send Admiral Gervais to Cronstadt.

M. Develle, the Foreign Minister, is a Nancy man, and has a Lorraine constituency. He is in a difficulty between his electors and his official position, which forbids him to go on no matter what business to any Embassy or Legation. If he has to make any communication to an Ambassador, he is bound to send for him to come to the Foreign Office, and, the conversation over, to dictate heads of it to his Private Secretary, for them to be filed in the archives. I should not, however, wonder if he were to accept an invitation to lunch at the Russian Embassy, and be found enjoying a friendly cigar with Baron Mohrenheim and Admiral Avellan when the Lorrainers entered with their album. The rule just mentioned would be thus evaded, and no other Ambassador would be entitled to make a tart remark. M. Poincarré, the Minister of Public Instruction, not being within the range of this regulation, can as a Lorrainer go forward on this occasion as much as he pleases.

I have reason to think that the Czar enjoys picturing to himself how the German Emperor will look when he hears of the album and the surrounding circumstances. Not that there is anything in them which admits of being construed as a threat to peace; indeed, the donors and receivers protest privately, and will do so publicly, their ardent desire for war to be kept off. Well they may, Nancy being almost within gunshot of Metz. The attempts of the German Emperor to "boss Europe" and to *épater* the Czar rather stirred this potentate against him, and impelled him to resort to the Cronstadt move to awaken him to a sense of reality. He might not otherwise have been able to surmount his dislike to the form of government under which France lives. He now sees that he did a good stroke of policy in having the "Marseillaise" played in his presence in compliment to Admiral Gervais. Whether he is or not committed to an alliance with France I cannot say; but my impression is that he only means to bind himself with a slip-knot. If he and France mean the *entente* for peace only, both are to be congratulated on its being strengthened. But if it is to be used as a screw, or a cat's-paw, she will be left in the lurch. In one way, the Czar is the master of the combination, there being on his side settled plans and an automatically working machine, and on the other no plans and no general views, nor indeed any views beyond those suggested by some financial syndicate or popular emotion. There are, however, two French organisms, the reflexes of which work in one direction, from the habits of more than two hundred years. They are the bureaux of the Foreign Office and of the Ministry of Marine and Colonies, which are dead set against our friend John Bull and his schemes of aggrandisement in Africa and the Far East. This helps the Czar quite as much as the growing national wish to get back the two Germanised provinces.

I am not sure that Admiral Avellan's visit will lead the French to take up another Russian loan with enthusiasm. They never let enthusiastic feeling burn holes in their pockets. If we wanted a fresh proof of this we might find it in the "national subscription." Nor do I believe that the Czar will be able to get France opened to the Comte de Paris, as he has been trying to do. It is said that the Comte de Paris and his son went to Copenhagen to thank Alexander III. for having used his good offices in their behalf with the French Government.

Do not imagine that the Russian officers are enchanted at the prospect of being lionised by the official world and Paris. They dread the long prospect of formal dinners, with the eternal "Russian Hymn" and "La Marseillaise," and toasts and addresses in which the art

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of speaking to say nothing was sure to be carried to perfection. One of them at Toulon remarked to a friend of mine that, unless they could, on their way back to their ships, make a stay of a fortnight at Vichy, they must be laid up with gastric attacks. They had had enough samples at that port of official solemnities. Another officer asked if the Paris programme could not be changed, and gave his reasons in the name of his brethren. They wanted to spend a whole evening at the Chat Noir, and another at the Moulin Rouge, where Terpsichore is wildly worshipped by Grille d'Egout and La Goulue. The feeling of the officers of the squadron might thus be expressed: "We should prefer seeing *le Paris qui s'amuse* to *le Paris qui s'ennuie*. But the will of our Imperial Master be done!"

Toulon, however, furnished a sight which the Moulin Rouge could not touch. Le Quartier Réservé there is made up of a labyrinth of old narrow streets, and is rich in cafés, music-halls, and has 200 houses that are not exactly convents. The streets, in honour of the Russians, were all bedecked with French and Russian flags, which formed an arcade over head. Electric and lime lights were poured on, and about 2,000 bacchantes descended, and, joining hands, serpentined through the labyrinth in a gigantic *farandole*. Torch-bearers accompanied them, and all seemed struck with madness. *C'était du cru!* Rochegrosse's painting of Belshazzar's feast, at which he spent three years, was, I am told, tame and cold in comparison with this monster tableau-vivant.

The French wrong the King of Italy in attributing his telegram about the late Marshal MacMahon to policy merely. He was old enough to understand for what stakes and against what odds Victor Emmanuel played in 1859, and he knew that it was MacMahon's intrepidity which saved at Magenta the Franco-Sardinian Alliance from ruin. MacMahon was idolised after his victory by the Italiáns. I met old people at Milan who spoke with tears in their eyes of his triumphal ride from the field of Magenta into that city. Like most retiring and reserved persons, King Humbert does not easily form new friendships or make to himself fresh idols. He holds tenaciously to the old ones. MacMahon was most catholic as President of the Republic, but he did not follow his wife in encouraging intrigues against the kingdom of Italy, and often sent word to Victor Emmanuel that he would not countenance them. The King entertains not only a deep regard, but affection for him, and, moved far more by emotion than policy, expressed his feeling in the telegram on learning that the victor of Magenta was ill unto death. Canrobert now says it was by God's own mercy, the bad espionage of the Austrians, and his own and MacMahon's bravery, that the French were not defeated in Lombardy. I dare say that King Humbert must be pretty much of his opinion.

The wedding of Lord Terence Blackwood and Miss Flora Davis was unusual in being preceded by a civil ceremony at the Mayoralty of the Rue Anjou St. Honoré. This was necessary on account of the bride's nationality. Had they been both English a nuptial ceremony at the British Embassy would have sufficed, or, if both American, at the United States Legation. In getting married on a Saturday a day intervened between the civil and religious ceremony. In compliment to the lady the latter took place at the pretty American church of the Avenue de l'Alma, and came off at three in the afternoon, not to interfere with the déjeuners of those who were invited to be present at it by Senator and Mrs. Davis. The noon day wedding is a fearful bore, for it breaks up so one's morning, and forces one to change one's hour of déjeuner. I take it that the Mayor who united the happy couple according to the Code was given his cue by his direct chief, Dupuy, whose Ministry and Prime Ministry are only at the distance of a short street from the Mayoralty. He covered the United States and England with compliments, the one for having taught the French by their example to set up a Republic, and the other for having showed them how to practise liberty and afford asylum to political exiles. The bride is an only child, and is fairly well off. She met her husband, who is young, and by hereditary right clever as well as noble, at a déjeuner about a year ago, and a case of mutual captivation ensued. Her trousseau was one of the finest the workshops of Worth & Pasquir have ever turned out, no expense being spared, and perfect taste being shown in ordering it. The jewel caskets contain rich treasures that none will eclipse in the Court and other London drawing-rooms where the bride will make her début next season. Her Mayoralty dress was youthful, pretty, and almost plain. It was of Quakerly fawn cashmere, with a scarf sash in black surah and black revers to match, over white satin. The cravat of crimson velvet was finished off at each end with a frill of old lace, and fastened with a steel brooch. I should call the hat a Gainsborough one, of black velvet richly plumed, and just the one for a Carolus-Duran painting. The dress she wore at the church was copied from a figure in the Exhibition of Les Arts de la Femme, held last year at the Palais de l'Industrie, and showing how ladies dressed themselves in Egypt, Greece, Rome, Italy, and France from remote antiquity to the present day, and what aids to beauty they called in. The monotony which white satin, lace, and orange blossoms usually present was avoided in the arrangement of the Alençon lace veil and the corsage draperies. Fine eyes, well-chiselled features, and a graceful figure were well set off. The bridesmaids, being of different complexions and types of prettiness, were not in the same colours, though there was uniformity of style and trimming, muff and fur collarette. Lady Victoria Blackwood was in white and pink pékin, Lady Hermione in Nile green and white, Miss Cameron in sky blue and white, and Miss Kipp in the fashionable yellow and white. The bride's mother had a crimson-velvet gown made like that worn by Madame Carnot at the Auteuil races and with a pseudo-classic peplum-trimming—Russian sable. A garden-party at the British Embassy followed the ceremony. The outside world was busy with preparations for the reception of the Russian officers, who were on their way from Toulon. Just a hundred years earlier the town was given up to bustle and excitement, "The Widow Capet" having been beheaded and buried, at the

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cost of 25 francs, on October 16, 1793. There was no British Ambassador then, the Earl and Countess Gower having had to leave some time previously. They were the last influential persons who befriended Marie Antoinette, and the clothes worn by the Dauphin in prison were supplied by the Countess Gower from the wardrobe of her son, the father of the late Duke of Sutherland. What an odd coincidence that the representatives of the only autocrat in Europe should start in triumph for Paris, as the guests of the people of France, on the centenary of Marie Antoinette's execution!

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

SINCE the very commencement of the world, Dear Lady Betty, woman has been treated—and ill-treated—in a great variety of ways.

It is my privilege to have been able to devise yet another method.

In view of the excessive increase of the use of paint, pastes, powders, and other deceptive embellishments, I propose that woman shall for the future be considered purely as a Work of Art.

Thus, in announcing that the Duchess of Babylon has returned to town for the season, the paragraph would be worded as follows:—

"Yesterday the Duchess of Babylon inaugurated her forty-third exhibition in Belgrave-square, and it is no slight praise to assert that she again maintains her former high average. Her curves are always bold, if at times audacious; the flesh-tints are excellent, and the hair-effects clever, though perhaps a trifle woolly. Her breadth of tone is admirable, whilst dignity of composition is preserved in combination with careful attention to detail and to general finish."

Other notices might also run thus:—

"Mrs. A—— contributes two daughters this Season, who cannot be seriously regarded otherwise than as pot-boilers. It is to be regretted that an artist who has displayed unquestionable ability on previous occasions should jeopardise her reputation by turning out such trashy, flashy work as we have before us now."

"Since her return from the restorers at Homburg, Mrs. B—— has, as we expected that she would, greatly improved. We are now able to detect the delicate colouring and the elaborate workmanship which was before obscured by unnecessary varnish. In Mrs. B—— the nation has secured an important example of the new New York school. She possesses considerable freedom of style, but her middle-distance is a trifle pompous. Opinion is as yet undecided as to who Mrs. B—— is after, though it is very evident that she is after somebody."

"Mrs. E—— is altogether out of drawing. She is, moreover, a mere replica of a work which is in itself commonplace and insignificant. Her composition is scattered, her painting is lumpy, and her perspective is faulty; she is ambitious without possessing merit. If Mrs. E——ever hopes to be hung upon the line she must vastly improve upon her past and her present form."

"Lady G—— has attempted originality, and has only succeeded in attaining eccentricity. To dab colours on at random is not Art, and we cannot too frequently insist upon this. Angular curves, slovenly execution, unwholesome atmosphere, and woodeny effects are altogether abominable. Lady G—— has joined the Contortionist school. Her *tout ensemble* may be superficially effective, but the detail is singularly defective."

"The sensation of the Season promises to be achieved by Miss L——, an exhibitor whose work, we believe, has never yet been seen in London. Her method is bold, and her outlines are clever. The colouring is brilliant, but intelligently restrained, and she possesses a sensuous realism which cannot but be appreciated.

"The Widow H—— contributes some excellent enamel work this year, and her *pâte-sur-pâte* plaques after Solon possess much merit. Unfortunately, as we have observed before, her glaze is still faulty, and under unfavourable conditions is apt to crack."

"Mrs. Z—— exhibits nothing of serious importance this season. There is a decided absence of boldness—initiative—in her present style. The curves are weak, the painting is of the tea-tray order, and it shows an utter want of life. It is an altogether depressing performance."

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It is no longer now an indiscretion to make it known that Lord Elgin was offered the Viceroyship of India before Sir Henry Norman was given the refusal of this appointment. At the time, Lord Elgin did not care to undertake the responsibility which this important office entails, but having been again approached upon the subject after the resignation of Sir Henry, he decided to accept the appointment. That the climate of India is likely to benefit the health of Lady Elgin is a circumstance which has assisted greatly to bring about this satisfactory conclusion.

Much regret will be felt generally, and more particularly in the Brigade of Guards, at the death of Mr. Henry Tracy Peel, a son of the Rev. Mr. Frederick Peel, which occurred at Holyhead on Monday morning after only a week's illness. The late Mr. Henry Peel had been on a short visit to Ireland and he was on his way home when he was attacked with typhoid fever. He joined the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards from the 60th Rifles, and was but just turned twenty-seven years of age. The late Mr. Peel will be much missed in the Regiment.

The death of Mr. Horace Helyar, second Secretary of the British Legation at Munich, which occurred suddenly on Sunday at Coker Court, Somerset, will also occasion considerable regret equally in Society as in Diplomatic circles, for both Mr. and Mrs. Helyar were well known and popular.

* * * * * *

A fortnight ago I gave, amongst others, a story told of the late Baron James de Rothschild of Paris. Upon the principle that one good story deserves another, I have received several since that are possibly intended to cap mine. Of these the two following are the best:—

Mirès—at the time a celebrated, and subsequently a notorious man—was interviewing Baron James on some matter respecting which he desired his support. The Baron was somewhat huffy, and declined.

"Mais enfin," says Mirès, "j'espère, Monsieur le Baron, que vous ne me mangerez pas!"

"Monsieur, ma religion me le défend," was the reply.

When in the full flush of his prosperity, Mirès was appointed a Knight of the Legion of Honour. A friend of his in conversation with the Baron referred to this circumstance.

"L'Industrie a des Chevaliers, Monsieur," he answered; "la Finance des Princes."

* * * * *

London is to let and Paris is empty. A stroll through the West-end streets now is much like assisting at a public confession of poverty upon the part of our neighbours. Almost every third house bears the same dismal legend upon boards, "To be sold." Those few who still have money have a unique opportunity now of securing house property at exceptionally low prices. But, then, everybody wishes to sell and nobody wishes to buy.

The big Paris hotels are also almost deserted. The Americans no longer patronise the Parisian Paradise, for the Republican American is never happy unless nestling close to a Court. English visitors are scarce, as they have no money to spend. Meanwhile, the French capital has

ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit street, W.

gone mad over the Russian visit. In all the principal streets are displayed transparencies representing phases of Russian life. The talk at the clubs, restaurants, and in all public places is exclusively about "Nos chers alliés." The climax of enthusiasm was reached when the *Figaro* gravely advocated that all the quarterly rents throughout France — those being due upon the very day the Russians arrived at Toulon—should be remitted as a token of joy and of gratitude at the visit! It is a light-hearted people, with a tendency to become occasionally light-headed.

Can any one explain to me this? When I was young, the men of my own age each more or less possessed some individuality. But the young men of the present day all seem to me to be very much the same. They nearly all have white faces, little black eyes, little dark moustaches, high collars, and they all of them dress alike. I can scarcely tell one from another. Individuality now is plainly at a discount.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

SOME practical lessons may be learnt from the result of the Cesarewitch. When a horse wins a long-distance race, it must not be assumed as a matter of course that the animal's stamina has been thoroughly tested. It is imperatively necessary to ascertain at what sort of pace the race was run. When Prisoner was made such a hot favourite for the Cesarewitch after his victory in the Doncaster Cup, I pointed out the fatuity and absurdity of regarding that race as a conclusive trial for the Newmarket event, inasmuch as the field had merely cantered for a mile and a half, and the race was practically run over half a mile only. Prisoner had only done a hugger-mugger sort of training for such a race as the Cesarewitch, and in the only really good gallop which he was sent during his preparation, he palpably stopped to nothing. Thus an owner ought to try his animals over all distances. Red Eyes belonged for some time to Sir Charles Hartopp, who never won a race with her, and I believe it is a fact that he gave her away in disgust. If she had ever been well galloped over two miles or so Sir Charles would have discovered what a treasure he possessed; but it seems to have been assumed that the mare could not stay until after her change of ownership, when different and more sagacious tactics were adopted with her. A great blunder was made, however, in running Red Eyes during the summer, for if she had been kept for the Cesarewitch (instead of being exposed at Goodwood) she would have won by many lengths, and an immense stake would have been landed, as the mare certainly would not have been fancied by the public, and the stable would have had the market all to themselves.

What Lady Rosebery was doing at Doncaster it is impossible to conjecture, but it is now clear that her running in the Cup was all wrong, and the form of Red Eyes at York also stands in need of explanation. Lady Rosebery was very heavily backed for the Cesarewitch, both to win and for a place (although on public form she could have no chance whatever), but the money which was won over her for a place has gone into very few hands, and she is now apparently fancied for the Cambridgeshire; but if she could not win last week, I do not see how her prospects can be bright for the shorter race. It was impossible for any one to fancy Cypria, who on the Oaks running was nearly a stone behind Tressure, who is certainly no flyer. Cypria had done a severe preparation of the old-fashioned kind, and it was her excellent condition which gained her last week's race. It is all nonsense and rubbish to expect a horse to win over such a course (especially when the ground is heavy) unless it has been thoroughly trained, and those animals for which a skimble-skamble course of light training had been deemed sufficient were all dead beaten when the Bushes were passed. Pilot ran more than respectably, considering his exceedingly backward condition, and a note must be made of this horse, who is tolerably certain to win a good handicap at one of the November meetings. Molly Morgan entirely failed to stay the course, but she really was not fit; and this mare is another animal that must be remembered next month. How Molly Morgan's friends could be so infatuated as to back her heavily for last week's race I cannot imagine, for she was another candidate which had only gone through a trumpery sort of preparation. For all the trumpeting about Red Ensign, he was not backed for a shilling by some shrewd men who usually follow Sir R. Jardine's colours. Vanguard broke down, and it is now asserted that if he had kept on his legs he could not have lost, which is the sort of gasconading which is always heard under such circumstances.

Ladas won the Middle Park Plate in a common canter, having the race well in hand a long way from home. One reads some muddy-minded nonsense about the horse having to be roused in earnest, which is the same twaddle we were always hearing about Isinglass. As a matter of fact, no race this year has been won more easily, and no attention need be paid to the placings. I am informed that Lord Rosebery has decided that the Two Thousand is to be the next race in which Ladas will take part. This is very judicious, considering how heavily the horse is engaged next year; but he could not have lost the Dewhurst Plate.

Galloping Dick could have won the Clearwell Stakes had he been so disposed, but he would not try, and La Nièvre came in by herself. Some day, when there are several "pots" in the field, we shall see Galloping Dick (of course not backed for sixpence) coming in alone as he did in his first race at Goodwood.

There has been a deal of jargoning about the "high prices" at Lord Calthorpe's sales, but when compared with the rates when Lord Falmouth's studs were disposed of, they do not appear anything wonderful, and it is an undeniable truth that the numerous failures in this line during the present year are principally attributable to the excessive and indiscriminating eulogies of certain writers, the emphatically outrageous reserves which have become common, and the disgraceful practice of having dummy bids. Seabreeze, who is now a roarer, does not seem to me to be a bargain to Lord Rosebery at 3,600 gs., for she is a shy breeder, and will very likely turn out a failure at the stud, like so many other mares which have eminently distinguished themselves on the turf. Sir Tatton Sykes, in my opinion, has a better bargain in the young Hermit mare, Heresy, for which he gave 3,100 gs. Devote, own sister to Thebais and St. Marguerite, was bought for 1,000 gs. (very cheap) by Sir Charles Russell, acting for her breeder, the Duchess of Montrose. Ste. Alvere, by Hermit, was a decided bargain to that fine judge, Count Lehndorff, at 1,250 gs. The highest-priced yearling was a filly by Trayles out of Seabreeze, which was bought for Mrs. Langtry for 1,650 gs., a high price, considering that the animal has no engagements, and most of the great races of 1895 are closed. Satiety, described as probably the best son of Isonomy (the existence of Common has surely been forgotten?) is declared to have been a great bargain to Mr. F. Tod at 5,000 gs., but it cannot be said that this horse's first lot of two-year-olds have proved brilliantly successful. Buckingham, having no engagements, cannot be cheap to Captain Machell at 3,400 gs., for he will be overweighted in handicaps next season, and the Ascot Cup and similar events are likely to take a good deal of winning, with Isinglass, and probably Marcion, to the fore.

I was misinformed about Isinglass having been "paraded" at Cheveley Park a few days before his race at Manchester, and regret that the statement should have appeared. Isinglass is not to be seen out again before Ascot, when he will probably run for the Gold Cup, and a fortnight later there will be the first £10,000 stake at Newmarket (in which Ladas is engaged), and in July the Eclipse Stakes.

Prince Soltykoff has purchased Lord Calthorpe's Lanwades estate, near Newmarket, for £18,000, and his

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

breeding stud will be removed there as soon as possible. It is a most perfect place, and Lord Calthorpe had spent an enormous amount of money on it.

THE HOUGHTON PROGRAMME.

There are only twenty-five entries for the Criterion Stakes, which eighteen years ago was the principal two-year-old race during this meeting. Ladas will not run, and Match Box ought to be able to beat Priestholme and Speed. The Cheveley Stakes on Wednesday may be won by Royal Marine if he is now in form. Styx, St. Hilaire, Sempronius, Mecca, and Vulpecula are the best of the others.

The entry for the Dewhurst Plate includes Match Box, St. Florian, Galloping Dick, Stowmarket, Wherwell, Jocasta, Schoolbook, Sanderling, Speed, and Priestholme. The Duke of Portland has a very fine colt in Cessnock, by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune, but he is hardly likely to be fit this season. I have no belief in the superlative merits of Match Box, who was a very lucky horse to win at Kempton Park the other day. I shall plump for St. Florian, and of the remainder I like Jocasta the best, as she is a rapidly-improving filly.

There is not likely to be a large field for the Free Handicap, the four top-weights (Isinglass, Meddler, Marcion, and Buckingham) having disappeared from the list. Tressure ought to win, after Cypria's performance in the Cesarewitch.

Now that Sir Hugo and Meddler have departed from the turf, there are only a moderate list left in the entry for the Jockey Club Cup, which will be won by Lady Rosebery, unless she is the worse for her exertions in the Cambridgeshire.

The Limekiln Stakes (R.M.) may be left to Orme, and in the absence of the Duke of Westminster's horse, Buccaneer would probably win.

Raeburn won his race last week very easily, but he really had nothing to beat. I do not fancy him for the Cambridgeshire, feeling convinced that he will fail to stay the course. The R.M. was beyond his powers in the spring, so it is difficult to conjecture how he can be expected to stay the additional two furlongs, especially as the ground is sure to be heavy, and the race will almost certainly be run from end to end. Raeburn won without difficulty at Manchester, but there the distance was an easy mile, and there was no pace. He has greatly improved in appearance during the last few months, and he will lack nothing in point of condition. Callistrate won his French race easily enough, and even if Buccaneer was not up to the mark, in consequence of his having been upset by the voyage, the performance was a very good one; but before the race Mr. Waring's horse was declared to be in the best possible condition, and his merits have always been extravagantly over-rated. Callistrate is another of the starters which benefits by the defective conditions of the Cambridgeshire, and it is in the highest degree absurd that Raeburn, who has won £8,000, and Callistrate, who has won £4,000, should have no extra weight to carry because they were successful in weight-for-age stakes, while victory in a handicap worth £100 involves a penalty of 5 lb. Callistrate seems to hold Le Nicham safe, and I fancy that La Flèche will also beat Baron de Rothschild's horse, for he never had a chance with her on Thursday, and she won in such a hollow fashion that it seems as if two stone would not have brought them together. Brocatelle, who belongs to M. Ephrussi, who won this race four years ago with Alicante, has arrived at Newmarket from France, and it is quite likely that he will turn out to be the best of the French lot. Suspender is in work at Newmarket, and he has been backed at outside prices, but his forelegs are desperately groggy, and there is very little chance that the Bedford Cottage stable will be dangerous next week. Metallic will represent the Red Eyes party, and she has been well backed, but I expect this mare will find herself out-classed. Most of Molly Morgan's Cesarewitch backers will support her again for next week's race, and she will be all the better for another ten days of sharp work, and she will be more suited by the distance. William has been brought into notice by the success of Cypria, and he is certainly well in with 6 st. 3 lb., as he was highly tried in the spring. Mervyn has been backed for a good deal of money, and has been specially reserved for this race. Castleblaney will presumably represent the stable in which Comedy and Laodamia are trained, and, judging from the manner in which he has been backed, he must be considerably better at the weights than the two mares. Laodamia, with all her weight (8 st. 9 lb.), would finish in the first three if she were "slipped" for this race. Her owner must feel considerably exasperated when he reflects that in the City and Suburban the mare was let off with 6 st. 7 lb., and she had only 7 st. 8 lb. in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap! Watercress is now going uncommonly well at Newmarket, but he is more likely to be heard of at Liverpool or Manchester, as La Flèche will run for Baron Hirsch next Wednesday. Prisoner will doubtless be started, but he is not likely to compensate Lord Cadogan for last week's disappointment. Simon Fraser, who belongs to Mr. Barclay, is an outsider about which there has been some talk. He is trained in the same stable with Stirrup Cup, and, after her running at Doncaster, a reliable "line" could be obtained if the pair were galloped together. Cuttlestone is literally thrown in, and if he would do his best he would come in alone. Lord Bradford's horse has been backed heavily over and over again for important races, and no doubt some day, if he is kept in training, he will take it into his head to try, when there is not a penny on him. If Llanthony continues to do well I expect that he will win the Cambridgeshire for Sir R. Jardine. He ran very creditably at Kempton Park, when he was far from fit, and he is certainly well in.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—Although the fortnightly settlement, which has just been completed, showed the existence of but a small account for a rise, the tone of the markets generally has again become depressed, chiefly in consequence of the deadlock as regards the Repeal Bill in the United States Senate, and we must again look to the further development of this anomalous state of things as the guiding influence on the Stock Exchange. Money is plentiful, and although there is a considerable demand for gold in the open market, no withdrawals of any importance from the Bank of England appear to be in sight. The only departments which have shown strength have been the South African and South American markets, Argentine Government and Railway stocks especially marking a further substantial advance on the very favourable advices as regards both politics and finance from Buenos Ayres, thus bearing out the predictions repeatedly made by me in the teeth of the persistent attacks by the pessimists.

Home Rails.

I have for some time pointed out the severe losses which are being caused to the Heavy lines by the continuation of the disastrous coal strikes. The gross traffic decrease of the Midland for the current half-year has so far reached £531,730, that of the North-Western £327,920, and that of the Great Northern £172,940. The strikes in the Midlands appear to be at last coming to an end, and considerable savings will, no doubt, be effected in working expenses, yet the shareholders will have to face a substantial reduction in their dividends. Either they do not realise this, or they are determined to regard it as being a temporary drawback only. At all events North-Western have actually improved a point,

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

and Midlands are well maintained. In fact, it is quite on the cards that on the announcement of the termination of the strikes, or on the first signs of improvement in traffic, owing to the increased quantities of coal now coming forward, a rise may take place in quotations. Personally I do not see anything to tempt purchasers in view of the heavy loss that has been inflicted on the Companies, only a moderate portion of which can be recovered. There has been some buying of North British Deferred from Edinburgh, the abode of the "knowing ones" as regards this line. This stock consequently now stands at 33¼, against a price of 32½ of Caledonian Deferred, which is undoubtedly an anomaly, as the preference is due to the latter stock from the point of view of present intrinsic merit. In Brighton "A" the "Bears" have scored a temporary victory, which has, however, been achieved only at the expense of a further considerable increase of the account open for a fall. In fact, the ursine contingent has been reinforced by a number of weak "Bears" from all the other markets, the general tip having been passed round to "go short of Berthas." I do not, of course, pretend to foresee, how the fight between "Bulls" and "Bears" will end. It will depend greatly upon the tone of the markets generally. The loss of traffic which has been experienced by the Brighton line is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, serious, and must result in decreased dividends. Investors, however, may possibly look upon this as a temporary feature, especially if, with the end of the coal strikes, the goods traffic should improve again, which is probable. Dover "A" show little change, and the last working statement indicates renewed saving in expenses, while the present level of price is very low; but even that price would be quite high enough if the somewhat wild report that the South-Eastern intended to start a new Continental traffic *vid* Dungeness, thus creating a new bone of contention with the Chatham Company, were to prove correct.

Yankee Rails.

The chief influence in the American market is at present the silver question in Washington, and it boots little to discuss other features. The announcement of a receivership for the Union Pacific is, of course, an unfavourable point, but it has been anticipated. I have excluded it from the list of stocks suitable for investors for some considerable time, and a week ago I called it a very dark horse. The usual contradiction of a receivership was, of course, made a day or two before the event came off. That is one of the little ways which Yankee Railroad Directors have, and is always the forerunner of a collapse. But the effacement of the Union Pacific from the list of solvent roads will be no permanent influence in the market. The "Bears" have only the silver deadlock to rely upon, and that would be a formidable ally if it were possible to believe that a handful of "filibusters," as they are dubbed in Yankeeland, can for any length of time oppose the will of a nation, as shown by the result of the Presidential election, the passing of repeal in the House of Representatives, and the majority known to exist in the Senate itself. Recent disgraceful events in the United States Senate will, if I am not very much mistaken, cause a storm of indignation amongst the American people, and public opinion will compel unconditional repeal. Let the Americans remember that nothing but that measure will revive confidence in the stability of their finances in Europe, nor is a revival of business possible in their own country until these unscrupulous silver men have been worsted. With reference to the Atchison, I am informed on good authority that the talk about there being any difficulty concerning the renewal of the Guarantee Fund notes on November 1 is untrue. The renewal of the bulk of these had already been negotiated, and the balance, if any, will be easily placed. Under these circumstances the scare, which has been engineered by unscrupulous "Bears," in the securities of the Company on false rumours, is totally unfounded, and holders should stick tight to their stocks, especially the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds. In fact, any one who can afford to buy and take up these should do so, with the certainty that, as soon as the renewal of the notes is officially announced (if not sooner) a marked recovery will ensue. The Milwaukee traffic for the first week of October showing a traffic increase of 40,000 dols. bears out my anticipations, and whenever the silver trouble is settled Milwaukees will revive again. With reference to the Louisville and Nashville, I stated last week that the fall had, in my opinion, gone far enough. I advised the sale of these shares at 56 and 58. I now say when they are at 45, that they should not be thrown away. I take it for granted that the new extension scheme will be abandoned. Having obtained some inside information, I could put my finger upon the man on the other side of the Atlantic who is urging this Chesapeake and Ohio South Western deal for purposes of his own, but I passed my word not to mention names. Whenever this deal is negatived, the powerful supporters of the Company on this side will, no doubt, come to its aid, but not before. No one, however, would think of an issue of the new shares at anything like the present price. Some means would be found to put off part of the liabilities mentioned by me on 5th inst., while the Unified Bonds in the Treasury could also be utilised. With reference to the traffic decreases caused by the silver troubles in the States those of the Louisville have undoubtedly been severe. But large savings are being effected in expenses. The July gross decrease of 147,062 dols. worked out to 100,148 dols. net, the August gross decrease of 394,240 dols. to only 159,468 dols. net, and assuming that the September gross decrease of 408,240 dols. will work out at a similar ratio, there must so far be shown for the first three months of the half-year a net decrease of 420,000 dols., not so very formidable a figure when it is considered that the surplus, after payment of dividends, was on July 1 last 400,776 dols., and that it would have been 626,000 dols. had it not been for the altogether exceptional Hardin County suit, which was lost and settled during the last half-year.

Foreigners and South Americans.

Inter-Bourse securities have been fairly firm, and I should not be surprised if they would show some temporary strength, as the French Rente conversion is again on the tapis. The advance of £2,000,000 obtained in Berlin by Italy has strengthened quotations of Italians, but it is after all merely a drop in the ocean. The youthful German Emperor, who is so fond of putting his finger into other people's pies, has evidently helped his ally in this matter; but it is to be hoped that he will not meddle too much with finance, or else he will burn his fingers. Affairs in Spain show little change, and Greeks have remained dull, but Egyptian Unified and Russians have again improved, the high level reached being opposed to all common sense. There is a much better basis for the further advance of from 2 to 3 in Argentine Government stocks, and for a proportionate rise in Argentine Railway stocks, extending to 5 points in the case of Central Argentine Ordinary stock, which is quoted 65. Nearly all the South American Railway Debentures of which I gave a list on the 5th inst., have advanced from 1 to 7 points, Buenos Ayres and Rosario debentures scoring the biggest rise. It seems now the turn of the guaranteed Railway stocks to advance, Dr. José Terry, the Minister of Finance, having again stated that the guarantees would be settled this year. Argentine Great Western Five per Cent. Debenture stock has jumped 4 points to 44, while Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Five per Cent. Debentures have risen to 37. These latter are still the cheapest guaranteed debentures, and should go much higher. The ratification of the settlement of the Argentine Debt concluded with the Rothschild Committee may evidently be expected any

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day. Uruguay bonds are firm at 35 in anticipation of the announcement of the November coupon. The news from Costa Rica is to the effect that the Government have negotiated an advance in London of £40,000 with a leading bank connected with that country, on account of the new export duty on coffee, which is payable on this side. This will obviate remittances from Costa Rica and improve the exchange, while also assuring the coupons on the "A" and "B" bonds.

A Selection of Investments.

The intentions of the City Editor of the *Times* in publishing a few days ago a list of investments for the use of his readers were no doubt excellent, but somehow or other he did not seem to know how to set about it. "As investors are gradually coming into the Stock Markets again in search of cheap dividend paying stocks, it may be useful for purposes of comparison, to give in a concise form some of the more prominent of such securities." This is how this precious list was headed, which consisted of an *olla podrida* of undesirable South American securities mixed with a few of the better class, and interspiced with Yankee Railway stocks, amongst which were comprised Erie shares, Northern Pacific Prefs., and Norfolk and Western Prefs. I do not know how my contemporary has made the discovery that these are dividend paying, but holders will, no doubt, be pleased to hear it. It was a really momentous discovery, especially in view of the fact that both the Erie and the Northern Pacific lines are in the Receiver's hand. The rate of interest, or the yield at present prices of any of the stocks, was not mentioned, so that, to put it mildly, the *Times* left its readers who may have wished to avail themselves of its valuable tips somewhat in the dark. Perhaps my contemporary will take a hint from the following table of stocks, chiefly Debentures and Bonds, to which I have added the extent and nature of the security. I have purposely spread the list over different classes of stocks, so as to enable investors to make up small private trusts of their own not confined to one particular market:—

Well Secured Stocks, which have never Defaulted:—

	—	Per cent.	—	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	Present price.	Yield per cent. per annum.
1	Antofagasta (Chili) Railway	4	Debenture Stock	96¼	92½	93½	about £4 7s.
2	Do. do.	—	Ordinary	119½	110	101	5 19
3	Arauco Railway	5	First Mortgage Bonds	100	95½	94	5 8
4	Alabama Great Southern ..	5	Mortgage Bonds	97¼	93	89	5 14
5	Bank of New Zealand Estates	5½	Debenture	109½	102½	105	5 6
6	City of Sofia	6	Bonds..	81½	69½	82	7 6
7	Chili, 1893	4½	Do.	*74	*71	73½	6 4
8	Debenture Corporation	4	Debenture Stock	*102	*98½	101	4 0
9	De Beers Consolidated Mines	5½	Second Debentures ..	104	80	102	5 9
10	Law Debenture Corporation	4	Debenture Stock	102	90	103	3 19
11	Nitrate Railway	5	First Mortgage Debentures.....	98¾	90	95	5 5
12	New Zealand Government ..	4	Inscribed Stock	106½	100	104½	3 16
13	A. & F. Pears, Limited ..	5	Debenture Stock	108	102	107	4 15
14	River Plate Trust, Loan, &c.	4	Do. do. ...	93¾	78	93	4 7
15	Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corpn.	4	First Mort. Debentures	101¼	98¼	95	8 5
16	United Railways of Havana	5	First Mortgage Bonds	101½	94	92	5 10
17	United States Debenture Corporation.....	4½	Debenture Stock	100	82½	90	5 0
18	Vicksburg Shreveport and Pacific	6	Prior Lien	106	102¼	103	5 16
19	Western of Buenos Ayres (Irredeemable until June, 1925).....	5	Mortgage Bonds	109¼	97	109	4 12

* Highest and lowest this year.

1. Secured by first charge on the Railway, a Chilian Government guarantee until 1904, and a guarantee by the Huanchaca Company up to December, 1903. Total issued, £850,000, with £2,200,000 Ordinary behind it.

2. Six per cent. guaranteed by Huanchaca Company until 1904, with half profits above the guarantee. The traffic returns registered for the first eight months of this year show an increase of more than fifty per cent. upon last year.

3. Interest guaranteed by Chilian Government until 1908. First Mortgage on Railways with £120,000, Second Mortgage and £482,800 in Ordinary and Preference shares underneath it.

4. General Mortgage. Only £484,000 prior Mortgages, £2,242,070 in Preference and Ordinary shares below it. There are £476,000 of these bonds.

5. These bonds, amounting to £1,500,000 only, are secured by a First Mortgage on the Estates, &c., taken over from the Bank of New Zealand valued at the time at £3,107,993. They stood in the Bank books originally at over 4½ millions.

6. Secured on all rates and taxes of the city.

7. These bonds are issued in payment of the claims of the Peruvian bondholders on Chili, and are considerably cheaper than other Chilian issues.

8. Secured by a Trust Deed giving it a general charge on all assets of the Corporation, including the uncalled capital. The borrowing powers of the Company are limited to the amount of the subscribed capital.

9. These debentures rank as a second charge on the Company's property; £3,948,955 in Ordinary shares behind it.

10. This stock forms a first charge on the undertaking, and is secured on the uncalled capital by trust deed. Amount limited to two-thirds of uncalled capital.

11. Secured by First Mortgage on Railways. Yearly drawings at 105. Share capital £2,204,850.

12. Security New Zealand Government.

13. Total amount £200,000, secured by mortgage of the Company's property to trustees. Share capital £610,000.

14. Secured by trust deed. Amount limited to amount of uncalled subscribed capital.

15. Amount of issue £500,000, secured by mortgage to Trustees of Winchester House, and on £1,400,000 uncalled capital, also by a first floating charge on other assets of the Corporation.

16. Secured by first mortgage. Net revenue of the Company last year was over £240,000, whilst the charge at present for the service of these bonds is £80,000 per annum.

17. Secured by a mortgage to Trustees of uncalled capital, and floating charge on all properties of the Company. Amount limited to uncalled capital.

18. Prior Lien 1,323,000 dols. (£264,600) on all the property of the Company.

19. The Loan was authorised by law, May 28, 1888, and constitutes a mortgage on all the then existing assets of the Railway Board of the Province of Buenos Ayres, and all the lines of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, subject to the loans of 1882 and 1885.

Although I have taken the trouble of setting forth the security of the various issues, the final selection must be left to individual investors. Some may not like South American stocks, others may object to a Bulgarian investment such as City of Sophia bonds, in case trouble in the East might some day depreciate them, if only temporarily. The Antofagasta Railway is doing splendidly, and the Debentures are a truly gilt-edged security, while the Ordinary stock is also quite safe, guaranteed, and yields nearly 6 per cent. per annum on the investment. The 1892 Chilian loan yields only £5. 16s. per cent. as compared with a yield of £6. 4s. per cent. from the new bonds above referred to, the reason being that there is not much of a market yet for the latter. New Zealand stock is, in my opinion, the best Australasian Government stock, the Colony's finances being now in first-rate condition, which cannot be said of any of the others. The yield is not, however, brilliant.

Chili and Foreign Interests.

I have received the following communication from Dr. Eduardo Moore, Army Surgeon and Professor of the Institute of Santiago of Chili, to which I am pleased to give publicity, as the question is one which ought to be fully discussed in the interest both of Chili and of British investors in Chilian enterprises and securities:—

21, Montague-street, Russell-square, W.C.,
October 6, 1893.

Under the title "Chili and the Nitrate Group" you reproduce in the current number of your paper some charges that have been made against the Chilian Government, and which are, as I hope to easily prove, entirely without foundation. It is true that the Chilian Government has recently granted fresh concessions for the construction of railways in the same nitrate-producing district of Tarapacá where the Nitrate Railways Company's lines run. Now, the monopoly of the said Company expired seven years ago, as declared by the Government, "without further proceedings," as per terms of the concession under clause No. 20; but, even supposing the Government had no such authority, and that they had acted wrongly, I am quite at a loss to understand how any one could possibly say that the Government's action was prompted by hostile feelings towards foreigners and foreign capital in Tarapaca. The permission to construct new railways has been granted to foreigners at their own request—these foreigners being Englishmen—and therefore the question resolves itself into one between foreigners owning the monopoly and foreigners outside the monopoly. It is also a well-known fact that the present Nitrate Railways Company has for years past been receiving an exaggerated rate of carriage. The new concessions will certainly improve the present state of affairs, and will favour not only the producers of nitrate, but also the consumers at large in all parts of the world. Lately, the Nitrate Combination has been abolished, and it was thought that the ruin of the Nitrate industry itself would be brought about by the ill-advised interference of the

Government, "which, it appears, threatens to increase the already excessive duty, unless the exported quantity reaches 40,000,000 quintals." I can assure you that nobody in Chili has ever contemplated such an absurd course of action. The Government has never intended to raise the duty, which has not been increased a farthing since Tarapacá has been a Chilian province; nor has it intended to force the production of nitrate to any artificial figure, as such courses would tend to check rather than increase the free development of the industry.

It has been openly stated that during the Civil War material help was accorded by English circles to the Congress Party, who were most lavish in making promises which were never fulfilled. This I beg to emphatically deny, and to state that material help was never asked for or accepted by the Congress Party. And it is not easy to believe that the representatives of the Congress could have entered into any kind of compromise which might have benefited some English capitalists, but which, on the other hand, would have interfered with the impartiality of the Chilian Government with regard to all Englishmen and all English capital connected with Tarapacá. In respect to the payments of the claims of English subjects who sustained loss by the Civil War, I would point out that a telegram, published by all the morning papers some days before the first publication on this subject, announced that a convention to that effect had been signed at Santiago by the British Minister. I trust the foregoing will be sufficient to prove that it is not true that "a dead set is being made in Chili against foreign capital and foreign interests." In fact, it is just the other way about, as in my country there always has been every guarantee for foreigners who go there to work, and have, to a great extent, contributed to her progress. Not only do they enjoy these guarantees, but also a hospitality so unbounded that, in the generality of cases, they establish themselves in the country and become Chilian citizens. The charges which have just been made originate from a very small group, whose interest it is to keep up monopolies which have had their day.

Thanking you for the insertion of this letter, in anticipation, &c.,

EDUARDO MOORE.

I should be only too glad to accept Dr. Moore's assurance that there is no hostile feeling in existence in Chili towards Foreign interests, but the articles which have of late appeared in leading Chilian newspapers leave no doubt upon the matter, and from what indications can the sentiment of a nation be more safely gauged than from uncontradicted statements in the Press and from the proceedings in the Legislature? Dr. Moore cannot have seen recent Chilian papers, or else he would not attempt to brush my remarks so lightly away. The *Libertad Electoral* of August 17 makes out a balance-sheet against England, and comments on the same as follows:—

BALANCE.

Value which would be received by Chili from the sale of nitrate ground ...	£1,000,000	
Value which would be sent out by Chili in the profits made by the English ...		£4,500,000
Balance against Chili	3,500,000	
	£4,500,000	£4,500,000

These figures, which do not admit of contradiction, allow us to assert in the most absolute manner that, rather than obtain £1,000,000 from the English to enable them to take away £4,500,000, it would be a better business for Chili to give away (even with a premium) the oficinas and grounds to the first Chilians passing in the streets, provided that they engaged to work them; for in this way this enormous sum would remain in the country to increase our riches.

This extraordinary ebullition was followed in the issue of August 11 of the same paper by alternative proposals for raising the duty on nitrate of soda either by 2d. per quintal for every penny of increase above the price of 8s. 6d. in Europe, or by 5d. for every penny fall of the exchange below 20d. to the dollar. The following statement in *La Union* of August 6 is equally significant:—

At the indication of the Honourable Señor Gandarillas, both Chambers have agreed to name a Commission to study the convenience of dictating laws to regulate the position of the nitrate business in its relations with the State; *to determine the taxes to be paid by foreign commercial institutions*, and the guarantees which ought to be required from those who represent such Companies as have no capital placed in Chili.

I suppose Dr. Moore will not argue that the whole nitrate industry in Chili is a monopoly and that any such sentiments as expressed by the *Libertad Electoral* can be justified. It may well be asked, who would have developed the nitrate deposits in Tarapacà, if English capital had not been forthcoming to work them, to erect oficinas, machinery, &c.? It is also very easy for Dr. Moore to lay down the law concerning the privileges of the Nitrate Railway as if he were performing a surgical operation, but really his opinion on such a subject in view of that of the Superior Court of Chili and of Councillor Altamirano, who gave his opinion in the Council of State in favour of the Railway, is of no weight. When Don Agostino Ross represented the Chilian Government here he obtained the opinion of Mr. Cheston, an eminent barrister, on the question, which was to the following effect:—

It must be regretted that the Chilian Government exercised the power of determining the Montero concessions, and did not permit the question to go before the Law Courts. In all questions of this sort there are matters of fact which have to be decided, and which should more properly be submitted to a Judge than to an administrative authority.

The views expressed by Senor Recabarren in the Senate on July 28, when the question of the concession for the railway from Huara to Iquique was being discussed, were to a similar effect. In the light of these expressions of opinion the arbitrary act of President Balmaceda in declaring on his own authority that the privileges were forfeited and the denial of justice therein involved, followed by the concessions of new railway lines, can hardly be considered friendly acts. Then again with regard to the indemnity for losses sustained by foreigners during the civil war, it is now more than two years since the losses occurred and not a penny has been paid, and only a week or two ago a convention was very tardily concluded for considering the claims. Were further confirmation needed it is supplied in a letter which appeared in the *Times* a few days ago, and in which statements similar to those upon which I have commented are discussed. Finally, Dr. Moore seems to have lost sight of the real point, which is that of the change in the state of affairs in Chili from that of former years, when the treatment of foreigners and foreign capital was beyond praise. I am prepared to admit that there are many intelligent men in Chili who do not approve of what is now going on, and that there are still many good friends to foreigners in that country like Dr. Moore, and I hope to see the day when such sentiments and acts as have given rise to this correspondence shall have disappeared. Then Chili will again deserve and receive the confidence which she has temporarily forfeited through the foolish talk and writings of unthinking busybodies.

KAFFIR AND OTHER MINES.

Although there have been some declines in South African Gold shares, the majority of changes were in the upward direction. Geldenhuis have improved ½, Ferreira, Chimes, Heriot, and half-a-dozen more ¼, while Rietfontein and Meyer and Charlton fell ⅝ and ¼ respectively. Rietfontein have arrived at 2¾, and, although there is no doubt now that the working of the mine has been forced in the past so as to show immediate, at the expense of subsequent, results, the present position seems to be pretty well discounted by the heavy fall. With regard to the near future of the market, I hear that the selling from Johannesburg has pretty well come to an end, and, in view of the low level at which many dividend-paying mines are still standing, a fresh upward movement is more than probable. So far, the advance which has taken place since I published my table of leading Randt shares on the 5th inst., reaches 1½ in the case of Crown Reefs and City and Suburban, the others having gained from ¼ to ¾, but there is plenty of room left for a rise. I hear with reference to the New Primrose that a further dividend of 20 per cent. may—barring accidents—be expected this year, making 47½ per cent. for the year. In this estimate the circumstance that the converted New Moss Rose shares will participate henceforth in the dividend has been taken into account. The fifty more stamps which are being put up in connection with the New Moss Rose amalgamation will probably commence

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

crushing in March, when a considerably increased yield, and consequently larger dividends, may be looked for. Under the circumstances New Primrose at 3⅞ are still very tempting with a present yield of over 10 per cent. and future yields of perhaps 15 per cent. per annum or more on the investment. Another mine of which I hear well is the Durban Roodepoort, increased dividends being expected in 1894. The present rate of dividends is 60 per cent. The Glencairn mine is doing well, profits being about £3,000 per month, but these will increase when the cyanide works, with a capacity of treating 8,000 tons, are finished, probably in February. A large supply of tailings will then at once be available. With reference to the New Crœsus, I hear that Mr. Hammond, the expert, has made an exhaustive report, and advised the erection of a 60-stamp mill, which has been ordered. Prospects of the Kimberley Roodepoort are also stated as favourable, and crushing was to start this month. There has been a better demand for South-Simmer and Jack, which have been dealt in at 20s. As I have already explained, this is a "coming" Mine, and as soon as the shaft strikes the reef, which will not be long now, you may expect a sudden advance. Reports from the Klerksdorp Mines, Afrikander, and Buffelsdoorn, are most favourable. The September crushing of the Afrikander, notwithstanding scarcity of labour, has increased to 872 oz. (against 726 oz. in August, and 301 oz. in July). There is, consequently, no doubt that the yield of about 1,000 oz. monthly, foreshadowed by me, will be reached by the end of the year, which would mean a net profit, after making every allowance, of over £15,000 for the year, ensuring on the small issued capital of only £40,000 of the Company dividends of 37½ per cent. per annum. Yet the present price is only 1⅝. I have also seen a comparative statement of the value of the Mine with other well-known South African Mines, based on the relative capital and number of claims (of which the Afrikander owns fifty-four), according to which this Company is capitalised at the rate of only £1,018 per claim, as against from £4,000 to £8,000 of such Companies as the May Consolidated, Henry Nourse, New Heriot, &c. Respecting the Buffelsdoorn, I learn that the machinery (on which £40,000 has been spent) is working well, and very large returns from the battery and cyanide works may be expected almost immediately. The yield from the cyanide process in September was 1,480 oz. of gold, and crushing was to start on the 10th inst., so that a further increase in the output is looked for. In fact, altogether sensational estimates are current as to the future yield of this mine. Yet these shares stand at only 20s. to 22s. 6d. In Diamond shares dealings have been active at times, and New Jagersfontein have fluctuated between 16 and 17, closing lower. The buying came from Paris, and some of the selling was partly done in Hatton-garden on the part of crippled operators, who appear to have seized the opportunity to get out. In the Miscellaneous Mines dealings have not been active, Indians being especially dull. Amongst Australian Mines, Cravens-Caledonia, and Brilliants are firmer. Aladdins and Wentworth are easier. The last reports are, however, to the effect that good ore is now being crushed, and the next budget of news is expected to be favourable. In Land shares Chartered British of South Africa have fluctuated with the war news, and will no doubt continue to do so. Orange Free State have gained nearly a point, but London and South African Exploration have declined ¼. Oceana have been strong, touching 2⅝, and the Development shares are firmer at ¼ premium, with dealings in the Coal shares at $\frac{9}{16}$ premium. The news from the Coal Company's property is very satisfactory, the manager having cabled that the seam of gas coal on which he is at work is 11 ft. thick. A cablegram from Pietermaritzburg reports that a conference on the subject of the extension of the Natal Railway to Johannesburg will be held between President Kruger and the Natal Ministry. This is the new line which will pass close to the Oceana collieries, and it is probable that, when the Oceana coal vendor shares will be distributed as a bonus to the Oceana and Oceana Development shareholders, probably towards the end of the year, they will stand at a very much higher premium than at present. Mozambique shares have reacted to 1¼, although advices from the Company's property are distinctly favourable. By the way, your friends who are interested in South African Gold shares will find a little booklet entitled "Witwatersrand Crushings," published by Messrs. F. C. Mathieson & Sons, of 16, Copthall-avenue, E.C., very useful as a *vade-mecum*. The same firm publish a handy guide to the Kaffir market under the title "Kindell's African Market Manual for 1893."

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Soldier, Cheltenham.—No reason to sell Chilian Government bonds now. The Chilians will no doubt come to their senses, and their Government bonds are quite safe. 2. Certainly hold Alabama Great Southern Five per Cent. General Mortgage bonds. *R. R. R.*—1. Yes, the Uruguay November coupon is assured. 2. You cannot do much better than buy Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debentures as gilt-edged, and the Six per Cent. shares (guaranteed) as a good investment. See particulars of yield and security in the table under "A Selection of Investments."

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

W. M. No. 72.—For reasons which I have frequently explained I do not advise deposits with Building Societies. With regard to your inquiry for a sound investment, you must tell me what is the amount to be invested, and what return you expect. *J. W. W.*—A wealthy American Life office with very large funds, but you must be sure that you can keep up payment of premiums. *B.*—Too late to sell these Trust shares now. You had better await course of events at the forthcoming meeting. *T. H. B.*—There are, of course, black-mailing journalists, but this man is, I fancy, a good deal blacker than they are. *J. W. B.*—You will have received the circular. It is too late now to get out. Better await the meeting. I am sorry you were a victim of the Liberator and Land Allotments Companies. It looks, to my great regret, as if Jabez Spencer Balfour would escape the arm of Justice. *Border.*—You ought to have obtained delivery of your Mining shares sooner. The broker has since come to grief. Certainly apply to the Official Receiver. *McL., Paisley.*—Yes, sell if you can! *H. H. O.*—You ought to have sold out of this Australian Land Company long ago on my advice. I really do not like to advise the sale now after the fall. 2. I think you might risk holding. *R. A. J., Cape Colony.*—1. I think with you that negotiable deposit receipts to bearer in the Australian Bank in question would be preferable. 2. You have no option. It is a pity that you did not get out of these Australian Banks a year or two ago, when I so strongly advised this. *G. G. S.*—You will have noticed my view on Assessment Assurance in last week's issue. The concern to which you refer is to some extent tarred with the same brush. *Errol.*—In view of the contingent liability, I think that there is no option but to sell the Insurance shares (*a*, *b*, and *c*), and the present is as good a time as any, especially as prices are just now low, for re-investment. I do not suppose that *d* will improve to any extent on present prices. *J. W. B.*—1. In reply to your second letter you had better await the course of events concerning this Trust. 2. I know nothing of the Brewery Company named. Be careful! *Arfon.*—1. Yes. 2. Yes, it is sufficient, and, over £100. 0s. 6d.

Home Rails.

S. M. S.—The report chiefly deals with the construction of the line, which seems to have fair prospects when finished. Until then, patience is required by holders. *Devon.*—I can hardly advise an investment in Home Rails for your £5,000 at present, in view of the losses in traffics caused by the coal strikes, and of American Railroad Bonds I published recently a list (Truth, October 5, page 700). I should, however, think that you would be able to make a suitable choice from the list given to-day under "A Selection of Investments."

American and Foreign Rails.

Nomad.—See remarks concerning Louisville in to-day's issue, and hold. I do not recommend dealings with the concern named, and you will do well to carry out your intention in future only to buy stock which you can take up. It is a pity you did not sell the Louisville on my advice, when you could have obtained 56 or 58. *Centrals.*—I do not advise purchase of this particular stock. Wait until the effect of the Union Pacific receivership can be seen. *Trunk.*—The Company has been doing well of late, and I think you might venture to hold for a month or so, in the hope of getting a better price. *G. H., Putney.*—1. You will find, on closer examination, that my statement in the table published on the 5th inst. concerning Willmar and Sioux Fall First Mortgage

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

bonds (guaranteed by endorsement of the St. Paul, Min., and Manitoba and Great Northern Railway, 1938) is correct. They are the only bonds of this line quoted in London, and carry 5 per cent., not 6 per cent, interest. The *Money Market Review* is evidently wrong on this point. 2. Detroit Grand Union and Milwaukee Six per Cent. bonds, quoted at 110-115, and guaranteed by the Grand Trunk, are Currency bonds and a fair investment. I gave the list of South American Railway Debentures for reasons of comparison, and because it is not everybody's taste to invest in Yankee Railroad bonds. *Timothy.*—Five Second Mortgage bonds will, no doubt, move up with the rest of American Rails, and should be held now. *W. D.*—The present would be a very bad time to realise. Hold for a recovery. *St. Stephens.*—Although there is a heavy loss on your Argentine Provincial and Municipal stocks Nos. 14 and No. 10, they should be held as likely to improve eventually. Hold the Uruguayan Debentures (5), and especially Urugnayan bonds (No. 6), which appear to be on the eve of a rise in sympathy with Argentines. There is no option but to hold Nos. 7-9 in the hope that matters improve. You seem to have been very unfortunate. Write to the London office of Stewiacke Valley and Landsdowne Railway Company, Tower Chambers, Finsbury-pavement, E.C., for information. *Holder of £8,000 Bond and Shares.*—The case of the bond and shareholders in the Lake Valley of Switzerland Railway Company, Limited, is a very hard one, and the whole matter a scandal, but I do not see how I can help you. It is a matter for the Receiver or the Courts. The documents have been returned to you by post. *W. B., Leeds.*—I do not think there is sufficient margin to justify so large a borrowing transaction for the purchase of American Railroad bonds. I recommend them for investment, not otherwise. *Tipperary.*—If you hold the bonds, certainly keep them, as they appear to be quite safe. *J. H. A.*—I have received your two letters concerning Atchison Guaranteed Fund notes, and I fully agree with your remarks. You will have an opportunity of getting a share in the syndicate in question if you act through some leading stockbroker. *Mexico.*—It is hardly advisable to sell at this price. *E. T. P.*—1. There is no market for Cordoba and Rosario Preferred, but the line is now doing well, and these shares may eventually come right. No option but to hold. 2. With patience something may be done for Western Colonies of Santa Fé. *J. A. K.*—You have bought Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds cheap, and should hold them. The November requirements of the Company have been provided for. *J. E. S.*—1. The present price indicates that the interest on these bonds may be defaulted on. But all depends on any possible reconstruction. 2. You should hold Louisville now. Why did you not sell when I advised sale at 56 or 58? You might have bought back again much lower. *Mexico.*—Yes, your information is correct, but the collapse in silver injures Railways in Mexico by the low exchange, and although these Debentures will come right eventually, there might be temporary difficulty.

Mining Shares.

Pembury.—Yes, you should join the reconstruction; there is a fair prospect of success in the future. *H. L. R.*—There is said to be every prospect of the Golden Gate (Charters Towers) getting on the rich reef again. *G. C.*—1. I replied to you a month ago that very little was known concerning the Gardner Main Reef Gold Mining Company on this side, and that there was no market for the shares here. I now return the documents, as requested. 2. Latest advices concerning the Buffelsdoorn mine are most favourable, and the shares are very cheap. They are 20s., buyers. See under "Kaffir and other Mines." *Forfar.*—You should hold all your mining shares, Nos. 1-5. The recovery now in progress in this market will eventually cause a considerable appreciation in prices. Yes, join the reconstruction of No. 5. *Tone.*—I understand that a narrow leader of rich ore was discovered some little time ago in the property of the Australia Broken Hill Consols, and that the improvement in the shares is due to the hope that it may widen. *Elam.*—Certainly hold your American Rails, Nos. 1-3, as well as the Mining shares Nos. 4-8, amongst which Afrikanders and South Simmer and Jack are especially promising. *Alma.*—1. No. I do not consider Jay Hawk and Lone Pine shares a catch. 2. You might hold the Brewery shares for a further moderate rise, then sell! *Granite.*—You should hold the five Mining shares, they will improve with the rest of this market. *Leeds.*—Do no average yet. I will draw attention to this matter when the time comes. *H. J. E.*—Hold all the Mining shares in question, they will recover with the rest of the South African market. *A. B.*—You might as well sell Elkhorns and make the suggested exchange. *Raymond.*—You have done well to buy Oceana and Mozambique shares, which are bound for higher prices. Hold Carrington's, they will improve again. *D. R.*—Yes, Oceana Coal shares are a good investment at about ⅛-3/16 premium.

Industrial Companies.

2, Oxford Park.—If the cable in question is laid, earnings might improve. You must take the decision yourself after receiving the Secretary's next letter. If you wish for reasonably safe investments, the list given in to-day's letter will give you the necessary information. *Leatherhead.*—I agree with you that the conduct of the Directors of the St. Louis Brewery Company leaves a good deal to be desired as regards candour. They ought to have taken the shareholders into their confidence earlier. *Anxious One.*—No, I cannot advise you to sell the Brewery shares, as it is not too late for a substantial recovery. *G. C. M.*—The new scheme in connection with the supply of water for Johannesburg has not been subscribed, and the Johannesburg Waterworks Company therefore remains *in statu quo*. There appears to be no reason for selling. *Exeffmus.*—1. New England Brewery Preference shares are daily quoted in the official list (present price 7½), and are in receipt of regular dividends. 2. Impossible to tell. 3. Certainly, hold the Mining shares; they will recover again. 4. The address of the London office of the Denver United Brewery Company is Lombard House, George-yard, Lombard-street, E.C. *A Reader of "Truth," Dublin.*—You do not send your name and address in token of good faith. I cannot reply to anonymous inquiries. *Shares.*—I do not know anything about this Gas Company. Be very careful, and let me have further particulars. *P. H.*—1. London General Omnibus stock is high enough. 2. Hold Louisville. 3. The Sun Life Office, 63, Threadneedle-street, and the Provident Life Office, of 50, Regent-street, W. 4. You will no doubt find what you want under "A Selection of Investments." *J. E. B.*—I agree with you that the circular issued by the Secretary of Morgan & Co., Limited, with reference to the amount of cash "irregularly drawn" by certain Directors is very strange reading, but it seems to be a question of expediency. There is no option, as far as I can see, about the proposed cutting down of the capital. *Limerick.*—This Brewery has been sadly mismanaged, besides having suffered by the beer war and the American crisis, but it should recover itself in time.

Mixed Investments.

L. L. J.—The four Australasian stocks mentioned by you are fair investments; but remember the rule not to put too many eggs in one basket. *Shot.*—1. The address of the Goebel Brewing Company is 16, Victoria-street, S.W. 2. No, I should not advise putting any more money into this Australian Company. 3. The prospects of the Costa Rica Railway are improving. Hold! *Apex.*—For the present you should certainly hold the Debentures Nos. 1-3, but they will require watching. They are safe enough now. *W. H. H.*—1. High-priced shares, like those of Brunner, Mond, & Co., although undoubtedly valuable, must necessarily be subject to considerable fluctuations. 2. A fair speculative industrial investment, but no catch. 3. I do not recommend the purchase. 4. Better wait. 5. I do not like United Alkali shares. 6. Very few mines are quoted in the official list. *Z. W. Z.*—1. There is not much market for Tarapacá Waterworks shares (which will, however, no doubt, benefit), while Nitrate Rails are favourites with speculators. 2. The Automatic concern is very speculative. *Rupert.*—Hold Louisville (1) and Norfolk Prefs. (2) now for a recovery, which is probable. I am inclined to advise with your broker to hold No. 3. *Leo.*—I have no objection to make to your investments in Grand Trunk Debentures, East London Waterworks, Chilians of 1892, and Atchison Four per Cent. Gold bonds. You will, no doubt, find a suitable stock for the rest of the money in to-day's list, under "A Selection of Investments." *L. H. W.*—1. I do not advise the deposit with this Bank. High rates of deposit are not compatible with safety. 2 and 3. These are good English Brewery stocks, but the question (4) of possible legislation has to be considered. The Prefs. would, of course, be less affected. *Viator.*—1. This appears to have been a promoting concern, which you should never have joined. Now that the Company is in liquidation I do not see how I can help you. 2. Times in Argentina have been against the Bank, which should, however, now have a better chance. *F. M. J.*—Although prices of Nos. 1 and 2 have declined the interest is all right. No. 3 is not dealt in here. I am afraid there is no option but to hold No. 4. Hold Nos. 5-7.

Various Investments.

Now that New South Wales and Victoria have tapped the pocket of the British investor, Queensland appears to be on the war-path, an issue of Treasury bills to the amount of £630,000 being talked of for various purposes, including the covering of the deficit. Western Australia is also borrowing again. This is not satisfactory. Far better would it be to meet the deficiency by retrenchments or taxes. The only Colony in Australasia which seems to tread the path of sound finance appears to be New Zealand. Yet, even there, all is not as it should be, if the complaint, which I have received from Mr. E. G. Jellicoe, barrister-at-law of Wellington, is well founded. My correspondent is vehemently opposed to certain bills bearing on banking in New Zealand, which he says have been passed through all their stages without any discussion in either House of Parliament, the Colonial Government having arranged with the Leader of the Opposition that this should be done. The chief object of the Bank Note Issue Bill was a State guarantee for the notes of joint-stock banks, and my correspondent complains that another Bill, the "Banks and Bankers Act Amendment Act, 1893," which has been hurried through in similar fashion, is even more mischievous. He asserts that it is an open secret that this Bill was introduced in the interest of one political institution. Mr. Jellicoe also maintains that, divested of legal technicalities, "it means

that if the directors of any banking institution find they have not sufficient liquid assets to meet their engagements, and have been pursuing a reckless policy, if they can get together sufficient proxies to give them a controlling power at a meeting of shareholders they can save themselves by sacrificing the interests of their existing shareholders." I am sorry to find that Mrs. A. Gordon Edwards, of 30, Regent's Park-road, is still on the war-path with letters offering twelve Founders' shares in the Alliance Financial Corporation. She has addressed a communication, identical with that which I published a few week ago, to a reader of TRUTH in Staffordshire. I wonder if Mrs. Edwards has not been able to sell any of those twelve shares yet, or if she has an inexhaustible store? Andrew Stewart & Co., of 36, Gracechurch-street, are flooding the country with touting circulars inviting participation in a "Special Stock Operation" on the faith of a former operation in Louisville, bought on 28th ult. at 50¾, and sold on the following day at 53¾, thereby securing their clients a profit of £30 on every £10 share. I should much like to see in the flesh some of Andrew Stewart & Co.'s clients who were so favoured. A correspondent informs me that the Liberian Government Concessions and Exploration Company, Limited, are suing subscribers right and left for calls, but that at least in one action in the Mayor's Court misrepresentation and fraud were pleaded, and a settlement was made under which the Company paid all costs and consented to the claim being dismissed. More light should be thrown on this matter! Nitrate Rails have improved ½ to 14½, as I said they would, and seem to be bound for higher prices, large traffic increases being expected. Mr. Mackusick's speculation in Mexican Railway Second Prefs. seems to have collapsed, at least temporarily, the price being 5 lower at 11.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY;

A REALISED AMBITION

THERE were only two Partagas left in the box. So Allan Hugo Skene, Earl of Blear, Viscount Skene, Lord of the Isle of Skirl, &c., &c., lit one of them and lay back in his chair. The aromatic vapour curled up to the ceiling; but, blue as was the fragrant cloud, the visions that Lord Blear saw therein were, to use a common colloquialism, infinitely "bluer." Reaching dimly into space was an endless procession of racehorses, each of whom won with delightful ease when there was no money on, but invariably succumbed by a short head when the stable commission had been worked. He saw an enormous pile of papers signed "Blear," whereby friends and sycophants had been temporarily saved from disaster. Far, far away back reached a line of Kings turned opportunely by adversaries at the gentle game of écarté. Never since the overthrow of the Bourbons had there been so continuous a dynasty. There was, moreover, a still more grisly spectre, which for some months had been constantly before him. All this was very unpleasant, and Lord Blear rose and walked to the window of his chambers in Jermyn-street, hoping thereby to close his eyes to the record of seventeen years of folly.

The prospect without was scarcely less depressing. It was a dull morning in January of the present year, and the rain pattered disconsolately on the pavement. On the writing-table by the window were stacks of bills—all unpaid—all accompanied by missives, some pathetic, some minatory, but one and all demanding immediate attention to the writer's little accounts. To accentuate the situation, Lord Blear had that morning received a curt intimation from his bankers that his account was £700 over-drawn, and until more money was remitted they would be unable to meet further cheques.

Lord Blear groaned, returned to the arm-chair, looked up into the smoke, and once again saw that interminable pageant pass before his aching eyes. Very queer thoughts were running in his Lordship's disordered mind, and it was well that a sharp knock at the door disturbed his reverie.

His man entered carrying a card on a salver, and said: "My lord, a gentleman wishes to speak to you."

"Good heavens, Mason," cried the dun-hunted peer, "you haven't let the man in! Say I'm away at Skene Castle, or gone to the Third Cataract, or anywhere you like, only get him out of here."

"Oh, it's all right, my lord, this time. He's an officer; 'ere's his card."

Lord Blear glanced at the pasteboard and read: "Colonel Montague B. Fitzgerald, 124th Regt."

This was not reassuring, as, from the number of the regiment, it was clear that the gallant Colonel did not belong to the English Service. But, after all, there are commissions other than those signed by her Majesty, and as Colonel Fitzgerald belonged to that gradually dwindling majority to whom Lord Blear was not indebted, and as a visitor might serve to distract his gloomy thoughts, he nodded to Mason that the stranger might be admitted.

The door opened, and Colonel Montague B. Fitzgerald entered. Lord Blear rose, bowed, and took stock of his caller. He was a tall, burly man, who might have been any age between forty-five and sixty. His face was purple in colour and jovial in expression. His eyes were of the brightest blue, and contrasted curiously with the extraordinary blackness of his hair. A heavy moustache, which also owed its lustre to the dye-bottle, failed to conceal a self-appreciative smile. Above all there was an air of rollicking impudence about the man, chastened by a deferential air of assumed courtesy, which infinitely diverted his host.

Colonel Fitzgerald, without further ado, seated himself in a chair, and, clearing his throat with a raucous cough, commenced to explain the reason of his matutinal call. His nasal drawl was unmistakably American.

"I'm obliged to your lordship for granting me this interview, and I won't detain you longer than I can help. My mission, Sir, is, I reckon, a mighty delicate one, and its success will depend a good deal upon the patience with which you listen to my statement. For I have come to lay before you a very extraordinary proposal, which you may accept with avidity or reject with indignation. I had thought of gaining my desired object by an indirect method, but when I reflected that I was an old soldier, with no more notion of intrigue than a gospel-grinder has of euchre, and when I also remembered that the Skenes had ever been a fearless straightforward race. . . . . ."

"You thought," interrupted Lord Blear, "that if I was to take shares in your confounded Company, you had better ask me plump, eh?"

"Sir," replied the Colonel, with a fine assumption of dignity, "you are on the wrong tack. I am touting for no Company."

"Well, well—what is it!" said Lord Blear, who was not showing the desired patience. "Come, out with it; you know you've come here to 'dicker' something."

The Colonel smiled at the transatlantic word, which Blear had picked up in a sporting trip in the States, and the English equivalent whereof is "to barter or sell."

"Waal, perhaps some might call it that, and not be mussing it."

"I thought so," said Lord Blear, pleased at this proof of his intuitive faculty. "Come, let's know the worst! What is it—1,500 acres of virgin soil warranted to bear any kind of crops all the year round; a patent pickle which will stimulate the most jaded palate; a mangle that is practically the solution of the Chinese difficulty?"

"Wrong again, my lord."

"Well, a vote in Congress; a silver mine; an absorbent blotting-pad——"

"No, Lord Blear. It isn't a mine, nor a mangle, nor a pickle, nor a pad. To cut it short, Mister—it's a woman——"

"Good God!" cried Lord Blear, fairly staggered. In his early and affluent days Mayfair mammas had certainly offered to sell him their blushing daughters. But the

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

transaction was, at least, veiled by the usual social conveyances. Women, he believed, were still sold publicly in the East. He had, moreover, heard the story of the traveller who was commissioned by a friend to buy him a Circassian girl "with blue eyes and not too fat;" but this yarn he had always regarded as apocryphal. And to hear this American filibuster in a first floor of a West-end street calmly stating that he desired to "dicker" a woman was startling, to say the least of it.

Colonel Fitzgerald was, no doubt, amused at the effect of his unexpected reply, but he none the less continued with imperturbability.

"Possibly, Sir, in this one-horse little island you have not yet learnt to appreciate that article, which, next to his inherent right of citizenship, and the McKinley tariff, has elevated the free-born American above his less-enlightened brother in the scale of civilisation. That article, Sir, is 'Perrin's Hug-me-tite Perforated Chest Protector.' This marvellous invention has minimised, so far as anything human can, the violent contrasts of our variable climate. It is useful alike to the blushing bride and the pensive mother. The orator, the minister, and the man of action, are one and all screened from the icy blast by this protective Argus. The weary pilgrim wandering in the desert—but there, my lord, as I see you looking at your watch, I guess I'll just leave that pilgrim wandering wearily, and refer you to the prospectus of Perrin's Hug-me-tite Perforated Chest Protector, Limited. Waal, any way, Perrin, the inventor, was a real slick white man, who, from running a dry-goods store in a back street in New York, died eventually in a mansion in Fifth-avenue. But he was a puny sort of creature, for all he was so gifted, and his own chest was so perforated by pulmonary bacilli before his invention was perfected that the protector never had a real square chance, and he pegged out in comparative youth.

"In the fall of last year, when staying in Saratoga, I came across The Hug-me-tite Chest Protector *veuve*, to wit, Mrs. Perrin, who was seeking consolation from her recent bereavement in the most ravishing costumes of mitigated affliction. The moment I saw her, and, I may add, realised who she was, I resolved to step into the defunct Perrin's shoes. I followed her night and day; I was ever at her side. She was not indifferent to my attentions. She even in her softer moments called me 'Fitz.' I hear her now as we sat and listened to the murmuring of the waves. But it was not to be. Whilst she candidly owned that she admired me very much, as, indeed, well she might, and regarded me as a Bayard, still she could never marry me. She was, in fact, bound by a sacred vow she had sworn on the body of her lifeless husband. It seems, some years before, an old schoolfellow of hers had married an English Baronet. Yes, my lord, just a mere tin-pot Bart. The scorn with which Lady Poppleton cut one and all of her old associates in New York inspired Mrs. Perrin with an undying ambition to go and do likewise. For there is something in the British aristocrat that is more repulsively offensive than anything in creation. Why I myself, old soldier that I am, never hear a hydrocephalated British lordling say 'Bai Jove' with uplifted eyebrow, that I am not at once reminded of the courtly sneer of Lord Chesterfield of pious memory, and feel just paralysed and awed. Yes, Sir, the British peerage is the apotheosis of undisguised contempt, and no wonder Mrs. Perrin was fascinated by Lady Poppleton's scorn. Scarcely had the low-born Perrin handed in his checks than she swore that she too would enter the sacred circle of the British aristocracy. She, too, would have a handle to her name, and she, too, would show the nape of her diamond-girt neck to the cherished friends of a lifetime. It was a beautiful and holy mission. Why should she not fulfil it? She had wealth, comparative youth, and her fair share of good looks. On the other hand, as she explained, she lacked introductions. She feared she was devoid of the requisite push. She wanted a friend, keen of wit, strong of arm, to help her to penetrate into the strongholds of Belgravia. Clinging to me with passionate eagerness, she implored me to be that ally, and I should earn her everlasting gratitude."

"That I presume," said Lord Blear, who had long since recovered his equanimity and was listening to this extraordinary recital with an amused smile, "was not the only guerdon offered."

"There *was* a more material reward suggested," replied the Colonel demurely. "Waal, Sir, the period of her mourning over, we crossed the herring pond together, proceeded right straight away to Paris, where Mrs. Perrin laid in a store of costumes—real creations—and returned to London. But, ah, Sir—little did we know the difficulties of our task. In our country money can do a good deal. So it can here, but it must be a figure far beyond even Mrs. Perrin's resources. For six weary months did I mouch around, prospecting, so to speak, for the gilded nob. Two titled swells alone did I obtain introductions to. There was a courtesy Lord I met at a Bohemian Club. He borrowed £10 from me, and the next day blasted me to blazes because I wouldn't repeat the loan—thereby showing his courtesy. I also was introduced to an Honourable who had been cashiered for cheating at cards. He still retained the prefix on his cards. I saw the task was impossible that way, so I resolved to take the bull by the horns. I would find out an impecunious Peer. I would lay the matter frankly before him. I would say, Here is a lady with cash that wants a title; you are a gentleman with a title who wants cash. Is it a deal?

"Waal, I found out that the most poverty-stricken member of the peerage is Lord Sanschamps, who lives in Warwickshire. His family came over with the Conqueror, and have been growing poorer ever since. The property is mortgaged up to the hall door. The night before last I started for Sanschamps Towers. Yesterday morning I walked up the steps of the hall door. I may incidentally remark that the tide of incumbrances had been checked at the hall door by reason of the height and precipitancy of those steps. Lord Sanschamps was in his library. We Americans are led to believe that your Hereditary House of Legislature are composed of an effete aristocracy, wobbly in the back, and most suffering from cerebral anæmia. This may be so, and certain samples I have met in the States support the theory. But there are exceptions. Lord Sanschamps was an exception. He is 6 ft. 4 in. high, and, I was subsequently informed, once stroked the Eton eight. He seems to like to carry the soil of his encumbered property about with him while it is still his, for his boots are the biggest I have ever seen short of a sky sign over a 'shoe store.' He received me courteously and listened to my tale. He then rose hastily and conducted me personally to the hall door. This is, I believe, a sign of old-world courtesy—I could have dispensed with it. As I have already observed, those steps are numerous and precipitous; it took me three minutes and a quarter to mount them—my descent occupied the 180th part of that time. The view of the park from the door is, I am told, a *coup d'œil* unrivalled in Europe. I did not pause to look at it. It did not interest me; and a chunk of gravel in my left eye disturbed any subsequent enjoyment. In short, Sir, Montague Fitzgerald was kicked out like a drunken bar-loafer from a grog shop. I sought no redress, I quite realised it was one of the risks I ran. So I pinned together my tattered pants with some thorns from a neighbouring bush, and returned to London. There was but one chance left. It was a bit rough on my client, but a man has also to think of himself. I resolved to offer my widow to the Earl of Blear."

"Oh, did you?" said Lord Blear, with an ugly smile; "and may I ask why you suppose you will not be kicked out of here also?"

"For just this one reason, my lord," replied Colonel Fitzgerald. "A year ago, while travelling in Canada, I came across a man named James Fergusson, whose ancestors had for three generations occupied a farm near the Hudson Bay Territory. Need I continue?"

He looked up at Lord Blear with an air of consummate impudence. That nobleman stood for a moment silent, gnawing his moustache, astonishment, admiration, and annoyance struggling for the mastery. He then gave a short laugh, and said:—

"Well, Colonel, I've met a good many countrymen of yours who were reckoned sharp, but I think you are the all-firedest of the lot. Let me offer you a cigar."

Lord Blear moved to the sideboard, where a box of rather less expensive cigars was reposing; but the Colonel, requesting him not to trouble, darted on to the last Partaga lying in the open box, and lit it. It was a trifling incident, but it typified the man, shrewd, quick, resourceful. And it inspired Lord Blear with a kind of confidence in the ingenuous swash-buckler. They smoked silently for a minute. Then the Peer said abruptly:

"Look here, Colonel, what is the woman really like, is she *very* awful? Is she skinny, and withered, and brown, like most of her countrywomen at middle age. Does she 'calculate' continuously?"

"Nothing of the sort, my lord," said Colonel Fitzgerald. "She's a real fine figure of a woman. Of course, she ain't a 'Bud,' as we call 'em across the water, but she's still on the sunny side of forty. Her hair is golden, or was when I last saw it, and her complexion's as good as the Rue de Rivoli can provide. And if she does 'calculate' she has the dollars to practice on any way. Well, I won't detain you any longer. Here's the lady's photograph, by Sarony—a bit flattering, but gives a fair general impression, and here's a tabulated statement of her investments. If you think it's good enough, come to table D, Hotel Monstre, to-night at 8.30, and I'll introduce you to the lady. Good morning."

The door closed. Lord Blear was once more alone—once more lapsed in thought. He looked at the photograph attentively. It represented a lady of about six-and-thirty, well preserved, well dressed, well groomed. The face was not strictly pretty, but agreeable looking. He then scrutinised with even still more attention Mrs. Perrin's assets. The names were tolerably familiar. Huron "B's," Empire City Tramway Company, 25,000 dols. in mortgages on New York property, shares in a variety of silver mines, and, lastly, 20,000 dols. shares in Perrin's Hug-me-tite Perforated Chest Protector.

That evening Lord Blear presented himself at table D at the Hotel Monstre."

* * * * *

Though, according to the adage, the course of true love never does run smooth, the progress of an attachment, based on such a very material basis as was that of Mrs. Perrin and Lord Blear, will probably proceed with more than average facility. The Earl found the widow quite as presentable as the Colonel had said, and she felt that she was approaching the fulfilment of her hallowed vow. Lord Blear called at the Hotel Monstre with creditable frequency, and having obtained credit at a new florist and an unwary theatrical agent, entertained her to the best of his limited resources. Before many weeks, Colonel Fitzgerald was recalled to the States by pressing business, and Lord Blear was left alone in the field. As his financial difficulties had practical excluded him from "smart society," his attention to the American widow excited little comment.

If in the spring, as the poet sings, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, a lady approaching middle age may be pardoned if at that season of the year she awaits with expectancy the deferred avowal of her swain. And when Lord Blear remarked that he intended to take his twenty-ton cutter to Etretat in May, it was not surprising that Mrs. Perrin came also to the conclusion that sea-air was a welcome change after the exhausting joys of London. At Etretat she found the fulfilment of her dearest hopes. Lord Blear proposed to her, and was, of course, accepted. But inasmuch as few of us attain absolute felicity in this vale of tears, his Lordship hampered the engagement with certain conditions that impaired her social triumph. He desired her, for reasons of his own, to keep the engagement quite quiet. There were, therefore, no preparatory puffs in the New York papers, wherewith to paralyse her friends. Nor was Lord Blear less exacting as to the marriage. They were married very quietly at the British Consulate at Puys sur Mer, and returned to Etretat for their honeymoon. The marriage was announced in the *Times*, but Society, for reasons already mentioned, was now indifferent to the connubial projects of the Earl of Blear. Nor did that Peer suggest that any portion of Mrs. Perrin's money should be settled on himself. He said, "For Heaven's sake let the lawyers alone!" This was disinterested.

On the evening of the marriage the Earl noticed that his wife sent a bulky letter to Colonel Fitzgerald, and he had little doubt that it contained the more material reward to which the gallant Colonel had alluded.

The Countess of Blear (though the absence of her picture in the various ladies' papers was a cruel blow) was none the less ecstatically happy. During their honeymoon communications came to her from New York, which were somewhat perturbing, but she only congratulated herself the more upon her newly-found security. She read Scott's novels with avidity—got horribly mixed in Gaelic lore, and wore a sash of the Skene tartan. Skene Castle, it is true, was let to a Sassenach, piper, family wraith, and all; but there was still the shooting lodge on the Island of Skirl, and she fancied she saw her husband wearing a philabeg, eating haggis to the tune of the Skene pibroch, surrounded by an admiring and unbreeched tenantry.

One morning a letter came to Lord Blear which made that nobleman assume that ugly smile to which we have before alluded.

"Sadie, dear," he said, "we will start to-morrow for England."

"And Scotland, Allan, darling. Ah! how I long to plant my foot upon the heather, my ain braw pawky dhunie wassail. You are a dhunie wassail, are you not?" she continued, looking up.

"I have a fair chance of reaching that social level," he replied, grimly.

The crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven was unusually boisterous. Lady Blear suffered much from *mal de mer*, and when she was bundled into a first-class carriage at Newhaven she was whimpering softly. There was no one else in the compartment. Her husband was reading an evening paper which he had just bought. She fidgeted about all the long journey, and was evidently ill at ease. As they entered the suburbs of London she could restrain herself no longer, but placing her hand upon his knee, said, "Allan, darling, I want to tell you something. You really do love me, don't you, and only married me for myself, and not because you thought I was rich?"

"Certainly, dear," said Lord Blear, but his voice trembled. What could be coming?

"Because, dear, I'm not quite so rich as I thought I was. I must tell you I had a lot of money in silver-mines and railway stock. And this awful crisis in the silver-market has paralysed everything so that the mines are being shut up one by one, and the railways are paying absolutely nothing. And worse than all, a nasty, horrid scientist read a paper at the New York Sanitary Conference to the effect that dear Joe's patent chest protector, so far from checking the development of consumption, by reason of its heat actually stimulated the generation of bacilli. It's a horrid, wicked story, of course, but it's tumbled the shares down to nothing, and like a silly little donkey I so believed in it that I was paid for the business in shares instead of cash."

"But there's the 25,000 dols. out at mortgage in New York," said Lord Blear, sharply.

"Why, how did you know of it? I've never told you?" she asked, with opened eyes.

"Oh—er—I—er—remember overhearing Colonel Fitzgerald speak to you on the subject about the time we first met," said Lord Blear, with embarrassment.

"That's very likely," said Lady Blear, "for the truth is, I was indebted to dear Colonel Fitzgerald to the extent of 25,000 dols. for a very great service he rendered me, and at his suggestion a few weeks ago I transferred the mortgages to him. So really I don't think I have now more than three or four hundred a year."

"Oh," said Lord Blear, "well never mind, dear, it can't be helped. And now, dear, as we are in the way of confessions, let them be mutual. You did not marry me for my title, did you, and you would care just as much were I just Allan Skene, and lived in a little house, say at Brixton."

"Of course, you dear old goose," said Lady Blear, with

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

a winning smile; she fancied she saw the great chieftain of the Skene clan at Brixton, Brixton forsooth!

"That's about as well, dear. Read this."

He pointed with his finger to a paragraph in the journal he was reading.

SUCCESSFUL CLAIMANT TO THE EARLDOM OF BLEAR.—In the Court of Session at Edinburgh yesterday was decided a curious case wherein are involved a large property and ancient title. Forty years ago an action was brought by one Andrew Skene against the then Earl of Blear. The case turned upon whether the Earl of Blear who succeeded at the end of the last century was ever married to a certain Mary Fergusson, who was a servant on the estate, and who bore the Earl two children. She died, and the Earl married again, and the earldom went to the children of the undisputed marriage. In the former trial there was insufficient evidence to support the theory that Lord Blear was ever actually married, even according to Scotch laws, to Mary Fergusson. It, however, happened that two years ago the great nephew of Mary Fergusson died in Canada, where his family had been settled for several generations, and his son found among the papers in an old chest letters written by Mary Fergusson to her brother, and other documents which substantiated beyond all reasonable doubts that the girl was actually married to Lord Blear, if not at the birth of her children, at least before her death, which would, according to Scotch law, legitimatise the issue. The man Fergusson, who had heard of the former abortive trial, communicated with the son of Andrew Skene, a merchant in Leith, and the latter at once brought an action. So unmistakeable was the authenticity of the documentary evidence that the Earl, though represented by counsel, permitted judgment to go by default, and so prevent the old family estate being further impoverished by needless litigation.

Mrs. Skene (as she was now) read the paragraph with pale, set face.

Then she said sternly, "You knew this was coming all the time, and that is why you kept our marriage secret and did not communicate with my lawyers—and oh, how you have deceived me! I am not Lady Blear, but just Mrs. Skene—why, I would as lief be Mrs. Joe Perrin, and not a soul in Fifth-avenue will hate me—and, oh dear, oh dear, there will be no kilts, no haggis, no pibroch, and no admiring tenantry."

"I think, dear," said Lord Blear, sweetly, as the train glided on to Vauxhall Bridge, "the less we either of us say about deception the better. Fortunately, some of your aspirations can be still fulfilled. So dry your tears. I can wear my kilt—in private; I still retain a recipe of haggis which would upset the digestion of an ostrich; the Skene pibroch lends itself admirably to the restricted gamut of the penny whistle; and the admiring tenantry will, happily, not be wanting. My mother, who, though very beautiful, was of middle-class origin, owned three very nice little villas in Brixton—Nos. 37, 38, and 39, Balaclava-terrace. These I inherited. The tenant of No. 38, has lately disappeared without paying his rent, but leaving his furniture. Thither will we repair. No. 37 is a master sweep, No. 39 is a retired grocer. They are my tenants, and, though they may lack the feudal instinct, I am sure they have but to see you, dear, with the seraphic expression your face is now wearing to evince that admiration for which you seem to crave."

ART NOTES.

IT is surely a significant sign of the times when a Japanese painter is found organising a "one-man show" at the West-end of our Metropolis. "Poor British artist!" one is inclined to sigh. Not only has he to contend against coal strikes and bad trade and stagnation in the City, but the tide of foreign competition, ever rising higher and higher, threatens to sweep him and his easel altogether away. Russian realists, French impressionists, German symbolists, Belgian primitivists, Flemish decadentists, Italian hallucinationists, Spanish mysticists, American instinctivists, have all found exhibition space in London. And now, by way of climax, as I have said, over comes Mr. Watanabe Seitei, of Tokio, "with his little lot," and opens his show at 28, New Bond-street.

Nor will it be reassuring to the artists of our island to note how cleverly their latest rival has adapted his work to the London market he seeks for it. Mr. Watanabe Seitei has shrewdly arrived at the conclusion that the *kakemono* is not a suitable kind of work of art either for our houses or our climate. We do not care to buy our pictures by the yard, or to roll them up like papyri, so he sends none of those long, narrow, fluttering, banner like, painted strips which are to be seen in the windows of cheap tea shops or on the walls of Oriental Bazaars in our suburbs. On the contrary, nothing can be more English than the size of his drawings, nothing more orthodox than the way in which they are framed and glazed.

Even in the drawings themselves marked traces of European, if not of English, influence are to be seen. It is clearly not for nothing that Mr. W. Seitei has visited France and exhibited at one of the Paris International Exhibitions. And he has fortunately assimilated certain characteristics of European art without losing that decorative instinct which the Japanese as a people seem to possess, or, at any rate, did possess before they began to develop that imitative instinct which has of late worked such havoc in the land of Sir Edwin Arnold's choice. Very many of the one hundred and eleven drawings he exhibits are mere decorative impressions of flowers and trees and birds—very slight and very simple, but in many cases exceedingly graceful and full of charm. Particularly clever is Mr. Watanabe Seitei in the use of a wash of Indian ink, with which he produces the most varied effects. His skill as a colourist is also very marked. But none the less, I doubt very much whether picture-buyers in this country will find in his drawings satisfying artistic fare. At any rate they will have to be educated up to them before they accept as pictures designs which would serve admirably for fans, and delightfully for fire-screens, but which seem a little out of place when seriously framed and glazed, and hung deliberately upon a wall.

The destiny of many pictures is written across their canvas in unmistakable characters. In fact, there are paintings that almost shout "Print-shop!" at you as you look at them. No one who saw Mr. A. J. Elsey's picture of a little girl standing on a big book and measuring herself against an enormous dog could, I think, have doubted its destination. Well, the inevitable has happened, and "I'se Biggest," as the picture is called, has been in due course reproduced, and very well reproduced. The reproduction has been published by Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Clare-street, Bristol, a firm of very enterprising art publishers. I do not care very much about these "big doggie" pictures myself, but seemingly the public is by no means tired of them as yet. And it is certain that the supply is not likely to fall off whilst the demand continues.

MUSIC.

CHEAP ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS FOR LONDON.

THE season, which made a sort of preliminary start with three or four comic operas, or musical (or Music Hall) burlesques, has now fairly opened with the Monday Popular, Crystal Palace, and Sarasate concerts. Under other circumstances, the present season might have been a memorable one. For years past, many of us have been agitating for the building of a hall capable of holding so large an audience that it would pay to reduce the ridiculously high prices of admission which now rule in London. After innumerable though unavoidable delays, the new Queen's Hall was at last erected, and it is now being furnished with a view to its opening, nominally in October, but really some time before Christmas. The Albert Hall is too large for any but special concerts, such as the splendid performances given by the Royal Choral Society, while the limited accommodation at St. James's Hall renders necessary a charge of half-a-guinea or fifteen shillings for stalls at a symphony concert, and makes an oratorio performance utterly unremunerative. Even Messrs. Novello, who, of course, did not desire to earn any very large profit at performances mainly given for the adequate presentation of their choral publications, were obliged to drop the oratorio concerts at St. James's Hall, and to make certain arrangements with the Albert Hall authorities. On the other hand, the new Queen's Hall in

Langham-place—if we may assume the accoustic qualities of the building to be satisfactory, a point which no opportunity has yet been afforded of testing—would be exactly the place for symphony and oratorio performances. Arrangements had, there is every reason to believe, been made to transfer some of our best serial concerts to the new building. Dr. Richter had intended to come specially to England to inaugurate the Queen's Hall this month, and the Richter concerts might afterwards have been given there at half the prices at present obligatory at St. James's Hall. Besides the Richter, Mr. Vert might also have brought thither the Sarasate concerts, and Mr. Daniel Mayer was preparing to do the same for the London Symphony and similar undertakings, leaving St. James's Hall for chamber performances and piano recitals—a form of entertainment for which it is far better suited. Towards the end of the summer, however, it was found advisable to abandon all these arrangements. Instead of letting the place independently to all comers, at a fee of so much per night, the proprietors placed it, for a term at any rate, under the management of a firm of concert agents, Messrs. Sinkins. They had, of course, a perfect right to do so, and I for one do not for a moment pretend to criticise their own conduct of their own business. But concert agents and managers are, after all, but mortal, and with the best wishes in the world for the development of art, Mr. Vert and Mr. Mayer deemed it unwise and unbusinesslike to take the serial concerts in which they are deeply interested, both in a professional and a pecuniary sense, to a building which had been sublet to another agent. Consequently the Richter, London Symphony, Sarasate, and other concerts remain at St. James's Hall, and for a year or so, at any rate, the popularisation of orchestral performances in central London, which would be the necessary corollary to the reduction of the prices to a rational tariff, must wait. Mr. Sinkins has, however, himself a chance if he be willing to take it. The history of the Richter performances conclusively proves that the fortunes of a series of symphony concerts depends almost exclusively upon the conductor, backed up, no doubt, by good management. Now we have here a large number of most estimable musicians, but it is a regrettable fact that in this country we have no native orchestral chief of the first rank. Our best three men, Manns, Richter, and Hallé, are all of German birth. We have the finest orchestras in the world, and innumerable composers, from Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer down to Paderewski, have paid willing testimony to the tone, executive skill, and reading powers of British bands. Our own symphony conductors, too, might perhaps score an easy victory over the volatile French or the more showy Italians, because in both of those countries the tastes of the public lie towards the opera rather than the symphony. In England, also, we are strong in choral conductors, and, at any rate, in the opinion of many foreign musicians, who cannot in any way be accused of prejudice in our favour, there are no oratorio performances in Europe equal to those directed by Sir Joseph Barnby at the Albert Hall. But in the symphony we are distinctly inferior to the Germans. In that country, altogether apart from the men I have already named, there is a wealth of the article required—conductors like Mottl of Carlsruhe, Von Bülow of Berlin, Levi of Munich, Schuch of Dresden, Richard Strauss of Weimar, *cum multis aliis*, musicians who in their native land rarely or never earn more than £600 or £700 a year—the amount looks more in the bulky form of German marks—but any one of whom could make five-shilling symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall talked about. Perhaps if English-born conductors were a little less exclusive, even they might do better work. Mr. Manns and Sir Charles Hallé, for example, unless they are otherwise engaged, are seldom absent from an important concert production; but it is the rarest possible thing to see a British conductor at a concert unless he is personally engaged, or has a work of his own for production. It is also an important fact that the majority of the great German conductors eschew composition, while the English dabble in both lines. When Dr. Richter finally made up his mind to earn his living by wielding the bâton, he made a bonfire of all his own musical efforts, and, as he declares, he brewed with them "the nicest cup of coffee I ever tasted."

Mr. John Hollingshead on Monday opened the Princess's Theatre as a cheap opera-house or Volks-Theater, which, unlike the German opera-houses, "will have no Government subsidy, but the English privilege of paying enormous rates and taxes." Whether he will carry out his somewhat formidable proposal to revive before Christmas Handel's "Rinaldo" and Arne's "Artaxerxes" remains, of course, to be seen. It is pretty certain that neither could successfully be given without a new libretto and additional orchestration. But "Cavalleria Rusticana," which is down on his repertory, would assuredly prove a safe draw, while the hearing which it is suggested shall be given to Suppé's "Lovely Galatea," a typical German Singsspiel, may also be of interest. Mr. Hollingshead, however, commenced proceedings on Monday with a musical version of Buckstone's "The Green Bushes," which, fifty years ago, when the late Madame Celeste was young, and Wright and Paul Bedford were popular comedians, was a favourite Adelphi melodrama. The original story of the gentleman who for personal reasons left his wife, and found on the banks of the Mississippi an Indian damsel, thanks to whose jealousy he met his death, is pretty faithfully adhered to, although the archaic antics of the comic men, Jack Gong and his impresario, Grinnidge, are considerably reduced, and the scenes of the first and last acts are removed from Ireland to Whitby and Edinburgh. The libretto is interspersed with drawing-room songs and simple choruses from the pen of Mr. Haydn Parry, a gentleman who has hitherto best been known as the composer of a Welsh cantata for female voices and a comic opera, and considering the insufficiency of the rehearsals, a strong cast of artists did all in their power for the work.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday the ordinary concert season started, and Mr. Manns had a big reception on the commencement of the thirty-eighth year of his service as conductor of the famous Sydenham orchestra. There were two novelties: one, a promising though somewhat crude orchestral piece by Mr. Pringle, descriptive of Uhland's poem, "Durand," and the other a per-version for orchestra by Mr. Arthur Seidl, a critic of Leipsic, of the love duet from the second act of "Tristan und Isolde." The performance by the Crystal Palace Band of Beethoven's fourth symphony, was, however, by far the best feature of the concert.

The Sarasate concerts also began on Saturday afternoon, thus starting the musical season at St. James's Hall. Familiar pieces, including sonatas by Beethoven and Raff, formed the programme, Madame Marx, as usual, being the pianist. By the way, Señor Sarasate, through Mr. Goldschmidt, his secretary, recently refused to play the "Kreutzer" sonata with M. Paderewski on the ground that he was always associated with Madame Berthe Marx. But the best laid schemes of mice and men occasionally go astray, and last week, owing to Madame Marx's illness, Señor Sarasate's artistic partner at Derby was that excellent English pianist, Mrs. Frickenhaus. For a player of the rank of Señor Sarasate to pin himself to the petticoats of any lady—or, for the matter of that, to the coat-tails of any gentleman—is an artistic absurdity, and I hope that the Paderewski-Sarasate performance of the "Kreutzer" will yet come off. On Monday the Popular Concert season opens with a conventional programme, Miss Wietrowetz leading the quartet.

Mr. Henschel has undertaken to contribute a "Stabat Mater" to next year's Birmingham Festival. It seems a pity that composers persist in wasting their time upon settings of the Roman Catholic Ritual, which, if only because they are written to a tongue which not one Englishman in ten thousand pretends to understand, never can be really popular. To the provincial mind, too, there is but one "Stabat Mater," the setting of Rossini, although, except as to an annual holiday performance, with pianoforte accompaniment on Good

Friday at St. James's Hall, the work is now rarely or never heard in London itself. What is really wanted at festivals, for after production by the numerous choral societies of the country, is a half programme work with an interesting story, upon a religious subject. Secular cantatas do not pay nearly so well as short oratorios.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I believe the election of Madame Zélie Colville to the membership of the Royal Geographical Society fluttered the dove-cots of the old birds of that almost inaccessible eyry. That a young lady should have attained to it in her first flight was a shock at once to their age and to their sex. But they will forgive her youth, sex, and presumption when they pass from that *pièce de résistance*, "The Geographical Journal," Vol. I., January-June, 1893 (1), to the light, bright, and fascinating "Round the Black Man's Garden" (2). What a Garden of Eden it is and has been for millenniums! Yet the natives to their own thinking are the chosen of God. Archdeacon Crowther's *locum tenens*, preaching to a congregation of converts, asked:—

"Which lambs think you, my brethren, did God call to his fold? The white or the black? Nay, my brethren, not the white, but the black. And why?"

Here a solemn pause.

"Because he grows wool!"

But what is this you read in the very next paragraph of these choice lambs of the fold of God?—

Only a few weeks before our arrival, thirty slaves were killed at a place not fifty miles from Bonny, in order that their late master might not be unattended in the land of spirits; while the relations of another deceased chief, also in the immediate neighbourhood, had lately buried alive two of his slaves in his grave, and had hung up two more, head downwards, by hooks passed through the sinews of their heels; in which position they remained until the flesh rotted away, and the poor wretches still alive, fell into a pit full of spikes, on which they were impaled. Among the rites formerly practised at Bonny, the most horrible was the monthly sacrifice of a virgin to the shark-god. At the first low water of every spring-tide a victim was led out to the water's edge, there bound to a stake and left until her agony was ended by the slowly rising tide, or the sharper but more quickly-striking fangs of the hungry sharks.

Though this exacting and ferocious shark-god plays an important part in popular Christianity also, you must agree with the author that the Missionaries who have stamped out this devil-worship in its crudest form are to be forgiven for it much of their own superstition. I wonder, by the way, was the foolish, fat, and quarrelsome Bishop of Jerusalem, whom Miss North describes in her delightful "Further Recollections" (3), the prelate whose appointment turned Newman's steps more decidedly Rome-wards? Both Madame Colville's book and Miss North's "Happy Life Recollections" confirm my idea that women, when gifted with a sense of humour, excel men as writers of books of travel, for the same reasons that account for the superiority to us in letter-writing which De Quincey concedes them. No one could concede to them, however, greater breadth of view, socially, nationally, or religiously. I am not sure, indeed, that Miss North herself doesn't show a little of that insular narrowness she ridicules in the Jaffa missionary woman, in the fun she loves to make of her French fellow-traveller. Why, by the way, should she doubt his having read "Tristram Shandy," because he pronounced it the best of all novels? Had she herself read it? When Schopenhauer is discussing novels he ranks the incomparable "Tristram Shandy" absolutely first of the first.

A novel, he says, will be of a high and noble order the more it represents of inner, and the less it represents of outer, life; and the ratio between the two will supply a means of judging any novel of whatever kind, from "Tristram Shandy" down to the crudest and most sensational tale of knight or robber. "Tristram Shandy" has, indeed, as good as no action at all; and there is not much in "La Nouvelle Héloise" and "Wilhelm Meister." Even "Don Quixote" has relatively little; and what there is very unimportant, and introduced merely for the sake of fun. And these four are the best of all existing novels.

I have dragged in this quotation from Schopenhauer in order to face and fortify my own unpopular judgment that the novel of mere incident, now in vogue, is a childish and ephemeral production compared with the novel of character. No one, I feel sure, would admit, or rather maintain, this more heartily than Mr. Grant Allen, whose "Scallywag" (4), nevertheless, is a novel of incident, though an interesting novel at that. But Mr. Grant Allen, you will remember, confessed a short time since to an interviewer that "My line is to write what I think the public will buy, and not what I think, or feel, or wish to say, myself." Hence the "Scallywag," which plays excellently to the gallery. I cannot say that the old Jew who speculates in the hero as in a gold reef, or his rascally nephew, or the hero himself, or his pupil, or his sister, or his sweetheart, or her American rival, are subtle psychological studies, or strikingly life-like portraits; but they serve adequately the sole purpose of their creation—to give such support to an interesting plot as Caryatides give to a building. I should have thought that Mr. Keary had made the opposite mistake of not playing sufficiently to the gallery in his singularly clever, if somewhat distracting novel, "The Two Lancrofts" (5), had I not seen that the book was already in its second edition. There is such a crowd of characters that you can hardly follow the story through the crush; but there is not one of the impeding crowd whose personality and whose talk fail to interest you. I do not myself care very much for the set-grey sadness and sordidness of the world depicted, but of the power and life-likeness of the picture there can be no question. Less questionable still is the life-likeness, in one sense, of the portraiture in Mrs. Linnæus Banks' "Bond Slaves" (6), but it is of the most mechanical kind. Mrs. Banks has such qualifications for writing a novel, founded on facts of the Luddite disturbances, as tales told to her by those who knew the actors and sufferers of the movement could supply. More than this, as Mr. Micawber made the indispensable preparation for embarking in the coal trade of running down to have a look at the Medway, so Mrs. Banks has thought it essential to her equipment for writing a Luddite novel to make a personal study of the process of hand-loom weaving, &c.! Having, however, collected from all quarters as many dry bones as Ezekiel saw in his vision, she fails in the all-important point of breathing into them life. On the other hand, Mrs. Arthur Kennard undertakes the writing of a novel with as light a heart and as slender an equipment as Lord Clyde took with him for the re-conquest of India. There is hardly any plot or character in "Diogenes' Sandals" (7), though, to me, it was most pleasant reading. Yet I think the clever author ought to have taken to heart the moral of her own anecdote of Schopenhauer, who "at Frankfort was wont to place a gold coin beside him every day at the beginning of the table d'hôte dinner, and at the close of the repast to restore it to his waistcoat pocket. When asked to explain this proceeding, he replied that he regularly made a bet with himself that some one of the men present, before the coffee, would start the subject either of gambling or of women; and," he added, "I have never once lost my wager." If Mrs. Arthur Kennard aims at a wider than "a fit, though few, audience," she should treat of subjects of interest to "the general." Still, I repeat, what she has written is most pleasant reading.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

(1) "The Geographical Journal." Including the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. Edited by the Assistant Secretary of the Council. Vol. I., January to June, 1893. (London: Edward Stanford.)

(2) "Round the Black Man's Garden." By Zélie Colville, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author and from Photographs. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)

(3) "Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life." Selected from the Journals of Marianne North. 1859-1869. Edited by her Sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

(4) "The Scallywag." By Grant Allen. Three vols. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

(5) "The Two Lancrofts." By C. F. Keary. Three vols. (London: James R. Osgood McIlvaine & Co.)

(6) "Bond Slaves": The Story of a Struggle. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

(7) "Diogenes' Sandals." By Mrs. Arthur Kennard. (London: Remington & Co., Limited.)

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Have you seen any of the new pinafore dresses? If not I must try to describe them to you. First, then, imagine a blouse with very large sleeves in any material, say black satin, the sides fitting beautifully to the figure, as those of some blouses do. Over this depict to yourself a pinafore gown of almond-coloured cloth, finished along the top, from shoulder to shoulder in a curved line, with a pretty jet trimming, and cut away back and front so as to show the sides of the well-fitting blouse beneath, all the edges of the cloth being bordered with the jet trimming. Sometimes the skirt is complete in itself, but in other cases it shows the edge of a black satin one beneath. I saw one of these at Cecile's, in Welbeck-street, and it really was perfectly sweet. The blouse and sleeves were in heliotrope watered velvet, and the pinafore in deep, rich prune-coloured cloth, cut at the waist in a way that would make the woodenest of women look smart. All the outlines of the cloth were edged with skunk. Another very new and pretty gown was a fine black cloth, the skirt bordered with a wide band of watered green velvet, surmounted by a band of jet, embroidery of similar width, and above this again another band of the velvet. The three arranged in this way had a remarkably good effect. The bodice was made with sleeves, revers and panier-basques of the green velvet. Does not this suggest a good way of bringing a last year's gown up to date? For instance we will suppose that a grey or beige serge has become rather out of it, though the material is as good as ever. With a skirt trimming in black or colour such as I have described above, basque paniers, and sleeves to match, the gown would be quite fashionable and smart. A grey cloth at Cecile's was trimmed in front with graduated perpendicular bands of red and green shot crêpe velvet—a new material—with sleeves and basque in the same. A bronze-green fancy woollen dress had a very novel trimming of open-work black gimp laid on over bands of green silk which showed through the interstices. Shaped bretelles of the gimp and silk crossed the shoulders and narrowed towards the waist, a form which makes the latter look very small, and is particularly becoming to the figure, giving it an appearance of additional length. Another new autumn material is shot velvet in two or three colours which run into each other in wavy lines, just like the watermark on a bank note, though, naturally, very much larger. A dress of this description was in green, mauve, and black, all interlacing themselves with one another in a way that gave no one tint prominence over the other. The puffed sleeves were in watered green velvet and the yoke as well, this being made in three points—a deep one in the middle and shallower ones at either side. The waistband was also in the velvet, with two deep ends falling to the edge of the skirt. With this was to be worn a large picture hat of plain green velvet, trimmed with several lovely black ostrich feathers, very long and very full. The young girl for whom this becoming winter costume is devised is very pretty, with the most delicate tones of pink and white in her cheeks and the brightest of blue eyes. Green is just the colour for a positive blonde of this order, with youth and beauty in delightful union on her face. A black velvet cape for the same girl had the full collar bordered with chinchilla.

We saw several evening dresses, one a black silk muslin over a heliotrope surah petticoat, the half low bodice being made of the surah gathered into a frilled band of the black silk muslin round the shoulders and bordered with jet. A large flounce of the heliotrope surah falls over the long, puffed sleeves of black silk muslin and jet, through which the arms show. We greatly admired a pale pink crêpon with big black satin sleeves and a basque of pink, with one row of black satin ribbon for trimming. The collar was treated in the same way, and also a sort of frill, but almost without fulness, which fell over the tops of the sleeves. A flounce on the skirt was edged with black satin ribbon.

I have an idea that I say the same thing every year about the autumn fashions, viz., that they are prettier than ever. I wonder if I do. The fact is that at the end of the summer season the light materials and pale colours begin to look so chilly and almost tawdry, that the warm autumn fabrics and the soft nut-browns, forest-greens, grey-blues, and russet tints of old gold and ruddy brown, or nasturtium colours, are a very pleasant change. Dress is certainly picturesque at present, and it is fairly sensible. We still wear exaggerated sleeves, but at least our skirts are well off the ground, and there is no reason to nip in our waists now that the large basques tend to give them an appearance of added slenderness. The great fulness of the skirts has passed away, and with it the fear of crinoline, and the over-elaboration of trimmings that characterised dresses in the height of last season has worked its own destruction by causing reaction. Even dress reformers must acknowledge that matters are fairly common-sensible in our dress department.

We had some small purchases to make at Maple's the other day, and traversed their furlongs of furniture with that freshness of interest that is induced by a personal application of the matter in hand. We are selfish beings, are we not? Those show-rooms are almost a marvel when one comes to think that their contents are gathered from the ends of the earth for our selection, nearly every nation contributing to the embarrassment of riches that sometimes renders choice so difficult. Take the screens, for instance. Some of them are covered with embossed leather three hundred years old. You can scarcely imagine what richness of effect is attained in some of these, the dark, mellow tones of brown, bronze, and olive mingling with one another in producing a fine chord of colour, deep and strong. Some of the lacquer screens are beautiful. One of these struck us especially, having a design representing storks standing on branches of trees, the birds being in mother-o'-pearl and ivory, and the branches and leaves in tinted ivory in tones of brown and old gold. You can imagine the effect of this on the polished black back-ground. Some of the screens are mounted in frames of dark oak, handsomely carved in open designs. In one of them the panels are very wide, bearing flowers in tinted ivory and pearl. In a few cases the embossed leather is enriched by being painted. There are screens freshly imported from Japan and marked at a price which would hardly seem sufficient to cover the cost of carriage, and very decorative indeed are some of these. Imagine one on a pale ground of robin's-egg blue, with a flush of almond bloom trailed over it, in the curiously effective way that seems peculiar to far Japan, the artists there managing to cover the spaces adequately with the minimum of lines.

We were attracted by a table full of lamps, and inquired what were the latest novelties in this direction. Some of the newest standards have very handsome cast-metal stands in ormolu, heavy and solid, though the design is light—every line telling. One of these is made with columns of celluloid, surmounted by gilt Corinthian capitals. Another standard lamp passes through a small onyx table, the tinted pink glass shade throwing a lovely blush of colour upon the warm pallor of the onyx. A new lamp is in art-green glass, the column and reservoir being striped with a deeper green. This is a table-lamp. Another has an onyx column with a double pedestal of the same. We noticed, while in this department, very useful little stoves of Doulton ware; some green, some brown, for warming halls or chilly passages by means of oil. This is a much better heating medium than gas, which poisons the air and has a very disagreeable odour, unless ventilation can be specially provided for. Oil, on

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

RIDING HABITS.—A speciality in Riding Habits. Has been declared the best, without exception, by all ladies who have seen it. Quite new. Patented. Made only by G. S. WOLMERSHAUSEN & CO., LTD., 16, Gt. Marlborough-street, Regent-street, London, W.

the contrary, if burned in stoves constructed for perfect combustion, has no smell whatever.

As we passed along to the furniture department, we noticed chenille curtains in readiness for the cold weather, one particular pair engaging our instant affection. The ground was in a soft and dreamy tone of sea blue, and on it were scattered flowers of blush-pink, old rose, and tender olive. The beauty-loving part of us liked them because of their exquisite colour, and the practical portion of us recognised that they would harmonise with any room, whatever its scheme of tint might be. There were beautiful brocades and damasks for hangings as well, but we only glanced at them as we went to choose an easy chair for Lilla. You may possibly remember that, some years ago, Maud and I presented father with one that we specially selected as being calculated to receive his head in such a position as would be just at the comfortable angle to preclude snoring. It was a most successful device, and as Fred has of late developed a tendency in this direction, Lilla asked us to essay our powers again for her relief. I went in the other evening and found the floor round Fred's chair surrounded by cushions, magazines, and other harmless missiles that Lilla had pitched at him every time his snores became disturbingly poignant, and I then told her about the Pater's chair. Hence our commission. We chose a most luxurious one covered in saddlebags, and called the Wellesley. I hope it may prove effectual. One of its neighbours was upholstered in Kalmuc rugs, which rather resemble chenille. Similar shapes for bedrooms are covered with cretonne, and are much less expensive. We observed one of the plain, long couches, that are sometimes considered old-fashioned, but that certainly are far more comfortable than any of the new-fangled ones that curve in and out, making a pretty line, it is true, but being anything but restful for a tired back or aching head. A very quaint settee was shaped like two very high-backed arm-chairs placed close together. It was covered with tapestry cretonne. A novelty in cane chairs that attracted our attention had backs of imitation chain work. Others had the pretty shell-shaped backs that are so decorative, and more particularly so in plush.

After this we entered upon the department devoted to sideboards, cabinets, wardrobes, book-cases, &c.—what I call the lovable sort of furniture. We were told by our courteous guide that a new kind of wood is now being utilised—viz., Borneo rosewood, which takes a splendid polish. A magnificent antique sideboard had tapestry panels, illustrating the "Romaunt of the Rose" or some other old-world poem. This was among the splendid collection of seventeenth century old English furniture, where I fell hopelessly in love with a grand old corner cabinet, with table and cupboard complete—one of those delicious things that take up hardly any room, and make an otherwise bare and ugly corner look charming. A real, old sedan chair occupies an honourable position here. It is strange to think of the faces that looked out through those windows long ago, and of the bearers who carried the chair from house to house in the past. A marqueterie bureau with secretary top made us lovingly linger in its vicinity. When the top is raised a number of sweet little drawers are exposed to view, all exquisitely finished, and working without the smallest hitch or sticking or catching.

There are whole rooms of second-hand furniture, for when people tire of a sideboard, a sofa, or a cabinet they can sell it or exchange it at Maple's for something else, a convenient possibility that makes purchase less irrevocably serious than it would otherwise be.

We are going back some day soon to look for an oak writing-table. Maud has a special affection for oak, and she wants one with a little carving and many drawers, all of which must have little brass handles.

When we came away, we walked down the Tottenham Court-road, turned up Goodge-street, and looked in at 30, Mortimer-street, where Mrs. A. B. Marshall was giving an entire dinner lesson to a very large roomful of cooks—a sight most interesting to the gastronome. The menu was a very elaborate one, including a number of new dishes. When we arrived the proceedings were drawing to a close, and the various preparations were looking most tempting. Mrs. Marshall, as cool and quiet as though nothing special were in hand, was completing the delicious-looking *hors d'œuvre* and savoury, and giving the lesson in the gentlest of soft voices. How in the world she can manage to keep the thread of each dish separate in her mind among all the manifold processes pertaining to some fifteen various forms of delicately-prepared food, is a marvel to me. It shows what can be done with foresight, practice, and a thorough knowledge of the beneficent science of cookery.

Where do you wear your watch? I notice that some girls wear theirs in a small breast-pocket on the left side of the bodice, and others have theirs pinned on somewhere about the basque. Where the figure is rather pronounced in size, this latter arrangement is extremely hideous. The watch appears to be stretched on a sort of rack, and when the wearer walks the unfortunate chronometer wobbles about in the most ungainly manner, as though it were suffering pains in its machinery.

There are to be two Prince's Cinderella dances this winter, for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, those given last winter having been so successful. I must find out the dates and let you know. Perhaps we could induce you to come up for at least one of them, as these are always such pleasant dances, so well managed, and patronised by such nice people.

Do you, who live in the country, ever feel any sympathy for your gardeners in their back-breaking labour of exterminating weeds? If you do, you will be interested to hear of an invention which Charley brought home the other day, called the "Easy Weed Destroyer." It is an instrument with a long handle—that is its first virtue—which gets rid of the weed, not by merely grubbing it up or cutting off its head, but by injecting a little poisonous matter which destroys the root of the evil. I am sure that any amateur gardeners of your acquaintance will bless you for telling them of it, for with its help, to keep a lawn or a gravel path clear of weeds ceases to be any serious labour. The Standard Manufacturing Company of Derby are the makers, but if it would be any use to you I would order one at our ironmonger's and send it down.

Frances, writing from Brighton, says:—

You will be delighted to hear that Brighton just now is lovely. The principal residents have returned; there is a goodly show of visitors; the hotels are filling up, the Hôtel Métropole being specially favoured; and all the shops on the King's-road are decked out with their latest novelties. Mr. Yates, I am glad to tell you, is again seen riding his grey cob, and he says that his health is much improved since his visit to Marienbad. The Inniskilling band, which did not accompany the regiment to wage war against the coal strikers, plays three or four times weekly on the Hove lawn, and draws an immense crowd "around." The Corporation band too does its "share" in the band-stand lower down, so that we are really quite gay. We have also our Lady Whip here, who, under the auspices of Mr. Young, manipulates a team in true work-woman-like style. Then the Military Concerts at the skating rink have commenced, and on Saturday last the First Life Guards' Band discoursed sweet music to the accompaniment of the skaters. As I told you last year, you cannot imagine what a "boon and a blessing to man" (and woman) this rink is on a wet afternoon; for although the Queen of Watering-places is divine in bright weather, it is a little boisterous and cold when the elements are not propitious. There was a rumour that the Brighton Harriers would not run this season, but I for one did not credit the tale. And I was right to indulge my unbelief, for Mr. Gorringe has decided to hunt them once again. And, now that there is a new Secretary, I do hope he will, like a new broom, sweep clean, and that we shall hear no more of the "gentlemen" who come down to Brighton weekly and "patronise" the Hunt without subscribing anything towards it. In a place like Brighton (which is in reality only a suburb of London) there ought never to be any difficulty about keeping a pack of harriers. But I am afraid that the difficulty of subscriptions is one that troubles the Masters of all packs of hounds, and the trouble is doubtless considerably accentuated

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just now, owing to the bad times. Still, to my mind it is detestably mean of people who can afford to keep horses to try and wriggle out of paying a paltry few guineas towards the expenses of a hunt on the stale plea of "bad times."

Pheasants with olives may be confidently recommended prepared in this manner:—

Order as many pheasants as you require, ready dressed as for roasting, but drawn from the neck so as to leave the lower end uncut. Remove the galls from the livers, and chop the latter small. Then add enough of the following ingredients to allow one tablespoonful of the mixture for each bird:—Sprigs of parsley, the tops of chilies, blanched mushrooms, sweet herbs, fine spice, pepper, salt, and grated bacon, with a small quantity of butter. Chop and mix all together, with enough lemon-juice to flavour it. Then put a portion into each bird, and secure both ends safely. Blanch the pheasants in a stewpan into which butter, parsley, onions, and basil have been thrown in sufficient quantities for each bird. When the pheasants are thoroughly heated through, take them out, and roast them on a bird-spit before the fire, basting the whole time with the butter they were blanched in. Stone a bottle of Spanish olives, and put them into a stewpan with a tablespoonful of essence of ham, a gill of good stock, and a ladle of any kind of good coulis. Set the pan over a clear fire, and skim off all fat. When of a good flavour, and the birds are ready, dish, and pour the olive coulis over them. Garnish with olives placed on slices of lime or lemon.

These soles *à la Glacier* are rather an elaborate and troublesome dish. Would you like to try them?

Select a couple of small soles, trim them, and remove all bone. Cut them into slices of ½ in. in width, spread them lightly with anchovy paste, roll them with the paste inwards, secure them with a thread of cotton, and set them in a lined sauté pan to boil. Prepare a jelly with a pint of strained white stock, a teaspoonful of sherry, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, a light sprinkling of cayenne, and pepper and salt to taste. Pour this mixture into an enamelled saucepan and allow it to slowly warm. Soak a little less than an ounce of gelatine for a quarter of an hour in a sufficient quantity of water, add this to the other ingredients, and stir briskly until thoroughly mixed. When it approaches the boiling point add the white and shell of an egg, and whisk evenly until the jelly boils. When the jelly rises put on the saucepan-lid and remove it from the fire until the filter settles, but on no account let it stand until cool; then strain through a coarse towel into a wide-mouthed jug. Have ready a number of small tin moulds of 2½-in. depth, pour about a teaspoonful of jelly into each, allowing it to set; then cut the cotton from the rolls of cold and well-strained fish, and lay them broad ways on the jelly, binding the whole with a ½ in. of jelly at the last. When thoroughly set, dip the moulds quickly into a basin of boiling-water, turn them out on a silver entrée dish, garnish with fried parsley, and send to table cold. The pink and white of the sole and anchovy show daintily through the jelly, contrasted by the garnishing of green.

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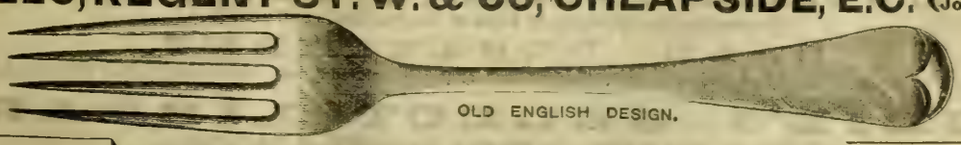

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10 feet long	by 9 feet wide	... ...	50/-	each.
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A FEW MIRZAPORE CARPETS, 9 ft. by 6 ft.			27/6	each.
KURD RUGS, 5 ft. by 3 ft.	... ...	...	5/9	„

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Donations and annual subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Secretary, at the Hospital, MAJOR W. CHRISTIE.
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Special provision is made for the reception of Private Cases on payment.
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Offices, 36, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

ASSISTANCE WANTED.

The under-mentioned Cases, for which it has not been found possible to raise the necessary help from other sources, are RECOMMENDED by the CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Contributions towards their assistance will be gladly received by C. S. LOCH, Secretary, 15, Buckingham-street, Adelphi, W.C.

1,340. The Shoreditch Committee ask for £7, to complete the cost of sending a very respectable old woman to her relations in America. She is the widow of a sea-captain, a native of Newfoundland, and came to England to keep house for a son who has taken to drink. The daughter in America is anxious to receive her, but cannot raise the money to pay for her passage. Total cost of passage, £10.

16,879. An East-End Committee asks for £3 5s. as a weekly allowance to a most respectable WIDOW, aged 69. Her husband was a member of two clubs, and had worked for one firm for 35 years. Her landlord lets her a good room at a low rent, as she has been his tenant for 36 years. The Committee think that she should not be dealt with by the Poor Law, and wish to supplement the allowance made to her by two private donors.

17,264. A Northern Committee ask for £5 4s. to complete a six months' allowance to an old SCHOOLMISTRESS, formerly ruined by Board Schools. She is now 68, and crippled by rheumatism. Her sister and other friends assist.

16,838. £5 is required to complete the cost (over £35 in all) of attempting to reclaim a young WIDOW from habits of Intemperance. After 12 months' residence in a home in Yorkshire a good situation was found for her. She has, however, again behaved very badly, and refuses to enter another home. It seems impossible to help her further. Her only son, a boy of 15, has been taken in hand by the Marine Society, and is now going to sea. A relation has contributed over £21 to the cost of the case, but she has recently died, and a balance of £5 has still to be raised.

17,495. An Eastern Committee are anxious to raise £6 to assist in sending a very deserving FAMILY to CANADA. The man, a Lithographic-stone Polisher, has long had very slack work, and it has been ascertained that he will have better chance of employment abroad. He has a wife and three children.

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EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Henry Arthur Jones' New Play,
THE TEMPTER.
Mr. Tree, Messrs. Fred Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Chas. Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Baldie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowls, &c.; Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Mrs. Tree.
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Seats may now be booked two months in advance. Box-office (Mr. Loverton) open from 10 till 5.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

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ADELPHI THEATRE.—A. & S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—A New Drama of Real Life, by Henry Pettitt, entitled A WOMAN'S REVENGE, Every Evening, at 8. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, R. Harding, J. Carter, H. Russell, and Arthur Williams; Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, and Agnes Thomas.—Box-office 10 to 6. Doors open at 7.30.

COURT THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.—Every Evening, at 9, a Three Act Farce, being an English version of the great Parisian success "Champignol Malgré Lui," entitled THE OTHER FELLOW, by Fred Horner. Preceded at 8.15 by HIS LAST CHANCE. Doors open at 7.45. Box-office now open. Matinée Saturday Next, at 3 o'clock. Doors open 2.30.

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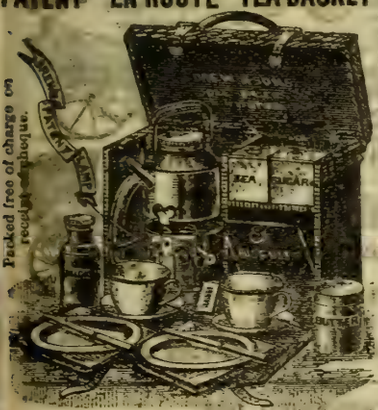

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THE ALPINE GONGS.

A Dinner Call and Musical Instrument, with 6 sweet-toned Bells and Beater.

Write for Illustrated Price List (post free), with name of nearest agent, to—

TOWNSHEND & CO., Birmingham.

PRINCESS PATENT FLOWER-SHIELD.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of H.R.H. Princess of Wales and H.S.H. Princess May.

"No, dear, it would be impossible to crush them."

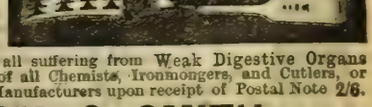
H.S.H. Princess May says "She thinks the Flower Shield a most ingenious invention, and wishes it success." The custom of wearing sprays of flowers at Balls, Receptions, and Assemblies of the élite is a growing one, and following the Royal example, the coming season is likely to see a considerable extension of the fashion. Ladies hitherto have been extremely inconvenienced in having to adjust their sprays *after* arrival (frequently in a crowded cloakroom), or else run the risk of the flowers being disarranged and crushed by the opera cloak. The "Princess" Flower Shield is a perfect protection, is removed in an instant upon entering the ball-room, and fits inside pocket of opera cloak when not in use. It is compact, light, and easily adjusted, and when worn does not disturb the dress in any way, or interfere with the fall of the cloak. "A" Quality, Superior Nickel Plated, No. 1, 2/6; No. 2, 5/-; No. 3, 7/6. "B" Quality, Silver Plated, No. 1, 1/6; No. 2, 2/6; No. 3, 3/6. Of all Drapers, Florists, and Costumiers in the United Kingdom. If you cannot obtain in your neighbourhood, send Stamps or Postal Order direct to

THE PATENT FLOWER SHIELD CO. 42 BASINGHALL STREET LONDON E.C.

THE PATENT MASTICATOR

☞ 16 BLADES IN ONE.

TO USE IN PLACE OF KNIFE.



For preparing meats and other food for mastication by mincing and pulping same on your warm plate, and so preserving all the nutriment. Invaluable to the Aged, Young Children, and all suffering from Weak Digestive Organs or Defective Teeth. Retail of all Chemists, Ironmongers, and Cutlers, or sent Post-free direct from the Manufacturers upon receipt of Postal Note 2/6.

FORDHAM & SMITH,

No. 3, Helmet-buildings, Wormwood-street, London, E.C.

SPÉCIALITÉ:—THICK LEGS & THIN FEET.

A Want Long Felt, met at Last.

GOLF, SHOOTING, and CYCLING

STOCKINGS!

HOMEKNIT.

Free from all Seams.

Made of pure long staple Scotch Wool, full length, broad ribs, double heels and toes, most comfortable in wear, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Colours: Navy Blue, Black, Light and Dark Grey, Heathers, and Fancy Mixtures.

ALL SIZES—1/9, 2/3, 3/6.

Spécialité:

THICK LEGS and THIN FEET, 2/6, 3/6.

THE HIGHLAND CHECK,

(As Illustration.)

Hand-Knitted, for Cycling, Golf, or Shooting, 3/6 & 4/6

Thick legs and thin feet 5/6

Postage, 3d. per pair; 2 pairs, 4½d.

Terms: Strictly Cash with Order.

A. W. GAMAGE,

126, 127, 128, 129, HOLBORN, E.C.

The 'NEW GUINEA' Spring Bedstead.

Pillars 1-in. Sides 1¼-in. strong Tubes, Double Woven Wire Mattress, Patent 'Reliance' Side Fastenings. All Iron and Steel, no Wood-work. Bedstead in 3 parts only.

Easy to fix up and take down.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Orders executed same day as received for this bed.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS.

To be had only direct from—

CHARLES RILEY,

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6-ft. 6-in. long, 3-ft. wide.

21/-

Carriage Paid.

EVERY DESCRIPTION —OF— Bedsteads, Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Bedroom Furniture, &c. direct from the Manufacturer.

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STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES & BEDSTEADS.

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WATERPROOFS.

Chesterfield Coat 21/- | Regulation (*Cape all round*) 30/-

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Any size up to 52 inches long. Larger sizes, 1/- extra for every two inches.

Best make, thoroughly Waterproof, and adapted for any climate.

Book of Patterns of all kinds of Tweed, Cashmere, and other Waterproof Cloths post free for 6 stamps (returnable).

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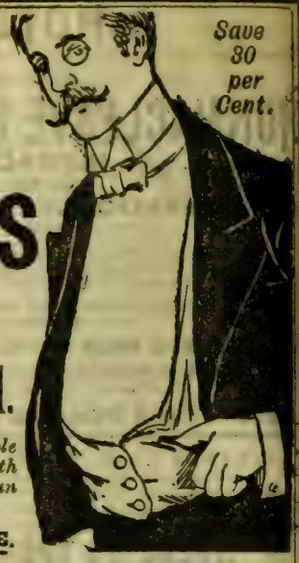
LINEN SHIRTS

Tailor-Made Direct from Ireland.



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Walking Machine for the lame

Adjustable Couches and Beds, £3. Exercising Chairs £5. 5s. Reclining Boards £1.1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d.

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Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.

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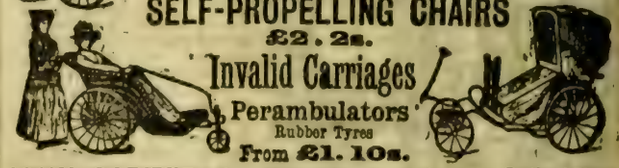
From £1. 5s.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS

£2. 2s.



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Ten Prize Medals.

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Sold by all Wine Merchants, and at all Bars and Hotels.

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TRADE MARK.

REGISTERED.

Does it not strike you that a machine which is the most mechanical genius of the day,
That in two years has obtained an unprecedented sale,
That has been adopted by our Leading, our Largest and Private Firms, and Public ordinary users,
That has won all the highest awards wherever exhibited,
That has earned Unsolicited Testimonials,
That has been favoured with many orders by Royalty,
That has numerous duplicate orders from thousands of operators,
That has been adopted by the principal Railway Co's, Chief Engineering Firms, Technical and other Schools,
That is the easiest to learn, does the best work, and
Has no filthy ink ribbon,

Contractors to

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The Colonial Governments,
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Is the Typewriter you Want?

THE YŌST IS ALL THIS AND MORE.

Full Particulars from—

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BRANCH ADDRESSES:—MANCHESTER: 3, Deansgate. BIRMINGHAM: 73, Temple-row. LIVERPOOL: 67A, Lord-street. GLASGOW: 112, St. Vincent-street. BELFAST: 9 Rosemary street. LEEDS: 21, New Station-street. PARIS: 36, Boulevard des Italiens.

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"The Marza Wine is agreeable to the palate, and is valuable not merely as a stimulant, but also as a tonic, from the presence of a considerable quantity of iron, also Coca, Phosphorus, and Pepsine. The formula of Marza Wine is a commendable one, and thoughtfully planned."

MARZA WINE

IS INVALUABLE FOR

Convalescents

ESPECIALLY AFTER

CONFINEMENT,
INFLUENZA,
PLEURISY,
PNEUMONIA,
FEVERS, &c.

Price 3s. 9d. per large bottle, 42s. per doz. everywhere, or carriage paid of the

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The Latest, Only Palatable, and Scientific Iron and Coca Wine.

SUPPORTS THE CONSTITUTION

For Feeble and Debilitated Men and Women and Growing Children.

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MAKES RICH RED BLOOD, AND GIVES TONE AND VIGOUR TO ALL THE VITAL ORGANS.

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For Purity, Palatability, And Excellence.

Recommended by Eminent Physicians for

ANÆMIA, INSOMNIA,
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the WORLD.

PREVENTS THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Is Partly Composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,

Only put in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from Falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no Unpleasant Odour.

IS NOT A DYE.

Should be in every House where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS'

CASE OF SIX BOTTLES 12/6

GENUINE **NO. 4711** BRAND OF

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THE PUREST & STRONGEST, YET MOST DELICATE EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: "Anyone desirous of getting a thoroughly genuine Cologne, cannot do better than send for a bottle of the '4711' Double Extract. Once having used it, repetition is a foregone conclusion."

Large selection of Choicest Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple Concentrated Extracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse.

Of All dealers in Perfumes, or at the LONDON BRANCH:

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Price Lists on application to Mr. C. REUTER, Manager. And at

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PINE WOOL PRODUCTS — TRADE MARK — Lst Lauf

LAIRITZ'S CELEBRATED

Established 1853. Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas. For the Relief and Cure of GOUT, RHEUMATISM, COLDS, &c.

Wadding in packets, Knee-Caps, Inside Soles, Oil, EXTRACT FOR BATH, Lozenges. Of all the LEADING CHEMISTS everywhere. Flannels, Underclothing, Knitting Yarn. Sold by all leading Drapers and Hosiers.

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Caution.—Observe the Tree Trade Mark with Signature on each piece.

PINE WOOL.

CAMEO CIGARETTES

A PHOTOGRAPH IN EVERY PACKET.

A SEPARATE MOUTHPIECE FOR EACH CIGARETTE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE WINDOW

Is the most important thing to be considered in the decoration of a house. The eye naturally turns to the opening by which light enters the room; and in the ideal home the view from that opening, and everything that serves to frame it, should be attractive. The most beautiful thing to be seen through a window is a garden of flowers, but nine-tenths of human habitations in civilised countries are so placed that their windows overlook scenes very different—sometimes dreary streets, stables, and chimney pots. Glacier Window Decoration will add beauty to the window, it is *not* costly, and no alteration of sashes is required.

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THREE GOLD MEDALS.

The **Y & N** Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort. Guaranteed Wear.

Patent Diagonal Seam Corset

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable colours and shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the New Sanitary Woollen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION. Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam No. 110," in oval on the lining.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies Outfitters in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

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Secretary.

Edison House,
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UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

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ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,

From £30 to £5,000,

To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

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Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.

FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.

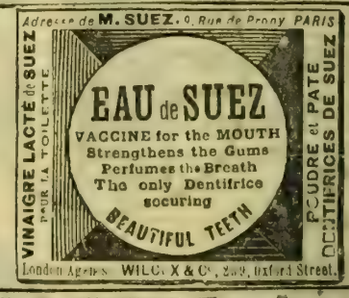
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.

Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.

Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.

Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.

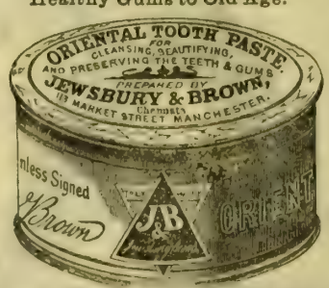
Apply to the SECRETARY.



JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.

Oriental Tooth Paste.



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Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors,

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TOO FAT. **Dr. GORDON'S** Elegant Pills cure STOUTNESS, rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH.

WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement and biliousness, it has been pronounced by medical men of high authority as most efficacious.

"I use the Aerated Pitkeathly largely, and value it."—Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.

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" WM. BEST & SONS, 22, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, W.

Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

Issue of 11,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each.

THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIM.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, with Limited Liability.

CAPITAL - - £200,000,

Divided into—

20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each £100,000
20,000 Six per Cent. Preference Shares of £5 each 100,000
£200,000

The whole of the Ordinary Shares have been subscribed, and are fully paid up. 11,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares are now offered for Subscription. Payable as follows—£1 per Share on Application; £2 per Share on Allotment; £1 per Share on November 30, 1893; £1 per Share on December 31, 1893. Or the whole amount may be paid up on Allotment. Instalments paid on the above named dates or in advance will bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum till January 1st, 1894, when they will rank for dividend. It is not proposed to Issue the Balance of 9,000 Shares at present.

DIRECTORS.

J. B. Harness, Esq., Heathside, Potter's Bar, Hertfordshire, President.
Major C. G. Elers, 67, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park.
Louis Graff, Esq., 6, Fenchurch buildings, E.C.
Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for East Edinburgh.

Has consented to serve on the Board of Directors in the interest of the Preference Shareholders. If elected thereto at the First General Meeting, which will be held within One Month of the Allotment of the present Issue of Shares.

BANKERS.

The London and County Banking Company, Limited, 109-111, New Oxford street, and all Branches.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Nicholson, Graham, & Graham, 24, Coleman-street, E.C.
BROKER.—George C. Howard, Esq., 16, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C.
AUDITORS.
Messrs. Ernst-Champness, Blakemore, & Company, Chartered Accountants, 24, Coleman-street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—J. H. Hodges, Esq., 52, Oxford-street, London, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Directors of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, offer for Subscription 11,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each. The Shares are Preferential both as to Capital and Dividend. The Present Issued Capital of the Company consists of 20,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each (£100,000) fully paid. There is also an issue of Debentures to the extent of £7,700. The Assets of the Company, as shown by the Balance-sheet of 31st December, 1892, amounted to £123,918, of which £55,000 was represented by Goodwill. The Assets will be increased by the property acquired with the proceeds of the present issue.

The present Company was incorporated in May, 1889, and acquired and amalgamated the Businesses, Plants, and Stocks of other institutions which had been in operation since 1881. The Business which the Company conducts is the manufacture and sale of all kinds of Electrical and Mechanical Apparatus and Instruments for Medical and Surgical treatment, and the application of the same, and its operations have been attended with satisfactory results, as shewn by the following statement of net profits (exclusive of Managing Director's Salary, Directors' fees, and reserves) taken from the certified annual reports of the Company's Auditors, Messrs. Ernst-Champness, Blakemore, & Co.

	£	s.	d.
From Jan. 1st, 1890, to Dec. 31st, 1890	17,000	14	8
From Jan. 1st, 1891, to Dec. 31st, 1891	13,776	18	2
From Jan. 1st, 1892, to Dec. 31st, 1892	16,247	15	6

The object of increasing the Capital at the present time is to enable the Company to extend its operations by the establishment of a Residential Institution. The Medical Officers of the Company, though able to treat residents in the vicinity of London in an efficient manner at the present premises in Oxford-street and Rathbone-place, find the necessity of an Establishment where country patients can reside and receive their course of treatment.

The Directors have the offer of suitable premises in one of the most healthy and pleasant positions in London, and they compute that the present issue of Preference Shares will provide the cost of purchasing the same, furnishing, fitting with all the latest improvements in electrical machines for medical purposes, and other necessary appliances, in addition to providing an ample cash Capital for working the increased business.

The computations made by the Directors indicate that the additional establishment will itself be a highly profitable undertaking, and amply provide the dividend on the present issue of Shares. The revenues of the Company during three years referred to above have shown a surplus exceeding £10,000 per annum beyond the £3,300 required to pay the preference dividends, and although exceptional circumstances and expenditure militated against the business of the first six months of the present year, the Directors are satisfied that the profits now being earned are highly satisfactory.

It is not proposed to Issue the remaining 9,000 Preference Shares at present; they will be reserved for further Issue when desirable. As the property which the Directors have under offer comprises a handsome mansion, with nearly two acres of freehold land, about three miles from Charing Cross, there will be ample room for extension when necessary. The only contract with the Company in reference to the present issue of Shares is one dated the 14th day of October, 1893, and made between the Medical Battery Co., Limited, of the one part, and George Grant of the other part. As a large number of contracts have been entered into in the ordinary course of business, the dates of and names of parties to which are not herein specified, applicants must be deemed to have waived any further compliance with Sec. 38 of the Companies Act of 1867, or otherwise than is contained in the prospectus.

Applications for Shares may be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers, the London and County Banking Company, Limited, or the Secretary, with the amount of the Deposit. If no Allotment is made the Deposit will be returned in full, and when the number of Shares allotted is less than applied for, the Balance will be applied towards the payment due on the Allotment, and any excess returned to the Applicant.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained at the Offices, or from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Broker of the Company.

London, October 16th, 1893.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

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CAPITAL AND COUNTIES, Ludgate-hill, Long Acre, Piccadilly, and Brighton Branches.
LONDON AND MIDLAND, Newgate-street and Tooley-street Branches.
DIRECT PRIVATE TELEGRAPH WIRE between LONDON and BRIGHTON Offices.
FULL PARTICULARS of SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for DEALING sent post free on application.
COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.
£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
£10 COMMANDS £1,000 STOCK.
£50 COMMANDS £5,000 STOCK.
£500 COMMANDS £50,000 STOCK, and so on in proportion.
NO OTHER LIABILITY WHATEVER.
JOHN SHAW, STOCK AND SHARE DEALER,
LONDON, BRIGHTON, MANCHESTER, AND DUBLIN.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.
THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803, 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subd. Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total funds, £1,600,000.—E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited,
No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accident.
C. HARDING, Manager.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.
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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £16,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

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OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE "TRUTH" CHRISTMAS DOLL SHOW.

IT is thought well to again remind readers of TRUTH that the time has come round for preparing for the Doll Show, which is always held towards the end of December. It has now, I am glad to say, become quite unnecessary to describe the why and wherefore of this annual fixture, which has so grown in size and importance since its establishment thirteen years ago, and which last Christmas achieved such unprecedented success at the Royal Albert Hall. All that I have to do now is to state that, thanks to the generosity of the proprietors, the Show will again be held at the Albert Hall, and to once more solicit that kind co-operation on which a repetition of past successes so entirely depends. The Dolls—some 4,000 of them in all—are now coming in from the manufacturers, and what I have to ask is that those ladies who may intend to assist in dressing them for the Christmas Show will kindly let me have an intimation of the fact as soon as they conveniently can. As on former occasions, the Dolls to be dressed are of three sizes—large, medium, and small. The new system adopted with regard to the Prizes proved so popular last winter that a similar course will be taken this year. That is to say, gold and silver articles of appropriate designs and varying values, will be presented to those ladies who may be adjudged the Prize-winners at the Christmas Exhibition. It is intended also to present, as far as possible, some lasting reminiscence of the Show to every lady who dresses a certain number of Dolls. Fuller details as to these points will, however, be published in a future number. For the present I would only reiterate the request that applications for the Dolls may be sent in without delay. As may be imagined, the space taken up by the Dolls at this office is not inconsiderable, and I shall be very glad to reduce the stock forthwith. And I need scarcely point out that by obtaining their parcels of Dolls promptly ladies will have an opportunity of devoting more time to their kindly work—to the obvious advantage of the coming Show.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 763.—LIST OF NAMES FOR DUMMY VOLUMES.

R. S. O. (real name and address will be given next week)	£1 1 0
BUSHRANGER („ „ „ „ „)	1 1 0

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 764.

The Prize in this competition has been awarded to ACTON.

PRIZE LIST.

1. Shramrock. 2. Primrose. 3. Spleenwort. 4. London Pride. 5. Forbidden Fruit. 6. Passion Flower. 7. Docks. 8. Adder's-tongue Fern. 9. Brushwood. —Acton.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 769.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST ORIGINAL ANAGRAM FORMED OUT OF THE FORTY-TWO LETTERS IN THE WORDS, "THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE—CRONSTADT AND TOULON."

I need scarcely add that no anagram can be considered complete in which all the letters in the original words are not included. Each anagram also should, if possible, refer more or less directly to the Franco-Russian Alliance, and serve as a comment of some sort upon it. All answers must be received by me by the morning of Monday, October 30, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 765.

The name of the winner of the Prize in this competition will be announced next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of POSSUM, winner of half of Prize, No. 761, are Mrs. S. A. Mitchell, Batt's Hill, Redhill, Surrey.

*** The real name and the address of STERNE, winner of a half of Prize No. 762, are W. L. DONALDSON, Esq., Worcester College, Oxford.

*** The real name and the address of R. S. O., winner of a half of Prize, No. 763, are Miss Elford, The Vicarage, Hedon, Hull.

CONSTANT READER.—I do not quite understand the meaning of your inquiry.

J. D. K.—Thanks for your additional book titles.

PHOS.—Many thanks for your suggestion. I will consider whether it can be turned to practical account.

PHEBE H.—The stamped envelope you speak of was not enclosed. As to your suggestion, I am much obliged to you for again calling my attention to it. I am sorry to say however, that I have not been able, after due consideration, to turn it to account. There are difficulties in the way of making it a subject for a TRUTH Competition which I have not been able to surmount.

IVY LEAVES.—It was only a lack of space that prevented me from printing more of your bicycle quotations.

MONA.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

J. MCGREGOR ALLAN.—I have again to thank you for the original suggestions you have so kindly sent to me.

J. COLLEY.—Your suggestion is a variation of some former TRUTH competitions which may, I think, be turned to account. I am much obliged for your letter.

GLOUCESTRE AND ORIEL.—Your answers to Puzzle No. 765 arrived too late for publication.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 766.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITIONS, IN AS BRIEF AND EPIGRAMMATIC A FORM AS POSSIBLE, OF THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF (1) THE RUGBY AND (2) THE ASSOCIATION GAMES OF FOOTBALL.

Rugby: Kick the ball if you can't kick the man. Association: Kick the man if you can't kick the ball.—Pagkration.

Collars (Rugby) and cuffs (Association). Relative merits, a tie!—Bee.

Rugby: Hands and feet. Association: Feat without hands.—Envoy.

Association: Whole skins. Rugby: Broken shins. —Verbum Sat.

Rugby: Hands out at a ball. Association: A bawl out at "hands." At Association: The players bear to handle the ball. At Rugby: They bawl to handle the sphere.—Oriel.

FISHING AND SHOOTING.—At Rugby: Punting—A line out and sometimes a good catch. At Association: The team shooting the most goals gets the game. Sometimes there are many "fowls." A big gun with a good charge will send the ball a great distance.—Oriel.

Rugby: Handball. Association: Football. Rugby: Tricks and tries. Association: Tries and kicks. Rugby: Kick off. Association: Kick on.—Felixicus.

1. Hand and football (Rugby). 2. Head and football (Association). 1. Strength and speed. 2. Science and speed.—Chawles.

Rugby: The hazard of the die. Association: The tie of the hazard.—Idem II.

Rugby: Feet and hands. Association: Feet and heads.—C. F. Reid.

Rugby: Hand on the ball. Association: Hands off the ball.—Alpha.

Association: Shuffle and cut. Rugby: More kicks than ha'pence; or, The (John) Bull-ring.—Umbra.

Rugby: The ball must be handled if dropped. Association: The ball must be dropped if handled.—Ubique.

Rugby: Bind the player hand and foot. Association: No hands required, so they kick off.—Jam.

Rugby: A feat of strength. Association: A strength of feet.—Jacko.

In the Rugby game the players run with the ball, in the Association after it.—Moses.

Two desperate and savage struggles to get at a thing; to kick it in the one case and embrace it in the other.—Mona.

Association is surely a more intellectual form of this popular pastime than Rugby, because you require to use your head.—H. E. G.

Between football under Rugby and Association rules
This very striking difference at once you plainly see;
By hand, not foot, is Rugby played, requiring thirty fools;
T'other but two-and-twenty takes, who should quite handless be. Toofdiarb.

Rugby: Hand and foot. Association: Head and foot.—Ubique.

Rugby: A kick at the ball, a grab, a run, a scrimmage, mud, and several broken limbs. Association: A kick at the ball, a heave with the chest, a charge, mud, and numerous broken shins and black eyes.—Almaviva.

Rugger: Hug her, pass her, drop her,
Touch her down and pick her up.
Socker: Knock her, hands off, stop her,
Dribble through, and kick her up.
Limp.

Players in this game kick the ball,
In that they kick and also "chuck" it;
But kick each other most of all
In both, besides sometimes "the bucket."
Isinglass.

In "Socker"* you play with a sphere and your leg;
In "Rugger"* you play with your hands and an egg.†
Gradgola.

* "Socker" and "Rugger" are the modern slang for Association and Rugby respectively.

† The Rugby football is oval.

Association: Eleven men try to score off eleven others by kicking a round ball under their opponents' bar. They charge and jostle, dribble and kick, and head the ball, but handle it they must not. Rugby: Fifteen men try to kick an oval ball over their opponents' bar. They shove and scrum, collar and scrag, dribble and kick, and carry the ball when they can. In both: They learn to win and lose, and serenely take their share of these—fame, friends, hacks, bruises, broken limbs, cups, medals, mud.—Dido.

Rugby: Thirty men fighting and trying to kick an oval ball over the bar with their hands. Association: Twenty-two men kicking a round ball under the bar with their feet, but not trying.—Stanchion.

The Rugby game is a hand to hand fight between amateurs to place the ball behind the goal posts; while in the Association game amateurs and professionals endeavour to kick the ball between the goal posts.—Phos.

Rugby: Handling, hauling, mauling, sprawling, and falling. Association: Heading, kicking, dashing, flashing, and crashing.—Nep.

... And being desirous of seeing the national game, which they called "football," I journeyed to the playing fields, where I saw two games, alike, and yet different, whereof I will try and set down the differences, which I learnt after much instruction, and with much difficulty, as to me, not being a player, and uninstructed, they were neither easy to perceive nor convenient to remember. And in both there is an overseer, or umpire, who watches the game to find out those offending against the laws and admonish them; and he signifies this by making sounds on a shrill instrument, whom all, in truth, obey, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Now, indeed, the Rugby game appears more pleasing to the majority of the onlookers, and it is played with the hands and feet, which seemed a matter of much wonder that they called it football, inasmuch as they, for the chief part, only kicked it hard when they wished to be rid of the ball; and this, in truth, did not often happen, as the chief aim is to keep possession of the ball as long as possible, anticipating the enemy, though sometimes, indeed, they shared it with their friends, expecting, like loans of money, nevertheless to be repaid. But for the most part they form a solid phalanx, pushing the one against the other, whereby much force and strength is wasted to no purpose, as being evenly matched, no side obtained the mastery, to any great extent; though not all, for some there were, who, selected for their fleetness of foot, laid in wait on the outskirts of the fray, if perchance they might be given the ball, while the rest were fighting uselessly and in vain, and themselves carry it behind the goal-posts; and when any one does this, one renowned for prowess in kicking tries to kick the ball over the goal-post; which if he succeeds is a goal, but if he fails, it is nevertheless called a try. The Association game, on the other hand, is played with the feet only; so much so, that if a player do but touch the ball with his hand, albeit unwittingly, they all of one accord, cry out "hands," themselves, too, holding up their hands as if in token of the offence. And they scatter themselves, like skirmishers, over the field of battle, and send the ball one to the other, striving by stratagem to kick it past their foes and between the goal-posts, if they may at all escape the notice of the custodian of the goal. Again, in the former game, the ball is egg-shaped, because, as some say, after the manner of birds, they spend much time sitting on it; which to me seemed hardly worthy of belief, but I set it down as a legend told to me; others again asserting that thus it better traverses through the air. Moreover, these players seemed the hardier; for the players of the Association game wore greaves upon their shins to protect them, and more often ceased playing to regain their breath. But let it not be thought that they only strove to keep possession of the ball; for it seemed a custom to inflict great damage on the adversary who chanced to have it—either in the one game by throwing him on the ground, or in the other by kicking him—to take the ball from him even though he escaped notice transferring it to another. and they say that many play the Association game only because the remuneration is great, being paid by their patrons. To them, indeed, it is a trade, as tanning or guarding swine is to the tanner or swineherd—on which account, as some assert, the game has been much deteriorating; others again affirming it is no longer possible to play enjoying it. But to me they both seemed uncivilised and reckless, more especially the Rugby game, inasmuch as brute force seemed a quality much sought after; and having learnt so much, I went away rejoicing that I did not myself play, as one careful of his body, yet disappointed that I could not discover more differences, expecting by report to find no similarity.—Herodotus.

RUGBY.

To snatch and carry
At topmost pace,
And over the bar
The oval to place.

ASSOCIATION.

Combining together
The sphere to chase,
Under the bar
The ball to place. Nep.

Rugby: More kicks than halfpence. Association: More halfpence than kicks.—Blackheathen.

The game of football is played at Rugby with the hand, by the Association with the head.—Heurteloup.

Rugby: Collar him; collar him. Association: Hands off, sir, hands off.—Pompeii.

Rugby gives broken legs and arms,
Association never harms;
Rugby is game for kicks and blows,
For bruises black and bleeding nose;
Association's gentler sway
I trust and hope will win the day.
Ivy Leaves.

Rugby running's rough and ready,
Tough and tumble, tug or fall;
Blustering, bouncing bouts unsteady,
Breaking bones, and that's football.
Association's most amusing,
Passing pretty, safer much;
Skilful sidesmen shots refusing,
If with hands the ball you touch. Sol.
At Rugby Union, hands you use,
You use your head at t'other game;
But whatsoever code you choose
You'll find that it is tout le maim.
Mandeville.

Both games employ foot-rule; Rugby admits, in addition, some sleight-of-hand. The one (Association) is the sole game, the other holds up the palm.—Esperanza.

The first is a manual and pedal exercise; the other a pedal exercise only. One is "touch and go;" the other "hands off."—Excelsior.

Rugby: Collars and ties. Association: Ties and no collars. Both are barbarous sport, but Rugby is over-bar-barous.—Danehill.

The game of football, "Rugby Union" rules,
Is played, my dear sir, by a lot of fools,
No method in their madness ever do they show,
Their bodies do they offer for kick *ad lib.* or blow.
Again, the game of football, "Association" rules,
Is played, my dear sir, also by another set of fools,
Who in their fits of madness have some method small,
But suicides and homicides commit they after all.
Jo.

Rugby: A ripping game for brigands, but not football. Association: A game for (h)armless men with thick skulls.—Arlee.

Rugby: Running with the ball; a game of hand- and foot-ball; the shoving game; a "try"-ing game of long runs and dodges. Association: Running after the ball; a game of head- and foot-ball; the charging game; a game of "corners" and heavy charges. Or, the two games (Ass. and R.U.), "under-and-over."—Bushranger.

RUGBY.

Dashing, slashing, bashing, smashing,
Broken kneecaps, shin-bones, too;
Splints and plaster follow after,
Kicks and bruises, black or blue.

ASSOCIATION.

Not so rough this game, admitted—
Milder form of dislocation;
Accidental kicks or bruises—
All one needs is embrocation. Sol.

In Rugby football, "L'Union fait la [brute] force" perhaps, but by liberally interpreting the term "foot," produces a far finer game physically. "Association" is logically the more scientific, as the head is used to save the hands.—Carinthia.

Both resemble the celebrated definition of genius, only they embrace the power of giving as well as taking pains, and the only practical difference between both is a difference of fractures. In Rugby, it is generally the collar-bone, in Association the shin-bone, that goes first.—Garryowen.

Rugby: Pleasure; a free fight, with or without a ball; kicking a ball; keeping an oval ball on the ground; players assaulting each other. Association: Business; a free fight, in which the ball plays an important part; kicking opponents; kicking a round ball in the air; bystanders assaulting the umpire and referee.—Leaf Rule.

In Rugby football the ball, which is oval, is treated like a woman treats her dear friend. She sees her in the midst of a crowd of followers, and takes her up, clasps her, hugs her to her arms, afterwards passes her, and finally, if she can, drops her; and sometimes the story is still more touching. In Association football the ball, which is round, is treated like a man treats his enemy. He won't put out his hand to him, much less touch him, often gives him the cold shoulder if he comes his way, and finally is always trying to kick him. This story, though not at all touching, is known to Harrow.—Limp.

Rugby: Freebooting and sleight-of-hand. Association: Freebooting only. Not much difference, in the Rugby game the hands are "on strike," in the other "unemployed." By Rugby rules you may catch the ball; by the Association's you will "catch it" if you do. The Rugby game is a play with a ball, at which "collars and cuffs" assist to make it a success; the Association's a performance of "unemployed hands" which is kicked out. In the Rugby game both sides may be collared and handcuffed; in the other, one side must be kicked out. The Association's is a game of "moving incidents," played with a foot and a ball; Rugby's is a game of "moving accidents," played with a boot and a fall. Rugby's rules: "Pick Me Up" and "Punch." Association's: Bowdlerised editions.—Opera.

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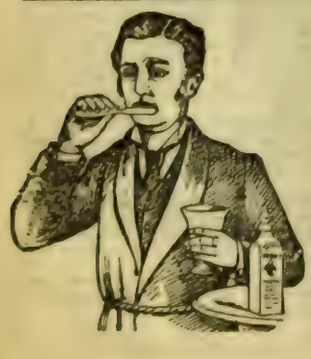

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

TO buy the 28,000 Toys which will be required to carry out Truth's usual Distribution this Christmas will involve an expenditure of a large sum of money. Moreover, the accounts of the last Truth Toy and Doll Fund unfortunately showed a heavy debit balance, so that we began this year with a considerable deficit. Now what I should like to know, as soon as possible, is what under these circumstances the readers of Truth intend to do. Time is passing rapidly on, and if the Christmas Distribution is to take place as usual, the purchase of the Toys should not be delayed much longer. I refuse to believe that the often-tested generosity of my readers is likely to fail. That the children in the Hospitals and Workhouses of London who are expecting a Toy or a Doll this Christmas will be disappointed is a contingency almost too monstrous to contemplate. It is, however, obviously necessary for me to ascertain how far this faith of mine is to be justified. Will the readers of Truth, therefore, let me know their intentions? The matter rests entirely in their hands. It seems to me that I might write by the column without adding to the simple and pathetic force of the situation. On the one hand there are the eager, expectant children; on the other the kind-hearted readers of this journal and their friends. I stand between the two, ready, as in so many past years, to be the means of communication between them. The only question now is, what is the nature of the communication that I shall have to make. Meanwhile, I have received the following amounts towards this year's Fund:—Miss Gregory, 3s. 6d.; A. C. £2; Mrs. E. Phillips, £1. 1s.; Noel, £1; E. R. D., £10.

And now, just one word about the Dolls. I continue to receive many applications for large ones; but these I am unable to comply with. All the Dolls of the largest size have been sent out, and, as they have to be specially made, it is now impossible to obtain any more. But of the medium-sized and small Dolls there are still some hundreds on hand. These I am anxious to get dressed without delay, for now that the Directors have put at the disposal of the readers of Truth the Albert Hall, it is more than ever necessary that there should be no falling off in the number of Dolls exhibited.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle from Balmoral on the morning of Saturday, November 18, and her Majesty will go to Osborne on Tuesday, December 20, for a stay of two months. The Queen will entertain a succession of visitors while the Court is at Windsor, including all the members of the Royal family, most of the Ministers, a selection of the Corps Diplomatique, and a number of unofficial guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Derby, Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and Lord Cross.

Having heard that the Queen has expressed a wish to visit Naples, the King of Italy has offered to place the beautiful palace of Capo di Monte at her disposal next spring, for as long a time as it will suit her to reside there.

Her Majesty has desired the Duke of Coburg to bring over to England all the Prince Consort's letters to his brother the late Duke Ernest, and they will be placed among the Queen's immense and unique collection of political papers, which is preserved in the private library at Buckingham Palace.

The Princess of Wales, who arrived in town on Saturday from Denmark, will reside at Marlborough House for a week or ten days before going to Sandringham, where H.R.H. is to stay until December 11. The Prince, who is at Newmarket, returns to town on Saturday, and he will go next week to Sandringham, intending to stay there until November 13, when he is to proceed to Chatsworth.

The Prince will probably be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland for a few days in December at Trentham Hall, Staffordshire.

I hear that the late Lord Derby's Garter, which has been vacant for about six months, is to be conferred upon Lord Lansdowne, on his vacating the Viceroyalty of India. When the Queen returns to Windsor, Lord Derby is to have an audience of her Majesty in order that he may deliver up his brother's insignia. The late Lord Derby was given the Garter by Mr. Gladstone, and his father (the Prime Minister) was made an extra Knight on his vacating office in 1859, as a special mark of the Queen's favour.

A large number of workmen have been employed by the Office of Works during the last two months in thoroughly overhauling the Buckingham Palace drains, which were in such a shocking state that it is a wonder there was not an outbreak of diphtheria or typhoid fever in the house. I understand that the sanitary authorities reported to the Government that the Palace was in a dangerous condition, whereupon the work was at once ordered to be commenced. Buckingham Palace can never be a healthy house, as it is built over an immense sewer. Some curious discoveries have been made in the course of the recent operations.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who has been passing the recess at Belmont Castle, his place in Perthshire (which he purchased from Lord Wharncliffe a few years ago), has replaced Lord Herschell as Minister in Attendance on the Queen at Balmoral, and at the end of this week he will be succeeded in that capacity by Lord Ripon, after whom will come Lord Kimberley.

Lord Bridport is to be the Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen when the Court returns to Windsor on November 18, and he will be on duty until the 28th, when he is to be replaced by Lord Playfair.

Sir Henry James is to entertain the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Fife, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar towards the end of next month at Shoreham Place, near Sevenoaks, for pheasant-shooting.

Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, who have just returned from Germany, are now staying at Inverary Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and in a few days H.R.H. is going to Balmoral, where she will remain until the Queen leaves for Windsor.

When the Duke and Duchess of York visited York the other day a sum of about £700 was expended in decorating the principal streets of the city. This money was raised by public subscription, and surely it would have been wiser to have left the streets in their usual sufficiently picturesque condition, and to have devoted the money to useful and practical purposes, such as an entertainment to the poor, and donations to the most deserving charities of the city. Under present circumstances it is monstrous that large sums of money should be wasted in absurd temporary decorations, and it may be hoped that we shall hear of no more such fatuities.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are to leave Braemar this week for the season, and they will reside for a short time at their house in Portman-square, or at Sheen, before going to Castle Rising Hall, Norfolk, for the winter. They are to be guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during the week after next.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck are to leave Richmond in a few days on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of York at Sandringham, where they will stay for some time.

The Duke of Cambridge, who has been staying with Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, is at Newmarket this week, and next month he is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Ancaster at Grimsthorpe Castle, and of Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel.

Mr. Balfour, who is at Whittingham, his place in Haddingtonshire, comes south at the end of this week on a brief visit to Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield House, before coming to town for the Session.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has been entertaining a succession of large house-parties at Gordon Castle, Banffshire, and last week a very successful tenants' and servants' ball was given there, to celebrate the close of the Spey salmon angling season. The Duke and his family will return to Goodwood early next month for the winter.

Lord Cranborne is going on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, and I see it is stated that Lord Salisbury will join his son on board for some time. This is certainly improbable, for a worse sailor than Lord Salisbury never lived, and when he was Prime Minister he dreaded his official visits to Osborne, because even the short passage across the Solent always made him miserably ill. He will never be a voluntary passenger on board any yacht whatever.

The late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was a curious exemplification of European fine-gentlemanism grafted on an Oriental nature. He had a mania for display, and a lordly disregard for ways and means. When he took to game-preserving, he insisted on having better stocked coverts than any one else. When he went to Court, bedizened with jewels, he betook himself later on to the Alhambra to show himself thus arrayed to the ballet girls. Although lavish and profuse, he was also generous. I remember his once writing to me on some subject. I was answering a batch of letters, and read his signature—Dunlop Smith, and as Dunlop Smith, Esq., I addressed him. This greatly amused him when I explained to him my mistake. Of his son, the present Maharajah, all his friends speak in the highest terms.

Lord and Lady Eglinton gave a county ball at Eglinton Castle on Thursday night, which was a great success, and all the smart people of Ayrshire were present. The ball was given to celebrate the début of Lady Georgiana Montgomery. The profuse floral decorations in the ball-room were much admired, and in the dining-room there was a splendid display of gold plate, including the racing trophies which were won by the late Earl, and the immense bowl which commemorates the Eglinton tournament. Lord and Lady Eglinton have been entertaining a large shooting party at the Castle.

A correspondent writes from Torquay:—

People in Devonshire are laughing at the roseate account of the Exeter ball, which appeared in one of your contemporaries. It is really too ridiculous to describe this function as "the most

For Amusements, see page 889.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 890 in the present issue.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 891.

successful ever given in this city," and the statement that "the principal houses, with few exceptions, within a radius of twenty miles were full for the occasion" is a pure fiction. As a matter of fact, there were parties at only two county houses, and the company was principally composed of Exeter people and wanderers from Exmouth and other watering places in the vicinity. The bona fide representatives of "the county" could be numbered upon the fingers of one hand.

A Current Conundrum.

Who is this dejected man,
Pasty as an uncooked muffin?
Limp, invertebrate, inert
As a doll without "its stuffin'"?
Who is this with puffy cheeks
And with bowed and stooping shoulders?
Who is this whose sufferings draw
Sympathy from all beholders?
Who is this whose hands are hot,
Shaking in a nervous fluster?
Who is this whose sunken eyes
Wholly lack a healthy lustre?
Who is this whose tongue is furred,
And whose lips are dry and cracking?
Who is this whose appetite
Is, alas! completely lacking?
Who is this who gasps and yawns,
Giving oft a furtive shiver?
Who is this that, seemingly,
Knows too well he has a liver?
Who is this who only frowns
At the smiles of Eve's fair daughters?
Who is this who madly craves
Bucketsful of Carlsbad waters?
Is he some explorer bold
Hailing from malarial regions?
Is he one who has imbibed
Fever germs in countless legions?
Does he come from Polar seas?
Is he an incipient Anson
Who has shared the jeopardy
Of the brave Professor Nansen?
Does he suffer, hapless man!
From some commissariat bungle?
Was he left to fight his way
Through some Burmese swamp or jungle?
Is he one who has escaped
From some deadly peril lately?
Is he—but the mystery
Need not exercise us greatly;
No more varied questions shall
Our inquiring nature harass—
He's a Russian officer
After his eight days in Paris!

Two silver bowls are to be presented to Mr. Albert Brassey on the opening day of the Heythrop Hunt, to commemorate his twenty-five years' service as Master. Some £600 has been subscribed for the purpose, which speaks well for Mr. Brassey's popularity. Seeing, however, that £600's worth of silver more or less is a matter of no consequence to Mr. Brassey, it is a pity that he did not follow the example just set by Mr. Hicks-Beach, who, on retiring from the mastership of the Cotswold, has requested that the money subscribed for a presentation may be given to the Farmers' Benevolent Fund, and that the names only of the subscribers may be given to him. This precedent might, in fact, well be followed by other recipients of testimonials besides M.F.H.'s.

Hôtel Burlington, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Electric light. Passenger lift. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth East Station.

A Leicester paper thus describes a performance at a circus, when one "Captain Cardono" "bearded the untamed and untamable Wallace in his den." "Wallace," it should be stated, is a lion:—

At the eight o'clock performance last evening, Wallace showed the Captain his "holders," and wagged his tail for three or four minutes when he attempted to tackle in his domain, and the vigorous application of a stout stick to his muzzle only appeared to make him the more determined to hold sway. At length, however, the red hot irons were introduced, and pistols were discharged into his face, with the result that Wallace temporarily dropped his tail, and Cardono ventured inside. Wallace was then given a warm time of it, and was eventually completely subdued.

If Wallace is subdued in this way every evening, I do not see on what principle he can be described as "untamed and untamable." I should imagine that the performance is all humbug, and that the "red-hot irons" belong to the same family as the clown's red-hot poker in the pantomime. But if the beast really were wild, and is nightly tormented with the vigorous application of a stout stick to his muzzle, with red-hot irons, and the discharge of pistols in his face, preparatory to his being given "a warm time of it," more detestable cruelty could not be imagined. On either view of it the performance is a revolting and degrading one, and it is an astonishing thing that provincial newspapers should be able to find nothing but rapturous praise for it.

I trust that some of my lady readers have marked and digested the correspondence that has been going on respecting the destruction of birds for the adornment of feminine costumes. There is no doubt that in nearly all accessible parts of the world birds have been ruthlessly exterminated of late years by the increased demand for this form of millinery, and if ladies would look at some of the evidence as to the extent of this slaughter, which is published by the Society for the Protection of Birds, I have sufficient respect for them to believe that the last would soon be seen of this cruel and barbarous fashion. When remonstrated with on the subject, a lady generally replies, in the feminine way, that one customer more or less for bird plumage cannot affect the demand. The answer to this is that individual ladies should combine to resist the fashion. The Society for the Protection of Birds, of which the Duchess of Portland is President, affords the means. It has branches in every town in the Kingdom, including some twenty-five in different parts of London.

A very large number of my readers are keenly interested in the happiness of animals and are constantly writing to me on the subject. Another large class are equally interested in the cause of temperance. To both of these classes, not to mention others, I would point out the financial needs of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, of 70, Victoria-street, S.W. Recent observations showed that at three of the Association's fountains in different parts of London 16,452 persons drank in twenty-four hours; while at three troughs 6,583 horses drank in the same period. This shows what the Society does in the way of ministering to

Bournemouth.—"Royal Path." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

one of the first needs of man and beast. Yet with an expenditure of over £5,000 a year it only has subscribers to the amount of about £1,500, and complaint is made that as from one cause and another old subscribers fall off, new ones are not taking their place.

One of my lady readers thinks that when I advise poor gentlewomen to go out as domestic servants instead of governesses, I overlook the tortures which they would suffer in the uncongenial society of the servants' hall. Well, it is a question of the balance of evils. If ladies who have to work for their living prefer the isolation and indignities, the bad pay and the hard work of the governess, to the agony of associating with servants, they have the right of choosing; but I should think them wiser if they pocketed their pride and choose the other way. One of the ladies whose position I discussed last week asserted that in her enforced solitude she would fain have sat for an hour or two with the servants; but it would have been as much as her place was worth to do so. The truth is that in these days of levelling up and levelling down the gap between the upper class of servants and the lower class of governesses is constantly narrowing. Personally, I have known many ladies'-maids and parlour-maids whom I should much prefer as daily companions to the average high-class governess.

Besides, if middle-class girls could once make up their minds to go out as servants, the social difficulty would disappear automatically. In big houses, of course, the society of the servants' hall must always be a little mixed. But in the great majority of middle-class households, where two or three servants are kept, there is no reason whatever why all of them should not be "gentlewomen." There is no reason why two or three sisters, or two or three friends, should not agree to take situations together, and, provided always they can do the work, they would find many ladies only too anxious to get them on that condition—or any other. It is an amazing thing to me, that while the demand for good servants so far exceeds the supply, "gentlewomen" who are not above housework, should prefer to work for nothing as "lady helps," on condition of being treated as "one of the family" (generally a family which it is a very small privilege to belong to), rather than take a well-paid, independent position in a comfortable house on condition of being styled servants.

My disquisition on fat has brought me into communication with a vast number of fat kine who want to be lean kine. Does fat fatten, or does it not? is the burden of their letters. I can only answer that, according to some doctors, it does, and according to others it does not: the doctrine of the latter being that it is fuel which consumes food, instead of any portion of it depositing itself on the body. Probably, a person wishing to reduce his weight would do well for a few weeks to eat no fat, for then, it may be, the stomach would take its fuel from existing deposits. When, however, the weight is reduced, and the sole object is to avoid again putting on flesh, fat may be eaten with impunity, provided that practically no starch or sugar be taken, for, as I explained, the German experts insist that starch or sugar are not only themselves productive of fat, but convert fat into deposit. I suppose that if a person were to eat nothing but meat with all fat extracted from it, he would go down a stone in a week.

"Julia," Mr. Stead tells us, keeps him in communication with the world of spirits, though I am bound to say that Mr. Stead does not get as much useful information through his fair spirit as I should have expected from his skill as an interviewer. I gather from the last number of *Borderland*, that Mr. Stead can now look into the mind of any man or woman still inhabiting this planet, for it would seem that, having written an article entitled "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos," his hand—while his body was travelling on an English railroad—suddenly traced on a sheet of paper the opinion of Lady Brooke upon it, although she was in Scotland. On arriving at his destination, Mr. Stead found a letter from the lady embodying in brief the substance of the communication. Mr. Stead terms this "an automatic telegraph interview." I should rather term it sympathy between two kindred minds. They both thought the same about "The Wasted Wealth of King Demos," and, possibly, Lady Brooke could have traced on a piece of paper in Scotland Mr. Stead's views on the matter; all the more if they had already conversed on it.

Last Session there was some discussion whether it is Parliamentary to call an opponent Judas or Barabbas. If I remember rightly, the first was deemed unparliamentary, and the second a permissible comparison. Be this as it may, Miss Marie Corelli has written a novel entitled "Barabbas," in which she throws the light of fiction on both of these worthies. Judas and his sister Judith were the children of an old usurer named Iscariot, and Barabbas was in love with Judith. Angry with her, because she preferred a certain Barabbas, Galrias slew his rival, and, allowing it to be supposed that he had done this in order to commit a robbery, was imprisoned. When released by the intervention of the Jerusalem mob, he found that Caiaphas, the High Priest, had become Judith's lover. Judas, penitent for his betrayal of his Master, reproached his sister for having urged him to do it. This, together with her brother's hanging himself, led her to lose her reason, and she stabbed Caiaphas. But that artful priest accused Barabbas of the crime. By this time, however, Barabbas had become a Christian, and, being arrested for the assault, he died in prison, and in the true faith. The idea of introducing into a novel "Bible characters" is a daring one, and I am curious to see how it will be taken in these days, when nothing is sacred from the writer of fiction. It is clear, however, if Miss Corelli's legend is to be accepted, it ought not to be

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to C.O.M. Whisky. every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., C.O.M. Whisky. Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

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unparliamentary to call a man either Judas or Barabbas. They were both young men with much of good in them, but somewhat too impulsive.

"Mrs. Kendal talks back." This is the heading of a column and a quarter in the New York *Sun*, in which that excellent but injudicious lady has been ill-advised enough to round on all her critics apropos of the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Mrs. Madge Kendal is in fine fighting fettle, and thus she delivers herself:—

In England they will allow a woman to play the Virgin Mary one night, and Mrs. Tanqueray the next, if her artistic nature be broad enough to interpret the two rôles intelligently. And mind, it is no new departure for me to take up characters of this kind!

Indeed! I was not aware of it, and had an idea that the dramatisation of any passages of the Bible was prohibited at the Lord Chamberlain's office; but Mrs. Kendal knows best. Mrs. Kendal continues:—

Perhaps the reason you do not like the play is because your fresh young country is too good to need it. Your men are all noble. Your women pure. You need no lessons in morality. Poor wicked old London understood and appreciated the value of the object-lesson in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," for the Second Mrs. Tanqueray lives in London, and has a coronet on her carriage.

There will be some anxiety to know who the Second Mrs. Tanqueray is riding about "wicked old London" in a coroneted carriage. Mrs. Kendal apparently knows, but, in her absence, will Mr. Pinero oblige? It is a pity that when, according to Mrs. Kendal's statement, her husband kept the New York criticisms on her performance out of her sight, he did not at the same time remove the pens, paper, and ink. For on these controversies with critics the protester invariably comes off second best. The last word must be with the journalist, and, like a dog when he has buried a bone, he takes the liberty of occasionally digging it up again from the back garden in a somewhat offensive state.

Several of my contemporaries have somewhat cruelly ignored the *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* maxim in commenting on the recent death of Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A. They have, with what I consider needless severity, proclaimed the fact that the deceased sculptor was answerable for the Griffin which dominates the site of Temple Bar. Of course, it is too true that "the evil that men do lives after them;" but I cannot but think that it would have been kinder not to have referred to the heraldic monster Mr. Birch has left behind him. Now that the allusion has been made, however, would it not be a kindly act on the part of the Lord Mayor and Corporation to mitigate the mischievous effect which it has caused by removing the Griffin once for all from its present false position? A more graceful tribute to the memory of the deceased sculptor could not easily be paid.

The late Mr. Dillwyn's library, which is to be sold at Sotheby's next Monday, is rich in all kinds of works on natural history, and there is a very choice collection of Civil War and American tracts and broadsides, and some rare books on Welsh archæology and history.

One of the features of the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, which has been held at Birmingham in connection with the Church Congress, was an immense oil painting of the Dean of Worcester. This work was a presentation portrait when Dr. Forrest was incumbent of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, and it was painted in 1868. It was marked "To be sold," and there is said to be a queer story about the picture. It is not very creditable that a portrait of the Dean of the Cathedral should be thus exposed for sale at the principal city in the diocese during a meeting of the Church Congress.

A small call will have to be made upon the guarantee fund which was raised in connection with the Birmingham Church Congress. The exceedingly impudent suggestion has been made that the guarantors shall all pay in full, in order that the balance (which would amount to several thousands of pounds) might be given to the Birmingham Bishopric Fund. This proposal certainly exceeds in effrontery anything which has occurred during the present year.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, is to be reopened on Sunday next, after having been closed for nearly six months. The appointed preacher is the Rev. David Robertson, Rector of Hartlebury, but I hear that the pulpit will probably be occupied by the Dean, the Bishop of London. The preachers for next month are:—November 5, the Sub-Dean; 12, Rev. W. H. Bliss, Vicar of Kew; 19, Rev. A. H. Williams, Rector of Alcester; 26, Prebendary Kempe.

I hear that since the Royal Wedding a very large sum has been expended in altering the interior of this Chapel, and the country will have to pay for this most unnecessary work. It will be interesting to see how this reprehensible waste of the public funds will be defended when the matter comes before the House of Commons, but I suppose that an attempt will be made to smuggle the item through under cover of the St. James's Palace vote.

The Crown living of Croft, in the county of Durham, which is of the net value of £650 a year, with house, has fallen to Mr. Gladstone by the death of the Rev. Charles Villiers, who was presented by the Prime Minister just twenty years ago, and who was at one time tutor to the Duke of Edinburgh.

Another important living, that of Minster, which is worth about £600 a year, with house, and is in the gift of the Primate, has become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Henry Venn, who was presented only a few weeks ago. Mr. Venn has given up Minster in order to accept from the Primate the living of Walmer, which is worth about £350 a year, with house.

The Archbishop of York has been staying for a few days at Sledmere Hall, on a visit to Sir Tatton Sykes. The Archbishop will have a large ecclesiastical house-party at Bishopthorpe during the approaching session of the Northern Convocation.

Apropos to the case of an incumbent being pensioned off at £25 a year, a country Vicar suggests to me that the hardships resulting from the Incumbents' Resignation Act would be materially lightened if clergymen were allowed to take occasional duty after resignation. Provided they were competent to do such duty—which is a question for those who would engage them—I see no reason why they should not. But I am bound to add, on what I have seen of the state to which clergymen are usually reduced before they resign, that those who could subsequently be considered competent to do anything would be few in number.

Were I a Church Reformer, I would remodel the whole system of pensioning the clergy—higher and lower. The principle that the man in work should contribute to the support of the man who is past work is sound enough; but under the present circumstances of the Church of England it must be applied with discrimination. Too many so-called "livings" are not enough for one, and when they are divided between two the result is that there is not a living for anybody. The proper way out of the difficulty is a general clerical pension fund, provided by a progressive tax on all clerical incomes.

I suppose that the want of some provision of this kind is at the bottom of the curious situation now prevailing in the parish of Bolton. Canon Atkinson, who has been in failing health for a long time past, and has made one or two attempts to exchange livings, preached a farewell sermon last July, and the congregation subsequently subscribed a handsome sum for a testimonial to him upon his departure. Four months have elapsed since the farewell sermon, but still the Canon shows no sign of departing. Perhaps, like the distinguished members of other professions, he finds "parting is such sweet sorrow" that he would prefer to repeat his good-byes indefinitely.

An almost unprecedented exhibition of the most infatuated kind of sacerdotalism has just occurred at Liverpool. The cleric concerned is the Rev. Andrew Wilson, who has refused to baptise a child on the ground that the parents had not been confirmed. The parents had been brought up as Dissenters, but, as the father says in a letter which has been published, "We prefer attending the Church of England, and that our child should be brought up as a member of the Church." One would think that the object of the Reverend Wilson was to cure them of this preference, and restore them to the path in which they had been brought up; for, on discovering that the parents had never been confirmed, he threw down his pen, declined to proceed further, lectured them in a most offensive tone on the sin of marrying without previously being confirmed, and warned an unmarried aunt of the baby against committing such an enormity. The most charitable view to take of this reverend person's performance is that he is not fully responsible for his words and actions. The Bishop of Liverpool, who has been consulted, has referred the parties to the Church Discipline Act, and recommended them to consult a solicitor, but, unless the Act provides for the summary removal of the Reverend Wilson to a different sphere, it can hardly be considered equal to the requirements of the occasion.

A parishioner of Shirehampton sends me with some strong remarks the *Parish Magazine* of Shirehampton and Avonmouth, the object of his strictures being a pamphlet inserted in the magazine with the title "Honourable Marriage." As the *Parish Magazine*, like the majority of these publications, is really printed in London, with a little local information on the outer sheet, and as the pamphlet is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, it may be assumed that the subject of "Honourable Marriages" is being offered for consideration in the same form in other parishes besides Shirehampton and Avonmouth. It seems desirable, therefore, that attention should be drawn to the subject. The pamphlet is in the form of a dialogue between two rustics, one of whom has just become a parent two months after his marriage, while the other—a preacher in a smock-frock—endeavours to convince him that, in view of this circumstance, he and his wife are not "honourable folk." They discuss the question in all its bearings, without any unnecessary reticence, and, needless to say, "Giles," the preaching rustic, has all the best of the argument. I take the liberty of thinking, however, that in real life his friend would have resorted to other means of silencing him at an early stage of the debate.

Now, apart from the obvious remark that a parish magazine is chiefly intended for the reading of children and young women, there is a much stronger objection to this edifying dialogue—namely, that it is highly calculated to frighten young men and women from presenting themselves at church at all under these particular circumstances. It is notorious that, among agricultural and other labourers in many parts of the country, it is an all but universal custom to defer the marriage ceremony until circumstances render further postponement undesirable. The clergy have, of course, a perfect right to endeavour to uproot this ancient usage, and to convince the people that it is immoral. But if they begin by teaching (as this pamphlet does) that the celebration of marriage under such conditions is "to make a mock of God and His Services," they will do considerably more harm than good.

With reference to what I said the other day about the clergy reserving the parochial charities for the exclusive benefit of their own flocks, a Rector in Leicestershire assures me that in his diocese he has never heard of a case in which a distinction is drawn between Dissenters and Church-goers, except in a few instances where the terms of the trust expressly reserve the doles for communicants. I congratulate my correspondent on his experience, for I think that his diocese must be a little exceptional. I do not suggest, and never have suggested, that the majority of the clergy of the Church of England are bigoted or intolerant. On the contrary I am quite sure that the majority are charitable, well-meaning men, according to their lights. But I am bound to say from what I have seen and heard I conclude that the minority of intolerant bigots is larger in the Church of England than in other sects. This I attribute to the unfortunate effects of the relation of the Church to the State.

Nobody in a position of authority has been good enough to reply to my request for information as to whether the Viceroy and the Indian Commander-in-Chief are privileged to remit money home at 2s. 2d. per rupee. I receive, however, from all sides assurances that it is "generally understood" that this arrangement is in force. A correspondent goes so far as to assert that one of the recent Viceroys remitted home the whole of his salary at this rate, getting £117 for every £100, and then had it remitted back to him at this enhanced value. This beautiful story will appeal specially to Anglo-Indians of limited means who have been so long appealing to the Governor-General-in-Council to assist them in remitting home the small sums necessary for the support of their wives and children.

Incredible though it may appear, I understand that there is every prospect of Surgeon-Major Briggs having to be again brought before Parliament. Notwithstanding the lesson taught by his reinstatement after two successive removals from the Army, the highest authorities at the War Office have not hesitated to renew the course of vindictive and illegal persecution which has already brought such disgrace on those concerned in it. Immediately after the last surrender of the War Office in Parliament an attempt was made to get rid of Surgeon-Major Briggs by ordering him to India—out of his turn, as before. This design he was able to defeat owing to the fact that he was under a physical disability contracted on service in the field, and a Medical Board excused him accordingly. An infinitely more outrageous proceeding followed. Surgeon-Major Briggs was given to understand that on his promotion to the rank of Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, he would not be allowed to receive the pay of that rank—on the strength of some quibbling technicality which will not bear a moment's examination; and he was also informed that on his retirement he would not be allowed the pension to which he is entitled by distinguished service in the field. The question now is, What, in the face of his own and his predecessor's statements to Parliament, is Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's attitude towards these infamous proceedings? Are we to understand that the Secretary of State and the House of Commons are powerless to protect a distinguished and blameless officer from the personal malice of his military superiors? It is a very serious question; but up to the present there seems only one answer to it.

A clergyman brings to my notice another of the cases—they are evidently very numerous—in which a Crimea and Indian Mutiny veteran, in very destitute circumstances, has been refused the pension instituted for the benefit of the destitute. The man had a sunstroke in India, and he is only doing three days' work a week, but not having utterly broken down, and not having taken to drink or otherwise lost his chance of employment, he is unfortunately not sufficiently destitute to qualify for the receipt of a grateful country's bounty. I understand, of course, the principle on which these pensions are regulated, and the motives (of expediency or economy) behind them. But I must say that I think the line of demarcation between the "destitute" and the others might have been made a little more elastic. Even on grounds of expediency, it does not seem altogether wise to tell a man that when he is destitute he may have so much a day, but not until. If it is done out of consideration for the taxpayer, why cannot some of the surplus and useless wealth of the Patriotic Fund be applied to cases like the above?

It seems that I did Mr. Grant Macdonald an injustice in suggesting that his idea for a Central Training Depot for recruits had been anticipated by Captain Dugdale in 1877. Mr. Macdonald tells me that he propounded his plan long before that date, and discussed it with innumerable officers. When, however, he asked the late Colonel Napier, then commanding the Depot at Canterbury, to bring the scheme before the War Office, that officer warned him that it would be hopeless to attempt to induce the military authorities to take a suggestion from a civilian. That is, I suppose, about the truth of the matter, and it is a truth which does not apply to this matter only.

An Officer, whose explanation of crime in the Somersetshire Battalion at Gibraltar I gave last week, writes me a letter complaining that I have "made it appear as if he admitted the truth of my allegations." He wishes it to be made known that he "distinctly denies that there is or has been any 'discontent' in the Regiment," and that "all he admits is that there has been more 'crime' in the Regiment than usual," due to the "exceptional presence of outside recruits." That seems to me to be the only matter with which the public has any concern. "Crime" is a matter of fact; "discontent" is a matter of inference. I stated certain facts in regard to the prevalence of crime, which suggested the prevalence of discontent. My correspondent stated other facts which suggested a different reason for the crime. What he has to complain of I cannot see.

A Board of Inquiry assembled at Hounslow barracks last week to inquire into the fitness for occupation of certain new quarters recently erected; and the constitution of the Board affords a striking illustration of what was said in TRUTH the other day as to the position of Medical Officers at such inquiries. Upon the Board sat two Officers appointed by the C.O. at Hounslow, an Officer of Engineers, and an Officer of the Army Service Corps. A Medical Officer was ordered to be in attendance. A more topsy-turvy arrangement would be difficult to devise. The question to be decided being one of sanitary science, the Medical Officer—the only man whose opinion is of any practical value—has no place on the Board and no voice in the report. On the other hand, an Engineer Officer—possibly one who has actually been concerned in the work—is nominated to act as a judge upon the per-

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formance of his own department. If any rational principle were adopted in such matters, a Medical Officer would preside over the inquiry, and an Engineer Officer would "attend" to answer any questions which might be put to him. Whether one or two Combatant or Commissariat Officers should also take part in the proceedings is really immaterial.

I am glad to learn, in response to an inquiry on the point which I made last week, that there is one regimental Depot in which no N.C.O. is to be found who has exceeded the regulation tour of Depot service. The Depot in question is that of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Perhaps in time others may be discovered.

Even at Reading, however, things are not all that might be desired. As a set-off to the N.C.O.'s, I understand that the Depot possesses an officer who, after having been five years in the Army Pay Department, spent two years at the Depot, and has just had a year's extension of time. At the end of that period the officer in question will be very high up on the roll of his regiment, yet for eight years he will have done no regimental duty, which hardly seems a desirable state of things.

Apropos to a recent reference to the remarkable success of the reformatory work done on the New South Wales training-ship *Sobraon*, a gentleman who has inspected the ship sends me an interesting account of the life on board. After describing the discipline and schooling, and the system of rewards and promotions by which the boys are stimulated in the path of virtue, he says:—

> It must not be supposed, however, that life on the *Sobraon* is all daily lessons and drill. On the contrary, every sort of healthy amusement is provided for the boys. There is a capital library on board, and a large playground on shore. The latter has a splendid swimming-bath attached to it. Cricket and football flourish vigorously, and the boys seem to have a thoroughly happy time of it. I was immensely struck with the smartness of the drill, and by the cheery and hearty way in which all the work seemed to be done. Indeed, it was impossible to believe that such a smart, wholesome-looking set of youngsters—all under thirteen years old—could have been only a few months ago not merely gutter lads, but in many cases vicious and depraved.

Perhaps the most remarkable point about it is, that the boys are only kept on board the ship for twelve months, after which they are apprenticed out, but under the supervision of the Captain and of the local authorities. Yet, as already stated, the proportion of lads shown by the last report to have turned out successfully under this treatment is 93 per cent. A useful lesson for our Reformatory managers.

I should like to hear what answer can be made to the statements of a Service journal called the *Telegraph Chronicle*, concerning a recent appointment to the Postmastership at Ledbury. The fortunate candidate (a Mrs. Sargent) is described as "an utter outsider, who, until she received the appointment a few weeks ago, had never been in a Post-office in her life, except, perhaps, to buy a penny stamp;" and, to aggravate the job, it is added that there were numbers of qualified men with service ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years applying for the post—which goes almost without saying, as the salary is £130 a year. Mrs. Sargent is said to be the widow of a St. Martin's-le-Grand official, who died about a year ago. If any other reason than this for her appointment exists, it should be made known at once. If not, the conclusion is that the friends of the lady (who, I do not doubt, is a very estimable person), instead of relieving her necessities at their own expense, have relieved them at the expense of numerous other deserving public servants with prior claims—which is as gross a scandal as can be imagined.

Considerable discontent has been created in the ranks of the Post Office at Glasgow by a recent appointment to the position of lobby-porter. A notice was exhibited inviting applications, and there were no fewer than 150 candidates; some of them men with twenty years' service and not a mark against them. These old servants were passed over, however, and the coveted berth was bestowed upon a man who has only nine years' service, but who happens to be a favourite of the superior officials. To be such a favourite is evidently the sure way to promotion in the lower as well as the higher branches of the Service.

Two or three Glasgow correspondents have drawn my attention to the fact that although the Trades House has ceased—for the present—to pay for its entertainments out of the funds intended for "decayed brethren," some, at least, of the fourteen incorporations composing the House have not followed its example. Thus it appears from the abstract of the accounts of the Incorporation of Fleshers for the year ending September 1 last that £8. 16s. was paid for "expenses at luncheon," and £19. 16s. 6d. towards "dinner bill and music." There is nothing in the by-laws of the Incorporation to justify this expenditure, unless luncheons and dinners for the members are deemed to be "benevolent objects." With regard to the Trades House, it would be interesting to know for what purpose the "annual dinner" and "annual trip" figure in the accounts just issued, the payments of £100 and £30 respectively appearing on one side and donations of the same amount from the Deacon-Convener and the Collector on the other.

With reference to recent remarks in TRUTH on overcrowding in the Southampton tramcars, the *Hants Advertiser* asks "who is in the best position to judge whether 'brutal cruelty' exists here or not? TRUTH in London, or the Watch Committee or the police in Southampton?" The answer is obviously, TRUTH in London. The source of information is in both cases the same, the evidence of witnesses on the spot; but whereas "TRUTH

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in London" is totally disinterested in the matter, the Watch Committee and the police, and, I may add, the local press, may be, and doubtless are, influenced by various considerations in favour of the Tramway Company.

The same writer who asks this foolish question expresses surprise at reading that "cruelty to animals may be perpetrated with impunity in the streets of Southampton." His surprise can only arise from defective intelligence. The attention of the Watch Committee was called by a citizen to the overcrowding. The Watch Committee replied that they are not prepared at present to prosecute for the overcrowding. The only possible inference is that which I drew — that, unless private citizens are "prepared to prosecute," the law will not be enforced. Perhaps if the *Advertiser* gentleman had taken the trouble to read my remarks before demolishing them, his own observations would have been more to the point. That he did not do so is obvious, from the fact that he supposed a letter which I expressly said was written by the Town Clerk in answer to a complaint, to be part of a correspondence which has passed between that functionary and myself.

Southampton is not the only provincial town where the local authorities are "not at present prepared" to enforce the laws which Parliament has entrusted them to administer. At Maidstone the other day the carcass of a diseased cow was seized in a butcher's shop by the Inspector, and condemned by the Officer of Health, and the Sanitary Committee by eight votes to one recommended that a prosecution under the Public Health Act should be instituted. Up to this time no names had been mentioned. The recommendation came before the Local Board, the names being now known, and eventually the prosecution was negatived by seven to five. The only arguments for this decision were that there were extenuating circumstances in the butcher's favour, and that prosecution would seriously injure him. On the other side, it was complained that every possible pressure had been brought to bear on members by the meat trade to prevent a prosecution. On the best view of the result the Board practically tried and determined an issue which, by law, ought to have been left to the Magistrates. On the worst, they allowed themselves to be diverted from the path of duty by private and occult influences. Either way, the case shows how much watching local authorities need in the discharge of duties in which powerful local interests are involved.

I would warn the local authorities of Weymouth that their town is one of the many seaside resorts at which visitors and residents complain of being annoyed by the smells from the sewers. This is not the first time that Weymouth sanitation has been referred to in TRUTH. On the last occasion I was gratified to hear that my remarks were at once followed by a seasonable display of municipal activity. In the hope that a hint may have the same effect on this occasion, I confine myself to a hint, but I could easily publish something very much stronger. I may say that the information which I have received has particular reference to the district called the Johnstone Estate.

I have received the following letter from the Medical Officer for Heytesbury. As it is impossible for me to go further into this matter, and as the Medical Officer makes somewhat unkind remarks upon the evicted chemist, I must allow him to speak for himself. The enclosure referred to in the letter bears out Mr. Flower's statements in regard to his activity; but it also makes it clear that there has been a serious outbreak of infectious disease in the place, the causes of which ought to be ascertained:—

Warminster, October 20, 1893.

SIR,—I should like to correct the statements made in last week's TRUTH as to the sanitary condition of the village of Heytesbury. There has certainly been a mild epidemic of scarlatina there—ten or twelve households being infected—and also two cases of diphtheria, one of which was probably imported. As to your remarks that "nothing has been done" with regard to the house-to-house visitation ordered by the Sanitary Authority, I beg to say that I have visited every *cottage* in the village, and the infected ones more often, during the past few weeks, and I beg to enclose you a summary of the work done, as taken from my journal. The cottages in the village are particularly good, and most of them of recent construction. I only know of two inferior cottages in the village, and these the landlord would be glad to close if they were condemned as unfit for habitation. I fancy, instead of Mr. Davies having to leave his premises for drawing attention to imaginary sanitary defects, that he has commenced these attacks since receiving notice to leave, and is at the same time trying to pay off an old grievance against myself. No doubt, as you surmise, I shall receive some inquiries from the Local Government Board, which inquiries I think I can answer satisfactorily.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FREDK. J. FLOWER,
Medical Officer of Health for the Warminster
Rural Sanitary Authority.

It appears that the Managers of an Industrial School at Lichfield, owned by the West Bromwich, Walsall, and Burton School Boards, have just been advertising for a head and an assistant-master, "one to be a member of the Roman Catholic faith." This advertisement either implies that sectarian teaching is a feature of the school in question, or it is meaningless. If it means sectarianism, apart from other objections, the Roman Catholic boys in the school are only a small minority—said to be about 5 per cent.—and that they should have one religious instructor all to themselves is decidedly unfair to the rest. There is no reason why a Roman Catholic should not be appointed, provided he is a properly qualified teacher; but there is every reason why a teacher should not be appointed on the sole ground that he is a Roman Catholic. And the same thing may, of course, be said in regard to any other sect.

From a return which has just been prepared by the Edinburgh City Chamberlain, it would seem that membership of the Town Council carries with it the privilege of a number of outings and junketings at the cost of the ratepayers. The return shows the sums drawn by different members and officials during the past year.

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Here are a few of the items: The Lord Provost, for five deputations, occupying in all nineteen days, £88. 19s.; Treasurer M'Crae, four deputations, twenty five days, £85; Bailie Dunlop, three deputations, nineteen days, £66. 3s.; Bailie Walcot, two deputations, sixteen days, £50. 11s.

Much has been said of late about the need for some control over bill-posting. An illustration of this has just been furnished at Exeter. A public hall in that town is put to secular uses on week-days and religious on Sundays. The hoardings in the neighbourhood have lately displayed, side by side, the two following announcements:—"First Appearance of the Aztecs;" "Second Coming of our Lord."

A friend has favoured me with a copy of a little book, by a London Vicar, entitled "The Social Problem: Its Possible Solution." The main arguments of the reverend author appear to be that "the submerged constitute a peculiar, separate class," and that the only effective way of dealing with these "criminals and half-criminals" is to send them to penal settlements, where they will be kept for life, and be unable to propagate their species and so perpetuate their type. My friend, who is a Tory, apparently approves of this scheme, and is anxious to know what I think of it. Well, it seems to me almost as wise and humane and practicable as Teufelsdröckh's proposal (only that was satire) for the employment of the Army three days annually in shooting down all the able-bodied paupers that had accumulated within the year.

Sundry indignation meetings have been held at Birmingham with reference to the case of a tram-driver named Sherman, who was convicted of not stopping his engine according to the regulations. Although Sherman was only ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution, the sentiments that have been expressed about the prosecution appear to be thoroughly justified. While the only evidence against the man was that of a constable, and of an individual who admitted that he was a candidate for admission to the police, and whose evidence was conclusively shown to be worthless, the defendant called three independent witnesses and the guard of the car to prove that he stopped at the prescribed point. That the defendant was convicted in utter defiance of the balance of evidence is beyond question; and if, as I am given to understand, this is a sample of the manner in which tram-drivers are systematically treated by Birmingham Magistrates, these functionaries must be in need of enlightenment in the elementary principles which govern the administration of justice. To make a rule of accepting the oath of a policeman, whose interest is notoriously to obtain convictions, against that of disinterested spectators, is simply to encourage the police to perjure themselves and to persecute their fellow-citizens.

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Obviously the children of the imprisoned Phelans require safe and gentle guardianship after the horrors inflicted on them. But the arrangement whereby one child is to be brought up as a Catholic and the other as a Protestant is more ingenious than judicious. It is surely well known by this time that no "mixed marriage" is permitted in the Catholic Church unless *both* parents undertake before their marriage that all the children shall be brought up in the Catholic faith. So that bargain having been presumably made by the Phelans, it would be proselytising to turn a child, christened as a Catholic, into a Protestant, simply because the parents are deservedly in prison.

The ridiculous practice of prescribing a dose of hard labour in cases of attempted suicide has been carried to an extreme of harshness and absurdity by Mr. George Deedes Warry at Somerset Quarter Sessions. Three labourers, aged sixty, sixty-eight, and seventy-three years respectively, were charged with this so-called crime. Most people would regard these old men as deserving of pity rather than punishment. Mr. Warry thought otherwise. He solemnly informed the prisoners that they had lived long enough to know better, and urged them to take advantage of the few remaining years left to them. Then, by way of reconciling them to their lot, he sentenced each of them to three months' imprisonment.

A very harsh sentence was passed by the South Molton Bench the other day. James Courtney, an apprentice, was charged with stealing a quantity of paint-brushes and other articles belonging to his employer, and his brother and the latter's wife were summoned for receiving the goods. The youth lodged at his brother's house, and the things were found there. He admitted that he had stolen them, but his brother and sister-in-law pleaded that they did not know this, and there was really nothing to show that they did. Without one jot or tittle of evidence to support such a view, the Mayor and his colleagues "thought" the woman must be "at the bottom of the mischief," and committed her to prison for two months, whilst the thief himself was fined £2, and the husband simply bound over. Even assuming that the woman was guilty, the punishment was, under the circumstances, excessive, and I trust Mr. Asquith will at once reduce it.

Hitherto there has been a security against the stealing of cheques in the difficulty attending the negotiation of such securities when stolen. It seems to be the mission of the National Penny Bank, over which Mr. Bartley, M.P., presides, to relieve would-be thieves of this difficulty. A case tried at Westminster County Court shows that all a thief need do with a stolen cheque is to take it to Mr. Bartley's bank and open an account with it. A youth aged seventeen, whose name has not transpired, became illegally possessed of a cheque for £21, remitted by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company, and took it to the Penny Bank. The bank would not go so far as to cash it, but seeing that the lad "bore a most respectable appearance" and "gave an address at Lebanon-street, Walworth" (which happened to be ficti-

ious), the cashier suggested that he should open an ccount, and asked him no questions, it not being cus- omary to do so. The account was opened accordingly, nd the £21 was drawn out by instalments in the course f a few weeks. An unsympathetic judge thought that he bank had been negligent, and gave judgment against in favour of the lawful owner of the cheque. From he form in which the judgment was given, however, here seems no reason why it need deter Mr. Bartley om persevering with his benevolent efforts.

Under the 82nd section of the Bills of Exchange Act, where a banker in good faith, and without negligence, eceives payment for a customer of a cheque crossed enerally or specially to himself," he incurs no liability in he event of its turning out that the customer had no title o the cheque. In the above case it was contended that he boy who opened the account was not a "customer" ithin the meaning of this section, he having never had ealings with the bank before he came to negotiate the olen cheque. His Honour Judge Lumley Smith, owever, held that the boy became a "customer" when opened the account; so that, if the plaintiff had ot been able to establish that the bank was negli- ent, he would have lost his money. Mr. Lumley mith is not yet quite a Lord Justice of Appeal, but has the reputation of being a sound lawyer, specially ersed in commercial jurisprudence. If he is right in his terpretation of the word "customer," the section above ferred to needs the attention of the banking and mmercial community, and, I should say, of the Legis- ture also. In the meantime, if Mr. Bartley takes a tle more care in asking questions of his "customers," d ascertaining exactly where they live, it seems that may open an account for any little boy who walks with a cheque, without fear of the consequences.

Mr. John Hutton, Chairman of the North Riding uarter Sessions, addressed some praiseworthy remarks to s brother Justices last week regarding the imprisonment children. Commenting upon the fact that a girl of teen and a boy of twelve had been committed to gaol ring the quarter, Mr. Hutton expressed the opinion at it was "absolute cruelty" to send to prison children that age. It gives them an insight into prison life, d, as he put it, marks them with the tar of the prison ish, which can never be wiped off. There are Magis- tes in all parts of the country who might advan- geously mark and inwardly digest Mr. Hutton's sensible rds.

Last week an appeal was heard at the Essex Quarter sions against the refusal of the Beacontree Justices to ew a public-house licence. The chief opponent of the nce was a Mr. Mardell, and in cross-examination he nitted that Mr. Barclay Reynolds assisted him in wing the notice of objection, and that the matter was cussed at two interviews which he had with Mr. ynolds at that gentleman's house. Considering that Barclay Reynolds is a J.P., and actually a mber of the Bench which refused the licence, it is not surprising to read that the witness's statement caused a sensation in Court. But, really, scores of Magistrates enter upon the hearing of licensing cases in just as dispassionate and judicial a frame of mind as Mr. Barclay Reynolds must have done. Their minds, or, rather, what are called their minds, are, indeed, made up one way or the other before they hear a word of the evidence in Court.

The other day a young woman entered a shop at North Water Bridge, Montrose, and asked for an ounce of tobacco. The shopkeeper had none left in stock, but, at his suggestion, the young woman was supplied with what she wanted by a grocery carter named Reith, who happened to be outside at the time. This flagitious transaction was witnessed by a lynx-eyed Excise Officer, and Reith was forthwith summoned before the Justices at Montrose. He possesses a licence, but the sale in this instance not being "in his entered premises," he had broken the law. He pleaded that he did so in ignorance, and the Excise Officer remarked in Court that he believed this was true. Nevertheless, for this extremely trifling as well as inadvertent offence, Provost Mitchell and Mr. Edward Millar, J.P., imposed the outrageously excessive penalty of two guineas, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment.

A curious state of things prevails in connection with the administration of the law at Alnwick. The Clerk to the Justices is not himself a solicitor, but the managing clerk to a firm of solicitors, one of whom is his own son. The latter is in the habit of appearing as an advocate before the Bench, and a few days ago another of the partners in the same firm was engaged to defend a constable charged with assault. To say nothing of the relationship between two of the parties, it is surely about as objectionable an arrangement as could be devised for a firm of solicitors to be practising in a Court where their managing clerk is the legal adviser to the Magistrates. The Clerk may endeavour to act with perfect impartiality. Still, the peculiarly delicate and difficult position in which he is placed is bound to provoke criticism which it would be better in the interests of justice to avoid.

Whilst referring to Alnwick Police-court I may as well mention another matter. Not long ago it was the custom in that part of the country for many of the Justices' Clerks, or solicitors from their offices, to conduct all police prosecutions from their divisions at Assizes and Quarter Sessions. Public attention having been called to this undesirable custom, its discontinuance was ordered. Now, I am informed, the police, being no longer able to employ the Clerk of their own Bench, instruct the Clerk of an adjoining Petty Sessional Court. By this happy reciprocal arrangement the direction of the Standing Joint Committee is complied with, and the Justices' Clerks at the same time continue to get the business as before.

"VERREY'S" RESTAURANT, Regent-street, corner of Hanover-street. The oldest and most select French Restaurant in London. Ladies' luncheons at moderate prices a specialty. Dinners à la carte.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. It will be seen that considerable space is devoted to Courts of Quarter Sessions, there being upwards of a dozen sentences illustrating the monstrous difference which is made in the punishment meted out for offences against property as compared with offences against the person. So long as these Courts set such a pernicious example in this respect, it is almost hopeless to look for any improvement in the administration of justice at Petty Sessions. What strange notions the country Magistracy entertain regarding the relative heinousness of the two kinds of crime is shown by the report of the Hertfordshire Quarter Sessions. A sentence of six months' imprisonment on a ruffian convicted of a murderous assault is prefaced by Lord Cranborne with the observation that it is "severe." In the same Court a sentence of three years' penal servitude for the theft of six shirts is passed apparently without comment and quite as a matter of course :—

Durham Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. J. Lloyd Wharton, M.P., and other Justices. Samuel Wilson, charged with indecently assaulting Elizabeth Foster. Two months.

Winchester Quarter Sessions. William Fenner pleaded guilty to stealing a mare of the value of £70. One month.

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Twemlow (Chairman). John Jones indicted for unlawful wounding, and convicted of a common assault, on William Bailey by striking him on the back of the head with a spade. A dangerous wound was inflicted. Fined £5 or two months.

Before Mr. H. T. Hinckes. Pelicto Lorante charged with indecent assault. One month.

Hertfordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Lord Cranborne (Deputy Chairman), Colonel R. B. Fellows, Rev. J. G. Cotton Browne, and Mr. H. G. Fordham. George Hills indicted for unlawfully wounding Marion Childs, his step-daughter. He struck her a heavy blow with his fist, and afterwards threw a piece of iron which caused a wound on her head from which at one time her life was in danger. The Chairman said they must pass a severe sentence. Six months.

Sheffield Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. S. H. S. Lofthouse, Assistant-Recorder. Edward Heaver, indicted for unlawfully wounding Harry England. Prisoner knocked prosecutor down once in a public-house, and three times subsequently in the street. He then took a running kick at England as he lay on the ground, breaking his jaw. Fourteen days.

East Sussex Quarter Sessions. Before the Earl of Chichester (Chairman). George Rogers, charged with indecently assaulting Mary Ann Pike. He was found guilty of a common assault, and a further charge of indecently assaulting another female was not gone into. Two months.

Durham Quarter Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Robert Cowell, charged with breaking into a shop. Seven years.

Winchester Quarter Sessions. George Smith, convicted of stealing two head bridles, value 15s. each. Four months.

Staffordshire Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Twemlow (Chairman). Catherine Mayor pleaded guilty to stealing a shawl. Three years.

Joseph Machin convicted of stealing a jacket. Twelve months.

George Ball pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of trousers and a vest. Nine months.

Hertfordshire Quarter Sessions. Before the same Bench. John Ireland, pleaded guilty to stealing six shirts. Three years.

West Kent Quarter Sessions. Before Lord Medway and other Justices. John Fright charged with three small robberies. Ten years.

West Riding Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. F. Bacon Frank, and other Justices. James Anderson, charged with housebreaking. Seven years.

James Fielding, charged with stealing a timepiece, value 2s. 6d. Five years.

Essex Quarter Sessions. Before Lord Rookwood and the Rev. E. R. Horwood. Emma Morgan, aged 70, who had to be almost carried into the dock, owing to illness, pleaded guilty to stealing 29½ yards of silk. Five years.

Cannock Police-court. Before Lord Hatherton, Messrs. B. Gilpin and F. D. Burnsted. Wm. H. Whitehouse, charged with assaulting a married woman. She said he caught hold of her, pulled her down, and assaulted her. Fined £1 and 13s. 6d. costs, or three weeks.

Southampton County Police-court. Before Sir O'Bryen Hoare, Colonel Harman, and other Magistrates. Walter Sutton pleaded guilty to cruelty by working a mare which was described as a mass of skin and bones. Previously convicted this year. Fined £2 and costs. Defendant was also fined £2 for similar cruelty to another mare.

Hove Petty Sessions. Before Mr. Scott and other Justices. William Walshe, convicted of assaulting his wife. He struck her on the head, kicked her in the side, took up a knife and threatened to cut her throat; but she said she did not wish to press the charge. The Bench told defendant that he was a cruel tyrant. Bound over.

Norwich Police-court. Before Messrs. A. F. C. Bolingbroke, F. Oddin Taylor, E. K. Harvey, and W. Hunter. John Smith, charged with assaulting Edward Cosby. Defendant struck complainant across the mouth with a belt or a stick, completely cutting through his upper lip, and injuring his teeth and gums. The Bench characterised the case as a bad one. Fined 5s., and 10s. 6d. costs.

Richmond Borough Sessions. Before Aldermen Szlumper and Roberts, Councillors Hilditch and Alcock, and Messrs. Beach and King. George Owen Clayden, charged with cruelty to a horse. His cab overturned on the Thames towing-path, and he left the horse all night in the position in which it fell. Next morning the horse was almost dead from exposure, and had cut itself considerably with broken glass from the cab windows. Fined £2 and costs.

Preston County Police-court. Before Messrs. W. R. Roper, C. Rowe, and E. Greenwood. William Singleton, charged with assaulting his wife. Several of her teeth were knocked out by a severe blow on the jaw. Fined 10s. and costs.

Cannock Police-court. Before the same Justices. George Jenkinson and Arthur Evans, charged with trespassing for game. In default of paying £2. 10s. Jenkinson was committed for one month, and Evans, in default of paying £2, for twenty-one days.

Southampton County Bench. Before the same Justices. Four men charged with begging Fourteen days each.

Chipping Norton Police-court. Before Mr. W. C. Shrimpton (ex-Mayor) and Mr. T. H. Burbidge. Charles Gibbs, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Hove Police-court. William Andrews, charged with stealing a bag of potatoes, value tenpence. Seven days.

Wolverhampton Police-court. Before Messrs. John Lees, J. Saunders, and F. D. Gibbons. Thomas Giles, charged with stealing barley, value one shilling, from a field in September, 1889. Twenty-one days.

Bullingdon Petty Sessions, Oxford. Before Mr. C. E. Thornhill, the Warden of Merton, Messrs. G. W. Child, M. C. Weyland, and E. B Fielden. Seven labourers, charged with being in unlawful possession of game on the highway. Two were fined £1. 13s. each, and the other five (first offenders) £1. 8s. each. In default they were all committed for fourteen days, time for payment being refused.

Bridgwater County Police-court. Before the Rev. N. H. C. Ruddock, and Mr. W. L. Winterbotham. William Walford, Sarah Ann Walford, Alice Walford, and George Bowyer, charged with stealing potatoes value one shilling. Fourteen days each.

Caversham Petty Sessions. Before Mr. J. H. Wilson, Lord Saye and Sele, General Fife, and Mr R. F. Duff. John Digweed, convicted of having in his possession on the highway a net and pegs for taking game. Fined £5 and 8s. 6d. costs, or two months.

Hexham Police-court. Before Captain Atkinson and Mr. J. Oswald Head. A pauper named Dolan, eighty-two years of age, charged with refractory conduct at the workhouse, and assaulting the porter. He attempted to take his food away from the dining-hall to show it to the authorities, but was detained by force, and kicked the porter. Twenty-one days for the first offence; two months for the assault.

Scarborough Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Rowntree, J. Dale (Mayor), B. Fowler, and other Justices. John Williams, Edward Kelley, and Anthony Savage, charged with sleeping out in a brickyard. Savage, three months; Williams, two months; Kelley, twenty-one days.

A statement has been forwarded to me in reference to the conviction of a youth named Foster at Birmingham. He was arrested on a Wednesday, brought up at the Police- on Thursday, and remanded till Friday, when he was sentenced to three months' hard labour as a

Corns.—Wasmuth's Corn-Rings (in the watch) remove pressure and corns painlessly in two or three days. 1s. 1½d., all Chemists. Wholesale, Warrick Bros., Old Swan-lane, London, E.C.

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rogue and vagabond. The police, I understand, say that they sent word of Foster's arrest to his parents, but the latter are prepared to swear that no notice reached them. It was not, in fact, until they saw a report of the case in a newspaper on the Friday evening that the prisoner's parents and friends became aware of the proceedings. They are so firmly convinced that a mistake has occurred that on Thursday application was made for his release on bail on his brother entering into sureties to prosecute an appeal to Quarter Sessions. The Bench, however, had no power to give his friends permission to see the prisoner, in order that he could sign the notice of appeal; and, moreover, they required either two sureties of £25 each, or the deposit of the sum of £40 for costs. Whether he has been rightly or wrongly convicted, it certainly seems an unsatisfactory state of things that a youth like Foster, who is described as deaf and a little dull, should be committed to gaol on such a charge without any communication with his friends or reasonable opportunity of getting up his defence.

At Eastbourne Police-court last week an old man of seventy-four was sent to prison under circumstances which reflect no credit on either the police or the Magistrates. The prisoner was first taken to the police-station on a charge of hawking without a licence, but as there was not sufficient evidence to prove the offence, he was released. One charge having failed, the vigilant policeman waited for an opportunity of bringing another. Watching the old man on his way out of the town the officer was rewarded by seeing him ask for assistance. The delinquent was at once arrested for begging and taken before Messrs. Herbert and Brookes, J.P.'s, who, in spite of his age and the fact that he was suffering from erysipelas in both legs, committed him to Canterbury gaol for seven days' hard labour.

The Rev. C. H. Bulmer, Rector of Credenhill, prosecuted a woman at Herefordshire Quarter Sessions last week for stealing one pint of milk, the property of his reverence. The woman's husband, it seemed, was engaged as a farm servant by Mr. Bulmer, and within a few days of his arrival this trumpery charge was brought against his wife, who was arrested, taken before the Magistrates, and committed for trial. The last-named course was adopted, however, in opposition to the wishes of the reverend prosecutor, who wanted the woman dealt with summarily. Doubtless he did not care to face the wider publicity which the case has obtained through the trial at Quarter Sessions, where the jury's verdict of acquittal was received with applause, and the Chairman marked his opinion of the character of the prosecution by disallowing costs.

Several people have asked me to notice a case heard at the North London Police-court on Thursday, when Mr. Lane sent two little girls to an industrial school for stealing a pot of paint. From a statement which Mr. Lane made on Saturday, however, it appears that he confused the girls in question with two other children whom he intended to send to an industrial school. Having discovered the blunder, he at once took steps to have the two girls released, and publicly expressed his regret to their parents. I wish every Magistrate who makes a mistake were as ready to rectify it and to apologise as Mr. Lane.

It may be well for me to utter a further word of warning against the man MacVeigh, of Dumfries, as I hear that this impostor is still endeavouring, by various subterfuges, to dispose of the Genealogical History which he styles "his." In a recent letter to a baronet in the West of England he writes:—

> DEAR SIR,—A Work I have been several years engaged upon is now completed. When in London in 1889 and 90 collecting materials for the Work, I met at the club your brother, the late Sir John ——, who was good enough to bespeak one copy, which when completed I was to send to him. I now write to ask whether you will be good enough to receive that copy, &c.

This is the old trick in a new dress. As I have already explained, the work which MacVeigh professes to have "completed" is one of which he obtained possession by a trick; of which he has falsely assumed the authorship, and which he is endeavouring to sell by false pretences like the above. It is a pity that none of those he seeks to impose upon will prosecute him.

Some time ago I suggested that an inquiry of some sort should be held into the pretensions put forward on behalf of Dr. Keeley's Gold Cure for inebriety. The proprietors of the *Lancet* are to be congratulated on having brought the matter to the test in the most practical manner. In consequence of the remarks of the *Lancet* on the Gold Cure and its inventor, Dr. Keeley brought a libel action against the paper, but he has now thought proper to abandon the action and pay all the costs. That, I think, disposes satisfactorily of the merits of the Gold Cure.

The Honorary Secretary of the British Freeland Association (*Un*limited, apparently) writes to me in a tone not of anger but of expostulatory sadness. My poet, he complains, gave "an entirely false conception" of Dr. Hertzka's projected colony in the stanzas published in TRUTH for the 28th ult. It is not to be nearly such a free-and-easy place as my bard prognosticated. Those going to this new settlement need "expect no enormous change from existing institutions." Dr. Hertzka is no dreamer of Utopian dreams. He is, it is satisfactory to learn, "a well-known Conservative economist," who has "found certain flaws in the main principles upon which life is at present based." In Freeland "these will be altered." That is all. I should be tempted to add that, on the face of it, that seems enough. But, of course, much depends upon what the "flaws" are which the enterprising though Conservative Doctor has discovered. On this point my correspondent is discreetly silent.

Meanwhile, however, he assures me that until some 2,000 or 3,000 members are established in the colony, "it is not expected that any except those who have been

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specially chosen will be admitted." Clearly, then, it will not do for the Free-lover and the Ibsenite to pack up their portmanteaus at present. The bardlets who write "with vine-leaves in their hair" must put up with the restrictions of this effete and squeamish old country a little longer. Mr. Auberon Herbert will not be able to plant the banner of Individualism on the banks of the Tana river just yet. Our faddists generally must bide their time. *Pro tem.*, at any rate, Freeland is going to do without them. It would, perhaps, be invidious of me to add, "Happy Freeland!"

With reference to what I said last week about Messrs Spiers & Pond's new venture in Paris, and the possibilities of a Duval restaurant in London, I have received a number of letters reminding me that there have been English restaurateurs in Paris before Spiers & Pond, and that a Duval experiment has already been tried in London. That there are already English restaurants in Paris I know very well; but without disparagement to any of them I think it will be admitted that they have left room for the new venture. There was—and possibly is—a Duval Restaurant here. But it was not carried on upon the lines of the French Duvals.

The *Times* publishes ("exactly as we have received it") a letter from "A Working Man on the Coal Strike," intended, apparently, to prove that strikes and trade depression are all due to Mr. Gladstone. The "working man" who supplies these valuable reflections calls St. Helens and Wigan, "St. Hellens" and "Weiggan," and spells saviour "saivour"; but, except for this, he is perfectly at home in the longest words and sentences. He speaks of the Home Secretary going North for "his accouchment of the mouse," warns "the quidnuncs" that their "apathy and cynical treatment of the poor" will be remembered at the ballot-box; and refers to Mr. Gladstone on the Clerkenwell explosion and the famous phrase about "marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire," with all the glibness of the practised anti-Gladstonian writer or spouter. I would not myself insult the editor of the *Times* by supposing that he imagined this letter to be the production of a working-man; and I think that he on his side might refrain from insulting his readers by supposing that they will be imposed upon. If readers of the *Times* really want a letter from a working man to prove to them that the coal strike is the work of Mr. Gladstone, and an indirect result of the Home Rule Bill, I have two or three young men in my office who would turn out for them an infinitely better imitation of the genuine article at a very moderate figure.

That the miners ought to have a minimum living wage is, to my mind, self-evident. There seems, however, to be a considerable difference of opinion as to what they really were receiving for their work, and every day I see statements and counter-statements. Mr. Burns has urged those who return to work only to put in four days weekly, and never to agree to two shifts. For no man connected with labour have I a greater respect than for Mr. Burns but I very much question the wisdom of this advice. Supposing that one mine worked with two shifts and five and a-half days per week, it would earn more than double what two mines with one shift and working four days per week would. But the general expenses of the one mine would be far less than of the two mines, and it would have to pay on a smaller capital, consequently the amount out of gross return available for wages would be greater, and this, so far as I can see, would be a clear advantage to the workers.

Supply must be ruled by demand, and the cheaper the price of an article, the greater is the demand for it. The aim of the Miners' Federation ought to be to encourage that form of mining which yields the largest returns and turns out coal at the smallest cost, and yet secures the highest wage to the worker. Of late years, many of those engaged in agricultural pursuits have become miners. The mining labour market is accordingly overstocked. It is necessary, therefore, that the newcomers should turn their attention to some other form of labour. Obviously, if it be held that any one may become a miner, and the work must be divided amongst all, we might arrive at a point at which each miner would only be able to work one day per week. For this one day's work he could hardly, however, expect to get a wage to enable him to maintain himself and his family for a week. No: the remedy for the present state of things is, that there should only be miners equal in number to the demand, and that instead of rich mines working short time, the poor mines should be closed.

The aim of the moment, however, should be to get to the bed rock of fact. The contention of the mine-owners is that the miners before the strike had a wage far in excess of a fair living amount, as compared with that paid in similar trades. This the Miners' Federation deny, and assert that the wage was not even a living one, and that consequently reduction is impossible. It does not seem to me that it would be difficult to elucidate this by submitting figures to accountants, and—assuming, of course, that the Miners' Federation is right in its assertion—the men would greatly benefit by this assertion being proved. If the wage is materially greater in one industry as compared with that in other industries, and no long time is required to learn to do the work in any of them, the result is that labour is attracted to the one industry, and there are too many hands for the work. This has been proved a hundred times.

I do not think Mr. Pickard's reply quite satisfactory in regard to the proposal of the coalowners to submit the wage-list of a number of representative coal mines to accountants in order to find out what were the average wages paid before the strike. His suggestion that the men should be examined is reasonable, for it may be that the wage involved retentions. When, however, he goes on to demand that the owners should allow an examination to discover what were gross profits, and what amount was paid to Managers and Directors, he travels beyond the immediate issue, which is

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

whether the statements by the owners or by the Federation in respect to wages is correct. These matters are interesting, and ought to be inquired into in view of the fact that the owners assert that they have been working at a loss. But they are important to the direct issue only on the assumption that the men would not receive a fair wage if they accepted the reduction, and this because the profits of the mines did not admit of it. What I should hold to, were I a working miner, is that, for my labour, I must receive a fair and adequate wage. If my employer gained millions, I should not demand more; if he gained nothing, I should insist upon this wage being a first charge on the undertaking. Take two mines, one rich the other poor. Ought those working in the rich mine to receive more than the workers in the poor mine? I think not, for this distinction would not be in the interests of the men employed in the trade collectively.

Dr. Malcolm M'Hardy, the medical adviser of Dr. Herz, returns to the charge in a fresh letter to the *Times*. He wants the question of the legality of the warrants issued against his patient to be entered into before a Magistrate without the accused being present, because the possibility of its being legal and such a *prima-facie* case being established against him as would render it necessary for him to be handed over to the French Courts, is exercising an injurious effect on his complicated constitutional malady. The appeal Dr. M'Hardy strengthens by stating that he is a grandson of Nelson's Signal-Lieutenant, and that he is satisfied that his patient is innocent of any offence against law or society." I think that we may dismiss these two last pleas for the course that Dr. M'Hardy suggests being adopted. What, then, is the position? We have an Extradition Treaty with France. Under this treaty, Dr. Herz is claimed. As a necessary consequence, a warrant was issued, and in the ordinary course of law Dr. Herz would have been brought before a Magistrate, who would have had to decide whether the offences charged came within the Extradition Treaty, and, if so, whether there was such *primâ-facie* evidence that the accused committed them as would have led to his committal for trial had he been amenable to law in England. These proceedings can only take place in the presence of Dr. Herz, and as he is too ill to appear he remains at Bournemouth, well cared for, but under sufficient police surveillance to prevent his escaping from the kingdom.

What Dr. M'Hardy asks is practically that the warrant should be withdrawn, for it is impossible to alter procedure to suit the condition of Dr. Herz's health. If he can induce the French Government to withdraw it, so much the better for his patient; but without that consent, it is impossible. Supposing that there had been an Extradition Treaty with the Argentine Republic, and that under this treaty a warrant had been obtained against Jabez Balfour. What should we have said, had the Argentine Government withdrawn the warrant, or so altered the procedure in regard to it as to invalidate it, because half a dozen Argentine medical men certified that the fact of the warrant being out was preying on Jabez Balfour's health?

I hear that the Taunton Tories are intending to "spring" a vacancy upon the Liberals, in the hope that they will be able to rush through an election without a contest. It has been repeatedly given out that Sir Percy Allsopp will retain the seat until Parliament is dissolved, but there is good reason to believe that an arrrangement has been secretly made for him to resign next month. There has been a strange activity among the Taunton Tories during the last few weeks, and, after a deal of bickering, they have selected Mr. Elliott Lees as their candidate. The seat for Taunton most assuredly ought to be vigorously contested. Last year the Liberals were beaten by a considerable majority, but they then fought under every possible disadvantage, and if a really good candidate can be obtained it is quite on the cards that the seat might be won back. It will be discreditable to all concerned if the Opposition are allowed to have a walk-over, in which case the local Liberals will be so digusted and disheartened that Taunton may be given over to the Tories for so long as it continues to return a member.

It seems to be a cardinal doctrine of the Conservative Party that the Constitution is only to be saved by touting for subscriptions at one guinea per annum and upwards. A new concern on this basis is in process of formation—as if all the Clubs, and Leagues, and Associations, and Habitations in existence were not collecting enough money already. The new undertaking is called the Constitutional Union. Its principal aims, as disclosed in a circular just issued, seem to be the following:—

> Second.—To appoint speakers, principally from the working class, who shall devote the whole of their time to the work of the Union, and shall be engaged in such districts where our Party is weak, or where the Committee of Management shall direct, and such members to be engaged in proportion to the income of the Union. . . . .
>
> Fifth.—That the Union shall consist of an unlimited number of members holding Conservative principles, and that the subscription payable to constitute membership shall be not less than one guinea per annum.

The last paragraph should surely have been numbered "First." The primary objects of the Constitutional Union are, it appears, (1) to get "an unlimited number of members" at a guinea a head; (2) to hire with these guineas as many bogus working men as possible to preach Conservatism to the proletariate. How these evangelists will differ from the "paid agitators" whom the proletariate employ to preach their principles to the Conservatives (and who are supposed in Conservative circles to be at the root of all social and political evil) I do not know. The circular quoted above is signed "J. Harvey," and as I never heard of J. Harvey before, and as I am sure that whatever money is spent on the objects he professes will be thrown away, I should advise my Conservative readers to keep their guineas in their pockets.

The discussion in the *Times* still continues as to the constitutional power of the Lords to provoke a Dissolution by throwing out a Bill that has passed the Commons. Obviously, they have a right to throw out any Bill, and equally clearly by doing so they can, either reduce to impotence a Ministry which is the outcome of a majority in the Commons, or force that Ministry to dissolve. Such

a condition of affairs could not be prolonged during the normal life of a Parliament. It seems to me, therefore, that the Lords have the power to provoke a Dissolution. The practical question, however, is, whether they ought to retain it.

Despotisms have existed: oligarchies have existed. Both have found defenders. We, however, are a democracy, and that a hereditary Assembly of Peers should be empowered to step in, and render it impossible that a Ministry representing the majority of the People's representatives should be reduced to legislative impotence, is contrary to the most elementary notion of democracy.

In this country we have government by Party. Speaking broadly, the two contending Parties are the Conservatives and the Liberals. Each has its programme. At the last General Election the country withdrew its confidence from the Conservatives and gave it to the Liberals. A Liberal Ministry was consequently formed. It brought in a Bill to give effect to the views of the successful Party in regard to Ireland. The People's representatives passed it. But in the Lords, the Party from which the country had withdrawn its confidence, had the majority; it therefore threw the Bill out.

As the Lords had already announced that they would take this course, it seems to me that it was a tactical mistake of Mr. Gladstone to take office without having obtained the assent of the Queen to such a creation of Peers, as would have rectified the balance of Parties in the Lords. Either her Majesty would have agreed to this or she would have not. If she had, the Liberal Ministry would have had power with responsibility; if she had not, then the only other alternative would have been to recall Lord Salisbury. But he would at once have been defeated in the Commons. Had Mr. Gladstone then stood firm to his demand and refused to take office if it were not accorded, a Dissolution would have followed on the issue whether, when the country has declared itself for one Party, the other Party is to be master, owing to its permanent majority in the Lords. On this issue I do not think that the decision would have been doubtful.

At the present moment we are undoubtedly in a difficulty. We have a majority for Home Rule, and we assert that justice to Ireland demands that she should have it. But we are powerless. At first sight it would seem desirable at once to dissolve. We were, however, elected to legislate on other matters besides Home Rule. Are we to dissolve on each one of these which may not find favour with the Lords, or, in other words, with the Tory Party? This situation has been created by the Liberal Party not sufficiently realising that their first and primary duty was to have it out with the Lords.

The Party, however, did not do this. It had a well-filled cart, but it put it before the horse, and we must accept the consequences. If we do not dissolve, we must, during the remainder of the existence of the present Parliament, devote ourselves exclusively to British reforms; for our pledge to the country to carry these reforms is the only ground on which we can logically refuse to dissolve at once. When, however, we do dissolve, let us take care that the horse is put before the cart. The issue must be, not whether this or that Bill ought to become law, but whether, when the country has declared itself for one Party, Lord Salisbury and his hereditary gang of Tories in the Lords are to render it impossible for that Party to legislate.

The doctrine of the Lords should be clearly understood. It is that, whenever an election results in a Liberal majority, and several issues have been submitted to the electorates, they have a right to say that the majority was the result of some voting for one issue and some for another; and that, consequently, as there was not—or there might not have been—a majority on each one issue, they may throw out any one particular Bill giving effect to any one particular issue. Take Home Rule as an instance. All who voted for Gladstonians voted for it. But, say the Lords, we think that many voted for it, not because they were in favour of it, but because they were in favour of some other item in the Liberal programme. I hardly see how these gifted personages can look into the minds of other people. But observe the result of this pretension. Every Liberal Reform would have to be separately submitted to the country, and in one Parliament there could only be one Reform. If, however, the Conservatives secure a majority against any one of these Reforms, when separately submitted, they might remain in power for seven years, during which no Reform would become law. Supposing that we do get a majority for Home Rule in the next Parliament, the Lords would throw out the Home Rule Bill again; for they would assert, as they do now, that the election did not turn on the one issue. This novel doctrine is really a skilful plan to make Liberal Ministries impossible, owing to the permanent Conservative majority in the House of Lords.

That the Home Rule Bill is as good a one as could be framed, I am far from asserting. Whether good or bad, however, I hold that the opinion of the Lords on the matter is absolutely worthless, for they are against any species of Home Rule, and the Bill ought to become law for the one paramount reason that the representatives of the people have declared that this ought to be. The next General Election should not turn upon the merits or demerits of the Bill, but on the far larger question whether the Conservatives, being in a minority in the country and in the House of Commons, ought to have the right to veto action which has found favour with the representatives of the country. If this right be admitted, it seems to me that Liberals may as well retire from all adventure in politics, for the leader of the Conservatives remains master of the situation whatever may be the verdict at the polls.

The ways of Providence are not always clear to our finite intelligence. It may be that Providence has endowed a certain number of sons of obscure fathers,

In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

a certain number of ex-brewers, cotton lords, and bankers, and a certain number of flies in amber, with such exceptional gifts, that we ought to recognise in them Heaven-born rulers. If so, let us bow to the will of Providence, and not waste our time in sending men to represent us in the House of Commons. But if we are not inclined to accept this view of the ways of Providence, let us have common sense enough to sweep, once and for all, these seers and sages from the field of politics.

Next Session those Bills which deal with electoral reforms should have the first place; for it is most desirable that the next appeal to the country be a real one. I should like to see a Bill embodying the one man one vote principle, giving this one vote to every man who has resided for three months in a locality before an election, whether he be householder, or lodger, or has perched on a tree, and whether he be a ratepayer or has been assisted from the rates; making registration self-acting, and throwing its cost, together with the expenses of the returning officer, on the community. With respect to Home Rule, we have filled the pail, and the Lords have bored a hole at the bottom of the pail. It is a waste of time to fill it again, so long as the hole is left open. It might, however, be well to carry a resolution some evening during the Session declaring that we still stand to Home Rule, if this be wished by the Irish members. I would, indeed, go further, and have a resolution for Home Rule all round.

I hardly agree with Mr. Redmond that the Irish and American dynamite prisoners ought to be pardoned, "whether guilty or innocent." It would be deemed monstrous to kill a prisoner of war, but if this prisoner had been proved to have put poison in the food of one of his captors, he would be properly executed. Nor would it serve him were he to say that he had been actuated by the patriotic motive of reducing the number of his country's enemies. So it is with dynamite outrages. What is their motive? Certain persons blow up, or seek to blow up, buildings, utterly regardless who may be in or near them. The facilities to do this are considerable, for there is no great difficulty in manufacturing an explosive. The only thing that protects society against a danger which menaces all its members indiscriminately is that those concerned in such operations have a great dislike to being either hanged or condemned to a lengthened term of imprisonment. Their dread of being caught, and of condign punishment being meted out to them, leads them to do their hideous business in a surreptitious fashion. Once let this dread be removed by their sentences, when they are caught and proved guilty, being reduced, and these explosions would become more dangerous and more frequent. Putting the matter on the lowest ground, however, it would be a mistake in the Government to yield to Mr. Redmond's demand, for it would lose Home Rule thousands of votes, many of those in favour of that measure being by no means prepared to accept the doctrine that the Empire has been terrorised by dynamite into acceptance of the measure, and that—if there be not a majority for it at the next General Election—the majority must be again dynamited into its acceptance.

Many of our newspapers profess indignation because Republican France has allied herself with Imperial Russia. I see no reason why she should not have done so. Germany got up an Alliance in order to obtain a sort of guarantee from Italy and Austria that the provinces which she had wrested from France should remain German. Practically, the Russian Alliance amounts to this: that if, in the event of a war between France and Germany, Austria and Italy take one side, Russia will take the other. When two dogs are quarrelling over a bone, the probabilities are that, sooner or later, they will rend each other. If one dog runs off with the other dog's bone, that other dog will try to get it back if he thinks there is a chance of getting it. France will, so soon as she feels that she can fight with a fair chance of success, try to get back Alsace and Lorraine, and in this inevitable struggle my sympathies will be with France. Anything that localises the war, and that prevents its spreading, will be a gain to humanity. I never believed much in either Austria or Italy really aiding Germany, pledges and treaties notwithstanding. But the fact that, if they take one side, Russia will take the other, will render this still more improbable. When a country is menaced with an attack from three banded-together Great European Powers, its statesmen would indeed be foolish were it to refuse the aid of a fourth Power because its domestic institutions may not be all that they would wish. What neutral countries should do is to endeavour to localise the struggle which is inevitable. This will probably be the result of the Franco-Russian alliance, and thus a local war between two combatants will not become a general European war.

It seems to be taken for granted with us that, in a conflict between France and Germany, victory would be on the side of the latter. I am by no means certain that such would be the case. Man to man, the French are as good soldiers as the Germans. The result would, therefore, very much depend upon the generalship on either side.

There has been exaggeration in the reception of the Russians in France. But the feeling that led to this exaggeration was real and genuine. Nowhere is country more loved than in France. The dismemberment of the territory was felt by all as a grievous blow, and so long as the lost provinces are not restored, so long will the French bend all their thoughts to their restoration. I know that it is said that Germany only reconquered what once belonged to her. But this was in days so long past that Alsace and Lorraine had become an integral part of France. Avignon belonged to the Pope long after the two provinces had ceased to be in any way connected with Germany, and Avignon to-day is as much French as Lyons or Rouen.

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SCRUTATOR.

A WARNING TO GIRL-FLOGGERS.

I REFERRED last week to the case of Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, then awaiting trial at Chester, as a sample of the unnatural hatred which a certain number of parents occasionally conceive against their own offspring, and the diabolical excesses in which this state of mind finds vent. Since then the case has been tried, and the Phelans have got their punishment—such as it is—the mother nine and the man six months' hard labour. Nothing of the kind that has been put before the public is more sickening than the narrative of the atrocities perpetrated by these two wretches upon their babies—for the eldest was only three years old. Little Ernest Phelan was lifted into a bath every morning by the hair of his head; had castor oil rammed down his throat with such violence as to cause him to spit blood, and was beaten by his mother with her fist, a hair-brush, and the heel of a slipper. Then he was dragged by the hair of his head, and tethered to a weight in the garden, the straps cutting into his flesh. Occasionally the monotony of the day was varied either by his mother slapping him, or by his father thrashing him with a double-thonged dog-whip or with the buckle end of a strap, and now and then he was thrown about with such violence that he became unconscious—a period which was probably the happiest in his young existence. At eight or nine in the evening, he was brought back into the house, and, after being well beaten, was strapped so tightly on his bed that he could not turn round. Of these and other exercises of parental affection Mr. and Mrs. Phelan have been convicted by a jury. That two such miscreants existed, is a reflection on the human race, and still more scandalous is it that the jury recommended them to mercy. Mercy, indeed! What mercy did they show? The sentence was inadequate. Man and woman should have been sent to penal servitude for at least seven years. The law, I am aware, makes two years the maximum sentence, but that only means that the law requires altering. If the woman had been alone in the commission of these cruelties it would have been possible to suppose that she was mad. Her husband, however, was as cruel as she was, and it is against all reasonable probability that both were insane upon the same point. We must take it, therefore, that they were responsible for their actions, and that they found a horrid pleasure in inflicting pain. When they come out of prison, they will not, I suppose, be allowed to have the care of their children, and as they will seek to find some opportunity to gratify their ruling passion, I would have the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals keep their eye on them, otherwise some cat will be flayed alive, or some dog starved to death. In any case, I sincerely trust, wherever they may take up their abode, that they will be treated by all as lepers.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is to be congratulated upon its action in this matter. It prosecuted Mrs. Phelan in Ireland, and failed to obtain a verdict. Being satisfied that she was guilty of cruelty to her children, the officers of the Society followed her to Chester, and kept her under watch. Had it not been for the persistence and perseverance of the Society, she would be now ill-using them. The Society's success in this instance leads me to appeal to them to devote their energies and resources to the suppression of abominations of this same class when committed—not by parents themselves, but by professional torturers hired by parents for the purpose. I have already said, and I repeat, that the business carried on by the woman Peirce of Hounslow, and the whole tribe of flogging women, is indistinguishable in kind from the crimes of the Phelans. While children are small enough to be handled and maltreated without inconvenience, fathers and mothers of this type can gratify their passions to their hearts' content—provided they can escape inconvenient observation. But the time comes when they kick and struggle and resist, and then the application of parental discipline becomes a troublesome and exhausting labour. In the case of the boys the difficulty is got over by packing them off to some Dotheboys Hall; but girls are more expensive and difficult to get rid of, and then it is that the services of the Girl-Flogger come into requisition. For a few shillings, paid to a stalwart harridan of the Peirce type, the Phelan who is burning to wreak her unnatural hate upon a troublesome girl in her teens, can enjoy all the luxury of a domestic execution; watch without the slightest discomfort the preliminary torture of stripping, gagging, strapping, handcuffing, and fettering the victim, and then sit down to gloat over the agony of the girl as the tawse or the birch cuts her flesh till the blood runs down. Mr. Waugh and his colleagues and supporters are able to track down and bring to justice parents who torture their infants. I now appeal to them to stop the public practice of the profession of Girl-Flogging. The exposure in TRUTH of one after another of the wretches engaged in this business—the last of them a creature of the very vilest character, without a pretence at being anything else than a filthy pander to the worst of lusts and passions—has revealed the lamentable fact that there is no law which can check some of the vilest practices that disgrace humanity. The woman Peirce is still at Hounslow, though she takes care to keep away from public observation. The latest information I have received concerning her is contained in the following interesting correspondence. A gentleman who had communicated with her on his own account prior to her exposure in TRUTH, received from her this letter:—

> Shall be most happy to send you advice letter if you will send me P.O. 5s. as per my advert. Rods supplied, 1s. 6d. Straps, 1s. 6d. Wristlet and anklet, 3s. per pair. Kindly state age and faults of culprit.

The offer to supply the requisite appliances for private chastisement by parents is a feature of Peirce's trade to which I have not yet called attention. In reply to the above, the inquirer sent 9s. 6d. for a set of implements, and stated that he required them for the benefit of a child of four, afflicted with "nervous obstinacy." This

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was three weeks ago. Having received no answer by Friday last, he wrote threatening to place the matter in the hands of the police unless the goods were sent or the money returned. Peirce replied :—

I am surprised at your note. If you have read the vile paper called TRUTH you will understand the cause of my serious illness. I am quite unable to write or attend to anything. I return you your money. I am no fraud or liar.

In saying that she is "no liar," she affirms the truth of her own account of herself as given in the columns of TRUTH. That she is "no fraud" is less certain, for, instead of returning her correspondent the 9s. 6d. which he had sent, she only enclosed a P.O. for 3s. 6d. An attempt is now being made to make her disgorge the balance.

From this it will be seen that the Girl-Flogger is scotched, not killed. She is pretending to be ill and remaining indoors. The three constables are still mounting guard over the sacred spot. She evidently thinks it prudent for the time to do no further business, or she would not be returning money instead of forwarding goods. But there is no reason why, if she can weather out the storm (under police protection), she should not return to work when the clouds have rolled by. It is a disgrace to a civilised country that this should be so, and that no means should be available to crush such a creature out of existence. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had no difficulty a few years ago in obtaining the amendment of the law which they found necessary for their purpose. I urge them now to obtain the further amendment which is necessary for my purpose —the suppression of the Girl-Flogger. The "Children's Charter," as Mr. Waugh calls it, is incomplete until it enables Mrs. Peirce to be dealt with in the same way as Mrs. Phelan.

THE RAID ON LO BEN.

One of the features of the present situation in South Africa which neither the Press nor the public at home seem to appreciate is that the colossal Rhodes controls nearly all newspaper opinion at the Cape as completely as he does the domestic and external policy of the Colony. All the statements and opinions of the Cape papers which are reproduced over here ought, therefore, to be received with suspicion, and swallowed with a large dose of salt. Neither facts nor sentiments hostile to the dominant ring are allowed to find expression on the spot. As a consequence of this state of things, I have been for many weeks past literally inundated with correspondence from all parts of South Africa, which no editor in the Colony dares to publish. It is out of the question for me to find room for any considerable portion of it, and I have had to content myself with digesting it in private; but in view of the present alarming prospect I think it right that a few of my recent correspondents should be heard. Writing from Johannesburg in the middle of September, a correspondent says :—

Mr. Rhodes is using Sir Henry Loch as a stalking horse to cover an advance into Amandebeli country while the Chartered people are massing troops, and Sir Henry Loch is allowing his position as her Majesty's High Commissioner to be used as a mask to cover this advance. While he is negotiating and palavering, the Chief whose subjects have been wantonly murdered is being stealthily stalked.

The men taken from here for the Chartered Company are the sweepings of the town and the police-courts, and a more degraded lot could hardly be imagined. If Lobengula does not resist this invasion, his country will be ravished by irresponsible freebooters of a very low type; if he resists, the whole might of England is to be brought against him for having killed British subjects. Up to now Lobengula has not allowed a single European to be molested.

How high minded Englishmen can sit still, or worse still, applaud, while an act of brigandage like this goes on under the ægis of the Government of a nation ever ready to parade its civilisation, chivalry, and Christianity, is beyond my comprehension. Such acts must bring retribution and a heavy debt of disgrace.

The following occurs in a letter written actually from Victoria (Mashonaland) before the crisis had arrived, and the writer is a prominent and substantial settler. It is well that the public here should understand that there are two currents of opinion in regard to the present operations even among the "pioneers" :—

Matters are very much the same as when I wrote you last week, with, of course, the usual false rumours, amongst which is one that Lo Ben has offered 30,000 head of cattle to purge his offence, but the Company want 60,000. What is really the matter is this, they will go on increasing their demands until it is impossible for Lo Ben to comply, and then that will be taken as a reason for war. Can you stir up public opinion sufficiently in England to stop this piece of rascality? The Company is a failure with Mashonaland, what will it be with Matabeleland added? . . . . The best people have been steadily leaving the country—always a bad sign.

I have been compelled to send this under cover to Cape Town, as many letters here are mysteriously lost, whilst yours would be peculiarly susceptible of such a catastrophe.

Writing from Kimberley about the same time, another correspondent says :—

I see in a recent issue of the *Times* a letter from Cape Town, urging that decisive action should be taken against Lobengula. Such a letter could only have emanated from some one personally interested in the Chartered Company. Every one who knows anything of Africa knows that the dominant tribes have their tributary tribes, which they are in the habit of raiding periodically for slaves and cattle. The Mashonaland settlers knew, or ought to have known, that Lobengula would raid in that country. If it is necessary to "teach him a lesson," why was this not thought of when the Charter was asked for, and before settlers were invited into the country? If, instead of urging decisive measures against Lobengula for the benefit of Chartered shareholders, English papers would urge a searching inquiry into the internal workings of the Cape Government, as it is at present constituted, they would do much better service to South Africa.

The following letter is from Pretoria, at a later date, and is of more immediate interest :—

SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your paper to draw the attention of the people at home to the way the Chartered Company intend, if possible, to appropriate Lobengula's country. Commandant Raaf was here calling for volunteers to attack Lo Ben. The Chartered Company offer half the loot, a farm of 6,000 acres, and twenty gold claims—all to be taken from Lobengula by the Company.

The men who volunteer are the very scum of the gold fields, totally unfit for any campaign. They have already started looting stores on their way up. The State Artillery were sent out after one draft to bring the looters back, which they did. The volunteers are deserting, finding that the Company only find them arms and ammunition; their pay they must steal from Lo Ben.

The road between Pretoria and Peitersburg is simply full of volunteers tramping back, they refusing to serve without pay.

Advertisements are appearing in the local papers calling for men to assist Lo Ben. Lo Ben will have no difficulty in obtaining volunteers against the Company. He is said by everybody to keep his promises, which the Company certainly does not.

I enclose cuttings from local papers, so you can form your own opinion how matters stand.—I am, &c.,

In view of the attempt that has been made to deceive the British public as to the designs of the Company on Matabeleland, special interest attaches to the offer of land and gold claims to volunteers against Lobengula. As to such an offer having been made, there seems no room for doubt. A Transvaal paper has published the following summary of the terms of each volunteer's agreement, on the authority of a Vryburg correspondent, who asserts that he has taken a copy of the original :—

1st, protection on all claims in Mashonaland, and for six months after the war; 2nd, right to Matabele farm, 300 morgen, pioneer rights, title deeds within reasonable time; 3rd, twenty

claims in Matabeleland; 4th, loot, half to Company, and remainder to officers and men equally; 5th, each man to be mounted, equipped, and rationed.

After this, for Heaven's sake let us hear no more of the cant about protecting "the defenceless Mashonas," establishing peace and freedom in Mashonaland, and all the rest of it. What these "brave pioneers" are fighting for is Matabeleland. They have already pegged out in advance the "farms" and the "claims," and when the "bloodthirsty savage" and the majority of his people have been duly slaughtered, the farms and the claims, together with the miscellaneous "loot," are to be divided among those who come forward in time to assist in the slaughter. And why this hunger for Matabeleland? The question has already been answered in TRUTH, but to remove any vestige of doubt, let the answer be given by one of the land-grabbing class. On Thursday last the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave prominence to the following views of "a South African gentleman now staying in London":—

> Mosilikatze's gangs had the pick of the country when they went on their murdering way from Zululand. [Precisely as Rhodes's gangs are now going on their murdering way from Mashonaland.—ED. TRUTH.] And they knew how to choose. If you had gone through the dreary flats of Bechuanaland, and on through the thorn forests of Khama's country, as I have—not to speak of such a route as the Ngami "thirst country"—you would know how to appreciate hills and vales and grassy slopes when you found them. *Lobengula and his people have the best country in South Africa in every way. They say it is even richer than the Transvaal in gold.* At Buluwayo itself a missionary whom I know, and who has lived in the country as long as any Englishman, has seen a reef of simply marvellous richness. On the latest map published by the Chartered Company you will see they speak of the "banket" reef near Buluwayo. That means that they have found out the deposit there is the same as that on which so many Gold Companies have been successfully started at the Randt. *So you see there is something to fight for.*

Precisely. And that is what I have always said was being fought for. But even this is not good enough for an enterprising journal like the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It having been thus made known that Lobengula is the successor of murdering gangs from Zululand, and that consequently the Chartered Company ought to slay or depose him and take possession of his "banket reef," the *Pall Mall Gazette* next day (October 20) publishes a map of the whole region, and prints the blessed words "Territory under British Protection" right across Matabeleland, so as to make Buluwayo the very centre of this new British Protectorate. This is, I think, the most sublime stroke in the whole of this unique story. A gang of British Company promoters go to an African Monarch and gammon him out of a concession, by which he permits them to live in his country and take any minerals they can find. On the strength of this permission British speculators enter the African Monarch's country and go to work. They then discover that the African Monarch is a savage, whose uncivilised habits are a serious hindrance to money-making. As Mr. Rider Haggard beautifully expressed it in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Monday, "His continued existence as a force in the affairs of men is an insult that civilisation cannot tolerate." At the same time the discovery is made that the territory in which this savage has not permitted Englishmen to reside is far preferable to that to which he has admitted them, and that in the immediate neighbourhood of his capital there is a rich banket reef, which is "something to fight for." The speculators accordingly raise an army, and offer a slice of the banket reef to any one who will assist them in driving the "insult to civilisation" out of his dominions. And thereupon a leading London journal solemnly publishes a map proving that the wretched African Monarch (whose only connection with Britain is that in a moment of weakness he allowed certain Britons to settle under his protection) is himself occupying "territory under British Protection," banket reef and all. Thus is built up that British Empire which is the pride of every patriot and the envy of all our enemies—confound their knavish tricks!

"Do you really regard Lobengula and his Zulus as worthy of approval?" writes a correspondent, and then he goes on to give me a list of their crimes. No, I do not. I regard them as most objectionable savages. I have no doubt, however, that if they had a Rider Haggard among them, he could compile an authentic catalogue of atrocities committed by white men in Africa which would make every Zulu's blood boil. Even granting that Mr. Rider Haggard's picture of Lobengula as a sort of coloured combination of Frankenstein and Jack the Ripper is fact, not fiction, I see no reason why the Matabele should be massacred wholesale by a band of Company-promoters, simply because gold is to be found in their territory, and a rotten, bankrupt Company hopes to find salvation by appropriating the country. Chartered Companies of all sorts I have ever objected to, because I do not believe in Company-promoters being entrusted with jurisdiction over their fellow-men; and still less do I hold that such Companies should be allowed to go to war with their neighbours whenever it suits their interests to do so. That the present war was provoked by the South Africa Chartered Company, no one, I suppose, who is neither employed by the Company nor interested financially in it, doubts. Equally certain is it that Lobengula and his people, although by no means desirable neighbours, have had a war forced upon them because Mashonaland is not a paying property, and the Chartered Company hopes that if it can get hold of Matabeleland, it will, whether it be really so auriferous as is stated or not, get a sufficient number of British investors to believe that it is, and thus be enabled to float fresh shares and fresh debentures.

What, however, disgusts me beyond everything else with the whole business is the hypocritical nonsense beneath which Mr. Rhodes and his allies conceal their predatory aim. The Jingoes are told that their object is a patriotic desire to enlarge our Empire; religious people are told that they want to Christianise the Matabeles; those who object to slavery, that the Matabeles are slave-owners. A few days ago a letter from the Rev. A. Sylvester, signing himself "English Chaplain, Victoria," was published in the *Times*. His mission appears to be to rally the religious conscience to the side of the Company. His doctrine is one which might have recommended itself to the Israelites on their way to Canaan; to the Caliphs in the early days of Moahmmedanism; to the Spaniards who enslaved in the name of Christianity the Mexicans and the Peruvians;

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and to our late antagonist the Mahdi. But I hardly think that many Englishmen of to-day will be prepared to accept it. Says "the Chaplain":—

We are determined to make a way for the spread of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No mission work can be done with any security and success unless the barbaric power of a heathen and godless nation is subdued. All Englishmen should remember that the introduction of civilisation and successful Christianity into Matabeleland will redound to the honour and glory of the great British Empire, and all nations and creeds will eventually rejoice that the Chartered Company is prepared to settle at once and for ever the future welfare and prosperity of heathen Matabeleland.

Read by the glowing picture of the reference to the banket reef near Buluwayo, and the allusion to the success of the Gold Companies in the Transvaal, more offensive and sickening cant than this was never penned. I fully admit the difficulty of the situation in which the Colonial Office finds itself. This is due to the folly of granting a charter to a gang of speculators based upon a mining concession from an African Chief. I should have thought, however, that Lord Ripon might have insisted upon some man, entirely unconnected with either Mr. Rhodes or his Company, visiting Lobengula, and trying to arrange matters peaceably before hostilities were permitted. As it is, I would suggest that such a man be at once despatched to the front, if he can be discovered in South Africa. Matabeleland is as large as France, so is Mashonaland. If Lobengula has a claim to tribute from the Mashonas, then let the Company pay it, on condition that he confines himself to Matabeleland. In any case, the ultimate terms of peace ought to be settled by the Colonial Office; and these ought to be, Mashonaland for the Company, Matabeleland for the Matabeles, with a clear line of demarcation between the two.

The telegrams of one day generally contradict those of the previous day. But if the telegram respecting the fate of Lobengula's Mission to Sir Henry Loch be true, the war is being carried on by the Chartered Company in a fashion which sets at nought the rules which mitigate hostilities even amongst savages. We are told that Lobengula's brother, accompanied by two chief Indunas, entered the lines of the Company's forces with Mr. Dawson. They stated that they had come from Lobengula as Envoys to Sir Henry Loch. On this they were imprisoned, and, surprised at this treatment, naturally sought to escape. The two Indunas were at once shot. The plea put forward for this outrage was that it was suspected that they might be spies. It is remarkable that this information appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a telegram from its Special Correspondent, but was suppressed in the telegrams sent to all other journals.

THE ARMY SHEBEEN.

In looking into some of the tricks and frauds practised at Regimental Depots and Sergeants' Messes, I have become acquainted with one form of irregularity which calls for immediate attention from the civil authorities. The matter was referred to in a letter published in TRUTH of September 7, which contained the following passage:—

The receiving of money from tradesmen in the shape of discounts by the Sergeant-Major, President, Treasurer, and Caterer goes on all round, and tends among other things to create an illegal traffic in liquor. I have seen the passages and back doors of a Sergeants' Mess literally crowded with soldiers and civilians, and frequently among them a sprinkling of police—civil and military . . . I have seen brewers' bills ranging from £70 to £120 per month. Surely Commanding Officers must see that this cannot come from the members each only.

From inquiries which I have made in regard to Sergeants' Messes in different parts of the country, it is evident that the state of things here described prevails very generally. Writing, like the correspondent quoted above, with more particular reference to the Sergeant-Major's interest in this traffic, an N.C.O. says:—

In the 1st —— Regiment ale at 9d. per gallon, and well watered, was for years surreptitiously sold to privates at 4d. per pint. The Sergeant-Major kept himself carefully in ignorance of what went on. Men would occasionally be confined off guard-mounting parade for being drunk. I have heard the Adjutant ask the Sergeant-Major where on earth the men got drink from at that time in the morning. "They bring it in overnight in their pockets, Sir," was the reply. He knew as well as anybody in barracks that the drink was really got at the back door of the Sergeants' Mess. Before early morning parade the place would sometimes be full of privates drinking the 9d. ale at 4d. a pint.; but the Sergeant-Major always kept out of the way. If he wanted one of the Sergeants, or perhaps the Regimental Order book, he always sent a message, knowing very well what he would find if he looked in himself.

The above instances are from England, and I believe they can be multiplied from all parts of the country. Here in London, at Finsbury Barracks, there is a bar open all day on Sundays, and civilians are constantly being served there. At the principal Irish military station there are at least three Sergeants' Messes where N.C.O.'s, privates, and civilians are served with liquor at all hours of the day and night, and on Sundays even more than on week days. Civilians have also been regularly served at one of the canteens. One of the Sergeants' Messes at this station, after being open all night, closes, I understand, at seven a.m. by arrangement with a neighbouring mess, who then get their turn. Among the civilians who have been seen drinking at these various establishments are policemen and women. At one mess the police regularly look in to get drink on Sundays, and one witness states that a few Sundays ago he saw two old women in the mess with pots of beer in front of them, and the Sergeant-Major himself looking on. The last point is particularly instructive. A new block of barracks has been in course of erection at this particular station, and the workmen are reported to have been regular customers at the different messes, with results which have often been only too conspicuous. It is a fair inference that there are few garrison towns where this sort of thing is not going on. Civilians have, as a rule, no difficulty in entering barracks, it being merely necessary in most cases to inquire at the gate for somebody who is known to be on the premises. When a man is once inside, there seems to be no regulations to prevent his being served with liquor wherever he likes to ask for it, and it is the interest of the Mess authorities to serve him.

There are two sides of this matter, which may be kept entirely distinct. The indiscriminate sales of drink to soldiers at the Sergeants' Mess, like other irregularities in Mess management which have been pointed out in

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

Truth, are a matter for the Military Authorities. It is their business to repress these nefarious modes of swelling the "makings" of Sergeants-Major and their colleagues in the management of the Mess; and when it is shown that these ill-gotten gains are in part amassed by encouraging privates to get drunk before they go on parade in the morning, I hope the time has come when the necessity of looking into these scandals will be recognised at the War Office. At the present moment, however, I desire rather to address myself to the civil authorities. I have indisputable evidence in my possession—and the local police authorities can obtain any amount of similar evidence much more easily than I can—to show that "shebeening" is a regular and profitable branch of the business of barrack refreshment bars. Such a state of things cannot possibly be winked at. The Sergeant-Major and Mess officials cannot be allowed to add to their other lucrative sources of income the privilege of carrying on unlicensed public-houses. If it is considered conducive to military discipline that two or three N.C.O.'s in each battalion and depot should have a pecuniary interest in liquor bars to which the whole establishment have access, it is quite opposed to the spirit of the Licensing Acts that civilians should also be free to patronise these establishments. Whether the letter of the Licensing Acts permits such a state of things I do not know; but I should assume, until the contrary is demonstrated, that the manager of a mess or canteen who sells intoxicants to a civilian is on precisely the same footing as a manager of a club who sells to one who is not a member. If that is not the law, it ought to be. It so happens that this is a branch of the liquor traffic which both the public-house interest and the temperance interest are equally interested in suppressing, and I would recommend both of them, as well as the police authorities in garrison towns, to keep an eye on the Army Shebeen.

THE LADY-KILLER.

In the old days, when Mr. Charles Wyndham was the rattling, hop-skip-and-jump, "razzle-dazzle" Charles Mathews of the Criterion, a farce like the "Lady-Killer" would have been as popular at this bright little theatre as "Brighton," or "The Great Divorce Case." But, alas for the merriment of the age! the popular Charles Wyndham, like Edward Sothern before him, has abandoned farce for romance. He takes life seriously, much to the delight of impulsive young ladies. He makes love as David Garrick in plum-coloured velvet and silk stockings, and atones for his little weaknesses in frock-coat and flowing French ties in the "Bauble Shop." Now that the versatile and volatile Charles will have nothing to do with farce, and the young ladies insist upon seeing him as a hero of romance, it is well that two such capital comedians as Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. Harry Paulton have foregathered at the Strand. In style they are exactly opposite. The humour of Willie Edouin is rich and unctuous; that of Harry Paulton is dry and acrid. But the two actors run excellently together in double harness. There is nothing very strange, new, or wonderful in the mere plot of the "Lady-Killer." But the little play is so well constructed and brightly acted that it is well worth seeing. And those who call in at the Strand for a hearty laugh after dinner will not fail to wait and see the eccentricity called "Binks, the Photographer," which takes some of us back to the Strand laughter-loving days of James Rogers and John Clarke. Not least of the attractions in this piece of welcome absurdity is Miss Alice Atherton, who has returned to the stage smiling and merry as ever and introduces her burlesque on old-fashioned melodrama called "Mary, the Maid of Misfortune." What a delight it is to find some one who can burlesque something! The entertainment of that name elsewhere is merely a round of songs and dances like music-hall "turns."

"Toilet Lanoline" softens, clears, and preserves the skin, and should be used in every household. "Toilet Lanoline" protects the skin from the effects of exposure, and adds to the natural beauty. In collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1s.; in small boxes, 3d., from all chemists and druggists. Wholesale depôt, 67, Holborn-viaduct. The genuine bears the trade-mark, "Lanoline."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MACMAHON AND GOUNOD.

"Struggle-for-lifers" and cynical impostors too often rise to the top of the wheel. What temple is so well attended as that of the Golden Calf, whose worshippers overflow into all the churches? Eiffel, who pocketed endless millions for which he gave so little value to his Panama Company, was the other day allowed to act as a cicerone to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in his five minutes' visit to the famous iron tower in the Champ de Mars. Arton has been enjoying country air in gentlemanly style in a château near Vésoul, and in the society of an amiable and pretty person. Panama statesmen, a manager of the Comptoir d'Escompte, who survived the copper *krach*, Emile Ollivier, and a son of the late Duc de Gramont, had some of the best places at the gala performances at the Opera House the other night. Still, there never was a time when fine character was more valued, possibly because there is a dearth of it. We see what value is attached to it by the telegrams received by the Maréchale MacMahon during the Marshal's illness and since his death. Why else should the Sovereigns of Europe be of one accord with Paris and the rest of France in showing reverence for his memory? His funeral was not a French event merely, but a European one. Ireland came into this unique European concert: as well she might, the unswerving integrity of the Marshal and his different virtues having had an Irish complexion. Queen Victoria, the Sultan, the Czar, the German Kaiser, the King of Sweden, the Prince of Wales, Archduke Albert, spontaneously and unaffectedly—and, I may add, affectionately—condoled with the Maréchale, and there was a truce between rival parties beside his grave.

I often attacked MacMahon when he was in power, and do not repent, for he was long the unconscious tool of intriguers. But my admiration for him grew since he retired from power. He faced poverty, as it appeared to him, in quitting the Elysée, but had the luck to escape it, a small fortune unexpectedly falling to his wife. When

this heritage devolved on her, they were arranging to sell half their town house, a fairly roomy and unpretending mansion in the Rue de Bellechasse, with a court yard and good stable and coach-house. Being hospitable in an unaffected and large-hearted way, it was a great blessing to the Marshal not to be cramped for space. He might have drawn £28,000 which legally belonged to him, but refused, because he thought the allowance of £12,000 a year voted to him for travelling expenses by the Budget Committee over which Gambetta presided was meant to be a sop. Thiers, in office, had at least one completely disinterested man at his own elbow, his unpaid secretary, Barthélemy St. Hilaire. MacMahon had not a single one. The Duc Decazes rigged the Bourse. Vicomte d'Harcourt, now husband of the Duc de Castries' widow and brother of the Comtesse d'Haussonville, was the Marshal's private secretary. When he filled that office, he and a son of the Duc de Broglie, and many other tip-top Orléanist representatives, embarked in a financial scheme which, in collapsing, impoverished the late Pope, the Comte de Chambord, and the Catholic party generally. If this was not honourable to the party, it is to MacMahon. He had to resist temptation in all directions, and could only take counsel of himself. But his conscience was equal to the strain placed on it. He was decoyed across a flooded Rubicon, but on finding himself landed in a marsh, he recrossed the river in a flying leap, to remain on firm ground for the rest of his days. Marshal MacMahon was un-French, except in passionate attachment to France. He was fond of show in public life, because he thought it a duty to be showy and spend money handsomely, but was untheatrical in his bearing and his speech, and could not for the life of him coin a ringing phrase unless strong feeling prompted his tongue. He could be eloquent when his moral being was in a state of white heat from the sense of danger, or from honest indignation. But he threw all he had to say into one or two short phrases. I should say that he no more knew how to dress up truth than Queen Victoria; for whose simplicity in her private life and faithfulness to her trusts he had deep and warm admiration. As President of the Republic, he thought himself her peer. Still he had a vague feeling of loyalty towards her, which he did not seek to hide the morning on which he met her by appointment in her saloon railway-carriage at the Vilette station.

An Irish capacity for making bulls sometimes caused him to be laughed at. For one bull, however, that he really made, a score were invented. If analysed it would be found that they arose from implying too much and not verbally expressing enough, but that at bottom there was no blunder. For instance, when he at a parade at St. Cyr, at the Governor's request, thus addressed a constantly teased, and most deserving, black cadet: "Vous êtes le nègre, n'est-ce pas! J'en suis content. Continuez de l'être," he meant to say, "You are the negro cadet of whom I have heard so much good. I am pleased to see you. Persevere." The Marshal was a poor hand at taking a cue in public, and had not a good memory for "lessons" given to him by his advisers. The involved trains of thoughts of the Duc de Broglie and the subtle arguments he used in his ear-wiggings puzzled MacMahon, and only entered his brain in bits and scraps. If he had been left to his personal inspiration he would have been sure to speak sensibly and to the point. But as he was straightforward and the set around him wanted to gain their ends, this frankness would never have done. Whenever he had, as in the 16th of May crisis, to go on a political tour in the Provinces, a couple of prompters went with him. At a provincial agricultural show he was put out by having had high words with the bishop, who presumed to tell him what he ought to do. MacMahon scenting a desire for a *coup d'état* policy, than which nothing appeared to him more criminal, fired up. By the time that he had got to the show he had forgotten what it was agreed he should say about the blessings of agriculture, and the peasants being the backbone of France. General d'Abzac whispered, "Je m'en vais, Messieurs, vous parler des bienfaits de l'agriculture." MacMahon listened intently, but deafening cheers drowned the cue. "L'agriculture," repeated the General. "Le diable emporte l'agriculture!" cried the Marshal. Then, playing off his own bat, he said: "Gentlemen, I am no good at a set speech. But I was born and brought up in the country. I live there as much as I can. If I were a poor man, I should be a peasant or a soldier. I know all about farm produce. What you exhibit is first-rate. I am glad to see you all, and, if I could, would shake hands with all of you, because you are honest men. I like you for that, and hope you will think me honest too. Depend upon me never to deceive you or any one else. That is all I have to say. Vive la France!" This speech never got into the papers, the set one that was never delivered having been sent to them and published. Another time, at Lille, where Gambettism was gaining ground, the Marshal was put forward to decorate a great manufacturer reported to be wavering, and to speak on trade and manufactures. He was to read his speech, but found that he had forgotten his glasses. The prompters were in despair. One of them, however, had time to whisper, "Say something *bien gentil* to the manufacturer when you decorate him." The Marshal, not being able to deck out truth to order, simply spoke as follows:—"The Prefect told me to give you this (the Cross of the Legion of Honour), I hope you may live long to wear it." What he should have said was:—"I have heard so often of the eminent services that you rendered to trade and manufactures in this industrial town, that I congratulate myself on this opportunity to give you a mark of my esteem." The newly-decorated person expected it, and was mortified to hear that he got the red ribbon because the Prefect *told* the Marshal to give it to him.

An instance of his peculiar eloquence. The Marshal stood alone in opposing in the Imperial Senate a public safety Bill drawn up under the excitement of the Orsini attempt. It gave the Emperor's Government the power to send any one the police might suspect to Cayenne. MacMahon expressed his feelings, and eloquently, in an improvised speech. There was a single name in the noes list—his own. A friend, congratulating him, asked how he felt when he thus burned his ships. "I did not feel at all. I felt before I took my course that the measure was odious, and that I should

be a *canaille* were I not to protest against it. If my conscience found me guilty of a *canaillerie* I could not have dared to embrace my child." Is not this utterance one to republish for the edification of those parents who think by the compulsion of girl-floggers to train up their daughters in the way they should go?

The Marshal hated the eloquence of Parliamentarians. He said he attached as little importance to it as to skilful flute-playing, and counted M. Jules Simon the first flautist at Versailles. Nevertheless, he tried to master the secrets of the art for at least eighteen months before he was called to the Presidency. One saw him daily in the Versailles Theatre where the Assembly sat. His place was in a pit-box. Trochu sat on the same line with him, in the next box. The two men contrasted strongly, though both were Celts. Trochu came from the small, wind-swept Belle-Isle on the coast of Brittany, was a mathematician, a master of strategical plans, and seemed to be always cogitating over one. He was dark, had a head of billiard-ball baldness, a singularly high and bulging forehead, and showed a wide expanse of immaculate shirt front. His shirt cuffs were long, and wide, and shiny. The man was an honest prig or pedant. MacMahon had an easy, simple air, betrayed self-consciousness in nothing, had a fresh complexion, and blue eyes with an eager expression. They were the eyes of a single-minded man and of a marksman. He was absorbed in listening to what was said in the tribune, to prepare himself, doubtless, for it. The forehead was a good deal developed at the eyebrows. I did not like his mouth, the upper lip being unfinished. But it was not a loose mouth. He then lived in a large dingy house in the Rue de Gravelle (Versailles). Comte de Mérode, uncle of Maria Vittoria, Duchess of Aosta; the Orleans Princes; the De Witts; Vicomtesse de Rainneville, *née* Gargarin, who had a face fresh and delicate as a rose petal and wore a new bonnet every day; the D'Harcourts, D'Haussonvilles, De Broglies, and Bishop Dupanloup were always going there. It was agreed among them to shove MacMahon into the place of Thiers directly it suited them to get rid of the latter. But the Marshal was carefully kept in ignorance of this design. Otherwise he could not declare to Thiers that he was not intending to supplant him. When he was offered the Presidency he was only given ten minutes to reflect, and was reminded how Thiers had twice refused to withdraw his resignation. What the Orleanists wanted was to keep the Comte de Chambord out, and the question of the form of government in abeyance until he died, while in the meantime steps were to be taken to assure the succession to the Comte de Paris. MacMahon's wholesome horror of civil war, and the suspicion that he was used to draw Union Générale chestnuts from the fire, eventually rendered him unmanageable, and spoiled the well-laid plan. His wife was more anxious than he ever was for it to succeed, and when it was defeated for him to remain President. Yet she never enjoyed being at the Elysée. Once she understood that she could not stay there, she was glad to retire to private life, and to be no longer obliged to receive crowds of ladies who were not of her *monde*. She was good to the poor, and she liked the noble and wealthy; but she detested the struggling middle class. They aspired to ascend, and had to be, she thought, kept in their proper sphere. The limitations to that sphere should be, she felt, rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This made her an unfitting person to head a Republic, or, for that matter, a modern Monarchy. But she was a good woman, and she felt and valued what was great in the Marshal.

Gounod, apart from his musical talents and the vein of genius that ran through them, understood and practised the art of reconciling God and Mammon. I often thought he enjoyed better the religious reveries in which he indulged as he sat before his chamber-organ for keeping company so much with Mammon. All his doctors could say, and all the revolts of his organisation against the luxurious dinners to which his wealthy friends invited him, never prevented him accepting an invitation to dine out. The revolts became chronic and of a most unpleasant kind. As he was in a country where such things are as frankly spoken of as in a hospital, he did not mind owning to his infirmity whenever he found it at all convenient to do so. It, however, depoetised him not a little in the eyes of fair votaries. What was more serious, it obliged him to refuse £40,000 which he was offered a few years ago to go to the United States and there lead the orchestra at a hundred renditions of his works. The offer tempted him greatly. He declined it after much sighing and hesitation, and after calling on a renowned medical friend to know whether his constitution could not in some way be patched up to enable him to make the tour. A paralysis of the muscles of the left eyelid showed that he must husband what strength remained to him. Still he continued to go to grand dinners followed by brilliant crushes at which, with charming amiability, he often sat down to accompany the fair vocalists who sang his music. I heard Gounod and St. Saëns succeed each other a few years ago at the piano. A stronger contrast could not be imagined than both presented in appearance, manner, and musical style and feeling. Gounod played, St. Saëns executed. The former was all feeling. The beaming sweetness of his countenance found expression in the notes he touched. He and the instrument seemed *en tête-à-tête*, and responsive to each other. They billed and cooed, for the piano seemed a living thing inspired by him, and sharing the emotions which he made believe he was feeling. His singing reminded me of what I heard of Moore's rendering of the Irish melodies. The voice never had much range. I heard from one who had known him as a lad that it was always slightly husky; nevertheless, it was a celestial voice even when he was a septuagenarian. There was much real kindness in him. But his religion was not more than religiosity. He cultivated it sedulously as a means to professional success. I recollect being a good deal startled, at a time when I thought him a Saint Francis de Sales, by the following circumstances:—A German Jewess, who had had some brilliant successes in his operatic works, received an offer of marriage from a French nobleman on condition that

Family Washing only.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered lay following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

she became a Catholic. If she did this his family might countenance the match. Of course, she would have to pass through the waters of baptism. The vocalist agreed. Gounod was to be her godfather, and an aunt of the future husband her godmother. I was asked to the giving away of comfits at her hotel, which was to follow the ceremony. When I went, I found that somebody else had stood beside her at the font to promise and vow. The aunt had quitted her at the door of the church, and the betrothed had gone to a racecourse. I asked her why the illustrious composer had failed her. She showed me a note she had received from him a few days earlier. It was to the effect that he had, lightly, to give her pleasure, made a promise which, if he fulfilled it, would be a cause of despair, he being too obedient a son of the Church to commit a sacrilege. That Holy Mother forbade baptismal sponsors from wedding in regular or other marriage their godchildren. There was such a thing as hoping against what seemed hopeless, and he, feeling he was in that case, must decline being a godfather. The diva was enchanted at the compliment conveyed in the letter. When Gounod entered she threw her arms round his neck, and they rapturously imprinted kisses on each other's cheeks. Under ordinary circumstances he would, being then of patriarchal age and a kind of artistic father of the lady, have kissed her forehead.

The Russian officers have to thank Marshal MacMahon's funeral for being able to hear the chimes at midnight. They dined wherever they pleased—some at Voisin's, some at Margarey's, some at the Tour d'Argent—but out of uniform, and were not recognised. It was such a blessing not to have to listen to "La Marseillaise" flirting with the Russian Hymn. The Admiral, with some members of his staff, returned to the Military Club to spend there the early part of the evening, and place himself in communication with the Czar. But he had the later hours for private visits. He is the image of Jean de Reske, and about his size. Most of his subordinates wear spectacles. The common people, and the women especially, are charmed with their affability, which contrasts with the stuck-up-ness of most of the men who have climbed to the high places under the Republic. Some of the officers last night went to Les Folies Bergère. Those who fell in love with Judic preferred going to the music-hall where she sings. The idea of an evening at Le Chat Noir was carried out by others. Sarah Bernhardt is not pleased at the conduct of these gentlemen when she fainted at the *Figaro*. No sooner was she borne from the Hall to another room than they seemed to forget all about her. Americans would have acted differently. Madame Judic's "ne me chatouillez pas," with delicate by-play and underlining, was thought charming. They did not care for Yvette Guilbert. She was too awfully awful, and not pretty—at any rate, to the Russian eye. They will see an exhibition on Tuesday at the Opera of all the *bas-bleuism* that has got on through gallantry, of *la vieille et avant-vieille garde* of prettiness in combination with style and theatrical talent, and again be able to survey the statuesque charms of Miss Sybil Sanderson.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

BUSINESS, dear Lady Betty, is business; sentiment is obsolete. The following is the history of a woman's life, recorded with business brevity:—

"Promoters"	Parents.
"Stock-in-Trade" ...	Attractions.
"Preliminary Expenses"	Flirtation.
"Investors"	Bachelors.
"Allotment"	Engagement.
"Capital"	Settlements.
"Letters of Regret" ...	Jilted.
"Managing Director" ...	Husband.
"Registered Office" ...	Home.
"Working Expenses" ...	Allowance.
"Dividends"	Dress.
"Crises"	Children.
"Preference Shareholders"	Lovers.
"Quoted"	Talked about
"At a Premium" ...	Popularity.
"Calls"...	Complications.
"General Meetings" ...	Disputes.
"Extraordinary Meeting"	Consultation with counsel.
"Composition"... ...	Separation.
"Bankruptcy"... ...	Divorce.
"Creditors"	Co-respondents.
"Discharge Suspended"	Queen's Proctor.
"Reconstruction" ...	Re-marriage.

Marriage is woman's investment and man's speculation; love is the capital, happiness and children the dividend.

* * * * *

For over a week now the Parisians, men, women, and children, have been kissing their Russian guests. Kissing is ever an expensive amusement. A new Russian loan is imminent. France will then pay for these kisses.

* * * * *

The death of Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador at Rome, though long foreseen, came with terrible rapidity at the end. For some years the late Lord Vivian had suffered from stricture of the œsophagus. A severe cold, which he contracted a week ago, developed into acute pneumonia, and this, in his already greatly enfeebled state of health, gave him no chance whatever of recovery. The late Lord Vivian was a brother of Mrs. Charles Duff, who died in London only a few weeks back, whilst Lady Vivian is a sister of Mr. Duff.

Hussey-Crespigny Vivian, more familiarly known as "Crespy" Vivian, was in earlier life one of the best-looking men in London, and at the time certainly the most popular. It had originally been intended that he should join the Army, and for this purpose he studied at the Royal Academy, Woolwich. On account of weak health, however, he failed to pass the medical examination, and he then decided to enter the Foreign Office, in which he achieved a brilliant career, dying at his post as British Ambassador at Rome having almost completed forty-two years' service.

I hear that all the drains at the Embassy House in Vienna have been put in order. It was found that they ran into the calorifère, and how Sir Augustus Paget and his family did not get typhoid fever is a mystery.

Mr. Charles Watson Townley, Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, who died on Tuesday, married Miss Georgina Dalison, a sister of Mr. Charles Dalison. He was a cousin of the Queen's Messenger who at the time of the Crimean War was mentioned by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on account of the celebrated ride he made with dispatches against time from Adrianople to Belgrade.

* * * * *

The close-season at Christie's is a sore trial to the bric à-brac lovers of London. It will be a relief to them to hear that the sale-rooms in King-street, St. James's, will reopen on or about the 15th of next month. Amongst the earlier collections to be dispersed here will be a valuable library belonging to Sir George Chetwynd, as also an equally valuable collection of prints, the property of the same Baronet. Since July, great alterations have

been made at Christie's, a new frontage has been set up, and a larger and more commodious hall and staircase have been built. No sensational sales, however, are as yet to be expected before the spring, though art treasures almost without number (they will have numbers on presently) await to be dispersed here between this and then.

And, by the way, why does some one not write "The Curiosities of Christie's?" Here is one. When the celebrated collection belonging to the late Mr. Beresford-Hope was sold here a few years ago, among other curios was what was known as the "King of Candy's Cat's Eye." It was even so described in the catalogue. The gem was set in diamonds. It was purchased by a private buyer for some few hundred pounds. After the sale it transpired that this cat's eye carried with it the right of succession over the island of Candy, and though, of course, the Colony now belongs to England, the Government, it is said, made a point of obtaining the jewel; and such political importance is attached to its possession that it is now kept where no possibility of its being stolen can occur.

It is impossible not to offer a few expressions of deep regret for the sudden calamity that has befallen Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent physician, who had a stroke of paralysis on Thursday last. To many of us Sir Andrew has been a kind friend; very many even owe to him their life. Equally in Society as in the Profession, Sir Andrew Clark has earned the respect and the affection of all whose privilege it is to know him. In our ill-health we have had his sympathy and his careful assistance. It is to be regretted that in his ill-health we have but our sympathy to offer.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Morning Post* of Saturday, the 21st:—

"M*****.—For Heaven's sake give me an opportunity to speak to you now you are in L."

I trust the writer does not aspirate the wrong letter.

This, too, is from the *Morning Post* of Tuesday, 24th:—

"A Lady of high social position, living in a palace, wishes to receive a Ward in Chancery, or Chaperon a Girl of good means and position; terms liberal; would take her to Brighton or London at once.—Address Palace."

Can this be the Palace of Varieties?—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

LADAS has been backed for the Derby at the rate of 5 to 2, which seems a preposterously short price, considering that the race will not be run for more than seven months to come. It really appears, however, as if next year's Classic stakes are at the mercy of Lord Rosebery's colt if he goes on all right, and the Derby already looks to be as much a "one-horse" race as this season's event was regarded to be last May by all good judges after the hollow victory of Isinglass in the Two Thousand. I have seen it stated that 1894 will very likely be a dark-horse year, like 1892, but where the now unknown flyer is to come from cannot at present be conjectured. There are some good-looking and promising two-year-olds which have never yet started, because it was wisely decided not to train them for their engagements this season (such as the Duke of Portland's Cossnock, by Galopin out of Wheel of Fortune, one of Sir Blundell Maple's, and Lord Rosebery's Ravelston, own brother to Corstorphine), but it is going very far to assume that any of these animals will turn out to be flyers of high class.

According to the annual handicap of the two-year-olds, which has just been published, the Two Thousand and Derby are only a question of health for Ladas, so far at the "public" lot are concerned. He heads the list with 9 st. 7 lb., and next comes Delphos with 9 st. 4 lb., and Lord Rosebery's colt certainly appears to be supremely favoured in that Delphos has no engagements next season. It will not surprise me, however, if Delphos presently discovers himself to be a non-stayer, and I dare say we shall see him winning the Fernhill Stakes and the T.Y.C. Biennial at Ascot. Match Box is estimated to be 7 lb. behind Ladas, and the Kingsclere colt has to give 3 lb. to Son o' Mine. The fact is that Lord Durham's colt ought to have won cleverly at Kempton Park, and he will certainly beat Match Box when they meet again, which they may do in the Newmarket Stakes, for which race the Kingsclere colt is nominated by Sir F. Johnstone. He is also in the Two Thousand, in which race Lord Durham's colt is not engaged. So far as the public lot of two-year-olds are concerned, I am disposed to regard Son o' Mine as the best and most promising after Ladas, and instead of his being made to receive 3 lb. from Match Box, I expect that he would find no difficulty (with a clear course) in giving more than that weight to the Kingsclere colt. Bullingdon is estimated to be the same animal as Son o' Mine, and this is a colt which can really stay well; but if it is true that he is decidedly inferior to Match Box, he need not be thought of seriously in connection with the Derby. Next comes the mysterious Xury (8 st. 10 lb.), who has no important engagement next year, which is another piece of luck for Ladas, as, when well, the Malton colt is believed to be very smart indeed. Grey Leg and Glare have the same weight as Xury. The Duke of Westminster's colt is another which has no future engagements, and Glare will never get beyond five furlongs. It gives me satisfaction to find Mr. Cooper's filly so high in this official handicap, as I was alone in the spring in entertaining a good opinion of her, which was based, not so much on the Brocklesby Stakes form as upon her excellent trial before Lincoln. At that time there was a deal of jargoning about Faultless, who was declared to be in reality the only good animal among the Brocklesby lot! Next come Arcano, Styx, and St. Florian, all of which are engaged in the Derby, which is the only race next year for which Sir W. Throckmorton's colt has been entered.

The great event of last week was the defeat of Delphos by Marnovia, who is now said to have been well galloped with Kentigern; but as she was scarcely backed for a shilling, it is evident that her friends had but little faith in her ability to beat Mr. Blake's steed, who was certainly not disgraced, as he was giving the filly 20 lb. Chaloner was ordered to wait with Delphos, and when the time came for him to bring his horse along he found a difficulty in getting through. It was a muddy-minded blunder to give waiting orders in a five furlong race with a speedy colt like Delphos, who, if he had forced the pace directly the flag fell, would probably have "chopped" Marnovia and all the other runners.

Go Lightly was a good deal knocked about in the Kempton Park race which was won by Match Box, and she did not run then within a stone of her true form; but she retrieved her reputation on Thursday, when she simply cantered away from Mecca at 9 lb., and she was giving 16 lb. to the highly-tried Comic Opera, who was beaten a long way. Captain Machell and Jewitt made a fine bargain when they bought Go Lightly at Mr. "Abington's" sale for 1,000 gs., for she is a more than "useful" filly, and although she is disqualified for the One Thousand, yet her Oaks entry remains good, as she is nominated by her breeder, Mr. J. S. Harrison. Mecca has been trumpeted about as being the best two-year-old filly of the season, but she would never beat Go Lightly at even weights, to say nothing of La Nièvre and Letterewe.

Ulsters, Overcoats, and Capes are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

It is wonderful how, in these days, the so called "great races" at some meetings dismally collapse. There were originally seventy four entries for the Amphion Plate of £1,000, which was to have been run for at Sandown Park last Friday, and ultimately twenty six were left in when the last forfeit was declared on April 4; but the race ended in a walk over for Ravensbury, this being his solitary success during the present season, and well would it have been for backers if Mr. Rose's disappointing and luckless beast had never been foaled.

A couple of Captain Machell's high priced two year olds have been beaten in their trial—Facundo, by Ormonde out of Philosophy, and Giganteum, by Bend Or out of Tiger Lily. Early in the autumn it was thought at Newmarket that Facundo might prove a dangerous opponent to Ladas in the Middle Park Plate, but he did very badly in a recent gallop, and, although capable of great improvement, he is not likely to be heard of in connection with next year's "classic" stakes. If Facundo is a failure on the turf it will be another proof that breeding is the purest lottery, for there is not a finer-bred animal in training, and both his sire and his dam were racers of the highest class. Philosophy did not last long on the turf, but as a two-year-old she was tried by R. Peck to be considerably better than The Bard. Giganteum is very backward at present, and he will probably turn out to be a much better three-year-old than Facundo; but the North Derby at Newcastle, or his engagements at Kempton Park or at Derby will be more within his capacity than the Two Thousand or the Derby.

The weights for the Liverpool Cup will be published to-morrow or on Friday, and some skimble-skamble betting will at once be recorded. But the early speculations only represent the egregious fancies of people who rush in and invest their money in absolute ignorance of the intentions of the owner, and utterly regardless of his interests; and these eager simpletons certainly take nothing by their rash impetuosity, for one very seldom hears of the ultimate triumph of the animal which has been made favourite at the beginning. The Liverpool Cup is now practically a post-betting race, and people who are such fools as to meddle with it before the day thoroughly deserve to lose their money. This race, besides, has considerably diminished in importance of late years, having been very much prejudiced by the success of the Manchester November Handicap, in which there is a great deal more betting, and it is now, indeed, one of the principal speculative events of that class during the season. I expect that this year's Liverpool Cup betting, when it settles down, will be on an even smaller scale than it was last season, and there is not likely to be a large field. The handicaps at Derby may seriously injure the Liverpool fields, and the fact that Delphos has no penalty will utterly spoil the great two-year-old race at the latter meeting.

Next week the "back end" season will begin, and at all the remaining meetings there are sure to be huge fields, composed principally of bad horses, and backers are likely to experience a Moscow campaign, for in November they are speculating with abnormal conditions. There are just now an unprecedented number of desperately bad horses in training, and most of these brutes will be running next month just on the off chance. One danger is that animals may be made favourites on the strength of their having won trials against stable companions which could not win races with a hundred yards of start. People had better avoid all the "good things" of which the November meetings are so prolific, and nearly all of which invariably fail ignominiously, unless they can discover that the fancied animal has really been galloped with a quite recent winner of fair class.

Next week there will be racing on two days at Lincoln, which will be followed by a two-day meeting at Northampton, and both fixtures are likely to be perfectly successful, but at neither of these will the sport be of any general interest nor will any animals of high class be seen out.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses the scalp.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—There is just a little more life in the stock markets, and confidence seems to be growing steadily if slowly. It is true that the cry of most of the jobbers is still "no business," but then many of them are so mortally afraid of making a little book, and make such wide prices, that they cannot expect to get any business, which is, therefore, passing into the hands of the few courageous ones, while in more than one instance brokers have been compelled to do their bargains outside the "House," being unable to get a price made at which it was possible to deal. The jobbers will have to become a little more enterprising if they want dealings to come to them, and how can they expect the public to come in if they do not themselves set an example?

The Outlook on the Stock Exchange.

The fact is that, if more activity does not show itself soon, the Stock Exchange will have to wait for it until the New Year. But there are, after all, some favourable points. As the Manager of one of our first Banking institutions told me a few days ago, it is a long time since the financial position has been so safe as it is at present, and there are distinct indications of a growth of confidence. Money is plentiful, and capitalists are ready to employ it in good securities. This will, no doubt, be illustrated by the successful issue of the New York Central and Illinois Central Debenture issues at present before the public. A strong proof is also supplied by the active dealings at improving quotations which immediately followed the publication of my list of nineteen "well-secured stocks, which have never defaulted" in Truth of last week, the prices of the majority of these securities gaining from 1 to 2 points. The question of the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act is still hovering in the balance, but there are indications that a favourable decision will come off almost immediately, the strength of the Wall-street market being a significant feature. The splendid New York Bank statement just published is, of course, also reassuring. In Home Rails, the continuance of the coal strike produces discouragement, and, although more coal is coming forward, no lasting recovery is possible until the struggle has terminated. The Mining market has been under the depressing influence of the Matabele war. I have ere this expressed the view that the value of Mining properties in the Transvaal is absolutely independent of events in Mashonaland, but somehow or other the weakness of British Chartered shares seems to affect the rest of the South African market. It remains to be seen if possible successes of the Chartered Company's troops will, on the other hand, benefit quotations of the Randt Mines. There is very little logic in such sympathetic movements, and I credit the public with sufficient geographical attainments to be aware that an immense distance separates the seat of war from Johannesburg. The most promising market is that for South Americans, especially Argentines. Whenever the Rothschild settlement is adopted by the Argentine Congress a further advance may be looked for, while the important advance in Costa Rica Government Bonds and Costa Rica Railway Debentures is an illustration of the sharp improvement which is certain to follow any movement in other South or Central American securities, there being absolutely no stock in the market. It is impossible to tell when the investing public will awake from their lethargy; they will do so some day, probably after a smart rise has been established in many securities, although there seems to be no one to give a lead just now.

Home Rails.

Quotations of the Heavy Brigade have at last commenced to give way on sales, which are by some attributed to holders of real stock, while others maintain that professional "Bears" have been at it again. I do not profess to be able to solve the mystery, but the impending

settlement will show which way the wind blows. In the meantime Midlands, North-Western, and Great Western are down about a point. The increased supply of coal which has found its way to the south should presently find its expression in a falling off of the traffic decreases, the more so as trucks laden with Scotch coal are now finding their way to London. Yet there is nothing of a cheering nature in the position of the "Heavies," the huge traffic decreases already recorded rendering a material decline in dividends certain, and the question is simply how shareholders will take this. The Scotch stocks have improved, especially North British, on satisfactory traffic increases, partly due to increased coal traffic. I shall not be surprised to see North British and Caledonian Deferred, which are at present very cheap, improve. Brighton "A" have again turned against the ursine operators, recovering to 144. It remains to be seen if more stock will come forward at the settlement, or if the "Bear" account is still as unwieldy as is asserted by the "Bulls." Much will also depend upon the coal traffic, there being rumours that a good deal of coal is now going over the line. Dover "A" have fluctuated within narrow limits, and at 69½ do not look dear, especially if increases of mineral traffic should also mitigate the decreases in this instance. Hopes are entertained that the next working statement will show a further saving in expenses, but the weekly traffic return just issued is again unfavourable. I hear that a Bill will probably be introduced in Parliament for the long-talked-of amalgamation of the Taff Vale and the Rhymney Railways. In view of the savings which it would be possible to effect under such an arrangement, it is undoubtedly desirable that it should go through, but the matter is not yet finally settled.

Repeal and the Position in the States.

At last the decision in the obstinate struggle for and against the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act appears to be at hand, and there are indications that it will be satisfactory. The New York correspondent of the *Daily News* has distinguished himself by cabling the most positive statements that President Cleveland will absolutely refuse all proposals of compromise, and that the introduction of the closure resolution in the Senate puts an end to the compromise talk, which is, according to him, only put about by the Silver men themselves. It is difficult to see how a compromise would in any way improve matters. The purchase clause must be unconditionally repealed, for it has wrought all the mischief, and immediate cessation of the purchases seems indispensable, although some subsequent provision for the gradual coinage of the silver in the Treasury would not, perhaps, do any harm, as the metal could no doubt be more largely used as currency in the States. As to the question of the effect which unconditional repeal would have, it is argued, with some show of reason, that *per se* it would not remedy the position, and that an improvement in business and in railway traffics would not follow unless sound financial measures were to supplement it. But it is well known that President Cleveland has got these cards up his sleeve, and will bring them out as soon as repeal is voted. The splendid statement of the New York Associated Banks, just published, showing an increase in the surplus of 8,740,000 dols. to the huge total of 43,640,000 dols., testifies to the revival of confidence now in progress, and there is little doubt that once repeal voted, and efficient measures dealing with the currency adopted, business would again expand, and railway traffics increase. The mercantile community have been in dire straits during the crisis, but according to mail advices the President of one of the largest New York Banks has expressed himself to the effect that "the Banks are granting extensions to all solvent persons and Corporations with whom they had dealings and who required it. He did not look for or expect any trouble. The Banks, however, were strong enough now to let any insolvent concern go to the wall, and he did not think that an extension would be granted by any Bank to any person or firm that was not solvent." Matters have improved since these words were spoken, and it requires now only the enactment of repeal and of sound currency reform to give a fresh impulse to the business and prosperity of the country. Depend upon it, Ben, the progress would then be as sensational as the rapid recovery in the position of the New York Banks undoubtedly has been. In fact, the Coal Deal by the Vanderbilts, which has just been announced, and which has caused a general rise and a jump in prices, especially of Lackawanna, New Jersey Central, and Readings, shows what important developments may be expected once confidence is fully re-established.

Yankee Rails.

American Railroad stocks have improved in the latter part of the week, partly on the impression that the repeal of the mischievous Silver Bill was assured. Taking an average of forty stocks currently dealt in on the New York Exchange, it will be found that the price is now 49½, against the lowest of the present year of 39⅞, while the highest point touched in the year was 69¼. The market has thus recovered considerably from the effects of the recent panic, but it is still far removed from the not very high level it was on even in the present year. That prices are low must, therefore, be conceded when it it is found that, taking all the stocks—good, bad, and indifferent—together, their average market value is less than one-half of their par value. Only seven of the forty stocks are selling for as much as their par value, and at the very best prices reached during the year only eleven managed to gain that distinction. The obvious conclusion to be come to is, therefore, that provided business revives in the States and no fresh unfortunate accident happens, a gradual advance will take place in quotations. Traffics will perhaps recover but slowly, but the last weekly return of the Milwaukee Company showing an increase of 55,000 dols., and that of the Atchison Company showing a much smaller decrease than those of the preceding weeks (62,000 dols.), are distinctly encouraging. With regard to the Atchison Company it should be remembered that the comparisons for the past two months have been made with the best months in the history of the road. Last year was one of the best years on record for all the Western lines, and, unfortunately, this year has brought the other extreme, so that in the case of the Atchison and the others the decreases reported are not really as big as they seem. The scare concerning this Company, so assiduously fostered by the City Editor of the *Standard*, has now passed away, and the stocks are gradually recovering, but Atchison Second Mortgage bonds are still at a very low level, almost entirely due to recent forced selling for Dutch account. With reference to the renewal of the Guarantee Fund Notes, I am informed that it is practically assured. Milwaukees have shown remarkable strength, and Louisville are several points above the lowest. It may be assumed that the new Ordinary stock which is to be issued will remain in the Treasury for some time to come, and that other means will be found to provide for the liabilities mentioned by me. The amount of Unified bonds in the Treasury of about 1,850,000 dols. would, for instance, be available for that purpose. The Ives-Belmont faction have carried the day at the Northern Pacific meeting, and it may be hoped that better times are now in store for this unfortunate undertaking. The circular issued by Messrs. C. D. Barney & Co., of Philadelphia, in asking for proxies for the new men who are now in power, was one of the severest indictments ever framed against a railroad management. The charges made therein against the former Board expose the most monstrous system of double dealing and dishonesty. Erie shares and Second Mortgage bonds have been in request on the expectation that a reorganisation on sound lines and without an assessment will shortly be accomplished, and this is also prognosticated for the Reading line, which will, moreover, greatly benefit by the coal deal which is now on the tapis. The Baltimore and Ohio has announced a dividend of 2½ per cent. for the half-year. The Canadian Pacific issue of Preference stock has knocked the price of the Ordinary stock down over two points, chiefly through "Bear" selling, but I fancy that this issue will go off better than the ursine contingent

imagine, in which case a substantial rally may be looked for. The Grand Trunk traffics continue exceptionally large, and seem to assure the full guaranteed interest, with, possibly, something to spare for the First Prefs., a contingency which seemed remote indeed only three months ago.

Foreigners and South Americans.

The candour shown by Signor Giolitti in his statement at a banquet in Piedmont on the financial position of Italy, has made the worst possible impression upon the bourses, already somewhat scared by the Franco-Russian enthusiasm in Toulon and Paris, and Italians have again dropped heavily. The wonder is, that they still stand at their present price, and if one of these days war rumours, originating in the new *entente cordiale*, should be set about, Italians will be one of the stocks most likely to experience a heavy fall. Spanish are also lower, the little war in Morocco being likely to tax the resources of Spain severely. Greeks have, on the other hand, remained very steady. Argentine Government stocks have again improved fractionally, the fall of the gold premium in Buenos Ayres to 214 being a very satisfactory feature. The reported arrest of some directors of the Provincial Mortgage Bank seems to promise the cleansing of this Augean stable, and some tardy measure of justice for the Cedula bondholders. I am told that the Rothschild settlement of the National debt will be confirmed by Congress almost immediately, when the Railway guarantee question will be brought forward. Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. have agreed to negotiate this important matter. Costa Rica "A" and "B" bonds have again advanced 6 points, and Mexican Sixes have improved; but Peruvian Corporation Debentures and Prefs. are a point lower for no particular reason. Uruguay bonds, now quoted 35, ought to rise to a higher level, as the November coupons will be duly paid, and the Government shows the most praiseworthy determination to fulfil all its engagements. At 35, however, some tap appears to be turned on, and until that has run dry no further advance is possible. Brazilian Railways are suffering severely from the continuance of the revolution, the end of which does not yet appear to be in sight. I have always considered the Brazilians wanting in pluck, but the manner in which Admiral di Mello and President Peixoto bombard each other with proclamations instead of coming to close quarters places them in a still worse light. I mentioned some time ago that the resumption of cash interest on the Costa Rica Railway First Mortgage Debentures was assured. Their quotation was then 75, while they have now risen to 89! The Second Debentures have also improved to 50, and it is reported that, in consequence of a settlement which has been come to between the Company and the contractors for the shipment of bananas, an amount of £25,256 will be added to the published figures of traffic to the end of June last, which would then also cover the Second Debenture interest. It is not surprising that Costa Rica Railway shares are being bought under these circumstances, the £10 shares being quoted only 1¾. Another promising cheap "lock-up" is Entre Rios £5 Ordinary shares at ¾ and ditto Five per Cent. Preference shares at 2¼, in which active dealings have of late taken place. It will be remembered that Mr. R. J. Neild, one of the Directors, who has recently returned from Argentina, stated at the meeting of shareholders as a result of his visit to Entre Rios that he believed "that eventually all those who originally lent their money to Entre Rios for railway purposes were going to get it back."

A Selection of Investments.

How thoroughly investors appreciate any really useful hints was amply proved by the demand which sprang up for the nineteen "well-secured stocks, which have never defaulted," of which I published a list, together with their yields and particulars of the manner in which they are secured, in TRUTH of the 19th inst. Active dealings took place in the majority of these securities, and an advance was established of 2 in United States Debenture Corporation Debenture stock to 92, and of 1 in the following:—De Beers Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Second Debentures to 103, Bank of New Zealand Estates Five and a Half per Cent. Debentures to 106, A. & F. Pears' Five per Cent. Debenture stock to 108, Trustees and Executors Four per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures to 96 (the yield of which should have been given in last week's table as £4. 5s. per cent.), United Railways of Havana Five per Cent. First Mortgage bonds to 93, Western of Buenos Ayres 1925 Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds to 110, with other improvements of ½. Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Four per Cent. Debenture stock was singled out by special favour and rose 1½ to 95, nor is this surprising, as it is a really gilt-edged stock. It has a first charge on the railway and a Chilian Government guarantee until 1904, as well as a guarantee by the wealthy Huanchaca Company up to December, 1903. It has £2,200,000 of Ordinary stock behind it, upon which interest is paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and traffics are most progressive, having increased 50 per cent. during the last eight months over 1892. It will be seen, therefore, that it is a really high-class stock, still very cheap in comparison with Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debenture stock at 104, which is also a gilt-edged security.

The Kaffir Circus.

Warlike is the talk of the jobbers in the Kaffir Circus, and war news is eagerly welcomed. The "Bulls" are thirsting for the blood of the Matabele, and the "Bears" would greet a defeat of the Chartered Company with a severe raid on the shares. I do not know that either party will be allowed to make any huge profits in the gamble in Chartered shares which is at present going on in the "House," unless they belong to the privileged few who rejoice in inside knowledge. The news from the Company's representatives at the Cape is remarkably slow in coming to the knowledge of the public here, and there are excellent opportunities for insiders to scalp profits with little or no risk. But who else in their senses will take a hand in this game in which loaded dice are so easily used? Chartered have been down to 20s. and up to 26s., and they will continue to fluctuate with the news which may be allowed to ooze out. In the meantime, Randt Gold Mining shares, after a reaction, are hardening again. The selling was by some big operators, who appear to have it all their own way, and who are now again supporting the market. Crown Reefs alone have scored a rise of ¼, while Jumpers, Salisbury, Ferreira, and City and Suburban are down from ¼ to ⅜, others having lost smaller fractions. But the gold industry at the Randt goes on all the same, and one fine day, when it suits the big operators, the market will advance sharply, and the public will eagerly buy at the top what they would not look at at the bottom. South Simmer and Jack have been more freely dealt in, and the shaft is now stated to be about half way down the 300 ft, at which depth the rich reef is expected to be struck. From the Buffelsdoorn Mine in the Klerksdorp district comes the cablegram that the new 40-stamp mill has started running, so that a good output may be expected for October. According to the *Klerksdorp Record*, "the mine is in splendid order, and a long way in advance of the mill, more than 100,000 tons being in sight, and further development actively proceeding." The cyanide works were already at work in September, and are treating the old tailings, after which they will be kept busy by new tailings, now that the mill has started. These shares have now advanced to 1 5/16, and are bound for higher prices. A fair amount of dealings has taken place in Afrikander shares at 1⅜, and a large crushing is expected for October. With reference to the African Gold Recovery Company, I have received the following from a Glasgow correspondent signing himself Jacobs:—

Glasgow, October 20, 1893.

The price of African Recovery shares, in spite of the excellent work being done, keeps growing, to the annoyance of a good many good people, small by degrees and beautifully less. Whether it is that Lobengula is to descend from the north, and empty the cyanide vats at one good pull; or that, things generally being bad, the Recovery shares must also suffer, is not quite

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

clear, but certainly the shares being low, in spite of what the Company is doing, a great deal of dissatisfaction exists. The indefinite way future dividends were referred to at the general meeting pleased few people, and, so far as I can make out, has had the effect of causing some few to drop their shares. The impression—which I believe is absurd—is that the Directors purpose keeping to a fixed dividend of 20 per cent. for the coming year, and using the surplus for acquiring mining properties. Any arrangements for acquiring interests in mining Companies will, without doubt, be for the benefit of the Company, but it is time now that bi-monthly dividends were paid.—Yours, &c.,

JACOBS

The Company referred to is doing remarkably well, and has again a yield of 37,000 oz. of gold to show for September (being nearly 26 per cent. of the Randt output), against 36,000 oz. in August. At that rate it will be able to pay a good deal more than 20 per cent. in dividends, and yet acquire mining properties and increase its reserve fund. Diamond Mining shares are a very uncertain market, especially New Jagersfontein. It is not surprising that the steam has gone out of these shares, as the operators who had recently engineered a rise, found to their cost that they were only helping crippled Hatton Garden holders to unload. Oceana Land shares have fluctuated, and are quoted about 2½, with Oceana Developments at ¼ premium. Recent events in Mashonaland bring the great advantage of the short route to the interior viâ the port of Beira and the railway over the old, long, and costly journey from the Cape into strong relief. It must be galling to Mr. Rhodes that this line passes through Mozambique territory, and that he is thus altogether dependent upon that Company for his shortest communication. Mozambique shares, which had been neglected for some days, have again come into brisk demand at from 1¼ to 1⅜. The Mozambique Company, it may be added, owns half the share capital of the railway, and, therefore, will benefit materially by its success.

Miscellaneous Mines.

The advance in Indian Gold Mining shares has been partly lost again on attempts to snatch profits. Yet the opening of the branch line to the mines from the Colar-road Station, which is now at hand, should produce a great saving in expenses to most of these Companies. Amongst Australian properties the tendency has also been weak. Day Dawn P.C., Craven's Caledonia, and Day Dawn Block easing off. Aladdins are steady at 1 7/16 9/16, pending the arrival of important news, which is shortly expected. This also applies to Wentworth Priority and Ordinary. In fact, a cablegram has just come to hand as I am writing, announcing a crushing of 900 tons of ore, yielding 670 oz. of gold, for the fortnight. Mail advices from Melbourne report an inactive market, new flotations having absorbed a good deal of the money of speculators. The chief business was in Bendigo stocks, the Johnson properties coming in for most attention. At Ballarat favourable developments in the Ballarat East Mines attracted some attention. The *Australian Mining Standard* reports from Ballarat that the Black Horse United came into notice owing to the receipt of a wire from the Manager that the west vertical vein (which invariably accompanied the golden shoot of stone in the other levels) had been cut in the 1,500 ft. crosscut. The same contemporary reports from Sydney that Baker's Creek sold down as low as 24s. 6d. on their losing the lode in the bottom level, and firmed again to 27s. when a notice was posted in the Company's office saying the lode had made again 2 ft. wide showing gold and antimony. In American Mines, New Guston and Montana have improved, De Lamar and Tolima also advancing, but Richmond and Don Pedro are down.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Ulysses.—I really should not like to advise you. If there were not a certain risk, the bonds would not stand at their present price, but your arguments are correct enough. *T. W., Sidmouth.*—Hold Chilian bonds, Costa Rica "A" and "B" bonds, and Mexican Central Gold bonds. You might average Costa Rica "B." *Otterburn.*—This writer's opinion is apparently very unsound. You should hold Mexicans, City of Mexico bonds, and Erie Second Mortgage bonds at present.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

C. A. & Co.—Nothing has appeared of late in TRUTH concerning the person in question. I cannot reply by letter. *Delta.*—It is a pity that you embarked in the Anglo-Australian Land and Finance Company, but I have always warned my readers of such undertakings. You can get 4 per cent. and more from the securities mentioned by me in the list of securities published last week under "A Selection of Investments." Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debentures, for instance, should suit you. *F. F. W., No. 52.*—Are you not aware that this New Zealand Company has had to pull up? It is, however, in course of reconstruction, and there is no option but to wait. *K. G. W.*—I do not know this so-called Bank, and should advise you to be very careful. If they offer high rates of deposit you may be sure it is a swindle. *Greenhorn.*—1. No, I should advise you not to have anything to do with this outside brokers' concern. 2. A fair investment, but no catch. You can do better by making your choice from my list of stocks published last week under "A Selection of Investments."

Home Rails.

Investor, Harringay.—Yes, there is no reason why you should not buy the small amount of Brighton "A," purely for investment, disregarding intermediate fluctuation. *Secretariat.*—Your father was quite right to sell half his holding of Metropolitan Districts at 40 at the time, and, as they are not likely to pay any dividend for the present, he will be right to sell the balance, but he will no doubt get a considerably better price by waiting a month or two, and that I should advise him to do.

American and Foreign Rails.

Medicus.—Atchison Four per Cent. Gold bonds are perfectly safe, and should be held for a smart recovery. I stated last week under "Yankee Rails" that there had been an unreasonable scare. The other stocks should also be held for a recovery. Grand Trunk Guaranteed will probably get the full interest, as traffics have been splendid of late. *Gordon.*—As the Grand Trunk Company is doing well just now, this Debenture stock may safely be held for the present. *C. A. E. O.*—Certainly hold Central Pacific for a recovery. *J. B. S.*—Certainly hold the bonds Nos. 1—3 for an improvement. Costa Rica Railway First Mortgage Debentures (2) will go higher, as they are about to receive cash interest again. They are already up to 90. *C. J., Cork.*—Certainly hold Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds; it was an unreasonable scare. *Speculator.*—The information for which you ask is given week by week in my letter; but you should not buy more than you can pay for. *H. P. C.*—You should hold Union Pacific now. *Hope.*—I am afraid that Italians will go lower, as the financial position is so bad. As you have already Americans, Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debenture stock at 95 should suit you as a gilt-edged investment. As a speculation, Nitrate Rails, New Primrose, and Buffelsdoorn should suit you. *Deron.*—There is no reason for selling Central Pacifics now, although I should not exactly select these for investment. Atchison "A" bonds are recovering, and should be held and averaged. *E. F., East Cowes.*—These are not gilt-edged bonds, and have declined during the crisis in the States. *Hastings.*—I gave a list of sound investments in last week's issue, under "A Selection of Investments," in which you will find what you want. Antofagasta might suit you perhaps best, unless you wish to go in for gilt-edged U.S. Railroad bonds. *South-Western.*—1. Mexican Railway Ordinary stock is not a favourite of mine, but you might hold in the hope of getting out without a loss. 2. Hold Union Pacifics, but do not buy any more. 3. Take them up if you can. 4. If you read TRUTH regularly you must know that I consider that Louisville have touched bottom. *Southampton.*—Are you not aware that the Delagoa Bay Railway question is under arbitration by the Swiss Government as between the Company and Portugal? There is nothing for it but to wait. *J. P. G.*—There is a dispute with the Erie Company, but at present price you had better hold for a recovery. *Gold.*—Either of the Illinois Central issues would be suitable, or you might invest in Antofagasta (Chili and Bolivia) Four per Cent. Debenture stock at 95. *R. A.*—Yes, you should hold Norfolk and Western Prefs. There is no fear of their going into a Receiver's hand at present. *C. S., Darlington.*—You should hold the Louisville and Nashville Six per Cent. General Mortgage bonds, 1930. They are a good investment. *Capi.*—1. There are fears that the Pennsylvania dividend will be reduced. The financial position of the Company has, moreover, deteriorated. 2. Yes, Illinois Central are a good investment, but I should prefer the Atchison Guarantee Fund notes. *Phœnix.*—1. At present price you should certainly hold Union Pacifics. 2. The Missouri, Kansas, and Texas is doing pretty well, and you should not sell the Ordinary now. *Beta.*—Argentine Great Western Five per Cent. Debenture stock should be held, as a decision concerning the guarantee and payment of arrears may be expected shortly from the Argentine Government. *Provincial Broker.*—Yes, the rig of Mexican Railway Ordinary to 17 was evidently engineered for the purpose

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

of unloading. I am always suspicious of such "House" tips. *G. C.*—I should think it would be preferable to hold these bonds for a recovery. *H. S. B.*—The Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund notes rank before the Four per Cent. Gold bonds.

Mining Shares.

Hopeful.—Certainly, you should hold these Land shares for an important improvement, but it would be preferable to take them up. *Eblana.*—How can you attach any value to criticisms from such a source? *J. R.*—Hold Craven's Caledonian (1), also Kimberley Roodepoort (2). The latter mine is reported to have commenced crushing. 3. You had better leave the Bank shares alone. *Globe.*—As this was a somewhat irregular transaction, it is very difficult to advise upon it. You ought to have received notice of the formation of the Company for working the colliery, and the shares are a very poor exchange for your £500. The Company is working at a loss, and the shares are, I suppose, worth very little; they have no Stock Exchange quotation. You had better ask Mr. W. W. what their value is. Hold the Brewery shares for a recovery. *Catarina N.*—With some patience you will see the cheap shares, Nos. 1 and 2, improve, but you must await the news from the mine. 3. The announcements made at the recent Ooregum meeting justify a higher figure. 4. The ordinary shares are of £1 each, fully paid up. *Pagoda.*—1. The office is at Leadenhall Buildings, E.C. 2. The 5s. shares are fully paid up. 3. A fair gamble for a small amount. *T. D.*—I have always condemned the Palmarejo Mine. *R. S. P.*—"Coming" South African Mines are Afrikander at 1⅜, Buffelsdoorn at 1¾, and South Simmer and Jack. *Spero.*—If you hold Lisbon-Berlyn, keep them on the chance of a spurt in the price being engineered. Do not put more money into the shares. *Arab.*—I see no special attraction in Don Pedro at 15s. *R. H. S.*—Certainly, I maintain my view concerning these cheap shares, and as soon as further news comes to hand, which is expected shortly, I will publish it. *Twice Sold.*—I am investigating this matter, and shall not, therefore, be able to give my opinion until next week. Until then you had better do nothing.

Industrial Companies.

House.—1. Hold; the French Company, in which this undertaking is interested, has fair prospects. 2. Under the present improved arrangement the Electric Construction Corporation will, probably, pull round. 3. A fair industrial investment. No reason to sell now. Both Nos. 4 and 5 are speculative industrial investments and no particular catch. *H. G. W.*—I have already expressed my surprise at the contents of the circular of the Secretary of Morgan & Co., Limited, and at the possibility of irregularities such as he reports concerning Messrs. G. H. Morgan and G. S. Heffer, Directors, and H. G. Malcolm, Secretary, but it is for the shareholders to move in the matter. I never recommended investment in this concern. *Waiting.*—Yes; I think the Company will work round and I advise you to hold. *Reg., Dublin.*—I am afraid a settlement is not likely for some time. You have omitted to send your name and address.

Mixed Investments.

T. H. C.—1. No particular catch. 2. A fair investment. 3. Leave them alone at present. *Vicar.*—There is no objection to the proposed investments. Nos. 1—5, although you might do better. The Transvaal Loan (2) can in no way be affected by the Matabele war. The Railway No. 3 is not, of course, progressing just now, but the bonds are safe of their interest. Yes, Costa Rica "B" (4) are a good investment. You might do better in some instances by choosing from the table published last week under "A Selection of Investments." Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debentures, and Six per Cent. Ordinary stock ought to suit you. *T. P., Oxford.*—With regard to the Trust shares Nos. 1 and 2, I do not see what you can do but to hold now in the hope of a recovery. Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds should be held, they are recovering rapidly. Nos. 4 and 5 should also be held. *A. H.*—The English Company is apparently doing well, but it is a speculative investment, and so is the Land Company. *Daisy L.*—1. The San Pablo Nitrate Company is doing extremely well, but the prospects of the nitrate industry are not very bright in view of the proposed discontinuation of the restriction of the output. 2. Certainly hold Balkis Land shares for a recovery; also No. 3, which are certain to recover. You have done well to buy Oceana (4) at 2. You might buy a small amount of No. 5, if you can take them up. I do not like Kaboonga (6). *Cherchez.*—No, I do not recommend the four investments mentioned by you. You had better make your selection from the list of stocks mentioned last week under "A Selection of Investments." *M. H.*—Really, if you want me to adjudicate on your fifty different investments as to holding or selling, you must give me the prices which you paid, as much must depend upon that. *E. G., Sunderland.*—Arauco will come right eventually. Certainly hold Australian Broken Hill Consols. Which Nitrates have you got? *E. M. H.*—You will find what you want in the list of stocks inserted last week under "A Selection of Investments."

Various Investments.

At last the India Council has been able to sell some bills on India at 1s. 3¼d., and it looks as if matters were to look up a little for them, a consummation devoutly to be wished, if a sterling loan is to be avoided. Rupee Paper, too, has been firmer at 66½, while silver has maintained its price of 33⅛d. The suggestion made in several quarters of an amalgamation of Trust Companies, although, perhaps, difficult of execution, appears yet at present to commend itself as likely to bring about very considerable savings, and would work for the general good, especially if the capital were to be cut down at the same occasion. I am afraid, however, that a certain proportion of the Directors will be opposed to the plan as likely to reduce or abolish their fees. Monday's meeting of shareholders in the Industrial and General Trust was extremely boisterous, which is not surprising, as the Directors confess to the loss of £1,000,000 out of a capital of £3,500,000. Special interest centres in the question if this loss is absolute, or if part of it may be recovered with a recovery in the stock markets. The shareholders are, of course, fully justified in putting their house in order, as the Directors have been, to say the least of it, most unfortunate in their selection of investments. The monstrous Articles of Association also require amending. But the shareholders will, all the same, in their own interest, have to be careful to prevent the frittering away of further sums by protracted litigation. The Western Australian loan was a qualified success only, the average price obtained being £98. 5s. 2d., while the scrip is now quoted at ¾ premium on the minimum of 97½. The announcement of the Mexican Railway dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum on the First Prefs. produced little change in quotations, as it had been anticipated. It shows, however, how very far the Second Prefs. are off dividends, and the present price of the latter of 45, to which they have been rigged by Mr. Mackusick and his Universal Stock Exchange is obviously extremely high, especially when compared with the First Prefs. at 65, which have to get 8 per cent. before the Seconds get a penny. The Directors of the Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries recommend a dividend of 7 per cent., or 14s. per share upon the Ordinary shares for the year ending September 30. Owing to the financial crisis in the United States the Directors are adverse to recommending a larger dividend, although they are advised that the profits are considerably in excess of the dividend they recommend. The dividend announced by Messrs. A. & F. Pears & Co., Limited, was satisfactory, being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares for the half-year; of 12 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year; and of 10 per cent. per annum on the Deferred Ordinary for the half-year, but the report, which has since been issued, is less favourable. Perhaps some of my readers will favour the writer of the following letter with their views on the case stated:—

October 20, 1893.

Can you from your experience advise me in this matter in the columns of TRUTH? I am a shareholder in a Limited Company incorporated June, 1893. The statutory meeting has just been held, and no routine business was transacted. The Articles of Association say, "The first Directors shall be," &c. "At the ordinary general meeting held in 1895 three Directors shall retire," &c. My query is, should the Directors "appointed" by the subscribers to the articles have been "elected" by the shareholders at the statutory meeting just held according to the law laid down in the "Companies Acts," or are the shareholders governed by the Articles of Association—in other words, are the shareholders without a voice in the matter until 1895, unless they are strong enough to call a special meeting on the subject? I have submitted a case to Counsel, who replies, "the Articles govern," but this seems opposed to equity, and I thought I might venture to appeal to your wide experience for your opinion.—Yours, &c., B. V.

It is rather unusual to ask a journalist's advice after having obtained counsel's opinion, so I prefer to leave the matter to the judgment of my readers. I hear that Messrs. Cox, Buckley, & Co., the well-known church decorators, of 29, Southampton-street, W.C., are turning their firm into a limited Company. The branch of business in which they are engaged and in which they have achieved a world-wide reputation is at present very popular, and I make no doubt that the undertaking will prove as prosperous as a Company as it has been as a private firm. A victim of a fraudulent Building Society protests against the hole-and-corner system

of liquidation tolerated in Scotland. He writes that it is nothing short of a public scandal that any one man holding the appointment of Official Liquidator for one concern should be permitted to hold other six antagonistic appointments, which not only prevent proper investigation into that Company's affairs, but most cruelly deprive the creditors on the other estates of almost any voice whatever; indeed, they do not even get the opportunity of independent legal advice either in the law agency or by council. In England this would, according to my Scotch correspondent, not be tolerated for a single day, as a simple script petition —with facts—to the Accountant of the Court is sufficient to have a Neutral Receiver appointed. My correspondent, therefore, argues that the sooner this system is adopted in Scotland, the better will it be for all concerned. Perhaps so, although we have nothing much to boast of as regards our Building Societies, or even our system of liquidation.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

TED'S REFORMATION.

MRS. CHALLONER was an ardent reformer. She did not wear blue spectacles and a rational dress, neither did she cut her hair short and rail against the opposite sex from the vantage-ground of a public platform. She did not even advocate the cause of the shrieking sisterhood in private life, but she was an ardent reformer for all that, and never happy unless she had in hand some work that she fondly believed to be for the ultimate benefit of somebody.

It appeared to her that there was something wrong in the scheme of creation, and so she set about righting the wrong according to her lights. It was rather a big thing to tackle, but she went at it with any amount of pluck, and if her plans often ended in failure, why, that was not her fault, of course, but the fault of a blind and misguided world that refused to bow to her superior judgment.

Her husband was the Rev. Arthur Challoner, Vicar of Elmsdene, a mild, benevolent young man, who had a quite remarkable talent for effacing himself, and who was content to let his pretty little wife drive the domestic coach. On one occasion, and one only, did he venture to interfere with the workings of Providence as exemplified by Mrs. Challoner, and the history of his interference and the subsequent results thereof, I am now about to relate.

"My dear Kitty," said the Vicar, one morning, peering over his coffee-cup, "is there anything special on hand in the reforming line just now, or have you a little time to spare?"

Mrs. Challoner pursed up her lips.

"Let me see," she said, checking off items on her slim white fingers; "there's the new Infant School mistress, to begin with. She is on much too friendly terms with two or three of the choir-men, and she won't join the Primrose League. I'm afraid she is rather an obstinate case. Then there's the Temperance Society. I hear that some of the members actually took brandy-sauce with their plum-pudding at the Club feast the other day, and of course that must be looked into. Then there's the new tenant of Bridge's farm. I am not at all sure that he has not a secret leaning towards the Radical party. Besides, there's the case of that poacher, Giles; and Mrs. Brown's baby is half-starved, I am convinced; and Jones has been beating his wife again; and I can't get young Smith to marry Clara Green—he will hang about after that silly Fanny Taylor. There are heaps of other things, too; but still, I dare say I could find a little spare time if there is anything special you want me to do."

"Well, my dear," said the Vicar, rumpling his hair nervously, "it has occurred to me—this is only a suggestion, of course—it has occurred to me that if you tried you might be able to do something in the way of reforming Ted Hammersley. There's a lot of good in him, but he isn't all he might be, you know."

"He certainly is not," Mrs. Challoner returned, in a tone of chilling severity, and then silence ensued.

Now, Ted Hammersley was the black sheep of the village fold, and a sharp thorn in the pastoral shepherd's side. He was the Squire of Elmsdene, and, of course, being such a prominent person, ought to have been a shining light as well and an example to the neighbourhood. An example he certainly was, but anything but a good one, and his light persistently illumined the wrong road. In short, he was a man of the world, whose chief aim was to live as fast as possible, whose creed was the lax creed of our *fin-de-siècle* civilisation, and whose habits and associates left a good deal to be desired.

He and the Vicar had been at Eton and Oxford together, and their old friendship had held good until the latter married; but Mrs. Challoner had never taken kindly to the good-looking scapegrace, of whom such dubious stories were told. She had been very carefully trained by refined and sensible parents, and although not a prude, she had her own standard of right and wrong, and Ted Hammersley did not come up to it. Therefore she had always given him rather a wide berth, and among the numberless ideas that crowded her pretty head, the idea of reforming him had never found a place—which was somewhat odd, because, as we all know, there is no prospect so dear to the heart of a good woman as that of reforming a rake.

"Well, my love," said the Vicar, smiling his benign smile, and helping himself to a relay of ham and eggs, "I only made a suggestion. You are not bound to carry it out."

But Mrs. Challoner thought she would rather like to carry it out. During the silence that followed the Vicar's last speech her quick brain had not been idle; she had passed a good many things in mental review, and the result was that she had decided to undertake the somewhat delicate task of Ted's reformation. On the whole, seeing matters in quite a new light, she was inclined to regret that she had not undertaken it before; for it seemed to her now that hitherto she had wilfully neglected what was almost a positive duty. That neglect must be remedied without delay.

"I'll do it, Arthur," she exclaimed with decision, while in her excitement she dropped six lumps of sugar into her husband's cup, "I never have reformed a man, but that is no reason why I shouldn't. I wish you or I had thought of it before. However, it isn't too late. I'll take him in hand to-day."

So Ted was taken in hand forthwith, and led with a silken thread towards the way in which he ought to go.

The process was by no means an unpleasant one. Up to that time Ted had not thought much of his old friend's wife; he had found her cold and difficult to get on with—or, as he expressed it, "heavy going"—but now all that was changed. The warmest of welcomes awaited him if he chanced to drop in at the Vicarage, and he acquired the habit of dropping in every day with quite remarkable rapidity. The Vicar's wife proved herself on closer acquaintance a pleasant and intelligent companion. Moreover, she had a very pretty smile, and Ted, being only a man, was not proof against the charm of a pretty smile; more particularly when, as in this case, it was backed up by soft blue eyes and a sympathetic voice. Before long Mrs. Challoner's new work began to show signs of prospering. The Squire electrified the community by attending church regularly every Sunday, and it was reported that his mode of life was undergoing a change. The Vicar saw and rejoiced. The Vicar's wife also saw and rejoiced.

The process of reformation always occupies a certain amount of time, and this case was no exception to the general rule; but in due course Ted stood forth in the full light of public opinion a reformed character. Mrs. Challoner experienced a thrill of satisfaction and pride as she contemplated the result of her untiring efforts. She had fought a fight in a good cause, and conquered; she had taught an erring brother to see the error of his ways; she had led a wandering sheep back to the fold. That was her view of the case. Ted's was somewhat different.

"I'm quite a good boy now," he remarked, with a

queer sort of smile, as they dawdled over five o'clock tea one day in the cosy Vicarage drawing room.

"Yes," Mrs Challoner assented, in a meditative tone.

"I go to church twice every Sunday," Ted went on, still with that queer smile lurking under his moustache, "I've cut drinking and gambling and betting, &c., &c., almost entirely. My old haunts know me no more, and my old friends are conspicuous by their absence."

"Yes," said Mrs. Challoner again, with a nod of approval.

Ted gave her a quick curious glance as she sat there in the firelight's ruddy glow—a slim dainty little figure, with a mignon face, framed softly in fair curly hair. Then he rose and lounged across to her side.

"A man expects some sort of a reward for all that, don't you know," he observed, tentatively.

She looked up at him, flushing warmly through her clear, sensitive skin.

"And you have it," she cried. "Surely you have your reward in your own feelings, and the knowledge that you are sowing good grain instead of wild oats, and doing right instead of wrong."

"Yes," Ted rejoined slowly, "that's all very well in theory, but when you come to put it in practice it doesn't hold water, you see. No doubt the consciousness of virtue and all the rest of it is very delightful, but I am not a saint—Heaven forbid! Even you can't make me one. And I would rather—I would rather"—he paused for a moment, then sat down on the broad, padded arm of her chair. "I did it all to please you, Kitty," he said, abruptly, and, before she could stop him, he had turned her face up to his and kissed her.

Mrs. Challoner could not speak, she could only flash him a look of passionate anger and reproach, as she struggled to free herself from his encircling arms. But he held her with provoking ease, smiling a little to see how utterly unavailing her slight strength was against his.

"Don't cut up rough, Kitty," he said, bending down to her with an audacious light in his handsome eyes. "Didn't you know I did it for your sake? Of course you did," and then he kissed her again.

Mrs. Challoner found her voice at last.

"How dare you insult me?" she gasped, still fighting valiantly against overpowering odds. "How dare you call me Kitty and—and kiss me! You are a mean coward, and I'll never forgive you. Never, never, never!"

"Oh, come!" returned Ted, rather taken aback by the vehemence of her unexpected attack, "it isn't fair to round on me like that. You led me on to do it, you know."

"Led you on!" echoed Mrs. Challoner, springing to her feet and facing him with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes. "How dare you accuse me of such a thing! Oh! you are like the rest. You let me put myself to no end of trouble on your account, and spend weeks and months in trying to make you a respectable member of society, and then, just when I think I have succeeded, you turn round and offer me an outrageous insult. That is a man all over."

Ted's air of confident assurance began to give way considerably. He was silent for a time, pulling his moustache and pondering the situation.

"I suppose I made a mistake," he hazarded at last, "I thought it was your way of starting a flirtation—on my honour I did."

Mrs. Challoner only gasped.

"You see," Ted went on, glancing at her furtively, "women have different ways of doing things. They go on all sorts of queer tacks, but it's generally pretty safe to conclude that they want you to follow them. I've known a good many women in my time, and so, when you suddenly veered round from north to south and began to try and get the whip hand of me, I judged you by former experience. I didn't mind your doing a certain amount of reforming, since that seemed to be your little game; in fact, I rather enjoyed the novelty of the process for the time being. But I've had enough of it now, and, of course, I—of course, I—well, of course, I—don't you know——"

"You thought I was going to let you make love to me," Mrs. Challoner interrupted, with withering scorn. "I, the Vicar's wife—you, my husband's oldest friend. That was the reward to which you looked forward! A worthy one! It did not occur to you for a moment, I suppose, that I was acting honestly in the matter, and trying my hand at reforming you, not as the prelude to a love affair, but for the sake of your own ultimate good?"

Ted had the grace to look uncomfortable.

"Well, no," he admitted, "I can't say that it did. You see, I know women."

Mrs. Challoner shrugged her shoulders, and the gesture was all eloquent.

"You know *some* women—or think you do."

A silence followed.

"I say," said Ted, presently, edging a little nearer with another of those quick, furtive glances, "you don't mean it, do you? You aren't really cross, are you? You won't send me back to the bad full tilt, will you? Look here, take things like a sensible girl, and—and kiss and be friends. You may go on reforming me if you like, I don't mind, if only you won't throw me overboard. I'm awfully desperately fond of you, I am—on my honour."

"Your—*what?*" asked Mrs. Challoner, with cutting emphasis. Then she turned and pointed to the door. "Please leave me now," she went on, "and remember that you will never enter the Vicarage again with my permission."

She drew up her tiny figure with an assumption of dignity that was quite imposing, and Ted, looking hard at her, saw that she was in earnest. So he took his departure, muttering strange oaths as he went; and that was the end of Ted's reformation.

* * * * *

"Dear, oh dear," sighed Mrs. Challoner, when she had to a certain extent succeeded in calming her ruffled feelings. "I'll never try to carry out a suggestion of Arthur's again."

And she never did.

MUSIC.

GOUNOD IN ENGLAND.

APART from the interest and regret universally felt when a great man passes to the unknown, England is chiefly concerned in the death of Gounod because it puts a final end to all chances of the completion of the oratorio-trilogy which began with "The Redemption," was continued with "Mors et Vita," and should have been completed with an oratorio on the subject of the Apocalypse. I understand, indeed, that Gounod had already sketched out such a work, and he certainly talked of it in his Tavistock House days, when also, as I have personal knowledge, he had formed intentions, subsequently to be abandoned, to write operas upon Molière's "Georges Dandin" and the history of Charlotte Corday. But after the failure of "Polyeucte" in 1879, and of "Le Tribut de Zamora" in 1881, to say nothing of the hopeless fiasco of "Sapho" in 1884, Gounod recognised that his career as an opera composer was over, and resolved to devote himself exclusively to sacred compositions. His own tendency was always to the religious vein, nor did he a whit mind being chaffed about it. I have before me now a daring caricature of the composer as the deified central figure in a burlesque stained glass window, the hair and beard forming a sort of aureole, while in place of the Saints, who in churches fill up the smaller divisions of the window, there is a boy with patched breeches climbing up the balcony of Juliette, a wooden Marguerite and limp Faust being blessed by Mephistopheles, a Queen of Sheba wearing a pronounced bustle, and a serenade by a cavalier to a cat on the tiles. This somewhat broad piece of humour dates back some eighteen or twenty years, when Gounod was living in

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

London, but he greatly enjoyed it, and, perhaps, in order to show there was no ill-feeling, he wrote his autograph at the foot of my copy of it. It is, at any rate, certain that, after the withdrawal of "Sapho," Gounod, save as to a few detached songs, devoted himself entirely to religious music. The greater part of "Mors et Vita," written specially for England, is a full Requiem dedicated by the way, to the Pope. The "Joan of Arc" Mass performed at the Cathedral at Rheims in 1887, the fourth Messe Solennelle, the Te Deum and other works are, of course, all of a sacred character, while a third "Ave Maria," dedicated to his daughter, Madame de Lassus, was found on his desk after he was seized with his last illness. Gounod, despite the fact that he was always an honoured guest within our gates, had no great affection for England, where he believed he had been badly treated, although the idea was quite baseless. He was particularly aggrieved because he drew no royalties from the "Faust" representations, the performing right not being registered in due time. He, of course, failed to take into consideration that in 1862-3 "Faust" was going a-begging, that it had already half-ruined one Parisian manager, and that he was glad to get £40 for the English publishing rights from Messrs. Chappell. Indeed, if the 10 per cent. of the gross receipts after which the soul of the composer hankered had been imposed, "Faust" might still have been in the position of Verdi's "Otello," which is now given only once or twice in a season, or Verdi's "Falstaff," which has not yet been heard here at all. Gounod likewise had a grievance concerning the Albert Hall, where the *bouche fermé* was laughed at. But, as a matter of fact, he proved himself a very poor choir director, and it was not until the Royal Choral Society was placed under Sir J. Barnby that it became the greatest oratorio choir in this country. Gounod's own choral concerts here were also not taken altogether seriously, and he had other real or fancied grievances during his residence in London, into which I shall not enter, lest they bring an avalanche of correspondence upon me. Nevertheless Gounod owed a very great deal to England. Had it not been that John Hullah, at the instigation of Madame Viardot, gave a concert of his works at St. Martin's Hall in 1851, long before his very name was known in Paris, and had it not been for the warm eulogium of the *Athenæum* in an article attributed to the friendly pen of M. Louis Viardot (of the *Revue Indépendante*), and widely quoted in France, the original production of his first opera, "Sapho," might have been indefinitely delayed. Again, "Faust" was a failure until it had received the endorsement of London; and, indeed, nobody would produce it even here until Messrs. Chappell had paid £400 towards Mr. Mapleson's expenses. London also offered hospitality to the composer when, on the approach of the invading Germans, he bolted, leaving on his garden-gate the placard which Prussian shells disregarded—"The Property of Charles Gounod, Composer of 'Faust.'" And lastly, when his operatic muse failed him, the English, by giving him the largest sum ever paid for an oratorio, allowed him to strike out a new line with "The Redemption" and "Mors et Vita," two works which have obtained no foothold whatever in France. It is, however, only due to his memory to admit that in his judgment of British musical taste, Gounod was not far wrong. He stoutly declared that as a nation we could not appreciate opera, and the fact that even now, in the richest city in the world, opera appeals only to the smallest of coteries, and that if less than half a hundred titled or wealthy people, most of them personal friends, were to withdraw from the enterprise, serious opera in London would be impracticable, indicates that he had reason for his judgment. On the other hand, he was sturdy in his belief that "the English public have more educated taste than the French in regard to sacred music, doubtless from loftier religious convictions," and here he was indisputably right. Perhaps the worst experience that ever happened to Gounod in this country concerned a Brighton choir, long since disbanded. A rehearsal with that particular choral body so upset him that he was confined to the house with a nervous disorder for a week or more. But those who knew him at Tavistock House have long forgotten his troubles and his complaints concerning singers, publishers, and critics, and will prefer to recollect the veteran in his Turkish cap and smoking his long pipe, talking of music, or (which he much preferred) about theology. He detested the stiff and formal Sunday afternoons, when he always had to accompany, and occasionally to sing, with perfect expression, but next to no voice. The man of intellect came out best in his sociable moments, when formality was dropped, or in the heat of argument, or (tell it not in Gath) when the lady of the house was away.

For an introduction to the Popular Concerts with his pianoforte quartet in B minor last Saturday, Herr Robert Kahn has, I understand, to thank Miss Fanny Davies. That young lady would, I think, have been better employed in discovering a more satisfactory work from the pen of this promising young Leipsic musician, and even still better in exercising her influence on behalf of English composers, who can write much better music, although under present conditions they rarely, or never, get a chance of a hearing for it. The quartet, at any rate, is—*longo intervallo*—of the school of Brahms in his most didactic mood, and the slow movement is its best section. So, apparently, thought the audience, for immediately before the finale there was a decided exodus. Nor was Miss Davies quite wise to select as her principal solo on Saturday Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, a work which demands a more masculine reading. On Monday she was succeeded as pianist by her schoolfellow, Mr. Leonard Borwick, while Miss Wietrowetz, who is at present leader of the quartet, will be replaced on Monday week by Lady Hallé, and on the 13th proximo that excellent violoncellist, Mr. Whitehouse, will make way for Signor Piatti.

It is now asserted, I know not whether truthfully or otherwise, that most of the songs, &c., in "Miami," which certainly are a good deal too lyrical in style for a dramatic story, were originally intended for a light opera, entitled "Marigold Farm." If the statement be correct, Mr. H. Parry can at any rate adduce illustrious precedent for his action, from Handel and Rossini downwards. The music, too, of Cellier's "Dorothy," perhaps the most popular light opera of modern times, was originally written for Farnie's "Nell Gwynne."

Madame Patti will on Saturday sail from Liverpool for the United States, and she will appear in New York on November 9 and 11 in the garden act of "Faust," the second act of "Martha," and a miscellaneous concert. The tour is not, I believe, to be officially announced as la Diva's "Farewell of America," but she fully intends it to be so.

M. Paderewski commenced his provincial tour at Brighton on Saturday, and next Tuesday he will give his only recital this year at St. James's Hall, the tickets for which, save as to some guinea stalls, have now all been sold out. I expect some of them have gone into the hands of the ticket speculators. The Polish pianist, however, plays on November 22 at the London Symphony Concerts, and on December 11 at the "Pops," when I believe he will introduce some of his new songs.

Miss Emma Juch made a successful reappearance at the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday; for although her voice seems to show signs of the hard work which she has undergone during her Transatlantic opera tours, her high notes are still brilliant, and she sings with refinement and good taste. Some years ago she was best known here as an operatic soprano, but this winter she will adopt the more lasting, and often more lucrative, career of a concert artist. Mr. Wallace's new "Eumenides" prelude, performed for the first time on Saturday, is an ambitious work, said by its composer "to furnish a musical illustration of the Greek idea of Fate." This, of course, no music can possibly do; but as an example of abstruse orchestral workmanship the prelude is undeniably clever.

An obvious, though important, slip in the Crystal

Kinahan's LL Whisky.—"The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's Glenisle Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

Palace announcements has, by the way, been pointed out by a correspondent. For the twenty concerts a serial admission ticket is issued for a guinea. This, when the price of admission was half a crown, was a clear saving, but now it involves an obvious loss. By paying a shilling for each concert you do the thing for £1, whereas if you pay your money down in advance you are asked for £1. 1s. Indeed, as the Railway Companies halve the admission money, you can, when you take your railway ticket, obtain admission to the Palace at sixpence a day, or at each of the twenty concerts for a lump-sum of ten shillings, thereby saving eleven shillings on the season. The defect is very clear, and the Crystal Palace authorities will doubtless speedily rectify it.

Another point has been indicated to me. For the twenty concerts, the Railway Companies now offer to sell twenty first-class two-shilling tickets for a guinea the set. This, of course, is a boon to regular concert-goers, but it is discounted by the fact that, for some occult reason, they can be obtained only at the Crystal Palace. It is almost worthy of a Government department to compel you to take a ticket to the Crystal Palace at full price before you can buy a railway ticket to the Palace at the reduced price. A system of vouchers issued to stall-holders, empowering the ticket clerks at Victoria or Ludgate to accept the reduced fare, would fully meet the difficulty.

The orchestral players have formed themselves into a trade union, avowedly to deal with the wholesale importation of cheap foreign performers. How they propose to set about the task is another matter. We have in London over 1,800 performers; that is to say, quite enough players to furnish at least five-and-twenty orchestras, and while the market is thus glutted, a strike is hopelessly impossible. And as to sending the interlopers to Coventry, as they rarely speak our language, they effectually perform that office on their own account.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—"Did not one of the fathers?" asks Bacon, "in great indignation call poesy *vinum demonum*, because it increaseth temptations, perturbations, and vain opinions?" And, indeed, both Jerome and Augustine say something of the kind. In confirmation of their definition I may say that some poems of the sweetest of all the American song-birds, Mrs. Sarah Piatt's "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles" (1), and "An Enchanted Castle" (2), had upon me the precise effect that Tennyson attributes to the pint of port "whose father-grape grew fat on Lusitanian summers." As he drank, he says, he felt

> That child's heart within the man's
> Begin to move and tremble.

Mrs. Piatt's enchanted cup has again and again this effect upon you because of her own perfect sympathy with childhood. I cannot resist quoting for you what seems to me a little gem of this kind:—

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT CLOYNE (C. L. P., July 18, 1884).

> They shivered lest the child should fall;
> He did not heed a whit.
> They knew it were as well to call
> To those who builded it.
>
> He made a ladder of their fears
> For his light, eager feet;
> It never in its thousand years
> Held anything so sweet.
>
> The blue eyes peeped through dust and doubt,
> The small hands shook the Past.
> "He'll find the Round Tower's secret out,"
> They, laughing, said at last.
>
> And what the little climber heard
> And saw there, say who will,
> Where Time sits brooding like a bird
> In that grey nest and still.
>
> . . . About the Round Tower tears may fall;
> He does not heed a whit.
> They know it were as well to call
> To those who builded it.

More subtle, and perhaps more exquisite, in another kind is the little poem, "An Irish Wildflower," which I have not space to quote; while some of the more serious poems in the other volume, "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," are as notable for their imaginative depth and reach as for the airy grace of their finish. It is not often that poets, like the Brownings, pair at all, not to say happily, but Mr. Piatt also

> On honey-dew hath fed,
> And drunk the milk of Paradise,

as his "Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley" (3) testify. He, too, seems to me at his happiest when hymning the happiness of childhood, as in his charming "Marian's First Half-Year." From such clear and pure poetry to the exasperating affectation of Mr. Charles Weekes' clever "Reflections and Refractions" (4) is as a climb from an exquisite valley to a misty mountain side. Occasionally through a rift in the mist you catch glimpses of form and colour definite and fine; but for the most part you are in a rainbow-tinted fog. Now obscurity usually comes either from the ideas you attempt to express being inexpressible, intrinsically, or from their being inexpressible by you through lack of clearness of vision or of utterance. But the obscurity of a modern and maddening school of poets is absolutely deliberate. I know a young poet who has already made his mark, whose practice it used to be to cut clear little gems of verse, submit them to a friend, and, on receiving due meed of praise, re-write them into fashionable form by obscuring every idea irrecognisably. It was just as though you smudged with your elbow, while yet wet, the ink of delicately clear writing. At bottom, all such maddening mistiness comes of the self-consciousness and affectation of a coxcomb. "The moment you become conscious of goodness, you cease to be good," says the Buddhist Bible; and self-consciousness of cleverness defeats itself as certainly and fatally. Mr. Weekes, however, shows such cleverness in "Reflections and Refractions" that I have no fear lest his genuine spring of poetry which, now "choked with sedges, works its weedy way," will not in time run itself clear and rapid. While on the subject of poetry, it is not too late to mention "The Royal Marriage Ode" (5) of Mr. Eric Mackay, which is got up with a solid sumptuousness of paper, print, and binding, that of itself suggests immortality. Its gasping flunkeyism is not a whit more nauseating than the contemporary kowtowings of the free press of free England, but read to-day in cold blood it certainly does sound superlatively silly. Such effusions suggest that the arrogance of caste is the creation of the abjectness of half-caste—according to Heine's witty reflection: "I sometimes think that the devil, the nobility, and the Jesuits only exist so long as we believe in them." There are, however, two lines in the epithalamium which are worth quoting for their unintended sarcasm—

> That was a soldier's pledge,
> And is, to-day, a sailor's, as we know.

More excusable, because less interested and mischievous, is the form of morbid loyalty known as the *Lues Boswelliana* of biographers, from which the lady who has flung together the facts of "Angelica Kauffmann's Life" (6) is not wholly free. Having admitted that her heroine was a heartless flirt, and that she had a keen, cold Swiss eye to the main chance, she proceeds to account for her secret marriage to a man she understood to be of high rank and great wealth, by suggesting that she was entrapped into it—not by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as Sternberg preposterously asserts—but by the

(1) "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles." And other Poems. By Sarah M. B. Piatt. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)
(2) "An Enchanted Castle." And other Poems. Pictures, Portraits, and People in Ireland. By Sarah Piatt. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(3) "Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley." By John James Piatt. New Edition. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.)
(4) "Reflections and Refractions." By Charles Weekes. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(5) "The Royal Marriage Ode." For the Nuptials of H.R.H. the Duke of York with the Princess May of Teck. By Eric Mackay. (London: Lamley & Co.)
(6) "Angelica Kauffmann." A Biography. By Frances A. Gerrard. New Edition. (London: Ward & Downey.)
(7) "Stray Sport." By J. Moray Brown, late 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Two Vols. (London: William Blackwood & Sons.)
(8) "Seven Stories." By Helene E. A. Gingold. (London: Remington & Co.)

two Nathaniels, Hone and Dance. On what evidence? Absolutely on none, except that Dance might have been mortified by her rejection of him, and Hone by her artistic superiority and success; and that as, both gentlemen were Irish, their Celtic blood would naturally stir them to this "Lady of Lyons'" sort of revenge! But what two Irishmen entrapped the pretended Count Horn into a marriage with Angelica Kauffmann? That is the real and the sole unaccountable mystery of the matter. Any one who reads Angelica's life, or, for that matter, looks at her portrait as painted by herself, will understand how unquestioningly she would accept a handsome man of high rank and great wealth, as the adroit valet appeared to all to be. But why the accomplished and fascinating swindler should have chosen so poor a pigeon as Angelica to pluck is inexplicable. I should strongly advise the biographer in her next edition to represent the two Irishmen entrapping the valet into the marriage by describing Angelica as fabulously wealthy. She has the same precise evidence for one theory as for the other — the natural malignity of the Celt. Talking of natural malignity, I could not help being amused, but not amazed (for one gets at last used to it) at the author of an extremely interesting book on "Stray Sport" (7), speaking of "the fiendish temperament" of a tiger, because it charged the man who had wounded it. As he admits that the tiger would let you alone if you let him alone, this fiendishness is the self-defence of a creature which slaughters its prey for food against a creature which slaughters its prey only for "sport." How would Mr. Moray Brown figure in a book written by a tiger? The last book I shall recommend you is a little volume of "Seven Stories" (8), written avowedly for such hard-worked folk as have no time for novel-reading. Perhaps the best of the tales is "The Rabbi of Moscow"—a sympathetic and even pathetic story of the persecution of the Jews—and the most powerful "Whose was the Guilt?" a plea for such a relaxation of the marriage law as will facilitate divorce.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I think furs are a seasonable topic just now. Don't you? There begins to be a sharp feeling in the air, especially in the mornings and late afternoons, that reminds us of approaching winter. We went with Lilla to see at Nicholay's what is to be worn this season. Ermine is, of course, the chief novelty. Capes, collars, muffs, and cuffs are made of it, and coats for day wear as well as evening are lined with it. They had just sent home to some fortunate woman a long coat of blue velvet shot with red, and lined throughout with ermine. The collar, also in ermine, was continued in revers down the front. Their new driving coat was represented in box cloth, lined with nutria, a fur that strongly resembles beaver, but is very much less expensive. It was trimmed with wolverine, with deep cuffs, a wide collar and lapels of the fur. The shape was fitted to the figure at the back, but quite loose in front, so that one side can be folded well over the other. Among the new muffs, which are large, we noticed one which, we were told, is made of cub-bear, like the busby of an officer in the Grenadier Guards. Being the fur of the baby bear, it is quite light. The privates have theirs made of adult bear, the fur of which is much heavier and less costly than the other.

Sealskin is expensive this year. A three-quarter cape of it was trimmed with wolverine and lined with striped green silk brocaded in small rosebuds. Linings are elaborate and costly nowadays. The newest seal coats are made with full basques. The latest novelty in fur collars is made with a deep shoulder piece and a turn-up collar which can be turned back at will. The corners are square this season. We saw one of these in mink, one in skunk, and one in chinchilla. A short, full, ermine cape had a very full turned-down collar and a high one, which was very protective to the back of the neck. The great collars of last season, however, are quite out of favour.

We inspected a great number of Russian sables at prices ranging from three guineas up to twenty-five. Most of the skins were undressed and seamless as they had been taken off the animal. It was explained to us that the way this is done is by turning the skin back and peeling it right off—legs, paws, head and all. It is then inside out, and can be cured in that position. Some of the more expensive ones were wonderfully thick and close in the pelt, and of a beautiful rich colour. We saw a travelling sacque for a lady in dark blue cloth lined throughout with opossum, and made so as to form a bag for the feet. Pockets and a muff occupy appropriate positions in front. A sacque for a man is differently planned, the under part coming right up to the waist. It, too, is lined with opossum, and is an admirably comfortable kind of rug. It is no heavier than the ordinary sort, and can be carried on the arm in the same way.

I always say that men have the best of everything. Being the lords of creation, they possibly have every right to it, but, whether this is so or not, they certainly take care to get it. Is it any wonder that I feel jealous after having seen an overcoat—oh, Amy!—trimmed and faced with sea-otter and lined with seal? And this glorious garment for a mere man! A being who would be quite likely to drop a lighted fusee on the lovely fur, and who would never dream of looking for a moth from January to December. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it! I do not grudge them fur. Not at all! They look very nice, indeed, in their fur-trimmed coats; but, oh! I do grudge them that magnificent sea-otter.

Lilla's business was to buy a carriage-rug, and she chose a pretty one in beaver mounted on box cloth. As her liveries are nut-brown, this will be very harmonious. We saw a lovely rug of white fox mounted on ruby plush. Noticing a curious white one in stripes with a little black among them, we asked what fur it was, and were told that in every skunk there is a small portion of white fur, and this rug was made from the pieces sewn together. It had a very good effect. We asked what furs are to be fashionable this season, and were told that neither beaver nor Persian lamb will be so much worn as in previous winters, the feeling being for sable and mink. Wolverine is to enjoy a period of popularity again. Skunk is to be worn, and ermine, as I mentioned, is to be worn with both afternoon and evening dress.

As we came away, we looked in at Hayward's window, next door, and saw some of the new, large, square-sided veils in net spotted with chenille and bordered with real Brussels. Some were black, others dark blue, and others brown. We also saw some when we went inside, in black net embroidered with borders and sprays or spots of cream or butter colour. The introduction of real Brussels lace applied upon velvet or silk instead of net is quite a new idea, and we were shown a hat made with a velvet brim with appliqué lace border, the veil matching it in colour and in lace trimming. This looks very smart. The black and white veils will soon appear in your part of the kingdom, so I am sending you one that you may be the first to wear them. I know how Maud and I, when we lived far from the madding crowd, used to enjoy initiating any new fashion that we could afford to indulge in. We saw some pretty fichus and deep collars for evening wear. One of the latter was in fine mauve surah, accordion-pleated and trimmed with lace also kilted to match. There were shapes to suit every taste and all kinds of figures. Some of Hayward's bonnets and hats have cut steel ornaments introduced in the trimming, from which it is evident that steel is coming into

Hunting Season, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—John Busvine, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

The most beautiful of Winter Garments are those of Nature's own production—Furs. For an elegant fit, genuine and best furs, go to Nicholay's, Manufacturing Furriers, 170, Oxford-street, London. Seal Jackets re-made to fashionable shapes. Moderate prices.

fashion again. It is now some years since it was "in" before.

Evelyn has just returned from Cairo and has brought with her some delightful Cairene embroideries, such as make one covetous. She has several zouaves in fine gold work, and a set that she planned herself and got done for a tea-gown, consisting of yoke and sleeves in this lovely pale gold stitchery. The rest is to be pale green velvet and very fine cashmere of the same shade, Evelyn having a particular affection for this material in the finer kinds. It certainly drapes beautifully when really of the best—that is, costing about 5s. the yard. While Evelyn was in Cairo she had an attack of influenza and was perfectly miserable at the hotel, which was very full, rather noisy, and extremely draughty. The doctor whom Harry called in recommended her to go to a private Home started about two years ago by an English lady, Miss Helen Thomson, a member of the Royal British Nurses' Association, where English people travelling in Egypt can be carefully nursed and tended. There are beds for seven patients, and two trained nurses are in attendance in addition to Miss Thomson. Until this was started there was no place for visitors of standing to go if taken ill. Evelyn says it was delightful to find such a quiet retreat after the bustle of the hotel. She soon got well there. It is called Claughton House.

Charlie was in Leadenhall Market the other day, and told us about a little episode he witnessed, in which a small wiry-haired dog played the principal part. A man was displaying some doggies to a possible purchaser, and when he took this one out of the cage and put a collar on it with a chain attached, the small creature immediately began to bark at the bystanders, and tore at them to the full length of his chain. Quoth the man—

He 'as the 'eart of a bulldog, and thinks he's as big as a helephant. He's most of him brimstone, and the rest of him's quicksilver. He's gone for all of 'em here since he came; size makes no difference to him.

Now, is not that eloquence of a sort? No one can help admiring the graphic vigour of the phrases.

Here is another little anecdote for you. Mrs. Fourstars was in a registry-office for servants the other day, and saw lying on the table a prospectus of a dancing academy. She thought it might possibly do for her youngsters, so she asked the young woman clerk, "What class of people attend these classes?" "Oh, very nice people, indeed," was the reply. "I often go myself."

Was not the naïveté of that perfectly delicious? Still, the answer was just as much to the purpose in its way as the description of the "dawg" in Leadenhall Market. It told Mrs. Fourstars exactly what she wanted to know, better than a couple of dozen sentences could have done.

Evening dress is going to be lovely this winter. Pale tones of brocade, satin, moiré silk, and velvet will be embellished with silver or gold embroidery, and lightened by the addition of folds of silk muslin in similar shades. Sleeves will again be much worn in a different colour from that of the dress. I have seen a beautiful ball dress in sea-green and silver, with blush-pink velvet sleeves. Another is in pale-pink satin brocaded with white flowers and trimmed with pink and blue silk muslin twisted in soft ropes, which show first one colour and then the other. The sleeves are in pale-blue satin. Evening cloaks are in delicious brocades of the creamiest pallor, scattered over with flowers and trimmed with fur. The linings are as sumptuous as the outsides. Think of an apple-blossom brocade with flowers in the very tenderest tones of pink on a ground of mother-o'-pearl lined with satin shot white and gold and trimmed with sable. A shoulder-cape of exquisite old lace makes it deliciously becoming at the neck. The lace ends in a soft jabot in front.

Another lovely evening mantle was in Louis velveteen of a very soft, pale shade of heliotrope. It was trimmed with beaver down the fronts, and was lined with palest pink satin. It was furnished with a hood, also in velvet, satin, and fur, which could easily be detached and thrown over the hair. It was the most becoming thing you can imagine, the pink satin combined with the heliotrope forming one of those unions which, as in the case of pink and blue, subdue the sallow tints of the complexion and make the most of the white and pink.

I see by the programme just issued of the Food and Cookery Exhibition that not only military but naval cookery is to be practically demonstrated. The performers are from H.M.S. *Victory*, now at Portsmouth. They are to prepare breakfast for thirty men, and to make bread on another occasion. There is also to be on Thursday evening an exhibition of Volunteer Cookery by the Medical Staff Corps, showing the preparation of one day's meals in camp for a company of thirty men. This promises to be very interesting, and I shall enjoy telling you about it.

I have just had an opportunity of seeing (at Mr. Peter Robinson's, 256, Regent-street) the new Lady Mayoress's banquet-dress for November 9 next, and also the dresses that are to be worn on that occasion by her Maids of Honour—Misses Moore, Eglington, Tyler, Whistler, Venables, Hollingsworth, Dimsdale, and King. The Lady Mayoress's gown is made of a magnificent white and gold satin duchess, embroidered in a large and handsome design. The petticoat is of the richest white satin, the train, which is of the brocade, is lined throughout with the satin, and the lace for the corsage is delightful, being most delicately wrought with designs in gold thread introduced into the pattern. The whole of the lace berthe is embroidered in shimmering mother-of-pearl, and huge pear-shaped pendants are suspended from the different parts of the trimming.

The dresses for the Maids of Honour are quite up to date. They are of white ondine silk with narrow bands of velvet in a soft tone of verbena green outlining the seams. The sides of the hips are draped with half-handkerchief shaped paniers (which fashion, by the bye, is most becoming to quite young girls). These paniers disappear under a fan of velvet which joins the corsage at the back, and are altogether very chic and smart. I should think that when grouped together these Maids will prove themselves to be a very attractive double quartet.

Mr. Alderman Tyler—the Lord Mayor that is to be—has been laid up for the last few weeks with a sharp attack of bronchitis, though I am glad to say that he is now about again. But I suppose *he* has not to bother much about his costume for the great function on the 9th. Still there must be any number of other matters that he has to busy himself with, so it is indeed most unfortunate that he should be laid up at such a moment.

By the bye, I wonder who chooses the liveries for the footmen. If I were Lord Mayor I should go in for a little originality in this direction, coupled, I think, with a little good taste, and instead of having my men arrayed in coats which compete with Joseph's of old—supplemented by an enormous quantity of gold lace (I suppose there was no such thing as gold lace in Joseph's time)—I should clothe them in the style in which the servants of our great-grandfathers were clothed. They would be equally, in fact more, attractive than they are in the present style, and the cost would leave a large surplus in cash for—shall I say charity, or more turtle soup?

Talking of turtle soup. Fred was once at one of the Lord Mayor's banquets on November 9, and was seated next to a lady of rather large proportions. When asked if he would take "thick or clear turtle," he replied "Clear." "Say both," she said to him. "But I couldn't possibly eat both," he modestly answered. She gave him a look of withering scorn, and then whispered, "But I can, and your extra plate as well." He ordered both, and she disposed of the three platesful. Such is evidently a civic education.

You will find these cheese aigrettes, with "pulled" bread, perfectly delicious:—

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into it 1 oz. of fresh butter, and set it upon the stove to boil. Now prepare 3 oz. of finely-grated Parmesan cheese (or any old, dry cheese will answer the same purpose) and ¼ lb. of dry and sifted flour. When the water boils stir in the flour by spoonfuls with a wooden spoon until the mixture becomes quite thick and falls away from the sides of the sauté-pan, then add a couple of unbeaten eggs and the yolk of a third. Strew in the grated cheese and flavour with salt and cayenne to taste. Have ready a large and shallow pan half filled with clarified dripping or lard, and allow it to boil. Portion out the prepared ingredients to the size of a plover's egg and drop these "aigrettes" with two spoons into the boiling lard, being careful to put them well into the lard before removing the spoons. When they have boiled some seven or eight minutes, if the aigrettes rise to the top of the pan and are in colour of a delicate brown, remove them with a strainer and set them aside to drain, afterwards sprinkling them lightly with a littled grated cheese. While the aigrettes are draining, pull the inside "pith" from a couple or more of French rolls, fashion them with the fingers into a size and shape corresponding with the aigrettes, moisten them with a little fresh milk, and brown them quickly in a hot oven. When cooked, arrange the bread and cheese on either side of a dainty dual dish, garnish with parsley, and send to table either hot or cold. You will find this a pleasant variation of the inevitable "after course."

Do you like stewed pigeons? If so, try them done thus:—Three pair of pigeons should be ordered ready dressed, as for stewing; do not wash them, but wipe each with a clean cloth, then blanch them in boiling water for a minute. Remove the galls, and put the livers into scalding water, take them out and bruise fine with the back of a spoon; season with pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, a shred of lemon minced finely, and a cluster of parsley, also minced. Add two hard-boiled eggs passed through a potato-masher, two ounces of suet, chopped small, and a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs. Moisten the whole with a little milk. Fill the bodies of the birds with this force-meat, and secure both ends safely. Dip the pigeons into a little boiling stock, dust them with pepper and flour mixed, then lay them in an earthenware jar that has been well rubbed with a clove of garlic. Throw in two ounces of butter and a salt-spoonful of celery-seed. Put the lid on tightly, set the vessel in a pan of boiling water, and let the birds cook for three hours. Mix a teaspoonful of flour into a smooth paste, with mushroom catsup and Worcestershire sauce, with this thicken the gravy that runs from the pigeons before removing the pan of water. Cut two or three parboiled carrots into ornamental shapes, and simmer them till tender in a little gravy. Arrange the birds on a hot dish, with the carrots around them, and pour the gravy over all.

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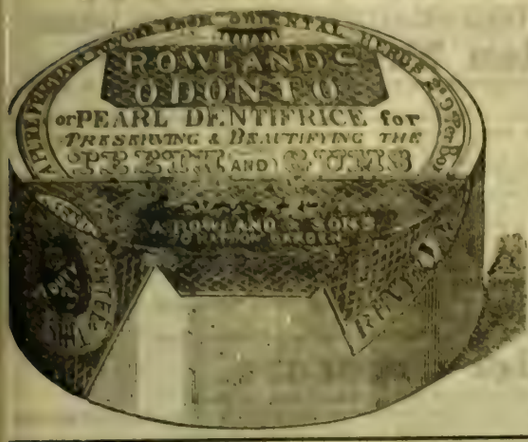

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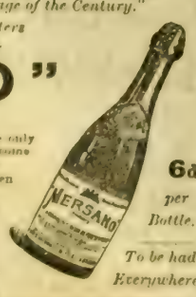

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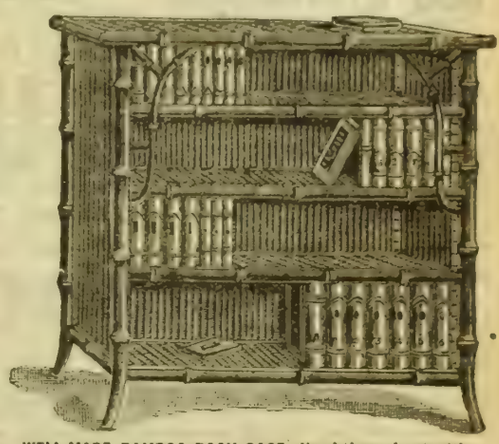

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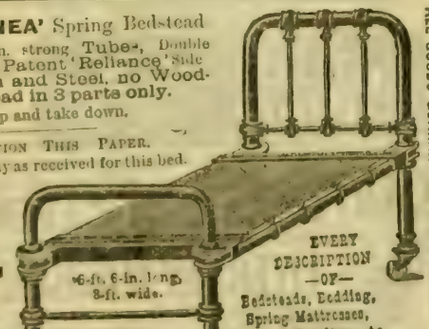

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Issue of £1,000,000 sterling 4 per cent. Preference Stock.

In pursuance of the resolution of the Shareholders at the Annual Meeting in May last the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is prepared to receive applications for £1,333,333 4 per cent. Preference Stock, part of the 5,000,000 dols. now authorised.

The price of issue is 90 per cent., payable as follows:—

£5	0	0	per cent. on Application.	
25	0	0	„	„ Allotment.
30	0	0	„	„ 21st November.
30	0	0	„	„ 19th December.
£90	0	0		

Or payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on any Tuesday, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

The Stock will rank for Dividend from the 1st October, and 1 per cent. Dividend for the three months to December 31st, the close of the Company's financial year, will be payable on the 1st of April next, and thereafter 2 per cent. will be payable on each 1st April and 1st October.

Allowing for deferred payments and the dividend date, the Stock at the net price of issue yields nearly 4½ per cent.

The Subscription List will be closed on or before 4 p.m. on the 28th inst., and in cases where it is not practicable to make any allotment the amount deposited on application will be returned as soon as possible.

Failure to pay any instalment when due renders all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The above-mentioned Preference Stock is issued under the authority of the Dominion Government given by The Canadian Pacific Railway Act, 1888, and a Resolution passed at the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Company in May, 1893.

It is provided by that Act that the Preference Stock shall never exceed one-half the amount of Ordinary Stock outstanding; that the holder of each £20 of Preference Stock shall have the same voting power as is conferred by one Ordinary Share of $100, namely, one vote; that the Dividend on such Preference Stock shall not exceed 4 per cent., and shall not be cumulative, but shall rank upon the earnings of each financial year, taking priority as to Dividend over the Ordinary Share Capital, which now amounts to $65,000,000.

This Preference Stock will be registered at the Company's London Office, will be transferable in amounts of £1 and multiples thereof, and in all other respects the transfer arrangements will be identical with those which prevail in regard to the Company's Debenture Stock.

Overleaf is given a Memorandum upon this issue and the general affairs of the Company, by Mr. Van Horne, the President.

1, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.
October 21st, 1893.

MEMORANDUM BY THE PRESIDENT.

In reference to the present issue of Preference Stock I desire to state that at the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders held on the 10th May last, the Directors were authorised to expend Capital during the current year, as follows:—

1. Permanent bridges and improvements on the Company's Railway not chargeable to operating expenses, according to estimates submitted	$1,900,000
2. For grain elevators and additional terminal facilities, according to estimates submitted	750,000
3. Additional rolling stock, according to estimates submitted	1,250,000
4. For satisfying or acquiring bonds of the Montreal and Ottawa Railway Company, the interest on which the Company has undertaken to pay by way of rental under existing lease	400,000
5. For the construction of the extension of the Souris branch from the International boundary to Pasqua, 102 miles; and of the Temiscamingue Railway, 50 miles; and of the Revelstoke branch line, 28 miles; and of a section of the Eganville branch line	3,700,000
Total	$8,000,000

Of the new works contemplated in the foregoing schedule, the line from the international boundary to Pasqua and 22½ miles of the Eganville branch are completed and in operation, and the Temiscamingue and Revelstoke branches are under construction. The amounts required for improvements, equipment, &c., have been reduced to $2,500,000 for the season, so that the total amount of new Capital required is $6,600,000 or £1,320,000, instead of $8,000,000 or £1,600,000.

The present year has been a disastrous one for many prominent American Railways, but it should be remembered that the main causes of their difficulties have not prevailed in Canada, where the financial storm has been scarcely felt.

The Company's traffic, however, has been affected by the light crop of last year and the exceptionally low price of wheat, which have reduced the profits of the producer, and resulted in a large decrease in earnest in the sections where wheat-growing is the chief industry, but, owing to the great extent of the Company's lines and to the comprehensive character of its traffic, the losses in the wheat-growing districts have been made good elsewhere, and the season is now so far advanced that it is safe to predict results for the year about equal to those of 1892, the best year in the history of the Company.

The crop just harvested is a full average one in point of yield, and an excellent one in point of quality.

The Company entered upon the present year with an undivided surplus of $6,923,531, practically all of which was in cash or in loans on security and immediately available. The advantage of such a large and liquid surplus has been well illustrated during the past months of financial depression, the Company having been able, by drawing upon this fund, to proceed with its new lines and all of its other new work, without interruption and without borrowing; and this issue of Preference Stock will recoup to the Treasury the amount so advanced.

The close of the present year will find the Company with an undivided surplus—after setting aside $1,625,000 for the dividend of 2½ per cent. for the current half-year—of about seven and three-quarter million dollars; four million dollars of which will be specially held in cash in accordance with the decision of the Directors, as announced in the last Annual Report.

London, October 20th, 1893. WM. C. VAN HORNE, President.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

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Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.
Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

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CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

TESTIMONIALS.

COLDS.

Madame Adelina Patti writes from Craig-y-Nos Castle: "Madame Patti has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball very beneficial indeed, and the only thing that would enable her to rest well at night when having a **severe Cold.**"

CATARRH.

The Rev. Dr. Lunn writes from 5, Endsleigh-gardens, London, N.W., 16th November, 1892: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Carbolic Smoke Ball. It has been used in my household with the best results in cases of bad **Catarrh.**"

BRONCHITIS.

J. James, Esq., writes from St. David's-avenue, Bexhill, 27th February, 1893: "I have been using the Carbolic Smoke Ball for **Chronic Bronchitis** with excellent results."

DEAFNESS.

Mrs. Kingsley writes from Bramshott House, Liphook, Hants, 12th December, 1892: "I have been very **deaf** for eight years, but since using the Carbolic Smoke Ball my hearing is slowly but surely improving."

THE VOICE.

Rev. J. Cunningham, P.P., writes from Kilnadeema, Loughrea, Co. Galway, 27th October, 1892: "For the past year I have derived the greatest benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball. It is invaluable for preventing or getting rid of a cold, it relieves the bronchial tubes immediately, and restores the **Voice.**"

POLYPUS.

Dr. J. Russell Harris, M.D., writes from 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.: "I have prescribed and recommended your Carbolic Smoke Ball with most satisfactory results. Many people who shudder at the notion of an operation for nasal **Polypus** will hail your invention with delight."

As all the diseases mentioned above arise from one cause, they can, therefore, be cured by the remedy which stops the cause, viz., THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL.

One **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price—**10/-** post free.

The **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** can be re-filled, when empty, at a cost of **5/-** post free.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

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"VINOLIA" SOAP—Premier, 4d.; Floral, 6d.; Balsamic, 8d.; Toilet, 10d.; and Vestal, 2s. 6d. per tablet.
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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will be remembered that a new system of awarding the Prizes in connection with the TRUTH Doll Show was adopted last year. It had previously been the practice to give one series of Prizes only, and this plan had naturally led to some difficulty in classification, and, in order to prevent any recurrence of this, it was decided to divide the Dolls, for the purpose of judging their relative merits, into three distinct classes. This plan worked so satisfactorily that it is proposed to again adopt it this year. There will therefore, in connection with the next Show, be three series of Prizes—the first for single Dolls, dressed with exceptional taste and skill and novelty of design; the second for the more striking groups of Dolls; and the third for those larger collections of Dolls, containing fifty and upwards, in the dressing of which any special qualities, such as neatness, variety, durability, &c., may have been exhibited. Thus there will be three First Prizes awarded, probably of equal value, one for the best exhibit in each class, together with numerous other prizes of smaller value, the exact number and worth of which must necessarily depend on the size to which the Show attains. It is still a little too early to state specifically of what these Prizes will consist. From the letters so far received, however, it would seem that intending competitors are, almost without exception, in favour of last year's plan being repeated; and, unless there should be an unexpected change in the tone of the further letters which may reach me, steps will be shortly taken to act on this almost unanimous consensus of opinion. It may also be said that the TRUTH Brooches, of which upwards of 100 were distributed last year, proved very popular; and it will not be difficult, I think, to design for the coming Show a memento which will prove equally acceptable and appropriate.

As readers of this journal will have seen, the coming Show is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall, at Kensington Gore; the authorities having most generously consented to again place this commodious building at the disposal of TRUTH. Seeing, then, that a very large space will be available for exhibition, it is to be hoped that the readers of TRUTH, and their friends, will unite in making a special effort to fill it worthily. Several thousands of Dolls have already been sent out, and all the very large ones have been applied for, but there are still many hundreds remaining, which have to be dressed between this and the middle of December. The Dolls are two sizes, medium and small, and parcels of them will be sent off at once to any ladies who may inform me as to their wishes. There is practically no limit to the number of small Dolls which can be sent to one applicant.

THE HOME-MADE TOYS.

It will not be forgotten, it is hoped, that the Annual TRUTH Show consists of Home-made Toys, as well as of Home-dressed Dolls. The former have always been a most prominent and interesting feature at successive Exhibitions; and it is trusted that there will be no falling off in this respect this year. The Home-made Toys may be of any kind—dolls' houses, model toys, movable and mechanical toys, &c., &c. Scrap-books are also in great request at the Children's Hospitals. Prizes will be given, as usual, for the best of the Home-made Toys.

It will be necessary, too, in order to complete the Christmas distribution on its usual lines to purchase about 25,000 new Toys; and donations in aid of the TRUTH Toy Fund for carrying out this object will be gratefully received. A large sum is needed; and, unfortunately, the balance from last year's account is a heavy debit one. Something more on this subject will be seen on the first page of this number.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 764.—"PLANTING" STATESMEN, &c.

ACTON (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 765.

It has been decided to award this prize to ALMAVIVA, whose suggestion for making Garden Parties and Musical At-Homes more popular is printed below. I am inclined to think that Almaviva is about right in his contention. Wives will go to an At-Home to see what the other wives wear, but if husbands are to be induced to attend also some innovations in the direction suggested by the prize-winner will have to be carried out:—

PRIZE SUGGESTION.

The best way to find a remedy for any evil is to discover the cause of the evil, and, if possible, remove that cause. The cause of the dislike shown by husbands to accompanying their wives to garden-parties, musical at-homes, &c., is manifestly that the amusement provided is not to their taste. Men, with very few exceptions, do not care for tea and gossip, interspersed, in the case of the garden-party with mild out-door games, execrably played, and in the case of the musical at-home, with music of a more or less high class, to which they have to listen in silence. Let the amusements be made to suit their predilections, and they will flock to such social gatherings. For this purpose I maintain that the entertainment at a garden-party should be made to resemble as nearly as possible that provided in the gardens of the exhibitions at Earl's-court. There were always plenty of men as well as ladies in those gardens. The addition to the ordinary garden-party of a band playing lively airs, and a general permission to smoke, would go far towards this end. The musical evening is much easier to reform. I have seldom met with a man who did not appreciate a good comic song; in fact, the announcement of a song of that description always produces a smile of expectation from the whole of any audience. At a musical at-home let three or four comic songs by professional singers be fairly spread over the programme, and I am sure that the men would willingly endure the high-class music for the sake of those songs. I am aware that these proposals of mine will cause a thrill of horror in the bosoms of hostesses, but I am quite sure that if the husbands are to be entertained as well as the wives, something of the kind must be done.—Almaviva.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 766.

The announcement of the Prize-winner's name in this competition will be made next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 770.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST HUMOROUS PARODY OF THE SONG KNOWN AS "AFTER THE BALL," WHICH IS BEING SUNG JUST NOW AT THE MUSIC-HALLS WITH SO MUCH APPARENT APPROVAL.

It is, fortunately, no part of my duty to account for the popularity which the above composition has obtained. For the purposes of this column it suffices to say that for some recondite reason or another it seems to have hit the taste of the public, and is, I think, well enough known to suitably lend itself to parody. The number of the lines in the original must be in no case exceeded; that is to say, the parody must consist of not more than three eight-line verses, with a chorus of eight lines. It may assist some of the country readers of this page if I append a verse of the original song, with the chorus—

Came a wee maiden, climbing my knees,
"Tell me a story. *Do*, uncle, please!"
"Tell you a story—what shall I tell?
Tales about giants, or elves in the dell?
Nay; I will tell you something that's true,
Why I've ne'er wed, or had children like you.
Once I'd a sweetheart—my all in all,
But I thought her faithless—after the Ball."

Chorus.

After the ball was over,
After the break of dawn,
After the dancers leaving,
After the stars were gone!
Many a heart was aching,
If we could read them all;
Many the hopes that were shattered,
After the Ball.

All Parodies must reach me at the latest by the morning of Monday, November 6.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of ETTOL, winner of a half of Prize No. 762, are Mrs. J. SHAW, 36, Bryanston-square, W.

*** The real name and the address of BUSHRANGER, winner of a half of Prize No. 763, are R. H. KIRBY, Esq., Haverthwaite, Ulverstone.

TREEVE.—I will endeavour to prevent any misprint of your *nom de plume* in future.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 767.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES ABOUT FOOTBALL.

I overheard a cabby—who had driven some people to witness a football match at Leyton last year, and was himself looking on at the game, evidently for the first time—make the following remark to a bystander, who, after an appeal for off-side against one of the left wing forwards had been allowed by the referee, was trying to explain the state of the case to the worthy Jehu:—"Off side the judge calls 'im! Well, then, p'raps e'll say wot he thinks is 'is near side. He don't know 'is business."—Mandeville.

At a recent meeting of a rural football club the village carpenter proposed a resolution in the following somewhat ambiguous terms:—"That the wearing of knickerbockers or trousers at matches be optional." A more educated member caustically remarked that he wondered at "any gentleman making such an outrageous proposal, especially with the Rector in the chair." For his part, he should move "that the wearing of one or other be compulsory."—Pat-a-Cake.

An ex-captain of a University Rugby team was watching with great interest an inter-Board School football match in the Northern capital. Needless to say the game played was Association. A juvenile, but enthusiastic, onlooker presently addressed him with the question, "Do you play footba'?" "Ay!" answered the ex-captain, "I play football." The urchin looked at him a moment, and rejoined, "Na, na, ye'll no play footba'—ye'll play Rugby!"—Land o' Cakes.

Some years ago, during the progress of a Rugby match at Swansea, one of the local forwards secured the ball on the break-up of a tight scrummage, and darted with all speed to the goal line, where he triumphantly finished up with a try under the posts. He was only then made aware, by the laughter of the spectators and the amazement depicted on the faces of the players, that he had accomplished the unique feat of scoring a try over his own goal line.—Gorse.

A team of medical students from one of the big London hospitals came to Mid-Kent to play a local team. The visitors had the misfortune to lose the services of two of their best men, who were placed *hors de combat* by a violent collision. Two substitutes were found amongst the spectators, one of whom, a strapping young fellow in approved athletic costume, with a badge on his cap, was asked by the Medico Captain if he was a professional. "Noa," he replied, "but ah'm Lanky fra' Preston North End." During the progress of the game it was noticed that, somehow or other, Lanky never seemed to be where he was wanted, and he came in for a good deal of chaff from the onlookers, and continuous cries of "Play up Lanky," from all sides. He never once kicked the ball, though he tried to do so without regard to direction; but just as the Referee called "half time," he kicked one of the local "half backs" in the pit of the stomach, rendering him unconscious. When remonstrated with for his clumsiness, he exclaimed, in quite an injured tone: "Wal, tha' wudn't let ma' kick a ball, an' ah 'ad to kick summat!"—Marlinspike.

Little girl, seeing a football match for the first time. "Mummie, is it a battle?"—Bethy.

A Yorkshire bookmaker went for the first time to an important football match. A friend afterwards asked him how he had liked it. "Eh?" replied Mr. S. P., "it wor fair champion. There wor 6 to 4 laid on one and evens on t' others." "Well, who won?" "Why, lad," replied the honest man of sport; "I dunno. I cleared off wi' t' brass, and left them kicking."—Red Ensign.

OVERHEARD AT A FOOTBALL-MATCH.

1. (Two country bumpkins, referring to referee, who had suspended two men for rough play).—Jack: "Will, I've had my eye on that there cove in the black soot all the time. He's been runnin' about, and ain't kicked the ball at all. What I can see hof hit - he won't kick hisself and won't let hennybody helse kick." Will: "Well, Jack, hit's like this, he's master of the ground, I reckons, and means horderin' heverybody hoff, honey he can't do hit hall hat once. He'll pick hon hus presen'ly." 2. In a football match between Eccles and Malling, the former team opposed the latter's claim to a goal; whereupon the referee shouted out, "Mallin' goal." "Maul-in-goal, be hanged," shouted an onlooker, "how can that be when your playing Association." 3. While witnessing a football-match last year on the Chatham ground, I was standing near a tall man, before whom was a short man wearing a tall hat. At one particular part of the game the Chathamites fairly penned their opponents in, and the tall man began shouting, "Goal! goal! goal!" at every shot, and at the same time throwing his right arm, with clenched fist, up and down, keeping time with the word "goal!" Presently, Chatham scored, and with louder cry of "Goal!" than before (forgetting, in his excitement, the little man in front of him), he brought his fist down with a terrific crash on the crown of the tall hat, driving it down over the wearer's eyes, much to the amusement of everybody but the short man, whose words I will not quote.—Felixicus.

I was once watching a football match in Norfolk, in which two local teams were opposing each other in a friendly game, when I witnessed the following amusing, though very touching scene:—The play had just commenced, when in a struggle to get at the ball one little fellow was thrown violently to the ground. Immediately a scream was heard, and out from amongst the spectators came a little girl about six, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Pa, pa," she screamed, "they have knocked Dickey's head off, and are kicking it about," then she hid her face in her little hands, and rent the air again and again with her cries. Her Pa had great difficulty in quelling her grief, but when she did begin to speak it was soon ascertained that when she saw her brother Dick fall, and seeing the others kicking the ball, she thought surely it was her pet brother's head they were kicking. At that moment the fallen victim came forward, and after giving her a kiss he soon convinced her that he was only knocked down in play.—Archaloner.

Little conversation overheard at a football match, Oxford:—"Oh! have you heard that Jenkins has just broken his nose? He's awfully hurt." "Yes, I have just this minute seen him. Going to the ball this evening?"—Espérance.

I once contemplated becoming a football player, as my doctor told me I needed a great deal of exercise. I knew nothing about the game, so I proceeded to ask my friends for information. The first one I asked was Kickem. "You should join our club," said Kickem; "we play the Association game. Much less danger than Rugby." "What's the matter with Rugby?" I asked. "Oh, Rugby's a very rough game. I saw a man's shirt torn clean off his back playing Rugby." The next man I asked was Grabbem. "You ought to play Rugby," said he; "I don't like Association play. Too much chance of a kick in your face. A man down our way had his nose split right up with a kick, playing Association last Saturday." Then I met Rushem. "Rugby's a jolly game," said Rushem; "only yesterday a fellow made a rush at me, so I planted my heel in the ground and stopped short, and you should have seen him go over. Wasn't he just covered with mud when he got up!" By this time my ardour about football was cooling down, and, on thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that I had no desire to put myself in a position where my shirt could be torn off, my nose split, or my countenance daubed with mud. So I decided that I would give up the idea of football and try to get my exercise by walking.—Almaviva.

FOOTBALL BY DIPPETY

A few years since it was my good fortune to "assist" (in the French sense) at a football match between rival "townlands" in the West of Ireland. Needless to say, the rules were Rugby unwatered—indeed, a long way overproof. The game went on fairly well for a while, when suddenly a terrific personal encounter took place between two players of opposite sides, causing a simultaneous rush of spectators and performers to the scene of conflict. Then the "reveree," as he was termed, made his way through the crowd, and exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "No crowdin'—make a ring. Let the boys foight it out in paice an' quietness. After that the game will be reshumed. The dippeties is prisent." In due time the "incident was closed" by one of the belligerents being rendered *hors de combat*, and the game was finished by "dippety." I then learned that, as few football matches could be reasonably expected to conclude in that part of Her Majesty's dominions without an interruption of the kind referred to, it was the custom to have a reserve of "deputies" at hand to continue the game, and this they call "playin' it out by dippety."—Bobus.

A well-known football player in the Eastern Counties, some two years ago, experienced a "great surprise" when in the obituary column of a local paper he read a notification of his death, which was attributed to the result of a casualty in a recent match in which he had been engaged. Rushing to the office he inquired who was responsible for the deaths, births, marriages, &c., and on being introduced to the sub-editor that gentleman wanted to know his grievance? "Well, look here, sir," said the "half-back," "I want you to alter this little par, in which you insinuate that I am dead, if not buried, and to explain that I am *alive and kicking!*" and he suited the action to the word.—East Anglia.

A SAD FOOTBALL STORY.

I, Amos Dumps, was in love. Tom Spindles was, too. We played football together. She watched the game. I bunged up his eye, he returned the compliment and sat on my head. I kicked his right leg, he bestowed a similar attention on my left. I turned a somersault on his chest, he danced the tight-rope on my spinal cord. I succeeded in treading on a bunion which I knew he cherished, he in return knocked out and caused me to swallow three front teeth. We met her after the match, two shattered men were we! Absence of fangs interfered with my articulation horribly, Tom limped like a decrepit Chelsea pensioner. The week after she refused us both.—Jo.

A native of China was for the first time witnessing the game of football in England. The ball struck him on the back. He fell, and, in endeavouring to rise, his pigtail became entanged with the ball, with which he ran off the ground, to the disgust of the players.—Ye Hermit.

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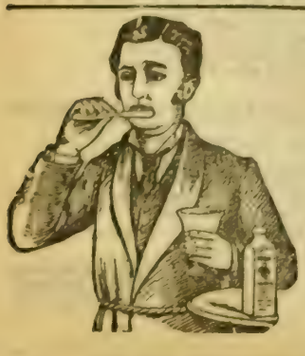

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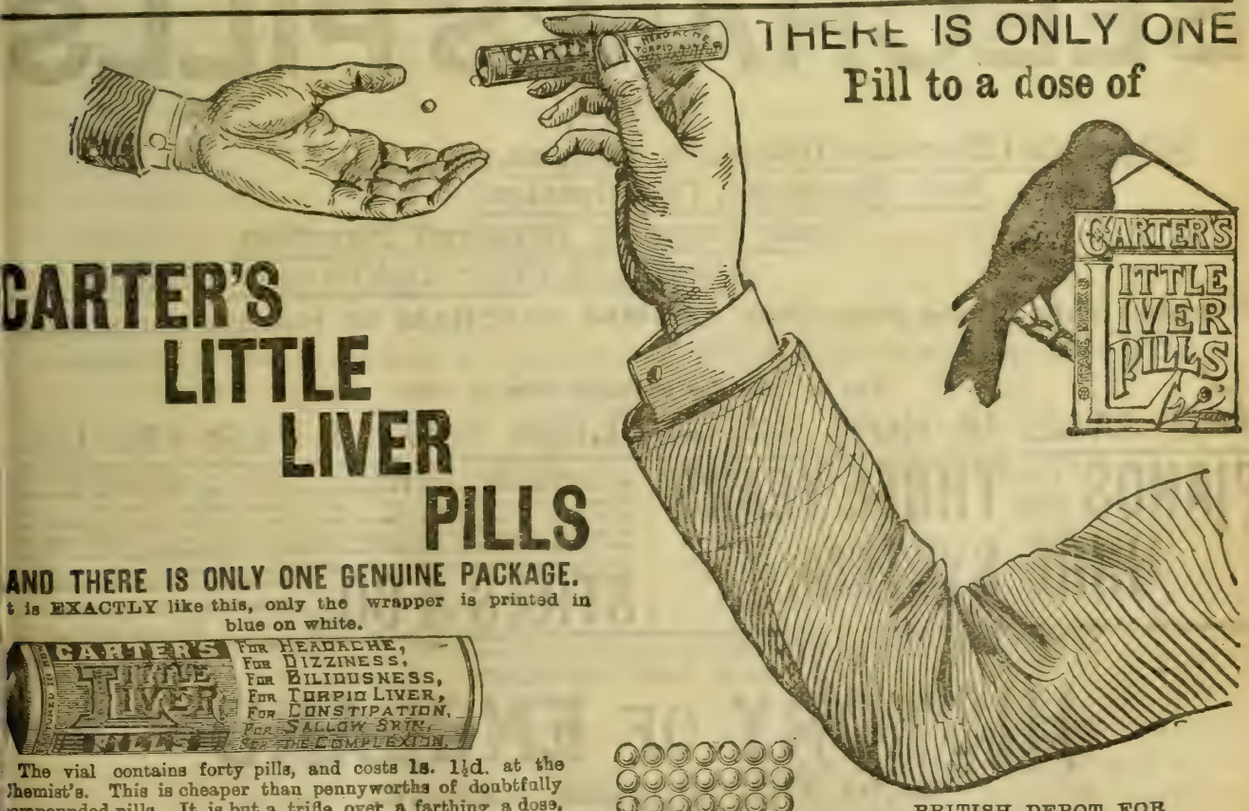

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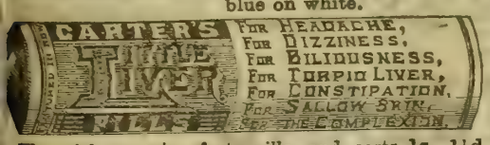

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· TRUTH ·

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will now make Sandringham their headquarters for about three months. They are to return to Marlborough House for ten days on Monday, December 11, and on Wednesday, the 13th, they will go with their family to Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen. The Prince of Wales will probably pass the month of February on the Riviera, and early in the spring the Princess is expected to pay another visit to the King and Queen of the Hellenes at Athens.

The Prince will shortly be the guest of Lord and Lady Ashburton, at The Grange, Hants, for a few days. The Grange estate affords about the best pheasant and partridge shooting in the south of England.

The Duke and Duchess of York will constantly reside at Sandringham except when they are obliged to be in London, and the Duke will look after the estate and exercise a general supervision over the management of the Prince of Wales's farms and studs, in all of which he takes a keen interest.

Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg are to be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Portland for a few days at Welbeck Abbey, Notts, in the course of the winter, and the Duke of Cambridge is also expected there.

I hear that Prince Louis of Battenberg's signalling apparatus, about which so much fuss has been raised, has really proved a failure. It was recently tried several times on board the *Royal Sovereign*, but without success and the apparatus has been removed from that vessel.

The Royal yacht *Osborne* is about to undergo an extensive refit at Portsmouth, and she is to be docked to make good a variety of defects.

The announcement of the appointment of Sir Albert Seymour to be a Page of Honour has given much satisfaction in Court circles, as his mother, Lady Seymour, was thought to have been treated with very little consideration. Sir Francis Seymour had apartments in St. James's Palace, which the Queen allowed him to exchange with Sir Algernon West for a set in Kensington Palace. Having reason to believe that these apartments would be continued to Lady Seymour after his death, Sir Francis expended nearly £2,000 in alterations and improvements, but when he died a few years afterwards, they were taken away from his widow, and, of course, not a farthing of compensation was forthcoming, so his outlay was entirely lost, and he was a comparatively poor man. Sir Francis "conducted" Prince Albert to England in 1840, and he was for many years Groom-in-Waiting to H.R.H., and latterly Master of the Ceremonies. He was severely wounded at Inkerman, where he commanded the Scots Fusilier Guards.

The Chief Secretary, after a stay of six weeks at his official residence, Phœnix Park, leaves this week for England. Last week Mr. Asquith was his guest for several days, during which time he visited Dublin Castle and the Four Courts, which he had the opportunity of seeing in working order. Besides dining at the Viceregal Lodge, Mr. Asquith, with Mr. Morley and Sir A. Lyall, were the guests of Lord and Lady Wolseley at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, on Thursday evening.

Lord and Lady Digby have been visiting Lord Digby's Irish estates, and arrived at Grashill, King's County, last week. Lord Digby's property in the county is worth about £15,000 a year, and he is conspicuous amongst absentee landlords. The friendly reception accorded to Lady Digby by the tenantry shows that the age of chivalry is not gone in King's County, where Lord Digby is scarcely less a stranger than the bride whom he introduced to the "mere Irishry" last week.

The Duke of Northumberland is entertaining a succession of visitors at Alnwick Castle, where Princess Louise and Lord Lorne are to be guests for a few days towards the end of this month, when on their way south.

Lord Salisbury's next "stump" is to take place during the last week of the month, when he will attend the annual meeting of the National Conservative Association at Cardiff. Lord Salisbury is to be the guest of Lord Tredegar, at Tredegar Park, during his visit to South Wales, and large parties will be entertained during the week by Lord Windsor, at St. Fagan's Castle, by Lord Bute, at Cardiff Castle, and by Lord Dunraven, at Dunraven Castle.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne are expected to arrive in England from India about the middle of February, when they will take up their residence at Bowood Park, the family place in Wiltshire, which has been occupied every winter during their absence by the Dowager Lady Lansdowne, of whose large estates in Perthshire her eldest son is the heir.

Mr. Charles Jenner, of Edinburgh, the elder brother of Sir William Jenner, died on Friday afternoon at his place in Midlothian. Mr. Jenner was for more than forty years one of the leading merchants of Edinburgh, and the story of the rapid growth of the firm in which he was the principal partner is the history of one of the most successful mercantile establishments in Great Britain. A small drapery business, which was established about 1838, became in course of time a huge emporium, which employed more than five hundred people and paid £5,000 a year of rent. Mr. Jenner, besides being a consummate man of business, was devoted to science and art, and he was a most accomplished botanist, and his gardens have long been widely famous. He had a very fine collection of pictures and sculptures. Only a few weeks ago he presented Woolner's splendid bust of Tennyson to the Memorial Committee, in order that it might be placed in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Jenner was warmly interested in the public institutions of Edinburgh, to many of which he was a munificent benefactor, and he gave away a great deal of money in various ways. He was an ardent Liberal, and took an active part in several Edinburgh elections. Mr. Jenner leaves a very large fortune, but no family, and the bulk of his possessions will probably pass to Sir William Jenner.

The late Duke of Sutherland's fine cellar of wines, spirits, and liqueurs is to be sold at Edinburgh on November 18, "by instruction of the Judicial Factor."

Lord Londonderry's sales of Shetland ponies and Clydesdales out of his stud at Seaham Harbour have been very successful this year. There have been three sales (one of which was of ponies only), and they have realised upwards of £8,767.

The hunting season opens this week, and since April there have been an unusual number of changes of Mastership, of which I note the most important. With the Old Berkshire Captain Orr-Ewing has been replaced by Captain Forester, who is one of the heirs of the Duke of Cleveland. With the Cambridgeshire Mr. G. P. Evans has succeeded Mr. Carbery Evans. The retirement of Mr. Hicks Beach from the Cotswold is greatly and universally regretted in Gloucestershire, where he is very popular among all classes. He is succeeded by Major de Freville, who hunted the Eggesford country for a year after Lord Portsmouth's death. Dr. Gaye has given up the South Devon, and is replaced by Mr. St. Maur, who inherited the Stover estate from the twelfth Duke of Somerset, and he will have the kennels at his own place. Lord Henry Nevill has succeeded Mr. F. V. Williams in the Eridge country, and in East Kent Mr. A. B. Worthington has replaced Captain Prescott-Westcar; while in West Kent Major Warde is succeeded by Mr. Stewart Savile. Mr. A. Johnson has vacated the North Herefordshire in favour of Mr. Vaughan Williams, who had the Tedworth country for a few seasons. The Quorn has passed from Captain Warner to Lord Lonsdale, who intends to hunt that famous country in grand style. Mr. C. A. Egerton is succeeded in East Sussex by Mr. Barthropp, who formerly had the Essex and Suffolk country. The Vine has passed into the hands of Mr. G. A. Russell.

A correspondent writes from Ascot:—

If the staghounds are to go on, at least a knacker's cart might be provided, so that the inhabitants should not, as now, be obliged to witness mortally-injured horses performing the ghastly death-walk to the kennels, where they are to be eaten.

There is a talk of a crematorium being erected on Ascot Heath. If near the racecourse will it not be somewhat of a skeleton at the feast?

The Spey salmon-fishing has just closed, after the very worst season, both for netting and angling, which has been experienced for many years.

I am glad to see that another attraction is about to be added to Brighton. The new Prince's Tennis Club, which adjoins the Bedford Hotel, is to be formally opened there on Saturday next by the President, the Duke of Fife. The opening match is to be played by the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Charles Saunders. This Club is most luxuriously arranged and fitted up. The courts are lighted both from the top and the sides, and the lights are so made that they can be opened, and thus it will be almost like playing in the open air. The hall is very roomy and comfortable, and the bath and dressing rooms are supplied with sea-water in addition to hot and cold. The dedans, too, is most artistically and comfortably arranged, and will most likely prove a fashionable lounge, where ladies will be able to indulge in afternoon tea whilst watching real tennis. In addition to the tennis court there are excellent billiard, reading, and card rooms. Mr. Hippisley Cox, who founded and established the Prince's Club at Knightsbridge, has personally supervised the fitting up of the club, and he is to be highly complimented, not only on the taste displayed, but also on the completeness of the whole arrangements.

The East Sussex and St. Leonard's Club was re-opened on Saturday last with a dinner, at which there was an encouraging muster of local notabilities, including Mr. C. A. Egerton, who was in the chair, Sir Anchitel Ashburnham, Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., and others. The Club, which was originally on a proprietary basis, has just been converted into a members' Club, which has acquired the freehold of the excellent premises at the corner of Warrior-square and Grand Parade. Some £12,000 has been spent in fitting up and decorating the house, and there is no doubt that the Club in its new shape will add considerably to the attractions of the town.

For AMUSEMENTS, see page 951.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 950 in the present issue.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 949.

At the Savoy Hotel a better dinner can be obtained than at any of the famed Parisian restaurants. But those who dine there are favoured with the music of a band, and some members of the County Council objected to this being permitted on Sundays. I have no sympathy with such grandmotherly nonsense. I am by no means clear, however, that the band is a thing of joy to the diners. The dining-room is comparatively low, and the music comparatively loud. Bands at those most boring of festivities—large public dinners—may be a mitigation, for they replace conversation. But as at the Savoy Hotel each dining party sits at a table to itself, the diners may be presumed to wish to interchange audible remarks with each other. If then music there must be, distance should lend enchantment to it. The band should be placed—say, on Waterloo Bridge.

A very promising venture has just been inaugurated by the opening of the "Club Café" in the Strand. In addition to first-class refreshment-room accommodation, there is here provided a comfortable smoking-room, furnished with all the papers and magazines, tape machines, telephone, and similar luxuries; while for ladies a drawing-room is reserved. The tariff is moderation itself, and—a fact which in itself stamps the enterprise with individuality—the attendants are forbidden to receive gratuities. The promoters contemplate greatly extending their scheme of operations, and there is every probability that they will be justified by the result.

"You have been explaining how to get thin, but I am too thin, and I should be obliged to you if you would tell me how to remedy this," writes a correspondent. I never yet saw what objection any man can have to being thin. With women it is another matter, for a certain roundness is a charm. But a man need not be round, and, if he be the reverse, he is never obliged to show his skinny arms and scraggy neck. There are men whom no amount of food will render fat. But I would suggest to my correspondent, if he is very anxious on this point, that he might give himself the chance of increasing his girth by taking plenty of starch and sugar. It will very probably land him in dyspepsia instead of flesh, but *il faut souffrir pour être beau*. Half the ills of humanity are caused by not eating enough, and the other half by eating too much. Nothing is easier that to create an artificial craving for food. I remember the late Mr. John Bright once explained this to me. "A person," he said, "gets into the habit of distending his stomach with food. He soon feels hungry whenever it is not distended." I was reading only a few days ago a paragraph in a newspaper designed to show that the fashion of long and elaborate meals has almost passed away among the richest classes. As an instance of the habit of the classes to be satisfied with little, the "simple menu" of a lunch given by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild to the Queen was set forth:—"Windsor soup, Norwegian trout, quails on toast, filleted beef, roast ducks, asparagus, and soufflés." With all respect for the guest and the entertainer, they would have found their internal arrangements much better had they limited themselves to a mutton chop and a trifle of cheese. Seven dishes for lunch! Then how many would constitute a "simple menu" for dinner?

Here are some further remarks from Dr. Yorke Davies on fat, which may be of interest to the corpulent section of the community:—

My experience is this, that in cutting off fat forming ingredients from the dietary, that is, sugar, starch, and fat, the decrease in weight is just twice as rapid as if sugar and starch are cut out and fat not. For instance, if a person on a properly apportioned diet, where fat is cut out, is to lose 20 lb. of weight in a month, should fat be allowed with the same food, the reduction in weight would only be 10 lb.

It may simplify matters to say that the use of fat in the system is to supply heat. It is chemically decomposed to this end in the operations of life. If more fat-forming food is taken for this purpose than is required, it is stored as fat, hence obesity. The Esquimaux can consume with impunity 12 lb. of fat a day, and not become corpulent, the system in his case burning it like a furnace to sustain the heat of the body, the radiation being so rapid. For this same reason, I find in England that on a fat reducing dietary a greater amount of weight is lost in winter than in summer—all other factors being equal. It would be useless to burden your space with theories that appertain to the domain of physiology, but it may be of interest to say that in excessive leanness, to put on fat it is necessary that as much fat itself be taken as can possibly be assimilated to get any satisfactory results. The inference is obvious.

No doubt your correspondents will thank you for teaching them how to become lean, but my experience is that those who try to diet themselves fail somewhere, as they make their own rules and break them, and cannot distinguish the difference between a diet that reduces fat and a diet that does not fatten. There is a want of "method in their madness," if I may so express it.

Apropos to what I have been saying the last week or two about the sorrows of governesses, I have received the communication printed below. It cannot fail to prove interesting to the British Matron, and I hope it may suggest to her a way out of her domestic troubles. From what I have seen, however, I am afraid that there is an insurmountable prejudice in this country against the proposed reform. Polygamy might be, as my correspondent seems to anticipate, to the advantage of woman; but can anybody show that it would be to the advantage of man? Among such married men as I know there seems to prevail a strong opinion that one wife is enough—if not too much:—

I don't know that it has ever been pointed out, but the whole of this difficulty in regard to servants, governesses, and so on, whether looked at from the point of view of employer or employed, is the result of our monogamous institutions. Two or three years back you yourself endeavoured to show readers of TRUTH that polygamy was the "coming idea:" and if the idea had been taken up as it ought to have been, a great many social problems would have been solved. It is like this: In a household, though there is only one man, there are necessarily a number of women. It is all one woman's work to cook the meals properly, another's to keep the house clean, another's to mind the children, and so on, the number increasing with the size of the house and family. In a polygamous country, the wives of the paterfamilias discharge all these duties, and everybody is happy. The women are happy because they are all on an equality with one another. The master of the house is happy because none of them is on an equality with him. Under our system, where women have to be hired to do all the domestic duties which the one wife (poor thing) cannot perform, nobody is happy. We thus create the great Servant Question, which renders married life intolerable, and then we ask "Is Marriage a Failure?" and, if so, why? The fact is that, under our vicious system, not only is Marriage a failure, but Woman is a failure. She is conscious of it herself, and is in consequence always trying to change places with Man. In polygamous countries, not only is there no Servant Question, but there is no Woman Question.

HÔTEL BURLINGTON, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Electric light. Passenger lift. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth EAST Station.

"A Head of a Small Household" writes:—

DEAR TRUTH,—With reference to your paragraph *re* "gentlewomen" servants this week, while no doubt many ladies would be only too glad to get them, has it not struck you that where there is a man in the case it would be repugnant to his chivalrous feelings—much though it might add to his comforts—to be waited on by, instead of waiting upon, ladies of the same social standing as himself, in spite of their being paid by him?—Yours, &c, A HEAD OF A SMALL HOUSEHOLD.

No. To tell the truth, this had not struck me. If it had I should have said to myself, what on earth has "chivalry" to do with "social standing?" Are my correspondent's chivalrous feelings towards the other sex confined to those of the same social standing as himself? Does he, before he opens a railway-carriage door to a lady, or picks up any article which she has dropped, inquire whether she lives in Camden Town or Kensington, and whether her male relatives are wholesales or retails? May a chivalrous Duke allow a banker's daughter to pull off his boots for him, although he could not allow a Peeress to perform such a service? Unless he can solve all these problems, I strongly recommend my correspondent to leave chivalry out of the question. If, however, he desires to have a "lady help" and to be chivalrous too, he can easily get over the difficulty by first waiting on the lady help and then allowing her to wait on him.

That I was not wrong in saying that there are openings for ladies, sisters or not, to undertake the whole work of a house without fear of contamination by association with their "social inferiors," is shown by the following advertisement, cut from a ladies' paper:—

Wanted, two lady-helps, sisters (clergyman's daughters preferred). Do entire work small house; wear caps and aprons; one good cook, other charge little girl five, able to take baby from month.

A clergyman's daughter, who sends me this cutting, infers from the absence of any allusion to salary, that the two lady-helps required, are expected to work for nothing. I trust that this inference is unfounded. At the same time, I should say from what I hear, that it is in the matter of pay, rather than in considerations of "chivalry" or personal pride, that the objections to domestic service for ladies arise. The idea seems to prevail among the servant-employing class, that if a lady takes a servant's place she is not entitled to servant's pay. That is an idea, however, which "lady helps" ought to have no difficulty in combating. If they show themselves worth as much as the traditional domestic, or more, they will have no difficulty, in the long run, in getting paid proportionately.

What I long since predicted has come to pass. Coalville has solemnly repudiated George Smith (of Coalville). A public meeting was held in the town the other day, and a resolution carried (only three Coalvillians dissenting), protesting against "the continued and unwarrantable assumption of their town's good name by a person styling himself George Smith, of Coalville, who is neither a native nor resident of their town." The scourge of the dwellers in movable dwellings thus sinks into plain George Smith, and all hope of his founding a family of De Coalvilles is knocked on the head. I trust it may not be long before his philanthropic fads, in which I make no doubt he himself thoroughly believes, meet a similar fate. Smith (late "of Coalville") is, indeed, in the most remarkable position ever occupied by any philanthropist, for it is precisely those about whose welfare he is so concerned who are most unanimous and vehement in denouncing him.

How often our most carefully-planned efforts to do the right thing miscarry the most conspicuously! As a postscript to one letter, I find the following:—

I must apologise for not putting a more complete address on my envelope, but I cannot discover the requisite information from TRUTH.

In this respect French newspapers and periodicals are ahead of us, and they take care that everybody shall know where they are to be found.

Yet, strange to relate, the information which my correspondent is unable to find is the first piece of information given in each number of TRUTH, and is displayed in the most conspicuous place which I have been able to discover in the paper.

"In Search of a Climate" is the title which Mr. Charles G. Nottage has given to an account of what he calls his "latest bit of globe-trotting." Mr. Nottage did not discover the perfect climate for which he sought in Egypt, Australia, Honolulu, or Southern California, but his extensive travels have resulted in the production of a most entertaining volume, which has the additional attractions of being handsomely got up and admirably illustrated. Mr. Nottage was at Honolulu during the revolution some months ago, and perhaps the most interesting parts of his book are those devoted to the Hawaiian Islands. I would particularly recommend the chapter on "Religion and Rum" to the good people who support foreign missions. It fully corroborates all that I have said from time to time regarding the value of the work and the character of many of the men engaged in it.

Mr. R. S. Davis, the American novelist, is giving his impressions of England in *Harper's Magazine*, and they are very tolerable reading. But what authority has he for saying, in describing the House of Commons, that some of the Liberals are silly enough to make a point of putting their hats on when the Prince of Wales takes his seat under the clock. During a somewhat lengthy experience, I never even heard of a Liberal either putting on his hat or taking off his hat when the Prince of Wales is present. It never would occur to any Member to do either.

I went the other evening to see "A Gaiety Girl," which is amusing and contains a good many telling lines One pleased me especially. A Guardsman is swaggering about Britons ever fighting for their country. "And sometimes for other people's countries" is the answer.

The Palace Theatre of Varieties is a losing concern. The Empire and the Alhambra are most prosperous. This is because the licences of the two latter allow a promenade, and permit liquor to be sold in the auditorium, whilst that of the former does not. I do not enter into the question of whether the promenade and the sale of liquor be desirable or not, but it seems to me that all these enterprises should be put on the same footing. The reason given for the distinction is that the licences of the Empire

and the Alhambra were granted before the Council came into existence. This, however, hardly holds water, for a licence has to be renewed each year, and I do not think that I am wrong in saying that this renewal has in many cases been made dependent upon alterations in its conditions being accepted by the licensee.

Stalls at theatres used to cost 5s., and at that time it was customary to exact a fee for a programme, or, in other words, for being shown by an attendant the place that had been paid for. Stalls have gone up, and, as a compensation, fees were abolished. But of late they have again made their appearance at a good many theatres. It is a nuisance to have to search for sixpence, but this is not the only objection to the fee system. No one ever knows in which theatres they are exacted and in which they are not; consequently no one ever knows whether to tender the sixpence or not. The most practical way for the public to protest against this tax would be, never to buy a programme where a charge is made for it.

Mrs. Moore, of Bewdley, has presented the large and very fine collection of fossils, which was formed by her father, the late Colonel Fletcher, to Cambridge University.

It is an extraordinary and unprecedented thing that Lord Robertson should be standing as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University, and some effective protest on the subject ought to be registered before so objectionable a precedent is established. The contest is purely a Party contest, and Lord Robertson stands in a peculiar sense as a Party candidate, for he refused to be nominated as an independent candidate, and only consented to come forward as the nominee of the Conservative Association. For a high judicial officer to engage personally in a hot Party fight of this kind, is something new both in Scotland and England, and it is to be hoped that the Lord Justice-General will be warned in time that he is sacrificing the best traditions of the Bench to his intemperate partisan zeal.

The latest news about Christ's Hospital is decidedly interesting. It may be remembered that in May, 1892, I called attention to a serious outbreak of infectious disease in the school. A representative of TRUTH visited the premises, and in consequence of what he saw and was told I published a strong article, pointing out that the condition of things admitted to exist was most dangerous, and that the only proper course was to remove the school from Newgate-street at once, into temporary premises, pending the completion of the new buildings. This advice was not taken, and what is the result? Dr. Sedgwick Saunders now reports a "serious outbreak of scarlet fever," due to "serious defects." He finds that "the sanitary condition of Christ's Hospital renders it absolutely impossible for its further continuance for residential purposes;" and he has, consequently, prevailed upon the authorities to close the school. I understand that it is now closed. This step ought to have been taken a year ago or more, and serious blame rests on those who declined to take it.

The Dean and Chapter of Salisbury have given much satisfaction in the city by presenting the Rev. Herbert Rogers to the Rectory of Stockton, which is worth about £500 a year, with residence. Mr. Rogers, who is one of the most popular and most zealous clergymen in the diocese, has for many years held the poor and laborious city living of St. Thomas's, and he had previously worked hard for a long time at Cranborne, which is another parish with heavy duty and meagre emoluments.

Archdeacon Sinclair is to be the Canon in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during November, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month.

Archbishop Knox, who died last week, was an amiable and dignified ecclesiastic, who was beloved and esteemed by both clergy and laity. He had worn the mitre since 1849, when Lord Clarendon appointed him to the See of Down, Connor, and Dromore, which he held until 1886, when he reluctantly consented to succeed Archbishop Beresford in the Primacy of the Irish Church. Archbishop Knox was a man of temperate judgment and sound common sense, and he proved an admirable President of the General Synod. The vacant Primacy will doubtless be offered to the Bishop of Derry.

The Bishops are more than kind. These spiritual legislators announce that they will not object to the Parish Councils Bill, provided that the "rights" of the Church are not endangered by it. According to them, one of these rights is to continue to distribute village doles, where the Rector and Churchwardens have been made the distributors. But why were they made the distributors? Because at the time of the legacies, they were the only parish authorities in respect to things temporal. The Rector was made a trustee of the fund, not as Rector, but as *ex-officio* Chairman of the Vestry. If the Rector and the Churchwardens are relieved of their temporal duties in the parish, it seems to me only reasonable that the distribution of the doles should be vested in the hands of those who succeed to the position. The real truth of the matter is this: these doles are used by the Rector to bribe parishioners to adhere to the Church, and to vote against Disestablishment. If fairly distributed heretofore, why should the Church object to be relieved of an invidious task? The money will not disappear, and an equal number of persons will benefit by it. This opposition on the part of the Church is presumptive proof that they were not fairly distributed.

With reference to the transfer of the Rev. Henry Venn from the living of Minster to that of Walmer, I understand that the difference in the net value of the two livings is not so great as would appear from the figures giving in last week's TRUTH, the fact being that the late Incumbent of Minster still draws £300, thus reducing the stipend to about £300.

C.O.M. WHISKY.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—ANDREWS & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

Last week, at the Chester Consistory Court, Chancellor Espin was required to decide whether it was lawful to place in Old Rode Church a monument with an inscription asking prayers for the departed. The Chancellor's opinion was that the inscription is not lawful, although there is the precedent of the famous church of St. Saviour's, Leeds, "All ye that enter the church, pray for the sinner that built it." Chancellor Espin is apparently unaware of the fact that when Archbishop Longley (then Bishop of Ripon) consecrated St. Saviour's he refused to proceed (after being informed of the aforesaid inscription) until he had been furnished with evidence that "the sinner" was still alive. As a matter of fact, St. Saviour's was built by Dr. Pusey, who survived its consecration for about forty years, so there is no analogy between the two cases. Chancellor Espin has required the applicant in the Old Rode case to "amend" the inscription, which apparently could only be accomplished in the Irish way, by inserting a "don't" before the word "pray." It is quite clear that if such an inscription is unlawful, it cannot possibly be "amended," but must be obliterated and a new one placed on the monument.

The inhabitants of Falmouth are oppressed by an extraordinary ecclesiastical anachronism in the shape of a "rector's rate" at the monstrous figure of 1s. 4d. in the pound, which is levied under a statute of that pillar of the Church and the Christian religion, King Charles the Second. It would seem that the rector is the sole party concerned in the assessment of this monstrous tax, which—whether legally or not I cannot say—is levied, not upon the net, but the full annual rental. Thus, every building improvement, every extension of a house or a shop, puts at once a share of unearned increment into the capacious pocket of the rector. It was a gross piece of negligence, or worse, that these special local rates were left in existence when Church rates at large were abolished, and I would suggest that combined effort to get rid of them should be made by all the places so encumbered.

There is one parson at any rate who has nothing to fear from Disestablishment. Information has reached me concerning a Vicar in North Wales who supplements his more sacred duties of a parish priest by taking part, in partnership with various relatives, in the following businesses:—Hotel proprietor, cab proprietor, furniture remover, proprietor of saw-mills, joiner, blacksmith, wheelwright, painter, paperhanger, miller, grocer, baker, miner, and toll-keeper. He also runs brakes, and is manager of some mineral springs. It would be interesting to know how much of his valuable time this ecclesiastical Whiteley finds himself able to devote to the cure of souls.

There seems reason to suppose that the Rev. Andrew Wilson, of Liverpool, in refusing to baptise a child because the parents had not been confirmed before their marriage, was violating the ecclesiastical law as well as outraging every principle of common-sense and decency. The 68th Canon enacts that

> No minister shall refuse or delay to christen any child according to the form of the Book of Common Prayer that is brought to the church to him upon Sundays or Holy-days to be christened, or to bury any corpse that is brought to the church or churchyard, convenient warning being given him thereof before, in such manner and form as is prescribed in the said Book of Common Prayer. And if he shall refuse to christen the one or bury the other (except the party deceased were denounced excommunicated *majori excommunicatione*, for some grievous and notorious crime, and no man able to testify of his repentance), he shall be suspended by the Bishop of the diocese from his ministry by the space of three months.

If this be the law, the Bishop of Liverpool has violated it as much as the Vicar. Instead of writing an expostulatory letter to the Vicar, and referring the complaint to a solicitor and the Church Discipline Act, the Bishop ought to have forthwith suspended the Vicar for three months. He seems to have no option or discretion. This Canon appears to be a good serviceable weapon, and it ought to be fired off, and I would suggest to Mr. Barton that he should now appeal to the Archbishop for that purpose.

Publicity has now been given to another eccentricity on the part of Mr. Wilson. In this instance Mr. G. Macmillan, who was recently married at St. Mary's, complains that because he arrived at the hymeneal altar "a little late," a peremptory demand was made for 10s., subsequently reduced to 5s. It was an unpleasant moment for a dispute, and Mr. Macmillan paid the 5s. He did so, however, "under protest," and afterwards wrote to Mr. Wilson, asking under what authority the fine for unpunctuality was exacted, and "to what fund (if any) it has gone." To these awkward questions the Reverend Wilson vouchsafed no reply whatever, and Mr. Macmillan has now been advised by the Bishop's Secretary that the only way to test the question raised is by an action in the County Court.

I would once more remind ladies living in and about Westminster of the existence of the Westminster Needlework Society, which for six years past has been doing valuable work in providing clothing for destitute families in this neighbourhood. The Society, of which Mrs. Langston, 65, Warwick-square, is the President, meets every Thursday at the Town Hall for needlework; and assistance in this work or donations for the purchase of materials are much needed.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—

Joseph Sebag Montefiore, £5; Steadman, Van Praagh, Sims, & Co., £2. 2s.; Gladys & Karin, £2. 2s.; Frank M. Dutton, £5; Athenæum, £5; Subaltern, £1; Florence and Maud, 5s.; D. L., 10s.; M. J. Waugh, £2; T. G., 10s.; Lady Diana Huddleston, £1. 1s.; W. S., £1; Mrs. Henry Sutton, £2; A. C. Allen, £2. 2s.

The following contributions have also arrived:—

Anonymously from China, a box of dolls; Mrs. Little, Hong Kong, two dolls; one large scrap-book, Miss Potter, Pau, France

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion. Perfect fit guaranteed. Caution, the only address, other people are trading on our name.

SILVER DAMASCUS TWIST BANGLE.—A quaint armlet of excellent Eastern design and finish. Its flexibility renders it perfectly safe, whilst it can be altered to suit any wrist, without losing shape. Price 10s. 6d.—LIBERTY & Co., Art Jewellers, Regent-street, W.

Of late I have been constantly appealed to to try and improve the language used in the British Army; but I should like to ask all those who have written to me on the subject what they expect me to do. I have published striking testimony showing that, regardless of rank, every man in the Service is (figuratively speaking) damned. I have endeavoured to show, if the Army is to be delivered from this state of perdition, precisely in what quarter reform must commence. A mere journalist can do no more. It is unfortunately out of the question for me to reproduce the samples of military language which are sent to me. I have had some thoughts of sending a shorthand-writer to attend field-days and similar functions, and take down all he hears, but I know that if I published the result, TRUTH would be in future excluded from all decent houses. We must trust to time, and the spread of education, and the influence of Dr. Edghill's young men, who are understood to be doing so much for the sanctification of the soldier.

I am not particularly given to take up the grievances of officers of the Guards, for, generally speaking, they can look after themselves. But fair is fair, and I do not think that Colonel Stracy, to whose case I referred some time ago, has been quite fairly treated. On ceasing to command one of the Regiments of the Guards, he was deprived of his over-regulation money through what is admitted to have been an oversight of some clerk in the War Office, although it is admitted every officer similarly situated in the last eleven years received this over-regulation. The question is not, therefore, whether officers ought to receive over-regulation, but whether one particular officer ought to lose it through a mistake for which he was not responsible; and that he should under these circumstances lose it is not, as it seems to me, in accordance with justice.

A fortnight back I gave particulars of an hitherto undetected military irregularity, which consists in a soldier getting an order from the Quartermaster-Sergeant on the shoemaker, and receiving cash for it from the shoemaker, instead of goods or work done, the cash received representing only a fraction of the face value of the order. Oddly enough, almost simultaneously with this trick being shown up in TRUTH, an example of it has come to light in Malta. A private made a complaint on the subject to his Commanding Officer. The Company shoemaker was arrested, and made a clean breast of it. The Quartermaster-Sergeant was implicated by his confession and reduced to Sergeant, while the shoemaker got twenty-one days' hard labour.

Considering the character of the offence, these sentences seem excessively light. The soldier who made the complaint stated that on an order for 7s. only 4s. was advanced to him. For what length of time this loan would run I do not know, but at a moderate computation, the interest would work out at the rate of several hundred per cent. per annum. Who pockets this interest? In my last reference to the matter, I suggested the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and the Malta case shows that I was about right. If the Quartermaster-Sergeant was in it at all, he would only be in it as principal, the shoemaker being his agent, working probably on commission. For a Non-Commissioned Officer to engage, in whatever capacity, in a disreputable business of this kind, is a gross offence, and an example should have been made of the offender, for no doubt he is not the only one.

Following on what I have lately said about the "makings" of Warrant and Non-Commissioned officers, I should like to ask the highest military authorities whether it is possible for the following frauds to be perpetrated—let us say in a battery of artillery within an hour's journey of Whitehall. Would it be possible (1) for a man to desert, say, on the first day of the month, for his desertion to be dated in the Pay-list two or three weeks later, and for the Quartermaster-Sergeant and Pay-Sergeant to draw and pocket that man's pay and possibly also his ration allowance for the intervening days? What check has the Paymaster upon the date in such a case?

Again (2), would it be possible for every man in a battery, say 400 strong, to be charged 3d. per month for library subscription, while only about 150 actually belong to the library and appear on the librarian's accounts? If such a thing were done, would it be possible for the difference to find its way every month into the pockets of the Quartermaster-Sergeant and Pay-Sergeant? Would it be possible again (3) for a man's account when he signs it in the Pay List to be made out in pencil and subsequently altered for the benefit of the same parties? If not, what check exists on this form of fraud? Finally (4), would it be possible for a man to be charged for washing when he had none done, and for this charge also to be dealt with in the manner above indicated? I have information which indicates that, owing to the lax system of regimental book-keeping and auditing, all these things not only can be done, but have been done, and if they have been done in one battery or battalion the chances are that they have been done in others.

Here is another question affecting the Royal Artillery which I may take this opportunity of propounding at the same time. Would it be possible for a Quartermaster-Sergeant, whose pay ought not to exceed 4s. 8d. per diem all told, to draw on various accounts a total of 6s. 11d., and to get round the Regulations by inducing a comrade to sign for certain items out of the total, in return for a small commission? I have reason to suppose that in this way a certain Battery Quartermaster-Sergeant is at present drawing the following pay:—Pay of his rank, 4s. 2d.; as Pay-Sergeant of a Battery, 1s. 6d.; for paying band, 1s.; for band-clothing ledger, 3d; total, 6s. 11d. If such a thing is possible it is grossly unfair to other N.C.O.'s, and steps ought to be taken to check such pluralism.

Is there any intention of giving a reply to the memorial of the Staff Corps Officers to the Indian Government? I am reminded by one of them that six months have elapsed since Parliament was informed that the India Office was waiting for the Indian Government. This was the second question that had been asked on the

subject, with a very similar result, and to all appearance it is now intended that the process of waiting shall be prolonged indefinitely. If so, a more scandalous exhibition of bad faith has rarely occurred. The Staff Corps Officers were requested by the Indian Commander-in-Chief to drop a petition to Parliament, which had been promoted at great labour and expense. They were further promised that if they would lay their case before the Commander-in-Chief, it would receive the fullest consideration. They promptly and loyally obeyed, and they find, apparently, that they merely lent themselves to a scheme for shelving the whole question.

I understand that the Civil Service Commissioners are now informing candidates for the Royal Engineer Civil Staff that the War Office has power to alter the strength of the Staff from time to time "according to the exigencies of the public service." This is, at any rate, candid, and a similar candour might be shown in some other cases with advantage to those entering the public service. The scandal is that no such intimation has been given before, and that the War Office has already freely exercised the power to alter the strength of the R. E. Civil Staff, to the serious detriment of the members, without previously warning them that this might be done. Whether in the face of this experience, and of the warning now given, candidates will be forthcoming, remains to be seen. But if they are, I hope they will not in a few years time be writing to TRUTH to complain that the result does not equal their anticipations.

An American officer sends me the following letter. The information may possibly be found useful at the *Broad Arrow* office:—

Newport, R.I., October 14, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to call to your attention the remarkable reply made by the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* in theissue of that paper of September 23, to an inquiry regarding the "Brown Regimental Wire Gun" (*sic*), p. 401, to wit:—

"The Brown gun is an American invention, and 'regimental wire gun' is an Americanism which we take to mean a gun to accompany a regiment or battalion in the field.—ED. *B.A.*"

The Brown Segmental Wire Gun is so called because the tube is made of segmental-shaped bars of steel, around which the wire is wound, or wrapped, at a tension. The gun is 5 in. calibre, and 44 calibres long; its working pressure is said to be 50,000 lb. per square inch; it could be used "as a gun to accompany a battalion in the field" only by the Horse Marines. Perhaps the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* had that gallant body in mind.

B.

The postal arrangements for H.M. ships on foreign stations are a constant source of trouble and annoyance. On September 21, H.M.S. *Phœbe*, on the West Coast of Africa, had received no letters since August 7, and as this delay would imply that the mails had been forwarded by mistake to some place where she was not due to call, the ship's company had then every reason to expect that they would be cut off from postal communication with the outer world for two or three months. The *Phœbe* left Sierra Leone on May 10, returning on September 4, the programme of her movements having been previously forwarded to the Admiralty and exactly followed out; so that there could be not the slightest reason why the mails should not reach her in due course, except through the blundering of some muzzle-headed official in England.

I hear that since the American Line came to Southampton the number of convictions for drunkenness at the local police-court has quadrupled; and the town has been so infested with characters of the worst class that children and young girls have been warned against frequenting some of the public open spaces without protection. This is ascribed partly to the attraction to the town of all sorts of loafers on the look-out for casual employment, and also to the crews of the steamships, who are spoken of locally in very uncomplimentary terms. There is unfortunately a shady side to all commercial greatness.

The story which I gave last week of the Viceroy who remitted home the whole of his salary at the privileged rate of 2s. 2d. per rupee, reveals only a portion of the possibilities thus opened up. I have since heard it narrated of one recent Viceroy that he first remitted home his salary at the above rate, making out of his £25,000 £2,083. He then had the total of £27,083 remitted back again, making on this transaction £17 per £100, or £4,590. The total profit on the two transactions was thus £6,673 per annum, and on this sum, I am told, his Lordship, being a nobleman of economical habits, pretty well lived. He was thus enabled to save an enormous sum, estimated at from £50,000 to £75,000, during his tenure of office, and it is asserted that at the end of his time he remitted the whole of this to England at the privileged rate, making something between £4,000 and £6,000 more on that transaction.

My last budget of letters from India includes one in which I am asked to deal with the price of provisions at Quetta. Employers at that station complain that they have to pay exorbitant wages to domestic servants. Employers here say the same. But it is argued at Quetta (1) that native servants' wages are too high because the necessaries of life are too dear; and (2) that this dearness of food-stuffs is due to excessive charges for shop-rents, market taxes, and octroi duties, coupled with a combination among traders to sell at uniform rates. A Quetta newspaper has urged the Local Government to take various steps which, it is said, would remedy this state of things, and also remove certain other disadvantages under which the natives alone suffer. Having no wish to engage in a controversy on the subject, I prefer not to express an opinion as to the desirability and practicability of the proposed measures.

I have been requested to call attention to the case of Mr. John Clouston, late an examining officer of Customs at Liverpool, who after twenty-eight years' service was dismissed without a pension. In 1891, in consequence of frequent absence from duty through sickness, Mr. Clouston was instructed to send in his papers for superannuation, and he underwent an examination by a doctor on behalf of the Commissioners of Customs. The examination only occupied a few minutes, and it took place in the presence of one of Mr. Clouston's superiors, who is alleged to have been prejudiced against him, and who, whether this be true or not, certainly ought not to have had any communication with the doctor. Two months afterwards Mr. Clouston was informed of his

dismissal without a pension. He then learned for the first time that the examining doctor's report was to the effect that his illness had been caused by intemperate habits, and that his constitution had been so impaired that he could not be relied upon for further duty.

Mr. Clouston subsequently submitted to the Commissioners three medical certificates in refutation of the damaging report upon which their decision was based. Two were from doctors who had attended him, and who certified that he suffered from rheumatism, caused by cold and exposure (encountered whilst he was on duty), and that his illnesses were not due to intemperate habits. The third certificate was from an eminent physician, who traversed the statement that Mr. Clouston's constitution was so shattered as to unfit him for further duty, and added that no sign of intemperance could be detected. Most people will regard this testimony in Mr. Clouston's favour as far stronger than the adverse report, founded as it was on a single and more or less cursory examination. The Commissioners, however, having accepted the opinion of one doctor, refuse to listen to the evidence on the other side. It seems to me that they have treated Mr. Clouston with gross injustice, and I hope that means may yet be found of obtaining redress for him.

The Knaresborough Guardians have just decided to apply for a Local Government Board inquiry into the management of the Workhouse. Judging from the scandalous and disgusting disclosures which have been made as to the condition of the Workhouse hospital, an inquiry is urgently needed. And, although the Master is alleged to be responsible for what has occurred, it seems to me that the Inspector might do well to ascertain whether such a state of things could have existed if the Guardians had exercised reasonable care and vigilance in their supervision of the officials. One Guardian observed that theirs "was getting to be known as one of the most cruel Unions in the whole country-side"—a reputation which appears to be fully deserved.

The village of St. Agnes, near Truro, is suffering from a frightful epidemic of diphtheria. Nobody will be surprised at this when it is stated that a doctor found two diphtheritic patients lying in one small bedroom where five other persons also slept; that children just recovering are allowed to go out with other children; and that people take no notice of the disease until they find they have to lie down or go to bed. Between September 15 and October 25 there were fourteen deaths, and the Rural Sanitary Authorities were informed last week that there were likely to be more. The Medical Officer expressed the opinion that if there had been an isolation hospital, only the first case, which was imported from London, would have proved fatal. As the Chairman also mentioned that the Local Government Board had been telling the authority for months to build a hospital, it is pretty clear that these local Bumbles are practically responsible for the loss of life at St. Agnes. What has happened in that unfortunate village should be a warning to Bumbles elsewhere who are equally unprepared.

With reference to the Southampton Tramways, a resident in that town, who claims to have constant opportunities of observing, writes to tell me that he has never witnessed anything that could be called cruelty to horses from overcrowding, except on Bank Holidays, and by the workmen's cars from the docks in the evening, when the conductors are powerless to check it. I would point out in reply, that nothing has been said in TRUTH in regard to such overcrowding except on Bank Holidays. The fact, however, of the conductors being powerless to check the overcrowding of the workmen's cars seems to supply an additional reason why the police should be instructed to exercise some check on the traffic. My correspondent writes more to the point when he says, that the worst cruelty to horses is inflicted by the constant stoppages of the cars, and he suggests that the Company should avoid this by making fixed stopping-places, and halting the cars nowhere else. The Company would probably be afraid of losing passengers, but I strongly hold that such regulations should be made by the police, not only in Southampton but in London and every other town, and for omnibuses equally with tramcars.

Another Southampton correspondent writes:—

It is simply absurd for the *Hampshire Advertiser* to deny that overcrowding takes place. The paper in question is understood to be carried on by a syndicate. It would be interesting to know how many members of this body are also shareholders in the Tramway Company.

Now that the Bloomsbury barriers are removed, there is a general disposition to get rid of similar obstructions in other parts of London, and I have been invited to head an attack upon the gates at each end of Palace Gardens, Kensington. Until I received this invitation I had no idea that Palace Gardens was not a public thoroughfare. I have myself frequently driven through without asking anybody's leave—but possibly the gatekeeper took me for one of the Royal family. If it is a fact, however, that the road is only open to those having business at the Palace or the adjacent houses, I agree that this state of things requires amendment. The road saves a long détour on the way from Kensington to Bayswater—in fact, there is no other straight and level thoroughfare for at least a mile to the west of it. The houses are few and far between, and lie back behind large gardens, so that the inconvenience resulting from opening the roadway to cabs and light traffic would be inconsiderable.

Apropos of Palace Gardens, it will, I feel sure, be a comfort to nervous Tories to hear that "The London County Council worships the Crown, and is struck dumb with awe at the very sound of the name." I was told this by a Progressive Councillor, so there can be no doubt about it, and it ought to relieve those who look upon the Council as a devouring dragon which seeks to eat up everybody, Crown and all. Owing to this fulsome toadyism on the part of the County Council, it is said to be idle to attempt to get that body to deal with Palace Gardens, which is Crown property. If what is sauce for the Duke of Bedford is not sauce for the Crown, I would suggest that the Crown should follow the constitutional precedent of Constitution Hill, and open the road as an act of grace.

Whether Mr. Monson is guilty or not of the murder of Lieutenant Hambrough is a matter on which a jury will have to decide. In Italy, however, it would be believed that he is a *jettatore*—that is to say, a person who, from no fault of his own, has the singular attribute of bringing some misfortune on others wherever he goes. The only way for any one brought in contact with such a person to avoid ill consequence is to point two fingers at him. Pope Pio Nono was supposed to be a *jettatore*, and the most devout Catholics, whilst asking his blessing, used to point two fingers at him. I remember once in Nice there was a gentleman who had this reputation. The *Préfet*, being a Frenchman, invited him to a ball. He soon, however, discovered that if the *jettatore* came many others would not, and he had to convey to him delicately the request not to accept the invitation.

A few years ago Mr. Monson rented a large house in the country which was standing idle. Soon the ricks of hay there were burnt down. A little later the stables were burnt, when some horses belonging to him were nearly destroyed owing to its having been forgotten until the last moment to open the door in order to let them out. But as they were his horses, and the property of the *jettatore* himself never is injured, the stable door was opened by the villagers just in time to save his horses. Mr. and Mrs. Monson left the house on his tenure of it expiring, but a servant was left there to bring up luggage, &c., the next day. That night the house was burnt down, and jewellery belonging to Mrs. Monson was melted. As, however, it was insured, the loss did not fall on Mr. Monson, which would be deemed in Italy an additional reason for believing that he has the "evil eye."

The "Medical Boarding-house" which Dr. Cæsar Douglas Sherrard carries on at Avalon House, Eastbourne, is evidently a remarkable establishment. On Friday an inquest was held there concerning the death of an Irish lady who had been under Dr. Sherrard's care. Her husband stated that on the previous Monday he received a letter from Dr. Sherrard informing him that the deceased had made "a silly attempt to cut her throat, but he (the writer) did not think anything of it, as he was sure God would not allow anything to happen in that establishment." Something did happen, however, for on the Wednesday the lady jumped from her bedroom window and broke her neck. Dr. Sherrard told the Coroner that he had "thirty or forty of these people" at Avalon House, and that, "if they don't get well in three months they generally go to an asylum." His treatment, he further explained, was "moral and spiritual." Although Dr. Sherrard may be satisfied with the Divine supervision of his medical boarding-house, the public will probably agree with the jury in thinking that it should be supplemented by a little attention from the Commissioners in Lunacy.

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When a couple of policemen want to tell the same story, an unexpected order for No. 2 to leave the Court whilst No. 1 is giving his evidence may be embarrassing. It was so in a case heard by the Newcastle-on-Tyne Magistrates last week. A young man was summoned for using bad language in Heaton Park. He denied the offence, but admitted that he called one of the constables a coward for striking a lad on the head with a stick, and said it was for this that he was arrested and taken to the police-station. In cross-examination, the first constable stated that the lad cut his head open by running against the stick carried by the other officer! The latter, having been sent out of Court, did not hear this ingenious explanation, and informed the Bench that the lad cut his head open by running against a wall. As the policemen also flatly contradicted each other on another point, and as they were both contradicted by two witnesses for the defence, the Magistrates dismissed the summons. It is now clearly the duty of the Watch Committee to dismiss the two constables.

It is easy to imagine what sort of opinion the people of Walsall entertain regarding their County Court Judge when a local newspaper ventures to write of him in this style:—

> Judge Griffiths, of the Walsall County Court, gave another exhibition of his shortness of temper yesterday. His asperity is rapidly becoming a matter of notoriety, and until he can display less irritability of disposition and more courtesy to those with whom he comes in contact, he will rob his position of the dignity which is popularly supposed to attach to it.

These remarks, and others even more severe, were evoked by a scene which occurred between his Honour and a Birmingham barrister. The latter pointed out an error on the part of the Judge, and although he was peremptorily ordered to "hold his tongue," stuck to his point, and gained it. It is to be hoped that Judge Griffiths will make some effort to curb his temper and improve his manners. He may have no regard for his own dignity, but other Judges care for theirs, and it is a pity that the reputation of the Bench generally should suffer, as it may do with some people, through the irascibility, to say the least of it, of one County Court functionary.

A Judge and Jury last week decided that it is no libel to call one of the fair sex a woman, although she may claim to be a "lady." We shall next hear of a new edition of the Bible, in which "lady" is substituted wherever woman is now used, and divines will refer to the "Lady of Samaria." This plan has, indeed, been adopted by some of the American clergy, to judge by an extract from a sermon preached there, which I lately came across. "Who were last at the Cross?" said the preacher, "Ladies." "Who were first at the Sepulchre? Ladies." Still, if I thought that it would please any particular woman to call her a lady—or, indeed, an angel—I should at once do so. In Austria, when I years ago lived there, it was the custom of every one to address the waitress in a restaurant as "beauteous maiden," and she replied when she got her tip, "I kiss your hand," although the maiden was not always

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beautiful, nor was the hand kissed. All these sort of terms and expressions are conventional. As to what woman is a lady, opinions may differ; but the general rule may be laid down that the woman who insists that she must be called one, is not a lady.

But it has been reserved to a member of the aristocracy who advertises in the *Morning Post*, asking brother aristocrats to come to his aid to enable him to pay his bills, to invent a new word for tradesmen who are not prepared to provide "a living business" to fine gentlemen who condescend to live but who are not prepared to work. He says that he is "harassed by plebeians." These plebeians actually want him to pay for goods supplied. What next? Really, Society should band itself together to stamp out such absurd pretensions.

We have, it seems, now got so far as to be blessed with a "Married Women's Protection Society." To relieve any apprehensions which this announcement may cause, I hasten to mention that at present the Society professes only one "object," and that an inoffensive one—namely, "To compel men who have deserted their wives to make proper provision for them without necessitating their having recourse to the workhouse." This, however, may be only the thin end of the wedge. It being impossible to foretell in what direction the movement may expand, I would suggest that no time should be lost in promoting a Married Men's Protection Society.

That something will have to be done for married men before long is shown by the terrible disclosures before Mr. Justice Barnes in the case of Bruce *v.* Bruce. The unfortunate petitioner in this suit married, in a moment of infatuation, "a very, tall, strong woman." She had been for some years in the habit of knocking him about in a brutal manner, especially when she was "in the usual state—pretty well drunk." She had belaboured him with her fists and threatened to murder him. Occasionally she emphasised her threats with a poker, and once she had half-killed him by throwing a big glass lustre at him. We shall have more of this sort of thing as the race of "tall, strong women" multiplies—and they seem to be growing taller and stronger every day.

The shocking part of poor Bruce's case, however, is that the Judge, in granting a separation, ordered the poor wretch to pay his wife £1 a week, which, he said, was "usual." This is a pretty example of what the advanced school of women call (very justly) "our infamous marriage laws." If a man knocks his wife about and is judicially separated from her, he is ordered to pay a weekly sum for her maintenance. Why, then, if she is separated for knocking him about, is she not ordered to maintain him? What is sauce for the wife-beater should be sauce for the husband-beatress.

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The case of the laundrymaid at Caterham Asylum against the Chaplain at that establishment ended last Wednesday in the summons being dismissed, the Bench remarking that there was no particle of evidence to corroborate the woman's statements. This does not surprise me, for, as I have already explained, the parties had each brought their cases to the impartial judgment seat of TRUTH, and it certainly seemed to me that in point of argument the gentleman had the best of it. It was desirable for all parties, however, that a grave charge of this kind should be decided *coram populo* by a competent tribunal. That was what I have contended for from the first, and that was what Mr. Closs desired, so that everybody is satisfied, except the young woman, and even she has enjoyed the satisfaction of assaulting Mr. Closs in the street and knocking his hat into the gutter.

It has been my privilege to represent the Justice of the Peace in many interesting lights, but I cannot remember that my readers have ever yet had an opportunity of studying him in the character of a betting agent. Councillor J. Seaton Loweth, J.P., of Stamford, has now kindly enabled them to do so. At Derby County Court the other day he sued to recover a sum of £44, to which amount he had backed certain horses on the instructions of the defendant. The defendant took refuge in the plea that the transaction was illegal, and, of course, got judgment. It is to be hoped that in his own Court this worthy J.P. will never have to pass sentence upon anybody convicted of offences against the betting laws, or questions may be raised as to whether he is quite the right man to be entrusted with that duty.

Last Thursday one Crumb, a labourer at Curry Revel, Somersetshire, was convicted before the county Magistrates at Ilminster of having most brutally ill-treated his daughter, an imbecile girl aged thirteen, who has one side paralysed. It appeared that this miscreant had beaten her naked body violently with a stick, and she was seriously injured. The compassionate Justices let off the ruffian with a fine of ten shillings. If Crumb had killed a rabbit, or if he had stolen a few turnips, he would no doubt have been sent to Taunton gaol for three months.

The case of the tram-driver, Sherwood, at Birmingham, was in one respect worse than I represented it last week. The man was actually fined 10s., in addition to being ordered to pay the costs. These costs, I am given to understand, amount to between £3 and £4, so that the man has really received a most severe punishment. It is stated that the Union have taken the case up, and that there is to be an appeal against the decision. The most effective way of reviewing the sentence, however, would be for Mr. Asquith to order the fine and costs to be remitted, and at the same time intimate to the Birmingham Justices that the oath of one policeman, preferring a charge, ought not to outweigh the evidence of three disinterested spectators.

PFUNGST FRÈRES' EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNES.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. PFUNGST & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Several sentences from Quarter Sessions again demonstrate the utter failure of these Courts, as at present constituted, to administer the law on anything like just or rational lines. In the record of Police-court performances, the most grotesque exhibition of injustice is supplied by a learned Magistrate at Dublin, who visits a technical, if offensive, assault on a policeman with a penalty eight times heavier than that imposed upon the ruffians who knocked down and kicked two girls so violently that they had to be removed to the Infirmary. Amongst the English cases the convictions for exceptionally atrocious cruelty to animals at Llandudno, Wilmslow, and Hazel Grove are noteworthy as examples of the inexplicable lenity with which the Great Unpaid treat this offence. In each instance a term of hard labour was obviously the only fitting punishment:—

East Suffolk Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. A. C. Pretyman and other Justices. William Newson pleaded guilty to an indecent assault. Two months.

East Suffolk Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. C. H. Berners and other Justices. Arthur Sparrow, charged with obtaining 6s. 6d. by false pretences. Three years.

Newark and Retford Quarter Sessions. Before Major Becher, General Warrand, Colonel Burnell, Messrs. Thorpe, Oates, W. E. Dennison, Willson, C. C. Curtis, and Edge. John Healy pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting Hannah M. Winks. Six months.

Newark and Retford Quarter Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Henry Hickman pleaded guilty to putting lime in the river Greet, being private water, to destroy fish. Five years.

West Sussex Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Lumley Smith, Q.C. Charles Harris, convicted of indecently assaulting Fanny Baxter. The Chairman said it was intolerable a respectable girl could not go home without being assaulted. Two months.

West Sussex Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Lumley Smith, Q.C. Charles Reeves pleaded guilty to stealing a sheep-skin and a lamb-skin. Three months.

Essex Quarter Sessions. Before the Rev. E. F. Gepp. George Roe, charged with an indecent assault, which was described as exceptionally gross and cruel. Three months.

Essex Quarter Sessions. Before Lord Rookwood. John Brooks, indicted for obtaining thirty-six beer bottles by false pretences. Six months.

Dublin Northern Division Police-court. Before Mr. Keys, Q.C. Michael Daly and James McCarthy charged with being disorderly by fighting. Daly was further charged with assaulting a girl named Mooney by knocking her down and kicking her. McCarthy was also charged with kicking Mooney and assaulting and kicking another girl. Both girls had to be taken to the hospital. Fined 5s. each or four days.

Dublin Northern Division Police-court. Before Mr. Keys, Q.C. A young man named Albert Hitchinough charged with using abusive and insulting language to a constable; also with assaulting the officer by spitting at him. Fined £2 or one month.

Penzance Petty Sessions. Before Mr. R. H. Preston, Major Ross, and Alderman Coldwell. John Tyack, charged with cruelty to a mare. The animal having fallen and being unable to rise, Tyack beat her violently on the head with his whipstock, which he broke, and kicked her with thick, heavy boots. Fined 10s. and costs.

Penzance County Magistrates' Court. Before Messrs. T. W. Field and C. C. Ross. William H. Bidder and Arthur Lashley, charged with vagrancy. They were found sleeping under a tree in Tranecre Fields. One month each.

Torquay Police court. Before Messrs. W. B. Hamlyn, P. B. Drinkwater, and J. Tyler. Charles Ayshford, charged with being drunk. He was found lying asleep on the footpath, and a policeman took him home. Fined 7s. 6d. including costs.

Torquay Police court. Before Mr. W. B. Hamlyn. Henry Reid, tramp, charged with sleeping out. He was found lying at the entrance of the Royal Public Hall with a bottle of rum by his side. Fourteen days.

Llandudno Police-court. Charles Brown, game-keeper, charged with cruelty to a terrier belonging to Thomas Parry. Complainant's wife was out with the dog, when defendant shot it in the hind legs. He afterwards dashed the dog against a tree, horribly mutilating one of its hind legs, and then threw it down and left it. Fined 20s. and costs.

Penrith Police-court. Before Messrs, J. E. Hasell, H. Riley, W. L. Brooksbank, F. C. Cowper, J. W. Nelson, and Joseph Parker. John Thompson, John Watson, and Joseph Yeates, charged with poaching. Two months each, and a further six months in default of finding sureties.

Wilmslow Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. H. G. Greg, H. C. Yates, T. Collier, and Colonel Dixon. A farmer, named Wilkinson, charged with cruelty to a horse. Defendant bought the horse for £2, knowing that one of its feet was badly diseased with canker. He tied the animal to the back of a cart to take it home. Before he had proceeded half a mile the horse's diseased foot came clean off, but defendant continued his journey, which could be traced by the blood left on the road. The horse was afterwards turned out in a field. Fined £5 and costs.

Salford Hundred Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. Addison, Q.C. John Barnes, charged with stealing a suit of clothes. Nine months.

Edith A. Clarke, aged 23, charged with stealing a shawl. Six months.

West Kent Quarter Sessions. George Walters, charged with stealing 6 lb. of cob-nuts. Twelve months.

Hazel Grove Petty Sessions. William Coope, market-gardener, charged with cruelty to a horse. He bought the horse for £2, and attached it to the rear of his cart. It was so weak that it fell down, and was dragged along the road for some distance. The horse was then detached, and a constable found it lying on the roadside. Along the road there was a large quantity of blood and horsehair. Fined 20s., and costs.

Maidstone Police-court. Sarah Chaplin, a young woman charged with stealing two cabbages from a field. Seven days.

Maldon Petty Sessions. Before Rev. E. R. Horwood and Mr. James Barrill. Thomas Ford and William Partridge, charged with sleeping out. Seven days each.

Liverpool Police-court. A policeman convicted of an unprovoked assault upon a man whom he struck under the chin and knocked down, inflicting severe injuries. The Bench said "they were sorry for the defendant, but he must pay a fine of £1 and costs."

Dundee Police-court. Mary Hargellon convicted of assaulting a policeman by striking him in the face. Three months.

Lanark Police-court. Before Bailies Murphy and Milton. William Wilson, farmer, charged with assaulting a child, knocking two teeth down his throat, and otherwise injuring him. The child had been hanging on to accused's cart, and Bailie Murphy said this annoyed people. Fined 10s.

Bolton Police-court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Nicholson) and other Magistrates. Richard Orrell, charged with cruelty to a horse, which was being worked whilst bleeding from sores and shockingly emaciated. The animal was so starved that it gnawed its manger. Fined 5s. and costs.

It would save a good deal of trouble to all parties if my Indian readers would understand that I cannot run a "Pillory" for the benefit of Indian Magistrates. For instance, by a recent mail I received some communications about a case in which a tailor was fined and imprisoned for stealing a yard or two of lace. My correspondents think that the tailor was wrongly convicted, and I dare say he was; but I see no evidence of it in the accounts of the case furnished to me, and this applies to a great many other cases. Gross miscarriages of justice occur in India and many other parts of the world which deserve the notice of the English press, and to which I am delighted to attend. But India is such a large country, and such a long way off, that I cannot undertake to look after the daily doings of all the local police-courts.

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In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

At Scarborough Police-court last week a woman named Crosier was fined £21 and costs for cruelty to her baby, who owing to her wilful negligence was found in a most revolting condition. Did it not occur to the Bench, as it must to everybody else, that a pecuniary penalty is a preposterously inadequate punishment for such an offence? The woman's neglect was attributed, I see, "wholly to drink." Surely that was an additional reason why she should have been subjected for a time to wholesome treatment in one of her Majesty's prisons.

A discussion by the Bournemouth Town Council has emphasised what I said last week as to the necessity of watching the conduct of Local Authorities in matters relating to the administration of the law. Some time ago the Inspector of Weights and Measures for the Borough obtained a summons against a certain butcher. He did so upon the advice of the Town Clerk, who made the very proper and perhaps significant remark, "We must serve all alike who break the law." After the summons had been served, the Mayor took upon himself to order its withdrawal. His Worship had, of course, no right to do anything of the kind, and the Inspector would have been perfectly justified in going on with the case. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the Mayor was obeyed, and his most objectionable action has been practically approved by a majority of the Council. One Member, in referring to the withdrawal of this particular prosecution, said "he wanted all tarred with the same brush, whether they were members of the Yelverton Club or not." To people at a distance, this observation appears somewhat enigmatical. Doubtless it is thoroughly understood at Bournemouth.

The course adopted by Mr. Curtis-Bennett in a case at West London Police-court the other day has given a much-needed advertisement to an excellent Act which was passed last Session, and which has not been so widely noticed as it deserves to be. An extremely asinine provision of the law, which has been denounced in TRUTH for years past, has hitherto compelled Magistrates to commit juvenile delinquents to gaol prior to their reception in a reformatory. Under the Reformatory Act, 1893, Magistrates are for the first time enabled to dispense with the preliminary term of imprisonment, and by doing so Mr. Curtis-Bennett has set an excellent example, which will, I hope, be followed throughout the country. If the offender cannot be at once removed to a reformatory, he may be detained at any place of which the Court approves. At the request of the Wolverhampton Stipendiary the Guardians in that town have consented to temporarily receive such cases when necessary at the workhouse.

The individual charged at Bow-street last Wednesday with a long catalogue of frauds, and described by several papers as "Colonel Barrow" (*alias* Count Hovardi, Count von Howard, Colonel Howard, Colonel Tempest, Colonel Cleveland, &c.), will probably have been recognised by most readers of TRUTH as our old friend "Colonel Berron," of the Secret Cabinet, *alias* "Evans, Evans, & Co.," of Swansea, *alias* "Alpha Menteith," of Reading. It will be remembered that when I first introduced him to public notice in 1891, he was carrying on in partnership with Mr. Usher, of Swansea, an agency for introducing young ladies with money but no antecedents to Court and Society. Other interesting phases of the agency conducted in the name of Evans, Evans, & Co. have also been described in TRUTH, as well as the Secret Cabinet business, and the Colonel's more recent attempts to marry off bachelor English noblemen to Colonial heiresses. In the present state of the proceedings at Bow-street, I am precluded from saying more about Barron's history; but without in any way prejudicing the result, I may, perhaps, be allowed to hope that he will eventually be dealt with in accordance with his merits.

From such facts as reach me from time to time I come to the conclusion that justice is administered in the Channel Islands in the most primitive fashion known to any civilised country. An elderly Frenchwoman, named Levrier, was recently found dead in her room one morning. A man named Bréanchel, who was alleged by one or two witnesses to have been seen in her company overnight, was arrested on suspicion. The case at first looked somewhat mysterious, but the medical evidence at the inquest showed that the woman was a drunkard, and that her heart and other organs were in a diseased condition, and the verdict was "death from natural causes." Bréanchel, however, was called as a witness at the inquest. He was examined by an officer called the Queen's Comptroller, who appears to be both an advocate and an executive legal official. Bréanchel admitted that he went to deceased's room to pay her for work done, but denied that he was there more than ten minutes, or that he had seen and spoken to other witnesses. The Queen's Comptroller warned him that if he continued to deny he would be charged with perjury. But he did continue to deny, and thereupon the Queen's Comptroller ordered a constable to arrest him on the charge of perjury, and he was removed from the witness-box in custody. What has happened to him since I cannot say, but bearing in mind that at the time of the foregoing incident the man was under arrest on suspicion of being concerned in the woman's death, and that he was being pressed to answer questions directly tending to criminate himself, a more outrageous abuse of legal procedure can hardly be imagined.

There was an amazing display of Magisterial imbecility at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, last week. After hearing the evidence in a charge of indecent assault, the J.P.'s present—Mr. R. Lloyd and Captain Pryce-Jones—retired to consider their decision. On returning, the Chairman, addressing the defendant, said, "There was some doubt in the matter, the benefit of which he would receive, and he would, therefore, be discharged." Then he told the man that his conduct had been shameful, and that he had had a very narrow escape. "Had you been sent

COACHING of highest excellence in West of Eng. at "Crawford's," Wykeham Ho., Clifton, Glos., for ARMY EXAMS. (Univ. and Civ. Serv.). Five crowded years of success. *No vacancies* till Jan., '94.

for trial," he continued, "you, no doubt, would have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment." The ludicrous inconsistency of these utterances will be apparent to everybody—except, perhaps, the muddy-minded Shallow responsible for them. If the prisoner would have received "a long term of imprisonment" if committed, the Bench have obviously been guilty of a gross breach of duty in failing to commit him.

Bailie Crawford, of Partick, has managed to completely eclipse in point of absurdity the sentences for attempted suicide upon which I commented last week. This intelligent magistrate has just committed a man to gaol for twenty days merely because he had threatened to cut his own throat. The defendant was a rejected lover, and he told the young woman that if she did not change her mind he would cut his throat. He seems to have been before the Court for a similar "offence" in August. Next time he utters this terrible threat he should be charged with endeavouring to induce a lady to change her mind by false pretences.

A good deal of interest has been excited at Southport lately by a case in which a Mr. Joseph Sutton Dickin was summoned for aiding and abetting a woman charged with objectionable behaviour in a public place. The female defendant pleaded guilty, and two detectives gave evidence in support of the summons against Mr. Dickin. The Magistrates, however, dismissed both cases. The decision does not seem to have been accepted as satisfactory, for last week the Watch Committee held an inquiry into the matter, with the result that they "unanimously decided" that they had the utmost confidence in the two detectives, and "thoroughly believed their statements." These proceedings are certainly not calculated to promote confidence in the administration of justice at Southport, and I am curious to learn what the next move will be.

Certain facts have come under my notice which reflect very seriously upon the management of a West End Registry Office for Foreign Governesses, though I believe that very similar practices go on at many other employment agencies for women. A girl is induced to come to London by a representation that the agency has a vacancy which will just suit her. On her arrival the promised vacancy is not available, but the girl is taken in as a boarder at the registry office on the representation that another situation is sure to be forthcoming in a day or two. There she remains, as might be expected, until all her money is gone, and perhaps a good slice of her first year's salary pledged, when the agency proceeds to find her a place. In the particular case which I have had under my notice, a girl who was boarding at a registry office in this way wrote to a lady desirous of engaging her, and offered to take the situation if the lady would advance her the money to pay her debts at the office. The money having been advanced, the girl eventually arrived minus her watch which had been detained as security for a further balance, alleged to be due from her to the office. English girls and foreigners alike ought, of course, to be warned by their friends against looking for employment at agencies which also undertake to board them.

From certain advertisements, answers to correspondents, &c., which have recently appeared in a ladies' newspaper respecting Mrs. "Anna Ruppert," it would appear that the editor of the journal in question is not aware of the character of the preparations sold by the lady in question. I therefore take the liberty of calling my contemporary's attention to the result of a recent case heard at Dublin, where it was clearly proved that Mrs. Ruppert's goods were not merely useless, but positively injurious. After that exposure, I take it that no respectable newspaper ought to advertise Mrs. Ruppert's wares, much less give her editorial recommendations. In saying this, I am only preaching what I myself practise. Mrs. Ruppert's advertisement was for some time received and published in TRUTH in the ordinary course of business; but when the reports of the Dublin case apprised me of the real nature of the objections to the lady's trade, I declined to advertise her further.

I may add that I took precisely the same course as that just mentioned with regard to Mr. Harness, whose name has lately occupied public attention, when the result of litigation made it apparent that his proceedings were open to grave suspicion. In this connection, I would point out to Dr. Arthur Welsford, who wrote a few days back to the *Pall Mall Gazette* from 6, Cambridge-terrace, Dover, that he is in error in stating that a large advertisement of Harness's had appeared in the then current number of TRUTH. The advertisement referred to—an advertisement inviting the public to take debenture stock in the Company—was of an essentially different character from an advertisement inviting the public to buy Harness's belts; and it did not reach this office through the same channel as Harness's trade advertisements. This, doubtless, accounts for the fact that the debenture stock advertisement appeared in several journals which, like TRUTH, declined to advertise the belt further after the result of the Harness libel cases. Had this special advertisement been brought under my personal notice, I might possibly, under all the circumstances, have declined to let it appear; but I should have felt under no obligation to do so, merely because I had previously refused the trade advertisement.

The ethics of newspaper advertising is a subject on which I have several times discoursed, and in regard to which I hope that I have made my position clear to every reader of TRUTH. I do not accept, and no editor accepts, any responsibility for the statements made by advertisers respecting their wares. They are published as the statements of the advertisers, and they are entitled to just as much, or as little, weight when made in a newspaper as when placarded on a hoarding, or uttered across the counter. As between the tradesman and his customer, the rule of law is *Caveat emptor*—the buyer must look after himself. If this rule protects the tradesman who makes the statement, *a fortiori* it should protect a third party who is a mere medium of publication. But there is a point at which even a tradesman's puff may become

For THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH, Epps's Glycerine Jujubes will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes 7½d., or tins 1s. 1½d., labelled "James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

dishonest, and where the law gives the buyer a remedy. There are also mischievous and objectionable trades of many kinds—*e.g.*, girl flogging—which are carried on in the guise of legitimate business. When a newspaper proprietor—or for that matter the proprietor of a hoarding—becomes aware of circumstances of such a nature, it is clearly his duty to refuse to advertise the tradesman in question. If he does not refuse, he appears to me to become a party to the iniquity, whatever it may be. These are the principles on which I have, so far as practicable, always acted, both in conducting TRUTH and in criticising advertisements appearing in other journals.

At the end of last week I received a circular letter from Mr. Harness, informing me that in March last he had invited the heads of several learned bodies to form a Committee of Investigation into his belt, and asking, "what more could he do?" The answer to this last question seemed to me simple—namely, bring an action for libel against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am glad to see, however, that Mr. Harness has now saved me the trouble of pointing this out to him. I have no faith in scientific Committees of Investigation; but I believe fully in the good old-fashioned Judge and Jury. Unless by faith-healing, I do not think that the Harness Belt has ever afforded relief to suffering humanity. This may, however, be said of many so-called remedies. Far more serious are the allegations of blackmailing made against Mr. Harness.

I rejoice that the whole question is now to be threshed out. To my mind, however, the moral effect of the impeachment of Harness's business has been somewhat spoiled by the extravagant jubilation of the "regular practitioner" over the assault upon a "quack." There is a little too much of a cash basis about this virtuous indignation, and it leads to decidedly inconvenient results. For instance, Dr. Welsford, to whom I have referred above, is for making short work of all the patent-medicine men:—

> If you inquire (he writes) into the nature of other quack remedies *you will find much the same thing*. In the majority of the pills and potions so extensively advertised, there is but one active ingredient—Barbadoes aloes—one of the cheapest drugs in the market. By lying and spurious advertisements, people are induced to pay large sums of money for this common drug, which, &c., &c.

What "large sums?" Thirteenpence-halfpenny, at the outside. Will Dr. Welsford cure me of a bilious attack for less than that? Are we to understand from him that the regular practitioner regulates his charges according to the market value of the drugs he dispenses? I myself habitually patronise some two or three well-known and much-advertised patent medicines. With their help I find that I can deal with all the minor ills that flesh is heir to. I can well understand that the regular practitioner would like to see the vendors of these drugs suppressed, in order that he might physic me for a guinea, where I can physic myself for thirteenpence-halfpenny. This, however, I do not consider would be to my interest. Still less would it be to the interest of the large class with whom guineas are even more scarce than with me, and to whom even thirteenpence-halfpenny is a matter of consequence

It is the story of the advertising dentists over again. A year or two ago a Wimpole-street dentist wrote and published a paper denouncing me for publishing the advertisements of dentists—even legally-qualified men with a legal right to advertise. This caused me to look closely into the matter. The result of my inquiries conclusively showed that the advertising dentist's method of doing business was the sound one, and that it was the Wimpole-street man who is the enemy of the public. I would respectfully warn the medical fraternity against raising a similar question.

Apropos to some remarks in TRUTH, a correspondent sends me a recent issue of the *Yorkshire Gazette*, containing what purports to be an article or a story under the heading "Girls of the Right Sort." This fiction—fiction it most certainly is, and of a most disgusting nature—is in reality a paid advertisement of a well-known quack remedy; but there is no indication of any sort that it is an advertisement, and the obvious intention is to conceal that fact, and to palm it off upon the ignorant as a piece of editorial matter, if not authentic news. That this sort of thing is an abuse of newspaper advertising, and a discredit to the Press generally, is a matter on which there can be no two opinions.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that a passenger travelling to the Isle of Wight by the last train at night from Waterloo is expected to pass the interval between the arrival of the train at Portsmouth and the departure of the boat in the open air. This interval is about two hours and three-quarters. The hotels refuse to let the traveller a bedroom, or sofa-room, for this time. The station and the pier waiting-rooms are closed against him. On a stormy or wet night his position is, consequently, lamentable; and a resident in the Island, who is my authority for these statements, tells me that on such occasions he has been reduced to hiring a cab by the hour, and sitting in it till the boat starts. As I understand that the steamer is lying at the pier-head all this time, why on earth cannot passengers be allowed to go on board when the train arrives?

In view of their patents running out during the next month, the Edison-Swan Company has already reduced the price of its electric lamps from 4s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. I believe, however, that they might be sold at 1s. with a good profit. I therefore hope that a spirited competition amongst manufacturers will bring them down to that figure.

There is little use in disputing whether employers or employed are responsible for the strike in the coal trade. What with differences between amounts paid in pits, difference of the days of work in them, and differences in retentions, it will be very difficult to come to any very clear understanding as to what the average wage of a miner was before the strike. At

"VERREY'S" RESTAURANT, Regent-street, corner of Hanover-street. The oldest and most select French Restaurant in London. Ladies' luncheons at moderate prices a specialty. Dinners à la carte.

present prices, there is no doubt that pits can pay the old scale of wages. If, therefore, the owners are wise they will agree to pay them for the next three months. During this time a *modus vivendi* between employers and employed might be arranged. Irrespective of the past, the amount that constitutes a fair wage ought to be decided, and in no case should any one be employed for less than this wage. Then comes the question of short time. This might be met by making the wage weekly instead of daily—a week being five and a-half days of eight hours. What would then become of the mines that could not work profitably full time? This:—A coal mine is property in the sense that land is property. The owner has a right to extract coal and to sell it. But if he cannot do this, then it is absurd to say that he may hinder others from doing it. The condition of the proprietary right in a coalpit should be, that the coal be worked; if the individual owner ceases to work it, his proprietary right should lapse to the State.

The result of such a plan would be that a considerable number of coal pits would cease to be worked, for the plain reason that if a fair wage be paid they cannot be worked except at a loss. This would necessitate a number of men, now employed in coal-getting, having to find some other occupation. But this is the inevitable consequence of there being more pitmen than work for pitmen, and there is no existing remedy for this but reducing their number.

I do not believe in any sliding scale of wages dependent upon the price at which an article is sold, or the profits of the employer. This conflicts with the idea of a fair wage being the first charge on the undertaking. If I were a large employer of labour I should, in good years, possibly make a present to my employés, but this would be an act of free will, and would not form a portion of my bargain with them. The sliding scale means that the wage ought to be dependent on the amount of profit earned, but this conflicts entirely with the principle of a fair wage as a first charge, whether there be large profit or no profit. And when I say that I am opposed to a sliding scale, I am speaking entirely in the interests of the employed.

The coal business is so enormous, and a dispute in it is so far-reaching in its effect, that the State should lay down hard-and-fast lines under which pits are to be worked, and there should be some sub-department in the Board of Trade to see that the law is fairly carried out by coal-owners. A Committee of the House of Commons, or a Royal Commission, should sit as soon as possible, to settle what these lines ought to be.

Do prices rule wages, or can wages rule prices? This is at the bottom of the dispute in the coal industry. Where there is heavy foreign competition, the first is the rule, because the wage-earners throughout the world cannot combine. Where there is no foreign competition, or but little, the latter is possible, at the cost of a reduction of output. Take a coal-pit. An owner has to buy machinery, &c. The cost of this machinery is a fixed one, and not dependent upon the selling price of coal. So it ought to be with wages. The living wage, like the cost of the machinery, should be a fixed charge. If the seam is so thin, or if it is so situated that the cost of bringing coal to the surface does not allow for a living wage to the employed, then the pit cannot be worked, and ought not to be worked. Coal is one of our necessities. But it is not a necessity that coal should be sold at a price which either gives no profit to the coal-owner, or only secures him a profit by sweating his employés.

In last week's TRUTH doubt was thrown upon the authenticity of a letter published in the *Times* under the heading "A Working Man on the Coal Strike." So high is my opinion of the intelligence of the working classes, that I found it impossible to believe that any working man could really suppose that strikes and bad trade were the natural result of the existence of a Home Rule Ministry. It seems, however, that I was mistaken. The writer of the letter has been discovered somewhere near Manchester, and I am satisfied that he really is a bonâ fide working man, though unfortunately he is at present out of work—of course, through the fault of the "Grand Old Word-Spinner."

This statement is due to the Editor of the *Times*. It is, however, also due to working men at large that I should explain that the evidence of his identity, privately furnished to me, shows this proletarian scribbler to be entirely out of sympathy with his own class, and cordially in sympathy with the class above him. He is one who feels that he is a cut above those among whom he works, and he would like to find himself in some sphere affording a wider scope for his talents, such as a paid lecturer who could go about instructing working-men in the duties of citizenship, and (I suppose) enlightening them respecting the iniquities of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Members. In short, he is only a bonâ fide working-man from force of necessity, and would much prefer to be a bogus or platform working-man. That entirely explains his letter to the *Times*. Well, he need not despair. There is a wide opening in the direction to which he aspires, and, as I pointed out last week, a new Tory organisation is even now being formed for the purpose of hiring working-class missionaries to instruct the working-classes in the true political faith.

I have had an interesting communication from Mr. Joseph Weston, formerly Chairman of the Trinidad Tramways Company, who gives the following facts with reference to what has lately been said in TRUTH as to the labour question in the West Indies:—

> The Company's employés are paid 21s. per week, and work fifteen hours per day for six days in the week, less forty minutes for meals, and on the seventh day they work one hour and twenty minutes, making a total of 87 hours 20 minutes per week, instead of 119 hours, as you have been informed. The hours are undoubtedly long, but the work is light and the rates of wages very high for Trinidad. The Company can get plenty of labour of a kind, but there is considerable difficulty in getting steady, reliable men, although the total staff only amounts to about thirty men.
>
> I am afraid you do not quite understand the conditions of

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

labour in Trinidad, or you would not object to the State aided Coolie immigration.

From an experience of ten years in Trinidad, I can state that labour is scarce, and that the negro population prefers to do any kind of work in preference to field labour. The negro also prefers town life to country life, and the small amount of negro labour can find ready employment in towns and villages, and also on estates, in the capacity of coopers, blacksmiths, &c. I do not consider, therefore, that the coolie in any way interferes with the negro, as the coolie is quite content to work as an agricultural labourer, which the negro is not.

Personally, I should like to see the importation of coolies doubled every year, provided the Government would do away with the return passage to India at the end of ten years' stay in the Colony, and offer greater inducements, not only for the coolie to settle permanently in the Colony, but also for negroes, not only of Trinidad, but of other West Indian Islands, to acquire land in Trinidad. . . . .

Mr. Weston goes on to describe how he has for years advocated the opening up of the country by light railways, and that he considers the removal of the surplus population of a country like India to a sparsely populated country like Trinidad, of advantage to both. This is sound enough, but it has no bearing on the point with which I started some weeks back—namely, that in the West Indies, only among civilised communities, the conditions of labour have deteriorated of late years, and that coolie immigration is the most potent cause of this. What Mr. Weston says about the negro and agricultural labour, strikes me as precisely what may be, and is said, about the agricultural labourer here. Other things being equal, town life attracts him more than country life; *a fortiori* if wages in town are higher, the labourer will not stop in the country. What will keep him in the country, however, is an interest in the land. I expect that this, which Mr. Weston thinks is true of the negro, is pretty true of mankind of all nations and of all colours.

With regard to coolie immigration, however, there seems to be another phase of the question which I have not yet touched upon. The *San Fernando Gazette*, in an article published last month, denounces at great length, and with a shocking abundance of detail, the cruelties and outrages perpetrated upon the coolies of many estates. A correspondent in the island tells me that this only applies to a minority of estates, though he admits that, as regards this minority, it is true enough. It seems to me that, whether it applies to one estate or one hundred, such doings ought to be stopped; and, in fact, except that their servitude is temporary, I see very little to choose between the position of these coolies and that of the African slaves whose places they have taken. In view of some of the criticisms with which I have been favoured, I am glad to see that the *San Fernando Gazette* is strongly of opinion that my former reference to the economic mischief of coolie immigration was only a mild and incomplete statement of the true state of the case.

As the statements of Mr. Oliver Davis concerning the first attack on the Matabele at Victoria have been "officially" denied, and every effort made to throw discredit upon them—though I have published reports from two other eye-witnesses which entirely tally with Mr. Davis's—the following remarks about him may be of interest. The writer is a prominent English citizen of the Transvaal, who recently forwarded me a report of an interview with Mr. Davis, and who had himself had a talk with that gentleman:—

Mr. Davis is well known in Natal, and moves in the best circles there. He has a good reputation in every way, and is credited with a perfectly honest tongue. Personally, I believe every word that he says in regard to the Victoria massacre. The interview is in no way cooked or coloured. His remarks were taken down in short hand, and I can vouch for the accuracy of the report.

As this interview is merely to the same effect as what has already been published, there is no necessity to reproduce it.

No one can have a stronger desire than I have that the State Church in Wales should be disestablished and disendowed; indeed, I agree with Mr. Bright that what he termed the incestuous union between Church and State should everywhere be dissolved, and I should wish to see the public funds, now in the hands of a sect, devoted in every part of the United Kingdom to the general uses of the community. But I suppose that the Lords would throw out a Bill disestablishing the Church in Wales, on the same ground that they threw out the Irish Home Rule Bill. With all respect, therefore to the Welsh Members, I would suggest to them that they will be acting more in accordance with the true interests of their cause, if they allow electoral reform to precede their Bill. We cannot tell when an election will be on us. Generally, elections come, like a thief in the night, in a very unexpected fashion, and our first object should be to put our artillery in good working order and to make sure that our men will be brought into the field whenever the battle is on us.

Each different section of the Liberal Party naturally desires that its particular reform should take the first rank. This is natural in an Assembly which is composed of representatives from various geographical sections, and from various reforming sections. It is only by an effort that they can be brought to realise the necessity of subordinating each particular reform to one which, whilst approved of by all sections, does not interest one section of the Party more than the other. This, however, does not alter the fact that practically all reforms hinge upon our having a majority at the next General Election, and that consequently we ought to make victory at that election our primary aim.

There is no use blinking fact. We had a majority in the country last autumn, as was proved by the elections. It is admitted that, if we were to appeal to the country now, success would be doubtful. Something, therefore, must have been wrong in our tactics. I cannot help thinking that the mistake was in attempting to carry the most important Bill in our programme, with the full knowledge that the Lords would throw it out, instead of insisting upon the ability to carry it being secured to us by powers being taken to crush out the opposition of the Peers by rectifying the balance of parties in their House. I do not believe in spending a year in battering a stone wall with our heads, and leaving us at the wrong side of it, when the year is over. I prefer, if we are to make progress, the more practical expedient of removing the wall.

However, we must not whimper over spilt milk, but rather see that there is no more spilling. The autumn sittings are to be devoted to the Employers' Liability Bill and to the Parish Councils. If we pass them, so much the better. The real question, however, is, What is to be done next year? In order to decide what ought to be done, we should know precisely what is our aim. According to reasonable probabilities, there will be a dissolution before the coming year is over. On this dissolution will depend whether the Progressive Party or the Tory Party is to be in office for a term of years. To secure victory, therefore, at this election should be our aim. In order to do this, we must push forward Bills giving equal franchise to all, making registration self-acting, and throwing the cost of the returning officers on the community. In no case should any amendment of the Lords to a Bill be accepted, for it is far more to our interest that Bills should be thrown out by the Lords, than that they should be passed in an emasculated shape. We should go to the country on the large, broad issue whether the House of Commons is to represent the country in the fullest sense of the term, and whether, when the country declares in favour of us, the Ministry, which is the outcome of that decision, is to be rendered impotent by the permanent majority in the Lords of the Party against which the country has declared.

I am sick of rolling stones up hill, in order to have them kicked down hill by the Tories in the Lords, but I do not waste my breath abusing the Lords for doing precisely what is to be expected of an assembly of Tory Peers. The fault is with us, in allowing them to retain their pernicious powers. If a man were to keep in his sitting-room a number of skunks, what would be thought of him if, instead of cleaning them out, he were only to deplore their unpleasant smell? It is just as much in the nature of Tory Lords to oppose Liberal measures as it is in the nature of skunks to emit an odour the reverse of fragrant.

Assume that we go to the country on the programme of the last General Election, and that we get a majority. What would happen? If we attempt Welsh Disestablishment the Lords will throw it out on the ground that the majority was made up of Home Rulers, Local Optionists, &c., and that there is no evidence of the country being for Welsh Disestablishment. If we attempt Home Rule, or Local Option, or any other item on the programme, the same plea will be used in the Lords for throwing it out. We shall, therefore, be no further advanced than we are now, for we shall again be brought to a standstill by the hereditary wall. What, in the name of common-sense, is the use of playing the game, and allowing our opponents to mark the points as they please? The Liberal Party has again and again suffered by a hand-to-mouth system. The only reason for having a Liberal Ministry is, that Liberal measures should be passed, for probably, man to man, the Tories have as good administrators as we have. Office is a means to an end, but the mistake of party hacks is to regard it as the end.

Probably Mr. Curzon and others of his way of thinking will take the opportunity of Parliament sitting to make many inquiries about Siam. It must, however, be remembered that the Conservative Government deliberately decided that Siam was not to be included within our Asiatic area of influence. It remained, therefore, an absolutely independent country. Unless, then, we are prepared to lay down the doctrine that no European Power may anywhere alter the territorial distribution of Asia without our consent, I hardly see where was our *locus standi* for interference.

But I go a step further. I do not believe in buffer States. I prefer hard-and-fast frontiers. Afghanistan is not a case in point, for Afghanistan is, although locally independent, politically within our lines, and we rightly tolerate no interference there on the part of Russia. But Siam, if treated as a buffer State, would become a centre of intrigue on the part of France and ourselves. There would be an English party and a French party, and this might bring us into collision with France. If it be contended that France ought not to exercise influence there, we have the Conservative Government to thank for her being able to do so; for there was a moment when, without let or hindrance, the country might have been included in our sphere. The Tories are at their old game. When in office they do not act upon their views. Directly they leave office they abuse their successors for not doing what has been rendered impossible owing to Tory supineness. As it was in Uganda, so it is in Siam.

SCRUTATOR.

THE LATEST SPIRITUALISTIC FRAUD.

MR. MASKELYNE ON "PROFESSOR" BALDWIN.

IN the current number of *Borderland*—the "Quarterly Review" of "occult" literature and phenomena recently launched by Mr. W. T. Stead—there appears an article headed "A Puzzling Problem: Clairvoyance, Telepathy, or Spirits? A Report on Professor Baldwin and his Wife." On reading this report, it occurred to me, as I hope it would to every reader still in possession of his wits, that Mr. Stead's "puzzling problem" was very easy of solution; and that there was another explanation besides "Clairvoyance, Telepathy, and Spirits," which both Mr. Stead and his correspondent had unfortunately overlooked. The theory which suggested itself to me was, that Baldwin and his wife were nothing but a pair of very commonplace conjurors, and the "phenomena" some of the stalest tricks known in the trade. With this idea in my mind I sought an interview with Mr. Maskelyne, of the Egyptian Hall, whose familiarity with every phase of spiritualistic imposture is, as my readers are aware, second to that of no man living. I found Mr. Maskelyne already burning to expose Mr. Stead's "Professor." He had already had Baldwin under his notice, and had had opportunities of witnessing the mischief which this impostor is doing. With all the pleasure in life, therefore, Mr. Maskelyne enlightened me as to Baldwin's *modus operandi*, and the information which he gave me I propose now to

give the public, almost in his own words. The result will show conclusively that the "puzzling problem" which Mr. Stead gravely presents to a wondering world is simply the result of impudent trickery practising upon the most childish ignorance and credulity.

In order to make the explanation intelligible, it is necessary that I should first furnish the reader, who may not have *Borderland* at hand, with some particulars of the "Report on Professor Baldwin and his Wife." I should say at the outset that this Baldwin is an American, who has been for some time travelling about the British Empire with a miscellaneous entertainment, combining a "variety show," with "thought reading" or "clairvoyance" by himself and his wife. He is at present touring about in the provinces, but he has never to my knowledge shown himself in London in which, doubtless, he is wise. The title "Professor" has, of course, just as much, or as little, significance as it usually has in this profession. The writer of the *Borderland* report is a Nonconformist Minister in a large Midland town, of whom Mr. Stead says, he "is personally known to me as a man of the highest character, and of considerable reputation as a student in philosophy and political economy." He is an M.A. of London, was a John Stuart Mill scholar, and a favourite pupil of the late Professor Croom Robertson. This worthy man states that on returning from his holidays he found his town in a buzz of excitement over "the startling and bewildering performances" of Baldwin and his wife. In an evil hour he went to investigate for himself. He saw an exhibition of clairvoyance by Mrs. Baldwin which I will describe more in detail hereafter. It was a performance such as I, and, I suppose, nine out of ten readers of this paper have seen given dozens of times by professional entertainers. The John Stuart Mill scholar, however, was apparently a novice at the clairvoyance business. He called upon two or three persons in the audience whose questions Mrs. Baldwin had answered, and by this simple means he found (he says) that "as far as I could judge there was no trickery, no collusion, and *no possibility of deception* in the matter." He then put himself in communication with Baldwin, with a view of learning more of Mrs. B.'s "marvellous power." Needless to say, he found Baldwin most affable and communicative, and he very soon began to learn a great deal, not only about Mrs. Baldwin, but about her husband. After two interviews a séance was arranged, and here I think it will be preferable that I should give the reverend gentleman's own account of his experiences:—

The Séance.

We sat down at a large table on opposite sides, facing each other. He handed me a number of slips of soft, thin, ordinary printing paper, each measuring about 4 in. by 3 in. Then he took for himself a little pile of sheets of ordinary writing paper measuring, perhaps, 8 in. by 6 in. There were a number of lead pencils on the table, so that when he was writing he might not have to stop to get one sharpened.

I then wrote eight questions on eight slips of paper, each one addressed to some friend or other person whom I knew to have passed away, and each one written in the form of a letter. A book was placed in front of me to act as a screen, and to prevent the possibility of his seeing what I was writing. When he knows anything about the questions, it is always more difficult for him to get accurate results, as then his own thoughts mingle with those he receives and pervert the substance of the message.

Brandauer's Circular-Pointed Pens. Neither scratch nor spurt. Glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. A 6d. assorted sample box of any stationer.

The Modus Operandi

As I wrote each question, I folded and refolded it five times, doubling it each time, so that at last the paper was only one thirty second of its original size. When written and folded, I threw the paper down on the table in front of me. It was broad daylight, there was only one mirror in the room (the ordinary dining room of an ordinary dwelling house), and that was covered over with a newspaper. Mrs. Baldwin, the professor, and I were the only persons in the room.

When I had written the first paper he said: "I am tired and ill to-day, and I am not sure that I shall get any impressions."

Then he took the paper and placed it on his forehead. "Yes, that will do," he said. "Now write another."

I went on writing as directed.

"Go on," he said, placing the papers, as I wrote, folded, and gave them to him, on his forehead, "I am not tired yet."

When I came to the fifth or sixth paper he said, "I think I shall be in good form to-day, after all. You are charged with electric vitality: your whole personality is thrown into every stroke and every dot you make. I would advise you now to ask some question the answer to which will be of some practical benefit to you."

Just before I wrote the eighth paper he said, "You can write just one more, and I think that will be enough."

I then took the eight folded papers into my double hands, and shook them all up together, so that it was impossible for either of us to have the slightest inkling or knowledge of the person to whom any particular paper was addressed. After this I put them down on the table again.

He picked two or three of them up, one at a time, and placed them to his forehead again. Then he looked round a little to his right and murmured, as if talking to himself or to some invisible being on his right-hand side, or somewhere about him, near or far:—

"Yes, yes, a brother—two brothers

"You want to speak to him?

"Yes, yes, you'll speak presently.

"What, that's my name?

"I say, that's my name; what's yours?

"Your name too! Oh, I see. Your name is S—— too.

Then, turning to me, he asked: "Have you got a brother called S——?"

"Yes," I replied, "I had."

Then addressing himself once more to the invisible being or beings on his right, he said quietly: "Yes, yes. Oh! a professor."

Again turning to me, he asked: "Do you know a Professor Robertson?"

"Quite right," I replied; "I do."

Again addressing the invisible, he said: "Wait a bit, what is it you say?

"Oh, Professor *Croom* Robertson."

Once more he turned to me, and asked: "Had you a teacher at school called Professor Croom Robertson?"

"Yes," I replied; "he was my teacher in philosopy at University College, London."

"Ah, yes," said he, "that's what I mean; we call them schools in America."

A little later, or possibly a little earlier, he turned to me again, and asked: "Have you got a brother F——?"

"Yes," I replied: "that is quite right."

We were now ready to commence business.

First he asked me to touch one of the papers. No response. Then a second, then a third. "That's it," he cried. He then told me to take the paper and hold it in the palm of my hand, closing my fist and keeping it there.

"Do you know," he inquired, "which paper it is that you hold in your hand?"

I said: "No; that is quite impossible."

The papers had remained on the table before me the whole of the time. There was no possibility of deception, so far as I can see. It was broad daylight. Not one of the papers was removed from before us; from this time forth I kept it in my hand, which was firmly closed.

"Now, then," he said to me, "you can do what you like; you can read or walk about the room, or anything else, just as if you were in your own parlour. You can watch me; only don't get excited. Keep your mind perfectly passive, or else you will perhaps impress your thought on my mind, and I want to be perfectly calm, placid, and colourless."

Then he took up a pencil and began to write. He went on for fifteen or twenty minutes, writing as hard as he could. Meanwhile I read a few pages of a copy of *The Review of Reviews*, the one with the sketch of "Besant and Rice" in it, which lay on the table before me.

A Startling Test.

At the end of that time he looked up and said:

"Now then, keep that paper in your hand, and keep your hand closed, but just hold it underneath the table, and put your ear to the table. You will then hear him write a brief answer in one or two words on the question-paper itself as it lies in your hand."

I did so, and I heard a sound as if some one came and took up a pencil, and then, after a moment, put it down on the table again. It was so real that I thought it was Professor Baldwin himself who was doing it. Perhaps it was; I am not quite clear on this point. I did not hear the scratch of the pencil-writing as I expected to.

Then he said, "Now open your hand and see."
I opened it, and here is a copy of what I found there :—

Yes.

PROFESSOR G. CROOM ROBERTSON.

DEAR SIR,—Do you think it would be well for me to examine into the rationale of these communications by means of this inscrutable force or whatever it is?—Yours respectfully, V. W.

On the left hand margin, just as above, was written, apparently in Professor Croom Robertson's own handwriting, the word "Yes."

I have just looked at it again to-day (September 26). It seems to have been written by some electric-chemical or some other extraordinary process. The professor says he thinks it is written with plumbago, a form of carbon used in blacklead pencil. It is equally clear, distinct, and legible with my own writing, but seems to have been written in lines, each of which is made up of dots. I have not, however, seen it under the microscope. It does not show through to the other side of the paper. The rest of the writing on the above slip is the question which I wrote and addressed to Professor Robertson in my own hand.

Professor Baldwin then tossed over the sheets of the letter he had been writing. It was contained on eight pages, in Professor Baldwin's ordinary handwriting, and read as follows :—

MY DEAR W., (Page 1)

Why not :

Was any man ever the worse for more knowledge? It cannot be of any harm to you to know more—ay, much more—of a force, yes, a real power, [the existence of] which is now being admitted by most of the real, true thinkers of modern society. This man is not a good medium. He is worn (page 2), and he is ill, and his finer nature is blunted. I cannot control him as I would like, and I may not be able to say all I would like to you—it is as if we was (*sic*) writing with a pen that splutters and with thick ink, and I may not be able to give you such (page 3) proofs as I would like of my absolute identity. I have said (on the first page) that there is a force, I might say that there are millions of forces, that can communicate through the proper mediums. These forces are not, properly speaking, mere forces (page 4); they are identities, they are individualities. . . . .

So it goes on for over half-a-column. I will not weary the reader with the reproduction of the whole of the balderdash, in which, as in all communications of the same character ever yet received, there is not a word that might not have been penned by a ready-witted impostor accustomed to frame plausible answers on any question presented to him. Neither can I undertake to reproduce here the whole report of this séance, which fills seven columns of *Borderland*. I will briefly summarise what passed in regard to the remaining questions. Only four of them were answered. In none of these cases did the spirit attempt the feat of writing; the answer was in each case, with one exception, given by the "Professor" in his own handwriting, after more or less conversation with the supposed controlling spirit at his elbow. At each question the same business was gone through of the minister picking up one of the folded papers from the table, and holding it in his hand while the oracle worked. Occasionally, while the "Professor" was writing, the minister looked into a magazine lying on the table, strolled round the room, looked out of the window, or chatted with Mrs. Baldwin, who was in the room throughout. The second question dealt with was the following, addressed to the minister's grandfather :—

DEAR GRANDFATHER,—Will N —— be well advised in pursuing his business with B. W. Downs?

Considering that the last spirit in answer to an equally simple question had dictated eight folios, the grandfather's spook was commendably brief :—

I think N—— will be very well in business with W. B. D.

It struck me when I read this answer that it did not presuppose any intimate acquaintance on the spook's part with the nature of the business referred to. It also occurred to me that whereas it was the easiest thing in life for a medium to write eight folios on the desirability of studying spiritualism, it was a difficult thing for him to say anything to the point about a "business" of which he necessarily knew nothing. It finally occurred to me as odd that while the spirit came back (as he did) to supplement the above answer by giving (through the "Professor") the name "Downs" on a separate slip of paper, he should yet have been so careless as to dictate Mr. Downs's initials in the wrong order. None of these reflections, however, seems to have occurred to the John Stuart Mill scholar.

The next question, however, was the one which throws most light on the performance. It was the only one which really contained a test of the slightest value, the only one, that is to say, which required an answer which the medium did not know, or which could not be answered by plausible generalisation. The question was addressed to the inquirer's brother, and asked the date of the birth of the inquirer's child. Observe how the 'Professor" deals with this poser :—

Presently he began again addressing himself in the usual way, in a musing, meditative, reverie-like tone, as he turned to the right and held his head a little down, as if looking for something in an absorbed, absent-minded kind of way.

"Will you come? Will you come?

"Hem? Eh? I can't make it out.

"Yes, yes. To see that you know.

"Yes, but what about that?

"He'll know? Well, but what for?"

Then he turned to me and said, "He says he won't write: he only wants to *tell* you something. It's about your little girl. Will you take a paper and write down four or five dates, and among them the date on which your little girl was born?"

I took a sheet of paper and wrote at random :—

January 7
March 8
—— 22
July 7

Then I gave it back to him.

He hesitated considerably, turned to the spirit and said, "Eh, what—that one?"

Then he drew a circle round the last date, July 7, gave the paper to me, and said, "Is that the day on which your little girl was born?"

I said, "Do you mean that one—July 7?"

He felt that there was something wrong; so he said to me, "Did he know the day your little girl was born; is there any reason why he should remember the date?"

I said, "No, of course; he died long before she was born."

So then he turned to the spirit once more, and said, "Eh? Oh! *that* one. Then why didn't you say so before?"

He then marked the date, ——— 22, gave the paper back to me, and said, confidently, "That's it."

So that in this one case the "Professor" had to have the answer written down for him, and then succeeded in guessing it in two shots out of a possible four. Wonderful, is it not?

Two other questions were dealt with. In the first of them the minister asked his deceased father, "How can I spend my life so as to do the most good possible?" In answer to this the "Professor," after ascertaining by a question that the father was "not a literary man," and "not accustomed to do much writing," is moved by the spirit of the deceased father to write a letter containing such valuable advice as this :—

To be good is to do good. The way generally is shown to those who seek it. You will manage to find the way. I cannot at present suggest any better method than that shown you by your own common-sense. I am glad to say that, from what I can see, you are much esteemed and liked, &c., &c.

The rest is made up of compliments to the son on his career, and supplication of the blessings of God upon him; but not a word more of answer to the question. "It is exactly the kind of letter," says the poor infatuated cleric, "that I should have expected from my father if he had been watching over me for the last fourteen years, and was now permitted for one moment to speak to me through the veil." And it is exactly the kind of letter

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which the merest tiro at the business in Baldwin's place would have written to this worthy man without any spook to prompt him.

In the remaining question the minister asked his deceased brother to advise him respecting his investments. The answer was given in the same way as before. The ordinary investments known to the British investor are not alluded to in it. The spook points out the stability and advantages of certain Canadian banks, and recommends the inquirer to deposit his money at 4 per cent. in the Bank of British Columbia or the Bank of Montreal. Why the deceased brother should have been unable to advise any equally desirable investment nearer than Canada does not appear, unless in the world beyond the grave they do not make a close study of tape prices and Stock Exchange quotations. But why an American citizen like the "Professor," called on at a moment's notice to advise a British investor, should be unable to discourse glibly on any but Canadian investments, requires no explanation. There remained after this three questions unanswered. But at this point the "Professor" suddenly announced that his power was gone and he could do no more, and the proceedings terminated. The minister does not state what the unanswered questions were, which is a pity, for had he done so they might possibly have thrown further light on Baldwin's mysterious powers. But it is not really needed.

I have now shown precisely what was done. So far as the matter of the answers goes, every reader can see for himself that there is not a word in any of the utterances which required any agency more "occult" than Baldwin's unaided intelligence to inspire it. One question remains, and one only. How could Baldwin, under the circumstances described, know the contents of each slip of paper as the minister took it off the table preparatory to its being answered? That this question need not be difficult to answer, every one with the slightest knowledge of ordinary conjuror's business will see at once, even though he may not be able to answer it himself. I sought and found the answer at the Egyptian Hall, under the guidance of Mr. Maskelyne, and now I will give Mr. Maskelyne's explanation of Baldwin's little trick:—

"I am delighted to have an opportunity of explaining Baldwin's performance," Mr. Maskelyne said, "for though the tricks are as old as the hills, this man and his wife are doing an immense amount of harm. If the tricks were presented to the public merely as tricks, I should be the last to expose them; but against this illegitimate business of duping people with the pretence of supernatural agency I have always waged war, as you know."

"I do. So you have heard about Baldwin already?"

"Oh, yes. During the past few weeks several persons have applied to me whose minds have been completely unhinged by these abominable frauds. I have heard from the reverend gentleman who reports upon Baldwin in *Borderland*. A few days earlier I heard from the Rector of a parish in the same part of the country, whose Curate had been dangerously upset by a message, supposed to have been transmitted from beyond the grave through Mrs. Baldwin. There is no limit to the mischief done by this form of imposture. The Curate I cured. I explained the trick in a very few words, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he was thoroughly ashamed of himself for having been deceived by such a commonplace dodge. Clergyman No. 2, Mr. Stead's correspondent, was much more badly bitten. He sent me a full account of his experiences about a month ago, and since then he has paid me a visit. His communications were confidential, but as he has since published the greater part, there is no reason why I should not comment upon them."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A man, as you would expect, of a highly nervous and emotional temperament, with the conviction now firmly rooted in his mind that he has been in communication with loved ones who have 'crossed the bar.' When I told him that he had been duped by some of the oldest and clumsiest tricks used by pretended spirit-mediums, he received the blow with evident pain and mental agitation, and seemed unwilling to let his better judgment have its way."

"Well, now Mr. Maskelyne will you kindly give me the explanation as you gave it to him? You may take it that all I really want to know is, how Baldwin acquaints himself with the question inside each of the folded papers."

"In the first place I inquired of him whether Baldwin smoked during the performance, the reason of which you shall hear presently. I was told that he did not. The first point in the report to which I called his attention was that Baldwin himself provides the paper on which the questions are written—'soft, thin printing paper.' That is indispensable. The next point deserving notice is that the only looking-glass is covered with a newspaper. That is ostensibly to preclude the suspicion that the writing of the questions can be surreptitiously observed in the glass; to my mind, the reason is to prevent the writer seeing what Baldwin is doing under cover of the table. Our clerical friend writes his question on the piece of paper given him, folds it up a certain number of times, and places it on the table. Baldwin picks it up and presses it against his forehead. Apparently he puts it back on the table. But does he really? Not at all. What he puts back on the table is a dummy pellet of paper, which he has had concealed in his hand for the purpose. The pellet containing the question remains in his hand. Our friend is then directed to write his second question. While he is doing so, Baldwin opens the first slip or pellet under cover of the table, reads it, re-folds it, and makes some slight mark or crease upon it, so that he can recognise that particular pellet again. You now see the reason for the 'soft printing paper.' It is a special paper which can be opened and refolded without the slightest noise. The second question having been written, the folded slip is passed to Baldwin in the same way as the first, pressed to his forehead, and apparently returned to the table. But, in reality, what is returned to the table this time is pellet No. 1, which Baldwin has read. Pellet No. 2 remains in his hand, to be read while the inquirer is writing his third question. The same business is pursued with No. 3, and so on through the series. The last one Baldwin has to retain until he finds an opportunity of reading it and passing it on to the table in exchange for the dummy pellet which he used at starting. In this way every question is read by the medium, or might be; but you will observe that in this case Baldwin only attempts to answer five out of eight questions—doubtless the five which he found most easy to deal with. After all the papers had been shaken up by the clergyman, Baldwin went through the pantomime of pressing them against his forehead a second time. This would be done in order to sort them, and to smuggle in the last one left in his hand. He has then nothing to do but to pick the pellets out in the manner described, and write his answers to the questions. The answers, I need hardly tell you, are based entirely on the information supplied in the questions, eked out by anything he can pick up in the course of his pretended conversation with the imaginary spirit."

"Just so. That is clear enough on the face of it. But why did you ask whether Baldwin smoked during the performance?"

"For this reason. The trick, as I have described it to you, is the invention of an American medium named Foster, and it has been known for years in the profession as 'Foster's Pellet-Reading.' Foster, however, performed

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

it very much more cleverly than Baldwin appears to have done. He would sit at a table with two, and sometimes three, persons at a time, and it was very long before his *modus operandi* was discovered. He always asked to be allowed to smoke, as it helped to bring his mind into the requisite state of tranquillity. It was at last noticed by some extra 'cute visitors that his cigar required a great deal of lighting, and on one of the company looking round quickly into Foster's hand, as he was holding it before him while applying the match to his cigar, one of the pellets was seen spread open in his palm In this way he read the questions before the very eyes of his audience, after obtaining possession of the papers in the way adopted by Baldwin. There is the whole trick for you. Like most others, it is as simple as A B C—when you know how it's done."

"Undoubtedly. But there is one point you have not explained—the word 'Yes' written on the question paper by the spook of Professor Robertson."

"That, of course, was written by Baldwin while he had the paper in his possession. The paper, you observe, was never unfolded after it returned to the table until the spirit was supposed to have written this mystic word."

"And what was the writing like?"

"Ah," said Mr. Maskelyne, "that was where our poor clerical friend thought that he could non-plus me. 'Look at the extraordinary character of the writing,' he said, producing the paper from among a number of other precious scraps carefully preserved in a leather case. 'It appears to have been written by some electric-chemical or other mysterious process' (you see he repeats this mysterious phrase in the *Borderland* article), 'and further, it is in the handwriting of the late Professor Croom Robertson. The letters, you see, are formed by a succession of minute dots.' That is quite true; they were. Well, I examined the writing with a watchmaker's eye-glass. Baldwin's ingenious theory—that 'it was written with plumbago, a form of carbon used in blacklead pencil'—was perfectly sound. I found that the word 'Yes' was faintly written with ordinary lead pencil, and in a schoolboy's characterless round hand. If it was Professor Robertson's, it might equally well have been that of twenty thousand other persons. The dotted appearance of the characters was simply caused by the pencil travelling very lightly over the rough surface of the paper. I said to my visitor, 'How is it possible that you can recognise this word of three letters, written in a round hand, as the writing of any person known to you?' He examined the writing with my glass and replied, 'I could not be sure that it was the hand of my late tutor.'"

"I gather, Mr. Maskelyne, that you look on Baldwin as a very clumsy performer?"

"Most certainly."

"Of course you see that although the first question is addressed to 'Professor G. Croom Robertson,' Baldwin's letter in answer to it is signed 'J. Croom Robertson.' That means, I take it, that in the interval between reading the question and answering it, Baldwin had forgotten the Professor's initials?"

"Yes. Unless you prefer the alternative that in the interval between his death and reappearance, Professor Robertson had forgotten his own name."

"Then when Baldwin comes to answer the question about the business with 'B. W. Downs,' he at first writes, instead of the name, the initials 'W. B. D.' We are told that, after he had handed the answer over, there was a moment's pause, and then another conversation with the unseen spook, after which Baldwin announced that the spirit would give the name, which he forthwith wrote on another piece of paper. The explanation of this incident is, I suppose, that Baldwin had at first forgotten the name 'Downs,' as well as the right order of the two first initials, but then, after a moment's reflection, bethought him of it?"

"That would be my conclusion," said Mr. Maskelyne. "But the most notable instance of his bungling is over the date of the child's birth. Here he is utterly at fault. He has, therefore, to resort to the antiquated dodge of having the date written down, together with two or three fictitious ones, and then pointing to them in succession with a pencil, in the hope of gaining from the sitter some indication when he is approaching the right one. He commences at the bottom of the list and works upwards, because it is well known that an unsophisticated writer usually places at the bottom the word or name he wishes to conceal. Then, again, although Baldwin seems to have been very intimate with our reverend friend for several days—they had dined together and chatted for hours—yet he gained no information of which he was able to make any use at the séance. Looking at all this, and seeing that he actually had to give up three questions out of eight, it seems to me that Baldwin's performance was beneath contempt."

"And did you find that the clerical inquirer was unable to see the force of this reasoning?"

"I could see that he was much distressed in his mind, but not convinced. I begged him to analyse the performance he had seen with a calm and unbiassed mind, and with that he took his departure. To me it was indeed a pitiable sight to see an educated and undoubtedly talented gentleman—a clergyman with a large congregation—led blindly into the lethal swamp of that Will-o'-the-Wisp, 'Spiritualism,' by means of one of the oldest and most simple of all the devices employed by spiritualistic impostors. I said to myself, Surely the time has arrived when a knowledge of all these forms of deception should be taught in our schools and colleges, for all these frauds are rendered possible simply because the public are ignorant of the A B C of the medium's trade. I may say that in a subsequent letter which I had from Mr. Stead's correspondent, he writes:—'Your hypothesis explains all the facts, I must admit. So does the Spirit Individualities hypothesis. But in the former case I am bound to believe, in addition, that Baldwin is a deceiver, which I can't.' When a man has arrived at that state of mind," said Mr. Maskelyne, "what use is it to reason with him?"

At this point Mr. Maskelyne turned to another branch of the subject, namely, the public performance of Mrs. Baldwin, of which an account is also given in the *Borderland* article. This I must defer for consideration next week. It will be sufficient for the present to dispose of the "Professor." By way of clinching his exposure of this individual, Mr. Maskelyne tells me that he has already made to Mr. Stead's reverend contributor the following offer:—

> I told him that I was prepared to stand to my opinion, and that I would challenge Baldwin for £100, to be paid to a charity, to give a rational answer to a question which my clerical visitor should write at my dictation, fold up, and hold against Baldwin's forehead. I have received no further communication upon the subject.

This challenge Mr. Maskelyne now authorises me to repeat publicly in his name. He is prepared to put down £100, to be forfeited to a charity if Baldwin succeeds in giving, in Mr. Maskelyne's presence, a correct and rational answer to a question dictated by Mr. Maskelyne, written and folded up in the manner adopted at the séance, but held by the writer himself against Baldwin's forehead, and never allowed to pass into Baldwin's hand. Mr. Maskelyne has sufficient confidence in the *bona fides* of Mr. Stead's contributor to trust him to perform the experiment. I should like to add that if Baldwin does not consider the amount sufficient, I am ready to add another £100 on my own account to Mr. Maskelyne's, subject to the same conditions.

That Baldwin will accept this challenge, I do not for a moment suppose. No instance is on record in which a professional medium has responded to a challenge so framed as to preclude trickery. Baldwin will reply, I

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anticipate, if he replies at all, that the ghosts of the departed decline to communicate with the living through him except when several questions are written down and passed through his hands precisely in the manner described above. That is the misfortune under which spirits (and mediums) invariably labour. Their communications are made in such a way that there is no means (other than the intrinsic probabilities of the case) of deciding whether they are genuine utterances of supernatural beings or an ingenious fraud on the part of the medium. As soon as it is suggested that the communication should be made in such a way as to preclude fraud on the part of the medium, the spirits grow sulky and decline to hold further converse with their friends. The vitality of these stale tricks in the face of persistent exposure - for scarcely a year passes in which some professional medium is not caught *flagrante delicto* and put to utter confusion—is the most impressive proof in existence of the eternal folly of mankind. There are as many people to-day ready to fall dupes to any impostor who professes to have established intimate relations with an unseen world as there were in any of the bygone epochs which we look upon as specially prone to credulous superstition. All that is necessary is that the impostor should adapt his methods and his language to current habits of thought, and appeal to the superstitious faculty of mankind through the medium of the latest form of pseudo-scientific religion. If, in addition to this, he can get a Nonconformist minister to vouch that "there is no possibility of trickery, or chicanery, or deception" (*Borderland*, p. 168), and a Stead to boom the result, authenticated by his own certificate that "there is no doubt that Professor Baldwin and his wife have extraordinary gifts" (*Borderland*, p. 142), his fortune is made—or would be, if there were no Maskelyne in existence to show "how it is done."

RESURRECTION OF ANGUS MACLEAN.

In my last reference to Angus Maclean, I compared him to one of those reptiles which, when beheaded or bisected, or otherwise mutilated, have the power of repairing the damage and re-appearing, after a brief retirement, in all their pristine vigour. He has justified this description of him even sooner than I anticipated. So recently as July he disappeared from the last "offices" of the "British and Foreign Association," leaving the landlord to seize the empty packing-cases and other valuables, which constituted the office furniture, in satisfaction of the rent owing. On September 30, the following advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

REQUIRED.—TWO GENTLEMEN, Capable of acting as business manager and sub-editor, respectively, of new weekly journal covering entirely new ground. None need apply who have not a moderate amount of capital immediately available (to be under own control), with view to co-partnership.—Address, Messrs. Miller & Son, Solicitors, 10, Bell-yard, Royal Courts.

The advertiser of this tempting offer is our old friend Maclean again. As the desired capitalist has not yet been found, and, as Maclean is still advertising, I lose no time in warning the British investor against the latest scheme of this "incorrigible rogue." The "new weekly journal" with which Maclean proposes to cover "entirely new ground" is to be called *The Clansman*. It is designed for the comfort and edification of those Scotchmen who, like Maclean himself, are sojourning, either from choice or the force of circumstances, in South Britain, and more particularly London. In answer to the above advertisement, a young journalist—but, I am sorry to say, not a Scotchman—communicated with Messrs. Miller & Son, and was put in communication with Angus Maclean. In passing, I may remark, for the benefit of those who may not remember the name, that Messrs. Miller & Son are the firm who, when the blackmailing operations of the convict Morland were exposed in TRUTH, acted for that worthy in an action against me. If Messrs. Miller are establishing a connection among the class of individuals whom I am accustomed to deal with, they are likely to have a busy time of it, and I sincerely trust that the business may prove lucrative. The gentleman who applied to Messrs. Miller & Son's client in this instance, exchanged some correspondence, and then had an interview with Maclean. Maclean informed him that the *Clansman* was to be modelled on the lines of the Glasgow *Baillie*, of the staff of which paper he had been a member. He estimated that there were 400,000 Scotchmen in London, and that they would consume about 10,000 *Clansmen* per week. He produced a specimen copy of the paper, and stated that he had taken an office at 4, Bouverie-street at 6s. 6d., per week, that he had already 1,000 subscriptions paid in advance, and advertisements promised for three months. On this basis he reckoned that a net profit of £3 per week was assured from the first number. He now proposed to sell one half share of this valuable property for £300 cash; the purchaser to further provide £100 of working capital which Maclean himself would supplement by a further £100. In addition to this, the purchaser had the opportunity of becoming sub-editor at a salary of three guineas per week—Maclean himself being (of course) editor-in-chief at five guineas. As if all this were not sufficiently tempting, Maclean further pointed out that as soon as the thing was started "additional capital" could easily be obtained. Nothing would be simpler than to obtain a "business manager" who would put in £1,000, £500 of which would be banked to the credit of the *Clansman*, while the other £500 would be divided between Maclean and his original colleague. In order to establish the *bona fides* of these proposals, he gave two references to friends. A banker's reference he was unfortunately unable to give, as "he was living on a very small income," and had not a sufficiently large cash balance to keep a banking account.

The negotiator wrote to the two Glasgow references. Here are their replies :—

City Institute, Oriental Department,
40, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, E.C.,
London, October 11, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your favour of yesterday's date, and in reply beg to state that I have known Mr. Angus Maclean for some years intimately and have had several monetary transactions with him, and that his actions have always been upright and gentlemanly.

I am very favourably impressed with the idea and the prospects of the *Clansman*, and I fully believe that in Mr. Maclean's hands the said journal is sure to be a success. Permit me to add that were I in your place I should have no hesitation in making the venture.—Yours truly, GEO. BAIRD.

Why not cultivate your hair? Encourage it and strengthen it, or, if your hair is grey or white, the natural colour can be restored by a few applications of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

City-buildings, Greenock,
October 11, 1893.

ANGUS MACLEAN.

DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with yours of yesterday's date, *re* Angus Maclean.

Mr. Maclean comes of an old and respected Greenock family, and by education and training ought to make a good appearance in any scheme requiring intelligence, shrewdness, and literary ability.

I have known him for many years, and have found him honest and straightforward.

As to his financial position, I am not in a position to say anything. His mother died here some time ago and left considerable property.

He has always had the reputation of being a good business man.—I am, yours truly, A. J. MACDOUGALL.

I should like to know more of both these gentlemen who thus vouch for the respectability and integrity of one of the most persistent and impudent impostors of his class. Mr. George Baird, in particular, should enlighten the public further respecting his relations with Maclean, for if, after "several monetary transactions" with that worthy, he can still truthfully describe him as "always upright and gentlemanly," his experience has been indeed unique. Fortunately the gentleman to whom these testimonials were addressed was not so easily satisfied of Maclean's uprightness and gentlemanliness. By way of testing them further, he wrote to the Editor of the *Baillie*, and found that that gentleman had no recollection of ever having heard of Maclean. He next mentioned to Maclean that he had a friend who might be disposed to invest as much as £600 in the *Clansman*, if a place could be found for him on the staff. Maclean jumped greedily at the idea, and, at a further interview, pressed his first correspondent to conclude his agreement at once, in order that they might divide between them £300 out of the second victim's investment. This ingenuous proposal was enough, however, for negotiator No. 1. An agreement embodying the terms sketched out above was put before him for signature, but he declined to sign it, dropped the negotiations, and came round to TRUTH office. A day or two later (October 19), the following advertisement appeared in the *Daily News*, showing that Maclean is once more in search of a capitalist:—

Assistant Editor and Business Manager, with a few hundreds to invest, wanted for a high-class London journal, covering new ground. Excellent prospects. Every investigation courted. Address 95 Y, *Daily News* Inquiry-office, 67, Fleet-street.

What is to be done with a rascal like this? I have already at one time and another devoted dozens of columns to him in TRUTH; I have shown him engaged in swindle after swindle, touting for half-guineas under cover of distinguished names which he had been forbidden to use, selling at huge premiums worthless appointments in his own office, robbing governesses and unemployed clerks under pretence of getting them employment, and, finally, bolting from his premises without paying his rent. Yet here he is, after three months' retirement, endeavouring, without any attempt to disguise his individuality, to sell for £300 a share in a newspaper which has no existence, and baiting the trap with a promise that as soon as the money is paid it shall be recouped by fleecing another victim. I can, of course, add one more to the innumerable warnings which I have published against this scoundrel; but it is quite clear that Maclean will never be effectually disposed of until he has seen the inside of a prison, and it is a deplorable state of things that no public authority exists which can deal with him upon such facts as are already in evidence against him.

"DON JUAN."

Mr. Arthur Roberts should certainly be allowed the same privileges as were claimed by the late Fred Leslie during the last years of his life. He should be permitted to add his name as the author of the so-called burlesque in which he was engaged, and presumably on the same understanding receive his share of the authors' fees. When Mr. Leslie came to the conclusion that the skeleton presented to him to study was, as a general rule, no play at all, that he had no material to work upon, and that it fell to him to invent business, suggest songs, and contribute comical ideas, he reasoned very fairly that he should be paid for his work as author as well as actor. Hence the name A. C. Torr, which was in reality Mr. Fred Leslie, the actor. Mr. Arthur Roberts has also a gift of invention. His resource is remarkable. The basis of his best work is pure pantomime. We saw this the other day in the "Modern Don Quixote," when we found him keeping an audience in fits of laughter for at least ten dumb minutes by imitating a coquettish girl putting on her bonnet at the glass, and generally tittivating herself up for conquest before going on parade. The barren and empty shell of a play like "Don Juan" requires the immediate assistance of Arthur Roberts. He should come along at once with his own songs, imitations, sketches, and entertainments. Miss Cissie Loftus comes from the music-halls, with her reproductions of the style and manner of well-known artists, and she makes an instant success, not as Lord Byron's Haidée, but as Cissie Loftus, the clever child who has a distinct gift of mimicry. It is, indeed, a very remarkable gift, and the cleverness of the girl is shown in that she detects mannerism where it is least shown to the unpractised ear. To imitate, for instance, Mr. Eugene Stratton in his negro songs, or Mr. R. G. Knowles in his flurried orations, or Mr. Gus Elen in his costermonger ballads, is a task comparatively easy, for all their styles are very marked. But she succeeds best with her most difficult subjects, such as Mr. Hayden Coffin and Miss Letty Lind. For until Miss Cissie Loftus told us so with such clever emphasis, possibly very few of us guessed that, after all, both singers have a very decided manner. This engagement at the theatre is in every way satisfactory concerning the future of this clever and attractive child. She was being worked to death at the music-halls. She made an instant success, and was far too much of a willing pony. She never knew what it was to be beaten, but the audience soon saw that their little favourite was fagged and weary, and already wanted a rest. This she will obtain at the theatre, where she has easy work comparatively, and only one of the dreaded turns that must exhaust the strongest of such singers.

Better dancing of the first class cannot be seen than at the Gaiety just now. It is right that it should be so. The Gaiety has ever been the best school of stage-

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

dancing. Here it was that Miss Kate Vaughan, who, in her own pure and poetic school, has never had a formidable rival, led the way with the first of the graceful skirt-dances that have degenerated into tom-boy nonsense and ugly contortion. The very best of the Kate Vaughan school has been Miss Sylvia Grey, who for some unaccountable reason has been kept comparatively in the background and never allowed to show exactly what she could do. Now she at last gets her chance, for surely that Sylvia Grey dance of the animated statue in the last act of "Don Juan" is one of the prettiest things of its kind that has ever been seen at the Gaiety. The remark on the first sight of "Don Juan" was "I never knew that Sylvia could dance so well" or "How Sylvia Grey has improved!" It is merely that at last she has been given her chance and leads, instead of playing second fiddle to those who were in no sense her artistic rivals. Another very graceful dancer of the Kate Vaughan and Sylvia Grey school is Miss Sinden, who is inventive, intelligent, and has been extremely well taught.

The originally-despised music-hall has given the stage another artist in Miss Millie Hylton, who was bound to succeed wherever she went. She is an artist, and her success does not depend on the gifts given to her by bountiful nature. No one can have heard Miss Millie Hylton sing a pathetic ballad at "the halls," as they are called, without recognising her talent. It was her misfortune, not her fault, that she was connected with a song called "The Rowdy-Dowdy Boys," of which absurd capital has been made by the puritanical members of the County Council. If the idea of the song was a little vulgar, the execution of it certainly was not, and if the people are to be denied the privilege of smoking a pipe of peace and drinking something a little stronger than "a small lemon" at the well-conducted halls because a song-writer makes use of a silly refrain, then there is no end to the blind inconsistency of puritanism. "The Rowdy-Dowdy Boys" as sung by Miss Millie Hylton could not have shocked the most squeamish of County Councillors. Is there to be no end of this arguing from general principles to particulars? The people at large want free trade in their amusements. They want to amuse themselves soberly and discreetly. It was the law and the straining of the law that made the music-hall of the past a scandal and a disgrace. Since the temperate and common-sense managers of London theatres refused to put in action the existing law that forbids the elements of drama with the demon of drink, the music-halls have improved wonderfully in tone, in character, in decency, and in order. The better the entertainment the less drink. The higher class the show the less hunger for excess. Cannot the excellently-intentioned County Councillors understand this when they hinder free trade and fly in the face of consistency, because an isolated song has a vulgar refrain, and because some silly waiter exceeds his authority or refuses to supply a small lemon instead of a large one? It is absolutely childish to reflect that the liberties of the people are to be frustrated because of the thoughtlessness of one song-writer, and the stupidity of one uninformed waiter. That Miss Millie Hylton is not vulgar, that her art is the very reverse of vulgar, is sufficiently proved by her engagement at the Gaiety, where she promises to refine modern burlesque as she has already refined the music-hall song. When some of us remember and recall the days of George Leybourne and Vance, there is little need to enlarge on the "Rowdy Dowdy Boys." My own opinion is that the music hall proprietor of to-day would not in the interests of his patrons permit half the licence that is tolerated at the modern theatre. If there be any licence anywhere it is where drink is forbidden in the auditorium, not where it is allowed. But, after all, is it not straining at gnats and swallowing camels? Which is the better, secret drinking or public drinking? To drink at a bar on the sly round the corner is infinitely worse than to take a glass openly *coram populo*. The very surroundings suggest abstemiousness. The more society there is, the more moderation is encouraged. Besides, it has been proved up to the hilt, again and again, that the order and refinement of the modern music-hall have of themselves banished drink from the auditorium, not because it was forbidden, but because it was not wanted. In America the people will not allow drink to be sold in a theatre—that is to say, they stay away from theatres that are veiled public-houses. This is not done by the law, but by the people; not by the police, but the patrons. Give the people liberty, and they will set their houses in order. Meanwhile, "Don Juan" is interesting in that it shows how theatres of the lighter class stand in need of music-hall art. Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Millie Hylton both graduated at the halls, because they have the art of amusement at their fingers' ends. Some go from stage to hall, some come from hall to stage. It is a case of give and take. The best artist is the one most constantly in demand.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE SOCIETY.

What would be seriously thought of professors who opened academies or schools to teach painting to the colour-blind, singing to such as had not a vestige of voice, composition to all who were ignorant of grammar, or music to such as had never been grounded in thorough bass? I very much fear that such professors would be accounted quacks, if nothing worse. And yet the principles of the Independent Theatre Society are little less exaggerated than any of these. They say, Give us plays by all means, but don't dream of sending in plays for consideration that conform to any known rule of play-making. Let them be dull, dreadfully dull. Let them be horrible—the more horrors the better for us. Let their consistent depression be never relieved by the suspicion of a laugh. Let there be ever shade—never light. If your story tends to a suspicion of sunshine through the clouds, shut out the sunshine and draw down the blinds. Whatever is natural is wrong; whatever is humour is foolish; whatever is gladsome is contemptible. Abandon laughter, all ye who enter here. The two ladies who write under the name of "Michael Field" would doubtless have written a very passable

TYPEWRITERS of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane.

and interesting play had they not been fettered by the formation of the new school of dramatic writing. They have power. They have a strong sense of what is dramatic, as distinct from what is merely theatrical; but "A Question of Memory" fails to interest, first, because it is so constantly depressing, and, secondly, because its conclusions are so hopelessly erroneous. As a well-known Ibsenite character observes, "People don't do such things" as they are represented to do in the last act of this extraordinary work. Women who hear of the sudden murder of their three most intimate female companions, one of them being a sister, are no heroines, indeed, they are positively unnatural, when they refuse to express any sorrow at so sudden a calamity. Cowards who betray their companions are not heroes, even though they boast and brag about their cowardice. There is nothing clever in reading human nature upside down. This kind of wearisome topseyturviness should be left to Mr. W. S. Gilbert. For the life of me I cannot see anything strange, wonderful, or moral in writing a play to say a bad woman must always be a bad woman, or a coward must always be a coward, or a drunkard must always be a drunkard, or to enforce the doctrine that "he that is filthy let him be filthy still." Such statements may be very startling, but they are not borne out by the logic of facts. Women as radically bad and vicious as a dozen Mrs. Tanquerays have been reformed and changed by firm and sensible men. Repentance is not in itself impossible, or even ridiculous. The ludicrous thing is to state with a grave face a solemn untruth, and to try and make people believe it is profound philosophy. The success of reformation is often exaggerated, no doubt; but we don't want plays written to tell us that the ordinary doctrines of Christianity are so much flim-flam. Dramatists may cry their folly aloud from the housetops, but no one will believe them.

But if this ambitious society does not discover good dramatists, it encourages excellent players, who, as a matter of course, are successful in the scenes that are stamped with truth and nature. No better acting of its kind could be seen on any stage than that of Mrs. Theodore Wright in this play, and yet I have scarcely seen it mentioned in one of the journals that advocate the tenets of the Independent Society. Nor have I seen any encouragement given to Miss Hall Caine for a remarkably clever performance. I can only conclude that some of the gentlemen are too much occupied in analysing bad plays to devote any attention to good acting. Coppée's "Le Pater" is a very poetical and powerful little play, and would succeed in the hands of a weird actress of the stamp of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Now this play is essentially dramatic, and, moreover, it is true to human nature. It satisfies because the woman is a woman, and forgives. One of the new-fangled dramatists, horrified at convention, and with the bee of unconventionality in his bonnet, would most probably have made the priest's sister hand her betrayer over to death, and allowed the curtain to fall on her grim chuckle. But though the minority might have said, "How true; is it not exactly what the woman would have done?" the majority would have said, "How horrible; it is revolting, and no sane woman would do anything of the kind." Coppée is, however, a greater artist than Michael Field. He makes his heroine forgive her enemies, and the curtain falls on the suffrages of the Lord's Prayer.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SARDOU'S NEW COMEDY.

"MADEMOISELLE SANS-GÊNE" must be a bitter pill—I won't say for the Princesse Mathilde, she being *bonne femme*, *bonne fille*, and *bon garçon*—but for the Murats, De Moskowas, De Rivolis, De Bellunes, and other grandees owing their titles to Napoleonic creation. As they think haughtiness adds to their dignity, the hits at them in Sardou's play are doubly enjoyable to those who go to be amused by it. This comedy is a most spectacular one. Any one desirous of knowing what the Court of Napoleon was to the eye as well as to the philosophic mind will find in it a delightful treat. There is not much in the play itself. But the original, the splendid, the inimitable cleverness of the chief actress, Mdlle. Réjane, taken with many of the situations, and the telling dialogue, make it an effective comedy. Réjane, as Catherine Hucher, nicknamed Mdlle. Sans-Gêne, and wife of ex-Sergeant Lefebvre, Duc de Danzig by Napoleon's grace, plays a symbolical part. She is the incarnation of what was humane, just, generous, heroic, popular, in the Revolution, as Fouché and Bonaparte's sisters and courtiers were of what was base. Catherine is a parallel to the late Madame Boucicaut. She is vulgar to those who can only admire what is conventional, and she is not in harmony with the pomps and vanities of a Court, but she is bright with mother wit, shrewd, good-natured, and picturesque in her strong originality. The moral of the play is that nothing is more reasonable than to follow bravely the impulses of a good heart.

Catherine Hucher is supposed to have been in 1793 running a small laundry in one of the narrow streets, pulled down by Haussmann, which ran across what is now the Place du Louvre. We first see her on the memorable Tenth of August, when the Tuileries were attacked by the people, the Swiss Guard massacred, and the Royal Family taken to the Convention on their way to the Temple prison. Catherine is a winsome, jolly wench — a patriot, too, as we see from the Revolutionary songs, engravings, and proclamations hanging on the walls of her laundress's shop. She has good-humoured and funny retorts for all the idlers who, thinking perhaps she may be *galante*, stop to pay compliments to her and her apprentices. Her tongue is ready, and as she has not time to lose, she sends them quickly about their business. How she toils and moils, and with what cheerfulness! It is hard for her, times being bad, to make both ends meet. She is busy ironing a shirt she has often mended. It is that of an artillery officer, one Buonaparte, who speaks broken French like an Italian. He is hard-up and miserable. She has not the courage to press him to pay her, and she reflects that perhaps he could not if she did. He

may soon be better off. Another bad customer is Fouché, an attorney's clerk. As Catherine irons, discharges of musketry, and then of cannon, are heard. Presently Swiss Guards and Court gentlemen come flying down the street by her shop. Some are wounded. Patriots pursue them. The fugitives are the last defenders of Royalty at the Tuileries. Catherine hastens to put up her shutters, and sighs and laments about her sweetheart. Sergeant Lefebvre, of the ci-devant Garde Française, now incorporated in the Garde Nationale. He must be in the fray. She is about to close the door when a young Austrian officer, Comte Neipperg, rushes in bleeding and imploring shelter. Catherine's patriotic heart melts, She bolts the door. Knocks with the butt-end of a musket are soon heard. The fainting Neipperg is thrust into her bedroom, and she opens the street-door to—as it turns out—her sweetheart, who has his soldiers behind him. He asks, why the delay in opening the door? Catherine gives an evasive answer. "Is she hiding a lover?" he asks himself. Snatching a key from her, he unlocks the room door, and finds the Austrian on the bed. To test the depth of her love for the foreign officer, the Sergeant rushes back saying that he is dead. The laundress is all pity, but betrays no passion. "Are there papers in the dead man's pockets to show his identity?" she asks. "If so, his relatives can be warned; if not, she will have to arrange to get him buried." This calms Lefebvre, and his men drink wine she offers, and he brings them away to let her attend to the Austrian as her good heart prompts her.

Eighteen years later we find Lefebvre Marshal, Duc, and Governor of Compiègne, where Napoleon and Marie Louise hold their Court. His wife—except in looking matronly, for she had had a baby every other year—is the same old Catherine Hucher, the laundress. Her fine feathers do not make her a fine bird. She dresses in all the colours of the rainbow, and looks like a Queen in a gaudily-coloured engraving, the dress being red and the train pea-green velvet. The good soul cannot manage the curtsey to the Empress, and is at once the despair and the joy of the old Professor of Court Deportment, who is at heart a Royalist, and is tickled almost to death at the free-and-easy manners of La Maréchale, and the ridicule she brings upon the Court. She is *sans gêne* in giving home-thrusts to the sisters of Napoleon and other fine ladies, who all bother Lefebvre to allot them the finest rooms and equipages (save the Emperor's) at Compiègne. Caroline, Queen of Naples, and Elisa, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, each want to be on the best footing, and are insolent and overbearing. The new-fledged Duchesses are just as bad. When they presume to quiz the Governor's wife, she retorts, and not courteously, but funnily and wittily. But if she gives them as good as she gets—and better—she stirs their bile and excites their malignity. All cabal against her, and the Queen of Naples and Grand Duchess decide to ask Napoleon to force the Governor to divorce her.

In the second act, Napoleon is in his cabinet at Compiègne, in the plain uniform of the Chasseurs de la Garde. He drinks cup after cup of coffee, blows up aides-de-camp covered with gold lace and military trappings, loses his temper with his secretaries, and then receives a visit from his two sisters, between him and whom a quarrel arises. They bandy words with each other. When they get to the bottom of their French vocabulary, they resort to the Corsican dialect for epithets. Napoleon seizes the tongs, and, flourishing them, cries, but in vain, "Basta," which means "shut up." They have come to complain of the Duchesse de Danzig. She is summoned, and told that her incongruous language and bad manners make the Court a laughing-stock. To put an end to this the Emperor offers to make her a handsome allowance, if she will consent to the Marshal divorcing her. Catherine defends herself with clearness, and sometimes with warmth. When warm, she is eloquent, and is always adroit. Marry come up, indeed! Is it for the wives of ex-coopers, ostlers, hucksters, smugglers, and such-like to talk of *her* manners? They have dared to blow upon her virtue. If she was kind to a few soldiers, it was because they were soldierly and risked their lives for their country. To whom were the fine ladies about her kind? To dandies and to valets. What right had they to throw stones? What were the Murats, or the De Bellunes, or any of the lot? It was true that Catherine Hucher was a laundress. It was also true that she lived in a little street near the Tuileries. She had some good and some bad customers; some who paid her, and some who did not. Lefebvre paid her with devoted affection. *He* never forgot what he owed her. But there were some who had since become Dukes and greater, who never paid her bills. The Duc d'Otrante was one. A little artillery officer was another. He was poor, solitary, hard-up, and interesting. Napoleon grows uneasy. He stirs the fire and comes back to his desk. "Who was he?" he asks. Catherine Hucher takes a yellow-with-age list of the shirts and stockings she washed and mended out of the breast of her low-cut corsage. The total of the unpaid items comes to sixty francs. She hands the paper to the Emperor. "Lieutenant Buonaparte, Dr.," is at the head. This scene is exquisite.

But hark! The tread of a cavalry officer is heard in the ante-room of the Empress's bed-chamber. Who can it be? Napoleon in an instant is out of his mind from jealousy. He puts out the lamp, rushes out, and comes back dragging an Austrian officer, Count Neipperg, whom one of the Red Ladies had mysteriously brought into the presence of Marie Louise. Napoleon calls on Roustan and his Mamalouks to strangle the Austrian. Mademoiselle Sans-Gêne protests against a soldier being murdered by Turks. What cowardice to treat him thus! Condemn him to be shot if he has had criminal conversation (she uses stronger words) with the Empress; but first make inquiry. At any rate, observe formalities. Lefebvre, she goes bail, will keep the officer (whom she recognises) a close prisoner if he is given to his custody.

This scene is much ado about nothing. Neipperg had been summoned by the stupid Marie Louise to take a letter to her father asking for the Comte to be recalled to Vienna. She had noticed that he was in love with her, and she wanted to get rid of him at once. So, after a narrow escape, Neipperg goes back to Vienna, Napoleon is enchanted with his wife's prudence, La Maréchale

Lefebvre triumphs over the cabal, and everything is for the best in the best of worlds for three years more, at the end of which time the Empire was to be wound up, Napoleon sent to Elba, Marie Louise given over by her father, the Emperor Francis II., to Neipperg's embraces, and La Maréchale Lefebvre to shine forth as the only honest woman among the Duchesses of Imperial creation.

It was, I think, a mistake to have violated history in order to bring in Neipperg. Any one else would have done as well, for Marie Louise was such a neutral being that she would have loved any one with will enough to undertake the conquest of her. If all the ins and outs of Napoleon's Court were not so well known, there would be no harm in the anachronism of giving Neipperg a part to play in 1811. But, as every one must know that he never saw Marie Louise until 1814, the use made of him weakens the general impression of probability which the costumes and stage accessories give. Lovely Caroline Murat is just as Madame de Rémusat paints her—a hard-hearted, aspiring, selfish hussy, malodorous with pride, and very vulgar. Eliza, her sister, having more intellect, and being better educated (she was at school at St. Cyr), is not so bad. But they both are only good to serve as foils to Mademoiselle Sans-Gêne. Duquesne's rendering of Napoleon comes up to all Sardou's requirements; and you know how exacting Sardou is! He is not the legendary Emperor, but he is Napoleon as I dare say he appeared to Talleyrand, who said, after witnessing one of his tantrums, "What a pity so great a man is such a cad" (*si mal élevé*).

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

WE English, dear Lady Betty, are a righteous race; an altogether superior people.

But our neighbours do not love us. The reason for this is simple. We have too high an opinion of ourselves, and too low an opinion of others.

According to the popular estimate—

Americans are Vulgar,
French are Immoral,
Russians are Barbarians,
Italians are Beggars,
Spaniards are Cut-throats,
Germans are Boors,
Greeks are Sharpers,
Australians are Convicts,
Swiss are Harpies,
Turks are Unspeakable,

and every other people—below contempt.

Foreigners are, in fact, deceitful, effeminate, irreligious, immoral, unclean, and unwholesome.

Any one Englishman is a match for any seven of them.

The only wonder to me is that the Nations do not arise and annihilate us.

* * * * *

Deny it as we may, the English character has seriously changed during the last half-century. We were insular before; we are now cosmopolitan. But in becoming this we have adopted the follies of our neighbours without acquiring their good qualities. They, however, have adopted whatever was best in us.

We have discarded our beef and beer, and taken to their fancy foods and their thin wines; we have become frivolous, fickle, and restless. They have adopted our love of sport, exercise, and athletics. The English character has changed just as our *cuisine* has. The sturdy, independent, intolerant, insular superiority bred from strong beer, strong beef, and strong language, is dissolving under a treatment of fricassees, thin claret, Pilzener, and pastry.

* * * * *

London is full of everything but news just now. "Je commence," wrote some one once, "parce que je n'ai rien à faire, et je finis parce que je n'ai rien à dire." I might very justly write the same to-day.

And apropos of this, Talleyrand was celebrated for his curt epistles. A woman once wrote to inform him that her husband had died. He answered, "Chère Marquise: Hélas! Votre dévoué, Talleyrand." A little later she wrote again to tell him that she was about to re-marry. To this he replied, "Chère Marquise: Ho! Ho! Votre dévoué, Talleyrand."

* * * * *

The Prince of Wales and the Council of the Imperial Institute have decided to attempt a further departure by founding an Orchestral and Choral Society for the purpose of giving smoking and other concerts. Sir Somers Vine has been authorised to appoint Mr. Luther Munday to assist him in the organisation of this scheme.

All that can be told of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has already been said. He was passionately fond of sport and was a capital shot. At intervals he was subject to violent fits of religious enthusiasm. It may be told to his credit that he has made provision for all his children, his life having been heavily insured. He was devoted to his elder son and successor Prince Dhuleep Singh, a devotion which was as warmly returned.

Having no longer any kingdom, Prince Dhuleep Singh has decided to retain his present title and not to adopt that of Maharajah, a decision which is in every way wise. Being much attached to Elveden, his father's place in Norfolk, he intends to do all that is in his power to retain this. As it is, if sold, two-thirds of the purchase-money is devised to him and the remaining third to his step-mother, the Maharanee. It is to be hoped that the Government will assist him in his effort to retain Elveden, for whatever his faults may have been, but scant justice was meted out to his father.

Elveden is a fine place, but mostly celebrated for the quantity of game there is on it. The Hall is exquisitely decorated in the Oriental style, as are also some of the rooms. The chief picture of interest is a portrait of Runjeet Singh surrounded by his Court, which provides a striking contrast in the history of three generations of a ruling house.

Lord Carnarvon has kindly lent Bretby, his place near Burton-on-Trent, to Prince Dhuleep Singh for a while, and the latter left London for this place yesterday (Tuesday).

Many will learn with regret that the Comte de Fitz-James, a younger brother of Duc de Fitz-James, lies seriously ill in Paris. Equally widely known in England as upon the Continent, Comte de Fitz-James is celebrated for his courteous manner, his ready wit, his conversational powers, and his large experience of the world.

It is only with excessive delicacy that it is possible to touch upon the sad death of the late Captain Frederick Howard, a brother of Lord Effingham, who blew his brains out last week whilst suffering from an attack of temporary insanity. Great anxiety, exaggerated in the excitement of the moment, unhinged his reason, and there only remains now the power to sympathise with those to whom this tragic calamity has brought such sudden sorrow.

But how anybody under any circumstances whatever can be induced to commit suicide has always been a matter of mystery to me. If we would only see things as they are, we should realise that we attach altogether undue impor-

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

tance to the trivialities of life. What can it possibly matter to any one, for instance, what others think of him? And yet, in nearly every case, it is a dread of exposure which is the main cause for this act.

* * * * *

The latest addition to the open-air lecturers in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons is an unemployed butler, who now assembles around him each week large crowds of disaffected fellow-servants. It might surprise those who care to see themselves as others see them to attend some of his meetings, for the lecturer pretends to possess minute knowledge of the habits and customs—above stairs and below stairs—of the various West End households. And he repeats them.—Believe me to be very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

CONSIDERING the acute financial depression which at present overshadows the turf, it is an exceedingly fortunate circumstance that Callistrate was beaten for the Cambridgeshire. If M. Abeille's horse had won, then a huge stake would have been landed, nearly the whole of which would have gone to France, and not a farthing of the money would ever have been recovered. As a rule, when a great stake is won on the turf, the bookmakers can afford to regard the coup with equanimity, well knowing that in nineteen cases out of twenty all the money will sooner or later come back, and probably with substantial interest. It is very different when a well-backed French horse is successful. During the last thirty-two years the French have won the Cambridgeshire six times, and at least £250,000 crossed the Channel in consequence, and, what is worse, the money has stayed there. When Montargis won, just twenty years ago, some £60,000 was netted by the French, and in that season the Cambridgeshire betting was on such a gigantic scale that the horse was all along a rank outsider, and he started, as far as I remember, at 66 to 1. Then great sums were won over Gladiateur and other horses owned by Count de Lagrange, and only five years ago there was the Cesarewitch victory of Tenebreuse, which took over £30,000 out of the country. Callistrate was, I believe, "chopped" to some extent at the start last Wednesday, and the race was nearly over when he got fairly into his stride. He was going very strong indeed at the finish, and if there had been another mile to go, Callistrate would, no doubt, have been the winner. He is certainly a good stayer, and I understand that we shall see him running next year for the Gold Cup at Ascot if he goes on all right.

When writing about the Cambridgeshire a fortnight ago there were only two animals which I mentioned with favour—Llanthony and Molly Morgan. Sir Robert Jardine's horse went very badly in the betting at the finish, and he never showed in the race. As to Lord Dunraven's mare, I wrote of her on October 19 that "she will be all the better for another ten days of sharp work, and she will be more suited by the distance." Molly Morgan had the race in hand a long way from home, and she won in a common canter. If Molly Morgan had won the Cesarewitch she would assuredly have achieved the double event, for she had more than a stone in hand last Wednesday. Raeburn ran very creditably, but he never had a chance with the winner, and the importance of his Manchester victory over Isinglass was preposterously over-rated. Mr. McCalmont's horse would have been a good second for the Cambridgeshire if he had started. It is now clear that Prisoner is not a stayer, and that (as I all along maintained) his Doncaster Cup victory was an arrant fluke. It was an extraordinary piece of luck for the Ring that Lord Cadogan's horse just managed to scramble into the third place, for Metallic, who finished fourth, had been backed for more money for a place than any other animal in the field. I never could fancy La Flèche with her weight, for she has evidently gone off considerably since last autumn, and nearly twelve months ago I predicted that she would not accomplish much as a four year old. The St. Simons, whatever their other merits, certainly do not train on, and the four year old history of La Flèche is simply a repetition of that of her own sister, Memoir, who so direfully disappointed her legion of Cambridgeshire backers two years ago. Castleblaney, about whom so much elaborate noise had been raised, ran a perfect wretch, but was reported to have been "chopped" at the start by Laodamia, who was started to make running for him! William ran well for five furlongs, and then stopped. He is probably a non-stayer, and will doubtless win a good T.Y.C. handicap next season. Laodamia was in front for three-quarters of a mile, and it is certain that she is a very smart mare, and must be backed whenever she is "slipped." Le Nicham ran well, and would have been placed if he had been ridden out, but he was judiciously eased when Molly Morgan was seen to have the race in hand, in order that he might be in good trim for the Free Handicap on Thursday, which he won in a trot. Macready was the gross impostor of the race, and there must have been some egregious blundering about the "great trial" which he was alleged to have won. It is all hugger-mugger nonsense to try a horse over a shorter distance than that of the race for which he is being prepared, and if it is true that Macready was galloped merely over the easy D.M., no rational being should express surprise at his complete and ignominious collapse in the Cambridgeshire.

I plumped for Lady Rosebery for the Jockey Club Cup, and what the bookmakers were about when they laid evens against her it is impossible to understand, considering the poor lot which were running.

The Duke of Westminster was exceedingly ill advised in running Orme for the Limekiln Stakes. This horse was shaken by his races on the hard ground during the summer, and he has given Porter a deal of trouble and anxiety. He did not look so well as at Sandown, and he seemed to run his race in a very spiritless manner. It would have been no great achievement, over his own distance, to give Childwick 25 lb. more than weight for age, and it is really too absurd and fatuous to read a lot of trumpeting twaddle about Childwick's victory having proved that he is worth the outrageous sum (6,000 gs.) which was paid for him as a yearling, this being his first success. The Houghton meeting twelve years ago was also fatal to Orme's grandsire, Bend Or, who ran nowhere in Foxhall's Cambridgshire, for which he started at 9 to 2 in a field of thirty-two!

That very unlucky horse, Orvieto, has been sold by Mr. Houldsworth to Mr. Burdett-Coutts for 5,000 gs., which is an exceedingly low price for an animal of his high breeding and excellent performances. Orvieto has never got over his race for the Ascot Cup, which also proved so disastrous to Marcion. He is to remain at Newmarket, and his fee will be 50 gs.

A largely-attended meeting of the Jockey Club was held on Wednesday after the races, and general surprise and disgust were expressed when it was found that a majority of the members had rejected Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's excellent and very much-needed proposal that in future all technical objections must be lodged before the race is run, except in cases where fraud is alleged. The Jockey Club is cursed with some members who are the most determined enemies to every species of salutary change. It is impossible to over-rate their obstinacy and intolerance, and their more intelligent colleagues must feel indignant and mortified at their bigoted hostility to improvement, nor are they the materials from which converts are made. Every change must be forced upon them from without, for they will alter nothing of their own free will, and they are so muddy-minded that they like to maintain all the minutest abuses which in course of time have clung to the turf, and they only succeed in connecting the name of the Jockey Club with every abuse and misdemeanour. The flagrant scandals which have frequently occurred in consequence of the present defective condition of the law on the subject of objections must be perfectly well known to every member of the Jockey Club who opposed Mr. de Rothschild's praiseworthy motion, but, as usual, they view the matter with

stupid and hog-minded unconcern. The arguments in favour of the proposed change are so strong and so clear that it is impossible to conceive upon what grounds it was opposed, and the rejection of Mr. de Rothschild's motion must be deplored by all well-wishers of the turf, as the present laxity in the matter of objections simply facilitates the sinister operations of all kinds of knaves, and benefits only the vermin of the race-course.

There will be racing next week at Leicester and at Liverpool, and large fields may be expected at both meetings, but hardly any of the sport will be of general interest.

Sixteen three-year-olds have been left in for the Liverpool St. Leger, a stake with £600 added, and I should fancy that Son of a Gun is sure to win.

The Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of £2,900 has thirty-five two-year-olds left in, and on each of these animals there is an entrance of £40 to be paid, whereas those which declared forfeit on March 26 had only £20 to pay. It is a vastly fortunate circumstance for the managers of the meeting that Delphos did not make his *début* at Lincoln or at Liverpool, for if he had done so the chances are that there would have been a general clear out from this stake. Delphos has a penalty of 10 lb., which, however, is got rid of by means of a breeding allowance of 10 lb., so the race seems an absolute certainty for him. Galloping Dick and Bullingdon, having both the worst of the weights with Delphos, are not likely to start, unless Mr. Baird sends his rogue to the post just on the off chance. Match Box, having to give Delphos 10 lb., will certainly be an absentee, and neither Wherwell nor Priestholme can have any chance of defeating Mr. Blake's speedy colt.

The Liverpool Cup cannot be discussed until after the acceptances have been published, and I strongly advise backers not to meddle with this always dangerous race until the day of running arrives.

The recent death of a young fellow while playing hockey has aroused a good deal of attention to the dangers of the game. The ball is a cricket ball painted white, and the weight of the club is limited. But, for all that, there is in the game a good deal of danger which is of a cold-blooded and gratuitous description. The rough-and-tumble of football, whether it be Association or Rugby, necessarily implies a certain degree of danger, without which there would be no football at all. But in hockey there is no charging and very little hustling, and the danger arises from the implements. The clubs are quite strong enough to drive the ball with tremendous force. It would be considered an act of folly for a man to drive a ball to the off at cricket right amongst a crowd of fifteen or twenty men, and yet this is what the back at hockey is continually doing. It is true the club may not be raised above the shoulders, but a sweeping stroke has been invented to circumvent this restriction. As the game is now played by men, the ball travels with such force as to create an element of danger, which should not be permitted in a first-class game. A few years ago Mr. Shearman, who was President of the O.U.A.C., and played forward at Rugby football for his University, advocated lighter clubs and balls for hockey, which he was then playing, but his motion was lost in Committee. This was when the game was in its infancy; but now that his views about the unnecessary dangers of the game have been more than realised, it is imperative that a change should be made.

Last week the City Swimming Association organised a most successful meeting at the Whitechapel Baths. The object was to enforce on the minds of the Corporation of the City of London the need for a swimming bath in the City. The Lord Mayor was present. The plans of a proper bath to be erected on the river at Blackfriars were said to be at the Guildhall. I wonder how long they will stay there. Considering the few opportunities there are for physical recreation in the City, it is disgraceful that the task has not been undertaken before. When the bath is built it is to be hoped it will not be on the plan of the ordinary swimming bath, which compels spectators to choose between being suffocated by the gas in a crowded gallery or being drenched when standing on the edge of the bath in front of the dressing-boxes. While the plans are at the Guildhall it would be as well to have them examined by some of those persons who really understand what is wanted.

The cloud no bigger than a man's, or rather a working man's, hand has arisen in the world of golf. The City of Newcastle Golf Club held an open handicap recently. The Newcastle United Workmen's Club sent in the name of one of its number, and the Secretary received a letter to say that the entry had been laid before the Committee, and, "Mr. ——, being a member of a working man's golf club, is ineligible to play in the open handicap on Saturday." A bigger piece of snobbery it would be hard to conceive. Why did not the Committee advertise "No working men admitted?" Committees generally reserve the right to refuse an entry, but, like a jury, they should never give reasons for their verdict. If the working man is an amateur, I can see no reason for his exclusion. I have never heard of such class distinctions before, except in rowing, where the case is entirely different. If working men amateurs are to be treated differently, let some rules based on sound reasons be made. At present I am trying to find some reasons. Untroubled by these questions, ninety-nine players turned out on Saturday at Wimbledon for the first day of the Club's autumn meeting.

On Saturday there were practically no first-class Rugby football matches in the Metropolis. As "gates" are as of much importance to amateur as professional teams, I should have thought that club secretaries would make better arrangements. Oxford made a fine fight with the Scottish, and I hear that the University forwards are a very fast lot. The slow, heavy forward is a thing of the past. It is said that a Rugby Cup will be started by Middlesex. With cup, club, and county matches the game will be overdone, and then there will be as much trouble in the South as in the North about professionalism. It is a pity, considering the hold the Association game has on the Army, that the Army team made such a poor display against the Corinthians, who turned up with a splendid team, and against their forwards the Army halves and backs were useless.

MAMMON.

RUDD, RHODES, & CO., PHILANTHROPISTS (LIMITED).

LAST Friday Mr. Rudd, in addressing the shareholders of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa Company, defended Mr. Rhodes, and did not defend me. He said that, compared to Mr Rhodes, I am no more "than a pariah to a mastiff," and that Mr. Rhodes is not the money-grubber that I seek to make him out. The comparison is rather ornamental rhetoric than argument. As for the latter statement, what I assert—have always asserted—is that Mr. Rhodes is a Company Promoter, and that as a Company Promoter he has made a vast fortune out of the moneys subscribed by investors, who have no reason to thank him for having depleted their pockets. Mr. Rudd and Mr. Rhodes are the joint Managing Directors of this Gold Fields Company. Will Mr. Rudd favour me with the amount that he and his partner have gained—either in shares or cash—by their promotion and connection with this Company, together with their contract as Directors or Founders, and what cash has been paid by them to entitle them to these profits? The public will then have an opportunity to form its own judgment as to the mode of procedure of Mr. Rhodes in Company-mongering, and whether this patriot is really working for himself or for his country. From what has been done in one Company by these Siamese twins, we may form a reasonable estimate of what has been done in others. I always distrust a man who takes to business and who explains that he is actuated by higher motives than by a desire to make money. But

when this plea is urged in favour of a Company-promoter, who has made and is making hundreds of thousands by promotion, and subsequent manipulation of shares, I do indeed smile.

As for the Chartered Company itself, I have more than once explained how it was brought into existence, but the facts disclose so wondrous a scheme of financing that I make no apology for repeating them. Messrs. Rhodes, Rudd, and Beit obtained a mining concession from Lobengula. This mining concession may have cost a few thousand pounds, but the concessionaries sold it to a Company, called the Concessions Company, for £4,000,000, which means that they themselves became this Company, and divided this paper capital amongst themselves and others with whom they were associated. Mr. Rhodes then obtained a Royal Charter, on the ground of having the concession. But this Charter was given, not to the Concessions Company, but to a sub-Company which undertook all costs involved in the Charter on condition of receiving one-half of net profits, the other half going to the Concessions Company—*i.e.*, to Rhodes, Rudd, and Beit. The sub-Company is what is now known as the Chartered Company. It has a capital of one million. It began by issuing £250,000 of £1 shares. These were taken in the main by the triumvirate and by Companies in which they had an interest, with the proviso that for each £1 share taken two should be allotted in case of any further issue of share capital. Soon afterwards 500,000 shares were issued, on which 3s. was paid. These shares were in many cases sold for 50s. and 60s. to the investing public. What the profits therefore of the gang may have been by selling shares of the Concessions Company, and these 500,000 shares of the Chartered Company at an enormous premium, may approximately be estimated. Lobengula has stated that the original concession was obtained from him by fraud, and in the last Blue Book on Mashonaland which is published, there is a letter from the Colonial Office, in which it is asserted that, when the Charter was granted, the division of spoils between the Concessions Company and the Chartered Company was concealed.

Mr. Rudd has further given his views upon current events in South Africa in an "interview" which is published in the *Daily Chronicle*. The war, he opines, is a philanthropic undertaking. Speaking of the Matabele, he says that their great evil is want of work. "It is the old story," observes the philanthropist Rudd, "of Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do." His panacea for this is simple. "Let them work in the mines." The mines happen to be theirs, but they are to be deprived of them, and their future connection with them is to be limited to working in them, in order that benefactors of the Rudd kidney may have their reward for civilising these unpractical savages. Judging, however, by experience, Rudd, Rhodes, and Co. will not even incur the risk of working these mines. Having seized them, they will be sold to sub-Company-promoters. If these minor jackals pay £5,000, they will issue a prospectus in which will appear the paragraph:—The vendors have fixed the price of the property at £100,000, and there will be another contract (the obligation to publish all contracts being waived) by which it will be agreed that half net profits are to go to Rudd, Rhodes, & Co. This is how things have been managed in Mashonaland. I do not wonder that the Company is burning with the desire to extend the field of their beneficent action to Matabeleland.

Wondrous, indeed, is the state of mind of a Company-promoter. He really honestly seems to believe that the world is his oyster, and that it has been brought into existence in order to afford him scope for Company-promoting. Other men's goods he deems property misplaced, and considers that he has a natural right to juggle himself into its possession. If men are idle, they are to be made to toil and work for him. So clear is his opinion as to his "rights," that murder, robbery, and treachery become justifiable if they be necessary in order to enable him to carry out the mission for which Providence has placed him on this planet. That he should believe all this himself is strange, stranger still is it that he should expect others to believe him when he prates about his philanthropy, and still more strange is it that he should actually find fools who believe him. Rhodes and Rudd would gain were they to get hold of Matabeleland. But whether the change of régime, even supposing that Satan rules there now, will be a benefit to the Matabeles is by no means clear. Companies have no souls to be saved, nor other portions of the human organism to be kicked. And I can conceive no rule more detestable than that of a Company of speculators over a subject race.

In the course of the interview Mr. Rudd tells us that there is some good in Lobengula, and he gives an instance. The monarch once did not get his beer as soon as he wished, so he cut the nose of the man off who was the cause of delay. And, as Mr. Rudd observes, if Lobengula had not cut this nose off there would always have been delays in getting his beer. And certainly between massacring the Matabeles and cutting their noses off, there is a certain similarity of treatment.

These atrocities do not surprise me. What would have surprised me would have been that they should not have taken place. We have a Company, shady in its finances amongst Companies, existing alone in order to acquire gold-reefs and sell them to investors at home. The military head of the Company is a man who has been denounced as a murderer by the Under-Secretary of the Colonies; the forces of the Company consist of men attracted by the promise of sharing in the spoil when certain Matabeles are "wiped out." Who can have a doubt how, under such conditions, a war is carried on? If any one has such doubt, he has only to consult history.

I am glad to see that the *Daily Chronicle* is publishing a series of articles showing what this Chartered Company is. They enter into all details, and give chapter and verse for all. I recommend their perusal to any man who has at heart the honour of the country, and who is not prepared to allow our good name to be disgraced by the proceedings of a gang of greedy, blood-stained adventurers, which equal in wickedness anything that was ever done by the Spaniards in Cuba and Central America.

I take the following from an article on the situation in the *Pretoria Weekly News* of October 7, which has just come to hand. It would appear, moreover, that it is admitted in South Africa that the Chartered Company has been kept going since January last by a monthly payment of £3,500 from the De Beers Diamond Company. Of course, Mr. Rhodes, as a Director of the De Beers Company, has no more right to make this payment than to give the monthly sum to me. If not repaid, it is likely that the shareholders of the Company will take this view of the transaction; hence the absolute necessity of conquering something which may enable the Chartered Company to place more capital over here, in order to repay the De Beers Company:—

> Lobengula, the King of the Matabele, was lord of Matabele and Mashonaland, and, like savage kings all over the world, had the power of life and death over his people and vassals. The Chartered Company obtained from him the right to dig for buried gold in Mashonaland, and paid him £100 per month for the privilege. The Company also gave him rifles, musical boxes, a silver elephant, and so on. The King guaranteed that the Company should dig for the gold free from molestation. During the years the Company has been exploiting its mineral rights Lobengula has faithfully kept his part of the bargain. No white man in Mashonaland has been molested. The Mashonas, who were still his vassals, he has raided every year as usual without protest from the Company until last August. The right to raise tribute from these Mashonas, and to punish them in his own fashion if they neglected or refused to pay the tax he imposed, was one of the rights he retained. Nowhere in the concession will any resignation on the part of Lobengula to his sovereign rights over the Mashonas be found. In August Lobengula sent an impi to collect tribute from Mashonas round about Victoria. Relying presumably on the proximity of the whites, they refused, and were punished without mercy, and in characteristically brutal fashion. Some of these Mashonas were working for the settlers, and some were killed. Dr. Jameson sent for the indunas, and told them that they had no right to cross the border, no right to kill the Mashonas, and that if they did not leave the country within an hour, according to Mr. Davis, and within two hours, according to Mr. Wightman, he would drive them out. As an actual fact, they had the right to cross the border and to kill the Mashonas, dreadful as it appears to our susceptibilities. The border was thirty

miles away, as reference to the map will prove. The Matabele left for the border quickly, evidently determined to cross as speedily as possible. Given short grace, they were pursued, though they appear to have made no resistance, and were shot down like rabbits. The remainder got across the border, and since then no Matabele have entered Mashonaland. The Europeans at Buluwayo have been treated with humanity. The convoys entering Mashonaland from the Transvaal and Bechuanaland have been unmolested. Travellers between Tuli, Victoria, Charter, Salisbury, Hartley Hills and Umtati have never once been attacked. Large numbers of Matabele have been watching the border for many weeks, but there has never been the slightest evidence of an intended attack on the Europeans. It is the opinion of men who know the Matabele that if they are left alone they will never enter Mashonaland again. The above are the facts that are not, we believe, denied by the Chartered Company.

No European can have any sympathy with a savage who treats the Mashonas as does Lobengula, but at the same time we contend that the Imperial Government, in allowing the Chartered Company to attack Buluwayo, is sanctioning an act of gross injustice in order that a number of influential and powerful English speculators may make money. It must be always remembered that the war now being entered upon has nothing to do with England. It is a mere buccaneering sally after loot and land engineered by a private Company.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—At last there is a rift in the clouds which have been overhanging the Stock Markets. The repeal of the mischievous Sherman Silver Bill has at last been accomplished, and the business community in the United States breathes freely once again. The auspicious event has been heralded by an advance in American Railroad securities, thus fully confirming my predictions, and, I am glad to think, materially benefiting all those who have followed my advice. At one time a regular boom was in progress, but a healthy reaction has since come about, the rise having been a little too fast and furious. A few other troublesome matters remain to be cleared away, if confidence is to be generally restored. The disastrous coal strikes in the Midlands and the ratification by Congress of the arrangements concerning the Argentine Debt concluded with the Rothschild Committee are important questions, the settlement of which appears to be approaching. A minor trouble—that of the Industrial and General Trust—is unsettling the holders of Trust stocks generally, and it is much to be hoped that some reasonable solution will be found, which may place the Company on a sound basis and under able management. When all these events come to pass—provided that no fresh accident spoil the fun—we may look for a substantial increase in dealings on the Stock Exchange and a sharp advance in values in many directions.

Home Rails.

This department is smarting under the heavy blow which the coal strikes have struck it through heavy decreases in mineral and general goods traffic. Prices of the "Heavy" division at last gave way when it was found that some real stock had come out; but it was again to some extent "Bear" pressure, which forced the decline of from 1 to 3 points, Midlands suffering most. A slight recovery has since taken place on fresh indications of an early termination of the coal war. It would be premature after recent disappointments to make sure that a favourable result will be reached in the negotiations now being opened, and I must therefore put the case hypothetically. If the coal strikes were to come to an end very shortly a rally in the stocks of the "Heavy" lines would no doubt ensue, as there would be the prospect of a certain proportion of the loss in coal traffic being recovered before the end of the year. It is true that shareholders will in any case have to face a severe decline in dividends for the current half-year, but they might look upon this as a temporary evil not likely to recur for some time to come. A recovery in prices would, therefore, be probable, if the struggle in the Midlands were to come to an end now, while, on the other hand, any prolongation of the same might lead to a fresh decline. North Eastern, which are unaffected by the strike, have remained steady, and will, no doubt, join in any upward movement of the rest of the list. Minor spasms have taken place in Sheffield Deferred and Great Eastern, but in these instances, too, a recovery is in progress for the same reasons. Great Northern stocks have suffered severely, this line being greatly affected by the coal trouble. On the other hand, Brighton "A" have fluctuated considerably, being depressed at one time to 142⅝, but my anticipation that the unwieldy "short" account would tell at the settlement has been fully borne out. Instead of enjoying a walk-over, as happened at the mid-October account, the ursine operators had finally to pay up to 1⅛ backwardation, and so little stock was there in the market that a good many "names were over" at the last, and the discomfited "Bears" had to go to the men who were taking up stock to obtain postponement of delivery. The fact is that investors are reducing the amount of stock which is available for gambling purposes to vanishing point. Thus I am told that a transfer for £5,000 stock went into thirty-three names. Such small amounts of stock are, of course, invariably locked up, and very rarely come into the market again. The actual dividend outlook is bad enough in all conscience, but here, too, the coal strike will govern the position. If it should terminate soon, the goods traffic of the Brighton line will pick up materially, while the passenger traffic has already commenced to show increases. The loud-voiced jobber in the Brighton Market and the other "Bears," who have been selling "Berthas" so lustily, may therefore find themselves confronted with a position which will make it impossible for them to get in at anything like the present price. The shop, by the way, have been quietly covering of late whenever an opportunity offered, and it is chiefly Tom, Dick, and Harry from all the other departments of the House, and a number of operators in the country who have acted on the general tip to "sell yourself some 'Berthas.'". Dover "A" are in a somewhat similar position, although they have not been picked up by investors to any extent. The market is in an oversold condition, and any favourable development would cause a sharp advance in prices. But traffics will have to improve. The Scotch stocks have eased off slightly in sympathy with the rest of the market, and may be expected to follow any upward movement.

Advance in Yankee Rails.

It is a source of sincere gratification to me that my forecast of events in the Yankee market has been so completely borne out by events. It has been a weary period of waiting, but unconditional repeal, which I have all along advocated and predicted, is now an accomplished fact. A further important advance has taken place in all the leading American Railroad stocks, large dealings accompanying the first reports of repeal being assured. It will be useful at this juncture to give the comparison of prices with the lowest point reached this year during the height of the crisis on July 31, and with the highest and lowest quotation in 1892.

	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	July 31, 1893.	Sept. 4, 1893.	Oct. 30, 1893.
Atchison	47⅞	33¼	13	21⅛	22⅜
Do. Second Mort. "A" bonds	69⅞	54½	32	45¼	43
Atlantic Firsts	40½	28⅝	18⅜	24	20
Canadian Pacific	97½	87½	70	78½	76½
Central Pacific	36⅝	28¼	18¼	22⅛	21⅛
Denver	19⅜	15⅝	9½	11	10½
Do. Preferred	56½	46½	28	31	29½
Erie	35⅝	23⅞	9¼	15⅝	14⅞
Do. Second Mort. bonds	112⅝	103⅜	64	76	70½
Louisville	87⅞	66⅜	51⅜	57	53
Milwaukee	86¼	77⅛	49½	62⅜	69
Mis., Kan., and Texas	21	14	9½	12¼	13¼
Norfolk Preferred	57½	38⅜	19¼	24¼	23½
Nor. Pac. Preferred	74⅜	46¼	20⅛	24⅞	25
New York Centrals	122⅜	111	90½	106	107
Ohio and Mississippi	24½	19⅛	12⅜	16⅞	17⅛
Ontario	23¼	18	12⅝	15½	17½
Readings	32½	20	6	9⅛	11⅛
Do. First Income bonds	81½	70¼	24	34	37
Union Pacific	51⅝	37⅛	17⅛	24⅛	19⅛
Wabash Preferred	34½	23⅛	12½	17⅛	17⅛
Do. "B" Debentures	51⅜	35⅞	20½	28⅛	27½

It will be seen that quotations have in many cases reached again the recent highest point of September 4, while my favourite Milwaukees, and a good many other stocks, show a further substantial advance. The rise

since July 31 in fact reaches nearly 20 in Milwaukees, and 11 in Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds, while some of the low priced stocks have benefited to the extent of from 2 to 5. As many of my readers have invested at the lower range of prices, their purchases stand now at a very handsome profit, while those who had bought at higher prices will thank me for having prevented them from selling out in a panic and at the bottom. That is what, unfortunately, a good many have done who have listened to the advice of the City Editor of the *Standard* and of other pessimistic scribes. The few cantankerous correspondents who used to pester me with abusive epistles, because, forsooth, matters did not come right at once, will have to finally take a back seat, and perhaps these gentry will now devote their attention to the bilious writers who urged them to get rid of their stocks at the bottom. Take the case of a wealthy reader of TRUTH, who has been unfortunate enough to take the advice of a weekly contemporary, which shall be nameless. He writes complaining bitterly that he was induced to act in this suicidal fashion by the view persistently urged in its columns that the "sky was falling in" in the United States. Returning from a trip to the States, where he had laid in a stock of cheap securities, including Milwaukees and Atchison, he unfortunately listened to the hysterical nonsense of the journal in question, and sold almost at the bottom, while, if he had held these stocks for a few months, he would now have a profit extending to five figures to rejoice over. I am glad to hear, however, that he took the advice given in TRUTH in time to benefit considerably from the present upward movement. Traffic returns have of late shown a marked improvement. In the case of the Milwaukee line a weekly increase of 88,000 dols. is shown, and the September statement showing a gross decrease of 233,536 dols. works out to 4,634 dols. net increase. The last weekly Atchison decrease was only 50,000 dols., while it had recently been five times that amount. The Louisville decreases are also diminishing. I hope that my readers who sold Louisville at 56 and 58 a few months ago, have also taken my advice to buy again, so repeatedly tendered to them during the last few weeks, when the stock dropped to 45-47. As I stated then, the new stock to be authorised will not be issued for the present, and the acquisition of the Chesapeake and Ohio South-Western has been abandoned. The traffic outlook is also more satisfactory, and I have no doubt that Louisville will now move up with the rest of the market. Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds deserve special attention, as the position of the Atchison Company is now completely assured. There should also be a fair prospect of the reorganisation of the lines at present in the Receiver's hands, especially the Northern Pacific, now under the control of a more respectable group, Erie and Reading. Reactions after the very sharp rise are, of course, very probable, but if the Repeal Bill be followed by wise financial legislation, confidence will be still further restored and business be stimulated. The scare in Erie, by the way, is absurd, as the passing of the Second Mortgage interests, which has been utilised by the "Bears," had been fully anticipated. With regard to the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Railroad and the Ohio and Mississippi Railway, advices have now been received that at the meetings of stock-holders held in Cincinnati, the consolidation was voted unanimously. A considerable demand for high-class American Railroad Bonds is now also springing up and those who wish to benefit by the present very moderate level of prices will have to hurry up. Undoubtedly one of the best opportunities ever offered to acquire a high yielding security of this kind is the purchase of Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes, to which the following paragraph is devoted.

Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes.

The official announcement that the whole of the 9,000,000 dols. of Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes of the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company, which were originally issued in Boston in 1888, and expire on November 1, 1893, have been renewed for five years until November 1, 1898, has caused a sharp advance in all Atchison securities, the shares having risen 4 to 23, the Second Mortgage "A" bonds 5 to 15, the Four per Cent. General Mortgage Gold bonds 4½ to 7⅝. I never doubted that the renewal would be accomplished, and I was enabled to state this positively and on the best information during the recent scare. Nor was it surprising that these Notes should be taken up by bankers and investors, who rightly see in them one of the best gilt-edged securities in the London and New York markets. The particulars of this security are fully set out under "A Selection of Investments," No. 20, and it will be seen that they stand as a first charge ahead of 300 million dollars capital. At their present price of 97 ex November 1st Coupon, they yield, reckoning the profit on exchange and on redemption in five years at "par" in New York (103 London), 7⅜ per cent. per annum. Compare this with Philadelphia and Reading Five per Cent. extended bonds at 113½ (formerly carrying 7 per cent.), which are only ahead of 150 million dollars capital, or Northern Pacific First Six per Cent. bonds at 110, the line being actually in the hands of a receiver. It requires but little intelligence for any investor to see that the present is an exceptional opportunity to acquire so fine a security at so moderate a price. Bankers, Assurance Companies, and investors will soon compete for these notes at a much higher price, especially as advices concerning the Atchison Company are favourable, both as regards its financial position, and the traffic outlook.

A Selection of Investments.

The table of "well-secured stocks which have never defaulted," which I published a fortnight ago, has proved so popular with my readers, that I repeat it to-day with modifications. Not that the securities which I have replaced by others are undesirable, but in the case of small private Trusts to be made by investors, the new selection will, I think, prove more useful. Nearly all the stocks mentioned a fortnight ago have improved on investment purchases, but not to such an extent that the yield is at all materially interfered with. There is, on the contrary, a very considerable margin for a rise.

Well Secured Stocks, which have never Defaulted:—

	—	Per cent.	—	Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	Present price.	Yield per cent. per annum.
							about
1	Antofagasta (Chili) Railway	4	Debenture Stock	96¾	92½	95	£4 4s.
2	Do. do.	—	Ordinary	119½	110	105	5 14
3	Bank of New Zealand Estates	5½	Debentures.....	109½	102½	107	5 3
4	Canadian Pacific Railway..	5	First Mortgage Debenture Bds., 1915	118¾	113	115	4 7
5	Chili, 1893	4½	Bonds..	—	—	73½	6 3
6	Debenture Corporation	4	Debenture Stock	—	—	101	4 1
7	De Beers Consolidated Mines	5½	Second Debentures ..	104	89	103½	5 6
8	Gordon Hotels Company ..	4	Perpet. Deben. Stock	119½	109½	123	3 13
9	Ind, Coope, & Co.	4½	First Mor. Deb. Stock	116½	110	116	3 18
10	Illinois Central Railroad ..	4	Cairo Bridge Gold Bonds	102¾	99½	102	4 2
11	Law Debenture Corporation	4	Debenture Stock	102	99	103	3 18
12	Nitrate Railway	5	First Mortgage Debentures.....	98¾	90	96	5 5
13	A. & F. Pears, Limited	5	Debenture Stock	108	102	107	4 13
14	River Plate Trust, Loan, &c.	4	Do. do. ..	93¾	78	93	4 7
15	Southwark and Vauxhall Water	6	Ordinary Stock	153	133	157	3 17
16	Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corpn.	4	First Mort. Debentures	101¾	98½	95	*4 4
17	United Railways of Havana	5	First Mortgage Bonds	101½	94	93	5 8
18	United States Debenture Corporation.....	4½	Debenture Stock	100	82½	90	4 19
19	Western of Buenos Ayres (irredeemable until June, 1925).....	5	Mortgage Bonds	109¾	97	110	4 11
20	Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé	6	Five years Guarantee Fund Notes	—	—	97	†7 7

* The actual yield, including gain on redemption, is considerably greater, as the Debentures were issued on April 1, 1892, with the proviso that holders should have the option to call in the money in three years, viz., April 1, 1895, at 101½, while the Corporation reserves the right of paying them off at any time at 103, at which they would in fact be payable at the end of six years. Reckoning this contingency, the yield is £8. 10s. per cent. per annum.

† These Notes are redeemable in five years at the par in dollars (103 in London), and, therefore, the gain on redemption is included in the yield.

1. Secured by first charge on the Railway, a Chilian Government guarantee until 1907, a Bolivian Government guarantee until 1912, and a guarantee by the Huanchaca Company up to December, 1903. Total issued, £850,000, with £2,200,000 Ordinary behind it.

2. Six per cent. guaranteed by Huanchaca Company until

1904, with half profits above the guarantee. The traffic returns registered for the first eight months of this year show an increase of more than 50 per cent. upon last year.

3. These bonds, amounting to £1,500,000 only, are secured by a First Mortgage on the Estates, &c., taken over from the Bank of New Zealand, valued at the time at £3,107,993. They stood in the Bank books originally at over 4¼ millions.

4. Secured by a First Mortgage on properties representing an expenditure of 100,000,000 dols. Total amount, 34,998,663 dols.

5. These bonds are issued in payment of the claims of the Peruvian bondholders on Chili, and are considerably cheaper than other Chilian issues.

6. Secured by a Trust Deed giving it a general charge on all assets of the Corporation, including the uncalled capital. The borrowing powers of the Company are limited to the amount of the subscribed capital.

7. These debentures rank as a second charge on the Company's property; £3,948,955 in Ordinary shares behind it.

8. Amount £800,000 only. Security, freehold property estimated at £750,000, and leaseholds, in respect of which there is a sinking fund, £1,200,000, and the general assets of the Company.

9. Secured by a first mortgage of freehold, and small part leasehold, premises, and land at Romford and Burton-on-Trent, and of 271 freehold and leasehold houses, and by a floating charge on all the property of the Company, including uncalled capital.

10. Secured by deposit with Trustees of 3,000,000 dols. Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans Five per Cent. First Mortgage Cairo Bridge bonds, 1950. The Illinois Central Company has also conveyed to Trustees its interest in the Cairo Bridge.

11. This stock forms a first charge on the undertaking, and is secured on the uncalled capital by trust deed. Amount limited to two-thirds of uncalled capital.

12. Secured by First Mortgage on Railways. Yearly drawings at 105. Share capital £2,204,850.

13. Total amount £200,000, secured by mortgage of the Company's property to trustees. Share capital £610,000.

14. Secured by trust deed. Amount limited to amount of uncalled subscribed capital.

15. Ordinary stock entitled to maximum dividends of 10 per cent.

16. Amount of issue £500,000, secured by mortgage to trustees of Winchester House, and on £1,400,000 uncalled capital; also by a first floating charge on other assets of the Corporation.

17. Secured by first mortgage. Net revenue of the Company last year was over £240,000, whilst the charge at present for the service of these bonds is £80,000 per annum.

18. Secured by a mortgage to trustees of uncalled capital, and floating charge on all properties of the Company. Amount limited to uncalled capital.

19. The loan was authorised by law, May 28, 1888, and constitutes a mortgage on all the then existing assets of the Railway Board of the Province of Buenos Ayres, and all the lines of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, subject to the loans of 1882 and 1885.

20. These bonds are a mortgage on the main line, and are further secured by the deposit in trust with the Union Trust Company of New York of a similar amount of General Mortgage Four per Cent. Gold bonds. The notes are practically the only lien free from the control of the trustees of the General Fours, and therefore rank virtually ahead of all outstanding obligations of the Company.

The profit on redemption on Trustee and Executor Debentures referred to in the footnote should, of course, be specially borne in mind. The position of the Antofagasta Company is fully explained elsewhere. Canadian Pacific Debentures have obtained additional solidity by the successful issue of Preference stock. Ind, Coope, & Co. and Gordon Hotels Debenture stocks are, of course, gilt-edged securities and so is Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks stock, although future possible interference of the County Council must be, of course, borne in mind.

Foreigners and South Americans.

Italians have again declined, being quoted but little above 79, a movement which readers of TRUTH have been led to expect for some time. The position has been aggravated by the ill-advised controversy between the present Minister of Finance, Signor Giolitti, and his predecessor, the Marquis di Rudini, concerning Italian finances. Unfortunately half measures only are at present contemplated for dealing with a very grave question. But the state of affairs in Italy is, in fact, so thoroughly rotten, that even if heroic steps were proposed by the Government, it would probably not be possible to carry them out. Spanish are suffering from the unfavourable outlook at Melilla, the little war threatening to become a serious affair. Greeks have, on the whole, been well maintained, present prices being, however, still very low. Argentine Government stocks have recovered part of a moderate decline which was caused by reports that the Rothschild settlement is meeting with opposition in Congress, while it was subsequently announced that both President Saënz Peña and his Minister of Finance, Dr. José Terry, were insisting on the necessity of ratifying the arrangement. All friends of Argentina will hope that Congress will fall in with these views. The Minister of Finance has now also stated that he intends to submit a scheme of settlement with respect to the Railway guarantees to the Directors of the guaranteed Railways. These negotiations will, as I have already stated, be carried on through Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. The funds for the payment of the November coupon on the Uruguayan bonds are now in hand, but the latter are still hanging fire, chiefly owing to sales by a syndicate which bought lower down and is realising its profit. A rise of five points, however, has taken place in Colombians on the improved outlook for a settlement of the Debt. The certainty that the purchases of silver will cease in the United States has depressed Mexican Sixes somewhat, but the effect of this event has, apparently, already been discounted, and the fact that the Government is remitting funds towards the next coupon monthly to Messrs. Bleichroder & Co. is a guarantee of their firm intention to keep faith with the bondholders. Perus are also easier, partly on some political ferment in the Republic. As regards Brazil, the position looks quite hopeless at present, and it is surprising that no more severe fall has taken place in the prices of the bonds.

Antofagasta.

The circumstance that I have included the securities of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company in my list of well-secured investments has brought me a number of inquiries respecting the position of this line, which I herewith answer collectively. The Company was formed in 1888, and acquired from the Compañia Huanchaca de Bolivia the concessions granted by the Government of Chili and Bolivia for railways from the port of Antofagasta (Chili) to Oruro in Bolivia, a distance of 574 miles, including the concession for waterworks. The amount of capital stock is £2,200,000, and the Four per Cent. Perpetual Debenture stock issued amounts to £850,000. This Debenture stock is secured by a first charge on the railway, a Chilian Government guarantee until 1907, a Bolivian Government guarantee until 1912, and a guarantee by the Huanchaca Company up to December 31, 1903. This is, therefore, as I have stated, a thoroughly gilt-edged security, comparing favourably with Debentures of the same class, and yielding at the present price of 95 over £4. 4s. per cent. per annum on the investment. On the capital stock six per cent. is guaranteed by the Huanchaca Company until 1904, but such has been the progress made by the railway that, for the year 1892, this Company had to pay only £2,432 under their guarantee, the rest having been provided by the earnings. It is well known that exchange has ruled very low in Chili during the year 1892, and the average this year will, no doubt, work out still lower. On the other hand, traffics are going up by leaps and bounds, and the further extension to Oruro, which has been opened, is not only doing well, but is carrying a larger proportion of passengers than the older line. During the first eight months of the present year a traffic increase of 50 per cent. is shown over the corresponding period of 1892. As the capital stock participates as to one half with the Huanchaca Company until 1904 in the surplus profits above the guarantee, it will be seen that, with any improvement in business and a rise in the Chilian exchange, holders may look for a further substantial increase in their dividend beyond 6 per cent., and in the meantime the 6 per cent. is fully secured to them. At the present price of 105 the yield is about £5. 14s. per cent. per annum on the investment, and, considering the chance of future

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profits, it would appear that it would not be out of the way for this stock to stand at 120, at which it would yield 5 per cent., with the additional prospect of surplus profits. In fact, so well has the stock been appreciated in the past, when its future was not nearly so well assured as at present, that it touched 126¾ in 1890 and 120 in 1891, and moved between 110 and 119½ in 1892. It may also be mentioned, that the Company is now supplying the town of Antofagasta with water, and that mains through the principal streets are being laid down to supply the houses. The railway and works belong to the Company in perpetuity, there being no option of Government purchase.

The Kaffir Circus.

There has been very little life in the market for South African Gold Mining shares, and with comparatively small fluctuations. Jubilee, Simmer and Jack, Chimes, and Crown Reefs are from ⅛ to ¼ lower, while Rietfontein have recovered to 3. There is now some prospect of an improvement if the Randt crushings for October should show well. Some rumours are to the effect that it will be a record output, but it is dangerous to prophesy on such a subject. In the Kaffir Circus the talk is still very warlike, and news of a "big battle" and "great slaughter of the Matabele" is most anxiously and impatiently being awaited by the bloodthirsty jobbers. At Friday's meeting of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Mr. C. D. Rudd, the Managing Director, indulged in a great deal of tall talk about the Chartered Company, Cecil Rhodes, and the Empire, and he certainly gave full rein to his imagination in playfully suggesting that Moses Moss would "some day, perhaps in December, 1899, write to Benjamin Boss that the Matabele Primrose and the Mashonaland Glencairn are the finest gold properties anywhere." I do not, of course, know what I shall write in the year 1899—but I do know that many of my readers have made money in the Witwatersrand New Primrose (which I recommended from 15s. upwards, and which have since touched 5½) and in the Witwatersrand Glencairn, which I mentioned to my readers first when the shares stood below 10s. Nor do I doubt for one moment that there is gold in Matabeleland. On the contrary, that is exactly why the warriors of the Chartered Company are at present marching against Lobengula. Chartered shares have again fluctuated with the war news, but there is no doubt that we shall be able to gather the drift of any important announcement to be made long before it reaches the public from the operations of the initiated. Buffelsdoorn shares are steady at 1⅛-1¼, and a good deal of interest is manifested in the coming announcement of the October output. The report of the Afrikander Gold Mining Company for the period ended June 30, 1893, deals with what really is past history. It announces the utilisation of the value of the small quantity of gold won in the course of opening up the mine, viz., £2,935, for the reduction of the cost of the work and the acquisition of twenty-six valuable deep-level claims on the Rietkull Mine. Since June 30 the increasing monthly returns of gold already reported have been obtained, and at the meeting of shareholders on the 8th inst. some further important information will no doubt be available. There is again a great deal of talk about a coming rise in New Jagersfontein Diamond shares. *Qui vivra verra.* The New Primrose report for the year ending June 30 last, which has just come to hand, is cheerful reading. The net profit was £69,556, and dividends of 42½ per cent. were paid. The amount of ore in sight is stated at 150,900 tons, besides which there are 130,000 tons above the present levels which are practically developed and can be attacked at any moment. The mine, as a producer, now takes the second place on the Randt. Land shares have been depressed in sympathy with the Chartered intermezzo. The Secretary of the New Clewer Estate and Gold Mining Company sends me a long report by Mr. J. A. Chalmers, A.R.S.M., this mine having been mentioned in "My Letter-box," with the remark that no information was available here with respect to it. I really cannot spare space for publishing even part of this lengthy report, but if any of my readers are interested in it I shall be pleased to forward it to them.

Miscellaneous Mines.

Dealings in Indian Mines have been few and far between, Mysore Gold reacting ¼, while a few of the smaller shares scored slight improvements. There are also rumours of a coming reconstruction of some of the smaller Companies, which may or may not be true. Amongst Australian Mining shares, Craven's Caledonia and Day Dawn P. C. have hardened, and there has also been an improvment in Wentworth Priority to ¾, the Ordinary being quoted 7s. 3d. Aladdins have been a firm market rising to 1¾—⅞ in anticipation of advices of a favourable crushing coming to hand this week. From the Kilkivan Mines a cablegram has been received to the effect that the Mine Manager has finished sinking the shaft, which is now 195 ft. deep, and has started cross cutting and expects to strike the reef in ten weeks from October 13, which would be at about the end of the year. When that happens, the shares will no doubt rise to a higher level. Mail advices from Melbourne report moderate activity. There was a good deal of inquiry for Mount Morgans (Q) up to 30s. On the Ballarat market Black House United and Egerton Extended shares have been heavily dealt in, the former on the report that the lode had been struck in the cross cut. The Bendigo share market is reported as lifeless, a few transactions in New Prince of Wales and Garden Gully United only being reported. The news is but little better from Sydney, where Broken Hill Proprietary were quoted 2⅜, Block Ten, 21s. 6d. Amongst American Mines, dealings have been few and far between. American Belle, Don Pedro, and De Lamar are a trifle lower, and Linares are just a little better. St. John del Rey are again down 1s. The Macate has come to the front this week, the partly-paid shares with 1s. liability being quoted 2s. to 2s. 6d. The capital of the Company has been reduced to £20,000 in the reconstruction, and there seem to be sufficient funds in the treasury. If the statement that actual returns will come to hand within a month should prove correct, it will soon be seen what the Mine may be worth. In answer to my remarks of September 28, I have received a letter from Messrs. Lee & Davies, of 206, Gresham House, E.C., who inform me that they are the London agents of the Atlantic Cable Consolidated Mining Company. Not long since, an attempt was made to create a market in London for these shares at 7s. I should like to ask Messrs. Lee & Davies what was the local price at that period? I also want to know what have been the results of the operations at the Mine up to the present, because I cannot hear of any information having been made public.

My Letter Box.

I am again obliged to remind my readers that I can only reply to communications which are accompanied by the names and addresses of the writers, not, of course, for publication, but as a token of good faith. All anonymous letters will be consigned to the wastepaper basket. In several cases I have traced such missives as emanating from shady outside brokers, who have either sold "Bears" of mining or other shares or who have been exposed in Truth. Some delay must necessarily occur in answering questions which entail special inquiries. My correspondents will also greatly simplify my task by reading my weekly letters carefully through, as these frequently contain remarks on the very subjects on which information is sought. I again repeat that I can accept no fee for replies in "My Letter Box," and that I cannot undertake to answer by letter. I must absolutely refuse to execute any orders for stocks and shares, or to act as an intermediary in any way whatever. The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Old Soldier.—Events are proving already that my advice to you to sell the Italians and hold the Mexican Sixes was right. You should hold the Central Produce Market of Buenos Ayres bonds. No later information is available than that communicated to you by Messrs. Morton, Rose, & Co., and with the improvement in the country, payment of interest may possibly be resumed eventually. *J. W. B.*—Western Australia has as yet only commenced to borrow, and unless the Colony goes very fast

ahead with fresh loans. I see no reason for your selling out. It is not, however, advisable to put all your eggs into one basket, and I recommend to you the study of the list of securities published under "A Selection of Investments." Your experience with respect to the outside brokers in question is not that generally made. The letter in question on New Zealand finance appears to me unreasonably pessimistic. *Conistcr.*—The repeal of the Silver Bill in the States would affect the price of silver unfavourably, but its influence in the Mexican position seems to be fully discounted. Hold the bonds, but it is not advisable to put all your eggs into one basket. There are many other securities equally cheap and promising.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Rector, Cornwall.—If you get a fair chance to sell these shares, you should do so. *Orlando.*—I do not like the system of this Life Assurance Office. *N. S. & Co., Manchester.*—A second-rate bank, but respectable. I should, personally, prefer one of the first-class banks. *Ferndale.*—1. Yes, it is a good insurance office. 2. Fairly so, but you had better obtain the terms of several other high-class offices. *Deva.*—The price of United States Debenture Corporation Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Debenture stock is 90, but it is worth more, and should be held. No reason to sell the Australian Government stock in question. *W. E. N., Kensington.*—I have repeatedly warned my readers to have nothing to do with those very active syndicate touts, Harvey, MacDonald, & Co., of Dublin. *Buoy.*—Have nothing to do with this concern and generally distrust all outside touts of this order. *Crowborough.*—You do not send your name and address, in token of good faith.

Home Rails.

D. C. S.—If you are prepared to disregard intermediate fluctuations, Brighton "A" may be bought for investment to a moderate amount.

American and Foreign Rails.

Constant Reader, Torquay.—With the present improved outlook in the United States, Erie Second Mortgage bonds should certainly be held, especially on the renewed decline. Some arrangement for the resumption of interest will, no doubt, eventually be made. *St. Leonards-on-Sea.*—Any respectable stockbroker will buy the Antofagasta, &c., stocks for you, but you should buy at once, as the market is rising. I cannot, as a matter of principle, recommend individual stockbrokers. See to-day's list, "A Schedule of Investments." *Can.*—You should hold Canadian Pacifics now for a recovery, which is probable. *Constant Reader, Winchester.*—The phrase undoubtedly applies to the year 1893, and the statement just published that the Argentine Minister of Finance will call a meeting of Directors of Argentine Guaranteed Railways fully confirms this. *T. C.*—You will be quite right to hold Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. They are secured on the line, and have full foreclosure powers. But the investment of the £6,000 which are coming to you and your sisters you will do well to spread over a number of the good stocks, of which a list is given under "A Selection of Investments." These are all well secured, and the Atchison Guarantee Fund notes, as well as the Antofagasta Debentures and Capital stock, should suit you more particularly. *H., Herts.*—You did quite right to sell Louisville at 54 at the time, but you ought to have bought again when they dropped to 45, in accordance with my advice so repeatedly given. You ought to have bought Nos. 1, 2, and 3 without waiting for the rise which has since taken place. I have, as you know, a very favourable opinion of Atchison. *C.*—New York Central (1) and Illinois Central (2) are good permanent investments. The Bank, No. 3, is apparently doing well, but such Bank investments after all are not gilt edged. *Bell Rock.*—Certainly hold Texas "B"; with the improvement in the States their turn will come again. *Carlisle.*—1 and 2. The preference is due to Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage Bonds at 110, which are not redeemable until 1925. The Six per Cent. Debentures at 112 are redeemable already in 1902, so that you must reckon the loss on redemption off the yield. 3. A fair investment. 4. Hold; the Company is likely to come round. 5. These bonds are safe of their interest for the present, and should be held. 6. U.S. Railroad bonds are likely to improve now that prospects in the States are better, and you should hold on a while. 7. Not gilt edged. *Ajax* Ohio shares should be held for a marked rise; their prospects are as good as those of any other American stock. Certainly hold New Primrose. *D. O., Avis, Inquirer, Manchester,* and *E. R. S.*—The desired particulars of the Antofagasta Company will be found in to-day's letter. *J. W. B., Aldershot.*—They might be worth locking up to a small amount. *A. L. B.*—No, there is no liability attached to Atchison Second Mortgage "A" and "B" Bonds, and they are a good purchase.

Mining Shares.

Phidias.—I am afraid that I cannot advise you with respect to the Sefovi Gold Mining Pioneer Company unless I have the whole prospectus before me. It looks in the face of it absurd that the only advantage to shareholders in the Pioneer Company should be the preference in the allotment of shares in the African (Sefovi) Gold Mining Corporation. *A. M.*—You should hold both these Mining shares. The paper in question has absolutely no authority. *W. S. S.*—The amount was given to me as the probable future monthly profit of the Glencairn Mine, but it remains to be seen if it will be borne out by results. With reference to the Copper Company, it seems to me too soon to judge of possible success after the reconstruction. *Manchester.*—Yes, both are promising cheap shares. *Agnus.*—1. If your interest is small, you might risk joining the reconstruction. 2. Otherwise you will no doubt lose your interest in the concern. 3. Make your claim both here and in South Africa. Yes, Simmer & Jack, Geldenhuis, Durban Roodeport, and New Primrose (1—4) would make a good Trust. Hold all the South African shares mentioned for recovery, which is probable. Hold the American Rails. *Twice Sold.*—After the result of the meeting just held, and with the information supplied, I should think it would be advisable to join the reconstruction. *Tine.*—Hold the Diamond Mining shares on the chance of a recovery. *Belgrave.*—South-East Mysores have recently advanced, but I think you may risk holding on, as late advices show the Company has a good lode, and that the average of six assays is 13 dwts. of gold. *Miner.* The South-African Mining shares Nos. 1—5 should be worth holding for the present; but sell Nos. 1, 2, and 5 when an improvement sets in. Hold Nos. 6 and 7. Transvaal Gold (3) should be held. Sell Baretts (9). Sell the Balaghat Mysore (10) and Nine Reefs (11). Reconstruction rumours are afloat. Goldfields of Mysore (12) should be held. Mozambique are a good purchase; but the shares are held in big blocks, and occasional heavy sales are keeping the price down temporarily. Nitrate Rails are promising, and a dividend of 20 per cent. is assured. *A Constant Reader, Lancashire.*—1. If you hold Montana don't buy more; if you do not hold, be content to look on. Hold Grand Trunks for a moderate recovery, then sell. *Vacuus Viator.*—I suppose no harm would be done by joining the Spitzkop reconstruction to a moderate extent, but look for a favourable opportunity, after the reconstruction has been affected, to get out. *Loughtonian.*—1. Same reply as regards Spitzkop. 2. If the North-East Bultfontein is reconstructed, shareholders must be prepared to face a very heavy assessment. 3. Orita may be regarded as a fair venture at present price. Sell Palmarejo (4) and Emma (5) for what you can get. Hold Nos. 6 and 7. The latter (Kapanga) has just been reconstructed, and should be worth holding to a moderate extent. Hold Nos. 8-10. *Scrutator.*—Certainly hold Paarl Central and Golden Gates (Charters Towers). Glencairns will not get a dividend before the next year has well commenced, but when the cyanide works are completed, returns will gently improve. In spite of the low price of Pahangs, it seems prudent to get out.

Industrial Companies.

C. B.—You must be aware that this Company has been exceptionally unfortunate in suffering from the beer war and the disastrous crisis in the United States. Now that matters are looking up in the States, dividend prospects are brightening, and with patience you will again obtain a fair return. *Anxious, Mayfair.*—You should hold the Brewery shares in question. I am told that prospects are improving. *Naval.*—I think you will do well to defer investment in electric-light Companies for some time. You will find more promising stocks mentioned in my letter. *A.*—The question is if the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company will get more cables to lay again. Its business had fallen off. Write to the Secretary for information. *Reg.*—The reply appeared in last week's issue. *G. H. W., St. Helens.*—This Company has apparently gone into liquidation a long time ago. Have you never received any notice? *K. H. C.*—I do not know anything about the German Company, but there seems a prospect of the French Company pulling right. *E. J. R.*—I think you can do better from the list of securities published to-day under "A Selection of Investments." *Vero.*—There seems to be no option but to hold Hotchkiss Prefs. a little longer. Write to the Secretary of the Railway Company for information. *Magister.*—No, I do not like this concern. I cannot reply by letter.

Mixed Investments.

J. H. B.—1. Ohio and Mississippi shares should be held for a substantial improvement. 2. Hold Paccha and Jaz Pampa, but do not buy any more just now. *F. W. H. P.*—All the stocks you hold are suitable for permanent investment. I am sorry you lost money by the wretched Balfour group. You will be able to select what you require from the new list published to-day under "A Selection of Investments." None of these are tainted by the Balfour brush. *Evolution.*—1. The South African shares are not exactly such as I would recommend, as they are very speculative. 2. The Northern Pacific was in Receivers' hands, but control has now passed into the hands of a more respectable group, and a reorganisation on sound lines will, no doubt, be carried out, when these bonds will be taken care of. *Barum.*—Of the four investments first mentioned, I do not like Nos. 2 and 4 at all, while No. 1 is a fair investment. I have no special view on No. 3. All your South American stocks, Nos. 1-2 and 4-8, should be held for a recovery. Buenos Ayres Water Works and Costa Rica "B" are the most promising. No reason to sell Greek Monopoly now. *A. P. C.*—1. No; I do not advise purchase of the shares after the decision concerning the licence. 2. I should prefer dealing with members of the Stock Exchange. *H. R. J.*—My letter will give you all the

China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

necessary information. I cannot recommend individual stock-brokers. I do not care much for the Bread Company. *Piccadilly.*—No reason to sell Nos. 1-3. I do not like the Trust No. 4 much, but I fancy that it is advisable to hold for the present. The mine No. 5 is a very doubtful concern. You ought to have sold your Mexican Railway Second Prefs. and bought the Firsts, as I have repeatedly advised. I should prefer a member of the Stock Exchange. *A. M., Peckham.* 1. A fair investment, but the business has fallen off. 2. Hold Perus. 3. No reason to sell. 4. I am inclined to think that there is some foundation for the reconstruction rumours; therefore sell. 5. Hold Honduras bonds. *C. E. K.* All the firms Nos. 1-4 are outside brokers. I should prefer members of the Stock Exchange. Yes, the South African shares Nos. 1-4 are likely to go better, but it is impossible to say when. I do not like British Chartered of South Africa (5) as you must be aware. Mozambique and Glencairns are promising. *Constant Subscriber.*—As I have to reply to a fifty-barrelled inquiry this week, I really must leave your sixty-barrelled inquiry, which arrived later, until next week. These orders are so very large! *M. H.* The American Railroad bonds, Nos. 1 to 8, should be held. I do not know what is meant by Nos. 9 to 10, and must ask you for further particulars. Where did you buy them? Hold Santa Fe and Reconquista (11) for an improvement, which may eventually come about. Where did you buy No. 12? Hold Nos. 13 and 14. It was a mistake to buy inferior bonds like St. Joseph and Grand Island, which are involved in the Union Pacific receivership, but now there is no option but to hold. Certainly hold Cedulas Nos. 16 and 17. No reason to sell No. 18. I do not like No. 19, but this is not the time to sell. Your investments, Nos. 20-25, are also of that class, and it is a pity you went so far afield for them. Nos. 26 and 27 (Entre Rios Preference and Ordinary) are improving and will go much better. No. 28 is a good bond. Cornwall Waterworks (29) are not dealt in here. The American Railroad bonds Nos. 30 and 31 are not quoted here, but I believe they are all right, and so are Nos. 32-35. New York Central shares (36) are first-rate. No. 37 is not dealt in here. No option but to hold No. 38. The American bonds Nos. 39-40 are not dealt in here. Illinois Central shares (41) are a good investment. No. 42 is not a desirable investment, but this is not the time to sell. No. 43 is, of course, gilt-edged. No. 44, same as 21. Why did you go in more heavily? No option but to hold the Buenos Ayres Tramway shares (45). No reason to sell Assam Bengal (46) or Bengal and North-Western (47). Hold also the Chilian Five per Cent Loan (48). I have no means of finding out anything about No. 49, which seems to be a local concern. No. 50 is not doing well. You have a heavy stake in U.S. Railroad bonds, apparently selected somewhat haphazard, but all these should be held for a substantial improvement now that the outlook has become much clearer in the States. You could, however, have made a better selection from my occasional lists, and I recommend to you my list of to-day.

After the Repeal of the Sherman Act.

The price of silver has dropped 1⅛d. during the week in anticipation of the repeal of the Silver Bill in the States, and it remains now to be seen how the white metal will behave when the blow has actually fallen. The final stoppage of the American purchases will, however, at all events cause all such mines to be shut up which can only be worked at a loss at present prices. An issue of India Council Sterling Bills to the amount of £2,000,000 is now actually announced, the Council having been unable to scrape sufficient money together in the absence of any substantial demand for bills on India. It is a pity that this step, which I had recommended all along, was not taken some time ago, instead of being put off to the eleventh hour, when it can have no supporting effect upon the rupee.

Various Investments.

There has been less demand for Colonial Government stocks of late, and in the Colonies themselves hardly anything is doing in them. A sale of £10,000 of Victorian Treasury bonds, 4½ per cent., due 1898, at 101, is reported from Melbourne as the largest transaction that has taken place there for some time. I suggested last week an amalgamation of Trust Companies, and now a proposal, which seems worth examining, is made to amalgamate the Trustees and Executors, United States Debenture, and Industrial and General Trust Companies. The Grand Trunk meeting has come and gone, and has not helped the stocks much. The chief source of the recent weakness was, however, a Glasgow failure of some magnitude, which threw some £50,000 Trunks on the market. Now that these are absorbed the market may be steadier, especially if the traffic increases should outlast the World's Fair. It is stated that the Canadian Pacific Preference stock issue has been well taken up by the public. Whether this be so or not, it was all underwritten, and may be considered as placed. The Ordinary stock is also firmer at 96½. There is nothing fresh in the Mexican Railway report but the statement that the Ordinary stockholders will get ½ per cent. out of arrears. The back went off to ¼ on the Second Preference stock, and the price has fallen to 40, and so the happy dream of Mackusick & Co. of big profits is coming to an end. The only Mexican Railway stock worth holding is the First Preference. Mr. E. Heys Jones, solicitor, has favoured me with the following communication in reply to the question of "B. V." with regard to the appointment of Directors of a Limited Company, asked in last week's issue:—

> In reply to "B. V.'s" letter, I should like to point out that there is nothing illegal about appointing a Director for a time certain, and the Articles of Association unquestionably govern the appointment. As "B. V." has taken his shares subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, he is, of course, bound by them, and he should not have consented to become a member without first inspecting them. His remedy now is, unless he can induce them to do it of their own accord, to requisition the Directors to call two extraordinary general meetings for the purpose of passing resolutions to alter the Articles of Association in the way required.

Harvey, MacDonald, & Co., of 20, Great Brunswick street, City of Dublin, are indefatigable with invitations to their "Stock Fund" deals, which are scattered broadcast over the United Kingdom and bristle with impudent assertions. Is it necessary to warn my readers not to have anything to do with these among other Syndicate touts, such as Duncan, Short, & Co., of 39, Lombard-street, who rival the Dublin touts in the impudence of their circulars? I have received a copy of the second edition of "Railway Accounts and Finance," by J. Alfred Fisher, General Manager of the United Asbestos Company (London: Bemrose & Co.), which is a very handy *vade mecum* for all those who have to do with railway accounts, being an exposition of the principle and practice of railway accounting in all its branches. Mr. Fisher was formerly for many years connected with one of our leading railways, and his long and valuable experience has enabled him to compile a most useful work.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

GUY FAWKES "GUYED."

IT was the morning of the Fifth of Novemoer, and an autumnal fog settled gently down upon the classic precincts of Farrar's Inn. It was not a London "peculiar;" indeed, Harry Bertram could see distinctly across the old quadrangle; but it was moderately opaque and eminently disagreeable, thereby symbolising Harry's own gloomy thoughts. Farrar's Inn, as all the world knows, is one of the old Legal Inns which has escaped demolition. It lies north of Cursitor-street, and consists of a quadrangle, and beyond a pretty garden, wherein are a fountain and a sun-dial.

The property is held by a self-elective body of twelve called "antients" who dine together once a term in the quaint old Hall, and drink to the pious memory of Nicholas Farrar, master-mariner and founder. As these antients are negotiating the sale of the inn to an enterprising builder with a view to distribution of the purchase-money, they have good reason to cherish the memory of that founder. But the true dignity of "Farrar's" lies neither in its unpretentious architecture, nor in its prescient antients, but in the personality of William Cox, the porter. He is a portly man and tall, with grey beard and the gait of an Emperor. By reason of his greatness he wears a scarlet waistcoat and a gold band round his tall hat, and his oak stick is the terror of the little boys who would fain play cock-shy at the sun-dial. His manner is that of the trusty servant who, from long and faithful service, has become

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indispensable to his employers. And even the oldest antients assume the deportment of Agag in the Scriptures, and "approach him delicately." His duty is to preserve the sanctity of the precincts and stop the intrusion of the evildoer. He guards the lodge of Farrar's Inn as did Horatius Cocles the bridge in the brave days of old. Thus is he beloved by all the antients and by the other tenants of the Inn, with one single exception. If you had looked round the quadrangle on this particular morning you would have noticed that the "oaks," or outer doors, were all open; the simple inner door, frequently ajar, invited the approach of the hesitating client or the faithful friend.

There was, however, one "oak" which had for some weeks been continuously shut. It was that of the ground-floor rooms on the left of No. 3 staircase, and the name inscribed thereon was "Henry Bertram." Moreover, never did the tenant of those rooms espy the self-complacent Cox stalking majestically in the quadrangle, but he execrated him as a low scoundrel who had betrayed a sacred trust, and was amenable to the surreptitious bribe.

The reason of Harry Bertram's self-incarceration and his detestation of Cox may be briefly explained. He was a young law student, who, having to "read in Chambers," took rooms in Farrar's Inn. It was a convenient situation near the Temple, and cheap; moreover, immediately above him on the same staircase there already lived an old Oxford chum, by name Charley Crofton. Bertram was the only son of a wealthy retired manufacturer in the North, and had always been brought up as the heir to a comfortable property; and, as he was inordinately fond of innocent pleasure in every phase, he did not confine his expenses to the modest allowance of £200 a year which his father gave him. Thus, before very long he had laid up a very nice little store of bills. Suddenly his father, who had long been in delicate health, died, and Harry, despite his filial grief, foresaw freedom from his financial difficulties. On looking, however, into his father's affairs, he discovered, to his consternation, that that gentleman had for the last ten years been secretly speculating. Most of his ventures were of the wild-cat order, and, to be brief, the estate was only enough to cover the liabilities. At once Harry's creditors swooped down upon him; bills and county-court summonses strewed his table like the leaves in Vallombrosa. His position was, indeed, pitiful. Like the gentleman in the parable, he could not dig; and, even had he been undeterred by shame from begging, the eleemosynary tenner would have not gone far amidst the importunate cohort. He went and interviewed all the creditors personally, and implored them to wait until he was "called," which would be in six months, when he would be in a position to earn some money. Some, considering he was not altogether responsible for the position, treated him with consideration; others threatened him with proceedings; but the most remorseless of all were Travers & Blake, the fashionable tailors in Conduit-street whom Harry had for two years employed. Little did he know that under that title he was really dealing with old Emanuel Isaacs, whose son Jacob, Harry had, when at College, "pilled" for the Boniface Wine Club, and gloried in the act. It was now the turn of the child of Israel, whose paternal heartstrings had been wrung by his son's discomfiture. His bill amounted to £140 odd; nothing on account would Mr. Isaacs accept. Every farthing of the bill must be paid and at once, or else an action in the High Courts would be instituted. As Harry could as easily have discharged the National Debt, and as he had now learnt the identity of the firm, he had simply to await events. He had not to wait long. Returning one day to his rooms he heard quickening footsteps down Cursitor-street. Glancing over his shoulder he saw a youth with a pronounced nose, bearing a slip of paper, approaching him with nimble step. Harry realised the situation and fled. He just got into Farrar's Inn as the burly Cox stopped the perspiring pursuer. Of course Harry knew full well that the slip of paper was a writ in the High Court. But what could he do? He had to live somewhere, and the rent of his chambers would run for the next six months. He had no ready money. He could not get away; still less could he pay the debt. He might, however, evade service, pending some unforeseen solution. He accordingly wrote pathetic letters to all his relations, including an aunt, a sister of his father's, who lived at Dinan, and whose existence he had only lately remembered. For some days he took his exercise in the little garden. Here at least in the sanctuary of the Inn he was fain to hope that he was safe. Alas for human hopes!

One day as he emerged once again into the quadrangle, he saw at the other end of the passage a young man pensively waiting. It was the hero with the nose. The truth was as clear as the noonday sun. Cox the incorruptible had been suborned by the Semitic gold. Harry did the only possible thing. As the youth approached him he smote the nose, and so shrewd was the blow that his enemy went down. From that hour poor Bertram was practically a prisoner. Any one of the working men who day by day walked into the garden by courtesy of the antients, might be "writters" in disguise; and other creditors, for all he knew, might have followed the example of Isaacs. Twice had he seen his former enemy in earnest conference with the Porter. So he simply "sported his oak," and occasionally took the air at midnight when the Lodge was locked. Indeed, he would have long since been starved out, had it not been for the loyal assistance of his old College chum Charley Crofton. Their bedrooms looked out upon a lane, the level of which was much lower than that of the Inn. Thus Harry could open his window without fear of assault. From the upper window Charley, three times a day, let down a basket containing simple viands, which Harry took in. As the latter had happily replenished the cupboard which did service for a wine cellar before the crash came, he was in no immediate fear of capitulation, but the confinement was rapidly beginning to tell upon his naturally buoyant spirits.

On this particular Fifth of November he felt particularly gloomy. The fog depressed him, and that very morning he had received a letter from the aunt at Dinan saying she would gladly help him in his necessity, but she would first like to make his acquaintance, lest haply he was a youth of evil proclivities upon whom kindness would be thrown away. The journey to Dinan was not more than £2 or £3, and she felt sure he was not so pressed but what he could easily run across the Channel for the inside of a week. As Harry's present resources were under half-a-sovereign, and as the effort might result in the myrmidons of old Isaacs being successful, the invitation only intensified his despondency.

He sat over the fire moodily smoking, when he heard a peculiar knock at the oak. It was Charley Crofton's signal. He opened the outer door cautiously, and his friend, a stalwart youth of ruddy countenance, pleasant to look upon, slipped in, and the door closed with a snap.

Harry handed his chum his aunt's letter, pointed with his finger to the suggested visit, and gave a hollow laugh.

"A fiver would do it, that, and a clear run. If I had only that old scoundrel Cox by himself I'd——." He paused: the aposiopesis was suggestive.

He returned to his own chair and sat glaring into the embers of the fire.

Suddenly there was a sound of altercation in the quadrangle. Voices ran high; that of the immaculate Cox piercing the dense atmosphere like a fog-horn. Charley rushed to the window. "By Jove, Harry, here's a game. Here two chaps are baiting Cox; they've brought a Guy Fawkes into the Inn to collect coppers and won't go out. Old Cox is just dancing with rage. Ha, ha! come and look at him."

Only too delighted to see his enemy's discomfiture, Harry Bertram also went and looked out. Certainly the spectacle was sufficiently diverting. Two sturdy varlets, having successfully run the gauntlet of the Lodge, had carried into the Inn a Guy Fawkes of the usual type.

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

There was the mask with fine mustachios, the cocked hat, the huddled, stuffed figure tied to the chair, the long arms hanging perpendicularly down, the pendulous fingers of the white cotton gloves. To one arm was attached by an old bootlace the conventional lantern. It was a noble Guy, and had taken time and patience to create. Its bearers had commenced a round of the quadrangle, chanting that mysterious carol commencing "Guy Fawkes, Guy, hit him in the eye," and rapping at the ground floor windows to excite attention and extract the dole of appreciation. Around them were a troop of little boys who, for the nonce, derided the Porter's stick.

Then appeared Cox, and a lively argument apparently commenced, the Guy bearers making mock of authority. In vain did the Porter, like the eye of Hamlet's father, threaten and command; they continued to carry their burden round the square, picking up a few coppers. They had well nigh gone round the quadrangle, and were approaching the window of No. 3, when Cox adjourned hastily to the lodge, and posting the Under-Porter at the entrance, called lustily for the police. The men started, saw they were done, and in dire extremity rapped at Harry's window, where they saw two friendly faces laughing.

"For Gawd's sake, Governor, take our Guy in. It's wuth a thick un, not to mention what we hope to make out of it. You can let it down to us into Potter's-lane. We can get past that slip of a boy before the coppers come. But we can't abear to lose the Guy. Will yer, Gov'nor?"

"Ra ther," said Harry, only too ready to wipe out the debt he owed Cox. "Here, Charley, open the oak. Bring it in, and put it down there. Now, if you chaps get a stout rope and throw it up to us from Potter's-lane, say in ten minutes time, we'll let it down to you. Now cut for your lives."

The men darted out—dodged the under-porter, and disappeared.

The oak closed again, and Harry and his friend stood gazing at the Guy Faux which, still attached to the chair, was placed in the middle of the sitting-room.

"Deuced good Guy, Harry," said Charley Crofton admiringly. "Regular creation, so well filled out, too: Wonder what he's stuffed with. Hand me that single-stick, Harry, and I'll dust him a bit and find out."

"No, stow that Mister," said the Guy with alacrity, as, springing airily from the chair, its bonds mysteriously loosened, it whipped the mask from a most impudent face, produced a slip of paper, which was duly presented to the astonished Harry, at the suit of one Emanuel Isaacs.

The whole scene, in short, had been a most elaborately rehearsed effect, planned together by old Isaacs and Cox, who, like most of us, had his price. The writ had at last been served.

Harry sank into his chair utterly dumbfoundered, and Charley Crofton would fain have commenced the suggested game of rap-rascal had not Harry motioned to him to desist. The evil had been done—no good could come of assault.

There was an uncomfortable silence which was broken by the gentleman whose histrionic skill had so materially contributed to success.

"Very sorry, guv'nor, but I've honly done my dooty; and I should like to drink your good 'ealth in summat short, if I might make so bold."

Harry looked up in sheer amazement at the rascal's impudence. The face before him was not comely, a slight visual discrepancy violated the true canons of beauty. Nor was the harmony of the face improved by a broken nose and a swollen left ear. In short Harry read "The Fancy" in every line of the repellent countenance.

"Well," said Bertram, "you've got a fair average cheek, and no mistake. But I suppose if you hadn't writted me someone else would. So here's the whisky-bottle, help yourself, and now tell us how the plant was planned."

The unwelcome guest filled himself a "four-finger" corker, and having "looked towards 'em," told the story with much zest.

After listening for some time, Crofton interrupted him and said, "Now tell us what they gave you for the job. But first have some more whisky."

Mr. Noakes, for that was the "Writter's" name, mixed himself another corker, and continued with increased fluency.

"Two thick 'uns down, and the two jossers are a going to call for me to night about five, when it's a bit darker and carry me back, because you see I can't well walk back in these 'ere togs. Then they're to give me a fiver when I get 'ome. Pretty good, eh? Yer see, old Master Isaacs said he didn't want you to pay his bill, he wanted to get you writted, because you had blued all your money, and hadn't no friends to 'elp you and couldn't get out of the country, and if he does, sez he, I'll keep him there a perishing hexile. Them wos 'is worry words. Oh, he did speak narsty of you. Well 'ere's my best respects to you."

"Charley," cried Harry, with animation, "there's a couple of bottles of fizz in the cupboard, relics of past glory—get 'em out, like a good chap, and the brandy bottle. Here, Mr. Noakes, don't try any more of that whisky, it's poor stuff for a hero. Drink a glass of champagne with Crofton and myself, and tell us all about your past experiences in the 'writting' line. I shan't go out till after lunch, and now that the worst is over let us be as jolly as we can."

Mr. Noakes shook his bullet head. He'd done himself too well already, and the room was close, but the pop of the cork was too much for him, so he took the foaming tumbler with his customary formula.

It struck him it was mighty strong "silvertop," and no mistake.

* * * * *

As the clock in the Inn struck five, the two emissaries of Isaac's walked into the now opened oak. In the dusk they saw the Guy Fawkes sitting in his chair. The room otherwise was entirely empty.

"And 'ow did he take it?" said one, as the lay figure adjusted his mask and assumed the attitude of necessary limpness.

"Like a reg'lar nob," he replied, with a raucous laugh. "A bloomin' *vis*count couldn't have behaved nobler; stood me a drink, and then said as it didn't matter a blow wot 'appened now; he and 'is pal 'is a-gone out to dine and the theayter, so now look slippy, and take me back 'ome, and for Gawd's sake don't stop in the court, for if the neighbours knew I was a process-server, well, 'even 'elp me."

They lifted him up and carried him swiftly through the crowded streets. Guys were all over the town, and he excited no special comment.

They traversed the court quickly, opened the door of his house, and just before they entered the man who had spoken before said:—

"'Ere's the fiver, my lad, and the old Guv'nor's so pleased that he's a-coming down this evening to 'ear you tell all about it, so you keep in, and you'll probably get another quid or two."

They dumped him down into the little parlour and left him with the five pound note in his hand.

His wife came out of the inner room.

"'Ullo, Alf, take horf that ridiculous marsk, and 'ave summat to eat."

"'Ere, you 'old yer jaw, and go out and get me a pint of four 'arf. Step it sharp."

Mrs. Noakes may have favoured Mrs. Mona Caird's views as to the moral equality of the sexes, but her brief matrimonial experience had taught her that the argument did not apply to mere physical prowess. She had already felt on many occasions the weight of her good man's fist, so, with a smile at the muffled voice, she snatched up a jug and, without waiting to see her husband doff his vizor, stepped it quickly to the "Spotted Dog."

When she returned after some seven or eight minutes, her husband had gone out. The mask, cocked hat, and suit were thrown higgledy-piggledy on the floor of the bedroom. No one in the court had noticed him go out, but then the court was dimly lighted, and the atmosphere like cotton wool. It struck her as curious that her husband should not have waited for the liquor, but then

ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

with the two "thick 'uns" in his pocket and the neighbourhood aglow with innumerable pubs., it was conceivable that even this brief delay had irked his restless soul.

But he did not return that evening, and when old Isaacs called to listen to the story of the stratagem (assuredly the most ingenious and successful since the taking of Troy), the historian was still away. Old Isaacs was disappointed, and showed Mrs. Noakes the two extra sovereigns he had intended to bestow upon her husband had he been in. Now he was reluctantly compelled to keep them. Still, he felt happy; it was a good day's work—his first-born was avenged.

He felt less happy when, next morning, he received the following letter, bearing a Folkestone postmark. It was written in pencil, evidently in the train:—

DEAR MR. ISAACS,—Pray accept my most hearty thanks for having afforded me an opportunity of escaping from my various creditors in an impenetrable disguise. I am also grateful for the loan of £5, which alone enabled me to reach a foreign shore. This sum, I have every reason to believe, I shall be able to return with your debt and legal costs within a few days.—With love to the virtuous Cox, I am, yours most gratefully,

HENRY BERTRAM.

P.S.—As I left Noakes in my bedroom blind drunk, with no clothes but a shirt, I think you had better go and look after him. You see the difference of weight just enabled me to wear a tweed suit under the Guy's customary sables, and cram a Homburg into my pocket.

Miss Bertram, pleased with her nephew's alacrity in accepting the invitation, paid his debts with promptitude.

His creditors were uniformly elated with one exception. Needless to say, that exception was Emanuel Isaacs, who, for once in his life, cursed the colour of his own money.

ART NOTES.

A GOOD many years ago there was a music-hall song in vogue the refrain of which, if I remember rightly, ran thus:—

I fancy I've seen them before,
I *know* that I've seen them before;
These things that I see
Seem familiar to me,
I'm *certain* I've seen them before!

It was these lines that I found myself instinctively humming as I walked round the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists last week. A vague feeling that I had already seen this and that picture deepened into a positive conviction as I passed. "The old familiar faces" were not "all gone," as they are in Charles Lamb's well-known poem. In Suffolk-street it seemed rather that they had all come back again. There were the same well-remembered and gnarled old mariners toying with their flaxen-haired grand-daughters; the same modelesque country lasses darning stockings at conventional cottage doors; the same stiff lovers in Georgian costumes leaning over the backs of Early English settees; the same impossible rustics spelling out the contents of the newspaper; the same mischievous white terriers frightening the same tabby cats. The fact is the R.B.A.'s are most of them only too content to repeat themselves; and it may be assumed that they find it profitable to do so. But the result is certainly not exhilarating.

Take, for instance, the South-west Gallery, which, from its contents, might well be called "The Christmas Chromories." From this room it seems to me that coloured supplements of the approved "Puss and Poodle" description might be supplied till further orders. On one side we have little Susie presenting her grandpa with a sprat (!), whilst close at hand is naughty little Bobby firing at his sister with a toy pistol. Not far off either is little Lizzie crying "Here I am!" to the little lamb, and little "Jessie-Pessie" claiming right of way from the little piggie-wiggies! Little Tryphœna eating the raspberries, little Charlie sailing his magnetic ducks in a sponge bath, little Jane Annie giving her kitten milk, and little this, that, and the other playing with their "big doggies"—these are only some of the nursery idylls presented on the walls. Really it is a most grateful relief to turn from such puerilities to the more original and daring flights of such exhibitors as Mr. Rupert Bunny, Mr. Machell, and Mr. F. Cayley Robinson.

Mr. Rupert Bunny is startling enough in all conscience. His picture, "The Intruders," in the South-east Gallery with its screaming scarlets and blues and greens, has very much the effect amongst its surroundings of a bull in a china-shop. It is a picture which no one is likely to pass. It positively shouts for notice. The question is, does it deserve it? My answer must be a qualified one. The notion of the picture is decidedly good. Two adventurous young fishermen, wading into a bay from their primeval galley to set their nets, are arrested by the sudden apparition of a hideous merman and his dripping spouse who rise from behind a boulder in the foreground. The figures of the fishy pair are painted with striking effect. There is a gruesome clamminess about their clinging weed-like hair, and a general air of uncanniness about them which is most convincing. Very effective, too, is the way in which the galley and one of the fishermen are bathed in glaring sunlight whilst the other fisherman and the merfolks are in deep shadow. But I am not at all sure that this effect is a legitimate one. The shadow is presumably cast by a cliff not seen in the picture, but if this be so, how is it one looks in vain for the dividing line upon the surface of the sea between the sunshine and the gloom?

Mr. Cayley Robinson has left the Sea of Galilee this year; and, I think, with advantage. His "In a Wood so Green" is a frankly decorative piece of work which need, at any rate, arouse no active antagonism. And there is an indefinable atmosphere of poesy in his "Susanne," a young girl sitting dreamily at her spinet, with its old-world brass candlesticks, and the grey church-tower seen through the window, which is full of charm. "Susanne" is like a sonnet of Miss Rosetti's or Jean Ingelow's put on canvas. Perhaps, Mr. Machell's picture is more welcome because it is so very different from the average R.B.A. exhibits by which it is surrounded, than for any intrinsic merits of its own. The mud-tinted Venus, *vis-à-vis* to a Paris, who looks as though he had eaten his golden apple, and that it had sorely disagreed with him, is not a goddess one can readily admire. For the rest, Mr. Hans Hansen, Mr. Sherwood Hunter, Mr. Carlton Smith, Mr. Adam Proctor, and others, send some notable contributions which help to temper with oases of interest, what I am again compelled to allude to as a sandy desert of mediocrity.

MUSIC.

NEW ITALIAN OPERAS.

LEONCAVALLO'S "I Medici" is announced for production at the Dal Verme, Milan, on Friday, and Cowen's "Signa," at the same theatre, for some day next week, and altogether between now and Lent it is conjectured that between seventy and eighty new operas will be produced in Italy. It may pretty safely be prophesied that, with due exceptions, there will be no difficulty in dividing them off into two distinct classes, one following Wagner and the other Mascagni. It does not also need the peculiar gifts claimed by "Zadkiel" or "Old Moore" to foretell that of at least ninety per cent. of the list nothing more will be heard. The present Italian season, however, is so far of importance in that it shows a swift development of the publisher-impresario idea. The idea has, of course, been tried before, by Cramer's in London, by Escudier in Paris, and by others, but Signor Sonzogno has organised and carried it out in a far greater extent than had hitherto been attempted. Indeed, until a comparatively recent date, the policy of Italian music publishers lay directly in the opposite direction. Ricordi's, for example, held the rights in all Verdi's later works, but they preferred to licence other entrepreneurs to produce them, merely reserving to themselves so much as fees and a general right of choosing the

chief members of the cast. Sonzogno, however, speculates on his own account. Last year he had the Pergola, at Florence, and a Milan theatre, and now I understand he has taken the Dal Verme, at Milan, the Fondo, Naples, and other opera houses, besides organising a travelling operatic troupe which will visit Vienna and Berlin, and will also come to London if it receives any encouragement. He also has erected a small iron theatre in the grounds which surround his private house, in order that during the holidays he may give new operas a private trial upon its tiny stage. He proposes to bring out twenty operas, of which nearly a dozen will be new to Italy, such as Giordano's "Regina Diaz," Auteri's "Gabriella," Mascagni's "Ratcliff," besides "Piccolo Haydn," "Festa à Marina," and other works which have already been successfully tried. He does not ask for any subvention, and he will place the operas on the stage in as adequate a manner as can be expected in Italy, where audiences are nowadays not too particular, his chief reason being to give his publications a hearing. The plan is not a new one, but it has never before been carried out in so thorough-going a fashion. Of course, such an enterprise could only be possible in Italy, where the public are opera-goers by nature and training, and where, moreover, the opera-houses are graded, the prices rising and falling according to the character and attractiveness of the entertainment provided. In Italy, too, the people do not always expect to hear vocal "stars," and are quite content to listen even to unknown artists if the performance be good of its kind and cheap. In England it is all the other way. The London opera-goer rather looks down at anything but guinea stalls, and demands the most expensive artists in the world. Moreover, the opera-going class in London is so very small that experiments with it might be dangerous. In Italy, however, where admission to an opera-house often costs less than a quarter the sum charged in London; where the total salary list is not a third of the amount Sir Augustus Harris pays to a single artist, and also where people go to the opera every night, a plucky enterprise such as that of Sonzogno, who, besides being an impresario and music-publisher, is also proprietor of the *Secolo*, the leading newspaper of Milan, stands every chance. The English public should, however, be warned against accepting as gospel all the roseate reports which they will, within the next few weeks, doubtless receive from Italy concerning the new works and their performance. Although there are, of course, many good men amongst them, Italian musical critics, as a body, have no very enviable reputation, while even the opinions of English writers who have gone over as "specials" to Italy, have before now proved wholly untrustworthy. No better example of this can be adduced than that of "I Rantzau," concerning which some columns of gush were telegraphed to the London papers last spring. The truth is that unless they have very level heads indeed—and the more experienced critics can rarely be spared from their London duties to go for a week or two at a stretch to Southern Europe—their judgment is apt to be swept away before Italian enthusiasm. The composer in Italy is never allowed to conduct the first performance, because he is wanted almost every ten minutes to be dragged on the stage to bow to applause; a quarter of a hundred recalls in the course of the evening accounting for only a very moderate success. Nobody is better aware of these facts than Sir A. Harris, and it is in order that he may judge for himself that he is now at Milan to hear one or two of the leading novelties which he proposes to produce next year. Among those novelties will, I understand, be "I Medici," "Signa," Mascagni's "Ratcliff" and "Roma," and perhaps "Piccolo Haydn" from Milan, and Bruneau's new opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin" (based on Zola's story), and Gounod's first opera, "Sapho," from Paris. While he is in Italy I should not be surprised if he also picked up some excellent vocal talent at a moderate rate, and I should prefer to believe his well-balanced opinion concerning these artists and the works, rather than the eulogies of any one of the "extra specials" who have gone over to Italy to "do" the novelties for the London papers.

M. Paderewski gave his only London recital this season on Tuesday, and St. James's Hall had been sold out more than a week in advance. There were, I believe, rather fewer guinea seats than before, but the receipts must, nevertheless, have been over £1,000. The British public have ever run after a "star," but M. Paderewski is also, of course, a very extraordinary pianist, the finest all-round player, perhaps, we have had since the retirement of Rubinstein; and, moreover, his business is very cleverly managed, particularly in the matter of limiting the number of his performances. The great pianist's hair is also a never-ending subject of delight to large numbers of his lady admirers, and the question of its shortness or its "heavenly length"—a point mainly determined by the almanack, or, at any rate, by the distance of time which has elapsed since he paid his annual visit to the barber—is always a matter of lively speculation. M. Paderewski, however, now intends to devote more time to composition than heretofore, and besides the Polish Fantasie which he has already introduced at the Norwich Festival, and will this month play at the London Symphony Concerts, he will, on December 11, produce at the Popular Concerts, six of the songs he has written to lines by Adam Mickiewicz. His new Polish opera is also well in hand.

Madame Patti is likewise a never-ending source of copy to the paragraphists, particularly on the other side of the water. The *New York Herald* has recently come out with some astonishing revelations concerning La Diva. At the outset we are told that Madame Patti gets up at eight or half-past, "dallies awhile in her silver bath-tub"—that "silver bath-tub" is a delicious invention—and sings scales. She reads the letters "which her courier George brings from Penwyllt," drives, and then rehearses with M. Nicolini in the drawing-room. This more or less veracious chronicler of La Diva's doings does not appear to have a ghost of an idea that Patti is a great walker. After rehearsals, it seems, comes dinner, where, as the writer declares, the great artist delights "to introduce new dreams of her milliners and dressmakers in London, Paris, and Vienna." Here I think our friend gives himself away for a mere male, as if the term milliner be employed in its usual sense he would seem to indicate that Madame Patti dines in her bonnet. However, we are told that La Diva's ideals of womanhood are Mrs. Cleveland and the Princess of Wales, which is, doubtless, very true, and, last of all, that every fresh tune in the great orchestrion in the billiard-room costs £20, and that there "must be at least five dozen of them, from the 'Valkyre'"—marvellous tune the "Walkyre"—"to 'Yankee Doodle.'" According to this authority, also, Madame Patti gave even more than £20 for one of her parrots, which "screeches 'Pretty Patti!' and swears in Portuguese from morning till night."

Mr. Manns on Saturday gave a turn to a prominent provincial musician, and produced at the Crystal Palace a new overture entitled "Youth," by Dr. Hiles, of Manchester. Dr. Hiles is, of course, a sound musician, but he hardly seems to be an inspired one. Miss Janotha, who since she last appeared here has been kicked out of a gig and has got well again, played Beethoven's Concerto in G. At the Popular Concerts Mr. Borwick has reappeared, but the programmes have been limited to familiar works. The members of the Musical Guild—ex-students of the Royal College of Music—have also started their new season at far-away Kensington Town-hall.

A "command" performance of Auber's "Fra Diavolo" in English will be given at Balmoral on Monday week by the Carl Rosa artists, headed by Miss de Lussan. There is still a talk of doing "Utopia, Limited," at Windsor

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before Christmas, and if it come off it will probably be on December 16, but it may after all be postponed till the new year. Signor Tosti is, I learn, writing an operetta for drawing-room performance by some of the Royal amateurs at Osborne.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—My converse is to be mostly of cookery this week, for we have spent hours at the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Portman Rooms, and found so much to interest us that we are quite sorry it is closed. The "pretties" were all in the large first room, where Madame Tussaud's kings and queens used to reign in that silence that seems so odd when such realistic counterfeits of the human form are present in numbers. A lovely little tea-table was the first thing to catch our eyes. It was decorated with drooping trails of smilax, and with pink heather and smilax placed in and out between the plates. The cups and saucers were white and silver, and a big silver bowl in the centre of the round table was filled with pink heather, chrysanthemums of the same tone of colour, and asparagus-tops. An interesting table was laid "for an artisan" by Mrs. Grace Johnson, who is such an adept in Indian cookery. It was intended to show that economy and refinement could be combined, but much of the latter effect was due to the snowy cloth and the brightness of the glass and plate. Where is the time for this to come from in the busy life of an artisan's wife? And whence the pennies for the frequent washing of the table-cloth? Quite a novel exhibit was that sent by Mr. Tong, chef of the steamship *Ormuz*, of the Orient Line. It was a saloon table laid for lunch and set out with very tempting-looking dishes, all of which had been prepared on board the vessel in the London Docks. Osler's dinner-table was quite lovely, with its exquisite lamps and plates of Worcester china, the former furnished with deep Mandarin yellow shades. The flowers were carnations in pale pink and deep red, the latter being used in the centre only on a large but slenderly-constructed triple arch. A smaller one at either end of the table completed the set. Another very pretty thing was a large swan, beautifully modelled in ice, and bearing on its back an ice pudding made in the form of a number of different fruits. The ice was clear as crystal.

The classes in which professional cooks of both sexes competed for prizes were seventeen in number, and included dishes of fish, hors d'œuvres, soups (clear and thick), hot and cold entrées of meat and poultry, second-course dishes, salads, entremets, and ornamental work of various kinds. Mr. Searcy's basket of *petits fours* looked very tempting, and we immediately awarded it a prize. Whether it really got one or not, I do not know. In the Ladies' Competition, open to pupils of recognised schools of cookery, there were some nice-looking things, among them curried pheasant, devilled almonds, pine-apple cream, and a vegetable curry. Quite a new feature was the Housewife Section, in which, so far as we could make out, any private person could join. Among them was a set of dishes sent by Mrs. Whyte, of Commercial-street, Dundee, two Scotch haggises being on the list, the first we had ever seen. They do not look at all tempting things, but we heard that the jury pronounced favourably upon them. They made us think of that lovely thing in *Punch*, where a guest enters, and, as he is taking off his overcoat, smells the haggis, and says: "Eh! but I'll be bad the morn!" The "velvet steak" on this table was of most attractive appearance.

The Army Cookery appeared to be the most popular item in the whole show, crowds surrounding the soldiers while they prepared the food. There was a Navy Section this year, too, but we could not find it. At one corner of the great room the new system of messing in the Army was most clearly explained by the soldier-man in charge of the exhibit. He told us how the vast sum of over £20,000 a year has been economised in dripping alone by our home battalions, and showed us how the fat, when rendered down, is poured into a vessel containing a small quantity of water, the dripping forming a solid mass upon the surface. He also showed us the fat in varied layers as deposited for convenience' sake by the careless cook of every-day life. We could not help remarking that we knew that cook! Who does not? We bought the sixpenny pamphlet, detailing the mode in which the stock-pot and the dripping-pan contribute to the abundance and variety of the soldiers' messing, and at the same time save his pocket. We found in it many hints that are useful to the ordinary housekeeper, and the whole book should be of the greatest value to the managers of large institutions, as it contains minute directions for the following out of the system, including the threefold boiling of bones and the precautions taken to prevent these from remaining more than a certain length of time in the stock-pot. There are also recipes for making brawn and gravy in large quantities.

By the way, the allowance of dish-cloths and cleaning-rags appears rather inadequate to the ordinary lay mind, being only two of each per company. I wonder how long the cloths are expected to last?

Baroness Burdett-Coutts was present on the opening day, and was dressed in black silk with a dark wine-red velvet yoke to her mantle, and a little boa of ermine round her neck. I saw her husband direct her attention to the Scotch haggis. It is difficult for the uninitiated to imagine how anything that looks so unappetising can possibly elicit the enthusiasm entertained for it in the Land o' Cakes. Miss Mary Hooper, a great authority on culinary matters, was one of the jury, and told us that Sir Walter Scott had put it on record that a perfect haggis ought to spurt up to the ceiling when the knife is stuck into it. But what a dreadfully untidy sort of food that would be! Fancy one's dining-room after a few dinners at which the great Scottish national dish had been enjoyed in full perfection. What would it look like?

We went to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition the other day and admired some of the lovely needlework there. One of Miss May Morris's designs forms a part of a bed-hanging for an old Manor house and is set to some beautiful lines by her father, beginning

> The wind's on the wold,
> And the night is cold.

There were many things that we should have liked to possess, among them a piano back embroidered with flowers and leaves in a very graceful pattern. We also wanted to take home with us a lady's work cabinet in oak stained green, the structure being well devised for both ornament and use. A case of beautiful ecclesiastical needlework is exhibited by Miss Bessie Huggett and her pupils, and a very fine portière (No. 166 in the catalogue) is worked by these clever ladies. Mr. Walter Crane's designs for a set of dessert d'oyleys, to be called "Flora's Retinue" were interesting. A curious exhibit is a sack-cloth curtain stencilled in oil colour. A rose-water dish in hammered silver would have made you covet your neighbour's goods, had you seen it. The designs for glass make one want to re-read the old legends of St. George, St. Oswald, Aucassin, and Nicholete. Of these and other ambitious works I shall hold my peace, not feeling competent to explain why a few of them disagreed with us so very distinctly, as they certainly did. An alabaster chimney-piece *sounds* beautiful, does it not? It probably would look beautiful if placed among harmonious surroundings, and not dabbed down in an irrelevant corner; but nothing on earth could make one other chimney-piece appear even tolerable to our thinking.

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

RIDING HABITS.—A speciality in Riding Habits. Has been declared the best, without exception, by all ladies who have seen it. Quite new. Patented. Made only by G. S. WOLMERSHAUSEN & Co., LTD., 16, Gt. Marlborough-street, Regent-street, London, W.

It looks partly lead, partly tin, but may quite possibly possess occult beauties that we are incapable of perceiving.

We enjoyed the South Gallery best of all, with its studies for book illustrations, those by Rossetti for "The Queen's Page," Tennyson's poems, and "The Prince's Progress," and others, being first on the list. The cases of books with lovely bindings would make a longing bibliophile most painfully envious. But it is futile to write of these things. To be really enjoyed they must be seen and gloated over. We could scarcely tear ourselves away from this fascinating room.

I see that a West end Tea and Shopping Club for Ladies is about to be established in Regent-street, or somewhere close to that central thoroughfare. It is under the patronage of Lady Georgina Douglas, the Hons. Helen and Mary Henniker, Lady De Conrad, Lady Wm. Lennox, and the Hon. Mrs. Armytage. The Club house is to be "cosy and artistic," with reading and tea rooms, reception and dressing rooms. Cold luncheons and light refreshments are to be supplied at moderate prices, and the surroundings are to be "luxurious and congenial." And the subscription for all this? Only 5s. a year, Amy! There is to be a guinea entrance-fee, but this will be remitted in the case of the first 500 members. They will be known as "original members," who will elect the Committee. All profits are to be expended upon the Club, adding to its advantages, and opening branches in other shopping centres. Members from the country are promised full and reliable information, as well as good advice about advertised articles and general matters relating to shopping.

This is quite a quantity for one's money, is it not? There is no doubt but that the low subscription will attract an enormous number of members, both in town and country, and there will be plenty of funds. The success of the scheme will depend entirely on the management of the Club. Application for membership must be made to Mr. G. T. Oliver, The Cottage, Elm-place, South Kensington.

There is to be a grand bazaar in the early days of December at the Kensington Town-hall, in aid of the funds for the Children's Free Breakfasts and the Winter Dinners for the Poor. It is under very distinguished patronage, several Royal Princesses heading the list, which contains the names of seven Duchesses, eleven Marchionesses, forty Countesses, and eight Viscountesses—an imposing array of lordly names. The bazaar held last year was so successful that 150 poor children had free breakfasts daily for a period of five months, and a great number of free dinners as well. There were also many Christmas dinners given out of the fund, and sacks of coal for the sick. Mrs. Henry Meyer, of 12, Elm Park-gardens, will be glad to receive any contributions towards this excellent cause.

You want to know something about evening dresses, you say. You will be glad to hear that they are going to be very pretty indeed this winter. The fashion of having sleeves of different colour and material from the dress itself is still to continue. I saw a lovely gown in the palest possible water-green satin, with blush-pink velvet sleeves. The skirt was bordered with pink velvet, beaded with a narrow band of jet, and the bodice had a shaped ornament of jet, wide in front and narrowing towards the arms, where it was continued in a line round the top of the pink velvet sleeves. These were gathered into a band of the jet, top, the white arms showing prettily through the openwork. Butterfly sleeves, made of accordion-pleated silk or gauze or silk muslin, will be largely used. Silk basques and sleeves to match will be added to dresses of light material. Paniers will be arranged in a similar fashion. I have seen a sweet gown for dinner or evening wear made of pale heliotrope velvet, bordered along the shoulders and sleeves with bands of ermine. Fancy a white brocade trimmed with sable fur and black lace! What would have been thought of the combination by our grandmothers? But one may wear anything now. I saw a gown the other day composed of olive cloth, and trimmed with sable and black lace. That would not long ago have been considered terribly unorthodox.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE. Whatever else life may be in these days, we take care that it shall not be monotonous. How infinitely varied are our occupations, and what an overwhelming number of them we manage to crowd, not only into each month and week, but into each day! The worst of it is we leave ourselves so little time in which to enjoy the variety, that we might just as well be doing the self same thing over and over again. We are in such a dreadful hurry about everything; so much so, that we have practically no present, but are always, minds and bodies alike, rushing on to what is next to come. And yet, by a subtle mockery, we are categorically placed amongst the "leisure" classes. As if leisure is not the last thing in the world of which we may claim possession! The last thing also for which we would care to advance a claim. In the high pressure life now in vogue, is not leisure the most incorrect thing possible for the "leisure" classes to possess? No wonder if we groan as we rush along, "Is life worth living?" Though, of course, we have no time to wait for a reply.

Last week I felt very much inclined to answer the question for myself with an emphatic "No." In an evil hour I went up to town on a shopping, &c., excursion with that child of the century, Edith ——. What a time we had; all one prolonged rush from start to finish! After the fuss of catching the early train our bodies had some enforced rest while we were in the railway carriage; but not our minds. Very far from it, indeed. Throughout the whole journey we worked hard at the almost insoluble problem of fitting the proposed day's work into the day. How to dovetail into one another visits to the dressmaker, milliner, dentist, &c., luncheon with one friend and tea with another, the purchase of a wedding present, the selection of wall-paper, of lamp shades, of an afternoon tea set, of plates to match a dinner-service, and so on. A dowdy suggestion on my part that there might not be time for doing so much was swept contemptuously aside. The strangest thing of all is that Edith did accomplish the work. She bought a jacket and a hat—to be sure she sent them back next day, selecting different ones, her first choice had been so hurried; she chose a wall paper (it did not turn out to be the right colour) and plates (unfortunately they did not match). It was all right with the tea service and lamp shades, however, which I had selected while she was with the dentist, or the tailor, or the bootmaker, or perhaps all three together. We also bought the wedding present, and faithfully carried out our programme of having luncheon and tea with different friends. Oh, these hurried meals, snatched against time—can anything be more dreadful? What an appalling draught—for all the simplicity of its ingredients—a cup of hot tea can be when consumed, say, in forty seconds, with one's eyes on one's bracelet watch all the time! And then the agonising attempt to maintain conversation, under the circumstances. There is always so much to say and to hear when there is not quite time for it.

Dublin is filling again, the shutters disappearing from the windows, and the normal inhabitants replacing the tourists in the streets. The tall policemen pacing the pathways wear a more imposing aspect than ever after their late tug-of-war successes. By the way, is there not something Titanic, and suggestive of the "large utterance of the Early Gods," in these trials of strength between gigantic Irishmen and Scotchmen? I suppose you have often seen a tug-of-war? The sight has always had a great fascination for me, the display of physical force is so impressive to the weak. There is not as yet, I think a feminine tug-of-war team, as there are cricket elevens, &c., but no doubt it will come soon. Our vaulting ambition has no limits, even in the world of athletics, which cannot be overleaped in these times. Lord Houghton returned last week to the Viceregal Lodge, which is not a particularly lively place at this season. He resumed, at once, his Viceregal duties, giving a dinner party for Mr. Asquith, at which the Lord Chancellor and various other officials were entertained to meet the Home Secretary. Lord Houghton also dined with the Chief Secretary, and on Friday evening attended the conversazione of the Royal University, accompanied by a Viceregal suite. Lord Morris, who has been staying in Dublin, presided at the conferring of degrees at the University, instead of Lord Dufferin, who is the Chancellor, and of Lord Emly who is next in rank. The number of women students who distinguished themselves and got degrees of different kinds was very large. Apart from the more solid advantages, is there not something very attractive in having letters after one's name? It just gives one the little bit of advantage over the general run of one's neighbours, that is, after all, each one's aim in life, more or less. This cannot be called feminine vanity, since men have not only so largely indulged in it, but monopolised until lately the indulgence therein, to our exclusion. Lord and Lady Wolseley and their daughter have returned to Dublin, and are established again at Kilmainham for the coming

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season. Lady West Ridgeway is at the Under Secretary' Lodge, though whether or not Sir J. West Ridgeway still holds his post as Under Secretary seems doubtful. Things have got somewhat mixed on the subject, a way they not unfrequently fall into in Dublin Castle. Was there ever a more strange and wonderful institution in all its branches? Does not its persistent existence in itself sufficiently account for the persistency of the Irish Question?

Dublin, you must know, is not supposed to be a "marrying" place. Several marriages, however, are enlivening this dull season. An interesting marriage takes place this week, when the eldest daughter of the popular Lord Justice FitzGibbon marries Colonel Shone, R.E. It is a tradition of the Irish Bench that its daughters long have maintained, and still ably maintain, the tradition of Celtic beauty. The bride-elect is a charming example of the truth of both these traditions.—Yours ever,

CLARE.

Are you beginning to get tired of roast pheasant? If so, try this way of stewing the birds:—

Truss the pheasants as for roasting. Stuff the craws with a rich veal forcemeat, without disarranging the head and neck; then lard the birds down each side of the breast with strips of lemon peel and fat bacon. Roll a lump of butter the size of a pigeon's egg in pepper, salt, and mace, then put one into each body of the pheasants. Secure the ends safely. Put the birds into a stewing-pan with a quart of good hot gravy, a wineglassful of Madeira, a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, the juice of a lemon, one pounded anchovy, and one sprig of fresh sweet marjoram. Cover the pan closely and let all stew for forty minutes. Take the birds from the gravy and thicken it with a dessertspoonful of cornflour and ordinary flour mixed. Let it boil for a moment, then it pour over the birds. Garnish the dish with artichoke bottoms, which have been boiled and cut into quarters, and the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs cut in halves, with little tufts of parsley placed between.

This is a delicious savoury:—

With a tin cutter, cut rounds of bread about the size of a crownpiece, and a quarter of an inch thick; fry them in a little hot butter or lard, and drain them. Place a thick slice of tomato on each round of bread, and on the top of that a thick layer of grated Parmesan cheese, mixed with a very small quantity of cream. Bake them in a moderate oven until they are brown, and serve them on a napkin.

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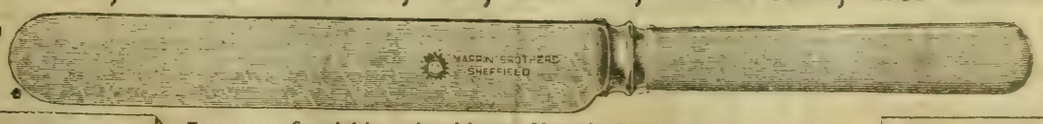

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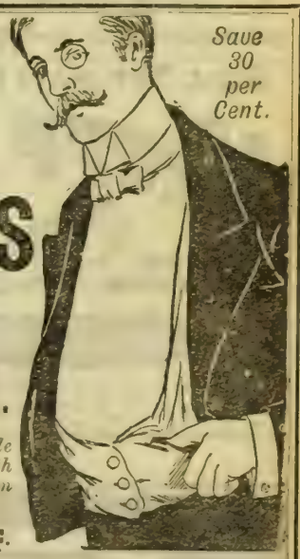

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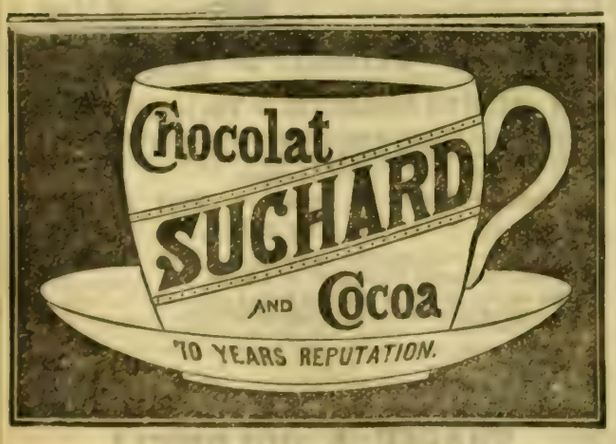

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Punch, April 26th, 1884.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

'T will be remembered that a new system of awarding the Prizes in connection with the TRUTH Doll Show was adopted last year. It had previously been the practice to give one series of Prizes only, and this plan had naturally led to some difficulty in classification, nd, in order to prevent any recurrence of this, it was decided to divide the Dolls, for the purpose of judging their relative merits, into ree distinct classes. This plan worked so satisfactorily that it is proposed to again adopt it this year. There will therefore, in nnection with the next Show, be three series of Prizes—the first for single Dolls, dressed with exceptional taste and skill and novelty design; the second for the more striking groups of Dolls; and the third for those larger collections of Dolls, containing fifty and wards, in the dressing of which any special qualities, such as neatness, variety, durability, &c., may have been exhibited. Thus ere will be three First Prizes awarded, probably of equal value, one for the best exhibit in each class, together with numerous other rizes of smaller value, the exact number and worth of which must necessarily depend on the size to which the Show attains. It is ill a little too early to state specifically of what these Prizes will consist. From the letters so far received, however, it would seem at intending competitors are, almost without exception, in favour of last year's plan being repeated; and, unless there should be an nexpected change in the tone of the further letters which may reach me, steps will be shortly taken to act on this almost unanimous nsensus of opinion. It may also be said that the TRUTH Brooches, of which upwards of 100 were distributed last year, proved very pular; and it will not be difficult, I think, to design for the coming Show a memento which will prove equally acceptable and propriate.

As readers of this journal will have seen, the coming Show is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall, at Kensington Gore; the thorities having most generously consented to again place this commodious building at the disposal of TRUTH. Seeing, then, hat a very large space will be available for exhibition, it is to be hoped that the readers of TRUTH, and their friends, will unite making a special effort to fill it worthily. Several thousands of Dolls have already been sent out, and all the very large ones ve been applied for, but there are still many hundreds remaining, which have to be dressed between this and the middle of cember. The Dolls are two sizes, medium and small, and parcels of them will be sent off at once to any ladies who may form me as to their wishes. There is practically no limit to the number of small Dolls which can be sent to one applicant.

THE HOME-MADE TOYS.

It will not be forgotten, it is hoped, that the Annual TRUTH Show consists of Home-made Toys, as well as of Home-dressed olls. The former have always been a most prominent and interesting feature at successive Exhibitions; and it is trusted that ere will be no falling off in this respect this year. The Home-made Toys may be of any kind—dolls' houses, model toys, ovable and mechanical toys, &c., &c. Scrap-books are also in great request at the Children's Hospitals. Prizes will be given, usual, for the best of the Home-made Toys.

It will be necessary, too, in order to complete the Christmas distribution on its usual lines to purchase about 25,000 new Toys; d donations in aid of the TRUTH Toy Fund for carrying out this object will be gratefully received. A large sum is needed; d, unfortunately, the balance from last year's account is a heavy debit one. Something more on this subject will be seen on the first ge of this number.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 765.—HOW TO INDUCE HUSBANDS TO ACCOMPANY THEIR WIVES TO GARDEN PARTIES, "AT HOMES," &c.

ALMAVIVA (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 766.

The Prize in this Competition will be divided between BLACKHEATHEN and ANDEVILLE.

PRIZE DEFINITIONS OF RUGBY AND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Rugby: More kicks than halfpence. Association: More halfpence than cks.—Blackheathen.

At Rugby Union, hands you use,
You use your head at t'other game;
But whatsoever code you choose
You'll find that it is tout le maim.
Mandeville.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 767.

In this Competition the Prize has been taken by BOBUS for the following ecdote of "Football":—

PRIZE ANECDOTE: FOOTBALL BY DIPPETY.

A few years since it was my good fortune to "assist" (in the French nse) at a football match between rival "townlands" in the West of Ireland. eedless to say, the rules were Rugby unwatered—indeed, a long way over- oof. The game went on fairly well for a while, when suddenly a terrific rsonal encounter took place between two players of opposite sides, causing simultaneous rush of spectators and performers to the scene of conflict. en the "reveree," as he was termed, made his way through the crowd, d exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "No crowdin'—make a ring. Let the ya foight it out in paice an' quietness. After that the game will be thumed. The dippeties is prisent." In due time the "incident was closed" one of the belligerents being rendered *hors de combat*, and the game was ished by "dippety." I then learned that, as few football matches could reasonably expected to conclude in that part of her Majesty's dominions thout an interruption of the kind referred to, it was the custom to have a serve of "deputies" at hand to continue the game, and this they call playin' it out by dippety."—Bobus.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 771.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week to the competitor who succeeds

IN ANSWERING MOST CORRECTLY THE FIRST THIRTY-SIX OF THE ORIGINAL TOPICAL CONUNDRUMS PRINTED BELOW.

The most correct answers will be deemed those which most nearly approach the ones originally sent in with the conundrums by their authors. But some marks will be allowed for any answers which may be considered to furnish appropriate replies to the given riddles. All lists of answers must reach me by the morning of Monday, November 13, at the latest.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOONLIGHTER.—I am unable to trace any answer of yours to Puzzle No. 764.

JACKO.—Such a Puzzle as you suggest was given in TRUTH some years ago Many thanks, however, for your note.

R. D.—You sent your answer to this office in error.

MOLLY.—With much pleasure.

O. P. Q.—You sent a charade instead of a riddle.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 768.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ORIGINAL TOPICAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the greatest blow the country has ceived lately?—Cash.
2. What are the worst-paying crops for the rmers at this time of year?—Cash.
3. Why was Brazil ripe for revolution?—Cash.
4. What is the difference between Lobengula and e coal strike?—Cash.
5. What did the Home Rule Bill die of?—Albion.
6. Describe the difference between the latest Albion from Paris and the Home Rule Bill.—Parissima.
7. When is there no difference between going to the sea and going to Toulouse?—Infelix.
8. What is the difference between a collier and a cobra?—Infelix.
9. Why is the Home Secretary's berth like one's tongue?—Almaviva.
10. Why does Lobengula deserve the wrath of the gods?—Girouette.
11. What form of musical composition should the recent coal strike most resemble?—Alice J. Wood.
12. Why is the retention of the Irish Members in the House of Commons a danger to one of the Heavenly bodies?—Baritone.
13. Why is the prospect of Home Rule a cheering one for the Irish landlords?—Baritone.
14. Why will the Home Rule Bill extinguish Ireland?—Baritone.
15. Why is it a mistake to say Home Rule is dead?—Baritone.
16. What is the difference between the Irish people and their leaders?—Baritone.

17. What is the difference between Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Gladstone in regard to the House of Lords?—Baritone.

18. Why is Mr. Gladstone like a refractory pauper?—Baritone.

19. Why is a man opening oysters like the British attacking the Matabeles?—Ba Rone.

20. (By an Irishman.) What is the difference between our soldiers attack on the Matabeles and an oyster enter?—Baritone.

21. What is the most necessary qualification in order to be a skilful golfer?—Justinian.

22. What is the most appropriate advertisement for the Haymarket Theatre at the present time?—Idler.

23. How do we know that Father Ignatius ought not to be called Pugnacious, as suggested, for his behaviour at the Church Congress?—Nep.

24. In what way did Father Ignatius's conduct resemble a great battle?—Nep.

25. What new geometrical proposition would be most appropriate for the Chairman of the Church Congress to study?—Nep.

26. Why ought Lord Thring to have been consulted about Lord Lansdowne's successor?—Lunatic.

27. Why is it clear that Home Rule is not dead and buried?—Lunatic.

28. Why was the last division on Home Rule like Mr. Balfour's pince-nez?—Lunatic.

29. Why is Home Rule like a hawser?—Lunatic.

30. Why does a Hindoo object to the closure?—Lunatic.

31. When is a miner like a clock?—Lunatic.

32. Why are the Duke and Duchess of York likely to have fine weather when they please?—Isinglass.

33. What is the difference between Lord Salisbury and flirtation?—Isinglass.

34. Why is Oscar Wilde like a fashionable perfumer?—Isinglass.

35. In what different lights do M. Zola and any one of his books appear in England?—Cæsar's Corner.

36. What is the blow that falls most heavily on the public just now?—Cæsar's Corner.

37. Why did the Golf Club of St. Andrew's purchase the renowned links near that place?—Cæsar's Corner.

38. Give in a single word the scene and the cause of the South African shindy.—Rabelais.

39. What is the most egotistical piece recently placed on the London stage?—Rabelais.

40. Why does the suggestion respecting Birmingham at the Church Congress remind you of the fate of Sodom?—Esperanza.

41. Why should the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon be less happy than that of the French fleet to Cronstadt?—Esperanza.

42. Why must the present action of Lobengula be considered very reprehensible?—Excelsior.

43. In what respect does the Lord Mayor Elect differ from one of his predecessors?—Excelsior.

44. Why is Mr. Gladstone like a man who is seldom warm over a fire?—Jo.

45. Why is the Chicago Exhibition like a lady's fashionable sleeve?—Jo.

46. Why is the Duke of Edinburgh like a P.P.C. or P.D.A. card?—Jo.

47. If the coal strikes increase during the winter how can we prove it will be warm for England? And in what state will the people thereof be?—Jo.

48. Why may we conclude that Members of Parliament are more amiable during their present vacation?—Jo.

49. What answer did Sambo make when asked to describe what was like a man with a beam in his eye?—Jo.

50. What is the remarkable point of resemblance between a boomerang and a Colonial Bishop?—J. McGrigor Allan.

51. What is the remarkable point of difference between a boomerang and a Colonial Bishop?—J. McGrigor Allan.

52. Why is the tail of the Queen's celebrated white collie like Comte de Lesseps?—Chiripa.

53. What nation will be most to blame if we are worsted in the war with Lobengula?—Chiripa.

54. Why are the prospects of our forces in Mashonaland like the Comedy Theatre?—Chiripa.

55. Why was it brave of the miners to strike?—Gyp.

56. Why are the Houses of Parliament like public houses?—Felixicus.

57. Why should Mrs. Alexander's latest work be longer remembered than that of Mrs. Jocelyn?—Felixicus.

58. Why is "Sowing the Wind" under a stigma and the manager of the Comedy likely to benefit thereby?—Felixicus.

59. Why are the letters "A" and "C" like the World's Fair at Chicago?—Felixicus.

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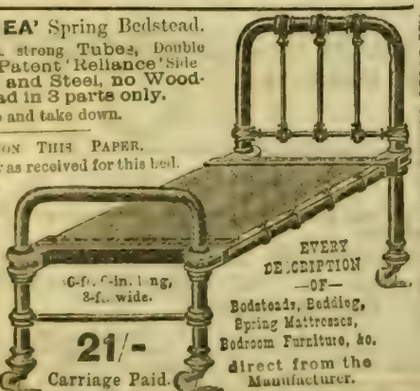

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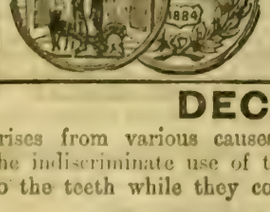

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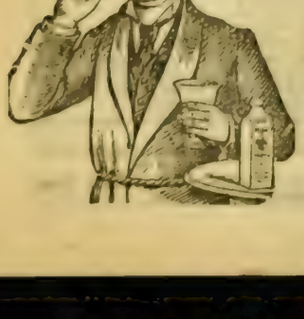
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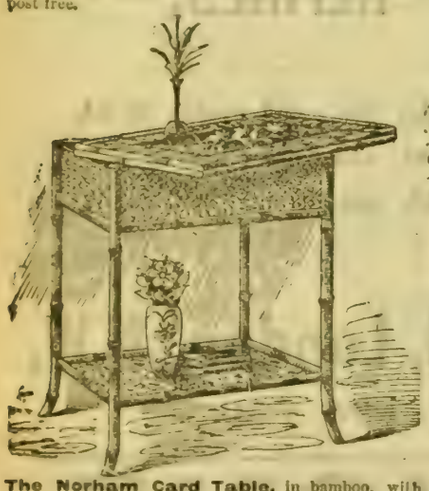

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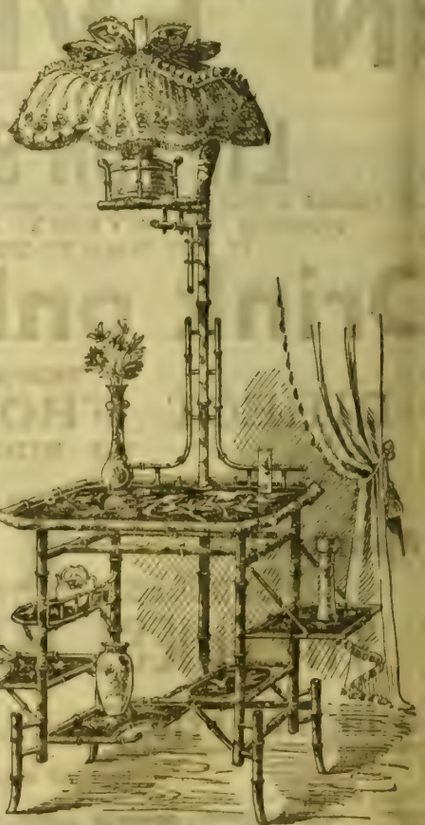

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I AM very pleased to be able to announce that, in addition to lending his influence to secure the use of the Albert Hall for the Truth Toy Show, Duke Alfred of Coburg has very kindly forwarded from Germany a handsome box of toys as a contribution to the Show and the subsequent distribution.

Her Majesty is to leave Balmoral after luncheon on Friday week, the 17th, for Windsor Castle, where her Majesty will arrive about half-past eight on Saturday morning. The Royal train is to travel direct from Ballater to Windsor, and there will be no stoppage at Perth for dinner, as the Queen intends to dine in her day saloon.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have a party staying with them this week at Sandringham, where there will be a series of "shoots" during the winter. The next party is to be invited from the 27th until December 2.

The Queen caused Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg to be received as a Sovereign Prince when he arrived at Balmoral last Thursday, and Princess Beatrice and her husband were despatched to meet him at Ballater station, while the Royal tenants and estate servants assembled at the eastern entrance of the Balmoral domain and gave him a Highland welcome. Duke Alfred will in future take precedence of the Prince of Wales unless the Queen orders otherwise.

Duke Alfred is to stay in England until the 1st or 2nd of December, and he will spend a week at Sandringham with the Prince and Princess of Wales. He is to visit the Queen at Windsor at the end of the month, and will be present at the performance of "Faust" which is to take place at the Castle, in the Waterloo Chamber, on the 30th. The Duke will spend the week after next in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and he is to shoot with Lord Mount-Edgcumbe at Mount Edgcumbe, with Lord Morley at Saltram, and with Mr. Cory at Langdon, and very likely with Lord St. Germans at Port Eliot.

The Duchess of Albany and her children, who have been residing at Claremont for several months, will go to Windsor Castle on the 20th on a visit to the Queen. The Duchess is going to Cannes about the middle of January, and she is to stay there until after Easter.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who have been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of York at Richmond, will probably be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James at West Dean Park, near Chichester, for a few days in the course of the winter, and they are also expected to visit Lord and Lady Ancaster, either at Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, or at Normanton Park, Rutlandshire; and M. and Madame de Falbe at Luton Hoo Park, Bedfordshire.

Within three days of the death of Sir Christopher Teesdale, there were upwards of a hundred applicants for his place as Master of the Ceremonies, which is in the gift of the Queen, and worth about £700 a year. The Master of the Ceremonies is the introducer and conductor of the Diplomatic Corps, and he has to attend all Court functions at which the Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers are present. The duties of the post are certainly not onerous, and the Master has the assistance of a Deputy Master, and also of a Marshal of the Ceremonies, who draw nearly £500 a year, and whose places, being perfect sinecures, will certainly be abolished when next the Civil List comes to be resettled.

I hear that the Queen will probably appoint Colonel John Clerk to the vacant office of Master of the Ceremonies. Colonel Clerk is at present Treasurer of the Household of Princess Beatrice, and also an extra-Equerry to the Queen.

There was a paragraph in last week's Truth respecting the appointment of the son of Lady Seymour to be a Page of Honour to the Queen, in which some allusion was made to the widow of the late Master of the Ceremonies having had to evacuate the apartments in Kensington Palace in which he had resided, although he had spent £2,000 on them. A friend of the late Sir Francis Seymour tells me that this sum is in excess of what was expended by him on them, and that the Queen has granted a pension of £300 per annum to the widow during her lifetime from the Privy Purse to enable her to rent apartments herself. It is only right that this should be known. Sir Francis Seymour was an old servant of the Queen, and in view of this pension and the present appointment of the son, these services have, I think, been fully recognised by her Majesty.

We heard last year a good deal about the tame stags that furnish sport to her Majesty's Buckhounds and to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Windsor, who like to enjoy their "sport" at the cost of the taxpayer, regarding the chase as a little exhilarating exercise, combined with gentle and pleasant excitement. I see that a stag had its first day of pleasure last Thursday. This favoured animal swam the Thames twice, and finally leapt the iron railings of the Provost of Eton's lodge in his anxiety to make the most of his "constitutional." Most persons would suppose that the hunted animal did this because he was under the impression that only by running, swimming, and leaping the wall he would avoid being torn to pieces by the pursuing dogs. But then most persons are not Windsor "sportsmen."

Lord Houghton is having a quiet time at the Viceregal Lodge, which at this season is one of the most secluded, or it might even be said dreary, of official residences. Neither magnificence nor special comfort of the more homely kind are characteristics of the suburban residence of the Irish Viceroys. Like too many cooks with the broth, too many masters have not agreed with the Viceregal Lodge. Originally a ranger's lodge, it was bought by the Government in 1782 from Mr. Clements, its builder, and made the Viceroy's residence. Lord Hardwicke, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Whitworth are amongst the Viceroys who built the principal additions to it, each according to his own taste, and with no regard for that of his predecessors.

For all its want of homely comfort, one Lord Lieutenant of comparatively recent times acquired such a home feeling after several years' residence in the Viceregal Lodge that he bequeathed to the family of a friend a pretty cottage with several acres, standing within the precincts of the Viceregal demesne. The most curious thing in connection with the matter—that is, if anything of the jobbing kind can cause surprise regarding Dublin Castle—is, that the various Governments allowed the bequest to stand for a great number of years.

Of late years Irish Under-Secretaries have increased the difficulties and peculiarities of the Castle Government of Ireland. The appointment is a permanent one, therefore promotion to another place is the only way of disposing of an Under-Secretary whose views are at variance with his Chief's. Following the precedent of the Conservatives with regard to Sir Robert Hamilton, Sir J. West-Ridgeway has been appointed Governor in the Isle of Man. It might seem a simpler and more sensible way of avoiding difficulties to make the Under-Secretary change with the Chief. Such an arrangement, however, would hardly be in accord with the traditions of Dublin Castle. There is a subtle irony, under the circumstances of the case, in making Sir J. West-Ridgeway Governor of an island which possesses Home Rule.

Large parties will be entertained next week for Derby races by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, Lord and Lady Harrington at Elvaston Castle, Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore, and by Mr. Gretton at Doveridge Hall, Lord Waterpark's place, which he has taken for a term.

Lord Iveagh, having given up all idea of purchasing the Savernake Estate, is now thinking, so I hear, of buying Wimpole Hall, Lord Hardwicke's well-known place in Cambridgeshire. Wimpole is a magnificent house, with fine gardens, and a very large and richly wooded park. The whole estate has been in the market for several years past.

Last week a gentleman was interred at Hendreville, in France, whose name was connected with a transaction which has become historical. He was the son of the Thistlewood of the Cato-street conspiracy, and was eighty-five years old. He had long resided in France, where he had lived through most of his life, quiet, liberal in his opinions, and respected. The grandson of the Thistlewood of the Cato-street conspiracy is a French citizen, and resides, I believe, in Paris.

Alexander Robertson, who was well known all over Scotland as "Dundonnachie," was a man of very great, but grievously misdirected, abilities. Of humble origin, Robertson flourished for several years as a "merchant" at Perth, and he was doing so well that he was in a fair way to make a fortune, when in 1857 a quarrel with the late Duke of Athole caused him to begin an agitation for the abolition of the Dunkeld Bridge tolls, which were payable to his Grace. Robertson was strongly supported in this movement, and the matter was brought before the House of Commons by the late Mr. Barker, and was ultimately carried to the Court of Sessions, with a result which fairly justified the agitation; for it turned out that "the great Dukes" (as they were called in Perthshire) had been monstrously over-paid. In the meantime, however, Robertson's business had dwindled away from neglect, and he was involved in heavy legal expenses, while, as a climax to his misfortunes, he was convicted of the offence which is known in Scotland as "murmuring a Judge" (*i.e.*, contempt of Court), and was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. This calamity unsettled his mind, and consummated his ruin. He spent the remainder of his life in a turbid whirlpool of legal proceedings and political or social agitations, and was constantly before the Scotch Courts. His great object was to get his conviction quashed.

Robertson, when in his prime, was an eloquent platform speaker and a forcible writer, and if he had never concerned himself with the Dunkeld Bridge grievance (or even if he had conducted the agitation with more discretion), he would probably have found his way into Parliament. He had the courage to profess and to advocate the most advanced Radical principles at a time when they were exceedingly unfashionable, and in a

For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1011.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1010 in the present issue.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1009.

district where all the influence was on the Tory side, so that a really "Liberal" tradesman or farmer was then regarded as a social outcast.

Mr. Charles Hope, whose death was announced last week, was a son of the fourth Earl of Hopetoun and a great uncle of the present Peer. He was Tory member for West Lothian for several years, resigning his seat in 1845, on being appointed by Sir Robert Peel to the Government of the Isle of Man, a post which he held with much popular acceptance for more than fifteen years. In 1885 Mr. Hope succeeded to the large estates of his brother-in-law, the last Earl of Selkirk, and he had since lived at St. Mary's Isle, the beautiful family place in Kirkcudbrightshire. His wife, Lady Isabella Hope (*née* Douglas) died last summer. Mr. Hope was a generous and considerate landlord, and took a hearty interest in the welfare of his tenants and neighbours.

The *St. James's Gazette* announces that, if the Tories had been in power, either the Duke of Leeds or Lord Hardwicke would have been appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Cambridgeshire. This is quite incorrect. The Duke of Leeds has a small estate in the county, but he has shut up his place, which is to be let for a term of years. Lord Hardwicke has only a nominal connection with Cambridgeshire, as for many years his family seat has been closed, and all the Yorke property is in the market. If the Tories had been in power the new Lord Lieutenant would have been either Lord Ellesmere or Mr. Adeane, of Babraham.

The Duke of Buccleuch is the object of much vituperation among the Unionist wirepullers at present, as he has managed to exasperate a number of his tenants in Roxburghshire, just at a time when his eldest son, Lord Dalkeith, is vigorously canvassing that county in the Tory interest. The inhabitants of Hawick are complaining that the water supply of their town is defective, and they propose to draw as much as is wanted from a neighbouring stream on the Buccleuch estate. The Town Council are willing to pay all the expenses of the new scheme, and they will even arrange to grant a free private supply for the Duke of Buccleuch, who, however, declares that he will not allow the water to be taken unless he is given two acres of land which belong to the town of Hawick, which is certainly a most exorbitant demand, and the local authorities are doing well to resist it. Then the leasehold tenants ("feuars") at Newcastleton are vigorously protesting against a variety of new fees which are being imposed upon them. The Duke of Buccleuch, having inherited the Scott, the Douglas (Queensberry), and the Montagu estates, is one of the largest and wealthiest landowners in Great Britain; but in his case certainly *l'appetit vient en mangeant*, for the effect of these vast possessions seems to be simply to make him the more greedy to increase his acres.

HÔTEL BURLINGTON, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Electric light. Passenger lift. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth EAST Station.

The following advertisement from the *Morning Post* is amusing. No doubt there is a great opening in this direction for ladies of "great conversational powers"—"good appearance" is not so much wanted. I only hope it may fall to my lot to meet this gifted lady in some quarters which it is unnecessary to particularise:—

A lady, of good appearance and great conversational powers, moving in the best artistic and social circles, will be glad to give her assistance at parties.—Address, X. Y. Z., &c.

On Monday I received a long letter from Dr. Arthur Welsford, of Dover—why do so many long letters reach me on Monday?—in answer to what I said last week about patent medicines and advertising. It is a very interesting letter, and there is a good deal that I should like to add to it; but as the subject is far too big to deal with in the short time at my disposal, I must keep it for another week.

A chemist writes:—

Some weeks ago you wrote in TRUTH condemning the practice of counter prescribing by chemists. This week you excuse, if not advocate the use of "proprietary medicines," which is really prescribing by advertisement. Wherein has the latter the advantage?

I cannot accept the phrase "prescribing by advertisement." A chemist has precisely the same rights as an advertising proprietor of patent remedies. He can sell his own cough mixture, or his own liver pill to any customer who asks him for these articles. That is all the advertising Proprietor of similar articles does. By "prescribing" I understand that the customer or patient states his symptoms, while the prescriber diagnoses the complaint and provides the remedy. The mere selling an article to cure certain complaints is not "prescribing," so far as I understand it.

I have also received the following:—

SIR,—If you would kindly spare space for one more paragraph on "corpulency" in your paper TRUTH, I and several of my friends would very much like an answer to the following considerations, which you appear not to touch upon:—

1. Does the fact of reducing one's weight from, say, 14 st. to 12 st. by the abstention from starch, sugar, &c., as described in your articles, have any injurious effect upon one's health?

No.

2. If 12 st. is presumed by the person "operating" upon himself to be about his right weight, or, at all events, the weight he wishes to be—

(*a*) What will happen if he (when reduced from 14 st. to 12 st.) still continues the diet which has reduced him from 14 st. to 12st.?

If he eats fat, but no sugar, and very little starch, he will remain at 12 st.

(*b*) What will happen if, when reduced from 14 st. to 12 st., he then goes back to his original diet which kept him at 14 st., and threatened to make him even heavier?

He will go back to 14 st.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, editor of *Health*, sends me the following interesting letter respecting the cure of corpulence:—

I notice that my friend, Dr. Yorke Davies, writing in your last week's issue, says that where fat, starches, and sugars are eliminated from the dietary of the obese, reduction of weight is accomplished twice as quickly as when starch and sugar alone are omitted. Dr. Davies seems to think that fat increases or favours corpulence. I think he is wrong here, though I am writing not from personal experience so much as from the purely physiological standpoint. Fat is not only a necessary food (I can't see how any human being can

BOURNEMOUTH.—"Royal Hotel." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

exist without it), but has been found, when given in suitable proportions, to actually assist in the oxidation and using up of other foods, and, *pari passu*, to reduce corpulence. Ebstein's system of curing corpulence is founded upon this well-known power of fat as a "burner off" of what might prove to be food-excess or fat-excess. So that I regard any fat-cure or any dietary as certainly dangerous which omits fat from its list of elements, while the addition of fat to a dietary will often prevent obesity for the reason I have already given. No greater mistake is ever made by the public than in supposing that fat makes fat, or that the fat we eat is simply added as fat to our bodies. Fats are decomposed in the process of digestion, and their elements are re-combined in various and different ways to suit the wants of the bodily economy. Professor M. Foster says very aptly that nothing is more certain in the physiology of foods than that fat is formed in the body from that which is not fat. Starch and sugar will make fat; but so will beef and nitrogenous foods at large; or, to put it scientifically, proteids (that is, nitrogenous foods like albumen and the like) can be converted into fat under certain circumstances; and this brings us back to Dr. Davies' position *quâ* fat, which I think is founded on a misconception. Fat-reduction carried out minus fat in the food may be successful temporarily, only I hold that it is a dangerous proceeding, and one physiologically erroneous. By all means limit sugar and starch, but I advise no obese person to omit a certain proportion of fat from his food, because fat assists in the assimilation and usage-up of all other foods (and therefore favours reduction of body), and it is itself an essential constituent of the body, and as such is demanded in the daily food-supply of ordinary and obese persons alike.

I am glad to hear that Lord Lonsdale, the new Master of the Quorn Hunt, has strongly recommended the followers of his pack to buy all their provender from the farmers over whose land they ride. This admirable advice should be universally followed, and it may be hoped that other leading Masters will imitate Lord Lonsdale's excellent example. Whenever good provender can be obtained from the farmers of a hunt, then the members should make it a point of dealing with them.

The Chester Show of the Royal Agricultural Society has proved a great financial success, there being a clear surplus of nearly £2,400. This result is the more satisfactory because £800 more was given in prizes at Chester than at the Warwick Show last year.

It is evident that those old editions of the classics which formerly commanded such high prices are now quite out of favour with bibliophiles. The other day, at the sale of Mr. Moore's library, a copy of the Aldine first edition of Euripides (1503), which cost £11. 10s. at the Hamilton sale, realised only £4. Alsop's famous edition of Æsop's "Fabularum," Oxford (1698), brought considerably less than half the amount which it had cost only a few years ago. There was a similar fall in the value of the Cambridge (1768) edition of Demosthenes. All these books were fine copies, in admirable condition, and they all came out of the Beckford library.

"Lowell's Letters," discreetly edited by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is the biography of the season, and the secret of its charm lies in its unaffected and even undress revelation of a man who could afford to show himself as he was absolutely. "I love above all other reading," he writes in one of them, "the early letters of men of genius. In that struggling, hoping, confident time the world has not slipped in with its odious consciousness, its vulgar claim of confidantship between them and their inspiration." But no more in the later than in the earlier letters of Lowell himself can you detect the fear or hope, or even the consciousness of a printer's devil waiting at his elbow while he wrote. But then such a man as Mr. Leslie Stephen pictures in the Appendix — as sympathetic and powerful a piece of portrait-painting as ever was done — could afford to tell the truth and shame the printer's devil. He could afford also to throw this pleasant stone at the septuagenarian reminiscences falling fast as snowflakes from the Press—that the Scythians must have slain and eaten their old people to escape their autobiographies, which they would find more indigestible than themselves—since his own later letters are even more charming in their childlikeness than his earlier outpourings to his confidants. He was a child to the last, as he confesses in that anecdote of himself which he forges for "The Universal Eavesdropper":—

> Passing along the Edgware-road with a friend two years ago, their eyes were attracted by a sign with this inscription, "Hospital for Incurable Children." Turning to his companion with that genial smile for which he is remarkable, Lowell said quietly, "There's where they'll send *me* one of these days."

Beware of taking a house next door to, or opposite to, an artist. Mr. Ussher has a school in the Finchley-road, and Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., is his next-door neighbour. Mr. Ussher erected in his garden a modest board measuring 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 9 in., notifying the passer-by of the existence of his school. His artistic neighbour found this erection an intolerable blot on the landscape of Finchley-road, and addressed him thus:—

> Flaxley, 82, Finchley-road, N.W., October 11, 1893.
>
> Mr. Briton Riviere presents his compliments to the Master of the High School, and begs to protest against the large board that has been put up in the corner of the garden in front of his house.
>
> Some years ago, when the Eyre Estate allowed No. 97 to be used as a school, Mr. Riviere, as the neighbour most nearly affected, was asked to give his permission for the change, and, being assured that nothing detrimental to his property would be done, and that the school would be carried on like a private residence, he did so.
>
> The erection of this large and obtrusive board is in the most conspicuous position possible, just in front of his house, and, seen from his windows, entirely changes the quiet and unobtrusive manner in which the school has been worked for many years, and is likely to lower the value of his property, upon which he has spent largely. Mr. Riviere was on the point of writing to the Eyre Estate Manager, but thought it more neighbourly to apply in the first place to the Master himself. Had the board been placed down the hill at the end of the garden Mr. Riviere would have made no protest.

Mr. Ussher tried a conciliatory reply, but the R.A. was inexorable. The board, he writes in a further letter, "is most conspicuously silhouetted in the centre of the view from my windows," and he suggests that it should be moved round to the kitchen entry, or placed somewhere else "so as to be seen only edgeways from my windows." An offer to lower the board behind a post is of no avail, and the board is referred to the agent of the estate, who decides in favour of Mr. Riviere. Never can I sufficiently thank Providence that I am no artist. How can life be worth living to a man who finds his peace of mind destroyed because a board in the garden of a neighbour, measuring 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 9 in., is "conspicuously silhouetted" across one of his windows?

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

Silver Damascus Twist Bangle.—A quaint armlet of excellent Eastern design and finish. Its flexibility renders it perfectly safe, whilst it can be altered to suit any wrist, without losing shape. Price 10s. 6d.—Liberty & Co., Art Jewellers, Regent-street, W.

With reference to my remarks on the refusal of the London County Council to allow the Palace of Varieties a promenade and to permit liquor to be sold in the auditorium, while the Empire and the Alhambra have a full licence, I have received a number of communications endorsing my view, and insisting on the injustice of the whole thing. One correspondent opines that it is by no means clear that the decision of the Council represents the opinion of the full body of members, as there were many absentees, and protests against the Council punishing an absolutely innocent establishment for some sins, or supposed sins, that they imagine arise at similar places of entertainment, but concerning which not an atom of evidence has ever been brought forward.

My correspondent argues that the Council, by their action appear to say that the "Palace" is highly respectable as a consequence of the restrictions, but he reminds members of the Council of the following facts :—

At the Palace there are no bars on the auditorium level, but downstairs there are ample facilities for hole-and-corner drinking, assignations, and all the other dreadful things that a section of the County Council imagines are the be-all and end-all of a Variety Theatre. The Directors wished to remove some of the downstairs bars to the auditorium level, but the Council have refused permission, and by so doing have perpetuated a state of things more likely to lead to abuses than a "bar" in full sight of the public. And, further, are the members of the Council quite sure that in restricting the Palace licence they are not sowing the seed for a crop of evils? The place has to be filled—the Council by handicapping the Palace in competition with five immediate neighbours, compel the management to seek other attractions to those that their neighbours can offer their patrons; let us hope the attractions will always be wholesome.

The latter hope I certainly echo, and I really cannot blame the shareholders in the Palace Theatre Company if they express, as many do, the intention to oppose at the next licensing sessions the granting of licences to every West-end Music Hall and Variety Theatre except on the same terms as that of the "Palace." If the Council wish to level up it should be a levelling up all round

Why a woman is paid less than a man for the same work I never have discovered. What does a waiter get? I suppose above 10s. per week. But the waitresses in the Aërated Bread Company receive 8s. per week, rising to 10s., a cup of coffee, a slice of bread, and an apron; and for this they have to work each day twelve hours. The Company is paying its shareholders a dividend of 40 per cent., and the Board of Directors divides above £5,000 per annum amongst themselves. Last week, when a shareholder suggested that the waitresses should be a little better paid, he was howled down by his brother-shareholders. With this object-lesson before them, is it wonderful that the working-classes are realising that the division of profits between capital and labour is often rather too much to the advantage of the former? How is a girl to dress herself neatly and live on 8s. per week? Twelve hours per day spent in running about attending devourers of bread and drinkers of tea is far too long a day's work. And to this probably in most cases is added a long walk morning and evening, when coming and going to the bread-shop. It may be said that seamstresses get less. So much the worse for the seamstresses, and more shame to those who employ them. But this is no excuse for the hideous greed of the shareholders of the Aerated Bread Company, and for their sweating their employees, notwithstanding the huge profits that go into their own pockets.

I have received the following letter, together with the balance-sheet, of the London and Provincial Domestic Servants' Union, and a copy of the domestic servants' petition to Parliament. I am sure I wish the Union every prosperity, though I must say that I do not quite perceive the necessity for such a body, for I am under the impression that, as between themselves and their employers, the servants are now the masters of the situation. If, however, the Union would make it its business to supply capable servants of good character to all who want them, there is a great future before it. As for the petition, it asks Parliament to make it compulsory upon all employers to give their servants a true character in writing upon leaving their employ. Here again I was under the impression that this compulsion existed already. So are many other employers. It would be well that all doubt as to what the existing law is should be removed before this petition is presented :—

November 1, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—The humble position I occupy in life gives me the great privilege of reading your paper.

I write to inform you Marmaduke is altogether wrong in your current issue in stating that the latest addition to open-air lecturers in Hyde Park is an unemployed butler.

As a matter of fact, the meeting referred to is none other than one of those held twice and three times every Sunday by the Servants' Union through the summers of '92 and '93. The speakers on nearly every occasion are men and women who have held their present situations for some years, who have experience and a thorough knowledge of their subject.

These facts are well known to the Press generally, whose well-known (to us) mis-statements, ridicule, and contempt for us will have no effect on our future actions. I trouble you with balance-sheet for 1892, also duplicate copy of petition to Parliament, being numerously signed by servants, which I have no doubt you will hear more of in the near future. Thanking you in anticipation of acknowledging this correction in your next issue, I am, yours respectfully, A LOVER OF TRUTH.

The Rev. Arthur Shadwell, whose death was announced last week, was a son of the well-known Vice-Chancellor who three times refused a peerage, and who was as distinguished as an oarsman and a swimmer as he was for his knowledge of law. Mr. Shadwell was a renowned athlete both at Eton and at Oxford, and for several years coached the University boat, which he steered to victory in the famous seven-oared race at Henley in 1843. He was a thoroughly scientific coxswain. Mr. Shadwell was also a most accomplished classical scholar and an enthusiastic archæologist. During the last fourteen years of his life he held the living of Little Ilford, Essex, which is worth about £350 a year, and in the gift of Hertford College, Oxford.

The sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Haskins, of St. John's, has caused great and widespread sorrow at Cambridge. He was an admirable scholar and one of the most efficient lecturers in the University. Mr. Haskins was very popular, and he was a "strong" man, being saturated with shrewd common-sense, and having very decided and independent views of his own on University affairs, nor was he backward in expressing his opinions whenever he deemed it expedient to put himself forward

Canon Johnson, who died the other day, was the son of Cowper's "Johnnie of Norfolk," and he possessed many of the poet's works in the original manuscript. He was beneficed in Norfolk for nearly fifty years, and was one of the most popular and influential ecclesiastics in the Diocese of Norwich.

A correspondent writes:—

It is rather amusing to those who know Ely to see the aged Precentor of the Cathedral, Mr. Dickson, posing as the censor of our Cathedral system. The Ely Canons, whatever may be thought of them as musicians, are all men of mark and ability, and have filled or are still filling posts which are no sinecures. The Dean has well earned his present leisure by his past work. On the other hand, the Minor Canons do little but perform the services, which are kept up at an annual expense of some £2,000, and on ordinary days usually draw a congregation of about half-a-dozen persons. The singing is very poor, that of the men especially, and there is a very general impression that there will be no improvement until Mr. Dickson allows himself to enter that retirement to which his years entitle him.

The Oxford Tories have been direfully defeated at the elections to the Hebdomadal Council, their most startling reverse being the failure of Canon Ince, the Regius Professor of Divinity, who lost the seat which he had held for about twenty-five years. The old school of rigid Tories, who for a long time carried all before them at Oxford are now quite out of favour in the University, and these elections are a pleasant and an encouraging surprise to all who support a liberal movement in education and enlightened and tolerant views on theological subjects.

A very strong feeling has been excited in North Warwickshire through the Bishop of Worcester having presented the Rev. Eric Farrar to the living of St. Thomas', Coventry. It is thought that one of the many curates who have been working hard for years in the diocese should have been selected for this preferment. Mr. Farrar has no claim whatever upon the diocese of Worcester, and his being pitchforked into one of the Bishop's livings is a flagrant piece of jobbery. This, in fact, has been as good as admitted, on the Bishop's own authority, in the *Coventry Herald*, which states that the Bishop desires it to be known that the appointment is "an acknowledgment of the debt he owes to Archdeacon Farrar" (Mr. Farrar's father) "as one of his chaplains, and of the help he received from him at the recent Church Congress and on other occasions"—a candid confession in all conscience. Mr. Farrar has been for some time one of the curates of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and if he deserves preferment he ought to have received it in the diocese of London, or from the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey.

The Bishop of Newcastle is to be the special preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral next Sunday evening.

The superfine villa folk who worship at St. James's, Croydon, are said to have been shocked into leaving the church, because their Vicar, denouncing the horrors of religious persecution in the "good old days," exclaimed in a burst of simple eloquence, "I say, damn those days!" Apparently these poor Church people have such a horror (possibly with good reason) of being damned in the future that they cannot bear the sound of the word, even as applied to the past. It is related of Bishop Phillpotts, of Exeter, that he was once present at a church where a mild-mannered cleric was reading the exhortation which warns unworthy communicants that they eat and drink their own damnation. The cleric toned the word down to "condemnation." The Bishop rose from his seat, and in stentorian tones ejaculated "Damnation!" and then sat down again. What would they have said to him at Croydon?

The Chaplain at Meerut sends me the following. As to the "grammatical antecedent of 'it,'" I do not feel qualified to speak dogmatically. That nine people out of ten, however, would have interpreted the prayer as I did, I feel no doubt. I would point out to the Chaplain the danger of offering up supplications which are so liable to be misunderstood:—

DEAR SIR,—You lately endorsed a correspondent's criticism of the wording of a prayer used at the dedication of an organ at the Garrison Church, Meerut. Allow me to give it in full:—

"O Lord, Who hast commanded us to offer unto Thee of Thine own gifts, according to the purpose of our hearts, and Who dost abundantly requite them from Thine eternal bounty: Accept the offering of this organ now made unto Thee by Thy servants, and grant that it may be stored up in Thine eternal treasures: Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen."

You ask how can an organ be stored up in the "eternal treasures"? I would, however, point out that the grammatical antecedent of "it" (in the sentence referred to) is not the word "organ," but the phrase "the offering of this organ," a fact which entirely removes the material sense put upon the prayer by your informant.

The prayer is not original, but was used about a year ago at an organ-opening at a well-known English Church.—Yours faithfully,

Meerut, October 18, 1893. J. I. B. COCKIN.

It will probably be news to most of my readers—it was to me when my attention was the other day called to the fact—that the Queen is the Senior Prebendary Cursal of St. David's Cathedral. Her Majesty has never, to my knowledge, performed any ecclesiastical functions in the Cathedral, so it may be taken, I suppose, that the office is a sinecure. The Queen is, however, the titular Head of the Church of England, and the Church of Wales (so its defenders protest) is an integral portion of the Church of England. How then can the Queen, if Head of the Church, also hold a subordinate office in the Church? It is as though her Majesty were to be one of her own Ladies-in-Waiting, or the Colonel of a regiment one of his own non-commissioned officers. Out of respect for the Crown we ought, I think, to officially sever the Church of Wales from that of England, so that her Majesty may enjoy her Prebendary Cursalship without doing violence to the Constitution.

The Rev. Benjamin Gibbons, Vicar of Lower Mitton, Stourport, has managed to eclipse all displays of insolent officiousness on the part of the clergy which have hitherto come under my notice. It appears that a young woman of his parish loved a youth of the neighbourhood not

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wisely but too well. Both the youth and the damsel were minors. On discovering the state of affairs, the parents of the girl proposed to hush up the scandal. The Vicar seems to have come to them and pressed that a marriage should take place. The parents strenuously objected. The father says he considered that the youth was not in a position to marry, and that nothing but misery to both parties could result from marriage under such circumstances. Whether he was wise or not, does not matter; he clearly had the right to decide. On learning his decision, the Reverend Gibbons proceeded on his own responsibility to publish the banns of the parties at the Sunday morning service. He says that he desired to "assist" the father. The truth obviously is that he hoped to force his hand by making public the scandal, which the father desired to hush up.

No one will deny, I imagine, that this was a cruel and mischievous, as well as an arrogant and impudent thing to do. The law apparently provides no remedy. The Bishop, when appealed to, defends the mischief-making cleric, under the plea that he acted for the best, and backs him up by pressing the father to allow the marriage, now that the facts have been made public. "Counsel's opinion" has been taken by the father, and the response is that proceedings may be taken under the Clergy Discipline Act, but that the Bishop's consent is necessary — which, under the circumstances, seems to mean that no proceedings can be taken at all. The truth evidently is that the framers of our laws, both spiritual and temporal, never foresaw the possibility of a clergyman taking upon himself to publish banns in order to gain his own clerical ends. Now that the possibility has been demonstrated, this defect in the law should be amended. It must not be assumed that there is any length of officious folly to which some clergymen will not go.

The Rev. J. W. Rhodes, Vicar of St. Chad's, Everton, Liverpool, has brought himself into unenviable notoriety by a correspondence in which he has just engaged with Dr. Whitford, President of the Everton Liberal Association. It appears that this Tory parson accepted two guineas for the hire of the St. Chad's schoolroom for a Liberal meeting. When the time for the meeting arrived, however, the door was locked, and the room in darkness. After considerable delay the caretaker was discovered, and although it had been understood that the charge of two guineas was inclusive, he was paid a gratuity of five shillings which he demanded. Even then it was not without some difficulty that the man was induced to light up the room. Mr. Rhodes now admits that he exacted the "high fee" of two guineas because he disapproved of the use of the room by "Radical Church Robbers," and that he advised the caretaker to secure his gratuity before allowing the "robbers" to hold their meeting:

> I told the caretaker a high fee had been charged (writes the reverend gentleman), and I feared an attempt would be made to escape without payment of his fee, and that he must secure it himself, for I was almost certain that would be robbery of God's people of the endowments left to them; perhaps overnight would try a gentle experiment on a church caretaker.

No doubt the Vicar of St. Chad's lays the flattering unction to his soul that he has advanced the cause of the Church and Toryism by this fatuous exhibition of meanness and spitefulness (to say nothing of rapacity) towards political opponents. Such are the aberrations of the Tory-clerical mind.

A Duke to the Rescue!

[Nothing could well be more comical than the Duke of Portland's inimitable declaration at Troon that attacks upon the Church of Scotland are regarded with disfavour "by the Duchess and myself."—*Daily News.*]

O Church-disestablishers, cease
  Your attacks on the Kirk's domination!
O pestilent Radicals, peace!
  Enough of your low agitation!
Accursèd be every one who
  This topic prohibited touches,
For such the disfavour will rue
  Of their Graces the Duke and the Duchess!

It is true the State Kirk has been found
  A bone of persistent dissension;
That Scotchmen on all sides abound
  Who yearn for an Act's intervention;
Nay, even the Kirk might—who knows?—
  Be glad to throw down its State crutches,
But hush!—who would dare to oppose
  Their Graces the Duke and the Duchess?

All Scotland, of course, will be dumb,
  Disestablishment lose its sweet savour;
Dr. Cameron also succumb
  At this hint of the Ducal disfavour.
'Gainst most things he's ready to fight,
  But this altogether too much is—
To do e'en the slightest despite
  To the wish of a Duke and a Duchess!

Or perhaps—for there's something in man
  That resents all attempts at dictation—
The Duke's and the Duchess's ban
  Will but hasten the wished consummation.
And the Church up in Scotland will cease
  To be held in the State's choking clutches,
All the sooner because its release
  Is opposed by the Duke and the Duchess!

In the Stratford-on-Avon *Parish Magazine* an answer is given to the question recently asked in TRUTH, Why 7s. 6d. should be charged for the use of the church bier without a pall, while 3s. is charged for it with a pall? It is said that the question was asked "in a somewhat irregular manner, and through a singular medium." It seems to me that the question asked in TRUTH should have been answered in TRUTH, and that it is the answer which is given in an irregular manner, and through a singular medium. However, the answer is satisfactory enough. The Vicar explains that it is the poorer people who generally require the bier and the pall, those who are better off preferring to decorate the coffin with flowers. The differentiation of the tariff is, therefore, for

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the benefit of the poor. It is a pity that previous references to Stratford Church and parish in TRUTH cannot be answered so easily and so satisfactorily.

Intense indignation is being expressed at Leeds at an attempt by the persecution agency styling itself the "Lord's Day Observance Society," to stop, by means of its threatening letters, the lectures delivered under the auspices of the Leeds Sunday Lecture Society. I entirely share the sentiments expressed on this subject, and it is to me an incomprehensible thing that Englishmen who desire to spend their Sundays in the manner which commends itself to their religious and conscientious views, should submit to be threatened and terrorised by a small knot of fanatical busybodies, armed with a musty statute which no modern Parliament would look at. It is absurd to speak of freedom of conscience as existing in this country so long as it is open to A to get B, C, D . . . Z fined and imprisoned for doing something on Sunday which does not square with A's religious views.

At the same time, the Leeds people should remember that it is easy enough to checkmate these pestilent bigots. Plenty of Sunday entertainments take place in London under their very noses. Their Act only applies where money is taken at the doors. All that is necessary, therefore, is to make admission free and charge for seats and programmes.

Apropos to my remark on "ladies" in the Bible, a correspondent writes:—

> In the fifth chapter of Judges women *are* called ladies. I believe, however, that it is the only place in the Bible in which this is the case.

The passage referred to is the Song of Deborah, and the "ladies" are the "wise ladies" of the mother of Sisera. My correspondent is wrong, however, as to these being the only "ladies" in the Bible. In the Book of Esther (i. 18), Memucan, discoursing on the effects of Queen Vashti's contumacy towards her lord and master, anticipates that all "the ladies of Persia and Media" will be following her example. The word "lady" is also put by the translator into the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah, and the Apostle John (in his Second Epistle). But so far as I know, there is no mention of a gentleman in the Bible.

I have been asked to mention that the Strolling Players will give a performance of Mr. Pinero's "Dandy Dick" at St. George's Hall, on Thursday next (November 16) in aid of the funds of the training-ship *Cornwall*. Further particulars and tickets may be obtained of the Secretary of the training-ship, Mr. Walter Millachip, 6, Mincing-lane.

The Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, the object of which, as stated by the Committee, is "the relief of ladies suffering through the non-payment of rent and land depression throughout Ireland," so far as I know fulfils the purpose of its existence in an unexceptionable manner. There is no doubt a good deal of distress owing to the causes specified, and I should be the last to grudge the aged and infirm ladies incapable of assisting themselves, who are referred to in the Committee's Report such help as the fund can give them.

There is one point, however, as to which I should be glad of a little more enlightenment than I can gather from the Report. In connection with the fund there is a Work Depot, which appears to be doing a considerable business in underlinen, hosiery, &c., as well as in "art and fancy work," in which ecclesiastical millinery figures prominently. Part of the Duchess of Fife's trousseau was, we are told, made by this Work Depot, and it is further stated that "the baby linen has been honoured by the constant patronage of the Princess Henry of Battenberg." The announcement of these interesting facts is, of course, a perfectly legitimate manner of inviting custom. In addition to this, however, orders are "earnestly solicited" on the ground that the clothing, &c., is "all made by poor ladies, in many cases dependant (*sic*) upon this work for their daily bread." Now, what I should like to know is the scale of pay received by the ladies whose poverty is thus used for touting purposes? As it is implied that it is chiefly on their account that orders are solicited, I should like to have the exact extent to which they are likely to be benefited by such orders made clear.

I happen to know of one case in which a lady almost entirely "dependent upon this work for her daily bread," received £1 for making a highly ornate priestly vestment, which it took her five weeks of hard work (seven hours a day) to complete. She calculated that she was paid at the rate of 1¼d. an hour. The work was of a kind requiring the greatest skill, besides being very fatiguing, and so well was it executed that it received the first prize at an Exhibition in Dublin, where the vestment was offered for sale for £30. As an encouragement, I suppose, of artistic workmanship, the Depot subsequently increased their rate of pay in the case of this lady to the comparatively liberal figure of 4d. per hour. If this is a fair specimen of the way in which the ladies in whose name the public is appealed to for orders are dealt with by the promoters of the Work Depot, that charitable body must be congratulated on its good fortune in having escaped the particular attention of the Sweating Committee. I see it is stated in the report that the amount paid to "lady workers" during the year 1891 (no more recent information seems to be vouchsafed) was £1,000. At the above rates of pay this must represent a margin of profit that would satisfy the most bloated capitalist.

It will surprise no one to hear that the Rev. Samuel Cotton, of Carogh Orphanage fame, regards the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children as a pernicious

WINTER VISITORS TO BOURNEMOUTH will find "The Imperial"—situated near the sea, amongst the pines, on the favourite East Cliff—one of the most complete residential establishments in the United Kingdom. Healthful position, luxuriously furnished, with appointments and cuisine of the highest order. Moderate tariff.—Apply, Manager.—W. H. DORÉ, Prop.

In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

institution. Seeing that it was this Society which exposed the abominable treatment of the Carogh orphans, and succeeded in getting the Rev. Samuel six months' imprisonment and a fine of £400, no one will grudge him the mild satisfaction of hating the Society with all his heart. That is no reason, however, why Mr. Cotton should bother me (as he has just done) with charges against the officers of the Society. Still less does it justify him in attempting to manufacture a charge against them of negligence out of a case in which they were the prosecutors, or in trumping up against the Society an opinion expressed by the Bishop of Limerick a year and a half ago. It seems that Dr. Dwyer had the courage to assert that there was no need for such a Society in Limerick, and Mr. Cotton desires to extend this sentiment to the whole of Ireland. A more inopportune time for so doing could hardly be found than the present, when the memory of the Phelan case is still fresh all over the United Kingdom. The Phelans, it will be remembered, were convicted in England, after having been hunted out of Ireland by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

I should like to hear from the Society for the Protection of Birds, which I commended the other day to the notice of my lady readers, why the only birds' feathers the wearing of which they countenance are the plumes of the ostrich. A lady tells me that she has declined an invitation to join the Society because it does not protect the ostrich, and in justification of her decision she gives the following account of the plucking of ostriches on a feather farm. If the facts are accurate, I think that they fully prove her case :—

> The good ladies who belong to this society, and who condemn as "cruel" the simple mercy of death, should go to the ostrich farm near Cairo—I believe the largest there is—and hear from those in charge a description of the annual feather-gathering. The first year a bird is plucked, he can be easily caught and thrown by one man. The feathers are then wrenched, bleeding, from his tortured body, after which the marabout and down is torn off. After one experience the birds can only be caught with the utmost difficulty, and it takes six or eight men to throw an old bird. "It is very hard work, plucking," we are told, "the feathers are bedded so tight in the flesh." I asked if it would not do as well to clip off the feathers close, and was told that dealers will only buy those with the perfect quill. All the undressed feathers offered for sale on the farm had blood on the quills, and we were told that when the annual plucking takes place the shrieks of the birds can be heard to a great distance in the still desert air.
>
> If you can induce your lady readers to "bar" ostrich feathers, even if they indulge in a "wing" manufactured from the discarded plumage of a well-fed chicken, you will indeed add another to the many good turns you have already done to the cause of humanity.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund for providing the poor children in the London Hospitals, Workhouses, Workhouse Schools, and Infirmaries with toys at Christmas :—

J. P., £2; Isabella Arlosh, £5; A. L., £1. 1s.; L. P., £2; Marie Joshua, £2. 2s.; B. L. Ronald, £2. 2s.; J. P. M., £2. 2s.; P. B., £2. 2s.; C. R. B. £5. 5s.; C. G. N., £2. 2s.; James Blyth, £5. 5s.; Norwood, 10s.; C. M. Y., 10s.; B., £5; Hereward, 2s. 6d.; M. W., £1. 1s.; L. O. S., £10. 10s.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion. Perfect fit guaranteed. Caution, the only address, other people are trading on our name.

A "Veteran" writes to me from the other side of the world to endorse the suggestion made in the article "Fuzzy-Wuzzy vice Atkins," in TRUTH of August 31. It would be possible, he considers, to garrison with Battalions of "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, and Hong-Kong, and thus materially diminish the strain on the British Army, and effect a considerable saving of money, without any risk—provided always that British gunners were left to support the black troops. He proposes that three European officers should be allowed to each Company, and believes that such a force, suitably clothed, accoutred, and housed would be of great value to the Empire. So do I. I may add that now is the time to form it. The power of the Matabele, of which we have heard so much, has been broken. Lo Ben's warriors have got to be disposed of somehow. Instead of exterminating them, or driving them over the Zambesi, why not offer them the Queen's shilling?

The command of the Southern District, after having been vacant for a month, during which time it has been offered to nearly every eligible officer on the list, has at last been accepted by General Davis, who has really obtained the post because he is so fortunate as to possess considerable private means, which are indispensable. It is not satisfactory that a very important command should be hawked about in this sort of fashion, and left unfilled for a month simply because no officer could be induced to accept it.

During the winter months the Royal Engineers employed at Woolwich Arsenal work from 7 a.m. till 5 p.m., with a dinner-hour from one to two. Thus they do a continuous stretch of six hours upon a breakfast of a pint of tea and half a pound of bread, occasionally fortified by a "relish" provided at their own expense. It will, I think, be generally agreed that this is not a reasonable or wholesome state of things. In the summer the men start work at six, but get an hour's interval for breakfast. I would suggest that in winter, half an hour for breakfast should be allowed (say from 8.30 to 9), which would still leave an eight and a half hours' working day. Failing that, the dinner-hour should begin at twelve instead of one.

In answer to a question which I asked last week as to what check there is to prevent the pay of a man who has deserted being subsequently drawn and pocketed by the Quartermaster-Sergeant and Pay-Sergeant, an anonymous "Retired Paymaster" answers that the man's absence would be discovered and entered in the Regimental Orders at the next parade of his Company, and would so reach the Paymaster. If this is the only check, I can understand the fraud being perpetrated, as I am told it is perpetrated.

The Bodmin Depot case has evidently awakened a good deal of interest in the Army, for I have received letters in regard to it from all parts of the world, and more particularly India. The burden of all these communications is that, with Wilson's case before them, men will henceforth be more shy than ever of reporting irregularities on the part of their seniors, and that military

life will in consequence be made more hateful than ever to those at whose expense such irregularities are practised. The nature of some of these irregularities I have already explained. A Regimental Officer writing from India hints at others:—

> The practices that have been exposed at Bodmin bolster up an elaborate system of corruption, the worst sufferer by which is the private soldier. If such things go unpunished in the comparatively open and healthy atmosphere of a Depot, what is to be expected within the four walls of those close preserves, the Commissariat Stores? In the interest of the whole Service, the whole subject should be patiently threshed out.

I have to thank various military correspondents who are continuing to enlighten me as to the existence of Depots where none of the N.C.O.'s have exceeded the regulation tour of Depot service. It is highly gratifying to find that there really are some Depots where the Regulations on this point are observed; but as this seems rather a negative kind of virtue, I do not see any reason for chronicling the names of all these virtuous establishments. The fact, however, that some conform to the Regulations only makes it the more necessary that others —*e.g.*, Beverley—should be compelled to do so

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A New Zealander tells me that in the artillery force and in the police of that Colony it is a common thing for a senior N.C.O. or an officer to receive notice that his services will be dispensed with at a certain date, and for him then to be offered the alternative of remaining in the service and retaining his rank, but at a reduced rate of pay. As there is no pension, the man usually accepts the latter alternative. If this be an accurate statement of the case, New Zealand can give even Whitehall a lesson in pettifogging parsimony. The idea seems to be that, instead of being pensioned off, a man is retained in the service at a reduced salary; but a more clumsy and unfair substitute for superannuation can hardly be imagined.

I have been asked by several ladies connected with the nursing profession to give publicity to the following confidential circular recently issued from Simla. It certainly appears to merit all the publicity that can be given to it:—

> Army Head-quarters, India, Medical Division,
> Simla, September 13, 1893.
> [Confidential.]
> To the Lady Superintendent, Indian Nursing Service,
> .....Circle.
>
> DEAR MISS ——, — An instance having recently occurred of a lady nurse taking part in station theatricals, it appears to the Commander in Chief in India expedient that his views on the subject of recreation for members of the Indian Nursing Service should be communicated to them.
>
> His Excellency is aware that the life in public of lady nurses in India is observed with much interest by a very highly influential section of Home Society which earnestly desires the success of the Indian Nursing Service, and he is anxious the impression should not arise or exist that the lady nurses have not taken up with serious purpose the important avocation they perform.
>
> Recreation is undoubtedly essential to the health of mind and body, particularly in India, which places so much climatic stress upon the European constitution. Gymkhana and race meetings, garden parties and At Homes, for instance, provide cheerful relaxation, and do not tax those energies which nursing duty calls into play. But dances and other night entertainments are scarcely compatible with sedulous personal care of the sick, and appearances on the stage bring nursing sisters into very undesirable public prominence.
>
> Sir George White feels sure the lady nurses will defer to his opinion, and allow him to dispense with the issue of formal orders restricting latitude in recreative pursuits.—Believe me, yours sincerely,
> A. F. BRADSHAW,
> Surgeon-Major-General, Principal Medical Officer, India.

A more foolish document than this was never penned. The vocation of hospital nurses is either a quasi-religious one, which renders it improper for them to take part in public entertainments of any kind; or a lay profession in which they have a right to participate in all amusements which are open to other ladies. The distinction which the Commander-in-Chief and the Principal Medical Officer attempt to set up between day and night entertainments is simply childish in its absurdity. According to this novel code of ethics, it is wrong for a lady nurse to go out to dinner, but right for her to attend a race-meeting; right for her to skip about at a lawn-tennis party, but wrong for her to dance a quadrille in the evening. And, apparently, an afternoon dance would be lawful, while tennis, if it could be played in the evening by electric light, would be forbidden. "Appearances on the stage" are forbidden, whether in the morning or the evening. The nurse must not even act at a matinée. But why? "Publicity," says the P.M.O., "is undesirable for nursing sisters." Why more for them than for other sisters?

The most wonderful thing in the circular, however, is his Excellency's anxiety lest an impression should arise in "a very influential circle of Home Society" that the nurses have not taken up their duties "with serious purpose." Are we to understand from this, although dancing and theatricals are usual amusements among all classes, and although Princes and Princesses think nothing of performing before the Queen, "a very influential circle" considers that these amusements are incompatible with a serious purpose in life? If so, more arrant humbug was never uttered. I expect, however, that this impressive reference to influential circles at home is just the same undiluted nonsense as the rest of the circular. If Sir George White or Surgeon-Major-General Bradshaw desires to convert the Indian Nursing Service into a religious order, let them do the thing openly and thoroughly, and with due regard to the rights and vested interests of those ladies who have entered the Service supposing it to be something very different. Either that, or the circular should be withdrawn at once.

In calling attention a few weeks back to the case of Mrs. Chick, Matron of the Widows' Home at Poona, I find that I made a mistake in describing the lady as the widow of Captain Chick of the Madras Cavalry. The Captain Chick here referred to was Mrs. Chick's son. Her husband, who, as I stated, volunteered at the time of the Mutiny, was Mr. Henry Dodd Chick, formerly editor of the *Central Star*. Mr. Chick was actively engaged, and received the Lucknow medal and clasp. His wife and children were with him all through the siege of Lucknow, when they lost one of their children, and the whole of their property. Mrs. Chick is now in her sixty-seventh year, and will be absolutely destitute when she gives up her present position. Seeing how strongly she has been recommended, it seems a most extraordinary and discreditable thing that neither the Indian nor the English Government should be able or willing to help her.

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

A copy has been forwarded to me, by the Committee of the Indian Association, of the protest, which the Association has addressed to the Indian Government, against the decision to compensate the Government servants for their loss on exchange owing to the fall of the rupee. I have already strongly expressed the opinion that the Government has no business to relieve its servants at the cost of the ratepayers of a loss for which neither Government nor ratepayers are responsible. As the Association most forcibly point out, if the rupee had risen in value the suggestion that the Government had a right to appropriate its servants' profits on the exchange would have been indignantly scouted. The reasoning which applies in the one case applies equally in the other. However, now that the principle has been established that if the rupee falls Government servants ought not to lose, let it be equally understood in future that if the rupee should hereafter rise, Government servants are not to benefit. It is, I fear, too late now to say more.

There are, however, two points in the Indian Association's memorial which ought still to be carried out. In the first place, the compensation given ought to be allowed solely on the amount actually remitted to England, for which purpose it is absolutely necessary that all remittances on which compensation is allowed should be made through Government. In the second place, those Indian servants of the Government who have sent their children or other relatives to England for educational purposes, ought to be allowed the same privilege in regard to remitting as their English colleagues. There is no equitable principle on which any distinction can be drawn between the two cases.

I would suggest, while this matter is before the Government and the public, the Viceroy's privilege of remitting to Europe, at an artificial rate of exchange (as to the existence of which there seems to be no serious question), should be abolished, or at least placed on the same footing as the privilege now to be conceded to other Anglo-Indian officials. A Viceroy is usually a wealthy nobleman, with several houses and estates in England. He is under no obligation to remit part of his official salary home in order to maintain his children, and he is the very last man in the Empire to whom a special privilege should have been conceded in regard to remittances. This is probably the reason why he is the only man in the Empire to whom the privilege has been conceded.

That the Admiralty have reviewed the findings of the *Victoria* Court-Martial, and have not hesitated to supplement them with their own views in regard to the responsibility for the collision, seems to me a matter for satisfaction. As to the new instructions given with regard to watertight doors, they are a matter for experts, but it will be a relief to most civilians to hear that more precautions are henceforth to be taken to have the doors shut when occasion is likely to arise, and also that in the opinion of experts the *Victoria* would have floated if all her doors had been shut.

Now that the scheme for the application of the *Victoria* Relief Fund is issued, I would ask why the survivors of the crew of the ill-fated ship have been overlooked. Many of these men, as I have already mentioned, besides undergoing great hardships and privations on their way home, have lost a great part of their worldly effects, in some cases all. The Admiralty provision for such cases is utterly inadequate. One man—an Artilleryman—writing to me a week or two ago, states that he had lost kit and underclothing to the value of over £15, besides all the cash and other personal effects that he had in the world. All he has received in return is a bare uniform, value about £6.

If the Fund were insufficient for the widows and orphans, the survivors of the ship's company might have been legitimately overlooked; but, so far from this being the case, there is a probability of a surplus, and provision is made for applying it for the general benefit of widows and orphans of men in the Navy. I doubt whether the subscribers to the Fund will generally approve of this method of dealing with the money while actual sufferers by the loss of the *Victoria* are left unrelieved; and I would suggest that those of them who disapprove should signify their disapproval in some unmistakable manner.

By a Customs regulation which is enforced at Southampton Docks, and probably at other docks, all work is prohibited during the hours of Divine service on Sunday mornings. This precious ordinance was presumably devised to ensure the better observance of the Lord's Day and the attendance of the dock labourers at church. As might be expected, and as a local paper shows, it does nothing of the kind. For example, when the coaling of a ship is suspended from 10.30 till 12.30 on a Sunday morning, the men pass this period of compulsory idleness in loitering about and drinking the beer which they thoughtfully provide for the occasion; and very often when the time comes for resuming work they go off to the opening public-houses, and there remain for another two hours. The regulation, in fact, simply causes the coalies to drink more beer, and to finish their work later than they would otherwise do, and I fail to see how even the most earnest Sabbatarian can object to its revocation.

The appointment of Captain Noel to be Junior Sea Lord of the Admiralty is very satisfactory, because he is a first-rate sailor and a thoroughly practical man. It is said that some time ago Captain Noel, who has recently been employed in the Mediterranean, refused to obey an order which was signalled by Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, because he considered that by doing so he would incur a serious risk.

I have been requested to call the attention of the new Lord of the Admiralty to the long-standing grievances of Naval Instructors, and I am very happy to comply with the request. To save Captain Noel the necessity of turning back to all the old numbers of TRUTH in

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which this matter has been referred to, I may mention that these grievances relate to (1) the compulsory provision of a uniform, practically in breach of their agreement on entering the Service; (2) the want of a proper system of retirement; (3) the stoppage of tuition money on the *Britannia;* and (4) the capricious and unfair distribution of appointments. The last point is, to my thinking, the most serious. During the present year, after all that has been said on this subject, three Naval Instructors of ten years' service and under have been sent to shore appointments, while there are men who have from twenty to thirty years' seniority serving at sea, and apparently doomed to serve there for the rest of their days.

Does the late Sir Arthur Blackwood write letters regarding Postal matters from the other world? To judge by the date of the following letter such would appear to be the case. Now, however, that his successor has been appointed, we may, perhaps, be allowed to entertain the hope that his troubled spirit will rest in peace:—

[80A] General Post Office, London,
October 31, 1893.

SIR,—In reply to your letters of the 30th inst. respecting James Rostron and Mrs. Cook, I beg leave to acquaint you that the nomination to the situation of Sub-Postmaster at Droylsden rests with the Lords of the Treasury, to whom your communications will be forwarded when the vacancy is reported.
—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, S. A. BLACKWOOD.

There is a serious Post Office scandal at Bristol, where a sub-postmaster has absconded, and his defalcations are believed to amount to nearly £4,000. It seems that he had filled up a great number of money-order forms for the largest possible amounts in fictitious names, and he cashed them at various London offices before leaving the country. The whole system of the Post Office administration must be scandalously defective if a functionary can so easily commit such extensive frauds, and then disappear with his plunder.

An extraordinary statement has been published at Dudley regarding the alleged interference of the Mayor (Alderman Claughton) in the late municipal election contest. Mr. A. G. Wright came forward as a Liberal candidate for Castle Ward in opposition to two Conservatives; but, at the last moment, to the surprise and disappointment of the Liberal party, he withdrew. It has since been asserted that the Mayor "used the strongest persuasions" to secure this result, that Mr. Wright, in reply, "mentioned the matter of expenses," and that another letter was then "received from the Priory guaranteeing Mr. Wright's expenses up to £10." Alderman Claughton, it should be explained, is agent to Lord Dudley, and his offices are at the Priory. As a Mayor is supposed to hold himself aloof from party struggles, these statements in the local Press certainly seem to call for some notice from his Worship. Hitherto, however, no explanation or denial has been forthcoming.

A violent epidemic of typhus fever has been raging in and around Lismore (co. Waterford), and from what I hear of the precautions taken to prevent the spread of infection, there is every probability of a further development of the epidemic. In one instance a girl died at a general shop. A day or two after her death, and while four other members of the family were still down with the fever, the shop was re-opened. The clothes from the bed on which the girl died were sent by the servant to her family, who lived about four miles away, in a district which the epidemic had not reached. In a few days two members of the servant's family were stricken with fever. In another case there was an outbreak near Ballyduff, a little distance from Lismore. Two women died. The clothes of one of them were removed by her mother to her own house, and in a few days five inmates of the mother's house were attacked with fever. At the beginning of last week there were ninety or a hundred cases of typhus under treatment in the hospital and the town. Who can wonder?

There was a long discussion at the Bristol Town Council last week on certain proceedings of the Chief Constable and the Watch Committee which have given considerable dissatisfaction to the police force and also to many citizens. It seems that in December last a young man of twenty-two was appointed an Inspector, and in May he was promoted to the rank of Chief Inspector. On both occasions older and more experienced men were, for some occult reason, passed over. To accentuate the discontent which this promotion created, the Chief Constable recently formulated a scheme under which five Inspectors were to do night duty for ten months each year, whilst the favoured young man was exempted from both night and Sunday duty. When the aggrieved officers sent a memorial to the Watch Committee, the Chief Constable described their conduct as highly impertinent; and when they attended for an interview with the Committee he ordered them away. Instead of insisting upon hearing the men themselves, the Committee at a subsequent meeting accepted the assurance of the Chief Constable that his subordinates had become perfectly satisfied and no longer desired an interview. The Committee took this course out of consideration for the "feelings" of the Chief Constable, who thought he would be humiliated if the matter were carried further. But the right of members of the force to have free access to the Committee for the statement of their grievances is surely more important than the "feelings" of a Chief Constable—especially if it be true, as Mr. Swaish bluntly told the Council, that "his management of the men is autocratic, if not despotic."

I understand that an inquiry is pending by the Local Government Board into two rival street-improvement schemes at Dover, and it is to be hoped that the inquiry will be a vigilant and searching one, for there is not a borough in the kingdom more honeycombed by corruption

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and jobbery than Dover. One of these schemes is promoted by the Corporation, the other by certain independent citizens. On behalf of the latter, it is claimed that its cost will be about one fourth of that of the Corporation scheme, and that it will clear away some of the worst slum property in the town, and open a fine modern thoroughfare to a rapidly-increasing district. From the manner in which some of the members of the Corporation are fighting this matter, it may be conjectured that they are actuated by other motives than pure and disinterested affection for their own scheme.

A gentleman, who was visiting Dover last week, gives me the following account of his experience during the municipal election :—

> From what I saw of the municipal elections, which were supposed to be fought on the streets question, I should think Dover deserves the distinction of being about the most rotten and corrupt borough in England. The votes of the intelligent classes of the ratepayers were literally swamped by means of open beerhouses, general treating, and the most flagrant bribery. In all my experience of elections, Parliamentary and Municipal—and I have seen a great many in different places—I can honestly say that I never saw anything so demoralising and so disgraceful as the condition of Dover on Wednesday last immediately dusk set in. . . . .
>
> I sincerely trust that the Treasury will hear something of the matter, and that steps may be taken by the more decent-minded citizens (if there are any) to put a stop to the state of things which I witnessed, and which, I was told, is the normal state of Dover at election times.

Perhaps the foregoing statement may throw some light on the following Magisterial aberration reported from Dover. The cases are so striking that I think it right to give them a little "pillory" all to themselves :—

> Dover. Before the Mayor (Sir William Crundell) and five other Magistrates. A retired tradesman, 78 years of age, charged with striking an agent of Sir W. Crundell's party at the polling-booth. Fined £2, and ordered to pay costs amounting to £3 more.
>
> Dover. Before the same Bench. A jobmaster charged with assaulting an agent of the anti-Crundell party, and cutting the top out of his hat. Fined 5s., and ordered to pay 3s. for the hat. Total penalties and costs under £1.

The *Times* has opened its columns to a discussion on street cabs. I am for hansoms, although I think that they might be improved by more glass being put in the sides, by some arrangement that enables the fare to open or close wholly or partially the front window, and by a sort of speaking-tube establishing communication with the driver. I see no reason, however, why we should not also have the French victoria plying in the streets. Many probably would prefer them to hansoms, as being more easy of ingress or egress, and more open. I am glad to see, therefore, that Messrs. Hooper are devoting themselves to the discovery of a plan which would allow either a closed or open carriage to be placed on the same frame. I am not, however, certain that the public would not prefer the victorias in winter as well as in summer, for, with a proper arrangement of the hood, wind and rain are excluded.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Patterns are now ready, & will be sent post free, of these new & fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed). A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., Londn.

The following poser is addressed to me from Scotland for answer in the columns of TRUTH :—

> I have good reason to suppose I am entitled to part of a large sum of money in Chancery, but I am far too poor to pay for legal assistance. Not knowing the name of the title or cause, how can I find out about this property? . . . . The money in question has, I believe, been in the Court of Chancery for many years. I wrote to the Paymaster General about it, but the reply stated that nothing could be done unless I were able to give the name of the cause or title.

How my correspondent expects me to assist him after the Paymaster-General has given him this explanation, I do not know. I would recommend him to apply to the Editor of *Borderland*, for his problem is just one of those which can only be solved by the aid of intelligence denied to ordinary mortals.

I am glad to see that Mr. Justice Grantham spoke strongly at Manchester Assizes on the desirability of introducing "corporal punishment" for offences against women. His lordship pointed to a most significant circumstance—namely, that all other offences against the person have decreased in number, while assaults on women alone have increased. Readers of the TRUTH "Pillory," who note the way in which such offences are usually dealt with by magistrates, will not be surprised to hear this. "If men were brutal enough," said Sir William Grantham, "to inflict pain on women, they should be made to suffer pain themselves." I entirely concur, but I would add to "women" children of tender years regardless of sex. The cat is the most suitable and rational punishment, not only for the wife-beater but for the Phelans and Montagus, the Girl-Floggers, and the Girl-Floggers' employers.

Another excellent assize speech was that of Sir Henry Hawkins to the Grand Jury at Devizes, where his lordship impressed upon West-country Justices what he has so frequently preached in other parts of the kingdom, that when Assizes occur before Quarter-Sessions, prisoners should be committed for trial at the former instead of the latter court. Sir Henry found a new and powerful argument for this course, by pointing out that if more minor offences were sent to the Judges, Magistrates both in Quarter and Petty Sessions, would get some precedents, which they seem to badly need, in regard to the appropriate measure of punishment in such cases.

In one case at Devizes, Sir Henry Hawkins had before him a married woman, who had been committed on a charge of concealing the birth of her child, and had already been in prison over three months. As the Judge remarked, a month's imprisonment would have been excessive for the offence; yet this unfortunate woman had been imprisoned for three times that period before she came to trial—merely because she was too poor and friendless to obtain bail. There could not be a better instance of the rule which Sir Henry Hawkins is incessantly pressing upon Justices – that prisoners should always be released on their own recognizances when there is a reasonable expectation that they will appear.

I have repeatedly pointed out the impropriety of parties interested in the liquor trade, on the one hand, or of teetotallers on the other, acting as licensing Justices. In Linlithgow my views are evidently endorsed

by two members of the Bench. At the close of the Licensing Court last week, Provost Gilmour expressed the opinion that Bailie M'Alpine was not a competent judge with regard to public-houses because he was a teetotaller and would take licences all away. To this thrust the Bailie retorted by suggesting that drunkenness would be encouraged by the Provost, as he was the proprietor of two licensed premises. How can it be expected that the licensing laws will be satisfactorily administered by Magistrates like these? That extremists are unfitted for such duties was further shown at Canterbury on Thursday, when a J.P. refused to sign the necessary papers for the transfer of a licence and an extension of time, to which it is pretty certain he would not have objected if he had not happened to be a total abstainer.

From a bankruptcy case heard last week, it would seem that if any person desires for his own purposes to antedate a deed by two or three years, it is the easiest thing in life for him to put a stamp on the deed bearing the date he requires. In the case in question an attempt was made to defeat creditors by a mortgage deed which the Jury found to be fraudulent, it having been executed in March, 1893, whereas it bore date August, 1891, and an 1891 stamp. It was proved that about the date when the deed was concocted, a law stationer named Beckford had sold to a stranger an old 10s. stamp for the sum of 15s, and this was apparently the stamp on the fraudulent deed. Have the Inland Revenue authorities no means of checking such a traffic in old stamps as this? If not, they would do well to study Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams's remarks upon the advisability of amending their regulations.

The Mayor of Maidstone and four of his Magisterial colleagues lately delivered a sentence which, although it has been somewhat tardily brought under my notice, is really too monstrous to be passed over without comment. A woman named Orpin, who had been for a long time employed as cook at an hotel in the town, was charged with stealing a couple of mutton chops, two eggs, and some mushrooms. Her defence was that as she had eaten nothing at the hotel all day, she thought she was not doing any harm in sending her allowance of food to her home. No charge had ever been made against her before, and the prosecutor told the Bench he did not wish to press the case. It was clearly a case which should have been dealt with under the First Offenders Act. But these Maidstone Shallows are apparently as heedless of the law as they are destitute of common sense and compassion, for they committed the woman to gaol for a month without the option of a fine. I learn that the harshness of the sentence has convinced many Maidstone men that the borough should have a Stipendiary. My advice to them is to agitate until they get one appointed.

Justice is dispensed according to a truly Draconian code in the Straits Settlement. At the Malacca Assizes recently, W. van Huisen, clerk in the Marine Office, was convicted of embezzling three sums, amounting together to thirteen dollars. He was condemned by the Chief Justice to no less than nine years' "rigorous" imprisonment—three years on each count. In passing this terrible sentence, the Chief Justice dwelt upon the fact that the prisoner was a public servant guilty of a breach of trust. The principle that such offenders should receive exemplary punishment is right enough, but it should be applied in reason, and with a regard to the circumstances of the case, not in the simply ferocious style adopted at Malacca.

Last week I commented upon the eccentric legal procedure of the Channel Islands. Another instance of this has been disclosed in a case remitted from Alderney to a Court at Guernsey, where one Sebire was charged with aiding and abetting in the commission of the crime of forgery. It appeared that at a meeting in the island of Alderney delegates were appointed to sign a petition to the Queen respecting certain grievances, and it was Sebire's duty, when the document had been prepared, to obtain the signatures. It was in doing this that his so-called offence was committed. In the first place he allowed a woman to sign in the name of her husband, but the Procureur had to acknowledge that she did so with her husband's authority. In the second place Sebire asked a boy to sign for his grandfather, William Barker. The boy complied because he had frequently signed documents for his grandfather, who could neither read nor write, and because he had, moreover, heard him speak approvingly of the petition.

It is here that the peculiar Channel Island practice comes in. Prior to the proceedings at Guernsey, the Judge of Alderney interrogated Barker, senior, and secured from him the declaration that he had not authorised anybody to sign the petition on his behalf. It was on this declaration that the prosecution mainly relied. Its value may be guessed from the old man's statement that he made it because he was advised "that the Judge would be his friend, as the petition was of a bad nature;" but that he was previously "quite satisfied" with the petition, and would have signed it readily. Sebire is a man held in great respect in Alderney, and at the most it will be seen he had been guilty only of a technical offence and error of judgment. Nevertheless, her Majesty's Procureur demanded that he should be sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and the complaisant Lieutenant-Bailiff and his colleagues on the Bench committed him for that term. A correspondent furnishes me with an explanation of this shameful business. It is, he says, part and parcel of an attempt by the official ring to crush out all opposition to existing abuses; and it is expected that Sebire's conviction will make it possible to expel him from the Douzaine—of which he is a member—a consummation much desired by officials, because he is an "independent man."

At the Chester County Police-court on Saturday, Mr. Horace D. Trelawny, J.P., varied his duties as Chairman of the Bench by an unsuccessful appearance in the character of a prosecutor. Mr. Trelawny's gamekeeper, it seems, saw some girls gathering mushrooms, and one of them, named Shaw, picked up a piece of wood, but afterwards dropped it, and ran away. Will it be believed that upon this Shaw was, at the instance of Mr.

Trelawny, charged with stealing the piece of wood! His fellow Magistrates, I am glad to say, dismissed the case, the Chairman *pro tem.* adding that they "could not do more than that." It appears to me that the Bench would only have done their duty if they had administered a severe rebuke to Mr. H. D. Trelawny for bringing a girl into Court on such a ridiculous and trumpery charge. I regret also that it did not occur to the girl's advisers to make a counter-charge against the gamekeeper; for it transpired that he seized her basket, with the mushrooms it contained, and did not return it. Both Mr. Trelawny and his servant need teaching that they cannot deal in the same high-handed manner with trespassers in pursuit of fungi as with trespassers in pursuit of game.

Another extraordinary case, reflecting this time upon the police, came before Mr. Justice Hawkins at Wells. A young lad was charged with a criminal assault upon a girl of eight. It appeared that the prisoner turned the child and three others out of a grass field. No complaint was made by the mother of the children, no doctor was called in, but the children were taken by the police to the station and statements obtained from them (in one another's presence) by a Constable and Superintendent. On this the Superintendent swore an information, charging an offence which was not even suggested by the witnesses in the evidence. The statement obtained from the children was handed to the Magistrate who heard the charge, and used by him in examining the witnessess. A more outrageous series of proceedings can hardly be imagined. It is the duty of the county authorities to inquire whether the police were actuated by mere stupidity or by something worse, and to mete out punishment accordingly.

Should Magistrates smoke? I mean, of course, upon the Bench. At Penarth they evidently think so. The *Western Mail* last week had the following:—

> Yesterday morning, while occupying the chair on the Penarth Bench, Colonel Guthrie puffed dense volumes of smoke from a well-chosen cigar.

Some persons may think that, if the cigar was well chosen, the occasion was not. I scarcely know what to say. Personally, I always smoke when at work. On the other hand, no English Judge, so far as I know, has hitherto sat upon the Bench with a pipe in his mouth. If, however, our rural J.P.'s find that tobacco tends to brighten their wits or allay their prejudices and prepossessions, the interests of justice undoubtedly require that smoking should be encouraged. But there is another aspect of the case. If the Magistrate smokes may counsel and solicitors do the same? If so, may the prisoner (an innocent man until convicted) also smoke?

I understand that a petition has been forwarded to the Home Secretary for the remission of a sentence passed by two Justices at Amersham. It is decidedly a case for Mr. Asquith's intervention. John Lee, aged nineteen, was charged before Messrs. T. B. Grove and J. W. Garrett Pegg with having grubbed up a number of furze-stalks, valued at five shillings, in a certain wood. There had been no previous conviction or even charge of any kind against Lee, and his mother offered to pay the damage and begged the Bench to let her boy off with a fine. The Bench, however, were inexorable. In their eyes it was "a serious thing to go into a wood and do damage there," and they committed Lee to gaol for twenty-one days. I should like to know who Mr. T. B. Grove is, and how he ever came to be entrusted with powers which he is obviously unfitted to exercise. Perhaps somebody in the locality will tell me.

Another similar example of Justices' justice is reported from Midhurst, where two men named Mitchell and Collins were each sentenced to a month's hard labour for cutting and uprooting furze belonging to Lady Lanerton, at Redford Common. Since these cases were tried, the death of Lady Lanerton has been announced, and I am informed that the property in question has been inherited by Colonel Lascelles. If the statement of the *Midhurst Times* is correct, Colonel Lascelles was one of the Magistrates on the Bench when Collins and Mitchell were dealt with. He may not have been at that time legally disqualified from adjudicating, but most people will agree with me that he was morally.

A word to my provincial contemporaries. When Recorders and Magistrates write to me in reference to their appearance in the "Pillory," they almost invariably complain of shocking inaccuracies in the local newspaper reports of the cases. As I know perfectly well that the reporter is often burdened with blunders which are not his, I take these explanations with a very considerable grain of salt. Still, I fear it is true that inexperienced scribes sometimes cause misconception by placing too much reliance on opening statements for the prosecution. My fellow-editors should impress upon their young men that their duty is to give a fair account of the evidence on both sides, and not to accept as gospel an *ex parte* speech. This would advance the reputation of the local Press for accuracy—and it would also save me some trouble.

By the way, I occasionally get letters from Magistrates explaining that though they were on the Bench they disapproved of the decision for which they were pilloried. These gentlemen think it hard that they should suffer in public estimation for the sins of their colleagues. It does seem hard, but they have the remedy in their own hands. If a J.P. considers that an injustice is being perpetrated by his brethren, he is free to express his dissent. If he prefers, however, to keep silent in order to preserve an appearance of unanimity, he ought to be prepared to take his share of the opprobrium which the Bench incur.

Mr. J. G. Langham, Clerk to the Eastbourne Justices, has written pointing out a mistake in a paragraph published on October 26, to which my attention has also been drawn by another correspondent. In condemning the persecution of an old man who, after one charge against him had been dropped, was re-arrested and sent to prison for begging, I stated that the case occurred at Eastbourne. This was an error which I much regret. The case was heard, not at Eastbourne, but at Folkestone, and the discredit of the proceedings in question should have been cast, not on the Eastbourne, but on the Folkestone Bench.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Two sentences in the High Court at Glasgow show that to the Scotch judicial mind a poor old creature who commits a house robbery is about four times as sinful as a burly brute who strikes and kicks a woman with such violence that she dies next day from his ill-usage. Most of the cases from Quarter Sessions and Petty Sessions in England and Wales are of a familiar type and speak plainly enough for themselves. I would, however, call special attention to those at Southampton, where the penalty imposed upon a woman for being drunk and using bad language is double that inflicted upon a man for seriously injuring a constable; to the reprehensible refusal of the Preston Bench to deal with a young woman under the First Offenders Act; and to the difference between the lenient treatment accorded to the game-preserver and gamekeeper convicted of abominable cruelty at Wetherby, and the drastic punishment almost invariably meted out to poachers:—

High Court of Justiciary, Glasgow. Before Lord Kincairney. Henry Woods, found guilty of culpable homicide. He knocked down, violently kicked, and otherwise ill-treated a woman named Rowley, who died from the injuries inflicted next day. Fifteen months.

High Court of Justiciary, Glasgow. Before Lord Young. Margaret Watt, an old woman, charged with stealing clothing and jewellery. Five years.

Liverpool County Quarter Sessions. Patrick Reardon, charged with maliciously wounding Annie Reardon. Bound over.

Liverpool County Quarter Sessions. Henry Lawrence, charged with stealing an overcoat. Twelve months.

Thomas Wall, charged with an aggravated assault upon his wife. Bound over.

Three young miners, charged with attempting to break into an office. Three months each.

Preston Police-court. Before Messrs. M. S. Maynard, W. B. Rideal, and T. Dodd. Michael Maloney, charged with assaulting Jane Gatridge. It was stated that he kicked her and "chucked her bodily into the street," bruising her face and bursting her nose. Fined 20s. and costs.

Preston Police-court. Before the same Justices. Lucy Wilcock, charged with stealing drapery goods. She ordered the goods in her father's name, and afterwards took the parcel from an errand-boy on his way to the father's house. It was found she had left home the day before, and had no authority to use her father's name. The Bench refused to deal with her under the First Offenders Act. One month.

Pontefract Police-court. Harry Knowles, charged with assaulting his wife. He "got her down and kicked her." Fined 10s. and costs, or fourteen days.

Southampton Police-court. Before Messrs. G. P. Perkins, T. P. Payne, J. P. Hine, and R. Chipperfield. Thomas Unwin, convicted of assaulting a constable by kicking him. The kick was in a dangerous part of the body, and the constable had been off duty and under medical treatment for nearly a fortnight. Fined 10s. and costs, or 14 days.

Southampton Police-court. Before Alderman Cooksey, Junior, Bailiff Dyer, Messrs. G. P. Perkins, J. E. Le Feuvre, R. Chipperfield, J. J. Burnell, M. Emanuel, and J. R. Smith. Ellen Finn, charged with being drunk and disorderly. She did not commit an assault, but used bad language. Fined 20s. and costs, or one month.

Bolton Police-court. James Birch charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her in the face, twisted her arm round her back, and left her lying insensible on the floor of the house. Fined 5s. and costs.

Bolton Police-court. Michael Cain charged with stealing 4 lb. of bacon from outside a shop. Fourteen days.

Trelleck Petty Sessions. Before Mr. G. G. Griffin, Rev. L. A. Rees, Messrs. R. H. Oakley and H. E. Sheppard. David Hill, farmer, convicted of assaulting Sarah Edwards and her son. He struck the son on the head and hit the woman in the mouth and knocked her down, threatening to break their necks. The Chairman said in his opinion Hill ought to go to gaol for a month. Fined £1 and costs and bound over.

Trelleck Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. Herbert Thomas, charged with trespassing for game on the estate of the Duke of Beaufort. Fined £3 and costs.

Lawford's Gate Police-court. Before Captain Belfield, Messrs. J. Yalland, E. P. Willis, and J. C. Aiken. Alfred Hartnell charged with ill-treating and torturing a greyhound by starving it. The animal was in a frightful condition and was chained up in defendant's yard. In the yard was the carcass of another dog which apparently had been starved. Fined 20s. and costs.

Bristol Police-court. Before Messrs. A. Baker and W. W. Tribe. Daniel Joseph Tribe charged with stealing two small fish from a railway-truck. He said he was out of work and took the fish for his wife and children. Fourteen days.

Pwllheli County Magistrates' Court. Before Messrs. Owen Evans, B. T. Ellis, Edward Jones, and O. Ll. J. Evans. Joseph Shannon, farmer, charged with an aggravated assault on Jane Jones. He struck her several times with a padlock, and also hit her with his fist on her head, breast, and face. Fined 20s. and costs and bound over.

Cambridge Borough Police-court. Before Mr. J. Burford and Drs. Waraker and Kenny. William Wilson and John Marshall, charged with destroying their clothes at the workhouse. They said their clothes were in a very bad state. Two months each.

Wetherby Police-court. Mr. St. John Butler and his gamekeeper, Jonathan Bartle, charged with cruelty to a cat. The cruelty consisted in setting three dogs to worry the cat, which was ultimately killed. Fined £1 and costs.

Linton Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. E. P. Frost, E. Barker, and H. J. G. Rebow. William Law charged with poaching. Committed for two months in default of paying £5. 11s. 6d.

Grantham Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Dr. Jeans, Mr. S. Bentley Rudd, Dr. Wilson, and other Justices. Alfred Wilkinson, charged on a warrant with assaulting Fanny Ogden by striking her in the face and kicking her. Fined 1s. and 10s. costs.

Hanley Police-court. Before Messrs. T. Hampton and J. Lowe. Elizabeth Latham, aged fifteen, charged with stealing coal from a cart. Fourteen days.

Hartlepool Borough Petty Sessions. Thomas Nicholson, charged with assaulting a boy by hitting him a severe blow on the head with a hammer. The lad had to be taken to the hospital. Fined 20s. and costs.

Thrapston Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. P. Mitchell, A. Mackenzie, and J. Kidney. William Smart, charged with absconding from the workhouse. One month.

Eastbourne Police-court. Before Messrs. G. H. Lawrence and A. Mayhewe, Sir A. Dent, Colonel E. W. Shaw, and Ald. W. E. Morrison. George Lowe and George Taylor, charged with refusing to perform their task as casuals at Hailsham Workhouse. Each had 120 lb. of stone to pound, and they complained of having to do this after a breakfast of bread and cold water. They asked for hot water, which was refused. Seven days each.

Penrhyndeudraeth Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Jones and W. Lonson. Ellis Jones, charged with poaching. Fined £5 and 10s. 6d. costs.

A somewhat harsh course was adopted by Alderman Sir David Evans at the Guildhall the other day in the case of a girl named Parrott, between twelve and thirteen years of age. She had been found begging, and the Industrial School Committee recommended that she should be sent to an industrial school on the ground that she had "passed no standard." Inquiries by the police showed that though the child's father had been reduced to extreme poverty, owing to an accident, he bore an irreproachable character. The man made a pathetic appeal to the Magistrates not to send his daughter away as she helped to look after his other motherless children, and the girl herself begged that she might go home. In such painful circumstances it would surely have been more wise and merciful to have allowed her to remain with her father instead of committing her, as the Alderman did, to an industrial school.

Mr. M. Huggard, a well-known solicitor at Wexford, makes some serious allegations regarding the Taghmon Bench in a letter published in a local newspaper. Mr. Huggard was engaged in a case in which a "half-drunken" gamekeeper was said to have kept a number of

people in a state of terror for several hours "by firing shots up and down the road, presenting his gun at people, firing over their heads," and swearing that he would shoot them. According to Mr. Huggard, Mr. Gibbon, J.P., the gamekeeper's employer, instead of retiring from the Bench altogether, took a seat where he was in full touch with all his brother Magistrates, and actually from this place instructed his solicitors, who appeared for the defendant. In the face of evidence which conclusively proved that the gamekeeper had been guilty of most outrageous conduct, the Bench simply contented themselves with binding him over. Contrasting this with previous decisions in the same Court, Mr. Huggard comes to the conclusion that "it is far more risky for a peasant to fire at a pheasant than for a gamekeeper to fire at a peasant." If what he says is true it certainly is.

I understand that in response to representations made to the Home Secretary and the Mayor of Leeds, the lottery of Father McAuliffe, to which attention was recently called in TRUTH has been suppressed. The matter was in this instance taken up by the Protestant Alliance. I think most people will agree that it is anything but desirable that the law should only be enforced as the result of the efforts made by one religious denomination to counteract the operations of another religious denomination. To me it is a matter of indifference whether lotteries are run by Catholics or Protestants, Churchmen or Dissenters. The law is made for all sects alike, and my view is that the law should enforce its own decrees of its own accord, and not allow itself to be used for sectarian purposes.

I am accused by a gentleman connected with Bournemouth of publishing what he terms "rot" in criticising last week the withdrawal of a summons under the Weights and Measures Act against a Bournemouth butcher. The local reports said that the Mayor ordered the summons to be withdrawn. I remarked that he had no right to do anything of the kind. This may be "rot," but it is true, as my correspondent admits. "The Mayor," he says, "could no more decide on the question than you could." Precisely. It seems, however, that the withdrawal was not ordered by the Mayor, but authorised by the Magistrate who issued the summons, "inquiry having elicited the fact that the butcher's offence was entirely unpremeditated and easily explained." If this be the true state of the case, the last state is worse than the first. What does it come to? A summons is granted at the instance of a public Inspector. Before the case comes into Court the Inspector makes "inquiries," which lead him to ask to have the summons withdrawn. These inquiries were either too early or too late. Either the Inspector made a mistake when he set the law in motion, or he did not. If he did, it is due to the victim that the mistake should be set right in Court, and the Inspector officially rebuked. I have no faith in private inquiries which lead a public prosecutor, after obtaining a summons, to conclude that the offence may be "easily explained." If that be "rot," it is "rot" which in the public interest I shall be pleased to repeat at every opportunity.

A lady who had been favoured with a specially pathetic appeal from Reuben May inquired of me the other day what answer she had better make to it. I suggested that she should request Reuben to forward her a statement of his receipts and expenditure for the last year or two, and tell him that on receiving this statement she would be happy to respond to his appeal. This she did. Three or four weeks have since elapsed, but, as might be expected, no more has been heard of Reuben. If everybody whose alms are solicited by this veteran impostor would take the same course as this lady, we should very soon hear the last of the Great Arthur-street Mission.

Would the lady who communicated with me a short time ago from Ballinamallard about a swindle by means of which money had been obtained from her, kindly communicate again, as I may be able to give her some information which will be of interest to her?

I wish that the authorities of all those towns engaged in lighting their streets with electricity could transport themselves to Milan for an evening. A town better lighted is not to be found. And how is this result brought about? Not by an excessive number of lamps but by hanging them from house to house, the lamp being precisely in the middle of the street. Thus the light is diffused equally, whilst there is the additional economy of no lamp-posts being required. By the Milan system a reduction of about one-third in the number of lamps on pillars is possible, with an increased amount of light.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might with advantage give its attention to the treatment of cows and calves shipped to the western ports from Ireland. I hear from New Milford that the calves landed there are habitually muzzled so as to prevent them sucking, the object of this cruelty to both cow and calf being to make the cow appear in better condition. The Irish cattle trade, however, is not the only one, I fear, in which practices of this kind are systematically resorted to.

During the present inflated state of prices in the coal market, double shifts are being worked in many pits, with a view to the making of hay while the sun shines. It is pointed out in a provincial paper that in such cases little or no corresponding addition is made to the number of ponies in the pits, and, if that is really the case, it obviously implies that these unfortunate animals are most brutally overworked. The ordinary agencies for the protection of animals do not, unfortunately, reach the bottoms of coal mines; but Inspectors of Mines might have a word or two to say on the subject, if the Home Office would give them a timely hint.

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What now? Are a hundred industries to be crippled, and are we to look on whilst the struggle between poor men who are determined to starve rather than yield, and rich men who are determined to risk their last pound rather than do so, drags through the winter? At the present price of coal, there is no question that the old wage might be given without a loss to the coalowners. But many of them chose to enter into silly contracts, which could only be carried out without loss by reducing the men's wages. Whenever they open their pits, they will have to fulfil these contracts. Therefore, they object to open them because, whatever the present price of coal may be, they will have to deliver it at their contract price. This is at the bottom of the obstinacy of the coalowners. Otherwise, they would all reopen without any reduction of wage, leaving the question of the wage in future to subsequent discussion.

I do not believe that coalowners were making excessive profits at the price of coal that ruled before the lock-out. The average selling price was 7s. at pit's mouth. Let us assume that of this 7s., 5s. went in wages to those working underground, and that the wage earned was, one man with another, 20s. per week: I think that it will not be asserted that, even if this was a bare living wage, it was a fair living wage. What increase, then, in the price of coal would be necessary in order to secure to the men a fair living wage? Taking this fair wage at 30s.; the increase would be 1s. 8d. per ton; and this, I think, the public would be ready to pay. That coal should be cheap is most desirable, but it should not be forced down to such a price that makes it impossible for the men employed in extracting it to be fairly paid.

The difficulty in securing a fair wage seems to me to be this: If all men employed in pits were to work five and a-half days per week, the amount of coal produced would not find a market. How comes this? A vast number of agricultural labourers found it difficult to get agricultural work, and therefore have become pit-men, for in this business they considered there was the most remunerative employment to be found for them. In 1886 there were 619,106 men employed; in 1892 there were 963,482. In order that the latter number should find work, the working days of the week were reduced, with a consequent reduction of wages. Now I do not think that the proposition can hold that, no matter how many men take to a particular trade, all must have a fair wage, even if, in order to effect this, each man is only to work three days in the week. Push this to its ultimate consequences, and we might arrive at the point that each man would get a fair weekly wage for working one day in the week. This would be impossible. It is evident, therefore, that there must come a moment when the system would inevitably break down.

This is why I advocate that coalowners should pay a weekly fair wage, whether the men are employed five and a-half days per week or two days. The result of this would be that pits in work would work five and a-half days, the men would get a fair wage, and those pits which, from this cause or the other could not carry on at a profit, would close. I am entirely with the men in their dispute, but I do not for this reason ask for impossibilities; and I say that to divide the wage-cake amongst any number of men who want a slice of it, and at the same time to maintain a fair wage, is an impossibility. One of two things would occur: Either the wage would, one way or another, practically be reduced below what is fair, or the demand for coal would go down and industries dependent upon its price would have to stop. I am no fanatical believer in all the theories of political economy, but I believe that two and two make four, and can neither make three nor five.

All this, however, could wait. The burning question of the moment is to re-open the pits. At present prices, as I have said, no reduction in wage is needed, and it really is a reflection upon our civilisation that the struggle between men and masters should drag on solely because the latter made foolish contracts. At what price did the Midland Company place its coal contracts? At seven shillings per ton, I am told. But the Midland must have known that this involved, either loss to the contractors, or reduction of the coal-winners' wage. At the same time, this wondrous Company, by raising the cost of transport for long distances, and reducing it for short distances, almost closed the London market to the Midlands. The Company is now paying fifteen shillings per ton for its coal, and its traffics are falling off. It has not, therefore, gained by its tactics. I would pass a short Act rescinding all contracts made with coalowners that can only be fulfilled at a loss if men's wages are not reduced, for these are sweating contracts.

To my thinking, this coal question is a convincing proof of the necessity of Home Rule all round. If ever there was a matter on which representatives of a country should at once legislate, it is this. But the matter is a most difficult one. Legislation ought not to be hasty; to be sound there would have to be discussion and deliberation. Can the Imperial Parliament undertake the task? No. Why? Because it has not time. If we had an Imperial Parliament limited in its attributes to Imperial matters, and a Local Legislature in England and in Scotland, these two latter would be forced to devote their time at once to this great question, on which the well-being of millions and our position as a nation in the world of industry depend. Am I quite wrong in saying that I am sick of our present Constitution? The wine of to-day cannot be put in this rotten old bottle. We require, not one new bottle, but many new bottles, and those who do not perceive this, or who, perceiving it, nevertheless fold their hands and say that all is well, will awaken one day, as Mirabeau told the theorising aristocrats and the smug middle-classes when the French Revolution might have been kept within sound limits, to the abyss that is opening beneath their feet.

I do not trouble myself with names. I care not whether a man calls himself a Liberal, or a Radical, or a Socialist. I regard them all as Democrats, and the

Democratic faith is this: All law-makers elected by the people: so far as possible every British citizen an elector each locality paramount in matters that alone concern it; the Imperial Parliament master of all in Imperial matters; Government, both local and Imperial, carried on for the good of all: a recognition that this can only be done by treating social questions as involving the obligation of all to see that, so far as can be, a man ready to work shall be able to get a fair wage so long as he can work, and a pension from the collective wealth of the nation when, through age, he cannot. This, were I a candidate asking a constituency to elect me as its member, would be my profession of faith.

Since referring to the matter on the 12th ult., I have heard a good deal more about the British Hospitals at Constantinople and Smyrna, more especially the latter. A Liverpool correspondent has been good enough to compile for me a return of the dues paid during 1892 by the principal Liverpool lines trading to the Levant. The totals amount to over £500 at Smyrna and £400 at Constantinople. What benefits were received in return for this outrageous tax? As I have already stated, the total number of in-patients admitted at Smyrna last year was only sixty-two. I am assured that in seven years, ending 1891, only two cases from Liverpool steamers had been treated at this hospital. One of those was actually a Smyrniote labourer, and he was treated by a French doctor, the British doctor not being at hand at the moment. The Smyrna staff appears to consist of a doctor, matron, cook, and two nurses, and there is accommodation for over thirty patients; but during one fortnight at the beginning of the present year, as to which I have evidence, there were only two patients in the building. Will it be believed that, in this state of things, a project was on foot a short time ago for removing and rebuilding the hospital at a cost of £10,000! A significant feature of this scheme was the erection of a house for the doctor.

What has become of this scheme, I cannot say at the moment. The mere fact, however, of its even having been propounded shows the necessity for some inquiry into the management of the hospital. The plain fact is that the institution is absolutely unnecessary. It dates from the time when British trade at this port was carried on by small sailing ships, which sometimes made a stay of thirty or forty days. In such a case the dues bore a fair proportion to the tonnage. In the present day, when a steamer only stops a few hours, and the entire voyage from Liverpool to Constantinople, including stoppages, is usually completed in about seventeen days, it is quite an exceptional thing for any of the crew to require hospital treatment. At the worst there is no need of two British hospitals within a couple of days' sail of one another. If Lord Rosebery would just cast his eye at these facts, and at the remarkable circumstance, shown by the last return, that the expenses have increased nearly 100 per cent. in five years, while the patients have decreased about 25 per cent., he will, I think, agree with me that, instead of being rebuilt, the institution should be closed.

To the many warnings that I have given against agencies for planting "farm pupils" in Canada, I would add yet another against those whose scene of operations is Virginia. As between the two, the balance of advantage is, if anything, in favour of the Canadian agencies. For Canada, at least, this may be said—there are in that country genuine openings for profitable farming. In Virginia there are none. The country has some attractions and advantages of its own: but the prospect of obtaining a remunerative return from land investments there is not one of them; and those who are tempted to sink capital in that direction may rely upon it that they are being invited to help some one else out of a bad bargain.

In support of these remarks, I give the following evidence supplied by an Anglo-Virginian. The writer has been settled more than twenty years in the country, and has had plenty of experience of land over here, so that he knows what he is talking about, and may be taken as a fairly independent authority:—

> A practical farmer, with the capital necessary to purchase and stock a farm here, can make more money and be incomparably more comfortable on a rented farm in England—or even Ireland. The roads here are bad, the markets are poor and difficult of access. The average tenant-farmer in England usually has a few sovereigns in his pocket. It is unusual here for a landowning gentleman to have five dollars, or to have a friend within many miles in a position to lend him that amount. The truth is that there is no more hopeless and unremunerative business in the world than average farming in Virginia. This is due not only to want of capital among farmers, but to worn-out soil, the dishonest and unintelligent labour of the negro, the poor and distant markets, and certain adverse climatic conditions. In nearly a quarter of a century I cannot recall an instance of a gentleman immigrant having made farming pay. A few have been lucky enough to get rid of their farms to advantage, or have minimised their losses by importing pupils to share them. But as a body they lose their money and depart.
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> The only persons to whom I would recommend Virginia are gentlemen with large families, limited but assured means, and country tastes. For them the country has many advantages. They are less troubled than in England by the ties of social life; the obloquy of poverty is lessened, and the pressure relaxed. But for a young fellow with no money, a hard-up governor, and gentlemanly tastes, to come here in search of a lucrative opening in life is, as we say in the Midlands, "too soft to laugh at."

Apropos of farm pupils, it may be remembered that in an article entitled "An Immaculate Farm Pupil Association," published on September 7, I put certain serious questions to Mr. Henry Howden, F.S.A., and his colleagues in the management of the "Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association," of 46, High-street, Sheffield. The Association in question claims to have been exempted by the Canadian Government from the condemnation which has been officially passed upon all agencies of this character. The evidence which I published, also backed by official authority, strongly suggested that this claim of the Anglo-Canadian Association is a false representation. I invited Mr. Howden and his colleagues to explain, if they could, how the statement in question came to be put forward, and also to clear up one or two other points which require explanation if this Association is to be regarded as an honest concern. To this invitation I have received no reply whatever. Hitherto I have refrained from further reference to the matter, because, although Mr. Howden is at Sheffield, his most active colleague, the Rev. David Armstrong, D.D., is at Mooretown, Ontario. Time enough, however, has now elapsed for me to have heard from Dr. Armstrong, and unless either he or Mr. Howden speedily makes some attempt to answer the case

against the Association, I shall form my own conclusions on what has already appeared. Having formed them, I shall also express them.

It was, I fear, in rather a weak moment that I admitted my ignorance of Dr. Hertzka and his proposed British Freeland Settlement in West Africa. For, as the result of my confession, I have been inundated with letters, and newspaper cuttings, and pamphlets dealing, and unfortunately dealing at great length, with the doctor and his proposed social experiment. To peruse all these communications was impossible, but I very pluckily tackled one of them, which professed to give a summary of what the British Freelanders call their "Social Gospel." It was not necessary, however, for me to finish even this one article; for when I read that the pioneers of the movement are to be armed with repeating rifles, revolvers, and American bowie knives, and that the aboriginal owners of the desiderated "Freeland" are to be attacked in case of any resistance on their part to their dispossession, with "a sharp fire from mortars and rocket batteries," why, I must confess that I cared to read no further. With any "social gospel" that has to be preached with repeating rifles and bowie knifes, I have not the slightest sympathy; whilst for the so-called "Freelanders" who propose to cement their brotherhood with mortars I feel something singularly akin to contempt.

If, as is assumed by those who favour the raid on the Matabele, it is the sacred mission of the British taxpayer to chastise and wipe out all powerful savage tribes which enslave or ill-treat other savage tribes, I would ask why do we overlook the state of things which has for a long time prevailed upon British territory in West Africa? On several occasions recently I have referred to the prevalence of slave-trading and slave-raiding in this Colony. Here, however, is a more impressive picture given to me by a gentleman thoroughly familiar with Sierra Leone. The italics are my own:—

> The fierce race which now darkens our frontier has never taken kindly to the monotony of a peaceful existence. They attempted not long ago to find a field for their plundering propensities in French territory, but the French, who certainly cannot be accused of indifference to the interests of their Colonies in Western Africa, promptly compelled them to move on.
>
> They now swarm on our frontier, and, encouraged by our apathy, have during the past sixteen months spread desolation over a vast tract of country. *Towns which once were prosperous are now in ashes and their inhabitants in slavery. Yet the authorities have so far made no move.* No accounts of the horrors that are being perpetrated have reached the public ear. The authorities, however, cannot plead ignorance of the actual state of affairs. Their own representative has verified the truth of the constant complaints that are being made. They are alarmed at the enormous increase of the slave trade. *They know that at Kunitki, Koranko, Fulaba, and in the neighbourhood of Heremaconnah, British subjects are being plundered and sold into slavery and that a savage warfare is being waged on our frontier.* But what answer do they make to the appeals from these unfortunate people for protection? They actually issue a proclamation and post it solemnly on a board outside the police barracks in Freetown. British rule has at last asserted itself and the terrified Sofas will now lay down their swords and begin to cultivate the arts of peace.

The tribes which commit the above-mentioned outrages and atrocities are not, like Lobengula's people, operating in a country which is theirs by right of conquest. They are raiding within the limits of one of the oldest British colonies. Why, then, is there no cry for "teaching a lesson" in this instance? The answer is simple: There is no gold in the region inhabited by these savages. They have not the misfortune to inhabit "the best country" in West Africa, and no "rich banket reef" is marked upon the map in the immediate vicinity of their head-quarters. As a consequence, no joint-stock Company proposes to exterminate them and acquire the property, no "chaplain" proclaims that a way must be made in this direction with bayonets and machine guns "for the spread of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and no Bishop preaches a war of extermination.

It is indeed time that public attention was seriously directed to the slave traffic openly carried on in British territory upon the West African Coast. I have it from a gentleman occupying an official position there that not only is the slave trade as flourishing to-day as it was fifty or a hundred years ago, but that "the best slave market in the district" is held only about four miles from Freetown, on the opposite side of the river. The existence of this market, I am also told, is and has been for years known to the Government, but only the feeblest efforts have ever been made to suppress it. We spend annually enormous sums, and we are from time to time invited to embark on the most extravagant enterprises with a view of checking slavery in other parts of Africa. The Anti-Slavery Society has just been protesting to the Foreign Office because certain provisional regulations, made for an uncivilised "British Protectorate" on the East Coast, seem to imply a provisional recognition of the slavery which is a traditional social institution in that region. Surely some of the worthy people who are so much exercised in these directions can give their attention to what is going on in one of the oldest British Colonies under the very noses of British officials.

The event of last week in the House of Commons was the speech of Mr. G. Russell on Parish Councils. It is the first time in my recollection that a Government subordinate in one Department has risen from the Treasury Bench to take the conduct of a Bill brought in by the head of another Department out of his hands, and to explain that, although he sits on the Official Bench, all his sympathies are below the gangway, and that consequently he is addressing the House as a private member. This is a new departure; as to whether it be a sound one, opinions may differ. The question that now occupies men's minds is whether Mr. G. Russell will follow his sympathies or remain separated from them by the gangway.

The Duke of Argyll has been making another of the familiar speeches in which he proves to the satisfaction of himself and the Tory papers that Mr. Gladstone is unfit to be Prime Minister. The speech reads well, for the Duke is almost the best of our public speakers. So far, however, as I follow his argument, it is that as he suspects that he is himself suffering from senile decay, Mr. Gladstone must be in the same condition. I should be the last to quarrel with the premiss, but it is separated by an obvious gap from the conclusion.

The Duke also went on to recommend a perusal of a book of his own on Ireland. I am surprised that he did not take the opportunity of referring to his book on political economy, the argument of which, together with much of the matter, he has been accused of taking without leave from a previous work by Mr. Bain. It is hardly an accusation which a champion of the rights of property ought to ignore.

A correspondent (anonymous) sends me a paragraph from some newspaper (name of newspaper not given) in which it is stated that my complaints against the S.A. Chartered Company and denunciations of that true patriot Mr. Rhodes are the result of my having been "caught a 'Bear'" in the shares of the Company, and wishing to depreciate their price in order to "cover" this "Bear." I never bought nor sold a share in the concern in my life. In years gone by I used occasionally to go in for a speculation on the Stock Exchange, but I soon found that, what with commissions, &c., I was gambling with too heavy a percentage against me to make it a good business, and for many a long year I have never been either a "Bull" or a "Bear." Very likely gentlemen in the City, who can give their entire time to this sort of business, can make it pay. I am certain, however, that those who have other occupations which take up most of their time cannot do so.

As for these Chartered Company shares, they are valueless as an investment. The Company has spent all its capital, borrowed largely, and is now engaged in a war that involves a heavy expenditure. Assume that it is allowed to retain Matabeleland, the cost of administration, &c., there would exceed any profit derived from mining. I know that of late we have been told of the vast wealth of the "reefs" in that country. It seems, however, to be forgotten that, before going to Mashonaland the Company prospected these reefs, and decided to try its luck in Mashonaland because they did not appear to be rich. The raid into Matabeleland has for its object to get persons either to subscribe to a new issue of shares, or to lend money to the Company, on statements of the wealth of that country, although, in reality, gold, neither there nor in Mashonaland, exists in such paying quantities that sane human beings will engage in mining with an obligation to pay the royalty charged by the Company. In Matabeleland, as in Mashonaland, we shall, however, have persons getting hold of claims and selling them to fools at home to work them, with the strongest probability of more money going into the mine than will ever come out.

Mr. Rider Haggard also contributes letters to the *Times* lauding Mr. Rhodes and his gang as rather higher than angels, and those who dispute this as rather lower than devils. A reference to Blue Books shows that Mr. A. Haggard, of the "Austral Company," the brother, I think, of Mr. H. Rider Haggard, modified his unfavourable opinion of Mr. Rhodes when the Chartered Company bought up him and his Austral Company with shares of the Chartered Company or of the Concessions Company, I forget which. Fraternal affection, therefore, may be at the bottom of Mr. Rider Haggard's advocacy of the Chartered Company.

The Bishop of Derry, too, has favoured the world with letters in praise of the Chartered Company. I wondered why this estimable divine should have gone out of his way and out of his Diocese to do this. I am told that his daughter recently married the Postmaster at Fort Salisbury, one of Mr. Rhodes' employés and dependent for his future career upon the Company. *Ex uno episcopo* (I hope not) *disce*, &c.

We have seen plenty of indications these last few weeks of how the Missionaries and Mission Chaplains pander to the gold-hunger in South Africa. They seem, indeed, to be as badly bitten by it as anybody. The following extract from a letter I recently received from Johannesburg points in the same direction :—

> When Sir Hercules Robinson was booming the Chartered Company, garden parties used to be given, and there a well-known missionary used to hold forth on the gold wealth of Mashonaland and the Amandebele Country. Among other things he used to tell how from any river in the country rushes could be pulled, and how the dirt from these rushes, if shaken out and washed, would yield so much gold that several ounces per diem would be recovered in this way.
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> Another of the reverend gentleman's stories used to be that as he was wandering along the banks of a streamlet in the Amandebele Country, musing upon the beauties of salvation, he suddenly came upon a number of Amandebele maidens frolicking in the water. Struck by the pastoral beauty of the scene, he paused and watched. He found that the nymphs were collecting nuggets of gold, which they put into baskets. Presently, weary of play, they came out of the water, and having selected the smallest nuggets, they threw the rest back into the stream, because the larger nuggets were the bulls and cows from which the calf, or smaller nuggets, were supposed to be bred.
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> Many other stories were told, equally wild, but all meant to excite the imagination and stimulate the craze for the possession of this El Dorado.

The other day the *Pall Mall Gazette* published an interview with a South African gentleman, who descanted in equally glowing terms on the mineral wealth of Matabeleland, and this gentleman had also got a story from a missionary who had seen "a reef of simply marvellous richness" at Buluwayo itself. This godly man was evidently another of the same type.

Sir Hercules Robinson, who was Governor of the Cape when the Rudd concession was obtained from Lobengula, and who advised that it should be confirmed, writes a letter to the *Times* singing the praises of the South Africa Chartered Company, which he concludes by saying that his views are not influenced by any personal interests, as he has sold at a loss the few shares that he held in Mr. Rhodes' ventures. Sir Hercules figures amongst the shareholders of the Concessions Company as a holder of 2,500 shares, when that Company was brought into existence with a paper capital of four millions. Are we to understand that between what he paid (if he paid) for these shares and the price at which he sold them he was a pecuniary loser? Sir Hercules was also a shareholder in the De Beers Company, which is one of Mr. Rhodes' ventures, and he sold these shares. Did he lose money on this transaction?

We have had a good many communications in the newspapers from gentlemen puffing the Chartered Company of South Africa. In almost every case, all these gentlemen have been directly or indirectly interested in it financially. Mr. F. C. Selous has contributed "independent" puffs as a traveller, and a destroyer of lions or collector of butterflies (I forget which). It may, therefore, as well be known that in 1889 Mr Selous proposed to publish some articles proving conclusively that Mashonaland did not belong to Lobengula. Mr. Rhodes, hearing of this, paid him £2,000, and the two companions of his travels £700 each. The articles were not published, and Mr. Selous has become a strong adherent in the Press of the "rights" and virtues of the Company. *Ex uno.*

Sir Lepel Griffin has written an article in the *Nineteenth Century* entitled "England and France in Asia," which presumably sets forth the views of the school of Anglo-Indians to which he belongs. Sir Lepel starts with the proposition that "the hatred of France to the Germans is faint compared with that which they feel to England." They wish, he opines, to revenge not only Trafalgar and Waterloo, but Cressy and Agincourt. These hereditary foes have the extraordinary pretension to wish to have a share in the commerce of the East, and they have lately added to their iniquities by entering into an alliance with Russia, "the shadow of whose eclipse, sweeping across Persia and Central Asia until it has reached the frontiers of India and Afghanistan," Sir Lepel has sadly watched year after year. What, then, does the Anglo-Indian sage propose? That a new Asiatic Department should be created, with an Ex-Viceroy of India at its head, and four Under-Secretaries of State under him. This Department is to negotiate a defensive alliance between us and China. Fortified by the existence of an Asiatic Department, and by guaranteeing to China all her dominions, Sir Lepel thinks that we may perhaps hold our own in the East, provided that "apathy and the sordid exigencies of Party" are not allowed to darken our counsels, and that the English people will "vote a Navy sufficient for the varied requirements of this great Empire, with its sea-borne commerce equal to that of all other countries together," the Alpha and Omega of English politics being that "we must have an overwhelming Navy."

Unfortunately, however, or, as I should call it, fortunately, if this scheme were ever likely to reach the confines of practical politics, "the inherent suspicion of Europeans which inspires the Chinese Government and its obstructive and bigoted Tsung-li-Yamên, or Foreign Board, and on our side the apathy displayed towards the interests of England in the far East by the British Foreign Office, renders the task of giving effect to it difficult." That the Tsung-li-Yamên should object to our guaranteeing China against all her enemies does certainly seem foolish, although possibly the Chinese may have heard of the hen that accepted the offer of the fox to protect it against all comers. What, however, Sir Lepel would find more difficult to get over than the Tsung-li-Yamên would be the British electors, who would most expeditiously turn out of office any Ministry that concluded such an alliance.

All this wild imagining proceeds from the notion that, in some mysterious way, we are the vice-gerents of heaven in Asia, and that any European Power that seeks to extend its influence or commerce in that part of the world ought to be treated as an enemy to our divine mission. To enforce this view we should require, not only an "overwhelming navy," but an overwhelming army; and an overwhelming taxation. Within our own possessions in India we ought to be masters; outside them we have no more rights than any other European Power. These Powers would be, perhaps, wise not to meddle with what does not belong to them, but if they do annex territory, we certainly should be the very last to throw a stone at them.

SCRUTATOR.

BALDWIN, BORDERLAND, AND BALDERDASH.

The "Medium" Unmasks Himself.

"PROFESSOR" BALDWIN has not accepted the challenge which I addressed to him last week in the joint names of Mr. Maskelyne and myself. This does not surprise me. What Baldwin has done, however, surprises me greatly. In face of the report in *Borderland* of the séance which he gave, and of his own statements there reproduced as to his own powers and those of his wife, he has the hardihood to write me a long letter asserting that he has never performed as a spirit medium, or represented himself or his wife to be endowed with occult gifts of any kind. A great deal of his letter I do not feel under any obligation to publish, but that part of it which bears upon the *Borderland* article had better be given at once in his own words, in order that we may see (if possible) where we are. Mr. Baldwin's stationery, I may remark, is headed "The Butterfly Specialty Company: Spiritualism Exposed," and the Butterfly Company apparently comprises "Prof. S. S. Baldwin, the Spirit King;" "Clara Baldwin, Thought Reader;" and "Kate Russell, the Modern Witch of Endor." Such were the sources from which Mr. Stead's "Minister of religion" sought enlightenment respecting the Spirit World. Mr. Baldwin says:—

Cardiff, November 1, 1893.

Editor of "Truth,"—I believe that your sense of fairness will be such that you will willingly publish this letter as a reply to the five pages in last week's Truth wherein you denounce me as "The Latest Spiritualistic Fraud."

You are completely in error in every way. The extracts I enclose, including press notices, advertisements, &c., will show you that for twenty years I have been an open, avowed, and well-advertised exposer of spiritualism. The programme issued by me to my audiences contains these extracts:—

"The Programme

Presented by the Butterfly Coterie is one of great interest and merriment. No Company in Europe or America causes more hearty yet innocent mirth. . . . ."

"The portion of the entertainment presented by Professor and Mrs. Baldwin is mostly one of peculiar Escamoterie; duplicating the so-called supernatural manifestations of the most noted

spiritual mediums; all this, however, is shown in the bright light, and in many cases explanations are given, demonstrating exactly the secret of the most mysterious phenomena."

"Somnomancy (*i.e.*, sleep reading or dream portrayals), is a word self coined by Professor Baldwin to name the peculiar and strange results given by Mrs. Kittie Baldwin in their public entertainments. Professor Baldwin is an illusionist, or, as the French say, an *escamoteur* . . . ."

"SPECIAL EXPLANATION TO THE PUBLIC.

"Professor Baldwin wishes it distinctly understood that he does not claim that either himself or Mrs. Baldwin possesses any occult or supernatural power. . . .

"Professor Baldwin is an escamoteur and 'deceptionist,' who desires to produce an exciting, interesting, and bewildering entertainment, and all his talk must be understood as being to that effect, and must be taken *cum grano salis*.

"In the somnomancy Professor Baldwin does not claim that Mrs. Baldwin can answer all, or even any one question that may be thought of or written by people in the audience. . . .

"Professor Baldwin does not believe in the supernatural or occult. In his opinion the manifestations of the mediums, the sorcery of the vogii, and the mysticism of the Mahatmas are wonderful only because not generally understood. . . . ."

In the programme which is used every night there are ten paragraphs announcing my absolute disbelief in the supernatural or occult, my perfect disbelief in spiritualism, and my deliberate opinion that so-called spirit manifestations are produced by trickery, and are only wonderful because not understood. I can give you my printer's sworn certificate that the programmes containing these extracts are also used weekly by me as handbills, and that I have used between two and three hundred thousand of them in twelve months. You yourself are not more pronounced in your opinions as to spiritualistic work, nor do you give more or greater publicity to your disbelief than I do.

I also enclose this small "dodger" (or hand-bill) which is distributed nightly to my audiences. Note the displayed headline:—

"SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"Professor Baldwin wishes his intending patrons to understand that, while his entertainment is most bewildering and enjoyable in all its phases, yet he distinctly disclaims the possession of any occult, supernatural, or super mundane power, or the use of any such forces, by either Mrs. Baldwin or himself. Professor Baldwin, like other performers, desires to make his entertainment as exciting and bewildering as possible, but it is only reasonable to suppose that his talk and 'patter' is (*sic*) part of the necessary skill used to make his entertainment an artistic success. The talk of Professor Baldwin, or any other illusionist, must never be taken seriously. It is the business of an illusionist to deceive, and the talk is part of the deception, &c., &c."

A number of other extracts from his handbills and advertisements are here given by the "Professor"; but what I have quoted are more than enough to prove his point. But all this merely bears upon the public performance of the "Butterfly Company," which was only casually mentioned in my last article. My remarks upon Baldwin were based upon the report of the séance with the Nonconformist Minister, and that only. What does Baldwin say as to that?—

Now as to *Borderland*. I am suffering from a chronic inflammation of, and hæmorrhage from, the bladder, and a few weeks ago it laid me up completely, as it has done several times this past year. I was ill and resting; my entertainments had concluded, and I had nothing to gain by any more local notoriety. A clergyman wrote earnestly requesting an interview. He did not say why he wished to see me. I replied that I was ill, and did not care to see callers, but as he desired so much to see me I would make an exception in his case. He called on me, and in the conversation I distinctly stated my disbelief in spiritualism. I went farther, and denied the existence entirely of spirits. I said I was a materialist. During the talk the name of Foster, the medium, was mentioned, and I said that I had received a number of séances from him. The clergyman expressed his great desire to see something of the sort, so I said, "I will try and give you a duplication of one of Foster's séances. I will not make any claim of any sort; you must assume the position of an investigator, you must doubt and distrust me, and take all precautions against deception. I will, for the time being at least, assume the character of a medium. I do not believe in spiritualism, but I will give you these experiments without making any claim, and you can call it what you please. I will give you as it were a replica of a spiritual séance, and you must not take my word for anything, but use solely your own judgment." Now, bear in mind that at the time these experiments were given I made no charge, my work in the town was over, and I did not then know that the results would be published in *Borderland*. It was a pain and a trouble to me, and I did not ask, nor did I get, even one penny. Like Mr. Maskelyne in his Daffy-down-dilly séances, I assumed to be a medium (first carefully stating my disbelief in spiritualism). The clergyman, at the conclusion of the experiments, said he intended to write to Mr. Stead as to what he had seen, and I saw no reason why he should not. He had written me asking for an interview. I did not seek him, and would much rather he had not called, for I needed the rest and leisure. When he did call, I treated him courteously, and politely expressed my disbelief in spiritual forces, and at his own request gave him a duplication of a spiritual séance. He had never seen a spiritual séance, and wanted to see what he could, and I tried my best to oblige him. I admit that if I had known it would have excited him, I would not have given it, for I really liked him, and only desired to gratify him.

One thing I can say, that whatever means were used, Mr. Maskelyne's explanations are not correct; that method is far too old and worn out. This is the true history of the séance. As showing that I did not claim to be a real or true spiritual medium, but only for the nonce assumed the character (after due and fair warning), I here quote from *Borderland*, page 142, lines 58 to 62, where Mr. Stead says:—"So far from there being any desire on the part of Professor Baldwin to convince my friend as to the reality of the spirit world, he does not seem to have any belief himself in its existence."

On page 144, lines 30 and 31, the clergyman says:—"He speaks as if he were a materialist, for he cannot conceive of the existence of a pure spirit without some sort of body." In lines 39 to 43, he says:—"Going into his history" (*i.e.*, my own), "he said, 'I spent some years in America exposing the humbug attached to spiritualism, and received numerous letters from ministers of all denominations, including Henry Ward Beecher, thanking me for my exposures.'" So much for *Borderland*. Of course, I am not responsible for Mr. Stead's sensational heading to the article.

As the rest of the letter deals exclusively with the merits of Baldwin's show and Mr. Maskelyne's, with neither of which I am in the least degree concerned, I see no reason why I need trouble my readers with it. They will take for granted that Baldwin objects to my suggesting that his wife's performance is such as is frequently given "by professional entertainers," and that he very cordially reciprocates Mr. Maskelyne's opinion of himself as an illusionist. If, as he informs me, he intends shortly to bring his entertainment to London, the public will then have a sufficient opportunity of judging for themselves how far he is or is not right in his opinion both of his own show and Mr. Maskelyne's.

I had intended, as I mentioned last week, to give Mr. Maskelyne's explanation of Mrs. Baldwin's performance, which is attributed in *Borderland* to the possession of a mystic power denied to ordinary mortals. But, as I now understand that both the "Professor" and his wife emphatically disclaim the possession of any such power, and profess to perform nothing but "escamoterie" and "illusion," there is not the slightest reason for further discussing Baldwin's public entertainment. Even if Baldwin had not sent me his disclaimer, it would scarcely have been necessary for me to explain the performance at any great length. Since my last article, it has come to my notice that the clairvoyance part of the business has already been subjected to at least one exposure in the Press, and a very clever account of the whole *modus operandi* was published last June in a little Glasgow journal called *Quiz*. It would seem that at that time Baldwin did not lay quite so much stress on the purely natural character of the phenomena as he does at present, and the writer in *Quiz* states that he evidently desired to convey the impression that Mrs. Baldwin really was in a mesmerised condition when she gave her answers. However, after what Baldwin has said in his letter, it is not worth while to pursue this matter further.

Now let us come to the only matter with which I intend to deal, the "Report" on Baldwin and his wife, published in *Borderland*. Baldwin now seeks to convey that he did not pose to Mr. Stead's correspondent in any other character than that which he assumes in his pro-

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

gramme and advertisements, above quoted. This contention I absolutely decline to accept. It is true that in the passages which he cites from *Borderland* Baldwin is spoken of as a materialist, who does not accept any spiritualistic explanation of the phenomena which he produces. But it is equally true that in passage after passage of the "Report" he is represented as claiming to be the medium of some mysterious force, which operates through his hands, and enables him to answer questions the nature of which he does not know; and the séance is put forward as an exhibition of the operation of this mysterious force, and nothing else. For instance, Mr. Stead's cleric thus reproduces the account which Baldwin gave of himself:—

> For two years he gave psychic séances in private in America, charging a fee for each interview. The bulk of his receipts were those which came from his own clients who consulted him dozens of times. Men of business used to come for advice on practical matters. *The moment they entered he addressed them by name, and frequently answered their questions and told them all they wanted to know before they had spoken a single word.*
>
> HIS SÉANCES.
>
> He then described to me the way in which his séances were usually conducted. "We sit opposite to each other at the table. I get my client to write his question to some dead friend, fold it up and throw it on to the table. Then I take a sheet of paper, and *altogether apart from my own will my hand moves rapidly and writes an answer to it.* Then *in a positively miraculous way* a brief answer is written, say, in one or two words, upon the question-paper itself as it lies folded and held in the hand of the man, and that *often in the very handwriting of the dead person to whom the question was addressed.*"
>
> "*All this,*" *said the Professor,* "*is done by an inscrutable force. There is no chicanery about it and no trickery in it. What the force is I do not know.* I believe it is a natural force, the properties of which we do not yet understand. It may be electricity, or magnetism, or something akin to it." I suggested that a force which gave a rational intelligible answer to a rational intelligible question, proposed by a rational intelligent being, must itself be something more than a mere mechanical force. It must be a rational intelligent being itself. To this he cordially agreed. . . .—(*Borderland*, p. 144.)

Again:—

> He gave me a séance without fee or reward of any kind, and for no earthly object except *to satisfy my intellectual curiosity, and my yearning for a higher and deeper knowledge of this wonderful world in which we live, and the forces, the intelligences, and the powers amid which we dwell.* I was also much struck by the shrewd, practical common-sense of the man; his contempt for *the narrow bigotry of the men with shut minds, whether educated or uneducated, who can see nothing in these startling quasi-supernatural phenomena except trickery and chicanery,* and the ebullitions of the mind of a crack-brained enthusiast.—(*Ibid.*)

This is the man who now writes to me (one of "the men with shut minds"):—

> You yourself are not more pronounced as to your opinions as to spiritualistic work, nor do you give more or greater publicity to your disbelief than I do.

Here, again, are some of the cleric's concluding observations on the séance:—

> There is *no possibility of trickery, or chicanery, or deception of any kind here,* so far as I can see; and I state upon my word of honour that there was absolutely no gammon and no collusion between us; nothing but perfect sanity and sobriety of judgment, and perfect integrity and sincerity of purpose throughout. . . . I have no theory on which to account for these remarkable phenomena. *The "trick" hypothesis seems to me to be precluded by the conditions* . . .—(*Borderland*, p. 148.)

All this shows clearly enough that the person supposed himself to be witnessing a manifestation of occult force of some kind. But not only did Baldwin deceive him on this point; he also deceived him in regard to Mrs. Baldwin's powers, Mrs. Baldwin aiding and abetting the deception. I would invite the reader first to cast his eye back to the profuse published accounts, quoted above, that the whole entertainment is more "escamoteric," or deception, and compare them with the following passages of the *Borderland* "Report," professedly a reproduction of Baldwin's statements to the reverend reporter:—

> "Mrs. Baldwin is mesmerised, and gets into a kind of dream state, in which she is in a kind of hyperæsthetic condition, and is able to take in impressions, vibrations, or whatever they are, which neither she nor anybody else would be able to do in their ordinary waking state. Whatever may be the physical disturbances which are set up in the æther (or whatever else it may be that surrounds her) when a thought passes through the mind, or an event takes place in time and space, she is often, but not always, able while in this state to get an impression of it, and so to read and interpret it. . . . . She, whilst in this state of trance, is not cognisant of anything except what I tell her, and if the place was on fire she would be burned to death if not carried out, or if I did not wake her. . . . . There are only three or four people in the world" (continued the Professor) "who have so much this inscrutable power which my wife has." . . . .

This is the individual who "wishes it distinctly understood that he does not claim that either himself or Mrs. Baldwin possesses any occult or supernatural power." I defy Baldwin, or his reporter, or his editor, to find any intelligible means of reconciling those statements put into his mouth in *Borderland* with those which he makes in his public announcements and in his letter to me. Will he repudiate the *Borderland* report? Will he deny that he told his clerical dupe that he answers questions by the prompting of "an inscrutable force," the nature of which he does not know, or that he told him that Mrs. Baldwin, when giving her oracular responses under the sheet, is in "a hyperæsthetic condition," in which she is able to read the future and the thoughts of her interrogators by "the disturbances set up in the æther which surrounds her"? If he wanted to take that line, it is too late. He cannot impeach the *bona fides* of his reporter, for in an interview with a Cardiff journalist upon the last TRUTH article he describes Mr. Stead's correspondent as "a gentleman and an honest man, if ever there was one in this world." If he desired to question the accuracy of the report, he should have done it long ago. In fact, if the shuffling explanation which he now gives was to be given at all, it should have been published on the appearance of the *Borderland* "Report" in the middle of last month, three weeks before my article on the subject. Baldwin is good enough to say that "if he had known it would have excited him (his clerical friend), he would not have given the séance at all." Was a more empty attempt at self-defence ever offered? He knew that this unfortunate gentleman supposed himself to have been in communication with his deceased tutor, father, and brothers. Even if he did not perceive at the time the effect that it had had upon his mind, he could see it plainly when he read the *Borderland* article. If, as he says, he "really liked him and only desired to gratify him," why did he not at once make it plain that the whole thing was a trick, and that the only spirit which had prompted him was that of the notorious swindler, Foster? No, no, Baldwin. It won't do. You may have been for twenty years exposing mediums, but it is only too plain that on this occasion you were tempted to play the medium yourself. The consequence is that instead of the exposer you are now the exposed.

Not only did Baldwin cruelly dupe this "honest man,

MINTON'S (Limited). MINTON'S CHINA.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

if ever there was one," but he appears to have even tried to bamboozle my acute and judicious friend, Mr. Stead. The "honest man's" Report is prefaced by a letter, which Baldwin seems to have himself addressed to the Editor of *Borderland*. In this letter he explains that he was formerly a professed medium, but got disgusted with the spiritualists because they are such an incredulous set, and impose such unreasonable tests. (That stroke is really a masterpiece on Baldwin's part.) He consequently became a showman, and made money; but (he continues):—

> I have also got a sort of "don't care a damn" feeling for the ordinary run of spiritual testings. Once in a while I run across an honest man whose whole soul is aglow with a desire to investigate, in order to do more good (like the Rev. Mr. A. here), then I take pains and time for pure courtesy's sake to show him what I can; to open the doors a little (and it is only a little I can open them), into soul-land . . . Still, some day I will see you and give you some tests, and I am sure you will believe, for you do know a little [illegible].

How does this reference to the Rev. Mr. A. agree with his present contention that the séance was understood on both sides to be "a mere replica of a spiritual séance"? Whether, when Mr. Stead compares these and other utterances of the ingenuous Baldwin with those which that individual has addressed to me, his whole soul will still be aglow for a peep through Baldwin's door into "soul-land," I cannot say. But should this proffered interview ever come off, I would strongly advise Mr. Stead first to fortify himself by a consultation with Mr. Maskelyne.

As the case now stands, I can remember no more ludicrous and ignominious fiasco than this in the whole history of spiritualism and the kindred arts. Observe what it comes to. A Nonconformist divine—doubtless a very learned and a very worthy man, but as ripe for deception as a bumpkin at a fair-goes to a travelling conjuror's show. He sees a mesmerised lady under a sheet perform a "clairvoyance" trick, which, to my knowledge, has been in one form or another an ordinary feature of conjurors' shows for the last half-century. He is told over and over again by the mesmerised lady and her husband that they make no claim to mysterious or occult powers, and that the whole business is mere trick and illusion. But this is more than his reverence can believe. He interviews three persons (apparently out of about fifty) whose questions have been answered by the mesmeric lady. He finds, he says, that "there was no trickery, no collusion, and *no possibility of deception in the matter*" (*Borderland*, p. 143). You see, he absolutely insists upon endowing the mesmeric lady and her spouse with the powers which they do everything in their power to repudiate. In this frame of mind he seeks them out in private life, and then they give way, and fool him to the top of his bent. Who can wonder? In their place, I am afraid I should have been tempted to do the same thing myself. They explain to him how Mrs. B.'s hyperæsthetic consciousness is affected when the surrounding æther is disturbed by some one thinking hard in the same apartment. Baldwin—to do him justice, only after considerable pressure—consents to call five departed spirits from the vasty deep with the aid of Foster's "thought-pellet" trick. The cleric is persuaded that he has taken "a step into the unseen universe." "A new world was opened to him." In order to make quite sure on this point, he consults Mr. Maskelyne. Mr. Maskelyne obligingly furnishes him with a complete explanation of Foster's trick, and of the clairvoyance business; but it is too late. "If I accept your explanation," says the infatuated gentleman, "I must regard Baldwin as an impostor—which is impossible;" so he goes off to Mr. Stead, in order that his marvellous experience may be published, for the enlightenment of all other seekers after truth, in the columns of *Borderland*. Mr. Stead, who, whatever his weaknesses, always has a wonderful eye for business, at once perceives the importance of the discovery. He himself communicates with Baldwin, and learns that that worthy is ready to give even him—the inspired of "Julia"—a glimpse into soul-land. Fortified by this, and "a mass of newspaper cuttings," Mr. Stead is able to certify, *ex cathedrâ*, that "there is no doubt that Professor Baldwin and his wife have wonderful gifts" (though, unfortunately, he has not had time to study them personally), and, with this impressive warranty, and a dig at "the men with shut minds," like Professors Huxley and Ray Lankester, the "Puzzling Problem" is propounded to a gaping public. The problem is no sooner propounded than it is answered in TRUTH, and, without more ado, Baldwin throws over his clerical and journalistic advertisers, and admits that the answer is the correct one.

Ought we to laugh at it? Well, the funny side of it is the most conspicuous, but it has a serious side, too. There is pathos enough in the figure of the poor "minister of religion" who finds in a showman's tricks the wherewithal to combat his "proneness to scepticism," and to revive "his early faith in God, immortality, duty, prayer." There is downright tragedy in the history of hundreds of other weak-headed fools whose lives have been ruined by tricks not a degree less clumsy or transparent. The truth is that the "borderland" in which Mr. Stead is groping, and into which he blithely invites thousands of readers to follow him, is nothing more than the neutral territory between sanity and madness, as well as the traditional hunting-ground of some of the most mischievous rogues and blackguards on the face of the earth. Few persons can travel there for long without losing either their wits or their purses. It seems to me the duty of every man who has influence with his fellow-creatures to warn them away. I warn them accordingly.

THE MAN LEIGH SAMPSON.

There is a man of the name of Leigh Sampson who paints pictures, and at one time and another attention has been called in TRUTH to the methods by which he endeavours to dispose of his paintings. For some time past little has been heard of him by the public, and I had hoped that he had seen the error of his ways. As I have recently learned, however, that he is still pursuing his former course, I think it right to let the public know what sort of man he is.

Very naturally, my former references to him did not meet with Sampson's approval. He vented his feelings by bringing out a publication called the *Mongoose*, which contained nothing but his own opinions about each paragraph and article in the current number of TRUTH. It

seems that the public were not greedy to peruse Sampson's opinions about my opinions, and consequently the first number of the *Mongoose* was the last. I first heard of it in this way: I was sitting at Twickenham one Saturday night some few months ago, when, about 11 p.m., my servant brought me a letter, and said that a man was waiting for an answer outside. This was the letter:—

42, Waldemar Avenue, Fulham, S.W.
June 16, 1893.
Saturday night.

Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P.

Sir,—I cannot longer endure your attacks upon me. Although I have written and printed a paper, the *Mongoose*, I feel it is no satisfaction to my honour.

You give me a precedent for what I am about to so. Some ten to fifteen years ago, you challenged Edward Levy Lawson to fight you a duel. The coward refused. Now, sir, I challenge you, and I will fight you in this honourable way. The duel to take place in Belgium and to be fought with revolvers at thirty paces, six shots to be fired until one of us two is either dead or wounded beyond quick recovery.

My wife to second me—I have *no* other friend.

You can choose whom you like, and bring a doctor or not as you please.

You are a man of years, old enough to be my father, and if you choose to let Horace Voules fight me in place of you, well and good. I shall be glad—but I beg you, nay, entreat you to give me an answer speedily. I am going mad, and shall soon be insane unless you give me a chance to redeem my honour.

My life is of no value, I have been a pauper always, but still I have never dishonoured the name my dear father left me. I am here outside your house waiting your reply.—Your respectfully, L. SAMPSON.

I replied that I could not see the man, as he seemed to be a lunatic, and so he went away, after saying that if he did not receive an answer by Monday he should publish in all the newspapers of the country that I was a scoundrel.

The next day he called again and left the following letter:—

42, Waldemar Avenue, Fulham, S.W., London,
Sunday, June 18, 1893.

Mr. Henry Labouchere.

SIR,—Your butler last night said you had never heard of me. That is curious, considering that five times within the last fifteen months you have publicly ridiculed my efforts to gain a livelihood for myself, my mother, wife, and family, which includes ailing sisters and an unemployed brother.

I am the artist you have been so valiantly "exposing" in TRUTH!

Your ignorance of my journal, the *Mongoose*, can soon be ended, for here is a copy of the first and only number for you to read.

Need I add that, like all else I have done, it has failed to achieve success? I think you will admit, however, that I have at least *tried* to deserve it on this occasion. I wrote it with the whole of my heart.

My reason for challenging you to a duel is that you have by your attack upon me in your paper prevented me from selling my pictures and earning bread for the many I keep.

It is neither more nor less than a very cold-blooded attempt to murder me and mine by the slow process of starvation. You publicly advised, some six or seven weeks ago, that no one should buy my pictures, simply because I send out lithographed circulars asking permission to send down a work for inspection. *Now*, no one will buy of me. I enclose you also the last of my circulars, of which only one hundred were sent out. One out of that hundred reached you, and you, or one of your assistants, called it a piece of sublime audacity, and said I was unworthy of any patronage.

Is it a crime, then, to get bread for those I love?

Regarding your attack as a cold-blooded attempt to murder me, I have offered you the opportunity to show a little mercy for once in your life.

I wish to die quickly and honourably, considering your bullet a kinder friend than the Master of that workhouse to which you are driving me and mine. LEIGH SAMPSON.

I had not remembered the man's name when I received his letter, but on inquiry I learned why he was thirsting for my blood. Some of my readers may recollect the circumstances under which he has been referred to. He first came under my notice in connection with a picture which he painted representing the betrothal of the Duke of Clarence. Engravings of this were sent out in all directions by him on approval. The carriage on these parcels was not paid, and the parties who received this unsolicited compliment were not only expected to pay for it, but to pack the picture up and send it back if they did not want it. Complaints on the subject having appeared in various papers, TRUTH being one, Sampson called at this office and explained that the omission to pay the carriage was an oversight. This explanation I published at his request. Nevertheless, after a time he fell again into the same oversight, as will appear from the following letter which appeared in the *Standard* of May 26 in reference to him:—

"FOURPENCE TO PAY."

To the Editor of the "Standard."

SIR,—I advise your readers in London and in the neighbourhood if a parcel, apparently containing an engraving, reaches them by the London Parcels Delivery Company, with fourpence to pay, to give orders that the money be not paid, and to return the parcel to the Company.

A gentleman, who calls himself an artist, is occupying himself at the present moment with sending out appeals for subscribers to an engraving of a picture which he says he has recently painted. In order to accomplish his object he is good enough to enclose between two thick sheets of brown paper a reduced—and it is a very much reduced—engraving of the said picture. And, to protect himself from any unnecessary outlay, he sends it to you by the London Parcels Delivery Company without payment, the result being that when you have handed over your fourpence and opened the parcel, you find it contains what is not worth a farthing.

Would it not be as well for the London Parcels Delivery Company to exercise some discretion in cases of parcels of this description entrusted to their care in large numbers?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, M. W.

May 25.

*** We have received numerous complaints to the same effect.

Since then several correspondents have sent me lithographed appeals, in which Sampson solicits the purchase of his pictures as an act of charity to various destitute relatives who are dependent on him, and asking to be allowed to forward a picture on approval. As there seemed some discrepancy in the recital of facts on which this appeal was based, and as the man's method of procedure generally exposed him to suspicion, I cautioned those who received his circulars against regarding him as a deserving object of charity. As to the merits of his pictures, I do not know and have not said anything. This is the ground on which he thinks that I should endeavour to shoot him, and also give him an opportunity of shooting me—either personally or by deputy.

Finding that I had no desire to oblige him in this direction, he took a new line. A paragraph had appeared in TRUTH, giving some details of a local occurrence which a lady of my acquaintance had asked me to publish. To this lady Sampson addressed the following letter:—

42, Waldemar-avenue, Fulham, S.W., London,
June 20, 1892.

MY LADY,—I beg to respectfully enclose your Ladyship a copy of a journal I have designed and written, entitled *The Mongoose*.

It will be a critical dissection of TRUTH week by week.

Mr. Henry Labouchere has thought fit to occupy a position to which he is not entitled by his merits.

He aspires to be not only the Dictator of social life, but absolute Ruler of the Universe.

I enclose also a circular letter to send round asking people to subscribe, but I regret to say want of capital has prevented my paper succeeding.

As this man has thought fit to libel your relatives and friends (*vide* TRUTH, June 25, 1891), and also your esteemed husband (*vide* the number for July 23, 1891), I beg to ask you if you will assist me *privately* to establish my journal.

I have a caustic pen, my sympathies are with the Crown, and I hope to defend her Majesty (God bless her!) from the attacks of this bitter destroyer of the nation's peace.

I will follow him week after week and expose his practices in a royal fashion.

All who are slandered by TRUTH, and who can prove a good

case, shall have the use of my columns in reply to this political monster and social fiend.

I may add quite frankly that I have a personal bone to pick with this Radical Diamond. He has taken me to task, and has heaped ridicule upon me.

My profession is that of an artist, and as I have been unable to sell my pictures in the ordinary channels, I have sent out lithographed circulars asking for patronage.

Thinking me defenceless, this disloyal man has insulted me. I have twice challenged him to a duel and twice he has refused!

He is a coward, my Lady, as well as a villain.

The only way I can bring him to book is by analysing his lies and filth.

I think that with God's help I can make him smart. My pen is strong—my heart fearless.

I will either crush him or he shall me.

I am trying to raise a few pounds to fight him with. I am in a position to offer my pictures only as security, *but no risk will be attached to anybody but me.*

If I can get money I will buy a printing-press and type.

I will take off my coat and write, and I will then help to compose my denunciation.

Will your Ladyship help me? And if so, my Lady, will you see me? I could then explain my plan.—I am, with respect, your Ladyship's very humble servant,

LEIGH SAMPSON.

This was followed by a second letter again urging a request for money. "I would not dare," he says, "to adddress your Ladyship but for the fact that I am exceedingly anxious to be the Editor of that Journal."

It was not only to this lady that he applied for assistance, as will be seen from the next letter. On July 1, the following curious composition was addressed by him to my colleague, whom he had desired to have the pleasure of shooting as my substitute:—

42, Waldemar-avenue, Fulham, S.W., July 1, 1893.

MR. VOULES.—Sir,—You hate me, and you may guess *how* I hate you.

You and Mr. L. are bent upon ruining me and *degrading* my mother and sisters; you will not fight, I cannot murder you, so you have me at your mercy (!!) (?)

The more so, as my little sprightly mongoose is dead of hunger. Believing its little new-born body was not quite cold, I sought wet-nurses in the people you have joyously libelled the past two years. They are a sad crew, they are milk-less.

One among them who, from his bulk and importance, coupled with the stings you have tried to implant about his person, I thought would have been but too glad to have placed his hot teat within my infant's mouth, was approached humbly enough by me a few hours ago. I innocently begged a drink, and he somewhat rudely knocked me down and placed his hoof about my stomach.

He has a logical mind, however, and in chastising me, he generously gave his reasons.

As I am a kicker too, I have answered him with a will, and at the present moment, I doubt not, he is sorry he meddled impudently with the womb which conceived my little mongoose.

He is a dear "old friend" of yours, Sir Somers Vine, and as you are fond of fun *and interested in both of us*, I send you his letter and my humble reply.

With an expression of undying hatred for the misery you have brought about my house,—I am, yours in reality,

LEIGH SAMPSON.

Enclosed was the letter—a perfectly courteous and inoffensive one—which Sir Somers Vine had written in answer to his appeal for funds, and Sampson's reply to the letter. Thus it will be seen that Sampson writes to a man whom he thinks likely to have a grudge against TRUTH, in the hope of obtaining from him money for his own use. The person thus addressed politely declines. Thereupon Sampson writes him an impudent letter, and further relieves his feelings by sending to TRUTH a copy of the correspondence. This throws, I think, interesting light on the man. I need not trouble my readers with this correspondence, but I think I can safely say that in cherishing the belief that Sir Somers Vine was writhing beneath his sarcasms, Sampson was deceiving himself.

The receipt of this and other letters of his at TRUTH Office threw an entirely new light upon Leigh Sampson. A remarkable similarity was observed between his handwriting and that of my unknown friend, who for some weeks during last summer was amusing himself at the expense of London tradesmen by ordering them to send me goods. I therefore handed over all his correspondence to the police. They shadowed him for some little time, but found out little more about him than that he spent a considerable time at public houses and a particular chemist's shop, and in going from one to the other. Whether he really is my "unknown friend" I cannot say for certain, but appearances point in that direction; and it is a remarkable fact that after he found himself being watched, no more tradesmen were annoyed in this way. The next I heard of him was through his addressing another of his Micawber-like epistles to the same lady mentioned above. This is the document:—

42, Waldemar-avenue, Fulham, London, S.W., August 15, 1893.

MY LADY,—I have the extreme happiness and honour to inform you that a gentleman of birth and of high position has seen and read my *Mongoose*, and I am to have his support (financial and moral) in bringing out my journal. He has been persistently libelled by the Wise Man of Northampton for the past two years, and has hailed with delight the prospect of seeing this exceedingly smart engineer hoisted with his own petard.

At the end of September we hope to commence publication. I am at present contracting with the printers, and I can only say that any items of fashionable intelligence with which you may favour me from time to time shall receive instant consideration.

Every honest man and woman who are bitten by this half-insane and half-malicious ground reptile shall have the use of my columns as an antidote.

Special articles on Art, Music, the Drama, and Literature will appear each week, and while I shall see a just criticism is never omitted from a tender feeling for the author or artist, yet if the elect of Northampton goes out of his way to ridicule any honest man's honest efforts to get fame and bread, I will, with God's help, crush the lie at its wretched birth.

He has had a free hand hitherto, be mine the duty to shackle his shafts with the weights of Justice and Humanity, two principles unknown to the writers of Carteret-street.

I should like to know that the very last picture I shall ever paint, in all probability, finds favour in your Ladyship's eyes? The price of £25 is not a high one.

I am no longer in need of appealing for patronage of my brush, for my pen is a sturdier weapon, and will, if I am not greatly mistaken, find me bread and bed without begging.

I hope for an early reply, and, with great respect, remain, my Lady, your Ladyship's very obedient servant,

LEIGH SAMPSON.

P.S.—I am under promise not to reveal my patron's name at present.—L. S.

Here, it will be noted, is an explicit statement that Sampson has obtained the capital for his contemplated publication, and is making arrangements for its production about the end of September. It is also definitely stated that he has laid aside his paint-brush for good, and on this plea he endeavours to induce a lady (whom he supposes to share his sentiments towards me) to pay £25 for "in all probability the very last picture he will ever paint." What truth is there in these representations? The end of September has come and gone; the end of October has followed it; but the *Mongoose* has not yet begun to delight and instruct the public. Apparently there is no immediate probability of its doing so, for a week or two back Sampson was once more at his old game, writing in the character of "a young Liverpool painter," and endeavouring to find a purchaser for his picture on the plea that he is the sole support of a large family.

In view of this last performance, I now give this recital of my experience of Sampson, in order that all to whom he may appeal, whether to provide cash to start a news-

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paper, or to purchase a picture for the sake of his large and destitute family, may see what character of man he is, and what value is to be attached to his statements. As regards the *Mongoose*, nothing would please me better than to see this journal on its legs, and going its weekly rounds, for it is obvious that anybody who is to understand the literary masterpieces of its editor, must previously expend sixpence on a copy of TRUTH. If any one with a grudge against me, editorially or personally, desires to revenge himself by such means, I should not wish to stand in his way. I cannot, however, go so far as to recommend it as an investment. As regards the merits of his pictures, I repeat I know nothing, and I make no pretensions to be a connoisseur of such productions; but as it is obvious, from what I have said, that the artist's statements are not to be relied upon, I recommend patrons of art to judge his works solely on their merits, and to pay no attention to what he says about his starving family, until they have verified the facts from other quarters. My first impression about Leigh Sampson was that he was a lunatic. But there is too much method in his madness for it to be genuine. That he suffers from occasional attacks of mental aberration no one who reads the above samples of his correspondence can doubt. But these attacks seem to be temporary, and they are probably due to transitory causes. He has apparently lived for some time by selling his pictures on the plea of charity. Finding that game somewhat impaired, he devised an ingenious scheme for getting money wherewith to annihilate TRUTH. Those who entrust him with their money have far more to fear from him than I.

THE MAMMONITE MISSIONARY.

It is not without some reluctance that I undertake to relate the latest development of Missionary enterprise that has been brought under my notice. From a vivid recollection of former experiences I know that I shall get no thanks—not, at any rate, from the people who so lavishly furnish money for the conversion of the heathen. Such people cling with touching fondness to their own exalted ideal of the work and the workers. They refuse to see the other side of the shield; indeed, they bitterly resent any attempt to open their eyes. From time to time I have thought it desirable to point out instances in which Missionary work is more or less of a failure, or the Missionary himself something of a fraud. For this I have been furiously abused. All sorts of wicked motives have been ascribed to me. The revelation of some weak spot has been taken as an assault upon the whole system. The exposure of some erring or unfaithful members has been resented as an attack upon the whole body of Missionaries. No doubt I shall have to encounter similar treatment on the present occasion. However, my withers are not easily wrung. And the story which I have lately received from Bechuanaland throws a light upon Missionary labours in that part of the world which is really too precious to be lost.

In May last an inquiry was held by the Concessions Commission of the Bechuanaland Protectorate at Gaberones. Amongst the cases investigated was one in which the Rev. James Good, of Kanya, and a representative of the London Missionary Society, claimed a tract of land about thirty square miles in area, which had been given to him by Bathoen, Chief of the Bangwaketsi. Although a fairly copious report of the proceedings before the Commission was given in the *Bechuanaland News*, this claim by a missionary was not regarded as sufficiently uncommon to call for special notice, and was dismissed in a couple of lines. By the courtesy of a correspondent in Bechuanaland, however, I have been supplied with a copy of the official shorthand-writer's notes, and so I am enabled to present a trustworthy account of what transpired in reference to Mr. Good's claim. First of all, the grant from Bathoen was read. It was to the effect that the land in question, situated in the eastern part of his country on the Transvaal border, was given as a token of the Chief's friendship and appreciation of Mr. Good's services as teacher, political adviser, and helper of his late father, Gasitsiwe, in writing, &c.; that he (Bathoen) did it of his own accord, and with the consent of his tribe; and that the land was granted free from any tax or rental. Bathoen gave evidence confirming the statements in the document which he had signed. His father, Gasitsiwe, he explained, had made a verbal grant of the land, and, after his father's death, he himself thought it better to have a written document. "Are any of your own people, or people under you, living on that ground?" asked one of the Commissioners. "There are some," replied Bathoen; "they are Mr. Good's herds.' The only other witness was Mr. Good. After stating that he had resided for about twenty-three years at Kanya, among the Bangwaketsi, he proceeded :—

> The services I have rendered to the tribe and the chiefs I could explain plainly if you could only understand the helplessness of a native chief, especially surrounded by such people as we have in the Transvaal. Missionary work I have done. This is collateral work. In the early times we had a great deal to do with the Boers relating to cattle that came across the border. Also many more important matters; for instance, *our* quarrel with this tribe here (Ikenang). I had a lot of letters to write, and a great deal of trouble. Of course, I can say nothing about mission work. *That has no connection with this.* I wish it to be fully understood that I do not accept it for services rendered, because I consider that those services were invaluable to them. Gasitsiwe spoke to me about it for years, and I used to talk to him playfully about it. When he fell into intemperate habits, I said no more about it for two or three years, until Bathoen came into power, and then he opened the subject afresh. . . . . I looked upon it as a gift that a tribe or parish can properly give to their minister.

From Mr. Good's further statements, it appeared that he himself drew up the document which the Chief signed. But Bathoen, he asserted, thoroughly understood what he was doing when he gave the land, and he called his people together and had a huge "pitso," at which his action was acknowledged by acclamations. The ground, the Missionary added, had been recognised as "his place" for years, and he had been running his cattle on it. He had also "done a good lot of work there" with his own cattle and wagons. It would seem, however, that it was not exactly undisputed territory. "This is the piece of ground," said Mr. Good, "for which we strove with Kopani some years ago. The Chief told them they could graze their cattle anywhere round, but not on that piece of ground, because he had given that to his Missionary." Finally, it should be mentioned that, although Mr. Good looked upon his services to the Bangwaketsi as "invaluable" (an estimate in which other residents in the district do not concur), he modestly

claimed only half the quantity of land originally assigned to him by the generous savage potentate.

I am curious to learn whether the subscribers to the London Missionary Society have been aware of the "collateral work" which Mr. Good combined with the propagation of the Gospel; also whether they have been acquainted with the handsome reward which he obtained for it. Perhaps other missionary societies might do well to ascertain whether any of their representatives are in the habit of undertaking duties which, as Mr. Good said in his own case, have no connection with their spiritual work. That many missionaries are animated by none but the highest motives, and give an undivided, whole-hearted devotion to their sacred calling, I can fully believe. I know of no man for whom I have a greater admiration than for Livingstone. But I am afraid it is true likewise that there are others who do not scruple to use their position as "labourers in the Lord's Vineyard" for their own personal aggrandisement. A gentleman who has lived in Bechuanaland and other parts of South Africa for some years assures me that he has met with several such cases. When a missionary has acquired a strong influence over a native chief he is naturally subjected to strong temptations which are not always resisted. In intercourse with the chiefs, traders find it to their advantage to have the missionary on their side; and my correspondent tells me that he retained one as interpreter, at £50 a year, merely in order that the reverend gentleman should not speak against him. Concessionaires have also been known to present considerable sums to clerics who backed up their applications to native chiefs. On the other hand, a certain missionary went to such lengths in his opposition to a concession in which his mediation had not been sought, that a quarrel broke out amongst the tribe and ended in the burning of the huts occupied by the Church converts.

These views of missionary work as it is seen at close quarters scarcely harmonise with the pictures drawn for the worthy but unsophisticated folks whose cash keeps it going. Annual reports and sermons and speeches tell with much unction of the heroism with which the missionary toils, of the hardships which he endures, and of the great blessings which flow from his ministrations. But, so far as I am aware, it never by any chance leaks out that he sometimes varies his sanctified efforts for the spread of the Gospel by playing an active part in tribal affairs, that he exerts his spiritual authority in the settlement of sordid questions of concession-mongering and trade, and that not infrequently he contrives to do a good stroke of business on his own account. To dispassionated observers, these things help to explain the meagreness of the religious results obtained from the prodigious expenditure in foreign missions. It is, however, for the zealots who provide the funds to decide whether this is the kind of evangelisation for which they pay. If they are satisfied, there is an end of the matter. Outsiders can only look on, wondering at their infatuation, and pitying the waste of money, which might be far better employed at home.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

NEW PLAYS AT PARIS.

SOCIETY is coming back to town. One of the signs is given in the opening of the Petits Salons. An exhibition of International Painters, at which but two foreigners exhibit, is going on at the Rue de Sèze. Sarah Bernhardt is busy rehearsing the leading part in "Les Rois" of M. Jules Lemaître, which will have been produced by the time this reaches you. "Le Fils Naturel" is being revived at the Odéon, although Zola having published so much since Dumas fils wrote it, it is thought by a public of students and their fair friends not to be up to date. A chrysanthemum exhibition is announced for this week. Chrysanthemums are now the favourite flower. They give, I know not why, an impression of poetic melancholy, and make one think of some lovely Princess transplanted to a foreign Court who pines to death from home-sickness. There is also in them the sadness of an autumn sunset. Chrysanthemums this season have taken the place of roses in the cemeteries. On *le jour des morts* they were most used for decorating tombs, because, no doubt, they best expressed the feelings of the decorators, and were cheaper than roses.

"Le Fils Naturel" is one of the very early works of Dumas fils. He wrote it at Ste. Adresse, in the house of Alphonse Karr. When it was lent to Dumas the furniture had been removed to Nice, where Karr set up as a flower-gardener. A stretcher-bed and a chair and a basin-stand were hired by the young author. In fine weather he wrote at a garden-table with the sea before him. In wet weather he wrote on his knee. He was too uncomfortable to feel lazy, and he never penned a drama which cost him less intellectual effort. He had for a neighbour Queen Christina, and fell in love with the eldest of her three Rianzarès daughters. He might as well have thought of leaping over the moon as of marrying her, even by an elopement—which was not an unexampled proceeding in the Spanish Royal family, two sisters of Don Francisco of Assisi having run away with their husbands. But the fugitive passion stirred him up, and made him feel more keenly than he perhaps otherwise should have done the personal hardships which entered into the subject of his drama. The beautiful Contessa was destined to be married to Prince de Bauffremont-Courtenay, who is descended in the same degree from St. Louis as the Bourbons, and is not classed as belonging to the House of France, owing to the carelessness of an ancestor.

The latest theatrical skit, "Mademoiselle Carabin," is a opéra-bouffe professing to be up to date. Carabin is Quartier Latin slang. A young surgeon, Mademoiselle Carabin is therefore a medical studentess. Her name is Olga, and, like so many other young ladies who walk the hospitals, she is a Russian. Of course, she is nice and interesting. This does not prevent *Messieurs les Carabins* from caballing against her. They want all the house-student scholarships themselves, and are resentful at so many having been won at competitive exams. by "Carabines." The ringleader is one Ferdinand.

But he repents and becomes Olga's devoted ally. He is rather the admiring comrade than the lover. But an *étudiante*, which is not the same thing as a Russian studentess, Mademoiselle Nini, suspects a tender and reciprocal passion. She is no believer in Platonism. How separate the friends? By throwing an apple of discord between them. Being cunning and plausible, she manages to get them by the ears, and the quarrel threatens to be eternal. But Ferdinand is taken ill with a dangerous and extremely infectious disease caught in his hospital studies. Nini deserts him, but Olga devotes herself to him as a fellow-student and a forgiving friend. Of course, his recovery leads to a proposal, which she accepts. This can hardly be said to be up to date, since the Russian officers were passive in the hands of French ladies, who smothered them with kisses, and asked them to dance. The libretto is by Carré, and the light, trifling, and refined music by Emile Pessard.

The late Princesse Marguerite de Nemours was one of the grandchildren of Louis Philippe who had a right to the title of Royal Highness, she being born while he was still on the Throne, on her mother's birthday, February 16, 1848. But it was an empty dignity, a Revolution sweeping all her family out of their Royal situation when she was eight days old. The Duchesse de Nemours had to be left at the Palais Royal by the Duc while he was getting the widow of his eldest brother and her children to a place of safety. On her arrival in England she had no change of raiment for her infant, and was indebted to her cousin, Queen Victoria, for the baby-clothes that were so badly needed. There never was a shyer couple than both the Duc and Duchesse de Nemours, although one might have thought that her radiant, though blonde, beauty would have given her assurance. The Princesse Marguerite in this respect was like both, but more nervously timid and more apt to shrink into herself than either. The sad, secluded life that she led at Claremont and Bushey Park did not correct this hereditary peculiarity. Her capacity for self-abnegation showed itself early in her devotion to Queen Marie Amélie, who called her Antigone. She was amiable and affectionate with those she liked, but could emerge from her shell with too few persons to be at all popular. Her position, as wife of Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, of Head Lady of the Polish settlements, was a trying one to a person of her shy disposition. Poles multiplied in Paris with the development of railways, and they all found their way to the Hôtel Lambert. The health of the Princess was never strong. A worse spot than the Ile St. Louis, where she resided, could not be found in Paris for one having a constitutional tendency to consumption. The Seine encircles it. The soil is saturated with river-sewage and the infiltrations from the surface that have been going on for over eighteen hundred years, the Iles de Saint Louis and de la Cité being the oldest inhabited districts of Paris. Microbes, owing to the damp river-air, must swarm in the old walls of the Hôtel Lambert. The house is lordly, and was in the eighteenth century the abode of the luxurious Farmer-General Lambert. But I should prefer to it a fifth floor in a high, dry, and new part of the town.

Princesse Marguerite was married in the parish church of Chantilly, twenty-one years ago. The Bishop of Orleans officiated, and all the children of Louis Philippe, and grandchildren (save the Belgian and Brazilian ones), attended. Prince Ladislas was twenty-two years older than his bride. He was the widower of one of Queen Christina's three beautiful daughters by her second husband, and the father of one son, who not long ago determined to enter a religious order. If the Princesse Marguerite had been ambitious and fond of society, her life might have been a brilliant one. The Poles longed for her to take up a position as their social leader, but, as nothing was more repugnant to her than to put herself forward, she could not make up her mind to do so. Eventually she entered the tierce order of St. Dominic. Her vow obliged her to dress with severe plainness, unless when her social position and the duties arising from it compelled her to do otherwise. She leaves two sons. Adam, the elder, is called after the old grandfather, who long headed the Polish settlement here, and most nobly and generously too, and who was brought up with Alexander I. The Princesse Marguerite was sent to a healthery at Kronberg on the Taunus plateau. The air proved too keen for her, and she rapidly declined. Two of her aunts, the Queen of the Belgians and the Duchess Alexander of Würtemberg, died of tuberculosis, a disease which also carried off the brother of Louis Philippe, whose tomb is in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster. The Duc de Nemours was wrapped up in his two daughters; at his great age, seventy-nine, the death of the Princesse Marguerite must be a cruel bereavement.

Few of us are well up in Spanish art. Is this because Spain is not on the road to anywhere? I imagine that it is, the Spaniards being a most original people, and their paintings having an extraordinary savour of originality. Their masters did not paint better than the French, Italians, or Dutch, but they saw otherwise in painting, and had much to see that is only to be met with in Spain. It is not easy to make an artistic tour in that country, railways being so slow, inns so bad, and the climate so treacherous in its sudden changes from oven-heat to icy cold. But one can more than gather a notion of Spanish art and artists from a well-illustrated work just published by May and Motteroz. "La Peinture Espagnole," by Paul Lefort. The best book heretofore published on this subject is the late Sir William Stirling's "Annals of the Arts in Spain," in which he showed how they evolved from the earliest times almost to the date at which he took them up. Curiously enough, no Spaniard that I can think of, except Castelar, has taken up this subject except in a desultory and scrappy way. M. Paul Lefort has shown the patience of a Benedictine in making searches for materials for his work, in archives public and private, in collections, and in museums. A portrait by Sanchez Coëllo reveals to us where Queen Elizabeth got the idea of her monstrously big ruff and

To Overcom Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

farthingale. This portrait was taken a short time previous to the marriage of Philip II. and Mary Tudor, and is of the triumphantly beautiful Doña Juana, Philip's sister, who married a King of Portugal. It was taken to England by Philip, and sold by Henrietta Maria, with many other treasures of the Crown, to a Dutch Jew. Baron Rothan picked it up at Hamburg, and it went back after the sale of his paintings to Madrid. Juana is dressed exactly in the style adopted later by Queen Elizabeth, who may have thought the loveliness of that Princess due to her ruff and other magnificent attire. The beauty is of a luscious character, and the softly-smiling lips are particularly so. A parallel work by Alphonse Gayet, on Arab art, is not less worthy of attention. But, as the children of the Prophet banish the image of the human being from their arts, M. Gayet's work is not a mine of interesting gossip. Its value is chiefly technical. But there could be no better handbook for the subjects with which it deals.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

I AM engaged, dear Lady Betty, upon a truly monumental work; it is no less a matter, indeed, than the "Anatomy of Hospitality."

Of recent years the world has undergone so considerable a change that it is now necessary to revise all our former prejudices and principles to adapt them to the purely commercial conditions of to-day. This is then my excuse for offering to you the following amended axioms from my proposed new work:—

1. All the world's a Stock Exchange.
2. All are not hospitable who entertain.
3. Give and you shall be received.
4. Your money or your wife.
5. All the guests at a "smart" dinner are good—good for something or good for nothing.
6. A man's house is his office—his office his home.
7. When the promoter comes in at the door, prosperity leaps out of the window.
8. What is speculation for the public is peculation for the broker.
9. A "green" guest makes a fat host.
10. Bad companions destroy good company.
11. All Rhodes leads to South Africa.
12. The nearer the City the farther from gold.
13. A Company well begun is half ended.
14. Put good things into your guests at night, and they will put into your [illegible] things" in the morning.
15. Ever[illegible]

[illegible] in the quarterlies creates sensation. [illegible]pens, the excitement is therefore intensified. A paper upon the "Peerage," which appears the current number of the *Quarterly Review* has attracted exceptional attention. It is a massacre of meretricious agnates. How are the mighty fallen! The finest names of modern England are laid low, and resuscitated as mere Wilkinses, Mullinses, and Smithsons! De Montorency flies from the field of fact. Pretensions that were carried back to the Conquest are snapped asunder at mere recent dates, and disclose no more serious original ancestors than a "farmer," a "clerk to a wine merchant," a "bank manager," a "purser," a "carpenter," and a "respectable draper at Nottingham." Old names seem to have been pilfered by new people, and the titles which their bearers held have been revived for the benefit of these upon payment of almost trifling sums. Bogus monuments have been erected to commemorate bogus ancestors, who still lie with their bogus toes turned upwards towards what must even be to them a bogus Heaven. Renulphus de FitzFiddlesticks is but the son of Fiddlesticks the valet, who flourished circa 1830! And the aristocracy of Great Britain is mainly an aristocracy of glorified plebeians made magnificent with secondhand ancestors, antecedents, pedigrees, and prejudices, which they have acquired either by fraud or by purchase!

An assertion that I made several years ago has in this manner been suddenly verified. The real fine families of Great Britain are mostly to be found amongst the old Catholics, such as the Mostyns, Radcliffes, Haggerstons, Scropes, Welds, Stourtons, Blounts, Bedingfelds, Throgmortons, Stapletons, Segraves, Frazers, and many others which it is unnecessary to mention now. These have weathered conquests, dynastic struggles, and religious persecutions, and, stripped of their former power and prestige, they have kept, in retirement, the great names that were entrusted to them, moderately unblemished.

But within my own memory has there arisen a new collateral to a glorious house. For obvious reasons, real names must be suppressed. There lived in a little county town a certain Stiggins, a very worthy tradesman. Stiggins had a son, and to this son a great lady in the neighbourhood became attached. The lady went to town for the season, and Stiggins, junior, shortly followed. Here he was known as Stewart Stiggins, which, in the course of time, changed into Stiggins Stewart, and ultimately again into Stewart—*tout court*—"One of *the* Stewarts, you know." Of course, both these names are merely taken at random.

* * * * *

It was Rustem Pasha himself, the Turkish Ambassador, who complained to Lord Rosebery of the affront offered to his Sovereign in the burlesque of "Don Juan" at the Gaiety Theatre. Rustem Pasha was present at one of the performances, and, his feelings being harrowed when he saw the Sultan figuring upon the stage as a species of opéra bouffe character, he placed the matter before Lord Rosebery on the following morning. Lord Rosebery rightly took instant steps to put a stop to it; for what should we think were our Sovereign represented upon the Parisian stage as being chased about by a street boy? The only privilege that we can claim to treat others as we would not be treated ourselves rests on the ground that our utter want of good taste is a byeword throughout the world.

* * * * *

M. Decrais, the newly-appointed French Ambassador in London, who some months ago was unable to present his credentials to the Queen, is expected to arrive in England between the 15th and 20th of the month. He will be received in audience immediately after her Majesty arrives at Windsor Castle from Balmoral.

The death of Sir Christopher Teesdale, the Master of the Ceremonies, and formerly Equerry to the Prince of Wales, will be regretted by many old and deeply attached friends. He was a man of sterling character, and probably the best adviser that the Prince ever had. For the last three years he had been suffering from an affection of the heart.

After a long and painful illness Lady Birch, the wife of Sir Arthur Birch, died on Saturday morning. During

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

he past summer, the late Lady Birch had been staying at Wimbledon, but it was found necessary at any risk to remove her to London some few weeks ago, so that more continued medical assistance might be within her reach. Her death will be mourned by many, for the late Lady Birch was kindness personified. In her passage through life she had gathered friends, and friends only.

* * * * *

The tenants of the Savernake Estate testified loyalty to their old masters by welcoming Lord Frederick and Lord Robert Brudenell-Bruce upon their return last week after the decision in the Royal Courts of Justice released Lord Iveagh from his short connection with Savernake. The bands of the neighbouring villages gathered together at Bedwyn Station, the church bells were kept ringing throughout the afternoon, and at night along a circle extending over twenty-five miles bonfires were set burning and fireworks were discharged.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

AN official report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the Jockey Club has been published, from which it appears that the reasons advanced by the opponents of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's motion were in the greatest degree fatuous and absurd, and the rejection, by a majority of the members present, of this most salutary reform has unquestionably caused very general dissatisfaction. Objections, often of the most frivolous nature, have become scandalously common of late years, and it is notorious that they have very often been made solely for "sharping" purposes. Objections on the ground of qualification, or for any technical reasons whatever, should certainly be made before and not after a race, and the present system simply facilitates fraudulent practices. The reasons urged against the proposals of Mr. de Rothschild are such utter nonsense and rubbish that it would be paying them a most extravagant compliment to describe them as sophistical. It would be difficult to imagine anything more chimerical and wildly ridiculous than the notion that if such objections could be made only before a race then there would be an increased risk of horses not properly qualified being entered. The frequent and flagrant blunders which have taken place are due in a great measure to the stupid unconcern of officials of race meetings, whose faculties might very well be stimulated towards greater vigilance by a fine of £50 for every wrong entry accepted. Somehow or other plunging people always know when there is any screw loose about an entry, and it is the unwary who invariably suffer while the vermin of the turf are the winners, and as a matter of fact it has often happened that some of these vagabonds have managed matters so cleverly that they win both by the success of a horse and also by the same animal's disqualification. The favourite (for so it has usually been) would be backed "first past the post," and another animal without any such condition, and if the latter contrived to get second then those who were participating in the swindle would, of course, win all round, as they would draw their "first past the post" bets over the favourite, and then, on its being disqualified, they would win the money for which they had backed the horse which finished second. It may be hoped that next year Mr. de Rothschild will bring forward his motion again, and that the majority of the Club will by that time have recovered from the gush of imbecility by which they seem to have been overwhelmed at their recent meeting. Of course, all cases in which there was any allegation of fraud would be excepted from the operation of the proposed new rule.

It is generally admitted that Lord Durham's "Derby colt" Son o' Mine was very unlucky in his race at Kempton Park, when he was beaten by Match Box, and most good judges consider that he ought to have won cleverly. It is a curious fact that it is the success of Match Box in this race which has placed St. Simon at the top of the list of winning sires (£34,500), whereas if Son o' Mine had won then the Duke of Portland's horse would have stood at £29,500, and Isonomy, whose score is now £25,800, would have been credited with £30,800. Next to Isonomy comes Hampton with £18,457, and then, *longo intervallo*, come Ormonde and Melton, both being under £11,500, and their position is now of very little interest, inasmuch as the one horse has gone to America and the other to Italy. Whenever a sire either dies or is sold to go abroad, his stock are sure to distinguish themselves in an eminent degree, and I daresay that many superstitious people will be disposed to back Son o' Mine and Bullingdon for the great race of next year solely because the sire of the former is dead and the sire of the latter has left the country. As the leading favourites for the Derby are respectively sired by the three horses which head the list, it is highly probable that St. Simon, Isonomy, and Hampton will again occupy high positions twelve months hence. I would bet upon Isonomy to fill the first place at the end of 1894, for at present Isinglass looks like winning both the £10,000 stakes at Newmarket and also the Eclipse Stakes.

Castleblaney was the gross impostor of the Cambridgeshire, and it was supposed that the cracking pace had settled him, so that many people were intending to "get their money back" if he was started for the Derby Cup or for the Manchester Handicap. The horse, however, has been struck out of all his engagements, which certainly seems a most extraordinary course to pursue with him, unless he has gone amiss in some way. He was backed at Newmarket for many thousands of pounds, having been months in reserve for the Cambridgeshire, and he had received a most careful preparation, so that any one would have thought that after so much trouble had been taken, and so much time had been wasted, he would have been given another chance, for it must surely have been ascertained that he was at his best before he was backed at Newmarket, and now he is thrown up, and very likely when he is wanted next year it will be found that whatever form he ever had has finally departed.

The Princess of Wales's Stakes of £10,000 and the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000, both of which races are to be run at Newmarket in 1896, failed to fill when they were originally advertised, but, having been reopened with slightly altered conditions, the stipulated number of entries has now been obtained. Of course, all the most highly-bred foals and yearlings have been engaged, but the notable and significant feature in the entries is the scanty patronage which has been accorded to these races by the public breeders, although they were tempted with a bait of £400 for the nominator of the winner of each stake, and of £200 for the nominator of the second.

Sir Tatton Sykes, who is certainly at the head of the public breeders, has engaged nothing, and Mr. J. S. Harrison has only three entries alto[illegible]r. This abstention is very satisfactory, because [illegible] probably lead managers of [illegible] ridiculous and gross[illegible]

[redacted]

[illegible]s the [illegible]

[illegible]n the Liverpool [illegible] tances, representing eleven st[illegible] there is an end to this handicap as an important betting race. The Cup has been gradually collapsing for several years past, its place having been taken by the Manchester November Handicap, which now excites a great deal more

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general interest and very much heavier speculation. Prisoner is very much fancied at Newmarket, and he will probably start at very short odds, but I do not believe that Lord Cadogan's horse can give 8 lb. to Lord Penrhyn's Quastitum, who showed at Lincoln that he is now in good form, and I shall anticipate his success.

There will be racing next week at Derby on three days, and at Lewes on two days. There are sure to be very large fields at both meetings, and some excellent sport may be expected, but backers will do well to be exceedingly cautious in their speculations, as Derby, in particular, has usually proved a veritable Moscow campaign for them. The Duke of Devonshire's colours ought to be worth following whenever his horses are fancied, as several of them have been in reserve all the autumn for their Derby engagements, as their owner is very anxious to win some races at his "home" meeting.

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Scoones deals with the question of reform in the examinations for Army cadetships, especially with reference to Sandhurst. He pleads for the young "Achilles" who has stroked his school eight at Henley, or captained the football team, who has given his muscle for the honour of the school, and who finds himself in no better position than the puny stripling who has passed the medical examination. He proposes that marks should be given for athletic abilities by means of a riding and a gymnastic examination, oblivious of the fact that the football-player or oarsman is often comparatively useless as a gymnast. Then the stroke is by no means the strongest man in the eight, and of these strokes at Henley there are generally only two, Rugby and Eton. On this score the loss to the Army is not very great. Nor is a boy sent to school to spend his muscle on its honours. If he has not sense enough to see that to get on in the world he must work, he will not be of much use in the Army or anywhere else. Wellington, unfortunately, said that Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton. This was rather hard lines on Blücher. And this remark has been the text on which complaints like those of Mr. Scoones have always been based. It has been my lot to meet a good many captains and presidents of school, college, and University football, rowing, cricket, and athletic clubs. They are either the best performers or the senior men in the crew or team. But they are no more born leaders of men than a Senior Wrangler or a crossing-sweeper. In fact, the boy or man who has the capacity to make his men work well and who looks after all the details of a club properly is the exception rather than the rule. And the exception will, as a rule, be found to be the youth who can pass examinations with credit to himself. As good an example of the average want of intelligence amongst these Achilles of the past can be found in the ridiculous rules as to training which were prevalent until a recent date. Now, it is on behalf of this very average intelligence that Mr. Scoones is fighting. He says that the public demands the cream of the public schools for the Army. But until the public assents to an increased income-tax, it will have to put up with the skimmed milk. The brilliant scholar does not trouble the Army Examiners. The boy who is good at scholarship and sports knows that he will do much better for himself by teaching than by taking a commission. When he is at the University he will make as much in the Long Vacation by teaching as the new-fledged Subaltern draws a year by pay, and after his degree is taken he is certain of a good position in a public school. If, however, he should be ambitious of military fame, he will work well enough to take a good place in the examination either at Woolwich or Sandhurst. I certainly agree with Mr. Scoones that as the difference in marks under the present system is often very small between the last successful candidate and those who follow him, physique should be of some importance. Even under the present system the remedy does not appear difficult. Instead of placing candidates according to the marks they obtain, let them be classed, and let those who attain a certain standard be admitted as at present, and then, as to the others, some would be too bad, whether Achilles or not, to be admitted under any circumstances, and from the rest those who had the better physique could be selected. Of course, parents would say that this would be another hardship, but there is no need for them to offer their weaklings to the nation. I am quite sure that neither the mental nor physical efficiency of the Army would be increased by giving candidates marks for riding straight across country or tying themselves into a knot on the horizontal bar.

The match between Blackheath and London Scottish was almost international in character. The wet weather was against the Scottish, who had to rely on their outsides, so that a draw of a try each was satisfactory. Innumerable clubs were last Saturday competing for the Association Cup in the qualifying rounds, and as the clubs have as much chance of winning it as they have of flying, I suppose that they enter to make a gate. At Cambridge athletics are in full swing, and Fitzherbert, a Charterhouse freshman, has done so well in the sprints that I hope he will not spoil himself by running a mile. Lutyens is quite good enough for that race. Both Universities are rowing their fours to-day. At Cambridge I expect First will beat Third Trinity, the holders, and the Hall will make a good fight. In fact, outside these three clubs there are no oarsmen at Cambridge. Oxford has plenty of material, and has secured the pick of this year's Eton and Radley eights. Magdalen should win the fours, but New will press them hard.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—Although the clouds which have been overhanging the Stock Markets may be said to have a silver lining in consequence of the repeal of the silver purchase enactment in the United States, it cannot be said that they show any signs of dispersing, so as to allow the sun of prosperity to shine again. The conference between the coal-owners and the miners' representatives has not resulted in any agreement, and although the proposal of the former is to be submitted to the men, there does not appear to be much hope of a satisfactory settlement. That would mean a continuation of the disastrous strikes and of industrial depression, apart from great hardship to the poorer classes. No progress has, moreover, been made with the ratification by Congress of the settlement of the Argentine National Debt concluded by the Rothschild Committee, and the trouble with the Trust Companies is more in evidence than ever. The struggle in Brazil, too, appears to be indefinitely prolonged. Thus, with the exception of a distinct improvement in the position in the States, and of a more settled outlook in the Money Market, few hopeful signs present themselves as yet.

Home Rails and the Coal Strikes.

The coal strikes altogether govern the position of the Home Railway market. If the negotiations which have been going on during the week had resulted in the termination of the disastrous struggle, there might have been a rally in the leading stocks. This prospect appears now to be fading into the dim and distant future, and it remains but to consider what will be the strike bill which the railways may have to pay. For the seventeen weeks ended October 29 the total gross traffic in the U.K. was £2,091,601, out of which close upon £1,800,000 was in goods. The lines which have suffered most are, as I have repeatedly explained, the Midland, with £677,800 decrease, the North-Western with £387,600, the Great Northern with £216,000, the Sheffield with £191,000, the Great Western with £184,000, the Great Eastern with £131,000 decrease. Granted that considerable savings have been effected in working expenses, it is evident that dividends for the current year will be severely cut down. Amongst the above-mentioned lines only the Great Western is now escaping the heavy decreases owing to the settlement of the strikes

in South Wales. The leakage of traffic on the other lines continues, although on a smaller scale than when the strikes were at their height. It must be for shareholders to decide, if they will persevere in the policy hitherto adopted by them of considering the present an exceptional trouble to be disregarded in view of the certainty that with the end of the strikes traffics will recover again; or if they will, should no agreement now be reached, part with some of their holdings. I offer no opinion on this point, but it is as well that shareholders should understand that they will have to face, owing to the losses of traffic so far made, a diminution in the half-yearly dividends at the rate of from 1½ to 3 per cent. per annum. Hitherto the "Bear" operators in the "Heavies" have been fools for their pains, as the market is almost bare hardly any real stock having been dislodged. The Southern passenger lines suffer from the same cause in their mineral traffic, and the coal war therefore affects them too. As I have pointed out repeatedly, the unfavourable position from the point of view of dividends of Brighton "A" is counteracted by the huge "Bear" account in this stock. The Brighton line, not being so largely dependent upon goods traffic, is, moreover, likely to recover more quickly from the injurious effects of the disorganisation of the industries of the country, and if there is good excuse for sticking to the stocks of the Heavy brigade to yield only, say, 3 per cent. per annum on the present price, in the hope of getting 3¾ to 4 per cent. next year, there should be even more reason for holding Brighton "A" to return only 4 per cent. on present value (with the hope of getting 5 per cent. in 1894). The South-Eastern and Chatham Companies are in a similar position, but the outlook for Dover "A" is not encouraging, as they have less to lose.

The Yankee Market after Repeal.

As usual, when an event has been looked for for some time, and speculative purchases have been made in anticipation, the passing of the Repeal Bill has induced realisations and a reaction has occurred from the top prices touched. But a substantial advance remains all the same from the low level of August last, while present values being still moderate seem to be perfectly safe for investors, provided they discriminate in the selection. For the "Bears," of whom there are many on this side, including most of the jobbers, to say that prices are too high in comparison with former years, is a very cool performance, considering that prices are now still on a lower level than at any previous time since July, 1885, with the exception of July and August last. The following statement of the highest and lowest average closing prices, since 1885, from an American contemporary, disposes of that pretence:—

	High.	Low.		High.	Low.
1886 ...	73	55½	1890 ...	74⅜	54½
1887 ...	72¼	58⅞	1891 ...	68⅜	57⅛
1888 ...	66⅞	56⅜	1892 ...	71⅛	64⅛
1889 ...	70⅜	62½	1893 ...	68¼	44⅛

The average at present is about 53, showing a rise of 9⅛ from the bottom price on July 31, but at no previous time this year before July, and at no time in seven years previous to this year was the average as low as now. Some stocks, such as Milwaukees and other of my favourites, have, of course, risen a good deal more than 9 points, owing to special circumstances. It may be that the Milwaukee traffics will not quite keep up their recent increases after the close of the World's Fair, but if, on the other hand, the October statement were anything like so favourable as the September statement from the point of view of working expenses, the position would be very promising. As regards the general outlook, there is no doubt that trade in the United States, freed from the silver bugbear, will gradually expand again. The financial position is greatly improved, the New York Banks are in a strong position, commercial bills are again saleable, and money is available for the moving of the crops. The fact that part of the stock of silver accumulated by the Treasury is now being coined into dollars is favourable, as it will increase the amount of silver in circulation and bring gold back to the Treasury. The U.S. Government can at any moment make an issue of short-dated bills, in case it should have to replenish its resources, but it is not considered necessary to issue a large gold loan. The latter point is important, as bearing on the London Money Market; for, although moderate gradual shipments of gold to the United States are probable, it is not likely to be threatened with a sudden large demand which might have caused a serious dislocation of business. The most welcome sign of a general improvement in the country would be the early reconstruction of the roads which were forced into the Receiver's hands—viz., the Northern Pacific, Erie, Reading, and Union Pacific. It will, perhaps, take some time and a good deal of trouble to terminate the Union Pacific receivership, as it is complicated by the claims of the Government. On the other hand, the Northern Pacific is now under the control of an influential group, who are determined to place it on a sound basis for the future, and to prevent the dishonesty and robbery of the past. Powerful interests are also at work with respect to the Reading and Erie Companies, and a successful reorganisation would, therefore, mean an advance in the prices of these securities, especially of Erie and Reading shares and of Reading First Income bonds. The interest on Erie Second Mortgage Bonds will, no doubt, have to be scaled down, but holders will be compensated in some other way, and there appears to be no reason to sell these at present price. Other stocks which are likely to improve are Louisville (to which special reference is made below), Denver and Denver Prefs., Norfolk Prefs., Ohio and Mississippi, Ontario, and more especially Atchison "A" and "B" bonds. I speak of investment, not of speculation, and I feel convinced that any one taking up such securities will in, say, three months have as big a profit as those of my readers who bought at the bottom of the market at the end of July, are now enjoying. Those operating in Yankee stocks should, however, always bear in mind the maxim, to buy on reactions and when the market is flat, and to sell when the market is strong. The decline in Denver Prefs. has gone quite far enough. The blow of silver repeal has fallen—there should now be a recovery if traffics at all respond to the improvement in the general outlook. Dealings have been slack in Canadian Pacifics, the usual operators in this stock having their hands full. I should like to know how the new Preference issue was placed? No official statement having been vouchsafed, the inference is that the underwriters have had to take more than they liked. The Grand Trunk September statement showing a large increase in the working expenses, was a disagreeable surprise for the market, but it seems to explain the recent dulness of these stocks, in the face of splendid traffic increases, as insiders, no doubt, knew what was coming.

Atchison.

Holders of Atchison securities cannot do better than altogether disregard the periodical "Bear" raids which are made on their property. Keene headed the most recent of these attacks, and the old dodge of making sales through London brokers in order to affect the market in New York and Boston was revived. This attempt will fail as that failed which was engineered some three weeks ago when the Ursino contingent endeavoured to create the impression that the Atchison would follow the Union Pacific into a Receivership. As I stated last week, the whole of the Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes have been renewed, and there is a steady demand for this high-class investment stock, yielding about 7⅛ per cent. per annum at 97, which will no doubt eventually raise the price to at least par in New York or 103 in London. The only interest payment of the Company which fell due on November 1 was that on these notes. There is no December interest to pay, and the next liabilities, which are due on January 1, have practically been provided for. The "Bears" of Atchison securities, who are numerous, have been assisted by some forced selling from Amsterdam, where the passing of the interest on certain Union Pacific bonds, largely held there, has

Kinahan's LL Whisky.—"The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's Glenisle Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

dislodged some stock, but that tap appears now to have dried up. According to a recent statement made by President Reinhart, the road in the month of July—its worst month—cleared all its fixed charges (including the interest on the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds). In August it cleared these with 81,000 dols. surplus; in September it showed gross earnings of 4,057,000 dols. Its net earnings for the month of September, 1892, were 1,958,000 dols. Its fixed charges per month this year, including everything, are 1,227,000 dols. Its savings in wages alone, without counting savings in other directions, in the month of September this year, were 381,000 dols. It should, therefore, largely increase its surplus in September. In October, finally, the decreases were much smaller than in September, and, with the return of confidence now in progress, increases will, no doubt, soon take the place of past decreases. The President also stated that the floating debt had been largely reduced in the last two months, and that the balance was well held. I am, therefore, inclined to agree with Mr. Reinhart's statement that "there was no reason whatever for any apprehension on the part of stockholders of the Atchison Company, or of the holders of Atchison Company's bonded obligations, either direct or indirect," and that the "Bears" of Atchison's will be badly caught one of these days.

The Louisville Deal.

A sharp decline in Louisville shares, which followed the announcement made from New York that the Chesapeke and Ohio South-Western had, after all, been acquired by the Louisville and Nashville Directors, showed how unpopular this step was with the conservative interests here. It was, however, found subsequently that the strong remonstrances from this side had at least had the effect that the Louisville shared the purchase with the Illinois Central, and that it will not entail the marketing of any Ordinary stock, the property being paid for in ten-year 6 per cent. notes. Thereupon the influential houses here, who were at first piqued at the disregard by the Louisville Board of their advice, elected to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*. They took into consideration the change which had taken place in the financial position since the scheme was first mooted two months ago, as what was then very inopportune could not be said to be so any longer. Then again, the bulk of the Huntington interest in the Road consisting of 10,000,000 dols. of Ordinary and Preferred stock and of 3,865,000 dols. of Second Mortgage bonds, is acquired at a moderate figure—viz., 4,500,000 dols., that financial magnate being at present in great straits. As the line duplicates the Louisville line from Memphis to Louisville, the acquisition will in reality give full control to the Louisville Board over the whole district; and the fact that it cements the alliance which has been growing up of late with the important Illinois Central system, is also a favourable point. Under these circumstances it remains but for the Louisville to show a recovery in traffics to justify a considerable rise on the present price. The return just issued still shows a considerable decrease, but the September statement, showing a net decrease of only 24,000 dols. against a gross decrease of 420,000 dols. was at all events extremely favourable

Foreigners and South Americans.

Spanish and Italian were in a state of collapse at one time in the week partly on the very doubtful financial outlook in these countries and partly on difficulties in the coulisse at the Paris settlement. The war in Morocco is also affecting Spanish credit, and the decision come to by the Latin Conference as to the return of Italian small silver coins is found to be less favourable than had been reported. Although prices have since recovered to some extent, the future of both stocks is still very doubtful, and readers of Truth who have followed my advice, tendered long ago, to sell out, may be well satisfied. Hungarians are down half a point, but Greeks have improved. Affairs do not look very hopeful for the moment in the South American market. Matters in Brazil are going from bad to worse, and those interested in the securities of the country are viewing with alarm the heavy outlay which is being incurred by President Peixoto for purchases of ships and war material. I expressed my surprise last week that Brazilians had not fallen more heavily, and my statement was followed almost immediately by a drop of 3 points in the bonds of 1889. Argentine Government stocks were firm at one time, but they close weaker on a fresh rise in the gold premium and the inexplicable delay in the ratification of the Rothschild settlement. Until this is officially announced there is no hope of any lasting improvement in this market. Chilians are better, although the exchange remains very low. Costa Rica bonds have again given way in sympathy with the rest of the market. Mexican Government stocks on the other hand have improved again on the further monthly remittance which has been received in Berlin towards the January interest. Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Six per Cent. Capital stock, to which I directed attention last week as a well-secured investment, yielding a return of £5. 14s. per cent. per annum, have been largely dealt in at 106, and looks like going better.

A Doubtful Canadian Railway.

In February, 1889, there was offered in London by the Steniacke Valley and Lansdowne Railway Company £50,000 of Six per Cent. Sterling bonds at 97. It was stated that the Company would receive cash subsidies from the Canadian Government and the Government of the Province of Nova Scotia to the amount of 160,000 dols., which subsidy was to be assigned to trustees as a guarantee for interest on the bonds for a period of seven years. The trustees for the bondholders are two of the Directors of the Trustees and Executors, &c., Corporation. According to Government returns the share capital subscribed was 81,340 dols., of which only 8,134 dols. was paid up, but as far as is known the line, twelve miles in length, is not yet in operation. Interest is in default on these bonds, and absolutely no information can be obtained here. Several of my correspondents have applied to the former offices of the Company, Tower Chambers, Finsbury-pavement, but Mr. Watts, who acted as Secretary, has declined to have anything further to do with the Company, and he states that he has never been paid for his services. A Mr. G. W. Mackay appears to have been a Director, and the offices are at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Trustees for the bondholders were, at the time of issue, Lord Claud Hamilton and Mr. J. D. Pender, Directors of the Trustees and Executors Corporation. Absolutely no communication has been made to the bondholders on this side of the reason of the default, and thus my warning to readers of Truth to give these small Canadian Railways, several of which have turned out swindles, a wide berth, is again illustrated. But matters cannot be left where they are. If the Trustees are not able to obtain any information, the bondholders should unite in self-protection. It is disgraceful that investors should be swindled out of their money in this impudent fashion. Will one of the Halifax readers of Truth throw some light upon the matter and name the persons who are connected with this monstrous piece of financing?

The Kaffir Circus.

The votaries of the Chartered fetish in the Kaffir Circus have been in a state of elation ever since the news of the victory over the Matabele, and of the capture of Buluwayo came to hand. Yet they are not quite happy, for the shares have not risen above 27s.-28s., and they had fully made up their mind that the first "great battle" would put them over 30s. Perhaps the view that it is not yet certain that the Company will be allowed to annex Matabeleland and that there is "many a slip, &c.," may tend to moderate their ardour. In the best of cases, a new issue of stock or a reconstruction on Rhodesian lines will have to be faced. Amongst other land Companies, Oceana have been fairly steady, but Transvaal Lands are down on the proceedings at the meeting of shareholders. The view expressed by Mr. Charles Bell

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Restores the colour. Renews the growth. Arrests the fall. Cleanses he scalp.

that the Company had not been formed with the intention of carrying on amateur farming operations, seemed to prevail amongst those present, and a poll will be taken on the point next week. In Witwatersrand Gold Mining shares dulness reigned supreme, and the changes have mostly been adverse, the only important movement being a fall of ⅜ in City and Suburban. The position of the substantial properties is, however, very favourable, and holders should keep tight hold of their shares, which may at any time make a start, especially as the weak spots in Johannesburg have now been eliminated. It remains to be seen how the October crushings will turn out, although some of these are distinctly favourable. The output of the Crown Reef of 8,104 oz. against 7,508 oz. in September is, for instance, very satisfactory, and so is that of the Glencairn of 2,151 oz. against 2,143 oz. in September. The crushing of the Afrikander Mine for last month will no doubt be announced at Wednesday's meeting. The shares are quoted at 1⅜. The Buffelsdoorn output for October is also looked for with interest, the shares standing at 1 to 1⅛. South Simmer and Jack have been in demand for the Cape at 20s., with an upward tendency. This is, as I have already stated, a very valuable deep-level Mine, the shares in which will double and treble their value when the shaft gets down on the reef. The total number of claims owned by this Company is sixty-eight, which work out to only £2,200 per claim on the capital value of £150,000; while the Geldenhuis Deep, with 200 claims and a capital of £350,000, working out at the present price of 2, to £700,000, averages £3,500 per claim. Again the other Deep-level Company known on this side, the Village Main Reef, with a capital of £132,000 (at 3¼, £429,000), and eighty-seven claims, averages £4,930 per claim. At no very distant period these Companies will probably work into the position of such older Randt Mines as Salisbury (capital value averaging £24,000 per claim), Langlaagte Estate (£22,000 per claim), Jubilee (£23,000 per claim), or Crown Reef (£14,000 per claim). This comparison will show the margin of rise existing in the case of the South Simmer and Jack. With reference to the Graskop Company, I learn that letters have come to hand from the Chairman who has visited the property and is thoroughly satisfied with prospects. The Board have cabled instructions to the manager to commence crushing at once. The "Bull" tip in New Jagersfontein Diamond shares has not yet come off. On the contrary, the October profit turns out to be only £16,650 against £25,680 in September. The shareholders of the St. Augustine Diamond Mine have passed a resolution to wind up. It seems to me that this was the only course open to them after the account given of the property by Captain Gilbert, the manager. The shares are now unsaleable at any figure; but, surely, none of my friends can be holders after all the repeated warnings I have given them. The history of this ruinous concern will forcibly remind students of German of the old ditty, "Oh, Du lieber Augustin."

Indian, Australian, and American Mines.

Prices of Indian Mines have given way on offers of a moderate amount of shares, Mysore Gold leading with a decline of ⅛, while Nundydroog, Champion Reef, and Bakaghat Mysore dropped ⅛. October crushings have, however, so far been satisfactory. Amongst Australian Mines Aladdins are firmer at 1¾ in anticipation of favourable cable advices, but Wentworth Ordinary and Priority are unchanged. Mosman and Day Dawn P.C. are the turn lower. A demand has sprang up for Carrington Gold Mining shares (Charters Towers), which have advanced to 3s., and my inquiries have elicited the fact that there is a substantial basis for this movement. It will be remembered that through the crisis in Australia operations at this Mine, where a shaft was being sunk intended to strike the rich reef of the adjoining Victoria Mine, were suspended. The following communication to a reader of Truth from a reliable source in Charters Towers explains the position:

> The Carrington Mine is at present under total exemption from work for five months, but it is likely that work will be resumed in two months' time. An underlie is sunk a distance of about 140 ft. from the straight shaft which is down about 350 ft. The underlie is on the Victoria reef 280 ft. from the surface. At 60 ft. from the straight shaft two levels are in, the S.E. level being about 70 ft., and the N.E. level being about 45 feet from the underlie shaft. The reef in the various stopes averages about 1 ft. in width, but it is not payable stone, the rich Victoria shoot of gold not having been cut. The mine is generally considered a good show, and there is every chance of a shoot of gold being met with as the reef is prospected. The maiden crushing was a failure, but this is not singular, as in most of our permanent lodes blanks are intersected.

I understand that an amount sufficient to thoroughly develop the mine has now been provided by a mortgage, and that work will have recommenced this week, the management being confident that the rich reef will be struck by further sinking of the underlie shaft. Under these circumstances those who have bought the shares at higher prices will do well to at once buy more to average before a higher level is again reached. Advices from Melbourne and Sydney report stagnation in mining shares. From Adelaide Baker's Creek were quoted at 26s. 3d. at the end of September. West Australia was receiving more attention amongst speculators, Coolgardie and its neighbourhood being the chief attraction. A large syndicate had been formed in Adelaide to prospect and take up claims in this district, and shares which cost £25 are now unobtainable at four times the money. The Ivanhoe Company had been floated in Adelaide with a capital of £15,000 in 30,000 shares of 10s., 15,000 paid up to 4s. going to the vendor syndicate, and 15,000 taken by the public at 4s. per share. For the fortnight ended September 8 the crushings of West Australian Mines were as follows:—Centrals, 139 oz.; Fraser's, 216 oz.; Fraser's South, 240 oz.; Nannines, 453 oz.; Bayley's Reward, 4,200 oz.; Hope's Hill, 175 oz. It is added that now that conservation of water is receiving every attention on the part of the Government, still greater crushings are anticipated. In American Mines, Frontinos and Linares have improved, but De Lamar and Don Pedro are down. A "tip" to buy La Plata is being passed round, but I advise my friends to ignore it. The public have already suffered enough over this concern, which has been three times reconstructed. The price is called 3d. to 9d., but a seller this week was glad to accept 2d. for his shares. These incorrect quotations are a source of great mischief, as use is frequently made of them by unscrupulous persons to fleece the unwary. Almada and Tinto are quoted 7½d. to 10½d., yet a seller at 4½d. is unable to find a purchaser. Favourable advices have been received from the Macate Gold Mine of Peru, to which I referred last week. Crushing is expected to commence in a few days, and, from the tenor of the manager's reports showing that the average of the ore runs 18½ dwt. to the ton, good results may be anticipated. The shares have been actively dealt in at 2s. to 2s. 6d. From latest advices from the Holcomb Valley property, it appears that operations had been delayed by the necessity of greater pumping power. This has now been provided, and work is to be renewed on the 15th inst. Nothing has happened to alter the opinion hitherto entertained by the experts of the prospects of the mine.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

A Victim.—These bonds are affected by reports of a possible settlement of the Debt by the Government. *S. M. S.*—Uruguay bonds are a good investment, and the November coupon is in course of payment. You should take off the coupon and have it collected, which your bankers will no doubt do for you. Hold Caratals for a good advance. The Mine you mention on the Croydon Goldfield will come round. There has been great mismanagement, but it has been put right. *Spes.*—The recent insurrection in the Province of Buenos Ayres has again put off the settlement of the Debt, but when once the settlement of the National Debt is ratified, some arrangement will doubtless also be made by the Province. *Miss Smith, York.*—No; the lotteries connected with Ottoman and Panama bonds are conducted honestly enough, but if you buy these through shady channels, you will perhaps never learn when your numbers are drawn. *J. W. W.*—If you wish to make an exchange, you cannot do better than sell your Argentine bonds and re-purchase Buenos Ayres Water and Drainage bonds at 54. These will receive, under the new settlement of the Debt 4 per cent., eventually

returning to 5 per cent, and are also Government bonds, yielding on the 4 per cent. basis close upon 7½ per cent. on the investment. But it would be preferable to await the ratification of the Rothschild settlement.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Parrot.—Both these Financial Investment Companies are adversely affected by the trouble with some of the Trust Companies, but I cannot advise you to sell at these low prices. A recovery should be probable. *P. S., Bath.*—*a.* This Exploration Company has been a great disappointment for all concerned. *b.* I should not put any more money into this concern. This undertaking, and the concern mentioned under *c*, is a class of Australian Land Companies against which I have repeatedly warned my readers, but it seems hardly advisable to sell now. There might be a chance of *c* recovering with the improvement in Argentina. The Debentures of the United States Debenture Corporation (*d*), of course, stand on a very different footing from the shares, and are a well-secured investment. Yet I suppose at present price the shares too had better be held. *Bradford.*—These Bank shares have no official quotation, but any respectable stockbroker will be able to sell them for you. I cannot recommend individual stockbrokers. *T. E.*—What you require is forwarded, but you must take care not to incur heavy law expenses, which may easily exceed the amount to be recovered. *Melita.* No reason to sell Gas, Water, and General Trusts. *W. H., Ripon.*—The Provident Association of London does not fulfil the promises of its prospectus, hence great disappointment for the bondholders. I shall refer more fully to this concern (on which I last commented in Truth of Oct. 5) shortly. *Embarrassé.*—The Corporation has apparently very few liabilities and is chiefly suffering from depreciation of securities, which may recover again. I should certain hold now. *Sutton.*—Hold your New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Four per Cent. Debenture stock, as they have an undoubted security. *Crowborough.*—High rates of deposit are not compatible with safety. Have nothing to do with this so-called bank. *W. J. S.*—The £4 per share liability in the Transvaal Mortgage Loan and Finance Company is leading holders to sell, and, as there are very few buyers about, the price has soon been forced down. The shares are £1 paid, and can be sold at about 1¼ discount. *Major, Hove.*—Have nothing to do with this so-called bank; high rates of deposit are not compatible with safety. *The Friary.*—You are quite right, these are swindlers. *W. H. P.*—You seem to be one of the few readers of Truth who have been victimised in this group of Companies. *C., Temple.*—If you remind me in good time before the next meeting of the Exchange and Hop Warehouses, Limited, I shall be glad to take the matter up. This concern should certainly be wound up.

Home Rails.

Arabian, Jeddah.—Yes, your Railway investments Nos. 1-3 are high-class and well adapted for permanent investment. 4. No reason to sell. 5. A further distribution has been announced a week ago.

American and Foreign Rails.

A. B. C.—The amalgamation of the Ohio and Mississippi and of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western is an established fact, and the new securities will be exchanged next month. Ohio shares should advance materially in consequence. *Karola.*—The issue of Canadian Pacific Preference stock in no way interferes with the security of the Four per Cent. Debenture stock, which ranks before it. Why not make a selection from my list of stocks last week under "A Selection of Investments," instead of buying Cape of Good Hope or Natal Inscribed stock? *W. L., West Brighton.*—Yes, they are a good "lock up," as sooner or later the Company will be reconstructed. *Dempster.*—Yes, the Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes are well secured, and yield 7⅜ per cent. on the investment. You cannot do better. *R. H.*—I do not think it advisable to average the Brazilian Railway stock yet, until the civil war in Brazil has entered a different phase. Of the life offices, I do not like Nos. 2 and 3, but No. 1 is a good office; you refer, of course, to the English head office. *A. W. Z., Liverpool.*—Milwaukees will no doubt improve with the rest of the list, but a big profit is always worth taking. Yes; Atchison "A" bonds and Reading Firsts are cheap. Certainly hold Norfolk Prefs. and Union Pacifics now. *T. C. S.*—No reason to sell the Norfolk Gold bonds. With the improved prospects in the States these are safe enough, and likely to recover. You must be aware that a severe crisis has just been passed through. *S. J. de St. L.*—Both Brazilians of 1889 and Central Pacifics should be held, as present prices are very low and a recovery is probable; but I should not buy more. The low-priced stocks you want you can select from the recommendations in my letter. *Brighton.*—You are mistaken; Paraguay Central Debentures are not quoted 10, they were dealt in at 14 to-day. They should be held, as sooner or later a change for the better will no doubt come about even in dishonest Paraguay. *F. J. O.*—You should hold all the Railway stocks Nos. 1-6 for an improvement. I like No. 5 least; but they will probably go better when the dividend is paid. *W. X. Y. Z.*—Hold Louisville (1), and buy more to average, see remarks under the "Louisville Deal." You might also average No. 2. Hold Nos. 3 and 4. There is nothing special against the Nitrate securities, Nos. 5-7, but the policy of the Chilian Government. No. 8 is very speculative, sell if you can. *Trio.*—The Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes at 97 yield 7⅜ per cent. on the investment, although only bearing 6 per cent. interest, because they are redeemable at 103 after five years. It is a high-class investment. *E. H.*—There seems to be a talk of a Vanderbilt deal, in which the Chesapeake and Ohio is to be included, and if that come off a rise is probable. *D. Wood.*—Whenever some reorganisation of the Erie comes about—and this will shortly be on the tapis—the holders of Atlantic Firsts will have to be dealt with, and you should hold in the hope of a marked improvement. *Two Sisters.*—Although there has been a fall in the prices of your stocks, the interest is regularly paid, and you need not have any anxiety on that score, while the prices will no doubt recover. 1. The interest on the Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds is assured for several years to come, altogether independent of the revenue. 2. City of Mexico bonds are well secured, and very cheap. 3. Both Atchison "A" and "B" bonds are good investments, and prices will recover as the position in the States improves. *C. F.*—1. No reason for selling your Mediterranean Railway bonds unless you prefer to invest your money in English stocks. 2. Yes, you had better hold your Northern Pacific First Mortgage bonds. The other American bonds mentioned are good investments. *B. J. H. E.*—Mr. T. W. Powell, of 1, Drapers'-gardens, E.C., is the London agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. You should have the stock registered in the name of the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders, of Great Winchester-street, E.C., who would undertake the collecting of the interest for you. *Parrhasian.*—Do not sell "Bears" of Yankee Rails now. You might be caught badly. After the unfavourable September statement, Grand Trunk are not very tempting. Mysore Gold are likely to recover again, but there seems no prospect of any sharp upward movement. I should not put the whole £5,000 into United States of Havana Debentures, but only £1,000 and spread the rest over some of the other stocks named, viz., Antofagasta Capital stock, Nitrate Railway debentures, De Beers Second Mortgage debentures, and Atchison Five Years Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes. *St. Stephen's.*—You will find a paragraph on the Stewiacke Valley and Lansdowne Railway in to-day's letter. I shall do my best to bring this matter home to those connected with the Company. Have nothing to with the person named. *J. W. W.*—You have no remedy. Why do you not register your holding with the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders, who will save you all the trouble. I will return to this matter next week. *Raymond.*—Certainly hold Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds. *Mammon.*—Baltimore and Ohio South-Western First Incomes should be held, as the amalgamation with the Ohio and Mississippi, which will greatly benefit them, is now an accomplished fact. *Drefald.*—You should keep Nos. 1-6 for a considerable improvement if you hold them as an investment.

Mining Shares.

Ajax, Glasgow.—I think your selection in the South African market of the Gold Mining shares Nos. 1-6 is very judicious. I do not, however, care for No. 7. *Tone.*—1. Yes, they are both a good speculative purchase. 2. Certainly hold these shares for a recovery. *Broomfield.*—Yes, Nigels, New Primrose, and Glencairns should be held for an improvement, which is probable. Hold also all the Mining shares Nos. 1-5, which are at very low prices. The Music-Hall shares No. 6 are unfavourably affected by the decision concerning the licence. There is no market for Rajah shares, and the news which I have received concerning the mine is very unsatisfactory. *B., China.* 1. Yes, there is every prospect of an advance in Mozambique shares. 2. I will bear your request in mind to quote the Mining shares in question. All those mentioned by you should be held. Prospects especially of Buffelsdoorn, Afrikander, and Glencairn are very good. 3. Yes, all the quotations are given in the *Financial News.* 4. You need but reckon the postage extra. 5. Certainly, the reports should be sent to you. 6. The Ferreira is a good mine. *Unfortunate.*—You cannot do better than to continue to plead poverty; tell them they had better make you a bankrupt. I do not think they will dare to bring the case into Court. *Rag.*—You should hold Balkis Eersteling. I do not think much of the other Mining shares. Tarapacà Water Works are a fair investment. *Medicus and N.E.*—Yes, Caratal and Holcomb Valley are likely to improve. Hold. *Ashby.*—All the eight Mining shares ought to be held for an improvement. *J. A.*—Hold Caratals. You should buy more Carringtons. See under "Indian, Australian, and American Mines." I do not like Goldfields. *G. K.*—All the Mining shares Nos. 1-6 ought to be held for a rise. No. 3 (Carrington) should be averaged at once. See under "Indian, Australian, and American Mines." *Spes.*—Judging from last advices, Transvaal Gold are worth the present price Hold the other three South African shares; I shall shortly have some information to give on them. *George W.*—1. Day Dawn P.C. are likely to improve. Have nothing to do with No. 2 as an investment. There is no market.

Industrial Companies.

Industrial.—It is a fair speculative investment, but the profits of such an undertaking must necessarily fluctuate, and it is impossible to reckon always on the same dividend. *T. T., Wandsworth.*—These are a fair speculative investment. *Poppy.*—No reason to sell these English Brewery Prefs. at present. They are not, however, quoted in the official list. *Ledger.*—I cannot obtain any reliable information concerning the German Company, and I do not see my way to advise you to embark more money in it. *Ap. Tudor.*—There is a prospect of the Brewery coming round again, and no option but to hold.

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Borwick's Baking Powder. Has been awarded Five Gold Medals.
Borwick's Baking Powder. Guaranteed to be free from alum.

Mixed Investments.

A. R. B.—No option but to hold the Brazilian stocks Nos. 1 and 2 until the civil war is over. No. 3 is a good English Brewery stock. No reason to sell No. 4 now, as matters will no doubt come round again. The Nitrate shares are cheap, but all must depend upon the future course of prices of nitrate of soda, and that again depends upon the policy which the Chilian Government may adopt. *J. J.*—Trust shares like Nos. 1-4 are at present greatly depressed through the unpleasant revelations in other Trust Companies, but I cannot recommend a sale at the present value. Debentures of Trust Companies like No 5 are perfectly safe, and should be held for permanent investment. *A. J. F.*—I should sell Nos. 1 and 2. Midland of Canada Five per Cent. First Mortgage bonds (3) are a good investment. No. 4 is rather speculative. Hold Nos. 5 and 6. The bonds No. 7 are first-rate. I do not like No. 8. Chilian bonds (9) should be held. *Taken In.*—1. The circular of the Brewery Company speaks for itself. It has no doubt suffered severely from the crisis in the States, and should now recover. 2. Shareholders in Chartered Banks are liable for an amount equal to the stock, even though paid up. 3. Hold Louisville Six per Cent. General Mortgage and Denver Fours as good investments. 4. Repeal has been accomplished, and prospects of American Rails are thereby improved. *Archipelago.*—1. I should not pick out Pennsylvania Gold bonds as an investment, and you cannot do better than buy Atchison Five Year Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes at 97, which yield 7¾ per cent. including profit on redemption, and are well secured. 2. Of course, the passing of a Veto Bill would adversely affect Breweries. No; I do not think there is anything in the amalgamation rumours. 3. A purchase of Brazilians would be highly speculative at present, but if you like to run the risk you might bag a good profit. *W. E. M.*—1. Yes; Entre Rios Railway Prefs. are a good investment. The Trust shares in question have suffered in sympathy with those of other Trust Companies with respect to which agitation is going on. I should hardly think it advisable to sell now. *Minnow.*—1. Ontario are a good purchase. Hold No. 2-4 for a recovery, but do not buy any more. *C. A.*—For the investment of your £8,000 to yield 4 per cent., you can easily make a selection from the list of twenty investments, published in last week's issue under "A Selection of Investments." At the present time, and with the aid of this list, you will, in fact, be able to obtain a return of over 5 per cent. with perfect safety. I specially recommend you the Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debentures, Antofagasta Six per Cent. capital stock, and Atchison Six per Cent. Five Years' Guarantee Fund Notes. The latter are a high-class security, yet they will yield 7¾ per cent. *S. S.*—1. There is no option but to hold, this would be a disastrous time to sell. 2. Yes, hold Cedulas. *Constant Subscriber.*—No. 1 is a good investment. No option but to hold No. 2. Sell No. 3. No reason to sell No. 4. The South American stocks, Nos. 5-7, should be held for a recovery, also the Bank shares Nos. 8-9. Entre Rios Prefs. and Ordinary (10 and 11) are a promising investment. Better hold Nos. 12-18. Sell No. 19 if you can. Hold No. 20. I do not like No. 21 and 22. Portuguese (23) ought to have been sold long ago. Now hold! Hold Nos. 24-27. I do not think much of No. 28. Sell No. 29. Hold Nos. 30-39. Louisville (40) are likely to go up again. Hold also Nos. 41-44 for a recovery. Nos. 45 and 45A are good investments. Hold Nos. 46-50. Sell No. 51 if you can. Hold No. 52-57. Sell No. 58 and 59 if you can. Hold No. 60. Against most of the stocks which I advise you to sell, I have repeatedly warned my readers long ago, when they were much higher.

Various Investments.

Silver stood a week ago at 33⅛d., and fell on the news that the Repeal Bill had became law in the States to 31½d., from which a recovery to 32⅜d. has taken place. It is quite impossible to predict what will be the upshot; it will henceforth be altogether a question of supply and demand. Amongst the so-called silver securities Peruvian Corporation stocks and Mexican Rails have declined, but Mexican Government stocks have improved. In discussing the proposed reconstruction of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency, the City Editor of the *Standard* has got hold of the wrong story. His statements about commission are absurd, as he forgets that the stock was issued at 6 discount with a cash payment to the Five per Cent. Terminable Debentures, who were pressed three times with circulars to convert into the new stock. No further progress has so far been made with the proposal for the amalgamation of Trust Companies, to which I referred last week. I still hope that some reasonable arrangement will be come to, by which the affairs of the Industrial and General Trust will, after a thorough investigation by a Committee of shareholders, be placed on a sound footing, and under capable and careful management. I am not and never have been an admirer of Trust Companies, but if shareholders do not wish to lose still more heavily, they will do well not to be carried away by the shrieking fraternity, who consider the Official Receiver the only remedy. The report of that official on the South American and Mexican Company, by the way, is instructive reading, and it is evident that the gravest mistakes were made by the directors in the conduct of this concern. I have already expressed my view of the financing of the Middlesborough Town Lands Company and of the whole group of concerns connected with it, notably the Cumberland Gap Hotel Company. Fortunately, few, if any, of the readers of Truth were, to my knowledge, interested in this mad gamble, and still madder feat of financing, and as the matter has been threshed out *ad nauseam* in the daily press, I need not take up any space with it. The traffic of the Nitrate Railways for the fortnight ended October 31 showed an increase of £29,242 over the corresponding period of 1892, and the market for Nitrate Rails is distinctly firmer at 14¾. The Primitiva Nitrate report for the year ended June 30 last showed a profit balance of £28,233, out of which the Directors have placed £10,000 to reserve and £10,000 to depreciation. No dividend was paid, nor was one expected.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES

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QUEER STORY.

UP FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"IF the Mater knows we're on the route of the procession she'll be up for it as sure as eggs. She's always talked of seeing the Lord Mayor's Show, as if it were half as good as any circus procession. Infernal old Noah's Ark survival! By George! Guard, I'll cut it, as a family invasion might blow up the whole thing."

"You mean you're going down to Dalheaton," Guard answered, with a laugh.

"No, I don't; I daren't. The old lady suspects something, and haunts Nell now like her shadow. I shall run down for a week to Thring."

"I wish we could have had them here," Guard said, with a kind of shy wistfulness.

"There's no accounting for tastes," Dick Varien replied, with a shrug. "I can fancy nothing more deadly than standing all day at a window to point out the whole Chamber of Horrors to a mother and sister."

Dick forgot that his sister was not Guard's; and besides he had not the faintest suspicion of his friend's being hard hit in that quarter. But George Guard's visit six weeks since to the Variens had hopelessly enslaved him to the sole daughter of the house, Ruth, who on her part was neither unconscious of his feelings nor of her own modified reciprocation thereof. At least, a little further acquaintance with George Guard would doubtless have turned in his favour a feeling which now wavered as

> "The swan's down feather
> That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
> And neither way inclines."

Of this crisis Guard was conscious, and he thought, or, at least hoped, that such a chance as a visit of Ruth and her mother to London to see the Lord Mayor's Show as his guest, might turn the scale in his favour. As, however, his chum had his own reasons for fearing their visit to London at this special juncture in his affairs, Guard could not ask them up in his own name. He had, nevertheless, a faint hope of their coming up spontaneously for the Show; and this hope was strengthened by the sight of Mrs. Varien's writing on a letter which arrived for Dick on the day after his departure for Thring—November 8, the eve of the Show.

Accordingly, George Guard laid in sumptuous lunch materials, accounting to his conscience for the extravagance by the plea that perhaps his sister Edith might run up from Staines for the day, as he had suggested to her. Neither his conscience nor his sister, however, was likely to be deluded into the belief that the profusion of extravagant flowers wherewith he adorned the rooms were meant for her sole gratification. Nor, again, was it a sister's train (L.S.W.) he looked out on the morning of the ninth, but the King's Cross arrivals of the trains from Mitchelsea—the Variens' station. He seemed, indeed, to have calculated to a moment the time of their arrival by

the earliest practicable train at his rooms, for at that moment his landlady knocked to announce a young lady. A young lady! She had come alone, reckoning upon the chaperonage of Dick! What was to be done? Upon finding Dick flown, she would fly also. Was there ever so tantalising a situation?

"Show her up," he stammered.

"Please, sir, it was for Mr. Varien she asked."

"Did you say he was from home?"

"No, sir. I thought he was sure to return for the Show."

"Well, show her up, and I will explain," George said, cudgelling his brains the while to think of some chaperon within immediate reach.

Accordingly, the visitor—as pretty and piquant-looking a young lady as was to be seen that day in all London—was shown up, ushered in, and found not to be Ruth! I fear George's crushing disappointment was written with ungallant plainness in his fallen face, for the young lady cried, with charmingly audacious vivacity—

"I am afraid I'm not the expected one; but, then, you see, neither are you, so we're quits! Isn't Dick—Mr. Varien—in?"

"No. He went out of town—down to Thring—on Tuesday."

"Oh, I say! He might have written. After all the trouble I had to make my escape, and to get a clear day in town to see the Show! I did so want to see the Show!" she pouted, looking forlornly round the flower-bedecked room.

Presently she brightened suddenly up, and it seemed as though a sunbeam had broken its way from behind a cloud into the murky November atmosphere of the room.

"Look here! I'll send Dick a wire, and you'll let me stay till he comes? You are expecting ladies? I can tell it by your face, and I see it in these flowers. Why not lump me with the rest, and give me a corner of a window? I'm—— Did you ever hear Dick—Mr. Varien—speak of Nell Linton?"

"I seldom hear him speak of any one else," George replied, smiling down, as an anchorite must have done, upon the winsome face upturned appealingly to his.

"Then allow me to introduce the lady to you, Mr. Guard—for, of course, you're his chum. Mr. Guard, Miss Nell Linton," making a sweeping curtsey to him as she spoke.

George made a correspondingly profound bow. "The rooms are as much yours as mine," he said, as cordially as he could, but his mind was racked by miserable misgivings. Suppose Ruth and her mother, or even Edith, were to come now, and find him tête-à-tête with this exceedingly lovely and exceedingly lively young woman. Her loveliness to them would be but an aggravation of her fastness, slanginess, and confounding audacity. He could not explain her away without disclosing Dick's secret. What was to be done? Why not say he was expecting Dick's mother? This would rout her to a certainty.

"I am expecting Mrs. Varien," he said, truly enough.

"No! Dick's mother?"

"Yes."

"I say, though, that's glorious!"

"I—I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't care to meet her just yet," George stammered, completely taken aback.

"Not as Nell Linton, of course. You must adopt me for the nonce as your friend, or sister, or cousin, or something. Won't it be jolly to take stock of the old lady without her having a notion of my interest in her? I declare it will almost make up for my missing Dick. When do you expect her?"

"I thought perhaps she might have come by the train due at King's Cross at 10.50."

"Oh, then she's not coming; for that was my train," she said, in a tone of chagrin, whereas George was absolutely relieved. "But you won't mind my staying without a chaperon, if Dick doesn't and I don't?" And without waiting for an answer she sent him off to despatch the telegram. And whilst he was away she made herself perfectly at home.

About half an hour later the landlady knocked at the door, and said—

"Please, sir, Mrs. and Miss Varien have just come up. They expected to find Mr. Varien in town. Mrs. Varien and Ruth had, after all, come by the 10.50 but were delayed by some shopping.

George only blinked blankly at the landlady till she added—

"Shall I show them up, sir?"

"Yes, yes, of course," he answered, confusedly.

The landlady had no sooner closed the door behind her, than Nell asked, breathlessly, "What's your sister's name?"

"Edith."

"Well, I'm Edith. Have I a father and mother, and where do I live? Quick!"

"At Staines. No mother."

"Do they know your people—any of them?"

"No."

"All right. I'll write a note of warning for the landlady to give Dick when he comes. Up with the curtain!"

And, indeed, at that moment the curtain went up, for the landlady ushered in Mrs. and Miss Varien. They absolutely stopped within the door, arrested by the sight of this startlingly smart young lady. Mrs. Varien was proper to austerity, while, if Ruth had a fault, it was a Quaker-like primness matching her name. To both, therefore, this almost improperly pretty young woman, with an altogether improperly fast costume and mien and expression, was a shock.

"I fear we are intruding," Mrs. Varien said with cutting coldness.

"Not at all. I half—I mean I'm so sorry for your disappointment. Dick ran down to Thring on Tuesday," George stammered so guiltily that Mrs. Varien half turned to quit the room.

"Is this Mrs. Varien, George? I have heard you speak of her so often and of Miss Varien," Nell added significantly, for she had taken in the situation at a glance of her keen grey eye. "Pray introduce me."

"My sister Edith," the wretched George said almost mechanically. He consoled himself with the reflection that Edith was sure not to come now, as the street was impassable, and she hated crowds.

Mrs. Varien, somewhat ashamed of herself, held out her hand with grudging cordiality, but Ruth showed her relief at finding that the dazzling young person was only Mr. Guard's sister, by what for her was quite an effusive greeting. The only person in the room who was neither abashed, embarrassed, nor compunctious, was the fair impostor herself. She took to her part as a duck to water, with an eager plunge of delight. She spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of Staines (which she had never seen), of its picturesqueness, its antiquity, and its convenient proximity to London. Again and again she appealed to the stupefied George, whom she took a mischievous delight in terrifying and tormenting, and played the part of sister to him so prettily and patronisingly that both Ruth and her mother got the impression that he was the most domestically amiable of men. She soon got to calling him "Georgie" even, and he expected her momentarily to pat him on the head.

"Oh, Georgie is not a bad brother as brothers go," she said airily. "It isn't every brother who would fill his rooms with his sister's favourite flowers," taking some of the choicest flowers as she spoke out of a vase, and making of them, with exquisite taste, a perfect bouquet, which she presented to Ruth. "You won't mind my giving some of your beautiful flowers to Miss Varien, will you, Georgie?" she added, at the same time winking at him with an eye which was fortunately out of sight of the other ladies. "Oh! by the way, wouldn't you like to take your things off?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Varien; and henceforth, as she afterwards expressed it to Dick, she "bossed the whole show"—even the Lord Mayor's Show to boot. She took Mrs. Varien in charge (in order to leave Ruth and "Georgie" to themselves), and proceeded to point out the celebrities of the procession with a magnificent audacity and mendacity which completely imposed on that good lady.

She kept the wretched "Georgie" in an agony lest Ruth might overhear and question some of her outrageous

nominations, as, a little later, she did. "Mr. Gladstone! Oh, which is Mr. Gladstone? I didn't see any collars," Ruth exclaimed, excitedly, upon overhearing "Edith" point out the G.O.M. to Mrs. Varien.

"I didn't see him either," George answered, helplessly.

"Surely Mr. Balfour wouldn't carry a silver golf-putter like that?"

"Hardly," he muttered.

"What! that Mr. Rudyard Kipling on the elephant? Your sister must be joking."

"Mr. Kipling is not in England," he said aloud, in warning to the irrepressible Nell.

"It was the elephant I identified," she answered, coolly. "He has probably lent it to a friend for the procession."

Henceforth, however, she was at once more guarded in her nominations and more confidential in her tone. But it was at lunch that she shone with special splendour. She took the whole entertainment out of "Georgie's" hand, and played the hostess to him as prettily and patronisingly as to the ladies. She gave him, to be sure, the credit of providing the special delicacies which he knew she liked; but, for the rest, the entire entertainment might have been at her expense, so graciously did she preside over it.

"Haven't I brought him up well?" she said, nodding over at Ruth. "They say a good brother makes a good husband; but who makes the good brother? A good sister, of course. By the way, have you got a brother to bring up in the way he should go?"

"I've got a brother, but you must ask Mr. Guard, with whom he chums, about his bringing up."

"Oh, of course! That's the 'Dick' you were talking about just now. Well, what's your report of him, Georgie? Is he likely to make a good husband?"

"He's a perfect chum," he answered, without venturing to raise his eyes off his plate. "What a devil of a girl!" he thought; "but she'll pop her head once too often in the lion's mouth, and mine with it."

"Have you but one sister?" asked Mrs. Varien, who, disapproving of this talk about husbands as indirectly improper, wished to change it.

"Yes," George replied shortly, and almost doggedly.

At this moment the landlady knocked and opened the door to make the thunderbolt announcement, "Please, sir, your sister."

"I had no idea you were having company, George, or I should have stayed with Mrs. Bernard, where I had to take refuge from the crowd. I could only get through now. I—I'm afraid I'm *de trop*," she stammered, noticing the consternation occasioned by her entry.

"This is Dick's mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Varien," George faltered almost mechanically.

"And this! Who is this, sir?" asked Mrs. Varien, choking with fury, as she glared upon the still imperturbable Nell.

"He can hardly tell you," that lady answered, "for he saw me for the first time only an hour before you came here. I came up to see the Show and a friend who did live in these rooms, but has lately left them. Finding that he was not here, and that Mr. Guard was expecting ladies, I asked him to let me see the Show under their chaperonage from his windows. It was I who suggested that he should adopt me for the nonce as a sister to avoid scandal, and he accepted the suggestion almost at the point of the bayonet when you and Miss Varien were announced."

At this incredible story Mrs. Varien literally snorted her rage and scorn. Without deigning even to look at Nell, she turned savagely on George. "Sir, you have grossly and deliberately insulted me and my daughter, and you shall answer for it to my son! Come, Ruth, the servant will fetch down our things to us in the hall."

George turned upon Ruth a look of agonised appeal which touched her, but did not convince her of his innocence against evidence so overwhelming. What! That a girl he imposed upon them as his sister was an absolute stranger to him an hour before the imposition was suggested to him! The thing was grotesquely incredible. Even to his own sister, Edith, it was incredible, but, perhaps, the dazzling beauty of the imposter weighed with her also as much against George as the facts of the case. Most certainly it did with Ruth.

"I shall go with you, if you will allow me," Edith said, turning her back upon her brother. "But pray come with me into the room to put on your things," she added, having a feminine horror of a scandal. This concession Mrs. Varien made grudgingly, and the three ladies turned to quit the lazar-house of corruption before the fatal infection could pollute them further.

Just as they reached the door Nell burst out wrathfully and vehemently with, "Well, if you must know the whole truth ——" But as the three ladies turned startled round to hear it, George interrupted the disclosure, "You have told as much as is necessary," he said, hastily, with a significant look of warning against divulging a secret which was as much Dick's as hers. This look interpreted his words in the worst possible sense to the three ladies, who made at once and angrily from the room.

Hardly had the door closed behind them when Nell, to George's utter amazement, sat suddenly down and burst into tears! It was partly, no doubt, reaction from her wild excitement of fooling Mrs. Varien; but it was chiefly the remorse of a thoroughly good-hearted girl for the mischief she had made.

"There!" she sobbed, "I—I have done for you with my idiotic foolery, and you such a good sort!"

"Never mind, Dick will make it all right," George said soothingly.

"What?" asked Dick, entering the room at that moment. He had started off at once from Thring upon receiving Nell's wire.

Nell flew to him, threw herself in his arms, and sobbed out the whole story into his very ear. "He wouldn't let me tell because of you," she wound up with.

"There is nothing for it now but confession, contrition, and, let us hope, absolution," Dick said lightly, yet with an anxious face.

Hurrying down he overtook the ladies at the door.

"I say, mother," he said, "I want you all to come back for a minute till I make things straight for Guard and—and that lady."

His mother hesitated, but Ruth hurried back to kiss her brother.

After a moment, Mrs. Varien's curiosity and affection for her son induced her to return to the polluted chamber, where Dick proceeded somewhat confusedly and incoherently to make his explanation. This was what his astonished mother heard:—

Dick had met Miss Nell Linton at private theatricals, and had played the lover to her, first dramatically, and at last with real and successful fervour. The young lady was an heiress and a ward in Chancery, and was watched besides with lidless dragon's eyes by an old aunt; yet she broke through watch and ward and the meshes of the law, and became the wife of Dick Varien secretly, and, so far, securely. Neither had an idea of the monstrous crime they were committing until it was committed; but Dick now took care that his mother should be better instructed, and he gave her fair and full warning of the punishment that would overtake him if his offence became known to the Lord Chancellor during Nell's minority. The awful picture which he drew of the fate which threatened him overcame all other considerations in his fond mother's bosom, and, in her fear for her son, she speedily made peace with his wife. That a reconciliation was even more speedily effected between her daughter and George Guard, need scarcely be stated.

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

RATIONAL DOG FEEDING.—Give wholesome and nutritious food (Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes). Do not give tit-bits and dainties because your dog, like a spoilt child, prefers what suits his palate. See that the Dog Cakes are stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "×," as cheap and innutritious imitations are often substituted for extra profit. Pamphlet on Canine Diseases post free, SPRATT'S PATENT, Limited, Bermondsey, London.

ART NOTES.

ARTEMUS WARD has told us how he was one day buttonholed in a railway carriage by a vehement champion of woman's rights. "There," exclaimed the latter, when he had finished expatiating on the wrongs of the sex, "don't it make yer blood bile to think how your female sisters is trodden under-foot?" The answer of Artemus was very short. "No, stranger," said he, quietly, "nary bile!" I recalled this anecdote when I was looking at Mr. Albert Goodwin's oil paintings at the Fine Art Society's the other day. That artist seemed to shout at me, as I stood in front of his most ambitious canvases, "There, doesn't it make your flesh creep to look at *that!*" whilst I found myself instinctively muttering, in reply, "Nary creep!" The fact is, Mr. Albert Goodwin is never so unimpressive as when he evidently sets himself to impress. Look at his "Passage of the Red Sea," for example, and especially at the figure of Moses as he stands on the rock and stretches out his hand over the waters. Now, I do not think that Mr. Goodwin's most partial critic would maintain that this presentation of the Jewish law-giver is an impressive one. To me, as an unprejudiced outsider, his Moses looks far too much like a fat old woman in her night-gown trying to scare away an obtrusive cat, to arouse even a feeling of respect, let alone one of awe. So it is, again, with his "City of Dis," which, by the way, is not unlike his "City of Durham" in another part of the room. For all the impression which is created by its lurid sky, smoke-wreathed battlements, and supernatural citizens, it might as well be the Diss in Norfolk as the Dis of Dante. In the days when Martin's "Opening of the Seventh Seal" and other such pictorial interpretations of the Apocalypse were popular, Mr. Albert Goodman's attempts at the unattainable might possibly have been admired. As it is, they are, as the poet says, "born too late into too old a world." We have become far too knowing and fin-de-siècleish to be frightened by such very stagey thunder and lightning.

It is the more distressing to find that Mr. Goodwin should have thus wasted his time and talent, because in the room adjoining that in which his disappointing oil-paintings are hung is to be found a collection of his water-colours, the delightful qualities of which it would be difficult to praise too highly. To think that an artist who can give us such charming bits of Turneresque beauty as Mont St. Michel and Amalfi, and the Old Bridge at Lucerne, should have troubled himself to illustrate the Pentateuch and the Inferno is, indeed, almost exasperating. Oh, what can have led him, one wonders, to give up to Moses talents that were meant for St. Mark's? There is an answer to this question, but it is too long for me to give here. Meanwhile, if what I have said will help to induce Mr. Goodwin to be content in future with delighting us, and to let those who will attempt to make our flesh creep, I shall not have written in vain.

There is nothing very epoch-making in Mr. Max Ludby's eighty-eight water-colours at the Dowdeswell Galleries. They illustrate the Thames from Oxford to Greenwich, and show us all the well-known "bits" on the river for about the thousandth time. Still, repetition need not be necessarily wearisome, or how exceedingly tired we should be by now of the lark's song. But then, it may be retorted, we are never called on to listen to four score and eight larks' songs all at once. If it be inferred from this that I found Mr. Ludby's drawings just a little monotonous and disappointing I shall not be at the pains to deny the soft impeachment. The moral of the Exhibition is, indeed, a very old one, viz., that a "one-man" show is a most hazardous ordeal, through which even a first-class artist can hardly hope to pass unscathed. Indeed, just as literary critics go through the world exclaiming, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" so might art critics with equal appropriateness ejaculate, "Oh that mine enemy would hold a one-man show!"

Most of us have seen some sort of representation of the front of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon. To how few of us, however, is the appearance of the back of it familiar. And I doubt if even one out of twenty of those who have visited Stratford are aware that there is a charming old-fashioned English garden attached to it. It was, therefore, a distinctly happy thought on the part of Mr. Francis H. Walker to paint this interesting spot, and the etching which Mr. Arthur Lucas, of 31, New Bond street, has just published of the picture should find a place in every Shakespearean collection.

MUSIC.

SULLIVAN IN BERLIN.

THE experiment which Sir Arthur Sullivan proposes to try at Berlin a week or two hence will be watched with great interest. Nobody could quite understand the reason of the quasi-failure in London of his only serious opera, "Ivanhoe," at the now defunct English opera house. It may have been that people did not appreciate the almost daily changes of cast, or that the prices were not very wisely fixed at fifteen shillings for the stalls and the same sum for the dress circle. Or it may have been a repetition of the old tale, that the opera-going public will not support a "run" of a serious opera. It is, nevertheless, a fact that no opera upon a serious subject—as distinct from comic opera—ever has had a run in London, and that the small, but wealthy and influential clique who now are the main support of opera in this capital demand a frequent change of bill. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, intends to give "Ivanhoe" another chance. In the first place he has thoroughly revised the work, almost rewriting the weak Torquilstone scene, dropping in another tenor song, and overhauling the entire music, also, let us hope, striking out a good deal of the scene between De Bracy and Cedric, and of the tedious forest scene. The libretto has been translated into German, and in its new form it will, by command of the Kaiser, a fortnight hence be produced at the Imperial Opera House, Berlin. Sir Arthur will leave England this week to supervise the final rehearsals, and afterwards he will go on a visit to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The compliment paid by the Berlin authorities—at the instigation, it is understood, of the Empress Frederick—is a special one, for, if I recollect rightly, no opera by an Englishman, and certainly no new work by one of our countrymen, has ever yet been mounted at the Hofoper, although the operas of Stanford, Goring Thomas, and others have been placed on less important stages. This will give "Ivanhoe" another fillip, and as even in these enlightened days a good many people, particularly of the upper classes, still affect to believe that all good music must come from abroad, Sir A. Sullivan's opera, fresh from successes in the German capital, may even stand a chance of a hearing at Covent Garden. It is, at any rate, absurd that one of the most melodious and graceful operas which has been produced within the present generation should be shelved, while greatly inferior comic operas are permanently in the repertory in the provinces.

Mr. Cowen is another British composer who, owing to the feeble home-demand for such things, finds it advisable to produce his new opera abroad. "Signa" is to be done at the Dal Verme, the second opera house of Milan (La Scala is, of course, the first), and although the irritating delays usual in Italy have occurred, and more than one postponement has proved necessary, it seems that, whether fully rehearsed or not, it will have to be given next Sunday. It will be repeated on Monday and Tuesday, after which the portion of Sonzogno's company charged with the duty of producing it will start on tour. At the same theatre Leoncavallo's new opera, "Medici," is down for first performance to-night (Thursday), and the official invitations have been issued. This time none of the London daily papers have cared to spare their musical critics to go to Italy, and they are wise, for one gentleman, unattached, has already been upwards of a fortnight cooling his heels in Milan waiting for the production.

The Royal Choral Society have commenced their new season at the Albert Hall with Berlioz's "Faust." Margaret had been assigned to Frau Moran-Olden, the

robust soprano who sang Wagnerian parts in German at the Opera last season; but, as the lady was indisposed, the rôle was undertaken by Mrs. Hutchinson. Why our premier oratorio society should have gone out of its way to engage a German lady for a branch of music in which she had hitherto not been tried here was not quite clear. Mr. Ben Davies was the Faust and Mr. Henschel the Mephistopheles. The choir are, however, the most attractive feature of the Albert Hall performances, and Berlioz's music is thoroughly familiar to them.

On Saturday, Mr. Cowen's "Water Lily," the best of the rather poor show of novelties at the recent Norwich Festival, was given for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Time alone can show whether the public will appreciate such a story, with its magic dreams, its animated water lilies, its swan-drawn cars, and the rest of it. Romanticism of this character when presented on the stage in "Siegfried," has been pretty smartly satirised, and why that which is permitted to Wordsworth, should be forbidden to Wagner is not at all clear. However, the Crystal Palace performance of the new cantata, was on the whole fairly good, and the important orchestration went indeed far better under Mr. Manns at Sydenham than under the composer at Norwich.

In reference, by the way, to the price of the Crystal Palace tickets, I am asked by the Secretary to say that the two-guinea serial concert ticket is only intended for guinea season ticket holders, but that for the convenience of others a three-guinea transferable ticket is issued, admitting to the Palace and also to a four-shilling stall at each of the twenty concerts. If paid for separately the stall and admission would come to £5. No one certainly can complain of the charges made for these splendid concerts. For example, Dr. Richter asks £3. 10s. for a stall for only six concerts, whereas, at the Crystal Palace, twenty concerts under Mr. Manns cost only £3. 3s.

Some little time ago there was grumbling among the supporters of the Popular Concerts that the quartet party was not more frequently varied. The experiment of change has been tried this autumn, but I do not think a solitary subscriber will be sorry now that the regular quartet is reassembling. Lady Hallé returned on Monday and "led" the Razoumowsky quartet in E minor, besides playing the slow movement from Dvorak's violin concerto. Considering the very large repertory of solo music for the violin, it was, perhaps hardly necessary to try a movement from an orchestral work, the instrumentation of which at the Popular Concerts must, of course, be played on the pianoforte. Herr Hugo Becker, the clever cellist, of Frankfort, both on Saturday and Monday replaced that excellent artist Mr. Whitehouse, but on Monday next the veteran Piatti will return to commence his fiftieth season in England.

Monday, the 27th inst., will be the fiftieth anniversary of the production at Drury Lane of "The Bohemian Girl," and Sir A. Harris has arranged a special afternoon performance of Balfe's opera at Drury Lane on that date, Miss Moody, I believe, playing Arline. Everybody connected with the original production is, I expect, now dead, but at least two gentlemen who were present at the first performance are still living, namely, Mr. William Davison, a brother of the great critic, and Mr. H. J. Lincoln, a critic whose experience extends over a good deal more than half a century, but who for some little time past has been living in retirement. I wonder, by the way, that neither of these gentlemen has written a book of reminiscences. Mr. Davison, particularly, has been a watchful observer of musical matters, both before and behind the scenes, for nearly sixty years.

The Lord Mayor's banquet "in honour of Music" on Monday was commendably free from the City element, and it was really a more or less private dinner given to a rather mixed company of about 300 musicians and hangers-on of music. The best speech was that of Mr. Justice Chitty, brief, witty, and to the point; the feeblest the long harangue of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, who was for the most part, almost inaudible. Lord Mayor Knill acted the recognised part of host by refraining from asking his guests (Mr. Ben Davies excepted) to take part in the music, but it seemed a thousand pities that so many eminent vocalists and pianists from Miss Davies and Miss Anna Williams down to Mr. Chevalier should be idle, while a glee party was endeavouring to make music. One piece of real information was, however, vouchsafed to musicians in the programme, viz., that Stevens, composer of "The Cloud Capt Towers," was born in 1573 and died in 1837. As an eminent musician remarked, Stevens seems to have been cut off in the flower of his youth.

I have received an interesting letter from a highly-respected lady, who both before and after his residence in England was intimate with the Gounod family, giving the true history of the incident in the German war, in which the garden gate of Gounod's house at St. Cloud was labelled, "The house of Gounod, composer of 'Faust.'" It was always understood that this was done by direction of Gounod himself. The lady in question, although she requests that the explanation should be given, marks her letter, "Private and confidential," by which, I assume, she does not wish her name to be mentioned. But the placard, it seems, was posted on the instruction of the lady herself. The Gounods were at Etretat, and when an alarmist telegram was received from General Trochu, they started for England. The lady heard that Rosa Bonheur's house had been committed to the honour of the Germans, and she caused to be affixed to Gounod's house, "Châlet Gounod, à l'honneur des Prussiens." The Prussians did, indeed, respect the premises, but the house was afterwards burnt down by the French, who suspected that Germans were concealed there. The lady adds, "No one knew that I had done it, not even my husband;" so that my ignorance of the fact must clearly be excused.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—I am sure you must want to know all about the new hats for autumn and winter wear, so I have just been to see Madame "Esmé" at 117, Victoria-street, a thoroughfare which has become commercial rather than social during the last few years. Now what shall I begin with? A big black hat fresh from Worth's fertile brain and his Paris atelier, or one of the new silk beavers which remind one of the curiously sloping head-gear of the men of the last century? The big black hat was a perfect picture, being rather deep from front to back in comparison with its width. Long and lovely black ostrich feathers trimmed it in a backward sweep, the ends falling upon the hair. Another from Worth's was in fawn-coloured felt trimmed with dahlia velvet in a tone of pinkish mauve. The bow was large and lordly, and a piece of the velvet was drawn under the brim and held just above the brow with a cabochon of Rhine stones. Three black feathers completed the composition. The brim was slightly curved upward all round. Infinitely becoming was quite a small round black velvet hat trimmed with old rose velvet shot with green, a fine old Louis Quinze buckle being passed through the bow. Some black feathers composed the remaining trimming, one of them falling over the hair. Purely delicious was a large hat with long feathers, a big bow of pale blue velvet upstanding in front, and a knot of violets reposing on the hair at the back. There was something tremendously chic about this. Madame Esmé has a fresh supply of hats and bonnets sent over every fortnight from Paris, so that all the novelties are represented in her atelier. I looked at some bonnets, as they are so much worn now. One

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HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

was in *astrakan*, or baby astrakhan, in the pretty little shape which resembles a child's Dutch bonnet, fitting down on the hair between the fringe and the coil of burnished twists at the back. This little bonnet had for trimming a bunch of violets in front and a big bow of black satin at the back. Another was trimmed with a large bow of brightest pink satin mirror velours, with a lovely sheen upon it, large jet circles aiding the ornamentation, and an aigrette. A dear little bonnet with a pointed crown of gold sequin embroidery had a black rosette between the points, which came forward on the fringe in front. A butterfly bow of black lace and velvet finished it at the back. The same shape is made by Madame Esmé in real old brocade which can be assorted to the tones of any costume. The points make it peculiarly becoming, especially when the hair is worn parted in the centre and rising in a little ridge on either side, with a careless-looking curl on the forehead. A very new shape in bonnets was in green velvet, with a tiny curtain of black jetted gauze hanging over the hair at the back. A pair of gold wings formed the other trimming. A perfectly charming green velvet toque was trimmed with a most delightful mixture of sable tail, violets and black feathers. Two large jet pins were thrust through the folds of velvet.

For morning wear there were felt hats, mostly in brown or stone colour, the brim curved slightly up all round. One in mordoré felt was trimmed with sable and three bows of velvet, one green, one brown, and one purple.

The hats of silk beaver in the natural shade of greyish brown, as worn in the beginning of the century, are very new and smart. We saw one of them lined with brown velvet and trimmed with black satin bows, black feathers, and a spray of lovely chrysanthemums.

You know how annoying it is to have the brim of one's hat lose its stiffness and "flop" into all sorts of shapes, instead of retaining the one which exactly suits the wearer. Madame Esmé has all hers wired round the edge, a narrow silk binding hiding the wire. The brim can then be bent into any form that the wearer pleases to give it, retentively holding even the tiniest wave or curve.

Lilla is off for the hunting to Warwickshire with a couple of sturdy weight-carriers and quite a *trousseau de chasse*, so to speak. We went with her to Busvine's when she had her grand final trying on of all the new garments. Her waistcoats are in themselves worth living for, one being pure white doeskin, with flat, black jet buttons; another in pale mouse-grey doeskin; a third in turquoise blue, one of Lilla's especial fancies; and a fourth in a new check which is very effective, being of medium size in grey with lines of brown. We saw the most perfect-looking driving coat in box-cloth of a pale shade, made to fit perfectly in to the waist at the back, but with straight, double-breasted fronts. Lady Brooke wears one of these. Miss Margot Tennant has invested in one of the "Dreadnoughts" which totally exclude the wet, the seams being stitched four times over, and the fronts elongating so as to entirely cover the knees. Lady Curzon and Lady Fanny Majoribanks have adopted the tight habits, but Lady Cadogan wears a loose front with a waistcoat. Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild has the Lord de Rothschild's hunt-buttons on one of her habits. Lady Raincliffe wears those of the Beaufort hunt. Mrs. Sloane Stanley, whose get-up on horseback is always faultless, has adopted the new check for her waistcoats, and the Duchess of Newcastle has one of hers in the Guards colours. The habits themselves are made in beautiful dark mixtures this year; all of the cloths being made in the West of England. Black, for instance, has a sort of red bloom thrown up on the surface by the admixture of this colour in weaving. It only shows in a bright light, sunshine bringing it out in a very effective manner. Another is in dark blue with gold introduced in the same sparing, indefinite way. A third is green with a white bloom upon it, though the aspect is wholly green, and the tint dark enough to please the most conservative in matters equestrian. The texture is soft as chamois, yet very thick, firm, and full of substance.

We saw several very pretty costumes, one being in dark blue cloth, piped with light blue, the coat made tight at the back and the fronts straight, showing the light blue waistcoat at the neck and waist. The skirt of the coat was cut up a little way at intervals, the sides being piped with the light blue. A tan cloth, with revers in beaver brown velvet, coming in points that meet at the waist, has a band of similar velvet on the skirt. A dark green cloth shows the revers crossing in front, a style that suits some figures remarkably well. Graduated bands of the velvet trim the skirt. Some of the perfectly plain bodices showed how liberally the tailor's skill had been expended on them in moulding the cloth to the figure by means of pressing the seams with very heavy irons, stretching them and pressing them over and over again. Small wonder that "tailor-made" figures are so much admired, for every possible device is utilised for their embellishment. In the new braided jackets, to take a case in point, a different design is adopted for each figure, the length of the braiding in front making the waist look longer, or the width of another pattern giving apparent breadth to the chest. Brown is quite the favourite colour for cloth costumes this season, we were told, and some of the shades we saw were lovely, being warm and responsive to the light, without being bright or unbecoming.

I have been discussing frocks, coats, and dress generally all this week, as Alice has been staying with us, and she is anxious for me to clothe her generally in all that appertains to a winter's outfit of the very latest style. She has, in the meantime, some lovely tea gowns and tea jackets, which I covet tremendously. One made in pale mauve crêpe de chine and silk is a dream of loveliness. The skirt is moulded on to a long swathed bodice of the crêpe de chine, and a grand piece of old lace is suspended by rosettes from the shoulder, and mingled with the Watteau train. Deep flounces of the lace envelop the sleeves, and the gown suits her most beautifully. Then she has a perfect picture gown, made of handsome gold and black bullion, brocaded in large crimson chrysanthemum designs. The gown is semi-high, and the brocade hangs in a long train in straight lines from a deep yoke of black moire, folded into a point back and front. The dress is slightly shaped to the figure at the waist, and a beautiful garniture of jet is carried under the arms, and a fringe of knotted silk and jet reaches the hem of the skirt in front.

Requiring, however, a theatre bodice, her seal-skin coat renovated, and some new evening frocks, &c., I took her to one of my latest "finds," Madame Vanité's, in Princes-street. Madame V. had some capital models, from which we chose our styles. We bought rather a sensible little bodice in black velvet, and, of course, it was mixed with fur and lace. Still the fur did not look in the least aggressive (as I sometimes think it does on evening dresses), for the soft skin of the Persian kid only formed a kind of yoke, and the basque of the jacket was cut in four deep points. The bodice opened over black chiffon, moire, and coarse cream lace, which was folded and puffed into a crazy kind of loose front, and was held together by a deep stomacher of jet.

Charlie was in a hansom in Oxford-street, near the Tottenham-court-road, the other morning, when he saw a little pug dog run over, the wheel of some vehicle crushing one of its paws. The poor doggie naturally howled with pain, attracting every one's attention to its sufferings. A young man, probably its owner, showed his sympathy by bestowing on it first one kick, then another, to the intense

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indignation of the bystanders, many of whom expressed their opinion of him pretty freely. Directly after the second kick had been administered, a well-dressed young fellow came rushing to the spot, and with a well-planted blow sent the inhuman owner sprawling. The crowd cheered this breach of the peace, and if I had been there I should certainly have thanked that young man for showing in such an unmistakable fashion his contempt for the cowardly cruelty of which the other had been guilty. This was surely one of the occasions when it is well to be angry, and there is no way to reach such brutes except by the argument of fisticuffs. What do you think of it?

Don't you wish that people would not leave their loops out at the back of their necks? I have seen both men and women with the loops of their overcoats or outdoor jackets protruding, giving one the impression that the wearers were begging to be hung up for awhile out of the way, coats and all. It always amuses me when I see this sort of unconscious invitation extended.

Here is a nice way of making game pie. Do try it:—

Remove the fillets from a couple of pheasants and two partridges and place them aside. Cut the remainder of the meat from the bones and pass it twice through the mincing machine with the flesh of a hare or a couple of rabbits. Fry all the livers with a sliced eschalot, a sprig each of thyme and parsley, a bay-leaf, and a slice of fat bacon, and pound them in the mortar. Add 1 lb. of scraped fat bacon to the forcemeat, season plentifully with salt and pepper, and mix all thoroughly together in the mortar. Line the inside of an earthen game pie-dish with slices of bacon, cover these with a layer of the forcemeat, and put a layer of the fillets at the bottom, then a layer of sliced truffles, then force-meat, repeating the layers of forcemeat, fillets, and truffles until all is used, making forcemeat the last layer. Cover the dish with a thick piece of flour and water paste, and bake it slowly for three hours. Remove the paste and fill the pie with strong gravy made with the bones of the game, and seasoned with a fagot of herbs and peppercorns. Place a saucer with a pound weight on it to press the meat well into the dish, and place it aside to cool. Then garnish the top with chopped aspic.

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THE JOURNALISTIC PORTION (which will also be Illustrated) will consist of Notes on Current Events, written chiefly by the Editor, **Mr. Jerome,** with assistance from **Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. W. L. Alden,** and others.

Art, Literature, Music, Theatre, Man's World, Woman's World, Gossip, &c. &c. will be in the hands of Journalists of the highest experience and reputation, and will be treated as they have never been treated before, with a freshness and originality that will make these usually skipped pages read with as much interest as any other part of the journal.

In No. 1, Ready FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, will be found—

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THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGELS. By Bret Harte.
CHARACTERSCAPES. By Jerome K. Jerome.
A LAY OF THE LINKS. By Conan Doyle.
INTERVIEW with WILLIAM O'BRIEN.
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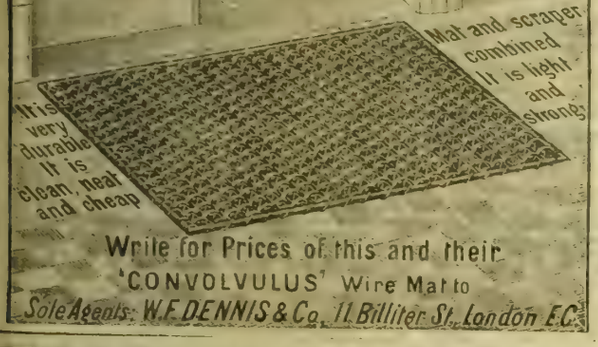

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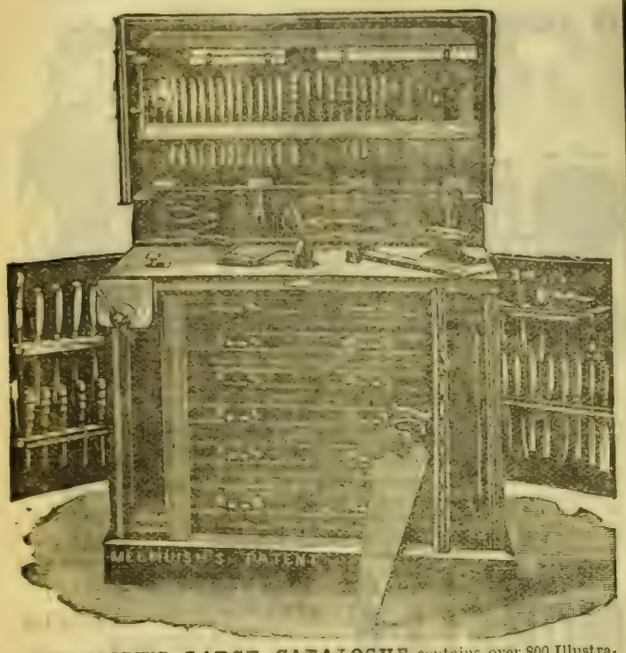

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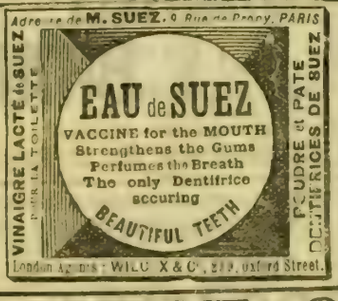

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"The continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, 'Eat as much as you like,' and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it be a good deal stronger against those so-called starvation cures made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning; but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has of course never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled, 'Corpulency and the Cure,' and is published by him at Woburn House, Store-street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller."—*The Million*, October 14th, 1893.

The following are extracts from other journals:

"Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled 'Corpulency and the Cure,' and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford square, London. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of *The Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: 'Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest hope for a complete cure of the evil, but in the most outright fashion and matter of fact manner he suggests a hundredweight of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to increase this pounds known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from four of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count ——, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos (i.e., 34 lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully 2 stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 5 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks). Another writes: "A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bourn in auth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: 'step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health, through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'"—*Cork Herald*, August 27th, 1892.

HOW TO CURE CORPULENCY.

"The main feature of fat in the animal body has been made the subject of much spirited discussion; on the one hand, it was contended that satisfactory evidence exists of the conversion of starch and saccharine substances into fat, by separation of carbon and oxygen, the change somewhat resembling that of the vinous fermentation; it was urged, *per contra*, that oily or fatty matter is invariably present in the food supplied to the domestic animals, and that this fat is merely absorbed and deposited in the body in a slightly modified state. The question has now been decided in favour of the first of these views, which was enunciated by Professor Liebig, the very chemist who formerly advocated the second opinion. By a series of very beautiful experiments, MM. Dumas and Milne-Edwards proved that bees feeding exclusively upon sugar were still capable of producing wax. Dr. Ebstein advocates the use of fat in cases of corpulency, while other doctors as high up the ladder of medical fame recommend lean meats, while others worry the unhappy victims of obesity by insisting upon administering copious draughts of hot water fasting, a most pernicious practice, we believe. Although so much has been written on this subject by the learned foreigners of the medical faculty, we can approve of no theory so effectual in the reduction of corpulency as the one advanced by Mr. F. C. Russell, the author of 'Corpulency and the Cure,' an interesting little brochure which can be bought for six stamps, from the publishers, at Woburn House, Store-street, London, W.C. He goes in for facts and not fancies, and practically says, first ascertain your correct weight, then drink three doses of a vegetable compound, perfectly harmless, of a most agreeable flavour; then step upon a weighing machine in twenty-four hours, and see if you have not lost 2 lbs. or more of unhealthy fat. The book is well worth reading."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*, August 19, 1893.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

"Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success; and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, absolutely guarantees a noticeable reduction within 24 hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient in some cases may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring judge. The treatment aims at the actual root of the disease, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending cost of postage (sixpence), a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign), and other interesting particulars, including the 'recipe,' can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, W.C."—*Belfast News Letter.*

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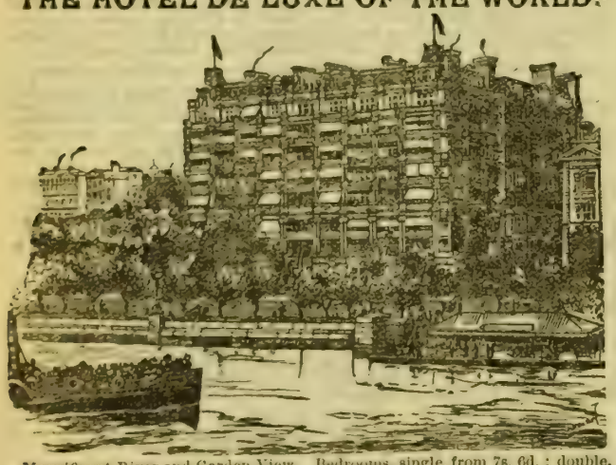

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OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 766.—DEFINITIONS OF RUGBY AND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

BLACKHEATHEN (real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0
MANDEVILLE (" " " ") 1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 767.—ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF FOOTBALL.

BOBUS (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

There are three points in connection with this coming Show to which I wish again to draw special attention.

The first is that there are still some hundreds of Dolls on hand which have to be dressed for the Christmas Exhibition. Time is passing rapidly on, and it is hoped that applications for these Dolls will be made forthwith. Now that it is settled that the Show is to be at the Albert Hall, it would indeed be a pity if the ample space for exhibiting the dressed dolls were not to be well filled.

The second point which I would emphasise is the demand for HOME MADE Toys of all kinds. Such playthings being usually stronger and more substantial than those toys which are purchased, are eagerly welcomed at the Children's Hospitals and Workhouse Schools of London. Will the readers of TRUTH and their friends therefore make a special effort this year to make the Home-Made Toy Department of the TRUTH Show a large and interesting one. Prizes, as in former years, will be awarded to the makers of the more notable Toys.

And then, in the third place, there is the TRUTH TOY FUND, which, as was explained last week, is in great need of liberal assistance. Donations will be most gratefully received.

Readers of TRUTH who did not look at the Puzzle pages last week may be interested to learn that they contained a special notice as to the system to be carried out in awarding the Prizes for the Dressed Dolls.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 768.

The result of this Competition will not be announced until Competition No. 771 is also decided.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 772.

We are naturally anxious to make the coming TRUTH Toy and Doll Show at the Royal Albert Hall an unprecedented success. It being thought that the ingenuity of our competitors may be well exercised in helping to the attainment of this end, the usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week to that competitor who suggests

THE MOST ORIGINAL FEATURE WHICH CAN BE INCORPORATED IN THE "TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW WITH A VIEW TO ENSURING ITS INCREASED SUCCESS.

I need scarcely say that it will be useless for competitors to send in suggestions which are not thoroughly practicable as well as original. All answers must reach me at the latest by the morning of Monday, November 20.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of ALMAVIVA, winner of Prize No. 765 are Joseph Harry Fry, Esq., Harvey-villas, Church-road, Willesden, N.W.

IGNORAMUS.—The house is still in existence.

M. W. P.—A parcel of dolls can be sent to any address without delay.

WHY NOT?—The notion is not a new one. I am, however, obliged for your letter.

J. J. KELSEY.—The quotation you send is from Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust."

HINDE STREET.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

*** Several answers are held over until next week.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 769.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

ANAGRAM FORMED OUT OF THE FORTY-TWO LETTERS IN THE WORDS "THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE: CRONSTADT AND TOULON."

*** There has not yet been time to check the Anagrams printed below, so their publication must not be taken necessarily to imply their correctness.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

Can such national carousal trend * to strife on nd?—Malignant.

* Trend = turn off, diverge.

Let colossal autocrat and enfranchis'd nation run. Azzolino.

From Russia: à Carnot.—Let ironclads sail forth; one can daunt us. From France: Couldn't stand loan in cash for return into Alsace. From ngland: Calls for caution in our adherents, and annot last.—Cabbage.

An unnatural concord, that lost, ends in real usco.—Stanchion.

Our land's rash union attracts no confidence at l.—Permute.

Patriotic Frenchman (*loquitur*): "Chantons donc rt: à la santé du Tsar! L'union il créa'." "Sing e then loudly: to the health of the Tsar! He eated the alliance."—Girouette.

Illusions no use, France, and catch not an old urtar.—Preclaro.

A Franc or Russ can't stand alone until cool in ath.—Cricket.

Ironclad sent. Ah, France! count not at all on uss aid.—Doe.

All this fuss an' "national accord" rot cannot idure—Vox.

Carnot's unnatural confederation shall do antics. D'Artagnan.

France cannot stand alone, nor shall it aid or cut s.—Timothy.

1. Such union of land or race cannot stand least ial. 2. Oho! Careful transactions. I cannot nderstand all.—Whig.

An illusion of the Tsar and Carnot; rest, loud n-can. N.B.—I have divided the anagram into o parts to correspond with the two parts of the Original Sentence"; the first referring to the Alliance" and its hoped-for results, the rest to onstadt and Toulon with their noisy demonstraons. I need scarcely explain that I have used the ord "can-can" in its legitimate sense of "much o about nothing."—Democritos.

1. Note our last caution! Tsar and old France annish. 2. Ah! Carnot entices Tsar till loud anon sound afar.—Scottie.

Lo! Carnot and enthusiastic nocturnal farandes (see TRUTH, No. 877, October 19, "Notes om Paris").—Pet Lamb.

1. Fraternal lands' too enthusiastic annual conrd. 2.* Fraternal lands annul a concord too thusiastic.—Rose Island.

An union clear, could France stand loan to this Tsar?—Dora.

* *Re* anagram No. 2. "Fraternal lands" might apply to Germany, Austria, and Italy affording to treat the alliance as not genuine.

Call a dinner and rout, this can force loan "sans" tout.—Santos.

Oh, cut cant! for cold Tsar desires tin (annual loan).—Chattie.

Darn* such fond union—stol'n Alsace real attraction.—Newnham.

* The familiar Yankee expletive of contempt is intended.

1. Insane hatreds can account at last for droll union. 2. A continent scorns that droll union, as a dual farce.—Imara.

"L'union! Our national standards cancel other facts."—Noah.

All rant leads to uncertain confusion and to crash.—Almaviva.

France (loq.): A northern concord annuls fatal Sedan. Lo! it is a out. D. T.

Oh! Tars all! Concord is fortunate; it can annul Sedan.—E. J. J.

1. Craft on land can e'en do ill. Aha! I cannot trust "Russ." 2. Ah! France! ill act! Trust not "Russ" aid on land—on ocean.—Veni.

Ah! France! let not sailor land. Count not "Russ" can aid.—Doe.

1. France (loquitur): Cold Tsar! I fear Teuton cannon! Land staunch sailor. 2. France out in the cold! Tsar land Tars; oil us a cannon. 3. A crucial test. A cannon shot and ruin forestall'd? No!—Dromedary.

And Teutons all around scan clear hints for action; or, Teutons, and all around, scan clear hints for action.—Rasenensis.

A clash. Lot of continental rancour, as I understand.—Shlowmow.

1. A cold land turns frantic on a Southern alien coast. 2. Such loud, ill, arrant antics cannot atone for Sedan. 3. Q.: Can staunch friends soon cool and later turn tail? 4. Our aunt can t dare call it nonsensical and so forth.—Querist.

I, Russia, all on sudden contract that loan on France.—Barrage.

1. Tsar's full cannon reach and court isolated nation. 2. Has not national cure of curs'd rant lions and eclat?—Limp.

Our allies, not actual and constant friends, anchor.—New Chum.

1. Carnot and Tsar in union, call curses on thav lad foe (William of Germany). 2. Our Latin Alsace is not far Deutschland, nor cannot.—Quartus.

Hail on, as friends content, and cast all rancour out.—Heron.

1. Do not taunt French canaille and cool Russian tars. 2. Do not taunt French canaille and a cool Russ strain.—Rabelais.

France and Russia turn allies to catch land? O, no!—Doris.

Scorn thus cast on an idle dalliance ran not far out.—Wulstan.

Fast and constant honor unite us all in real accord.—Sinona.

1. All such tactic our land and nation notes nor fears. 2. And not all faithless or untrue nations can accord. 3. Our land is not all asunder at this—a concern of cant.—Grodge.

1. Near concords that can last until a loan is refound. 2. Nearer concords that can last until a loan is found. 3. Lo! can such odd, unreal fraternisation last? No, can't.—Yoko.

1. Cant! foe Russ, all cant! coalition an underhand sort. 2. Rare fuss! rant! Hold. Coalition announced can't last. 3. Truce on cards! Can union of nations all hatred last?—Dumnorix.

1. O, France, to trust in Russia, and London can teach all. 2. England (loq.): I stand aloof, and chance real insult, or stun Carnot. 3. England (loq.): In a lion trust; or stand aloof; and can chance result. 4. England (loq.): I can trust on, or stand aloof, and chance real insult. 5. Fleet at anchor; stun Carnot. Our island aids no clan. 6. Fleet anchor'd; alas, Carnot's consultation and ruin! 7. And all Russia, don't care to consult a French nation.—Norval.

1. Arrant L. S. D. infatuation. Shall Carnot succeed? No, no! 2. No! And France calculates not to tarnish our island! 3. A dual French attraction, nonsensical to our lands. 4. France don't calculate to tarnish our islands anon. 5. A false nation's antic, "Carnot léchant l'Ours du Nord."—Louisa.

1. A Co.! Clan! Friends on trust? Each turns, to aid all, anon. 2. A Co.! Clans! Friends on trust? All turn, to aid each, anon.—Cæsar's Corner.

A! lad, the Russ and inconstant Celt carol for a Union.—Foy.

1. National accord is sure to annul us—stoic Fatherland. 2. Nations unite lot across accord, annul Fatherland.—Chawles.

1. Oh! O Lamont Lad! let Ch[illegible] head in fun and caravan. 2. So call the Tartars on to dinner—A caravan is loud fun. 3. Can one scratch a Tartar? No!—So it all ends in loud fun.—Lunatic.

As friends a cruel rout to scan, that land no lion can.—Lovesecker.

Shall a sad union frustrate a continental concord?—Nodding Violet.

Bear all! and countries cannot unite for a loan.—J. A. D.

National concord. If stolen Alsace turn at Russ heed.—Ivy Leaves.

An entente and truce cannot last. No, 'tis cool as frail.—Veneneus.

For all nations rule an action that adds us concern.—Bernard.

Call union France Russ Carnot, to stand alone is death.—Saheb Bahadur.

Stand us a loan Catholic Carnot, land * foes in return.—Dido.

* To land a blow.

1. Autocrat still concerts union, anon lands had fear. 2. So near still so far, an' nautical concern doth daunt.—Incognita

Our fanatic cousin's thrall,
Or land and sea content!

A Spook.

Turn in nautical concord adieat ends a nice sleuth.—Lancastrian.

Can [illegible] friends adore? All act on national trust.—Rollie.

Cools on S. A. R.; or, cold and heat a contrast unit in loan.—Podger.

* Son Altesse Royale

No host can at all control France and Russia united.—Cognoscente.

A union for raut; all shout in accord, else can't stand.—Selah.

France can't stand alone, do no hurt to call in Russia.—Ylang-Ylang.

O Christian! Can foes' total rancour stand annulled?—Maia.

A Continental lot o' fuss, understand; *à la* chronic R.A. (array).—Sol.

Salut! allons! à chanter (anon) Diantre! Sot, cru, Fi donc!—Merle.

1. Innate dual concord to crush fast all nations near. 2. Fall, Teuton! Dual nations rose, ran in stanch accord. 3. Lorn autocrat's fleet has lands in accordant union.—Excelsior.

Ah, Carnot, trust once in fat rascal, lend L. S. D. on an I.O.U.—Miss Sahib.

All nations toast, dance, and frolic, nor shun a truce.—Sharpenhoe.

1. And I trust all honour to Alec and Carnot's finances. 2. As Alec cannot honour and trust all friends' action.—Robin.

All fusion. No sadder curse that national contract.—Eucalyptus.

1. An archonist adoration falls: counsel turned cant. 2. Natural insurance: school-lad to a constant friend.—L. C. Smith

Thus cordial tars can flare on a continental sound.—J. H

Dost shut out France in Alsace-Lorraine land? Cannot!—Moonlighter

1. Trust such national declarations! Can London fear? 2. Can the serf stand round national nautical colours? 3. Fall n house stand on in trust, Alec or Carnot can aid. 4. Cut* tars can honour national friendships and fleets.—Zeta

* I find "cut" as an adjective is used for tipsy, or overcome by liquor.

A droll nautical craze; no, that art ends in confusion.—H. C. M.

A scandal. Carnot could not feast thus in Lorraine.—Ubique.

—

** Answers have also been received from Trim, Esperanza, M. S., Marplot, M8., B. Hopkins, Dora, Beata, Limp, and Concabar.

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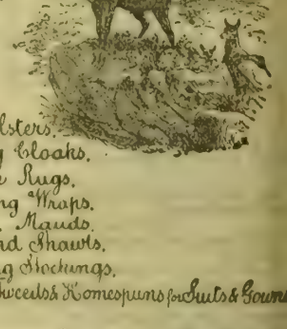

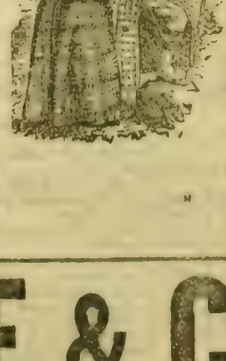

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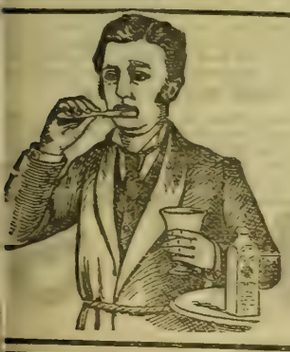

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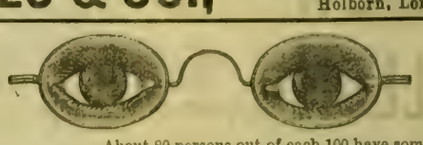

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No. 881. Vol. XXXIV. Thursday, November 16, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

"The Spookeries,"

Will be published on

THURSDAY, the 30th of NOVEMBER,

In a Special Wrapper,

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It will be profusely Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould.

The Illustrations will include THREE DOUBLE-PAGED and FOUR FULL-PAGED CARTOONS, printed in colours:—

1. **"Truth" Speaks about Spooks.**
2. **Viva el Toro.**
3. **A Demonstration of Loyalty (With a Collection).**
4. **Salisbury's Stuffed Geese.**
5. **Chamberlain's Dive.**
6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

IN less than five weeks' time the Truth Doll Show will be held at the Royal Albert Hall. Meanwhile, there are about 850 dolls at this office waiting to be dressed. The prevalence of scarlet-fever in London during the past twelve months has led to the opening of new Hospitals, and the number of poor children who are eagerly hoping to take part in the Truth distribution next month is, therefore, exceptionally large. Thus, more dolls than usual will be needed, and it is these extra ones which during the coming few weeks will have to be dressed. In the name of the Children, then—many of them passing through a slow and weary convalescence after a long spell of intense suffering—who will assist in this good work?

I am sorry to add that the present condition of the Truth Toy Fund is not at all encouraging. The total sum received is only about £200—not sufficient to provide a tithe of the toys required. I do not like to anticipate the failure of the Fund, for that implies widespread disappointment to those least able to bear it. It must be remembered that upwards of 27,000 children in London are actually expecting Truth's Christmas presents. Naturally enough, it does not occur to them that the stream of generosity which has been flowing for the past thirteen years is this Christmas to run unexpectedly dry. But clearly some such explanation will have to be made to them unless the money comes in during the next week or two.

It has been said that trade has been bad this year, and that, therefore, the Truth Toy Fund must suffer. But this surely is an absurd inference. The readers of Truth are not asked to pay off the National Debt. A very small remittance from each of them would suffice to buy the children their Toys—the price, say, of one cigar from the gentlemen and the cost of one packet of caramels or chocolates from the ladies. Even in a time of commercial depression I refuse to think that this is too much to ask.

Meanwhile, I have received the following amounts towards this year's Fund:—

F. C. G., £1. 1s.; Ina Honiere, 5s.; G. L., 2s.; Dankbarkeit, £2; S. W. Spelsman, £1. 1s.; Geo. Bolton, £1. 1s.; L. F. B., £2; Derrick & Harold, £5. 5s.; Mrs. Russell Carew, £1. 1s.; C. D. Kemp Welch, £2. 2s.; Y. B., 5s.; Robert Kaye Gray, £10; Walter Samuelson, £1. 1s.; Wynnie Kemball, £1; C. H. T., 10s.; W. W., £1; C. W. D., £1; C. A., £3. 3s.; Margaret, £2.

The following contributions have also arrived:—

Two large Skin Horses, from Mrs. Charles Wertheimer; 100 Badges, from the Secretary, Welcome Club.

There is no truth whatever in the statement which has appeared in numerous journals that the Queen has been "slightly indisposed at Balmoral owing to the severity of the weather." The Queen has been in excellent health throughout the autumn, and cold weather always suits her best. It is also quite untrue that the Queen's "rheumatic complaint" has lately been "unusually severe." The Queen has frequently suffered from rheumatism in her knees for the last twelve years, but it is merely a local malady, and it has not troubled her Majesty of late either more often or with more severity than usual.

I announced several weeks ago that the King of Italy had offered the beautiful palace of Capo di Monte to the Queen, in case her Majesty would like to visit Naples. I understand that the offer has been accepted, and that, all being well, the Queen will go to Naples just before Easter

for a stay of four weeks. Capo di Monte is on the hills above Naples, and the palace is surrounded by a vast and very beautiful park. It is one of the most delightful Royal residences in Europe.

The only Court functions during the Queen's residence at Windsor will be two Councils, the reception of M. Decrais, and an investiture of the Bath and other Orders.

The Queen's Munshi, who has just returned to England, after spending five months in India, is taking a remarkably prominent place at Court, and his exaltation is causing most acrimonious criticism. The Royal servants and carriages are at the disposal of the Munshi, and I hear that an order has been given that at any future Court functions at which he may think fit to be present he is to be "attended" by one of the Gentlemen Ushers. The Munshi has been accompanied from India by his wife and daughters, and their attendants.

Lady Antrim, who has succeeded Lady Ampthill as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen at Balmoral, will return to Windsor with the Court, and during her Majesty's stay at the Castle, Lady Downe and the Dowager Lady Erroll are the Ladies-in-Waiting. The Dowager Lady Churchill is to be on duty at Osborne during the Christmas holidays, and she will accompany the Queen to Italy in the spring.

Lord Bridport and Captain Walter Campbell are to be the Lord and Groom in Waiting on the Queen at Windsor from next Friday until the 28th, when they will be replaced by Lord Playfair and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton.

The Royal tradesmen of Aberdeen have presented a bronze statue of the Queen (by Birch) to that city, and it was unveiled on Thursday under somewhat depressing circumstances. It was fully expected that Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg would have come from Balmoral to unveil the statue, but they excused themselves; and, as no representative of the Court could be obtained, one of the donors had to preside at the function. There has consequently been a great deal of grumbling at Aberdeen, where quite a "dour" feeling has been expressed against the Royalties for the ungracious manner in which they are considered to have behaved in connection with the statue.

I hear that the Duke and Duchess of York will probably spend the month of February at some place on the South Coast, possibly either Hastings or Eastbourne. If the Duke and Duchess should go to Eastbourne, it is expected that they will reside at Compton Place, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, which was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family for a short time during the early spring of 1892.

Prince and Princess Christian, who have returned to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, after an absence of three months, will shortly entertain several parties. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Coburg, and the Duke of Connaught are to be among their guests, and also the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Count Mensdorff. Prince and Princess Christian will be included in the Prince and Princess of Wales's next house-party at Sandringham. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is staying at Berlin with the Empress Frederick, but she will return home this week, and Princess Louise (Princess Aribert of Anhalt) is now at Cumberland Lodge with her parents.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who are now residing at Gmunden, will probably come to England for a fortnight in the course of the winter, when they will be the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The Duke has not visited England since 1878, and the Duchess has not been in this country for eighteen years.

If practice makes perfect, the process of unfurling the northern war flag and rolling the drum must have attained great perfection in Ulster, except that too many rehearsals are liable to make demonstrations more mechanical than spontaneously enthusiastic. The Duke of Devonshire's visit to Belfast was eminently uneventful. The northern lights blazed to order and in a practised way, but with a much-dimmed lustre. The Duke and Duchess were the guests during their visit to the north of Ireland of Mr Dunville, known to wealth and fame in connection with Irish whisky. A party of northern magnates was assembled to meet them. Mr. Dunville, junior, is Secretary to the Duke of Devonshire; his wife belongs to the family of Lamberts, in the County of Meath, from which the Queen has taken two Maids of Honour.

Last week in Dublin Lord Ashbourne presided at a meeting of the Trinity College Historical Society, of which he was an active member in his earlier days. An interesting feature in the proceedings was the speech of Mr. John Redmond. It was the first occasion on which a genuine Home Ruler spoke and was favourably listened to within the walls of Trinity College. After this there is hope for Ulster yet. Time was when Trinity College shouted "No surrender!" as valiantly as Belfast does at this present moment. It is not only fair ladies who consent, whilst most vehemently refusing to do so.

The Wiltshire County Ball Committee held a meeting last week at which it was decided not to have a ball this season, as so little interest has been manifested in the subject, presumably in consequence of the severe depression which at present prevails in the county.

For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1071.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1070 in the present issue.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1072.

I am asked to say that Mrs. Playfair, 31, George-street, Hanover-square, is organising a ball to be given at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on December 13, on behalf of King's College Hospital. The hospital is greatly in want of funds. It is situated in the midst of the Law Courts, and Mrs. Playfair is being aided in her good work by Bench and Bar. Amongst the patronesses are Lady Coleridge, Lady Davey, Lady Russell, Lady Jeune, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Gully, and many other wives of Judges and Barristers.

A sale will be held in Westminster Town Hall on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, at which each of the stalls will be devoted to different charitable objects. Mrs. Pritchard will have a stall in aid of Penny Dinners for Poor Children, Lady Butt for the Girls' Friendly Society, and so on. There will be the usual musical and dramatic entertainment each evening.

I am pleased to be able to mention that the idea of a club for nurses put forward in a letter to TRUTH a few months ago will be realised on December 6, when the Duchess of Portland will open a Nurses' Residential Club at 17, Nottingham-place. This institution will provide suitable accommodation for nurses, as well as a Recreation Room open to all members of the club.

Captain Machell's indisposition at Liverpool was due, I hear, to his having taken a medicine for gout which, whilst it relieves the pain at once, very frequently temporarily affects the head. This ought to be a warning to those afflicted with gout to bear the ills they have.

The death of Colonel Ramsay Maitland, late of the 79th Highlanders, is much regretted at Edinburgh, where he had resided since his retirement from the Army. He was very popular in society, took an active part in county business, and interested himself zealously in the management of several charities. He distinguished himself very much during the Crimean Campaign, and also in the Indian Mutiny, and he served in the Army for thirty-seven years. Colonel Ramsay Maitland belonged to two ancient and notable families—the Maitlands, of Clifton Hall, and the Ramsays, of Barnton. His elder brother, the late Sir Alexander Gibson Maitland, was one of the most prominent Liberals in Scotland, and in 1868 he achieved a great triumph for his Party by carrying the County of Midlothian against the present Duke of Buccleuch, then Lord Dalkeith. With the restricted franchise and open voting, this was a wonderful victory, for Midlothian was then regarded in Scotland as an impregnable Tory stronghold.

The following "rules and regulations" have been served by the Duke of Grafton on his allotment tenants, who rent land of him. I think there can be no more conclusive evidence that a Parish Councils Bill is needed, with very large powers in regard to allotments. The italics are mine, and I would particularly direct notice to the obligation of tenants with their families to attend some place of worship on Sundays and on Christmas Day. This is about as absurd as it would be were the Duke's tenants to insist on his Grace and his son, Lord Euston, being particular in their attendance in church on these days. Often a labourer has not time to look after his allotment during the week, and, to my thinking, in those cases, the text regarding an ox or an ass falling into a pit would cover necessary work:—

The notice is headed, "Rules and Regulations under which Allotments are held from his Grace the Duke of Grafton, K.G.," and runs as follows:—1. Tenants shall hold their respective allotments as yearly tenants, except as hereinafter provided. 2. A tenant shall not underlet or exchange any part of his allotment. 3. Every tenant shall keep his allotment clean and well cultivated, by spade husbandry only; shall well manure every part of it at least once in two years; shall not plant the same kind of crop in two years in succession in the same place, but shall manage his allotment *in all respects to the satisfaction of his Grace's agent*, who will frequently inspect it. 4. The rent shall be paid at the time and place appointed, and if payment is not then made one shilling will be added to the rent; if not paid before the expiration of one month from that day another shilling will be added, and *if unpaid at Christmas-day the land will be absolutely forfeited.* 5. Though the landlord will keep up the boundary fences and scour the ditches, the tenants shall be jointly answerable for wilful damage. 6. No entrance will be allowed on any pretence into the allotment field except through the gateway, and every tenant going to or returning from his allotment, or carting manure thereto, shall keep the appointed road. Any tenant found or known to have offended against this rule, or to have introduced into the fields any person who has so offended, shall, for each offence, pay *a fine of one shilling.* If any road or path be pared or encroached on, soil to repair the damage will be taken from the adjoining allotment. No manure, weeds, or other matter shall be left on the roads or paths. 7. No work shall be done in the allotment field on Sunday or Christmas Day, nor shall any vegetables be taken out of it on those days after ten o'clock in the morning. *Each tenant and his family is expected to attend some place of worship on those days with regularity.* 8. Except in case of any condition or rule being broken, one quarter of a year's notice to quit at Lady Day or Michaelmas will be given by the landlord or his agent, and one quarter of a year's notice shall be given by a tenant wishing to quit at either of the before-mentioned terms. 9. Except in cases of forfeiture, the growing crop of any tenant quitting his allotment, and the labour and manure expended on that part from which no crop has since been taken, shall be valued by a respectable person, to be nominated by the landlord or his agent, whose valuation shall be final, and the amount of it shall immediately be paid to the quitting tenant, deducting what may be due for rent, repairs, or labour which should have been performed on the allotment. 10. In case of any breach of condition or rule, which shall entitle the landlord to determine the tenancy, the landlord or his agent shall have power to enter and retake possession of such allotment, as if such allotment had not been let, and the tenant shall be liable to be deprived of his allotment *without compensation for growing crop, labour, or manure.*

The Directorship of the Veterinary Department of the Board of Agriculture, a post which is worth £1,000 a year, will become vacant at the end of next month by the retirement of Professor Brown, who attained the age of sixty-five early in the present year, but he was granted an extension of time for a few months. Professor Brown has been connected with the Department, of which he is the very efficient head, since 1865.

Dr. Yorke Davies writes to me this week in answer to Dr. Andrew Wilson's theories on fat reduction, but I think that my readers have heard enough about fat

HÔTEL BURLINGTON, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Perfectly unique!!! Over 200 rooms, practically designed, sumptuously appointed, and fitted throughout with all the comforts of a well-arranged country mansion. Electric light. Passenger lift. Acres of matured grounds sloping to the Pier. Most moderate tariff, forwarded by Manager, or obtainable at the Burlington and Buckingham Palace Hotels, London. Bournemouth EAST Station.

by this time, and I really cannot open the columns of TRUTH to a scientific debate on a technical matter between two experts. It will have struck most readers that Dr. Andrew Wilson was avowedly only stating a theory, while Dr. Yorke Davies is nothing if not a practical man. In this capacity he now contends that Dr. Andrew Wilson makes two errors: (1) That it is possible, under any circumstances, to cut fat entirely out of the dietary; (2) That in order to reduce fat it is necessary to go on consuming fat. He agrees that a certain proportion of fat in the diet is necessary, but points out that the leanest meat contains five per cent. of fat, and that nearly all animal and vegetable foods contain as much as is required for the process of digestion and assimilation. When, however, the body is once freed of superfluous fat, he would allow the patient to take as much in his food as he likes.

Many ladies have written to express concurrence in my opinion that the "poor gentlewoman" would, as a rule, be better off as a domestic servant than as a governess, companion, or "lady help." One of my correspondents tells the following story of a young relative in straitened circumstances, who went as companion to a lady whose husband occupied a dignified position. After about a fortnight in a very uncomfortable place, the girl asked permission to go out to lunch with a friend who was passing through London. The lady assented, but gave her notice to leave, professing to have understood that the girl had no friends, and stating that she objected to a companion who wanted to go out visiting. The same night, while undressing, the girl accidentally set fire to her clothes, and to the room, and narrowly escaped being burnt to death. The employer charged her with doing this out of revenge for having received notice to leave, denounced her before the servants and firemen, and packed her off the next day, which was Sunday. No wonder this dame preferred a companion without friends! Few people would venture to treat a servant in such a fashion.

But how anybody can have the audacity to ask a "lady" to take a general servant's place at wages under 5s. per week passes my comprehension. That such a height of audacity is possible is proved by the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*. I can only say that "ladies" are extremely foolish if they accept such terms. Provided they really mean to work, they are worth more, not less, than the traditional domestic, and they ought to have no difficulty in obtaining wages accordingly:—

Lady wanted (gentlewoman by birth and education essential) who would prefer a general servant's post in small family (assisted by the lady of the house) to governessing. Salary £12 and laundress, &c.

I hear from a student at the Royal College of Science that for a long time past serious annoyance has been caused by the systematic stealing of coats, umbrellas, and other property from the laboratories. From my informant's account of the matter I gather that the coats are hung outside the laboratories, without anything to prevent the pockets being rifled or the garments abstracted, and in an institution of this character it seems to me to be the clear duty of the authorities to remedy this state of things, either by providing a cloak-room or putting some one to keep watch of the premises.

With reference to the plucking of ostriches, I have received the following letter from Mrs. Edward Phillips in answer to the letter from another lady which appeared in last week's TRUTH:—

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

Vaughan House, 11, Morland-road, Addiscombe, Croydon,
November 11, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—The immediate object of the Society for the Protection of Birds is to avert, if possible, or at least diminish, the destruction of useful and beautiful birds solely for decorative purposes. Ostriches are not only not destroyed, but are actually preserved and bred largely for the sake of their plumage. They are costly and delicate birds, and die readily under ill-usage. The Arab method of plucking the birds undoubtedly is cruel, just as some methods of shearing sheep are cruel, but in neither case is it to the interest of the proprietors that the creatures should suffer. The plucking of the feathers injures the formative cells, with the result that in subsequent growths the feathers deteriorate and are of small commercial value. In the early days of ostrich-farming at the Cape the system of plucking was followed because no other was known; happily this has been altered since about 1878, thanks to Mr. G. J. Nathan, who suggested a better plan, and to Mr. Douglas, who was the first to put it into practice. The plan of clipping the feathers is now universal in South Africa. When perfect, the feathers are cut off close to the flesh, and in about six weeks' time the stumps wither and become loose in their sockets, and are then drawn out without pain to the bird.

Heartily thanking you for the encouragement which you have more than once given to us in our efforts, I remain, yours faithfully, E. PHILLIPS, Vice-President.

What Mrs. Phillips says is confirmed by a letter which I have had from a South African ostrich farmer. He says that the account of the catching and throwing of the birds given by my correspondent last week is incredible. The birds' legs would inevitably get broken in the struggle, and, once broken, cannot be mended, which means the loss of the bird. For this reason, at the Cape, a bag is pulled over the ostrich's head to keep it quiet, and in this state the feathers are clipped off in the manner described by Mrs. Phillips. My South African correspondent adds that in all his experience, which includes the hunting and shooting of wild ostriches, he has never heard a bird scream, and knows no one who ever has. I hope that these explanations will reassure my original correspondent, and lead her to withdraw her hostility to the Society for the Protection of Birds.

The following startling paragraph about golf appears in the *Western Morning News*. That a game of this deadly nature should be every day growing in popularity is an alarming sign of the times:—

St. Marychurch Local Board has referred complaints of the danger of golf-playing on Babbacombe Downs to a Committee. Dr. Karkeek reported five deaths during October, giving the rate of 9·1 per 1,000.

C.O.M. WHISKY.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—ANDREWS & CO., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

C.O.M. WHISKY.

MAJOR HOWE & CO.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Parents often wonder how it is that, after they have expended large sums on the education of their boys at expensive schools, they find these young gentlemen incapable of answering a German letter or ordering a dinner at a French restaurant. A little pamphlet entitled "The Caricature of German in English Schools," just published by a certain Herr Curt Abel-Musgrave, throws a good deal of light on this mystery. It deals with six "German" grammars compiled by English pedagogues, and now in use in leading public schools, and in every one of these the German critic finds abundant food for mirth and ridicule—just as we should, no doubt, in English grammars written in France by Frenchmen or Germans. I wonder whether we should hear similar criticism if we could obtain the opinion of an ancient Greek or Roman on British Greek and Latin grammars.

A lady asks my opinion on the salaries paid by the Girls' High School Company to their mistresses. It seems that a lady who has taken first-class honours at Cambridge is paid £120 a year, without board or lodging; and that many other highly-educated women are only paid £80 a year. The hours appear to be long and the work heavy, and I hear of one school in which three mistresses broke down from over-work in one year. Speaking as an outsider, I should say that *primâ facie* a graduate with high University honours, male or female ought to earn more than an artisan, and that £80 per annum—say 32s. a-week—is very inadequate pay for highly skilled intellectual labour. As a matter of fact a mistress of a public infant-school expects more than the latter sum, and on the whole, I should say the teachers in the High School would infinitely improve their position by migrating to the Board Schools. Were they to do so, the shareholders might find it expedient to forego some part of the five per cent. dividend they are now receiving, and increase the salaries in proportion.

Exception has been taken to a recent award of a scholarship by the Governors of Woodbridge Grammar School. A boy of nine was examined in accordance with the regulations in the division for candidates under eleven. He headed the list, obtaining 423 marks out of a possible 550—76·9 per cent. Another boy, aged eleven, was examined in the division for candidates under thirteen. He obtained 522 marks out of a possible 725—72 per cent. This was 4·9 per cent. in favour of the younger boy, but, nevertheless, the Governors awarded the scholarship to the elder lad. On the face of it, this decision seems unfair, and the father of the younger boy has not unnaturally objected to it. From the papers which have been submitted to me, I gather that the Governors possibly took into consideration the position of the two families, and bestowed the scholarship where they judged it was, from an eleemosynary point of view, most needed. But in that case they hardly complied with their scheme, which provides that the scholarship shall be freely and openly competed for, and be given as a reward of merit on the result of the examination. If the examination is not to be the sole test, the fact should be made known to parents beforehand. The present practice is bound to cause dissatisfaction and unpleasantness.

In a recent issue of TRUTH a picture was given of a Welsh Vicar, who was modestly described as an ecclesiastical Whiteley. A "Welsh Coaster" now asks me to append to that picture the following. As the suggestion is that both are portraits of the same cleric, I am very glad to comply; but whether the two really are the same, I really cannot say. If the Welsh Church, however, contains two parish priests of such abnormal energy as this, there is more vitality in it than it has credit for:—

There is a Vicar, also in North Wales, who is a Magistrate of acknowledged impartiality and ability. He is a literary man, as a Vicar should be, and an author. He is full of public spirit and abounds with energy. When he went to his parish, twenty five years ago, there was hardly any population. Since then, chiefly through his well-directed efforts, his neighbourhood has become widely known as a favourite health-resort. Where formerly stood a few cottages are now beautifully laid-out streets of country residences, villas, shops, public buildings, and handsome places of worship. A large population exists to the great advantage of the few country people who formerly were his sole parishioners. Hardly any improvement has been made but what was due to his initiative. He is indefatigable in championing the interests of his district, and holds several public offices. His exertions in his parish are so well appreciated that a very substantial pecuniary testimonial has just been raised—quite spontaneously—for him by parishioners of all shades of opinion. In further and indisputable evidence of his thoroughly good work as a pastor, he has not only built, in a few years, a large and handsome church, but has filled it with an attached congregation. This is the merest outline of what has been performed by this Welsh Vicar.

Here is an Irish cleric who is not exclusively occupied with spiritual things. The advertisement has been appearing regularly in a Liverpool paper. A reader of the Liverpool paper asks me what I think of it. Well, it seems to me a pity that a Rector should have to supplement his income by trapping and selling rabbits; but if he finds it necessary, I don't know why he should not do it—always provided they are his own rabbits:—

Fresh Trapped Rabbits.—A Brace of above sent free to any address on receipt of P.O.O. for 3s.—Rector, Dungloe.

With reference to the appointment of the Rev. Eric Farrar to St. Thomas's, Coventry, I am informed by a gentleman who seems to know all about the circumstances that the living is of little or no value in a pecuniary sense. It is worth nominally only £200 a year, and the parish is a very poor one, no less than 7,000 of the inhabitants being classed as poor. It is said, therefore, that only a man of means could take the living, and that this as much as anything else led to Mr. Farrar's appointment. Whether this is all gospel I cannot say, but I give it as it is given to me. In any case, a petition was presented to the Bishop asking him to appoint the Rev. Llewellyn Wood, Senior Curate of Holy Trinity, Coventry, who had worked for eleven years in the diocese, and who, it is to be presumed, was prepared to accept this living. The Bishop, I gather from the local newspapers, indeed, admits that the living was given to Mr. Farrar because of services rendered by his father, who had been the Bishop's chaplain. If so, I cannot imagine a worse ground

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A correspondent writes:—

You did not exactly state the full facts with reference to the Bishop of Derry. Not only did he go to Capetown to perform the ceremony in regard to his daughter's marriage, but he is connected by hereditary claims with the leading Duke of the S.A. Chartered Company. In days gone by Mr. Alexander was

an enthusiastic Liberal, and Mr. Gladstone was attracted to him by a certain smartness of style in his preaching, and made him Dean of Emly. In 1866 the Tory Government came into office, and the father of the present Duke of Abercorn became Viceroy of Ireland. This gentleman's land agent was a certain Major Humphreys, to whose daughter Dean Alexander was married. Very opportunely Dr. Higgins, the then Bishop of Derry, who had the reputation, according to the late Bishop Wilberforce (*vide* "Diary"), of selling every living in his gift, was translated from this sphere of usefulness to another and better world. A grateful sense of Major Humphreys's services as a land agent stimulated the then Viceroy to press for the appointment of the Major's son-in-law to the vacant Bishopric. Lord Derby, as Premier, hesitated. But the claims of the land agent, backed up by the landlord, were not to be gainsaid, and the fortunate son-in-law found himself the youngest Bishop on the Bench. It is but natural the Bishop should expatiate, when occupying the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, upon the claims of the Company, of which the present Duke of Abercorn is Chairman, just as he preached in the Albert Hall for the claims of the Irish Unionist demonstrators, of whom the Duke of Abercorn is also the Chairman. All this does honour to his sense of gratitude for Bishoprics received, and other spiritual blessings, but it hardly makes him an independent authority either in respect to Mr. Rhodes and his filibusters, or to the Duke of Abercorn and his Unionist demonstrators.

The living of Southfleet, Kent, which is worth about £500 a year, with residence, and is in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. George F. Goddart, who had been Rector for thirty-nine years. He was a son of the celebrated Archdeacon Goddart, who was Chaplain to three Kings of England in succession, and of whose method of preaching there is an interesting account in Mozley's "Reminiscences of Oriel."

A striking example is reported to me from Gloucestershire of the manner in which religious persecution is still practised in our midst. In the village of Brockworth, feeling has recently run very high between the High Church and Low Church parties. The Vicar and the High Church party being in the ascendant, the Protestant Union sent out lay-readers to hold private religious meetings. A cottage where such meetings were held was occupied by a woman whose son was gardener to a lady connected with the High Church party This son was actually informed that his mother must stop the meetings at her cottage, or he must take lodgings in another house, and undertake not to support his mother out of his pay The young man naturally declined to accept either alternative. As a consequence he was summarily dismissed from his situation. Such is the extent to which liberty of conscience prevails in rural England in 1893.

The net result of the Birmingham Church Congress is a deficiency of £780, which will involve a pro rata call of half a crown in the pound from the guarantors.

I have received the following from a correspondent anent the Chapel Royal, St. James's —

I think you must be misinformed about the Chapel Royal, St. James's, when you describe it as useless. During the Session of Parliament the Chapel is always full, and it is odd that the congregation always contains more representatives of the Radical benches than of the other side. Mr. Gladstone nearly always attends the Sunday service when in town, as do many of his Ministry. Only on last Sunday Mr. Gladstone was accompanied by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, while behind him was a member of his Government in the person of Mr R. K. Causton, as well as a member of the Opposition, Sir F. Seager Hunt. Facing him was the Earl of Mar and Kellie, and a great many other peers, and all the strangers' seats were closely filled.

The alterations have given general satisfaction. By placing the choir-seats on either side of the altar, more space has been provided in the body of the chapel. The removal of the pulpit, which was always unnecessary, allows the House of Commons pew to be enlarged. The communion-table has been cut down to more usual dimensions, and now displays with much better effect the gold candlesticks, alms-dishes, flagons, and patens, which are such splendid specimens of the goldsmith's handicraft. The two pieces of tapestry imported for the Royal Wedding are to remain. The improvements, it is an open secret, are all due to the suggestions of the sub-Dean.

Since Dr. Creser succeeded to the post of organist there has also been a marked improvement in the musical portion of the service. The singing now is fully equal in quality to that at St. Paul's or the Abbey; but a retrograde step has unfortunately been taken in the substitution of "S.P.C.K." hymns for the "Ancient and Modern."

The Bishop of Chichester has evidently been benefited by his recent holiday in Switzerland, for he was in high form at the Diocesan Conference the other day, summing up the various debates with admirable lucidity, and delivering a most forcible impromptu defence of Free Trade. All Bishop Durnford's remarks throughout the Conference were pervaded by the strong common sense for which he has always been so eminently distinguished among his Episcopal brethren.

A scheme has been organised by the Bishop of Winchester, who is now in residence at the Deanery, Winchester, for establishing some Diocesan Chaplains, who are to reside in a house which he has taken at Farnham, and who are to be sent out by him to take charge of vacant parishes, or to officiate during an Incumbent's absence through illness. This is an excellent project, and it may be hoped that Bishop Thorold will be able to carry it out.

The Rev. John C. Burnett, who died last week, was one of the very last of the old school of Evangelical clergy. He commenced his clerical career in Somersetshire fifty-nine years ago, and he had been beneficed in the Diocese of Bath and Wells since 1841, and had been Rector of St. Michael's, Bath (a living in the gift of the Simeon Trustees), since 1857. He was a most active parish clergyman and a forcible preacher, and was long a prominent figure on the platforms of religious meetings. Mr. Burnett was one of the most intimate friends of the late Dean Law, who gave him his first preferment, and whose interest obtained for him the living of St. Michael's. Mr. Burnett continued his work until within a fortnight of his death, although he was in his eighty-seventh year.

For true Christian charity and tolerance commend me to the Anglican cleric. A Roman Catholic congregation at Bishop Auckland, mainly consisting of poor working people, recently held a bazaar to raise funds to wipe off a debt on their church. To their credit, a number of persons outside the Roman Catholic communion generously helped to make the bazaar a success, and four well-known local Churchmen took part in the opening ceremonies. These praiseworthy efforts have, however, deeply grieved the Vicar of Auckland (the Rev. E. Price), and on Sunday week he gave expression to his feelings in a lengthy sermon, in which he urged his flock "not to encourage false doctrine," "to be loyal to Church principles," &c.

I have received £5 from Traveller for the Dinner Fund.

I must congratulate the German Emperor upon his energy in putting down card swindling in his Army. As a rule, I should say that the German officers are thoroughly honest men, and they have the advantage over our officers of being willing and able to live on their pay, although it is a very small one. Captain von Meyerlink, having been proved to have taken advantage of his position as a nobleman to act as a go-between betwixt usurers and their victims, has had the grace to do himself justice by hanging himself. How is it supposed that many of our Captain von Meyerlinks live? In precisely the same way as he did. Our fashionable circles contain more men and women who traffic in introductions and such like go-betweenism than that of any other country in the world. Ladies are paid for procuring guests. Gentlemen—so called—are touts, who introduce their young friends to usurers, and who are paid a commission on the introduction. Given a country where birth is still a social distinction, where birth has no money and yet wants to make two ends meet, and birth takes to very strange devices.

Some disgraceful statements are in circulation with regard to the examination of Militia candidates at Portsmouth last September. It is asserted on the authority of candidates present that the members of the Board (five Captains presided over by a Lieutenant-Colonel) openly prompted the answers to the questions, and discussed among themselves in the hearing of the candidates how the questions were intended to be answered. What is described as a "buzz of conversation" went on in the room all through the first day. On the second, owing, it is said, to rumours of what was going on having leaked out, things were done more "decently and in order," in obedience to a hint from a superior quarter. The Director-General of Military Education has been making personal inquiries into the matter, and it is to be hoped that he will have the courage to order a new examination, for nothing less will meet the justice of the case.

I am told that in several recent cases soldiers serving with their regiments in Egypt have applied for transfer to regiments proceeding to India, offering at the same time to extend their colour service to twelve years, but have found, after their C.O. has endorsed the application and the doctor has passed them, that the General vetos the application. No reason is assigned for this veto. What reason can there be? If it were a question of keeping the man in Egypt, the General's action might be explained, but, as I understand the case, it is simply a question between the man being allowed to go to India and being discharged to the Reserve. If the C.O. and the doctor think him fit to proceed to India on an extended engagement, why should the General object?

Long ago attention was drawn in TRUTH to the inconsiderate way in which medical inspection is often carried out in the Army. For this function the men are paraded in their shirts and trousers, with bare feet, their shirt-sleeves rolled up, and the fronts of their shirts open. In this guise it is no uncommon thing for them to be kept waiting twenty minutes or half an hour till the doctor arrives, which is, in winter, a barbarous and dangerous state of things. This medical inspection takes place in some cases every week; it may throughout the army for all I know. I would suggest that, in the winter at any rate, once a month would be quite often enough, and that both in winter and summer steps should be taken to ensure that the doctor shall be on the spot as soon as the men are paraded.

There seems to be no grievance more universally resented among soldiers in India than their detention beyond the period at which they are legally entitled to discharge. Almost every mail brings me correspondence on the subject. The War Office theory seems to be that they may keep a man in India till his eight years are up, and then bring him home at whatever time after suits their convenience. This is the precise converse of what the rule ought to be. A man should be discharged in England at the expiration of his eight years, but the authorities should have the right to bring him home at any time before that which suits their convenience. When a man is on foreign service, at the expiration of his seven years the War Office takes the right to detain him an extra year. What is the intention of this but to give them a period of grace in which to bring him home?

One of my Anglo-Indian readers tells me that the reason of the Viceroy being allowed to remit his salary to England at 2s. 2d. per rupee is that the amount is fixed by Act of Parliament in pounds sterling, and not in rupees, so that he is legally entitled to have the English value of his money. I hear now, for the first time, that the members of the Viceroy's Council enjoy the same privilege on the same grounds. A report is also current that the Bishop of Calcutta is on the same footing, but for what reason Heaven only knows. The Act of Parliament and the pound sterling explain the "how" of the matter, but not the "why." Why, I should like to know, has Parliament ordained that the Governor-General and his Council alone among Indian officials should have their pay measured out in English gold?

It may interest somebody at headquarters to hear that the school attached to the garrison at Gozo has only been visited by an Inspector of Army Schools once during the last four and a-half years. At the time of my information the school work was practically at a standstill, as the Schoolmaster could not put the children into a higher standard until they had been examined. It would seem that the

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

WINTER VISITORS TO BOURNEMOUTH will find "The Imperial" one of the most complete residential establishments in the United Kingdom. Finest position on East Cliff. Luxuriously furnished, with appointments and cuisine of the highest order. Moderate tariff.—Apply, Manager.—W. H. DORÉ, Proprietor.

existence of this garrison—which is about 500 strong—has been forgotten by the authorities concerned with Army Education, for Gozo is in daily communication with Malta, and there is not the slightest reason why the school should not be inspected.

I have never been an opponent of a strong Navy, although I have questioned the wisdom of Lord George Hamilton's dictum that our Navy must be as strong as that of any two other naval Powers, for this seemed an invitation to these Powers to engage in a beggar-myself game of building ships. But this I should like to know: If we were engaged in a war with some great Power—say with France—should we seek to remain masters in the Mediterranean?

On a strategical question like this, the fullest consideration would be needed. Without pronouncing one way or the other, I cannot help seeing that, were we at war with some strong Mediterranean Power, the difference of the insurance between British and neutral bottoms would transfer to neutrals all the carrying trade now under the British flag in the Mediterranean, for on such a *mare clausum* the risk of isolated steamers capturing our ships would remain, even if we were to vanquish the enemy's ships of war in some great naval battle, or to block her principal ports. If we had no other route than that by the Cape, obviously—come what may—we should have to concentrate our energies on holding the Mediterranean route. But this alternative route we have. It is true that it is longer than that by the Suez Canal, but our position on the Red Sea would enable us to block the Mediterranean route to our enemy, and consequently this enemy would be unable to cut us out by using the shorter route. I hardly see, therefore, how the Mediterranean can be called the key of our Empire. In a war, a Commander should concentrate his forces, and not weaken himself by spreading them indefinitely, for the result ultimately achieved depends on general, not on partial, success. This, if I read history correctly, was the lesson that Napoleon taught. I do not go, however, further than this: our naval experts should decide whether, in the event of war—say with France—we should hold or evacuate the Mediterranean.

It is asserted in naval circles that Lieutenant Gordon, who died recently of typhoid fever in the hospital at Gibraltar, is a victim of the scandalously unhealthy condition of the *Royal Sovereign*, in which vessel he had been serving. It is really most discreditable that a new battleship, on which nearly a million of the public money has been expended, should have been fitted only with sanitary appliances of a perfectly obsolete kind, which after a short time were found to be so defective in condition that the vessel became dangerously unwholesome. Who is responsible for this deplorable and disgraceful state of things?

One of the multitudinous grievances of the Indian Telegraph Service is the amount of Sunday labour exacted from the officials. A clerk, in a recent letter to TRUTH, says that in first-class telegraph offices the clause of the Queen's Proclamation guaranteeing liberty of conscience in India is a dead letter, for the employés in these offices are absolutely precluded from attending church on Sunday. Lord Elgin would do well to investigate the entire administration of the Telegraph Department, where there exists more discontent than in any other branch of the public Service with which I am acquainted—which is saying a good deal.

The Chippenham Guardians, like many other Boards, now make a small allowance of snuff and tobacco to aged inmates of the Workhouse, and last week it was proposed that those who do not smoke or take snuff should be granted, as an equivalent, tea and sugar to the amount of threepence per week. These commendable attempts to soften the aged pauper's lot do not, however, meet with the approval of Mr. Clutterbuck, the Chairman. He portentously warned his colleagues that it was not within the province of the Board "to give luxuries," and by his casting vote he defeated the revolutionary motion. In Mr. Clutterbuck Chippenham evidently possesses a bulwark of Bumbledom.

Judging by the following letter of Lord Mayor Duckett to Lord Burleigh, which I have come across in a book containing letters written during the reign of Elizabeth, the nobility of that day rather protested against the excessive feastings of the City Corporations and Companies, than approved of them:—

> Our dutie to yor Lordship humbly done, it may please the same to be advertised that for avoiding the excessive spending of venison and other vitail in the Halls of this Citie, which we understand to have been offensive to her Matie and the Nobilitie, we have by Act of Common Council forbidden such festes hereafter to be kept, and have restrained the same only to necessarie metinges in w^h also no venison is permitted, as by the copie of the Act herew^th sent unto yor L may appere.

I would suggest that our City Fathers should look up this Act, and act upon it, in which case I should imagine that turtle soup would come under the category of "other vitail," which, as well as venison, Lord Mayor Duckett pledged himself should neither appear at Corporation nor City Company feasts.

The Managing Committee of the Galashiels Parochial Board have just taken the extraordinary step of ordering various fines under the Vaccination Acts to be paid out of the poor rates. The Committee had previously passed a resolution to suspend prosecutions for vaccination offences, but it was over-ruled by the Board of Supervision; after which the Committee had recourse to the ingenious expedient of indemnifying at the public expense the stalwarts who refused to comply with the

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Act. One need not believe in vaccination to see that this is a most outrageous irregularity. On the same principle a majority of publicans on a Board of Guardians might order fines for drunkenness to be paid out of the rates. If these Galashiels gentlemen are so anxious that the anti-vaccinators should not suffer for conscience' sake, let them pay the fines out of their own pockets. The auditor will, I trust, secure that result by surcharging the amounts disbursed in this way.

What a local paper describes as "an extraordinary and painful scene" occurred at the meeting of the Thames Ditton School Board the other day. In the course of it, the Right Hon. Lord Foley said (so it is reported) "that Mr. Kearns (another member) was a liar, and he would have nothing more to do with him." A Thames Ditton resident, who does not seem to adequately appreciate the distinction conferred on the Board by the noble Lord's membership, asks me whether this kind of language is customary amongst hereditary legislators. As I do not mix in such circles myself, I cannot speak with authority on the point. Lord Foley is in a better position to do so. If he calls a colleague "a liar," I suppose it may be taken for granted that the expression is not unusual in his sphere.

A Bournemouth correspondent tells me that I was entirely right in criticising the action of the late Mayor in ordering the withdrawal of a summons, and that my friend who considered the criticism "rot" is all wrong. It seems that not only did the Mayor order the withdrawal of the summons, but that his action has been challenged in the Town Council, and that he then admitted and defended what he had done. I have the report before me—as well as a good many other facts—which show that there were good reasons for challenging the Mayor's action. It seems, therefore, that the only "rot" which I have published was the contradiction given by my first correspondent.

It may be remembered that reference was recently made in TRUTH to the eviction of Mr. Davies, a chemist at Heytesbury, for the alleged reason that, as a member of the Sanitary Authority, he had called attention to the condition of cottages belonging to his landlord, Lord Heytesbury. I subsequently published a letter from Mr. Flower, the Medical Officer, contraverting Mr. Davies's assertion that the orders of the Sanitary Authority for a house-to-house visitation had not been complied with, and suggesting that Mr. Davies's action followed, instead of preceding, his notice to quit. A letter from Mr. Davies in reply to this reached me on Tuesday of last week, too late for the current issue of TRUTH. I now take the following extracts from it :—

I did not see Mr. Flower's letter in your issue of the 26th ult. in time to reply earlier. . . . Things have come to a pretty pass when a member of a body charged with looking after the people's health, who does his duty, has such motives imputed to him by one of its servants. I called attention to a case of overcrowding in a cottage belonging to Lord Heytesbury, tenanted by Mrs. Lawrence, at one of our meetings in October, 1892. My notice to quit is dated February 3, 1893. Mr. Flower writes of "imaginary sanitary defects," knowing at the same time that in Mrs. Lawrence's cottage since I first called the attention of the authority to it, cases of diphtheria and typhoid-fever have occurred. From the cuttings I enclose, taken from the *Wiltshire Times*, you will observe that the cottage is in such a wretched condition that the authority at the last meeting gave peremptory orders for it to be closed. It is no worse now, however, than it has been for years past. Mr. Flower forgot to tell you when writing about the house to house visitation, that he only completed it the day before the issue of TRUTH in which his letter appeared. He was ordered to make a house to house visitation on September 4. I taxed him at our meeting on October 16 with not having made the visitation; he replied that he did not consider it necessary to do so. It is not for me to say what caused Mr. Flower to change his mind. You will see, however, that at the last meeting of our authority "numerous cases of nuisances" were reported from Heytesbury, and I must bear witness to the fact that within the last three weeks, the sanitation of Heytesbury has had more attention paid to it than I can remember for a corresponding period within the last twenty years.

Mr. Davies seems to have all the best of the argument, and the doctor, in view of his misleading letter to me, does not come out of the discussion much better than the noble landlord. Considering how many letters have been written on the matter, it is somewhat remarkable that no attempt has been made on Lord Heytesbury's part to deny or extenuate his alleged persecution of the chemist.

At the late municipal elections, Mr. S. L. Baker, being desirous of representing the electors of the South-East Ward of Poole, thus sought to ingratiate himself with the fishermen ratepayers in that district. It would be interesting to know how these successors of the Apostles took the compliment :—

Now, in writing for the South-East Ward, we cannot forget the fishermen, as they nearly all live there. When I was a boy I used to stand about the Fish Shamble steps, and wonder how it was that Jesus Christ chose so many men of that kind to be His disciples, as they did not impress me then as men at all fitted to be such—forty years ago they were very rough—but if they still seem rough, they are very much better men.

From further information which has reached me during the week, I should say that the late municipal election at Dover was one of a character hardly paralleled since the Reform Bill. The Mayor, who in any other town makes at least a show of impartiality, descended openly into the arena, and held electioneering meetings in the Mayor's parlour. One of his leading henchmen, who is the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy for East Kent, spoke at one of these meetings, and held a meeting at his Dover office a night or two before the election. On the day of the election two of the presiding officers—one of them, I understand, a scheduled briber—were busily engaged in bringing up voters when not themselves within the polling-booth. The Vicar of one parish, in conjunction with his two wardens, sent out a circular to his flock. A Roman Catholic priest, another political parson, and an Army Chaplain on the station also signed circulars. The intervention of the last-mentioned reverend gentleman in a civil contest of this kind is a proceeding emphatically calling for the notice of the authorities.

One Dover correspondent writes :—

You are quite right in all you say respecting the late election here, and you might add that the result was achieved by the usual Dover methods—bribery, treating, intimidation, and every form of corrupt and illegal practice. The special Dover plan of bribery is to give the independent electors a shilling or half-a-crown, with a pot of beer, before the poll as an earnest of good faith, and to follow this up with "payment by results" afterwards—that is to say, "No win, no boodle," but if the desired results are secured, there follows a liberal distribution of "thick 'uns" and "thin 'uns" (sovereigns and half-sovereigns) among the electors who have registered their names at the committee-rooms of the successful candidate.

Another way in which "payment by results" is

managed is indicated by the following stories, which I find in another letter from Dover. A woman purchased a box of pills in the town, immediately after the Election. The assistant asked her how her husband had voted. She replied for the successful candidates. On opening her parcel when she got home she found half-a-crown wrapped up with the pill-box. A day or two later another woman purchased a feeding-bottle at the same shop. She was asked the same question and received the same answer. The assistant (a lady) replied, "Well, you have got your bottle, and here's a shilling for you besides to drink 'B.'s' and 'F.'s' health." The woman accordingly got her bottle for nothing. "B." and "F." were, of course, the successful candidates. When it is remembered that at the bottom of all this shameless corruption in the present instance is the question whether an improvement scheme is to be adopted at a cost of about £100,000, or another at a cost of about £20,000, and that the dominant ring in the Corporation are supporting the former scheme with all their might, it will be readily perceived that Dover has reached an almost unexampled degree of municipal corruption.

I am told that the Police in the provinces, like many men in other positions, are seriously aggrieved at the way in which the retirement regulations are carried out. The Police Act of 1890 provides for superannuation at the age of sixty; but retirement is left optional, and the result naturally is that the best-paid men at the top of the tree stick to their salaries as long as they can, blocking promotion, and compelling the men below them who wish to retire to do so before they have earned the pension of the higher grade. Compulsory retirement is the rule for all grades in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service, and the Police ought undoubtedly to be put on the same footing.

Last week reference was made in TRUTH to the rapid promotion of a member of the Bristol Police Force, who, after being appointed an Inspector at the age of twenty-two, was within a year raised over the heads of thirteen old and experienced officers to the rank of Chief Inspector. I am now informed that the young gentleman in question is the son of Captain Parry, her Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary for the division which includes Bristol. It is urged in defence of the Chief Constable that this is the first occasion on which he has gone outside the Force to fill an appointment, and that all the other Superintendents and Inspectors were promoted from the ranks. Far from making it better, this makes the matter worse, for it shows that there has been a departure from the ordinary course. Bristol, however, is not the only place in which discontent has been caused in the Force by unfair promotion, and the Home Secretary would do well to consider whether some regulation cannot be framed requiring a reasonable term of previous training and service as a condition of appointment to a responsible post of command.

When I last week advocated the use of "the cat" as a punishment for assaults on women and children, I did not intend to recommend the particular instrument known by that name. I mention this, as one or two humanitarians have pointed out to me that the "cat" is almost an instrument of torture, and that corporal punishment may be inflicted quite as effectually without recourse to actual cruelty. So be it. Provided we get corporal punishment in an effectual shape, I don't much mind what the shape is. A Glasgow correspondent recommends periodical administration of a rod or cane, and I should think that this would serve the purpose as well as anything else.

The position of the Irish landlord cannot be so very bad, after all. At the Banbridge Quarter Sessions a few days ago, Captain Leslie, of Ballyward, obtained a decree against one of his tenants named Harold for a half-year's rent. The plaintiff, it transpired, collects his own rents, and he stated that on the rent-day in June Harold came to his house without his coat, whereupon "he told him he should come decently to pay his rent, and to go home and dress himself." From the stories which are told in some quarters one would hardly have imagined that any Irish landlord could afford to be thus particular. On the contrary, one would have thought it more likely that the landlord would be without a coat in which to receive the tenant.

I look in vain for any sign of improvement under the last Bankruptcy Act in the cost of realising small estates. A case has just come under my notice in the Cheshire County Court where the estate realised (within a penny) £178, of which only £32. 11s. 4d. reached the creditors, the unsecured creditors receiving only £13. 9s. The Board of Trade and the lawyers, on the other hand, divided between them over £66, while even the trustee and the auctioneer got £35.

Colonel Guthrie, of Penarth, writes to disclaim having attempted to set the fashion of smoking on the Magisterial Bench. The Colonel's explanation of the *Western Mail* paragraph, to which I referred last week, is that he did not light his cigar till the business of the Court for the day was finished, and the other Magistrates and the general public had left, there being then only the Clerk, a few police officers, and two reporters in the room. I agree with Colonel Guthrie that the atmosphere of a Court of Justice at the close of the day's proceedings is not fragrant, and I certainly do not see why he should not have sweetened it with a little tobacco, nor why the local press need have recorded the fact as though the Chairman of the Bench had been puffing a cigar while meting out justice.

By the way, a well-informed friend of mine tells me that I was wrong in saying that no Judge has been seen on the Bench in England with a pipe in his mouth.

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"How," says he, "about Chief Baron Nicholson?" Nicholson? Was he the learned Judge who used to sit somewhere out of Leicester square? If so, he was about the only Judge of my time that I have never been before.

Mr. Skinner, a farmer at Hornchurch, Essex, told a lamentable story at the Romford Petty Sessions last week, and he seems to have been very harshly treated by his landlord. Mr. Skinner has lost £1,100 by his farming operations during the last three years, and, owing to the drought, this season's early crops were a failure. The landlord's agent would not give him time, but sold him up for rent, property worth £500 bringing only £60. At Michaelmas, the rent being again due, the agent refused to allow him a few days' grace to get up his potatoes, and insisted on another forced sale, which caused a further serious loss. The unfortunate farmer was now summoned for non-payment of rates, but the Magistrates being more merciful than the landlord allowed him six weeks to find the money due. It would be interesting to learn who is Mr. Skinner's landlord, and whether that individual approves of his agent's procedure.

The following singular case came before the Lexden and Winstree Bench on Saturday week. David Cooper, travelling hawker, was summoned for doing damage to a tree to the amount of one penny at East Donyland, on October 17, 1891. The only evidence as to this offence was that of Mr. E. J. Heavens, the prosecutor, who stated that the man alleged to have done the damage gave the name of "David Cooper." Mr. Heavens had never seen the man since that date, more than two years ago, but the summons had at length been served on a certain David Cooper, travelling hawker, staying at Lowestoft. This man did not appear, but the Lowestoft police had been informed by his wife that he had never been to East Donyland, and, so far as I can gather, there was absolutely no proof that he was the individual wanted. Nevertheless, the Bench not only convicted the Cooper of Lowestoft, but imposed the absolutely monstrous penalty of 17s. 7d. Even if it had been clear that he was the right man, the odd sevenpence would have been a sufficient penalty for such a trumpery offence.

A dissatisfied litigant—the representative of a large class—tells me a curious story about a County Court Judge. He brought an action for a debt. The debtor pleaded that he was barred by the Statute of Limitations. The plaintiff showed a payment on account which took the debt out of the Statute. The Judge, however, rose superior to the trammels of Statute and Case law, and gave judgment for the defendant. He refused to reconsider his judgment or to allow a new trial; and, as the amount of the debt was under £20, there was no appeal, and, consequently, no remedy. The plaintiff laid his complaint before the Lord Chancellor and the Treasury, but got nothing more from either of them than a regret that they had no power to interfere; and nothing more can be done except to petition for the removal of the Judge. That has been adopted, and I understand that over 2,000 signatures to the petition have been obtained. But the removal of one Judge hardly meets the necessities of the case. The fact seems to be that at present, when the amount is under £20, a County Court Judge can make his own law, regardless alike of Parliament and of the Superior Courts. The question is, Can County Court Judges be safely entrusted with that amount of discretion?

The Magisterial Bench in the Isle of Man appears to be fully as much in need of reform as the most Tory-ridden English County Bench. The Nonconformists claim that they form the great majority of the inhabitants of the island, but, according to a statement made at a meeting of the Manx Nonconformist Council on Thursday, out of about forty Magistrates no fewer than thirty-eight are members of the Church of England. Gentlemen who are simply engaged in trade or commerce are rigorously excluded from the Bench, which is almost entirely composed of lawyers, Army officers on half-pay, parsons, and landowners. Most of these Justices, it is needless to say, are Tories. The Council appointed a deputation to wait upon the Lieutenant-Governor, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Walpole or his successor will take steps to remedy such a scandalous state of things. As there is no property qualification for Manx Magistrates, it should be easy to do this.

An Englishman at Las Palmas, Grand Canary, sends me an extract from a Spanish local paper of which the following is a translation. It is, of course, only the Spanish journalist's fun; but in view of the misplaced tenderness with which wife-beaters are constantly treated in this country it would not be surprising if the intelligent foreigner really believed what is here set forth:—

In England there exists a law in which are set forth the punishments meted out to those who ill-treat their wives, viz.:—

	£.	s.	d.
For throwing plates at her head, using disgusting language, and breaking a glass in her face... ...	0	10	0
For striking her in the face with clenched fist, and kicking her in the ribs	0	15	0
For smashing her eye, making it look like a tomato, and cutting her mouth	1	0	0
For a regular beating all over a body	1	0	0
For pulling her about by the hair of her head, like a cat by the neck	2	0	0
For a good kick, which will break some of her limbs or bones	2	0	0

MORAL.

Spanish mothers, don't allow your daughters to marry an Englishman!

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The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. In connection with the extraordinary disparity of the sentences at Reading Quarter Sessions, it should be mentioned that there were a number of previous convictions against the prisoners Siarey and Parker. Probably the Recorder regards the fact that these men had been in trouble before as a justification of the heavy punishment with which he visited them. But I would remind Mr. Griffits that judicial authorities of greater experience and eminence than himself hold that the system of cumulative sentences is cruel and unjust, as well as useless. Most people will, I think, agree with me that, whatever their past history, men ought not to be sent into penal servitude for stealing a few shirts or a pair of boots. It will also be agreed, I think, that if Mr. Griffits's sentences for thefts were far too severe, that for an abominable assault on a child was far too lenient. Amongst the amateur administrators of the law who figure in the following list, there are, it will be observed, several clergymen. It seems to me that the dispensation of justice (or injustice) is one of those "worldly cares and studies" which these reverend gentlemen might—as they are enjoined to do at their ordination—advantageously forsake and set aside. No Magistrates are more prone to error or less inclined to temper justice with mercy than those who prefix "Rev." to their names.

Reading Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. J. O. Griffits, Q.C., Recorder. George Holder convicted of indecently assaulting a little girl seven years of age. Three months.

Reading Quarter Sessions. Before the Recorder. Thomas Siarey pleaded guilty to stealing seven shirts. Five years.

William Parker pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of boots. Three years.

Longton Borough Police-court. Richard Hughes, charged with assaulting his wife and a policeman. He went home drunk, and seizing his wife by the throat beat her about the head with his fists. He continued very violent when arrested, and kicked the constable. There were eighteen previous convictions against defendant, five for assaulting his wife, who was granted a separation order. Fined on the first charge 10s. and costs, and on the second £1 and costs, and 12s. for damages to the policeman's clothing.

Longton Borough Police-court. William Matthews, charged with refusing to quit a public-house, and with assaulting the landlord. On being ejected he struck the landlord a violent blow in the face. Fined 10s. and costs for refusing to quit; committed for one month for the assault.

Dunmow Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. E. F. Gepp, Rev. G. West, Messrs. W. B. Clapham, and E. T. Foakes. Fredk. Titmarsh, a local preacher, charged with assaulting John Stokes by knocking him down and violently kicking him. Stokes said he had to go to a doctor, and was not able to work for days. Fined 2s. 6d. and £1. 1s. costs.

Dunmow Petty Sessions. Before the same Justices. William Reeve and Fred Curtis, charged under the Poaching Prevention Act. On Reeve being searched a rabbit was found in his possession. Curtis was with him. In default of paying £1. 1s. each, defendants were committed for a month.

Samford Petty Sessions. Before Captain M. Edgar, Captain H. E. Lacon, Mr. T. S. Furness, and Rev. J. H. Hocking. Edgar Bailey, shopkeeper, charged with cruelty to a horse. Defendant, whilst drunk, unmercifully beat the animal with the butt end of his whip. He had been previously convicted of a similar offence, and the Bench considered it a gross case. Fined £3 and costs.

Sunderland Police-court. Catherine Dawson, a young woman, charged with stealing 1s. 4½d. from a till. A witness stated that prisoner was the only support of her mother and that she had been out in search of work. Three months.

Wolverhampton Borough Police-court. Sarah Ann Stephens, charged with stealing a quart jug. Twenty-one days.

Wimborne Police-court. Before General Powlett Lane and Colonel Portman. Alfred Hollett, charged with assaulting Henry Stevens Groves. Defendant knocked complainant down and beat him with a stick and kicked him on the head, rendering him insensible. Fined £1 and costs.

Wimborne Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. C. J. Glyn, Captain Carr Glyn, Colonel Portman, and Mr. H. K. Hitchcock. Henry Tubbs, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £1 and costs.

Grimsby Borough Police-court. Before Aldermen Veal, Smethurst, and Mudd, Messrs. E. Bannister, J. C. Wright and J. Morton. William John Delf convicted of an aggravated assault on his wife, who obtained a separation order. He struck her several times with his fist and knocked her down, and he had continually ill-treated her. Fined £2. 2s.

Grimsby County Police-court. Before Mr. R. H. J. Parkinson, Rev. C. A. Alington, Mr. G. H. C. Haigh, and Alderman H. J. Veal. David Jones, a youth, charged with begging. He said he had come from Manchester to try and get work on a smack. Fourteen days.

Galway Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. J. C. Gardiner (R.M.), M. Lynch, J. McDougall, M. A. Lynch, P. J. Hannon, Dr. N. Grealy, and Captain Davonport. Michael Gill convicted of seriously assaulting Michael Flaherty, who in consequence was confined to his bed for five days. Fourteen days, and ordered to find sureties.

Galway Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Bartly O'Donnell charged with snatching a salmon from the river at Nun's Island. Committed for two months in default of paying £4.

Birmingham Police-court. Before Messrs. Colmore (Stipendiary), Bunce, Wallis, Hart, and other magistrates. Walter Ralph, charged with assaulting Frederick Randall. Defendant struck complainant on the nose with such force as to cause injuries which necessitated his detention in the hospital. Fined 20s. and costs.

Spilsby Police-court. Before the Revs. E. Rawnsley, R. W. Cracroft, and C. T. Swan, Colonel Preston, Messrs. W. D. Gainsford and P. G. Skipworth. Mary Ann Ironmonger, charged with stealing four eggs which were taken from a hedge. Fine and costs, £1. 15s. 6d.

Huddersfield Police-court. Before Messrs. J. A. Brooke, J. E. Willans, G. W. Tomlinson, F. Eastwood, and C. Glendinning. Robert King, charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal, which was attached to a heavily-laden cart, was exceedingly lame, and an inspector found that it was suffering from canker of the foot, the hoof being "completely rotten." Fined 5s. and costs.

Shrewsbury Borough Police court. Before the Mayor (Mr. G. Evans), Messrs. W. Patchett, W. Phillips, and J. Evan Jones. Frederick William Leah, an Army Reserve man, charged with sleeping out. He was found in an old fire-escape in the Market-square. Fourteen days.

Perth Police-court. Before Bailie McNicoll. Thomas Stanton, convicted of assaulting his wife by kicking her in the side. Fined £1. 10s.

John Robertson Deans, convicted of assaulting Elizabeth Lonie by striking her in the face and kicking her, to the effusion of blood. Fined £2.

Carlisle County Police-court. Before Messrs. T. Horrocks, A. W. Shepheard Walwyn, W. C. Butler, J. Selby Chance, and T. H. B. Graham. William J. McLaughlin, Joseph Thompson, and Alfred Rogers, summoned for trespassing in pursuit of game. McLaughlin fined £5 and costs or two months, the other defendants £2 and costs or one month.

Penybont Police-court.—Before Messrs. T. T. Moore and D. P. Powell. Henry Stubbs, charged with assaulting Claude J. Meredith. Besides striking and kicking the complainant, defendant bit him on the neck and ear, taking off two pieces of skin and a piece of the ear. The Chairman said it was a very aggravated assault — the worst he had known — and defendant deserved a heavy penalty. Fined £1 and costs.

Kington Police-court. — Before Messrs. Stephen Robinson and W. H. Banks. Francis Smith, charged with stealing a loaf of bread. One month.

Maidenhead County Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. J. F. Simpson, C. W. Cox, H. H. Durrant, and H. R. Burrows. William McIlroy, charged with sleeping out. Seven days.

MESSRS. HARBORDW, Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirtmakers by appointment to the Royal Family, have opened new premises, 6 and 7, New Bond-street, in connection with their old-established business, 15, Cockspur-street.

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Preston Borough Police court. Before Messrs. H. Sowerbutts, W. Haslam, S. Lee, T. Dewhurst, and F. Thorp. George Robinson, summoned for assaulting an old woman. He struck her in the mouth, knocked her down, and kicked her. Fined 5s. and costs.

York City Police court. Before Messrs. T. Varey and B. W. Empson. Six men, charged with sleeping in a brick yard. Fourteen days each.

Oakham Police court. Before Messrs. A. J. Fludyer, G. J. Noel, H. Heathcote, and R. Tryon. Joseph Harrison, labourer, charged with smoking in the churchyard at Ryhall. Fine and costs, 10s. 6d.

Writing in reference to a charge of cruelty which was mentioned in my Legal Pillory last week, a gentleman at Leeds desires me to explain "wherein lies the difference between setting a couple of dogs on to worry a cat and setting fifteen or twenty couple of dogs on to chase and worry, after, say, half an hour's run, a fox." He also alludes to stag-hunting as practised by her Majesty's Buckhounds, and to rabbit-coursing by fox-terriers, which latter "sport" may be witnessed, he says, almost daily in the Cardigan Fields, Leeds. Although my correspondent does not seem to perceive it, there really is a difference between the hunting of a wild animal like a fox, and the chasing of a tame stag under such conditions as prevail at Windsor, or the coursing of rabbits which are caught and kept for the purpose, and then are not given a fair field. I have frequently expressed my views as to the two last-named "sports," and, like my correspondent, I regret that they are at present legal. But, unlike him, I do not think that because these evils cannot be suppressed, other kinds of cruelty should be allowed to go unpunished.

Another most discreditable and vindictive prosecution has occurred at Alderney. Sixteen citizens, including some of the most respected and law-abiding men in the island, were arraigned before Judge J. Le Cocq and five Jurats on a charge of "tumultuous assembling" in the public streets. The defendants were supporters of Mr. Sebire, the victim of the scandalous sentence on which I commented last week, and the "tumultuous assembling" consisted in carrying him through the town and singing "Rule Britannia" when he was temporarily released on bail. Over fifty witnesses for the defence deposed that the crowd was no more disorderly than the Salvation Army procession in the same streets every evening. The Jurats differed in opinion, two being for the Procureur-Delegate's conclusions, two for dismissing the case, and one for a modified penalty. Instead of following the usual practice of leaning to the side of mercy when the Court is divided the Judge gave his voice in favour of the severest penalties, and one defendant was fined £5 or a month's imprisonment, and six others £2 or fifteen days, whilst the remaining nine were bound over to keep the peace. The whole proceedings certainly look, as the advocate for the defence suggested, like an attempt to crush out the party to which Sebire and the defendants belong.

A man named John Bull was charged before the Walsall Magistrates last week with cruelty to his son and daughter aged nine years. His wife deposed that the prisoner, who was constantly drunk, beat the children with his hand and with a belt, and that he had thrown a knife at one of them. A second witness swore that she had seen the prisoner throw a poker at the head of one child, and a third witness said she had seen him kick them. In addition to this the two children were called, and spoke as to their ill-treatment. In the face of this evidence and of the fact that there was none for the defence, Messrs. S. Russell, J. Scott, and J. Moseley, J.P.'s, came to the astounding conclusion that the case was not strong enough to warrant a conviction. What, in the name of common sense and justice, would the Walsall Bench consider a strong case?

In July last year I referred to the case of a man named John Kelsall, of Salford, who was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude at Manchester Assizes for causing the death of his wife. He was found guilty almost solely upon the evidence of a woman named Curran, who said she saw him throw a paraffin lamp at his wife; and as this witness herself admitted that she was in a "muddled state," whilst other persons testified that she was speechlessly drunk, I expressed the opinion that Kelsall had been wrongfully convicted. The Secretary of the Committee which took up Kelsall's case now informs me that Curran has recently made a statement to a firm of solicitors, in which she admits that her evidence was untrue. She persisted in this admission after it was pointed out that she might be prosecuted for perjury. In view of this statement, and of other fresh evidence which was obtained after the trial, the Home Secretary will, I trust, feel justified in ordering Kelsall's release.

The missing-word game is still being merrily carried on through the medium of the small sheet published at Ostend and circulated here, which I have previously noticed. The result of a recent competition is extremely interesting and suggestive. It was stated that on this occasion no word had been fixed upon to complete the paragraph, but that the winning word would be the one sent in (with entrance fees, of course) the greatest number of times. It has now been announced that 8,200 entries were received, 2,500 of which were sent by "Miss Smith, 54, Shaftesbury-avenue, London," who gave one word, and was declared the winner. The total sum received was said to be £198. 14s., and after deducting commission there remained for the winner £183. 18s., of which "Miss Smith" paid £62. 10s. as entries. It is, therefore, evident from the statement of the paper itself that the people who invest their humble sixpences and shillings in these competitions have to face the rivalry of an enterprising female who will risk the substantial sum of £62. 10s. at one stroke. But in spite of this, I have no doubt the gullible British public will continue to accord

For THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH, Epps's Glycerine Jujubes will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes 7½d., or tins 1s. 1½d. Labelled "James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

their support to the gentleman at Ostend—so long, at least, as the Post Office continues to serve his business by distributing his paper.

One "E. Dalton," of 49, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, is advertising—chiefly in Irish papers, I believe—for ladies desirous of doing needlework in their own homes. To those who respond, he sends a piece of embroidery to be done as a sample and returned. On receiving the sample he announces that the work will "suit him nicely," and explains his method of doing business, the first step in which is the remittance to him of a postal order for £1 as a deposit. A lady at Dundalk asks me whether I would recommend this as an investment. No, I would not. And, speaking generally, I would never recommend any one to deposit cash in the hands of strangers in expectation of benefits to follow, more especially when the strangers are philanthropists of the class who seek to benefit their fellow-creatures through the medium of newspaper advertisements.

Scarcely less dangerous than those who advertise in this way are the unfortunate beings who advertise for philanthropists who will assist them in their distress. Here is one. Needless to state, she makes known her wants through the hospitable columns of the *Evening Standard*:—

A Young Orphan (gentle birth), left penniless, struggling hard to earn livelihood, is ordered to wear Sealskin Jacket (delicate lungs), being often seriously ill through cold. Will any one kindly give her a tolerably long bust, 33½; waist, 22½; sleeves, inside seam, 19 inches; also mackintosh, flannel dressing gown, jacket. Pity entreated. Satisfactory references.—Charity, &c.

There is something exceptionally pathetic about a penniless orphan (of gentle birth), who can only be saved from an early grave by a sealskin jacket. Even an imitation sealskin would, apparently, be of no avail. I wonder how many sealskin jackets the poor thing has got by this time, and how many mackintoshes, and flannel dressing-gowns. I wonder, too, whether Providence, in removing the poor child's parents, has mercifully left her an uncle.

I have to thank "C. H." for sending me the card of a tradesman in Ebury-street who appeared to be offering some very objectionable hints to domestic servants. I have communicated with the tradesman in question. He has explained to me the motive which led him to put what he did on his card, and he entirely repudiates the intention which it seemed to bear. As he promised to issue no more cards in this shape, it is unnecessary to say more on the matter.

The following advertisement has been for some time past appearing at short intervals in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

One Pound a Week for Life for £100.—Address Moneta, Box 4,430, Postal Department, *Daily Telegraph*, Fleet-street.

There is an element of novelty, not indeed about this advertisement, but about the party from whom it emanates. He is, or professes to be, the "Consul at Carlisle for the Republic of Liberia." The Consulship is not, I should imagine, a very fat thing in itself, but an ingenious diplomatist may make something out of it, as the following epistle will show. The letter was written to a lady who had answered the advertisement, describing herself as a spinster of limited means. It is written on ordinary note-paper. The Liberian Government does not apparently allow its representative at Carlisle a supply of official stationery; but an imposing shield, adorned with three stags' heads—the arms, I presume, of Liberia—is emblazoned on the paper with a rubber stamp or some similar contrivance:—

Liberian Consulate, Carlisle,
October 26, 1893.
"Moneta."

DEAR MADAM,—Since my position as a Consul enables me to obtain information about the political movements of Foreign Governments before they become known to the public, and as those movements very largely affect the Stock Exchanges, I know in advance when particular stocks are likely to rise or fall, and consequently can buy or sell foreign bonds at a great advantage.

In addition to this, I employ the late Mr. Reuben de Rothschild's system of investing and re-investing in Government stock, which by itself, without any private information, yields very large profits, and is quite free from risk.

By these two means, I am able to make more than 100 per cent. in the course of a year, and, if you are inclined to deposit £100 with me, I will pay you £52 per annum, viz., £13 every three months, on condition that you consent to my retaining the balance of the profits, amounting to £60 or £70.

At the end of the first year, I will either continue the investment for you, or return your £100 and explain to you how to work the Rothschild system yourself, whichever you like.

The system is easy to understand, although very difficult to find out. It yields about 60 per cent. per annum.—I remain, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

T. P. W. MEYLER-WARLOW, M.A., LL.D.,
Consul at Carlisle for the Republic of Liberia.

P.S.—Ample security given.

Instead of closing at once with this magnificent offer, the lady to whom it was made forwarded the letter to TRUTH. In a few days she heard from the Liberian Consul again:—

Liberian Consulate, Carlisle, November 3, 1893.

DEAR MADAM,—I should be glad to know if you have arrived at any decision respecting the subject of our recent correspondence.

My mode of operation is not a speculative method, but regular investment and re-investment. Loss is absolutely impossible; the money will be perfectly safe; and you will find £52 a year from £100, or £104 a year from £200, an advantageous addition to your income.—I remain, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

T. P. W. MEYLER-WARLOW, Consul.

I have not myself the advantage of being acquainted with the late Mr. Reuben Rothschild's system, but if it enables £100 to grow into £200 in one year it is strange that the principle of it has not become better known. It is also odd that a gentleman possessing this talisman should be reduced to borrowing money at 52 per cent. in order to work the system; nor is it altogether clear why foreign Governments, when about to embark in "political movements" affecting the price of their stock, should previously confide their intentions to the representative of the Liberian Republic in the city of Carlisle. In short, there is every reason to regard the letter of Mr. T. P. W. Meyler-Warlow as a pack of lies designed to lead ignorant and foolish people into handing over their cash to him. I shall feel much obliged to any of my readers in Carlisle who will give me further information about this individual.

What right have railway Companies to charge passengers for excess luggage? This question, so far as the Great Western Company are concerned, has been raised by Mr. A. H. Hastie, of 65, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and, so far as matters have gone at present, it looks as if the Company were totally unable to give the question a satisfactory answer. In August last Mr. Hastie, with his family and servants, went to Paddington Station to travel to Wales. The luggage of the party merely included personal necessaries, and did not exceed what in previous years had been conveyed free; but a demand of £3. 15s. was made for excess luggage. Mr. Hastie declined to pay, and the Company's servants declined to forward the luggage. Mr. Hastie warned them that the consequences might be serious, and they thought better of it and sent the luggage; but at its destination the station-master, under instructions from Paddington, refused to give it up until the charge for excess, now reduced to £2. 10s., was paid. Mr. Hastie threatened to remove the luggage by force, and it was then surrendered. The Company and their solicitors next wrote to him demanding the £2. 10s., but on his asking for a reference to the sections of the Act under which the payment was claimed, the demand was dropped, and he heard no more of the matter.

Two months later a second incident of the same kind occurred with an even more pronounced result. Mr. Hastie's wife and maid returned to London, and their luggage was detained at Paddington, on their refusing to pay a charge of 6s. 6d. for excess. Mr. Hastie and some other servants came up the following day, and their luggage was also detained. Mr. Hastie then wrote, and sent by hand, a letter stating that if the luggage was not at once given up he should issue a writ to recover it. The Company replied that it would be at his disposal at Paddington Station next morning. Mr. Hastie replied that he would accept nothing less than delivery of the luggage at his house, and the Company then delivered it "without prejudice." Here, again, they have allowed the matter to drop.

Thus on three occasions this Company have made a claim, attempted to enforce it by detaining goods, and abandoned it without obtaining satisfaction, the second time under threat of legal proceedings. Railway Companies are not given to foregoing their legal rights in any case, and, least of all, where substantial sums depend upon the result. The inference would seem to be that the Great Western have been making deliberately an illegal claim, and attempting to enforce it by an illegal seizure of passengers' property—a proceeding worthy of a Corporation of brigands. I recommend all passengers on whom similar attempts at blackmail are practised to meet them with the same firmness which Mr. Hastie has shown; and it is to be hoped that the attention thus drawn to the matter will lead some one to investigate the rights of other Companies to make similar charges.

Here is an opening for musicians of a serious turn at Glasgow. "Fully saved" refers, I suppose, to the candidate's spiritual, not his musicial, qualifications, but it is a puzzling expression. Can a soul be partially saved or fully saved, just as an earthly tenement can be "partially insured" or "fully insured"? Is it not incongruous, too, to speak of a soul as being "on fire" after it has been "fully saved"?—

> Bandmaster wanted (voluntary), capable and willing to lead mission brass band consecrated to the work of God in Glasgow; must be fully saved and on fire for souls.—Address 1,685, *Citizen* Office.

Time was when mothers chose books for their daughters' reading; but the following extract from a review of a novel in the *Queen* seems to show that we have changed all that:—

> The tale is a nicely-told one, and no girl who has the responsibility of making out suitable library lists for her mother's reading need feel any hesitation about including "——" amongst the novels.

In view of the recent references in TRUTH to the coolie question in Trinidad, a copy has been sent to me of the protest of Mr. Guppy, a Member of the Legislative Council, against the recent decision of the Council fixing the annual importation of coolies for the next three years at 1,500. In this protest I find the fullest confirmation of the views which I have already expressed on the authority of residents in the island. I regret that space prevents my following Mr. Guppy in detail, but here are one or two suggestive extracts:—

> The coolie submits to an amount of degradation and ill-treatment from a bad master which no other immigrant will endure; but I am very far from charging all planters with voluntarily degrading him. On many plantations he is fairly well treated. On many plantations, also, there is no complaint of want of labourers: free labourers flock where they are fairly treated. But the housing of labourers in barracks, where neither privacy nor deceney is possible, is one of the chief causes of driving away the better class of negro immigrants and also the coolies who have completed their five years of forced labour. No decent married labourers could endure a barrack life. The cheap barrack was introduced for the indentured coolie, none existed even in the time of slavery before the present system of forced labour became law, and it has degraded and contaminated all the labouring population of the island who have been exposed to its influences; and will continue its mischievous effects so long as the system lasts . . . .
>
> Competition by the planter who requires labour is absolutely forbidden by the laws in force.
>
> One planter may be able, by having better machinery, better implements of husbandry, or a better knowledge of farming and more skill and industry, to make larger profits from his acreage than another who works on antiquated or exploded principles and with inefficient plant and machinery; but he is not allowed, by offering higher wages or more civilised treatment to the immigrant, to obtain an allotment of a larger number than his incompetent neighbour, who is perhaps trying, by means which I will not here mention, to economise out of the earnings of his labourers enough to maintain an undeserved position. I protest against this gross injustice. In every civilised country, in every free country, the free competition of the employers of labour for that labour is the right of the labourer. The combination of the planters of Trinidad has forced upon the Legislature laws antagonistic to that freedom. By the effects of these laws the natural immigration of worthy, steady, and industrious labourers is placed at a disadvantage; and scarce any but the most worth-

In preparation for the cold season, ladies and gentlemen should visit Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., where their orders for every kind of garment will have prompt and careful attention.

"IZAL."—The new non-poisonous Disinfectant. The strongest and safest the world has ever known. Of all Chemists, in large bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and gallon tins, 10s.

less, lazy, and inefficient, ready to supply their wants by theft when their wages are insufficient to support them, remain in the Island. Clamour against this class is rising high, and the planters are calling for legislation against it, and very properly; but no laws will cause a natural immigration of good and honest labourers so long as the present combination against the freedom of competition is permitted to exist as the law of the land. . . . .

I feel assured that if one-half of the two millions sterling which we have spent on importing forced labour had been expended judiciously on roads and railways, and *had our waste lands been made more available as the rewards of industrious steady labour*, we should have had free labour of good quality more than sufficient for our needs. . . . .

Another question of Trinidad politics that has lately been brought under my notice is that of the prohibitive law against the cultivation and importation of gunjah or Indian hemp. This law is interesting in view of the opium agitation in this hemisphere. The chief feature of it is that gunjah can only be cultivated under a licence at a duty of £100 per acre. The law was passed ostensibly for the benefit of the East Indian coolies, who were supposed to injure themselves with gunjah; but all the probabilities of the situation point to the inference that the party whose benefit was really in view was the planter, who employs the coolie, and whose influence carried the law. I am told by a gentleman, who ought to know, that the chief effect of the law hitherto has been the development of a profitable contraband trade in gunjah; but although the drug was alleged to stimulate insanity, the insanity statistics show no improvement since the law was passed. This is not surprising, for I understand that statistics show that nine cases of insanity are produced by drink to one produced by gunjah. The anxiety of Britons to suppress the intoxicants favoured by other races, while leaving alcohol untouched—and even selling it to those races which can be educated up to the British taste for it—is one of the most ludicrous traits of our national character.

The Royal Niger Company includes in its other beneficent work that of systematically poisoning the natives under its jurisdiction with the vile spirits specially manufactured for this purpose. The steamer *Croft*, belonging to the Company, has just been loaded for the Niger with 150,000 gallons of spirits, including 40,000 cases of gin. The wholesale price of this filthy stuff averages, I am told, less than 6d. per gallon. As Lord Aberdare, the Chairman of the Company, is a firm supporter of the temperance movement, he is presumably ignorant of this traffic. It affords me much pleasure to enlighten him. The worst horrors resulting from drink in this country are insignificant beside the effects of the unadulterated poison with which European civilisation does its work in Africa.

An Anarchist who really believes that either he or any one else is likely to be benefited by throwing bombs indiscriminately in a crowd is obviously a lunatic at large. But when he preaches or practises this scheme for regenerating humanity he can hardly plead lunacy as his excuse, for his mental condition is not of such a character that it relieves him from responsibility for his words or actions. Last week a bomb was thrown amongst an audience in a theatre at Barcelona, and on Saturday, at a meeting of Anarchists at Grafton Hall, near Fitzroy-square, Mr. H. B. Samuels, amid the rapturous cheers of his brother Anarchists, declared that their comrade in Barcelona had done good work. Anarchy in London, continued Mr. Samuels, had come to stay. This man Samuels, like most of those who air such monstrous sentiments at public meetings, is not probably himself a dangerous man, for in these matters the man of words is not the man of action. Nevertheless, I should be by no means sorry were he lodged in prison, for the immunity of contempt in such cases is apt to lead from words to action. One suggests, another acts on the suggestion. Doctrines such as these ought no more to be permitted to be publicly expressed with impunity than an appeal to all to turn Thugs.

Nothing is easier than to manufacture dynamite, and it is not difficult to enclose it in some sort of tin with nipples attached on which percussion caps are placed. But then comes the real difficulty. It is to throw it. This would not be difficult were it not that the Anarchist, who has so little regard for the lives of others, has a very strong regard for his own. The man is, in almost every case, an arrant coward. Society is saved from Anarchists by their dread of being caught in their murderous campaign against Society. This is why I would never condone this offence. Once let these men get it into their heads that, if caught and condemned, their crime will be condoned, and we should have a dynamite outrage every week. The will to do it is there; the fear of something happening to them after doing it, bids them pause and due deliberation make.

I really believe that few aid in filling the National Exchequer more than I do, owing to the letters that I receive. On Mr. Rhodes and his "African Filibustering Company, Unlimited," the name of these letters is legion. Some, of course, are the reverse of complimentary, but far the greater number are couched in such terms as lead me to the conclusion that there is a very strong opinion throughout the country, that these African massacres by Company proxy have awakened the national conscience. Some of the letters are curious. A gentleman, for instance, dating from Edinburgh, asks me, why in my denunciations of African filibustering, I have no word against it in Linlithgow? Another sends me a cutting from the *Scotsman*. It contains a letter from some correspondent, in which he says that my "dislike to Mr. Rhodes and his pioneers may conceivably have something of the personal element in it. The Netherlands

"VERREY'S" RESTAURANT, Regent-street, corner of Hanover-street. The oldest and most select French Restaurant in London. Ladies' luncheons at moderate prices a specialty. Dinners à la carte.

SELF GREY LAMB'S WOOL UNDERCLOTHING. English manufacture. Will not shrink and can be supplied in several substances. Price lists sent.—SAMPSON & Co., 268, 270, Oxford-street, W.

South African Company was financed, and possibly is, by Messrs. Labouchere, Oyens, & Co., financial agents. That Company was defeated through the superior ability of the British South Africa Company in some of its financial schemes. If the British South African Company comes to grief, the other Company referred to sails in." Whether such a Company or such a firm exists, I do not know. All that I can say is, that I never heard of either.

Strange beings are Stock Exchange speculators and Company mongers. I see it stated that on the news being received of Mr. Rhodes's latest battue of Matabele, many hastened to send him congratulatory telegrams. Mr. Rhodes himself, I need not say, kept well in the rear of his warriors, for his own life is far too valuable to his financial friends to be risked where there is the slightest danger. But the battue had strengthened the shares of his Company. Hence the congratulatory telegrams. One would have supposed that even the most hardened money-grubber would, have paused before sending a telegram of congratulation over the massacre of thousands of brave men, even though he might have made money by it. No doubt, if only the Rhodean Army could kill the last of the Matabele, or hold him in chains, condemned to work in a Rhodean mine, Company sharks in London who are pecuniarily concerned in the undertakings of this "patriot" would suggest that Parliament (they do not spend their own money) should vote funds for erecting his brazen statue in some public place, and would insist, as did Nebuchadnezzar, that all should bow down before it, or, like those worthy citizens, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, should take their chance in a fiery furnace.

Mr. McLaren's amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill was lost, and all is perhaps for the best in the best of worlds. I never, however, understood the opposition of the Trades Unions to it. There is no question that the employés of the London and North-Western Railroad wished to stand by the present arrangement in regard to insurance, for the plain reason that they were greater gainers by it than by coming under the operation of the Employers' Liability Bill. They numbered above 60,000, and on a recent ballot they voted for the amendment to the Bill in the proportion of ninety-four to six. It was said that the effect of the amendment being carried would be to render it impossible for the men to strike in the event of a dispute with the Company without losing their own contributions to the insurance fund. On this point I made careful inquiry, for I am heart and soul with Trades Unionism. I find that, whether the amendment passed or not, their power to strike without personal monetary loss would be precisely the same. Their contributions to the fund are paid weekly—that is to say, for a certain weekly payment they insure during the week against accidents. The entire transaction as regards them and as regards the fund begins with the week and ends with the week. Evidently, therefore, they would not lose any of the money that they had subscribed by striking at the end of any week. This, so far as I could gather from the arguments of Mr. Asquith and others against the amendment, was not fully understood.

Mr. Asquith's speech on the debate did not strike me as a very convincing one. He is no doubt clever, but there is a good deal too much of the *sic volo sic jubeo* about him. Whether he does the right thing or the wrong thing, he is too fond of defending it in a sort of "the world is divided into two categories, those who think me wise and therefore are wise, and those who do not agree with me and are therefore fools," way. It is the hand of iron in the glove of iron, and this is apt to put men's backs up. He was for his Bill mainly because it was his Bill, and therefore perfect.

Observe his arguments: The men of the London and North-Western Railway may have voted almost unanimously for the amendment, but as he did not agree with them, it was evident that there must have been something wrong in the ballot. The Company was prepared to contribute £23,000 to the accident fund, although the Bill itself could not involve them in this expenditure; therefore the Company must be actuated by some dark and wicked design. By paying a lump sum, no matter what accidents might happen, the Company would be led to neglect the safety of the men, although the men themselves were satisfied that they were safe; and it is to be presumed that they had no desire either to be killed or maimed. The division of the fund between compensation for injury or death was unfair; injuries were compensated at too high a figure, deaths at too low a figure; if it was true that the men themselves had insisted on this, they would have taken a different view had they been privileged to consult with him. They were contracting, he again and again said, themselves out of the possibility of striking, although foolish persons, who were in the habit of believing that two and two make four, showed again and again that they did not do this. They must be in error because he said that they were, and further proof was not needed.

Now there was, I admit, much to be said for and against making exceptions to a general law. But it struck me that Mr. Asquith's objection in this particular case was that he had made the law, and that any one who wished to make an exception ought to be destroyed, like the Israelites who did not accept the Ten Commandments when Moses brought them down from Mount Sinai. I make these observations in good part, for I am somewhat of an admirer of Mr. Asquith, and I should be sorry to see him wreck a brilliant future by a mania for posing as a man of iron.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Pure & wholesome, assists digestion.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Guaranteed to be free from alum.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. It has the largest sale in the world.

There is no doubt that the supporters of the Government in the House of Commons are getting uneasy. Under ordinary circumstances, if the Lords had thrown out a Liberal Bill giving effect to the policy for which the Party had been fighting during the six previous years, there would have been a dissolution, when the country would have been appealed to on the programme of the Party, inclusive of the rejected Bill, and plus the addition that the House of Lords must be shorn of its powers to create the necessity of a dissolution. Why was this not done? There is no use blinking the fact. Because the bold course of bringing the abolition of the House of Lords before the country did not commend itself to our leaders; and because without this there was—to put it mildly—a possibility of our appeal to the electorates not proving successful. It is the old story—the Moderates on our side had their way. As we could only fight with blank cartridge, we thought it well to put off the fight.

This being so, I should have said that the right tactical course to pursue would have been to put in the forefront the Bills making the appeal to the country a real one — I mean a Registration Bill and a One-Man One-Vote Bill—and, having passed them, to have dissolved. The Bills would unquestionably be of good electoral service to us, and, as the principles to which they would give legislative effect contain a portion of a programme, we were justified in passing them before our appeal to the constituencies. Here again other counsels prevailed. No one is more in favour of Parish Councils or of the Employers' Liability Bill than I am. But I would first have made sure of being able to bring all my forces into the field for the battle, which will decide whether the entire Liberal programme or the entire Tory programme is to finally win.

As it is, we are engaged in trying to pass the Parish Councils and the Employers' Liability Bills. By all means, therefore, let us pass them. But what next? I say that if our electoral Bills are not passed the odds are that we shall lose the next General Election; for by the present electoral system the classes have an unfair share of voting power. I say, moreover, that unless we go to the country on the ground that when the country has decided for the Liberal programme, the defeated Party must not be allowed to reduce the voters to impotence by the use of their permanent majority in the Lords, our success, even if the electoral Bills have passed, is by no means certain.

The tendency of all Governments is to rest and be thankful, just as the tendency of limpets is to stick to the rock on which they are anchored. This tendency to thankfulness leads them to avoid an appeal to the constituencies so long as they have a majority in the existing House of Commons. It has however, this disadvantage. It subordinates the great issue between the Tory and the Liberal scheme of government to minor issues. Every Government has in its composition a certain amount of "let us eat, drink, and be merry, provided that to-day we do not die." This has time and again wrecked both Liberal and Tory Governments at a General Election. For my part, with six years of Tory rule staring us in the face, everything, I hold, should yield to the necessity of hindering this horrible possibility. Last year we had a majority. This year we do not believe that we have it. Our motion has been crab-like. We have gone backwards. And no one will ever persuade me that this shows that our tactics have been good, if our aim is, as it ought to be, to go forward. We are like the commanders who announce that they have won a victory, but have made a strategical movement to the rear. I want a clear, definite plan of action, and a resolute determination to fight on this plan.

My plan for next session—assuming that the bold scheme of creating Peers and thus neutralising the House of Lords be not adopted—would be this:—Registration Bill, One-Man One-Vote Bill, a resolution declaring that the House of Lords must be abolished, a resolution in favour of all and any of the items of the Newcastle Programme, a resolution in favour of returning officers' costs of election being thrown on the public, a resolution in favour of Local Option, a resolution in favour of Welsh Disestablishment, resolutions pledging ourselves to the views entertained by the majority of working men, a provision in the Budget for payment of Members, and a Budget altering the incidence of taxation so that rich men should pay their full share of taxation, and poor men not more than their full share. Then there should be a dissolution asking the country to give us a good working majority pledged to give legislative effect to all these reforms. I regard my leaders as lions, but whilst these noble quadrupeds are marching to what looks like defeat, roaring vehemently as they march, the warning bray even of a donkey may have its uses.

One thing is certain, we cannot carry on beyond another Session without a dissolution, for the plain reason that the Irish will not agree to our doing so, and they hold the keys of time. Let us then make hay during that Session, and devote ourselves during it, like John the Baptists, to paving the way to a Parliament in which we can do what seems best to us in the interests of progress and sound government. If we live, we shall at least have the consolation that we have done our best not to lose.

OVALINE TOILET SOAP, made with Yolk of Egg, is a wonderful discovery for the skin and hair. As a Shaving Soap it has no equal. Price, 8d. per tablet, 2s. per box.—52, King-st., Regent-st., London.

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The proposal of the Government to bring together the employers and employed connected with the coal industry under the chairmanship of a conciliator is sound, and the only wonder is why it was not adopted long ago. The selection of Lord Rosebery as the conciliator — or, as Prince Bismarck once put it when he occupied a similar position in the world of politics, as the "honest broker" — is also sound. He has experience of labour questions and of getting men of divergent opinions to act together owing to his having been Chairman of the County Council, and he is shrewd. The fact of his being a Peer will give him weight with the coal-owners, who are "mostly snobs," whilst, on the other hand, I do not think that he will be inclined to advocate unfair terms for the men.

If I might venture to make a suggestion to both sides, it is not to waste time in nagging about the causes of the present dead-lock. Speeches as to what ought to be a fair wage, what the wage was, and what it is, can wait. A temporary arrangement is needed, under which the men employed underground will have a fair wage whilst all these matters are being definitely settled to the satisfaction of all. Men and their families are starving; coal-owners are cutting off their noses because they do not like the men's faces; all industries that require coal are suffering, and winter is setting in. The coal on hand is exhausted, there can be no question of an over-production during the next three months. During that time there is work for all, a fair wage for the men, and a profit for the employers, even though coal may not maintain its present abnormal price. The owners should offer a living wage for all working underground—the men should accept it. This wage should be a fair wage, irrespective of sliding scales, selling price, &c. The position is like that of two States that have been fighting and want a suspension of arms, during which negotiations for a permanent peace can progress.

SCRUTATOR.

"BALDWIN, 'BORDERLAND,' AND BALDERDASH."

SEVERAL interesting communications have reached me during the week with reference to the article under the above heading in the last issue of TRUTH, but I am compelled for the moment to put off dealing with them. Late on Monday I received another lengthy epistle from Mr. Baldwin. In this he enclosed a copy of a letter which he has addressed to the clergyman who wrote the *Borderland* "Report," and what purports to be a copy of that gentleman's reply. Whether it is the whole of this reply or only an extract from it I do not know; but it appears to me to be an extract only, and as that point must be cleared up before the effect of what the clergyman has really said can be judged, I shall not publish the letter until that point *is* cleared up. But this is not all. On Monday morning I received a short epistle from the reverend gentleman himself, leading me to expect that a longer communication from him intended for publication in TRUTH was on its way.

He said that he was desirous of defending himself, and asked me to reserve him a sufficient space to enable him to make a full reply; but he had taken the precaution of first submitting it to Baldwin, in order that that gentleman might corroborate it. Just, however, as I am going to press on Tuesday morning I receive a telegram from his reverence to say that he cannot forward his communication, and requesting me not to "publish or refer to" his "previous absolutely private confidential letter." I really must decline to be muzzled in this way. This is a matter of public interest, and the public is entitled to know exactly how it stands. It is to me an utterly incomprehensible thing that a clergyman should write to me on one day on a matter of this nature, which has been for three weeks before the readers of TRUTH, and on the next day telegraph to forbid me to refer to the fact of my having had a letter from him. I cannot recognise that he has any right to give me such orders. I have no reason to conceal the fact that he has written, and I am at a loss to understand why he should wish to conceal it. But the truth evidently is that there is some "occult phenomenon" in the background which it behoves this reverend gentleman to clear up, and I hope he will lose no time in doing so. The issue raised by the last article in TRUTH is a perfectly simple one. Either the account of the séance and of Baldwin's statements given in *Borderland* is true or it is false. Either the "reporter" has misrepresented matters to the public, or Baldwin misrepresented matters to the "reporter." Which is it? I hope I shall be in a position to say definitely by next week.

I may as well say at once, however, in answer to several of my readers who are thirsting for further revelations, that I really cannot depart from the attitude which I took up last week in reference to Mrs. Baldwin's clairvoyance. One of those who press me to explain how this part of the business is done talks about "keeping faith" with my readers. There is no question of keeping faith about it. When Baldwin and his wife were represented in *Borderland* as being possessed of mysterious and semi-miraculous powers, I said that I would explain precisely how their tricks were worked. As regards Baldwin, I did this. As regards Mrs. Baldwin, before the explanation could be given, the Professor wrote the letter published last week, in which he contended that his entertainment had been misrepresented in *Borderland*, and showed by the evidence of his programmes and advertisements that he and his wife had never posed as anything but "illusionists." This removed the only reason which I could have for explaining the tricks. As long as Baldwin, or any other man, is doing an honest business as a conjurer it is no affair of mine to explain his *modus operandi*. On the contrary, it would be an unjustifiable attempt to injure his business. If people are so foolish as to persist, in spite of every disclaimer on the conjurer's part, that there is something miraculous or "occult" about the performance, they must be left to their fate. I would ask those who have written to me on the subject to kindly reconsider the matter from this point of view, and I think that they will see why I cannot oblige them.

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THE UNSPEAKABLE QUACK.

The following is the letter from Dr. Arthur Welsford, which I promised to lay before my readers this week:—

6, Cambridge-terrace, Dover,
November 4, 1893.

SIR,—With reference to your remarks upon the attitude of the medical profession towards quackery, may I point out that you seem to completely misunderstand their position. No one can justly contend that there is anything morally wrong in the sale of proprietary medicines providing that no false statements are made with regard to them. So long as there is a demand for such things, so long will there be a supply. No medical man, however, ought to have anything to do with this trade, as there is a wise regulation which provides that no member of the medical profession shall exploit for his own advantage any method of treating disease he may find useful, but he must share with his brother practitioners any special knowledge he may possess for the benefit of the community. Therefore, as far as we ourselves are concerned, we regard a medical man who traffics in secret systems with not only strong disapproval, but also grave suspicion, inasmuch as experience has shown that it is to the discoverer's own advantage to publish his discoveries, if genuine.

With respect to proprietary articles, I think myself that the intending purchaser would act more wisely if he bought from a chemist the pills, &c., of the British Pharmacopœia, the composition of which is known, instead of experimenting upon himself with pills of unknown and uncertain constitution. If, however, he prefers to adopt the latter course of action, no one can blame the chemist for selling him what he wants.

If you had completed the sentence you quoted out of my letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it would have been more clear to your readers that I was attacking in that letter not this trade but fraudulent quackery. I maintain that when a vendor makes false statements of the grossest character regarding his wares, he lays himself open to the charge of attempting to obtain money under false pretences. I maintain that under high-sounding titles various preparations of the common drug aloes are sold at prices varying from 1s. 1½d. to 22s.; that to obtain this money the various proprietors make assertions regarding their preparations which are absolutely untrue, and that on the strength of these statements poor and rich spend their money on what from its very nature must be a fraud. The properties of aloes are well known, and for certain purposes the drug is most valuable. It cannot, however, possibly cure "consumption, paralysis, fevers, locomotor ataxy, old age," as one proprietor of an aloes preparation tells the public. Nor is another telling the truth when he says his pill "may be given with perfect safety to an infant, or to the aged and infirm; it gives tone to the muscles, strengthens the eyesight, is suited to females of all ages, and will cure every class of disorders that afflict all ages and both sexes, from youth to old age." When one man tells us there is only one real disease, viz., indigestion, and that the cure for it is his mixture, he is inventing, and the claim of another that his aloes mixture will cure "rheumatism and all sorts of complaints and other chronic diseases" is ridiculous. All assert that the active ingredient in their preparations, which is found upon analysis to be aloes, is either a new remedy just discovered in a remote and inaccessible part of the globe, or a marvellous combination discovered after years of patient research. To show you to what lengths these men will go I may point out that one enterprising proprietor publishes a testimonial which he has invented himself and fathers it upon an eminent physician after his death, when he could no longer defend himself. This may be very smart business, but I fail to see that it is honest trading. There is never anything either new or original about these preparations, and they are not "patent" in any sense of the word. One of the most impudent of the quacks is Mattei, who in his line is a genius. He sells distilled water at 2s. the fluid ounce as a cure for cancer. How many women, do you think, have been induced by his lying assertions that cancer invariably returns after operation, and that it is in the blood, to entrust their lives to his treatment, till the golden moments have slipped by when the cancerous tumour might have been removed with safety. Should we, as men possessing special knowledge, do our duty if we refrained from warning such people of the results of their folly? I am not dealing with a question of medical ethics or of advertising, but with a system of swindling which the law permits to go on, and which is a playing with the lives of the ignorant victims. In the face of the recent exposures can any one pretend that the public are properly protected against medical charlatanry and knavery? I enclose for your perusal a series of papers dealing with patent medicines which have lately appeared in *Hygiene*. You will find that these papers bear me out in all I have said. Finally, I think I have made out my case that the law requires revision on these points, and as you have criticised my remarks on the subject in your journal, I shall feel greatly obliged if you will be good enough to publish my reply.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ARTHUR WELSFORD, M.D., F.R.C.S.

P.S.—I beg to draw your attention to pages 5, 25, 36, 83, 93, 113, 124, 156, 181, 213, 296 of the enclosed, which deal with Matteism and the alleged testimonial of Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor.

I am sorry to say that I cannot agree with Dr. Welsford when he claims to have made out his case. What is his case? If I understand it correctly, it is that a revision of the law is necessary in order to check fraudulent misrepresentation by advertising quacks. "I maintain," he says, "that when a vendor makes false statements of the grossest character regarding his wares, he lays himself open to the charge of attempting to obtain money under false pretences." Well, if he does, is not the law already competent to deal with those who lay themselves open to a charge of this kind? The doctor first asserts that certain persons commit a crime already well-known to the law, and then asks that the law shall be amended in order to make such conduct criminal. Later on he says "I am not dealing with a question of medical ethics or of advertising, but with a system of swindling which the law permits to go on. . . . . In the face of the recent exposures can any one pretend that the public are properly protected," &c., &c. "The recent exposures" are, of course, the allegations against Mr. Harness; and considering that Mr. Harness is at present under remand on, I believe, four charges of fraud, I should have thought that the case, so far as it has gone, points to a conclusion precisely opposite to that here drawn from it. At any rate, it is not accurate to say that the law permits swindling to go on. The law is strong enough for all practical purposes; what is wanting is a prosecutor. Had Dr. Welsford confined himself to pointing out this, he could easily have proved his case, though he would only have been repeating what has been again and again said in TRUTH. It rarely happens that I denounce a swindler in these columns without having to lament that he is permitted to continue his evil courses with impunity, because it is nobody's business to set the criminal law in motion against him. But in this respect there is no difference whatever between the swindler that Dr. Welsford has his eye upon, who defrauds by means of a bogus medicine, and the numerous swindlers that I from time to time have my eye upon, who defraud by various other resources of civilisation. Why then cannot Mr. Welsford and his brother medicos, who feel so strongly on this point, take the law into their own hands? The medical profession is well-organised, wealthy, and powerful. Nothing would be simpler than for it to prosecute every quack who "lays himself open to the charge of attempting to obtain money under false pretences." In so doing, the profession would be fighting its own battle equally with that of the public. Why then, instead of using the law which exists, do doctors cry out that "the law requires revision?"

To my mind, there is no doubt about the answer. What the doctors want is something more than to stop the obtaining of money by false pretences. They want restrictions on advertisements of drugs which no one has yet dreamed of applying to advertisements of any other article. Although Dr. Welsford disclaims the intention of raising any question "of medical ethics or advertising," with all respect to him, his letter does raise such questions, more especially when read with the articles in *Hygiene*, which he has kindly sent for my edification. In one or two cases, including one referred to in Dr. Welsford's letter, these articles do, I think, show what would be regarded in law as a "false and fraudulent pretence;" but for the most part the articles (and there are about a dozen of them) are devoted to showing

that various much advertised remedies are really very simple concoctions, which, in the opinion of medical experts, cannot possibly possess all the virtues claimed for them. That is likely enough, but does it amount to fraud? Not as the law stands. Are we then to alter the law so as to make it criminal to claim for goods sold virtues which they do not possess? That is what Dr. Welsford's argument, read with the *Hygiene* articles, really amounts to. There may be something to be said in favour of such a step; but, before we take it, let us see precisely where we are going. If such a law is to be passed it cannot be limited to the vendors of drugs. It must apply equally to all tradesmen. Of this, Dr. Welsford seems to be entirely unconscious. He quotes the advertisement of an aloes pill which is alleged to cure "consumption, paralysis, fevers, locomotor-ataxy, old age," and he says, with every appearance of reason, that this must be untrue. But he might quote equally untrue statements which are freely advertised in regard to the virtues of soups, teas, and every article the proprietors of which compete with another in sounding their own praises. If one of these tradesmen is to go to gaol, all must, and if you once begin imprisoning them, I don't know where you will stop; for there is hardly a shop in England in which untruths are not told whenever they are likely to influence customers; and an untruth is an untruth whether it is posted on a wall or uttered across a counter. That doctors should regard the lies of medicine vendors as peculiarly odious and mischievous is very natural, though a trifle absurd. They will, however, find it difficult to convince those who are not doctors that there is any essential difference between a mendacious puff of a pill and a mendacious puff of a pickle.

The medical profession has no monopoly of quackery. In every business and every profession there are individuals, who trade upon the ignorance and credulity of their fellow-creatures, or who regard notoriety as a shorter and easier road to success than industry and merit. There are quack parsons, quack authors and journalists, quack artists, quack advocates, quack politicians, just as there are quack doctors and quack druggists. As long as ignorance and credulity prevail, and the public has a keener appreciation of notoriety than of merit, so long quackery will flourish. As well invoke Parliament to suppress the patent pill-man as to suppress the pulpit windbag, the cheap tailor, the sham poet, the shoddy furniture-dealer. It may be true that in the field of medicine the opening for imposture is wider, and the mischief done by pretentious incompetence more immediately apparent than in any other direction in which quackery flourishes. Men are more ignorant of their own interior economy, and of the effects of drugs upon everyday ailments, than of any other practical affair in life. The more ignorant they are, the more ready they are to look on a doctor as a being possessed of occult powers, and to venerate a medicine bottle with a species of fetish worship. The medicine-man fills in the modern world the position formerly held by the priest and the magician. But is the vendor of patent remedies the only man who profits by this state of things? Does the regular practitioner never trade upon the ignorance or credulity of his patients? Are there no prosperous physicians who derive comfortable annuities from physicking hypochondriacal old men, or fooling nervous old women? Is it an unknown thing for a general practitioner to work miracles with bread pills or syrup and water? It is highly interesting to read in *Hygiene* the ingredients of all the most highly advertised quack medicines; but in my desire for knowledge I should like to follow this up with an analysis of a few of the good old doctors' stuffs with which I have been familiar since my infancy. From the evidence of my nose and my tongue I should expect to find that about half a dozen well-known drugs recur in all of them with about as much regularity as the ingredients in the quack pills and potions. Aloes, we are told on the highest scientific authority, cannot cure this, that, and the other ills of the flesh. Possibly not. But in my experience even the despised aloe has done considerably more than the highest scientific authority could do. A lady of my acquaintance was for many months a martyr to a distressing skin complaint. It not only baffled her ordinary adviser, but half a dozen others whom she tried at different times and places, including two physicians of the highest eminence. At last in despair she tried a box of the pills which awake the indignation and contempt of the regular practitioner; I must not mention the name, or it will be said that I am in the pay of the vendor. Before she had finished a second box she was cured—and permanently. "Aloes and ginger mixed up with soap!" says the Editor of *Hygiene* with noble scorn. Well, the fact remains that aloes and ginger mixed up with soap did for this lady at a price of 2s. 3d. what some of the leading lights of the medical profession had been unable to effect in a year and a half; and what, mind you, they had pocketed among them probably fifty or a hundred guineas for not doing. Nor do I think that Dr. Welsford could cite a case in which aloes, ginger, and soap have ever harmed any human being who has tried them. So much for aloes.

The truth is that in no profession is humbug more rampant than in the medical profession. In no profession (with the possible exception of journalism) are ignorance and helplessness so systematically veiled under the assumption of infallibility and omnipotence. In no profession do the professors so flatly contradict one another on the rudiments of their science; in none is the knowledge of one generation so invariably discredited by the next; in none do incompetence, ignorance, or negligence work more irremediable injury; and in none are such large sums obtained for such doubtful services rendered. It follows that in no other profession is the legitimate practitioner on more dangerous ground for throwing stones at the quack. By all means let the laws against fraud and false pretences be enforced, whenever a jury of laymen can find that they have been broken, and let doctors by all means enforce them, if they will be so kind. But let us be spared the spectacle of doctors defending their professional interests in the name of the

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

public welfare, and calling for laws to prevent vendors of drugs doing what vendors of every other article may do with impunity, and of what even doctors are not innocent.

A ROYAL ANCESTOR FOR TEN GUINEAS.

During the last few months several gentlemen, who have not previously supposed themselves to be the descendants of a line of Kings, have been favoured with an epistle more or less in the following terms :—

71, —— Road, London, N.E.,
October 5, 1893.

SIR,—I am at present engaged in deducing the Royal descents of some of the nobility of this country, and I am under the impression that I can trace your descent from the Blood Royal of England. As, however, such a task would entail a vast amount of labour and research, would you be willing in the event of my success to send me a cheque for ten guineas in return for such pedigree engrossed suitably for framing?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WILLIAM BOWKER.
Colonel ——

The first person who brought Mr. Bowker to my notice was a baronet of well-known family. "I know my pedigree a great deal better than Bowker can," said this gentleman, "and I am quite sure that there is nothing resembling Royal descent in it." In this case Mr. Bowker offered to prove the Royal pedigree for five guineas only. A month later he was quoting double that figure, and as this rapid rise in prices seemed to indicate that the market for Royal ancestors was in an excited state, I became curious to know more of Mr. Bowker and his business. The first thing that I discovered was that Mr. Bowker was a young solicitor recently admitted, and that his name was not "Bowker" at all. I suggested that he should come and satisfy me of the *bona fides* of the Royal Pedigree business, and he came. He then informed me that, seeing no immediate probability of realising a competency out of the law, it had occurred to him that he might profitably occupy his leisure in tracing the genealogies of descendants of Royalty. I asked him whether this field of research was not too limited to yield much profit, but he replied that the Blood Royal is much more widely diffused among her Majesty's subjects than is generally supposed. On my inquiring why he went to work under an assumed name, he said that he understood it would be contrary to professional etiquette for a solicitor to take up this work openly. I pointed out that in these hard times many solicitors are openly engaged as journalists, money-lenders, theatrical managers, company promoters, and in other spheres of action; but he seemed to remain firm in the conviction that the Incorporated Law Society would look askance at the Royal descent business. I suggested that ten guineas was rather a high figure for the article supplied; but he answered, "Oh, dear, no!" and told me (which was no doubt true) that I had no idea of the amount of labour and research which a tough Royal descent would involve. I then asked him whether he could give me an instance in which, after the price had been agreed, he had found himself unable to provide the Royal descent required. He could not; but by way of explanation he stated that he had only been at the business about six months, and had not booked more than two or three customers altogether—I forget the exact number.

There have always been a large number of persons in the world who console themselves for being nobody by the reflection, that once upon a time one of their more or less remote ancestors was somebody. It is a foolish kind of pleasure, and not altogether a harmless one, for when such persons have discovered that one of their ancestors was somebody, they are apt to look down upon those who are in other respects their equals or superiors, but whose ancestors were nobodies. I doubt, therefore, whether when Mr. "Bowker" has supplied a section of the community with Royal ancestors at ten guineas a head, the happiness of the greatest number will have been materially augmented. The party, however, as to whose happiness I am most concerned is Mr. "Bowker" himself. That this gentleman seriously believes himself to have discovered a new and legitimate industry, and to be honestly supplying a public want, is very possible. If it were not, I should not have refrained, as I have done, from mentioning his real name. But I cannot help reflecting on the temptation to which "Bowker" is exposed of inventing ancestors where he cannot discover them; and I fear that if he sticks to the business the number invented is likely to increase, while the number discovered diminishes. In that case I think it morally certain that the Law Society *will* object, not so much to a solicitor carrying on the pedigree business, but rather to Mr. "Bowker" carrying on the profession of a solicitor. Indeed, the chances seem to me to be that if he does not take the hints I have given him, "Bowker" will eventually find that he has provided himself with a client at his own personal expense.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero ought to present a handsome testimonial to the avowed enemies of Paula Tanqueray. What with threatened actions for libel, Mrs. Kendal's petulant outbursts in America, the silly vapourings in the provincial Press, and the moral controversy all round, this very disagreeable lady has obtained an advertisement which she at her age could scarcely have expected, and cannot, on the whole, be said to have deserved. A clever play can have no better *réclame* than to hint that it is what the French call *un peu shoking*. All the goody-goody people, who would otherwise have remained away, will immediately rush at it. And when the author has enlisted either the advocacy or the denunciation of the parson, his fortune is made. I should like to take shares in any play that is preached about in the pulpit. "Don't nail his ears to the pump," says the actor. Then it is that the offender is in peril. "Don't go to see that dreadful play," says the moralist. Whereupon godly and godless London rushes at it and clamours at the Box Office.

After all it is only a question of temperament. There are some people who cannot pass the Morgue in Paris without stopping in. It does not follow that they are cruel, or morbidly inclined, or lovers of the horrible. The

"TOILET LANOLINE" softens, clears, and preserves the skin, and should be used in every household. "Toilet Lanoline" protects the skin from the effects of exposure, and adds to the natural beauty. In collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1s.; in small boxes, 3d., from all chemists and druggists. Wholesale depôt, 67, Holborn viaduct. The genuine bears the trade-mark, "Lanoline."

thing has to be seen, and they intend to see it. As Browning says:—

> One pays one's debt in such a case,
> I plucked up heart and entered—stalked,
> Keeping a tolerable face
> Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked,
> Let them! No Briton's to be baulked!

There is no particular moral to be deduced or lesson to be learnt or sermon to be preached, except one as old as the hills, from the sight of a dead body fished out of the Seine on a marble slab with the dripping garments overhead.

> The copper couch and one clear, nice
> Cool spurt of water o'er the 'bust,
> The right thing to extinguish lust.

Idle and somewhat morbid curiosity attracts men and women to the Morgue. There is a fatal fascination in the dead. Again, when a wretched, over-driven horse drops down dead or exhausted in the streets; when some patient animal is crushed almost to death under a load; when a poor dog is run over, or the harmless, necessary cat is cast neglected in the gutter, you will always find around them a gaping, curious crowd. These people are not cruel—they are fatally fascinated by a fearful or horrible sight.

There is something of this morbid fascination in Paula Tanqueray. Ask ten out of a dozen women what pleasure they derive from the spectacle of this eminently undesirable lady, and they will tell you that they know some one exactly like her, and they will own that they are irresistibly attracted to her by the really powerful photographic picture of her by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. To say that any grand moral lesson is taught by the spectacle of a woman who has scarcely one attribute of woman's nature in her, of a woman who is as much a monster in the world of women as is the pig-faced lady or the elephant-man, is to my mind as absurd as to say a great moral lesson is taught by gazing at Rembrandt's marvellous "Anatomy Lesson," in the picture gallery of the Hague in Holland, or by visiting the Morgue, or by gazing at an over-driven horse, or a dead dog. Rembrandt paints with exquisite truth the dissection of a corpse. Pinero paints with manifest power a monster of womankind. It is art, but not art of the highest or noblest kind in either case. No one who understands the subject can deny that Mr. Pinero's play is a work of art, though he has necessarily overstrained and overstated his case. If there be any stern moral lesson in the play, it is that there are natures so unnatural and callous that the moralist cannot touch them, just as there are said to be some drunkards so hopeless that they defy cure. But, then, neither moral nor medical science would endorse this statement. The doctrine of hopelessness and despair is never upheld by the moralist. But that is neither here nor there. In all probability Pinero had no more idea of preaching to the people in his play than the man in the moon. He desired to write a play that would succeed. And this he has done.

"DIPLOMACY."

Seriously considered, and from any artistic standpoint whatsoever, Mrs. Bancroft's exquisitely humorous interpolated character, Lady Henry Fairfax, is inexcusable. The character is not wanted; it did not occur in the first edition of the play, when Mrs. Bancroft played Zicka; it is dragged in by the neck and heels at the exact moment when the action of the drama is beginning to stir and boil; it is as out of order as a young gentleman or lady reciting on the hearth-rug at an afternoon tea—but for all that, few who have seen the play would willingly shut Mrs. Bancroft out of the distorted picture. Here, at any rate, we have true comedy acting, full of tact, experience, finesse, and that supreme art that is on the borderland of genius. Watch Mrs. Bancroft in this scene of hers, with its Berne clock, its Eton slang, and its amateurish jests, and see how she not only wakes up her audience, but wakes up the actors and actresses on the stage also. She has the true magnetism. When she talks to anyone on the stage she makes them talk to her. She draws the conversation round her, as it were, not so much monopolising it as attracting interest. The scene before she arrives seems dull, laboured, and commonplace. The dialogue has appeared dull and forced. Why is this? Merely because the artists have not learned the knack of attracting attention to themselves or the words they are saying. And yet Mrs. Bancroft gets laugh after laugh out of the worst dialogue in the play, dialogue that is absolutely inharmonious with what has gone before or that follows after. If Mrs. Bancroft really intends to remain on the stage—and why should she not if she loves it?—why does not someone write her a comedy character worthy of her very great ability? The days of Polly Eccles and Nummy Tighe are over, alas! but there are Society women who would be caricatured by Mrs. Bancroft to the very life. Meanwhile it would be delightful to see her as Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Malaprop, or the Widow Green. We have no comedy actress on the stage within a very long distance of this English artist, who brings to bear on her work rare observation, infinite humour, and a life-long experience.

Miss Kate Rorke plays the third act of "Diplomacy" as well as it has ever been played—far better than Mrs. Kendal, who was the original Dora. No Dora yet has even faintly understood the first act or the Bohemian side of the girl's character. No one has ever touched it or appeared to understand the kind of girl who is hawked over the Continent by a vain old mother, subject to semi-starvation and insult, literally living from hand to mouth, but forced to keep up an appearance. This is the side of Dora's character that Mrs. Patrick Campbell would understand. I would rather see her as Dora than as Zicka, the character that would most certainly be given her; for stage people have got it into their heads that Zicka is a bit of melodrama thrust into a play of trick and manners. Zicka is an attractive, fascinating sneak. She ought not to open the despatch-box to slow music and red-fire, but with a cat-like purr of delight. She is a cat, not a tigress. Mr. Forbes Robertson is the best Julian by far that has been seen, and it would be difficult to get better acting than the Orloff of Mr. Bancroft, the Henry of Mr. John Hare, or the Baron Stein of Mr. Arthur Cecil. The old play has survived the buffets of time. One would have thought

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that the mission of Lord and Lady Salisbury to the East would have been forgotten by this time, but it is hinted at pretty plainly in the text. It seems to me that Sardou's Dora is the best bit of theatrical machinery since Scribe.

FARCES AND FAVOURITES.

The success of the farce is the individual. Of this I am confident. The people seek for ensemble in comedy or drama. They want favourites for farces. I will go as far as this and say that there is no farce so bad, so ill-constructed, or so indifferently written that would not be literally dragged to success by such established favourites in this line of business as for instance Mr. Penley, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, or Miss Fanny Brough. It was the same when Wright played farces at the Adelphi; when Robson appeared in "Retained for the Defence" and "Boots at the Swan" at the old Olympic; when Toole was the hero of farce together with Paul Bedford at the Adelphi; when Charles Wyndham was the young husband out on the spree at the Criterion. People did not say we want to see such and such a play, they said we want to see Wright, Toole, Robson, or Wyndham, as the case might be. And exactly the same thing occurs to day. Who knows or cares what "Charley's Aunt" is about? Who dreams of analysing it or criticising it? The playgoer wants to see the indiarubber-faced Penley dressed up as an old woman, with wig, band, and ringlets. The actor has an individuality. People go to see Penley as they went to see Wright, or Robson, or Sothern years ago.

In farce acting Mr. Charles Hawtrey has also a distinct individuality. He is the Wyndham or Charles Mathews of these later days, as good a light comedian as the stage possesses. Thus, mainly through his popularity and individuality he is drawing the brightest of after-dinner audiences to see a farce called "Tom, Dick, and Harry," wherein we see three Charles Hawtreys instead of one. Why do those estimable gentlemen the critics worry themselves about the "probability" of such airy trifles? As if it mattered. The public accept it all as tomfoolery without a murmur. They have got their Charles Hawtrey, and that is enough for them. The dreadfully serious people, who would convert all our theatres into meeting-houses, turn up their noses and pooh-pooh honest laughter, but the people who don't want to be educated when they come up from their country houses, and at night wish to see what is going on, will laugh if they can only get an opportunity of doing so. Things have come to a pretty pass when audiences are actually lectured for daring to laugh in a theatre. Only think of this:—"Such exaggerated manifestations of mirth, however, have one drawback, namely, that they are apt to neutralise altogether *the enjoyment of those who found the play but moderately entertaining!* Laughter is often infectious we know, but there are occasions upon which an excess of it is apt to arouse only a feeling of melancholy wonder." Dear me! if the poor creature cannot bear to hear the people laugh, why does he not get up and go out? "Tom, Dick, and Harry" is wildly, ridiculously improbable, but therein lies its merit in the eyes of the foolishly and obstinately frivolous. They see three single gentlemen rolled into one, and they laugh until their sides ache.

Sometimes a female farce actor comes along and makes the score off her own bat. Yesterday it was Mrs. John Wood; to-day it is Miss Fanny Brough. Either of them would unaided have made a success out of "Mrs. Othello," a whimsical perversion of Shakespeare's story—a jealous woman instead of a jealous man. Miss Fanny Brough has the true *verve* of the farce artist. She gets hold of her audience and holds it until it does laugh. She never lets it go till she has established her power. It is hard work, no doubt, but it pays in the end. The great fault of English acting is that it is so washed out and colourless. The dread of exaggeration makes the English actor or actress rush into the opposite extreme of feebleness. The consequence is that the attention of the audience wanders. When they do not yawn or go to sleep they talk, which is worse. But I defy anyone, even after dinner, to go to sleep when Mr. Penley, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, or Miss Fanny Brough is acting a farce, for the very good reason that they are practised and experienced artists and know their business. When the question comes up at the club after dinner, "Where shall we go?" there is no hesitation in going to see Penley, or Hawtrey, or Fanny Brough in preference to the music-hall. But if they were not there, perchance the suggestion would be, "Let's go to hear Chevalier, or Cissie Loftus, or Eugene Stratton, or Dutch Daly, or to see the *tableaux-vivants* at the Palace." The competition question between theatres and music-halls is settled by the value of the entertainment. The amusement-seeker, like everyone else, buys in the cheapest market and sells in the dearest. If he has to invest three, five, ten shillings, or a sovereign, he will do so to the best possible advantage to his own sense of pleasure.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

"LES ROIS."

THE title of M. Lemaître's new play is a misnomer, as it deals with one King only. But there is no lack of other Royal personages, and we have as much tip-top quality as in Lord Beaconsfield's last novel. Lemaître, as Beaconsfield did, follows the vanishing-view system in painting his portraits. Sometimes two different personages, each of whom one can identify, are fused into one. They somehow become homogeneous. We see in Prince Otto, for example, the late Archduke John, three heirs apparent, one of whom is in exile, another (the late Prince "Citron") dead, and the third, who is the least prominently given in the vanishing-views, still alive. A character in which a Parisian and a European notoriety are kneaded into one, is Baron Issachar, who gives shooting and baccarat parties at his seat of Montclarin, in the kingdom of Alfanie (a compound of German States), and produces at them Prince Otto. The Baron is generally the banker when the Prince plays, and allows those who follow Otto's lead, always to win. A scene in which Issachar was shown demanding his pound of flesh of one of the three Princes was suppressed at the request of the Censor "for the sake of international courtesy." As those who saw it rehearsed thought the scene

one of the most lively, the author was sorry to be asked to make this cutting. If the passage had related to an actual instead of to a coming King, he would have been obliged to cut, there being now a law to shelter Sovereigns in friendly relations with France from being insulted or "exposed"—a law, by the way, specially meant to keep close certain negotiations to buy the alliance of a southern potentate for France. One of the characters with whom Issachar finds himself in relations in 1900 is a magnate of certain Asia Minor railways, which, doubtless, will be a good deal developed at that date. The other is the head of a society and political paper favourably known to the Comte de Paris, and a leader in *Le High-Life* and *Le Demi-Monde*. This latter has been, according to Lemaître, thirty years ago, secretary and debt-collector of Berthe de Chaton, a venal and avaricious beauty, and his snobbish soul confounded the aristocratic world with the conventionalities of the gilded Bohemia, and of "high-sport." He poses as a gentleman, severely correct, cold, stiff, ultra-English in dress and tone, and rigid in his London-made clothes.

The late Emperor William was the model for Christian XVI., King of Alfanie, who, bowed down (morally speaking, for he is erect as a soldier at attention) with age and infirmities, abdicates all but his kingly title to his eldest son, Prince Hermann. Christian entered the army to serve like any other subaltern at the age of twelve, and has lived ever since in uniform during his waking hours. He wears a sky-blue tunic with two rows of metal buttons, a three-cornered hat, on which wave white cock's feathers and a mass of decorations on his breast. The grand cross of the Blue Eagle hangs from his neck. It was founded in 1413 to reward Crusaders against Judaism. Christian is a fine old King, imbued with old-fashioned but estimable ideas about the functions of absolute monarchy and the duties of Monarchs. In Prince Hermann we have vanishing-view portraits of the late Emperor Frederick as Crown Prince and the late Prince Rudolph. He is a philanthropist, always well intentioned, detests courtly conventionalities, the sad masquerade of high society, and would be glad as Regent to prepare the way for the rise to power of the masses by granting a Constitution. His wife, the Princess Wilhelmine (Sarah Bernhardt), is a compound of the late Empress Augusta as she was fifty years ago and of the Empress of Austria before she took to equestrianism and roving to and fro about Europe. All the Princes at the Court of Alfanie are wedded to their military uniforms. Prince Hermann's regiment is the Engineers of the Guard. He aspires to authorship, is a distinguished mathematician, and looks it. Indeed, his true mission in life is to be a professor. Otto belongs to the cavalry regiment of the Archduchess, and wears a white uniform thick with gold-lace, has a hanging jacket of astrakhan fur, and a black and white schapska and sabretache. Though the villain of the drama, and a low brute, he is the most brilliant of all Royal officers—to the eye at least. Prince Renaud (read the eldest brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria) aspires to descend to private life, wed morganatically Lotta, a performer of trapeze feats, and to go with her to the United States to set up as a rich farmer. He is Hermann's cousin. The old King thinks him cracked. Otto is the hope of the Reactionists, and Issachar spends money in getting up a faction to cry "Vive Otto!" and to agitate against Hermann, who is too humane and well disposed towards the masses to be the darling of the classes. Unluckily the masses misunderstand him and are led away by agitators and intriguers. That Prince had, on becoming Regent, the misfortune to send for Hellborn, a Radical advocate, in whom we find a prototype of Gambetta—as painted by his enemies. Naturally, as soon as Hellborn finds himself Prime Minister he becomes an Opportunist, and ends by going over to the Reactionists, his head being turned by their flattering attentions.

It is to Sarah Bernhardt's credit that she did not ask to play the part of Frida, the most interesting one in the drama. That of Wilhelmine, however, affords greater scope to the *couturière*, and then Sarah is fond of personating Sovereign ladies. Were she to break down as an actress she might retrieve lost fortune by teaching Court deportment to young ladies intending to be themselves presented at Royal Drawing-rooms. There is not a Peeress in England who knows how to manage the long, sweeping train with the stately grace that Sarah does in saluting Hermann as Regent in the abdication scene.

Frida de Thalberg, the witty mistress of Hermann, is a compound of the Russian Nihilist studentess of Paris or Zurich, of the late Mdlle. Feyghine, and of the Princess Krapotkine. She is a sweet, intense, high-souled, and interesting being—wrong-headed often, but always right-hearted. Neither she nor her monitress, Audotia Latanieff, would harm a fly, and they overflow with sympathy for suffering humanity. Audotia is a Louise Michel with a Russian name. But between them and Hermann, as many ills are let loose as if there were a re-opening of Pandora's box. The people of Alfanie march against the Palace as much to threaten as to present a petition against the doings of Hellborn. Their backs rising from some accidental cause, they try to make short work of the household guards, who are under orders not to resist, but to gradually retreat. An order has to be given, and by Hermann too, to fire, and then there is carnage. Wilhelmine here comes in, too, as mother of the puny little Wilhelm, the one scion of the Royal pair, and she defends the prerogatives of the Crown. She fires off a splendid tirade. It bores her husband awfully, whose mind is full of Frida. That Queen of his soul is at the Royal shooting-box of Lovenberg, where she has been secretly sent by her platonic but madly-devoted lover. A most romantic place it is. But it is to be the scene of a tragedy. Wilhelmine goes on the track of the Regent, and comes upon the lovers as Frida is imploring the Prince to give up the work of government, and to devote himself along with her to a Nihilist propaganda. They will lead the life of love-birds without carnal love, and, therefore, with pure consciences. A pistol lies on a table. The Louise Michel woman had left it there in the hope of Frida using it against Hermann, "le massacreur du Peuple." Wilhelmine snatches it up and fires. Her husband falls dead.

There is another tragedy. Otto is shot at Lovenburg, but by the park-ranger as he is descending by a ladder

from a hayloft where he had been "conversing" with Kate, the ranger's daughter. Kate is a saucy rustic wench, and has no ideas about humanity. She believes that Otto may marry her, and that in the meantime he will give her money to buy pretty things. Sarah in the last act is queenly indeed. Old Christian, on finding out under what circumstances she shot his son, names her Regent. Her widow's mourning is of violet velvet and a long black veil. Thus arrayed, she steps out from the palace on a balcony and holds up the sickly Prince Royal to show him to the people. His make-up is borrowed from a portrait of Alphonse XIII. "The Kings" is a stirring and spectacular play.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

A SEVERE cold in the head, dear Lady Betty, is not conducive to brilliant composition. I regret, therefore, to have to interrupt your weekly education. With true wisdom, having nothing to say I will say nothing. Since I last wrote, however, no material change has occurred in the social matrimonial markets. Home produce is firm; Americans flat; Foreigners unsteady; Brighton stock irregular; and New York dull. Matrimony is, in fact, already manifesting the tendency to dearness usual at the end of the year.

* * * * *

The Indian Council is not acting generously towards Prince Victor Duleep Singh. When we annexed the Punjaub an allowance of forty thousand a year was granted to the late Maharajah by the British Government. At the time the revenue of this province yielded close upon a million of money, and even now something like a quarter of a million comes to us yearly from this source. When the Maharajah died a few weeks ago his younger children inherited a considerable sum, for his life had been heavily insured, and the amount, according to the will, was to be distributed amongst them. But his heir, Prince Victor Duleep Singh, and the widowed Maharanee have absolutely nothing except whatever may be realised through the sale of Elvedon, the family estate in Norfolk. That Prince Victor desires to retain Elvedon is only natural, the more so that he has always been devoted to the place. Meanwhile, instead of acting graciously towards the family, the India Council is even yet considering whether it shall continue the allowance to Prince Victor, and what the amount of this allowance—if any—is to be. It is plain that out of the quarter of a million that we confiscate annually from the principality we are bound to provide substantially for the children of the deposed Sovereign. This opinion is very strongly held at Court.

Sir Francis Clare Ford loses a thousand a year by his change of post, as the salary at Rome is £7,000 a year, whilst it is £8,000 at Constantinople. As, moreover, nearly everything is found for the Ambassador at Constantinople, and he has to do very little entertaining, this post is always considered the only one where an Ambassador can save out of his salary.

Another vacancy which is giving cause for much speculation is that occasioned through the death of the late Sir Christopher Teesdale, the Master of the Ceremonies. Various names have been mentioned in connection with the appointment, but in common fairness it should be offered to Colonel William Chaine, who for very long has been the Assistant Master. For all practical purposes, Colonel Chaine has done all the work of the office for several years past, for Sir Christopher, being disabled by ill-health, did not attend seriously to the duties; whilst his predecessor, the late Sir Francis Seymour, was during the last years of his life, on account of his blindness and his infirmity, a by no means efficient official. Colonel Chaine is, moreover, popular with the Corps Diplomatique, which is the essential point. Why should Mr. Christopher Sykes not be appointed to the post?

Mr. John Savile, the eldest son of Lord Mexborough by his second marriage, lies dangerously ill with typhoid fever in Dover-street. It was at first suspected that Mr. Savile had contracted the disease through the extensive excavations that are being made next door in connection with the building of the "Bath's Club" upon the land that formerly belonged to Lord Abergavenny. But this cannot have been the cause, for these excavations had not been commenced when Mr. Savile was first taken ill. And, by the way, in the course of the excavations several singular discoveries have been made. Amongst others at a great depth a secret passage has been disclosed, whilst several old Irish farthings have also been found buried. In 1811, 34, Dover-street was the town house of the Lord Dynevor of that time; but he, good man, can scarcely have had any use for secret passages, and least of all for Irish farthings.

Another new Club, the Royal Societies' Club, which is to be opened shortly at 63, St. James's-street, is making rapid progress towards completion. Over 1,000 members have already been elected, amongst them being Sir Frederick Abel, the Vice-President of the Royal Institute, Lord Halsbury, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Sir James Linton, Sir Alexander Armstrong, and numerous other leading lights of the worlds of science, literature, and art. The Royal Societies' Club is the first serious rival that the Athenæum has yet encountered. Several thousands are being expended in alterations and decorations. An exquisite hall and staircase are being built, and the old concert-room, so familiar in the days of the defunct Meistersingers, is being turned into a handsome library. Every member of the Club possesses a jumbled alphabet tacked on to his name.

The engagement of Miss Adèle Grant to Lord Essex will cause much pleasure to the many friends Miss Grant has in America. Miss Grant, it will be remembered, was several years ago engaged to the late Lord Cairns.

A contemporary gravely announced last week that, "as Lord Iveagh has failed to obtain possession of Savernake, he is to be appointed to replace the late Lord Vivian as Ambassador at Rome." This intelligence must have astonished no one more than Lord Iveagh himself.

The "Exhibition of French Artists in Decorative Art" will open at the Grafton Galleries on Saturday next, the 18th. The Private View will be held upon the preceding day. The exhibition contains some very fine modern ironwork, much excellent *faience*, some curious crystals, together with many other objects of interest of a similar kind. There is also a singular dinner-service designed and partly modelled by Madame Sarah Bernhardt for her own use.

I am asked to announce that the Gallery Club will re-open on Sunday, the 26th inst. There will also be smoking concerts upon the two following Sundays.

An altogether new problem has been started at the leading literary club, which is of some interest. The question is this: If works by Foreign Masters not represented in the National Gallery were offered in exchange for pictures that we have, which twelve should on no account be parted with? The most popular list that has been handed me is as follows:—

No.	274.	Mantegna ...	Holy Family
	186.	J. Van Eyck ...	Arnolfini
	35.	Titian	Bacchus and Ariadne
	213.	Raphael	Vision of a Knight
	852.	Rubens	Chapeau de Paille
	10.	Correggio ...	Mercury, Cupid, & Venus
	294.	Paul Veronese ...	The Family of Darius
	896.	Terburg	Peace of Münster
	697.	Moroni	Tailor
	1,172.	Van Dyck ...	Charles the First
	830.	Hobbema ...	The Avenue
	1,093.	Leonardo Da Vinci	Our Lady of the Rocks

Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

IT does not seem, after all, that the Derby is going this winter to be regarded as merely a "one-horse" race, which was the view justifiably taken of the Epsom event this year after the Two Thousand, and also of the Leger, by all rational people after the easy Derby victory of Isinglass.

Ladas has won all his races this season very easily, and he could not do more than he has done; but it must be candidly acknowledged by his friends that he really has not beaten much. There are many people who have a dismally distinct recollection of a beast named The Baron, who also won all his races as a two-year-old, and who was the winter favourite for the Derby of 1887, with the tragical result that he finished nowhere at Epsom, and, indeed, he never afterwards distinguished himself. After The Baron had been beaten in the Derby, it was suddenly discovered by everyone that, although he had certainly won everything as a two-year-old, yet it was unquestionable that he had never met a good horse, a fact which, by the way, was frequently pointed out in TRUTH during the winter of 1886-87. The adherents of Ladas might regard his future with much more justifiable confidence if he had beaten Match Box, but, as a matter of fact, he has encountered nothing better than Sempronius and Jocasta, neither of which animals, it is now clear, has any pretension to be regarded as first-class. Bullingdon was so ridiculously backward at Ascot that his running in the Coventry Stakes at that meeting must be ignored. The meeting of Ladas and Match Box in the Two Thousand will be very interesting, but, in my opinion, Lord Rosebery's steed will find Son o' Mine a very much more dangerous opponent whenever they meet, whether it is in the Newmarket Stakes or at Epsom, and if now obliged to back a horse for the Derby I would choose Lord Durham's colt.

The Leicester meeting afforded a flagrant example of the scandalous and calf-headed carelessness of owners in making illegal entries, and of managers of meetings in accepting them. Mr. T. Jennings, jun. (who has been racing for the last twenty years, so that such blundering on his part is unpardonable), entered his mare, Affluence, 3 yrs, for the Mile Maiden Plate, which was run last Tuesday. This event was advertised to be open to three-year-olds and upwards "that have never won before the time of entry," and the race closed on October 17. Will it be credited that Affluence was entered, although as a two-year-old she had won the Acorn Stakes at Epsom, a race worth £532? Owners who make such mistakes ought to be smartly fined, and so should the officials concerned.

The Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, for 1895, has just closed with only 66 entries, which is less than half the number which this race has always obtained until quite recently. The fact is that the Ascot Programme requires a thorough revision, for at present there are far too many rich stakes of the same class, which practically kill each other, and the fields would be much larger and the races a great deal more interesting if a root-and-branch reform were carried out. When the Hardwicke Stakes was established just sixteen years ago, a race with £2,000 added was a novelty, and the amount of the added money was regarded as magnificent. When, however, stakes of £5,000 and £10,000 rose like an exhalation all over the country, the Hardwicke, of course, lost its importance, and this year it was notorious that the best horses in the entry were withdrawn in order that they might be kept fresh for more valuable engagements late in the summer. The Hardwicke should be converted into a stake of £10,000, of which £5,000 might be added from the fund, while the remainder could easily be subscribed by the owners of the horses entered, as in the £10,000 stakes at Newmarket, where, however, the owners are so complacent as to contribute the whole, or nearly the whole, of the amount of the race.

If the Hardwicke entry is comparatively small in numbers, it certainly leaves nothing to be desired in point of quality. It is most satisfactory to find that Mr. Vyner has entered Marcion, for he certainly would not have done so unless he considered himself to be justified in anticipating that his horse will stand training for another two seasons. Marcion is both a speedy horse and a fine stayer, and it would have been most unfortunate if it had been found necessary to cut short his career on the turf in consequence of the shaking which he received on the hard ground at Ascot. Isinglass has not been engaged, nor has Ladas, but among the other notable three-year-olds are Callistrate (who, by the way, is to be entered for next year's Ascot Cup) and Raeburn; while among the two-year-olds are Son o' Mine, Match Box, Xury, Letterewe, Grey Leg, Bullingdon, and St. Hilaire. Lord Bradford has entered his colt Hornbeam, by Chippendale out of Hemlock, of whom I have heard wonderful accounts. People who are interesting themselves about next year's great races will do well to note carefully the names of the two-year-olds which have been engaged in this stake, as they may gather some valuable hints by doing so, and the two-year-old entry for the Ascot Biennial should also be studied. It was fully expected that Delphos would have been engaged in this race, but his name does not appear, nor does that of Xury, and the best known of the lot are Grey Leg, Letterewe, Glare, and Venia. Prince Soltykoff's Granby is evidently expected to distinguish himself in the Jubilees, for he has been entered for both these races, although he was already very heavily engaged. Another animal at present unkown to fame, which will presumably be worth looking after next season, is the Duke of Westminster's Orlet, by Bend Or out of Ruth.

I hear that Mr. Cloete has a fairly smart two-year-old in Dancing Dervish, by Paradox out of Pretty Dance, which he bought last year for 155 gs. Dancing Dervish has several engagements next season, of which the most important is the Epsom Grand Prize.

The race for the Liverpool Cup was spoilt by a most execrable start, by which the chance of some heavily-backed runners was utterly destroyed. La Flèche is understood to have gone amiss just before she ran for the Cambridgeshire, and on Friday she had to beat only some very moderate three-year-olds and a lot of bad handicap horses. It would have been well for the speculative public if Prisoner had never been foaled. He has been very heavily backed for three handicaps, the Stewards' Cup, the Cesarewitch, and the Liverpool Cup, and has always been beaten, while when he ran at Doncaster he was backed only by one or two people whose inspiration savoured of the miraculous. Prisoner will, no doubt, be "followed" by a vast herd of simpletons next season, but he is really a bad horse that can neither stay nor go fast. I am pleased to remember that when he was being raved about as a good thing for the Cesarewitch I predicted that it would turn out that the Doncaster Cup running was all wrong. What Lady Rosebery was about on that occasion it is impossible to conjecture.

During the last two years Lady Hermit has been over and over again a great public favourite for leading handicaps, not one of which did she win, and her victory in the Stewards' Cup at Liverpool was a bewildering surprise after her ignominious collapse at Northampton. The fact is that Lady Hermit is a wretched jade, and it may be hoped that Colonel North will relegate her to the stud forthwith.

Milford, who was expected to turn out the flyer among last season's two-year-olds, has proved a dire failure as a three-year-old, and he is now being sent over hurdles at Newmarket. He is just the stamp of horse that may be expected to distinguish himself in races of that class. It is quite possible, indeed, that a few weeks of hurdle jumping may convert Milford into a very smart horse on the flat. I have been assured that Red Eyes was literally worthless on the turf until she had been sent over hurdles for a few months, and the result of that schooling has been that she has since discovered herself to be a genuine stayer, and has won two of the most important long-distance handicaps of the season.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

La Flèche will no doubt be despatched to the stud now that she has won a race. There would be no object in keeping the mare in training for another season, as she would be far more likely to deteriorate than to improve, and her only engagements next year are the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, and the Champion Plate at Newmarket, neither of which races would she be likely to win.

The season will conclude next week with the Warwick and Manchester meetings, at both of which there are sure to be large fields, and backers are certain to have considerably the worst of the business. The November Handicap at Manchester should be left alone until the day of running. I will deal with it next week.

There were seven colleges at Oxford that took part in the University four-oared races. At Cambridge only four crews started for the University fours. Figures are miserable things on which to found an argument, but these figures alone would arouse a suspicion that there was something wrong with Cambridge rowing. Big clubs like Clare, Pembroke, Caius, and Lady Margaret cannot get together crews, while First Trinity, with a small University at its back, does nothing in the race and rows three men under 11 st. The recent inter-University races have shown that there is nothing radically wrong with the style of Cambridge rowing as there was in the sixties. Ever since the last victory over Oxford the cry has been for heavy men, and it does not speak well for the abilities either of College captains or University presidents that the dearth should be as great as ever. It cannot be that there are no giants in the land. They play golf or football; and the President of the Boat Club must not, like David, go forth to slay, he must cherish these Goliaths, and get them into his service. Nothing has injured Cambridge rowing so much as the football mania. The Rugby match is over at the end of the October term, and the Association game is played in the middle of the Lent term, and yet both the Universities go on playing almost up to the Easter vacation. The colleges follow suit, and so long as Cambridge men prefer to potter about in college matches, instead of helping their Boat Clubs in the Lent races, so long will they bemoan their ill-fortune between Putney and Mortlake. There are plenty of heavy men, but they will not learn to row. And then, when a college does show some promise of better things, as First Trinity was doing, the authorities break out into internecine squabbles that would disgrace a nursery of children. At Oxford rowing is in a healthier state. The entries for the fours show that.

A syndicate has, I am told, been formed to foster professional cycling next year. Already in France the amateur has practically ceased to exist, and in America the Cash Prize League system has been a great success. I should not be sorry to see something on the same lines here. It would clean the amateur stables to a great extent. So long as the riders give the public a run for their money, the venture will pay. Hitherto professionals have failed to secure public confidence because of their dishonest practice. At Johannesburg this evil does not seem to trouble people. Nearly every Saturday there are cycling races, and it is well known that the riders are in league with the bookmakers. But the people bet all the same. At the present time there are numbers of racing cyclists who are professionals to all intents and purposes. They ride for the makers of machines, and the prizes can be changed afterwards for that which is more suitable to men in their class of life—that is, for cash. I see that the proprietors of a new publication have offered a 100-guinea cup for a twenty-four hour race between Shorland, an amateur, and Lesna or Stephane, the French professionals, all three claiming the twenty-four hours record. This generous offer is, of course, a mere advertisement. It is disgraceful that amateur sport should be utilised for the purposes of this up-to-date journalism. These big prizes are the curse of amateur cycling, and I hope the N.C.U. will forbid the race.

The Cambridge University Football Clubs propose purchasing from Caius a football ground close by Fenners. The price is £7,500, and the purchase must be made by June next. Of course there will be a heavy outlay for building and fences. A sum of £6,000 is asked for by next June. The rest will be raised on mortgage. Considering the good gates the Rugby Club gets, this seems crude finance.

MAMMON.

PRECEPT V. PRACTICE IN MASHONALAND.

WHEN Hannibal was in Italy, Scipio declared that Rome could only be saved in Africa. It seems to be the fate of Liberal Ministries to imperil their success at home by carrying on "military operations" in the Dark Continent. A Liberal Ministry bombarded Alexandria and killed many thousand Soudanese, and this enabled a gang of usuring financiers to get their blood-money out of the Egyptians. A Liberal Ministry is now aiding a gang of financiers to sweep out of existence the Matabele, in order that the gang may be in a position to use Matabeleland as a gambling counter in their attempt to trick British investors out of their money. And yet I make no doubt that all Liberal Ministers are really opposed to such doings. *C'est la fatalité*, as Mdlle. Schneider said in "La Belle Hélène," when she yielded to the blandishments of Paris.

Mr. Gladstone, when his Government was killing Soudanese, comforted their disembodied spirits by telling them that they had been men "rightly struggling to be free." He now comforts the Matabele by telling them that he hopes that they are being treated with "justice, mercy, and charity." In the meantime, the financial gang shoot them with Maxim guns, and Mr. Buxton informs us that the object is to induce them to turn their swords into ploughshares, or, to put it less metaphorically, turn them into mining shovels, and use the shovels for the financiers. If any surviving Matabele ever comes to Europe, how surprised he will be to find that the ploughshare doctrine of civilisation has been reserved for Africa. Swords into ploughshares! Look at Europe. To parody the words of Madame Roland on the scaffold, "What strange things are done in the name of civilisation!"

What I have asserted is this: Mr. Rhodes and his gang, the most prominent members of which seem to be an Austrian financial Baron and a Dutch financier, have made millions out of the British public by selling to them at a huge premium shares of a Company which would have been bankrupt, had it not laid hold, like Ahab, of a vineyard in its neighbourhood by Ahab's plan of killing the owner and confiscating the vineyard. The gang induced the public to buy shares by the glamour of a Royal Charter, by mendacious puffs, and by placing at the head of their Chartered Company two Dukes as decoy ducks. Their first step had been to trick Lobengula out of a concession. He was induced to confirm it, although he still protested against its being what he had really given, by the Queen's name being dragged in, and by her Majesty pledging the word of the nation that, if he allowed digging for gold in his country, the diggers would recognise his sovereign rights, and in no way damnify him. Then these sharp financiers tricked the Government out of a Royal Charter, by concealing the fact that they had saddled the Company formed under the Charter with a lien for themselves which they estimated as worth four million pounds. The Mashonaland bubble, on which this superstructure had been raised, having burst, they forced a war on Lobengula, in order to get hold of Matabeleland. Why? To sell the portion of this four millions' worth of shares, that they had not already foisted off on the public, by puffing Matabeleland as they had puffed Mashonaland.

Mr. Rhodes is represented as a patriot. He is the Cape Prime Minister, and also the head of a crew of financing speculators. Go to Somerset House. Ask for the list of the shareholders in the Concessions Company. This Company was formed to enable the gang to divide the booty of four millions amongst themselves. There it will be seen that Mr. Rhodes holds 352,971 shares of the face value of £1. If he succeeds in looting Matabe-

land for the Chartered Company, and in fooling investors, he will be able to convert this £350,971 into current coin of the realm. What would be said here, if Mr. Gladstone engaged in a war of Imperial conquest, and it were found that he had so arranged matters that the war, if successful, would secure to him a gigantic private profit? In the history of British Statesmen—and, indeed, of Colonial Statesmen until Mr. Rhodes came on the scene—so monstrous an abuse of an official position for private ends has never occurred. The fact is no figment of my brain. It stands recorded at Somerset House. I refer to Somerset House as my authority. There is no question as to its accuracy. I leave its appreciation to all who have at heart the good name of the public men of the British Empire. The Panama disclosures fall short of it in significance. Jabez Balfour in his Argentine retreat must ask himself, why fate has been so unkind to him, and why he is a fugitive from justice, and Mr. Rhodes Prime Minister of the Cape.

We hear a good deal about Cape public opinion being with Mr. Rhodes, and that we ought to bow to it. Without entering into the mode in which that opinion has been created, I would point out that Matabeleland no more belongs to the Cape than to Nova Scotia: that this filibustering Company was created by a Royal Charter, and that we, not the Cape, are responsible for its actions.

What has happened since the Rhodean forces invaded Matabeleland? Mr. Rhodes computes the killed and wounded Matabele at three thousand, against a loss amongst his crew of border ruffians of five men. It is explained that this is in the nature of wars between Europeans armed with Maxim guns and African natives. Precisely. And this is why such a war is a battue, with men instead of pheasants. I have asked, Where are the wounded Matabele? Mr. Gladstone thought it shocking on my part to imply that possibly they had been killed. I repeat the question: Where are they, if they have not been killed?

Amongst the killed Matabele are two Envoys that Lobengula sent to treat with Sir H. Loch at his request. They entered the camp of the Bechuanaland Police, under the conduct of Mr. Dawson, an Englishman. They were seized on as spies, and subjected to indignities. Not understanding this, one of them snatched up a bayonet to defend himself. The two were butchered. Mr. Gladstone says that it was unfair of me to say that this has tarnished our good name, and I ought to have waited for particulars. The above particulars come from the murderers of the Envoys themselves. I want no further particulars to declare that our good name has been tarnished by this hideous crime. Spies from an enemy do not openly walk into their opponents' camp, accompanied by one of their opponents. Reverse the case. What would have been thought had we sent two Envoys to Lobengula with a Matabele, and he had executed them on the assumption that they were spies? Should we have thought this more justifiable, if Lobengula had first asked us to receive Envoys? I repeat that, on the admitted facts, our name has been disgraced by the murder of these men. There was a third envoy—the brother-in-law of Lobengula. Recent telegrams say that he was ill-treated, and being met on his way home, exhausted and almost dead, was saved by some benevolent Samaritan.

We are now told that the rights of Rhodes and his gang must be respected in any arrangement connected with the possession of Matabeleland. In this I agree. But I deny that they have any "rights" there. Look at facts. They obtained a mining concession by fraud over all the territories of Lobengula. He condoned the fraud and confirmed the concession on the Queen pledging herself that they should only dig for gold where he pleased, and they bought up a further land concession, giving them powers to acquire land in the sphere of the operations of the gold digging. Lobengula allowed them to dig, not in Matabeleland, but in Mashonaland. Whence, then, do they derive any claim to mining rights or to land rights in the the former? The doctrine that they have these rights can only hold good on the assumption that when the interests of Mr. Rhodes, Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, an Austrian, and Mr. Beit, a Dutchman, conflict with hard fact and with the plighted word of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, hard facts and the Queen's plighted word must be subordinated to these interests. To say that the Company has acquired land rights in Matabeleland is tantamount to saying that, if I owned a tract of barren land in Scotland, and after allowing a man to dig peat there, told him that he might squat on the land within the sphere of his peat operations, he might become possessor of my house in London by hanging me at the door-post, and then insisting that the house became his, because it had been brought within the sphere of his operations.

Then, as to the cause of the war. Lobengula, we are told, raided in Mashonaland, and the war was caused by his refusing to discontinue this practice. The Charter of the Company gives it alone the rights contained in the concessions. In these concessions there was no right given to exercise jurisdiction over either Mashona or Matabele; indeed, the Queen, as I have already said, expressly pledged herself that the concessionaries should not exercise such jurisdiction. Lobengula sent an impi there to punish his subjects for stealing telegraph wires at the express request of the Company. Both Sir H. Loch and the Company were notified of its departure. This impi was ordered by Dr. Jameson to withdraw from Mashonaland in one hour. It was withdrawing, when one or two hours later Dr. Jameson sent an armed force to fire on it under the command of the very Captain Lendy whom Mr. Buxton had stigmatised as a murderer on account of his former ruffianism. The impi could not cover thirty miles (the distance to Matabeleland) in two or three hours. And because it was impossible, this Lendy and his border ruffians fired on it and killed about thirty men. When Lobengula protested, he was told by the Company that he must agree never in future to enter his own Mashonaland. When he naturally demurred to this ultimatum, the Company insisted that, as a measure of self-defence, they must sweep him and his Matabele off the face of the earth, although Mr. Moffat, our own official, and our only official who had been brought into personal relations with Lobengula, declared that Lobengula had not the remotest intention of attacking the Company. "This may be true," says Mr. Buxton, "but are we sure that Lobengula's impis would not have attacked? Were they not out of hand?" What is the evidence for this theory? Absolutely non-existent. What happened after hostilities commenced conclusively shows that the impis were in hand, for they obeyed their King when he directed them to destroy their villages rather than surrender them, and to march to assured death when he ordered it.

Of course, Lobengula's mode of administering justice in Mashonaland was savage; this is always the case in Africa when a native king is the administrator. But there is not the slightest evidence that Mashona villages were burnt by him, or women and children killed. But what is the record of the Company towards these Mashona, over whom they had no more jurisdiction than I have? "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," says Lord Byron, were the savages in the days of old Rome. Butchered to sell bogus shares on the Stock Exchange are the natives of Africa to-day. Read the following facts, which I extract from the published Blue Books, and meditate on them. Note them well, and then tell me whether it is possible to believe that Rhodes and his gang advanced into Matabeleland because their righteous souls were vexed at Lobengula's mode of treating his subjects:—

In February, 1892, the Company slew six Mashona, and burnt down three kraals, on its being reported to them that somewhere and by some one, a Frenchman, naturalised as an American, had been killed. Against this Sir Henry Loch protested; observing that, "in cases like the present, where the chief has been captured, and resistance is at an end, it would seem unnecessary to burn the kraal, more especially as that involves the punishment of women and children."

In the same month Dr. Jameson reports: "Moghali has raided another chief, who appealed to us for protection. Moghali refusing to submit, Chaplin and a few men were sent to assist the raided chief, so his kraal was burnt and

Moghali killed." Lord Knutsford on hearing of this exploit observes: "It is important that nothing should be done which would tend to relieve the Company's representatives from a full sense of their primary responsibility for its policy." In March, 1892, a Mr. Bennett had, or said that he had, some goods stolen, and that he suspected natives from N'Gomo's kraal. Near Mr. Bennett's farm was a kraal belonging to Manguendi. Captain Lendy was sent to arrest Manguendi, who declined to be arrested. Captain Lendy then went to N'Gomo's kraal, and sought to arrest him. He was "impertinent." His kraal was therefore shelled by a Maxim gun, and the chief, his son, and twenty-one natives were killed. On this transaction Sir H. Loch observes: "It appears to me that the action of the local officers was somewhat in excess of the requirements in this case." Lord Knutsford observes: "There is nothing in the information which affords any justification of Captain Lendy's proceedings, and he acted in this matter with recklessness and undue harshness." Mr. Buxton observes: It must be remembered that Captain Lendy, a murderer in the estimation of her Majesty's Government, has been retained in the service of the British South Africa Company, along with Dr. Jameson, who instigated and commended his attack on N'Gomo.

The newspapers that have puffed the Company naturally dislike that facts in regard to its action should be made known. How, then, do they answer facts? By the very simple expedient of not answering them. Some, like the *Westminster Gazette*, say that they are not facts, because Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Buxton think that more evidence is needed to prove them. Some fall back on vague twaddle about the extension of the Empire, and hold that every crime is covered by Mr. Rhodes's "imperial instincts;" just as Mr. Redmond contends their excellent motives condone the crimes of the imprisoned dynamiters. Some merely say that Mr. Rhodes is a great man with great views, and that I am a small man with small views. Some gently hint that I must have some secret motive in my action in this matter. Some suggest that this secret motive is my dislike of Dukes. All that I can say is, that I never saw Mr. Rhodes; that I have no personal feeling either for or against any of his gang; that I never bought or sold, directly or indirectly, a share in any of his Companies. As for the Dukes, they are neither better nor worse than any other "guinea-pigs," and I do not require to learn from what has been done by Mr. Rhodes that many of our aristocracy can be hired at the price of £1,200 per annum to become Directors of any Company—good, bad, or indifferent. My motive is simply this: Believing that Africans ought not to be slaughtered for the benefit of a gang of greedy financialists; believing that the Prime Minister of a Colony ought not to use his political position to further his private ends; believing that a gang of financiers ought not to get hold of a property (the half of which they value as worth four millions) by trickery, by violation of the Queen's plighted word, and by killing the owners of the property, I raise my voice against what I regard as a national crime. But even admitting that I am the vilest of the human race, that I have the worst of motives, that I am myself a robber, a forger, and a murderer, I hardly see how this alters facts recorded in Blue-Books, in the official reports of a Company, in its official contracts with other Companies, in the returns filed at Somerset House, and in Mr. Rhodes' own telegrams as to what he has been doing in Matabeleland. I have received letters telling me that it is monstrous in me to attack a Liberal Government, if I am, as I say, a Liberal. Whether an act is right or wrong does not depend on who does it. I want certain reforms at home and sound foreign policy abroad. I find Liberal Governments more in accordance with my views than Tory Governments; therefore I am a supporter of a Liberal Government. But I am a discriminating supporter. I do not see why Parish Councils and such like reforms should not be carried at home, without murdering Africans. In the treatment of Africans by border ruffians, I have always found that a Liberal Government is too much inclined to avoid Parliamentary friction by either following in the footsteps of its predecessor, or by staving off action on the plea that facts must be clearly known before any action be taken, whilst in the meanwhile it allows itself to be dragged into complicity with such iniquity as that now going on in South Africa. No one who has followed the career of Lord Ripon and Mr. Buxton can doubt that they regard with horror murder by Companies, and that they would be delighted to join me in my denunciations of the South Africa Chartered Company and of its autocrat, Mr. Rhodes. I have no doubt, too, that Mr. Gladstone shares in these views. They all know the wrong-doings of this Company even better than I do. But to take action might involve them in difficulties with the Cape Government, of which Mr. Rhodes is the head, and in discussions with the Conservatives at home, who are always ready to swear to the virtue of wealthy powerful men, no matter what they may do. They therefore look on, whilst black men are murdered and financiers are making money out of the murders. This is called "recognising the responsibilities of office." The only responsibility, however, that I recognise is, that the nation is bound not to allow its good name and honour to be disgraced by aiding, or by supinely whimpering, whilst "justice, mercy, and charity" are practised by a gang of filibustering Company-mongers in Africa for the benefit of their own sordid pecuniary interests.

Scripture tells us that where the carcase is, there are the vultures gathered. There is a charming naïveté in a telegram from the special correspondent of the *Daily News* with the freebooters:—"The shrewd colonists who form the bulk of our fighting force are delighted with Matabeleland. The country has quite justified its reputation. It is full of reefs rich in gold, and the pasturage is described as splendid. Consequently, our men have gone to stay." The shrewd colonists are the band of fighting loafers who were attracted to Mr. Rhodes's standard by the offer of farms and loot. Probably very few of them ever did an honest day's work in their lives. They want to sell their "farms" and their "mining claims" to some Company-monger who would bring out his Company in London, having added to the price paid to the freebooter a very considerable sum for himself. Certainly the land has been manured with the blood of its murdered owners, but even with this agricultural advantage I greatly doubt whether it be worth more than land in Mashonaland. As for the reefs being rich in gold, let any one for a moment consider the absurdity of this preliminary puff. The "shrewd Colonists," we are asked to believe, discovered this richness within a few hours of getting possession of the reefs. But a reef can only be proved to be rich or poor after a very careful survey, a more careful analysis of large quantities of rock, a considerable outlay on shaft-sinking, a full consideration of cost of transport, of price of labour, and of many other such details. Experts, indeed, are often themselves deceived as to gold existing in paying quantities. Mr. Rhodes, and his friends Mr. Beit, the Dutchman, and Baron Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the Austrian, are also eager to take time by the forelock in converting their paper shares into something more saleable. They have at once advertised a meeting of the Chartered Company, at which it will be proposed that the Company shall buy these founders' shares for one million of the shares of the Company, and thus double its capital. Why do they want to effect this deal? Because they know that a share in a Chartered Company always has an additional value owing to the silly notion that the Government guarantees the honesty and bona fides of such Companies. I will say this for the "shrewd colonists," and the still shrewder men behind them, that a more resolute and clever gang of marauders I never came across. There is a mixture of Captain Kidd and Jabez Balfour in them that, to those who think that anything is permissible in the pursuit of wealth, is no doubt attractive—nay, positively, fascinating. They have got hold of Matabeleland. So far as I can make out, the war has been successful. The pioneers of civilisation are in possession of their vineyard. The Colonial Office recognises their rights to it. They are to be allowed to become owners of a country as large as France, in addition to being owners of Mashonaland, which also is as large as Spain. They may sell or give away its land; they may exact their royalty of 50

per cent., or otherwise deal with its mineral wealth. Under a proper administration of justice, these men would be indicted as accessories of murder and robbery. Is it then suggesting too much when I say, that they ought not to be allowed to confiscate to their own uses Matabeleland, under a Royal Charter? The country possibly is worth nothing. What do they care? They will say that it is worth much, and, fortified by a Royal Charter, they will sell shares to fools, and, having pocketed the proceeds of the sales, laugh at their dupes, as they sit in their palaces in Holland, or in Austria, or wherever else they reside.

As it may be well that the country should understand who are the chief South African financiers, I publish the following list of the Directors of the principal Companies there. It will be seen that this band of philanthropists has spread itself, like vermin, over every financial undertaking, and that many of these pillars of the extension of the British Empire are not by birth Britons:—

List of Directors.

Lord Gifford, V.C., Betchworth
- United Concessions Company, Limited
- British (Chartered) South Africa Company
- Horo Concession and Exploration Company (of Swazieland), Limited
- Bechuanaland Trading Association, Limited (Chairman)
- Bechuanaland Exploration Company, Limited (Chairman)
- Southern Land Company, Limited
- Mines Trust, Limited

Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes (Cape Premier)
- De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited (Life Governor, Chairman)
- United Concessions Company, Limited
- British (Chartered) South Africa Company
- Exploring Company, Limited
- Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa

Alfred Beit (of Wernher, Beit, & Co., Diamond Merchants), 29 and 30, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and Prince's Chambers, 56, Pall Mall, S.W.
- De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited (Life Governor)
- United Concessions Company, Limited
- British (Chartered) South Africa Company
- Exploring Company, Limited
- Beira Railway Company, Limited
- Moodies Pioneer Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Wolhuter Gold Mining Company, Limited

Rudolph Henrichsen, Prince's Chambers, 56, Pall Mall, S.W.
- De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited
- Beira Railway Company, Limited
- Moodies Pioneer Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Griqualand West Diamond Mining Company (Dutoitspan Mine), Limited

F. Volklein, 56, Pall-mall, S.W.
- Transvaal Consolidated Lands, Limited
- Meyer & Charlton Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Jumpers Gold Mining Company, Limited

J. Wernher (of Wernher, Beit, & Co., Diamond Merchants), 29 and 30, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited
- Exploring Company, Limited, in 1892 (since retired)
- New Jagersfontein Mining and Exploration Company, Limited
- African Trans-Continental Telegraph Company, Limited

Charles Rube (of Wernher, Beit, & Co., Diamond Merchants), 29 & 30, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Ferreira Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Bantjes Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Wolhuter Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Alexandra Estate Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Crown Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Randfontein Estates Gold Mining Company (Witwatersrand), Limited
- Langlaagte Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Block "B" Langlaagte Estate Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Paarl Central Gold Mining and Exploration Company, Limited
- Robinson Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Jumpers Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Meyer & Charlton Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Geldenhuis Estates and Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Transvaal Consolidated Land Company, Limited
- Modderfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited

M. Michaelis (of Wernher, Beit, & Co., Diamond Merchants), 29 and 30, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Ferreira Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Bantjes Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Wolhuter Gold Mining Company, Limited

J. Elliott (of Wernher, Beit & Co., Diamond Merchants), 29 and 30, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Crown Reef Gold Mining Company

A. Dünkelsbühler (of Dünkelsbühler & Co., Diamond Merchants), 34, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Champ d'or French Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Transvaal Coal Trust, Limited
- Consolidated Bultfontein, Limited
- Durban Roodepoort Gold Mining Company, Limited
- South African Argonauts, Limited

F. W. Greem (Clerk to Dünkelsbühler & Co., Diamond Merchants), 34, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Flora Gold Mining Company, Limited (in liquidation)
- Ethel Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Alexandra Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited

S. Neumann (of S. Neumann & H. J. King, Diamond Merchants), 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and of Sigmund Neumann, Merchant, Warnford-court, and of M. Lilienfeld, Diamond Merchant, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Ferriera Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Wolhuter Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- New Crœsus Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Crown Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- United Ivy Gold Mining Company, Limited
- South African Trust and Finance Company, Limited
- African Trans-Continental Telegraph Company, Limited
- Transvaal Coal Trust, Limited
- Horo Concession and Exploration Company (of Swazieland), Limited
- Johannesburg City and Suburban Tramways, Limited
- South African Argonauts, Limited

Henry James King (of S. Neumann & H. J. King, Diamond Merchants), 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., and of H. J. King, Merchant, Warnford-court, E.C.
- Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- New Crœsus Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Bothas Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- New Grahamstown Gold Mining Company, Limited

Julius Friedlander (of Neumann & King, Diamond Merchants), 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
- Princess Estate and Gold Mining Company
- Moss Rose Extension Gold Mining Company

R. S. D. Felkin, Stockbroker (of H. J. King, Merchant), Warnford-court, E.C.
- Flora Gold Mining Company, Limited (in liquidation)
- Alexandra Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Paarl Central Gold Mining and Exploration Company, Limited
- Moodies Gold Mining Company, Limited
- New Grahamstown Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Figaro Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Bothas Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Modderfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited

Martin Lilienfeld, of Holborn Viaduct, E.C. (Refer to S. Neumann, H. J. King, Julius Friedlander and R. S. D. Felkin.)
- Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Figaro Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Flora Gold Mining Company, Limited (in liquidation)
- Ethel Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Bantjes Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Modderfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Johannesburg City and Suburban Tramways, Limited

Thomas Rudd (J. Rudd & Co., Merchants), 8, Old Jewry
- African Banking Corporation, Limited
- United Concessions
- Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited (Chairman)
- South African Gold Trust and Agency Company
- Mashonaland Agency, Limited
- African Gold Share Investment Company, Limited

C. D. Rudd.
- United Concessions Company, Limited
- Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited

H. E. M. Davies, 8, Old Jewry, E.C.
- Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited
- South African Gold Trust and Agency Company, Limited
- African City Properties Trust, Limited
- Cape Town District Waterworks Company, Limited
- Gold Estates (Transvaal) Company, Limited
- Luipaards Vlei Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Mashonaland Agency, Limited
- Nooitgedacht Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited
- Village Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited
- African Gold Share Investment Company, Limited
- Mines Trust, Limited

Family Washing only.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered lay following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

H. Mosenthal (of Mosenthal, Sons, & Co.), 72, Basinghall-street, E.C.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited
New Jagersfontein Mining and Exploration Company, Limited
Consolidated Bulfontein
Exploration Company, Limited
Horo Concession and Exploration Company (of Swazieland), Limited

G. H. Raw (of Fry, Son, & Co.), Gresham House, E.C.
New Heriot Gold Mining Company, Limited
Nigel Gold Mining Company, Limited
Stanhope Gold Mining Company, Limited
City and Suburban Gold Mining Company, Limited
Salisbury Gold Mining Company, Limited
South African Trust and Finance Company, Limited
New Consort Gold Mining Company, Limited
South African Prospecting and Mortgage Corporation, Limited
Gold Estates (Transvaal) Company, Limited

Percy F. Tarbutt (of Tarbutt & Quentin), 23, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.
Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited
New Reitfontein Gold Mining Company, Limited
Central Montrose Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited
Northern Transvaal Lands Company, Limited
United Langlaagte Gold Mining Company, Limited
Mines Trust, Limited
South African Gold Trust and Agency, Limited
African Gold Share Investment Company, Limited
Village Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited (Chairman)
Sunbeam Gold Mining Company, Limited
Victoria Hill Consolidated Gold Mining Company, Limited

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My Dear Ben,—The Stock Exchange superstition about a "nineteen-day account" has once again received confirmation, for it must be admitted that the account which has now run its course, although bringing no heavy fall in its train, was uncomfortable throughout. The coal strikes still drag their weary length along, unsettling industries and adversely affecting the railways: the ratification of the settlement of the Argentine Debt by Congress has not yet been obtained; renewed "Bear" attacks have been the order of the day in the Yankee market, although meeting with but indifferent success, and the fighting in Matabeleland has been crowned with the announcement of a fresh juggle in Chartered shares through a proposed arrangement with the United Concessions Company, a sudden collapse in Chartered shares being the upshot.

Fin de Siècle Finance.

The public mind has also been somewhat disturbed by certain developments in Trust Company finance which, although but the outward signs of a trouble which has been in existence for some time, are yet tending to again undermine the slowly returning confidence. The resignation of Mr. Frank May, the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, for instance, has rightly or wrongly been connected by rumour with certain ill advised investments in the shares of Trust Companies of part of the funds of the Bank of England Clerks' Provident Fund, but it is not apparently an important matter, and the real responsibility would, if there is anything in the talk, rest with his superiors. Mr. May, who has held the post since 1872, has rendered good service to the Bank in the past, and the responsibility must after all chiefly rest in higher quarters. Perhaps the Governor and Directors will in future give a little more attention to important details than they appear to have done. The impression at present prevails that the Bank has had more to do with "Fin de Siecle Finance," and that it had more interest in preventing the collapse of the Barings and Murrietas than appeared likely on the face of it. The Bank of England should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion, but nothing has apparently occurred that need cause any grave anxiety, and I should say that the warning will not be thrown away upon those chiefly responsible. In connection with the South American and Mexican Trust, certain disclosures have been made by the Official Receiver which will no doubt receive the attention of the Committee of the Stock Exchange. With reference to Trust Company finance generally, I repeat that thorough investigation by shareholders' committees is desirable, and that every safeguard must be provided to prevent mismanagement in the future. These Companies were started at a period of inflated values, and the securities bought at that time have, in many cases, seriously depreciated during the protracted crisis which has followed the Baring collapse. But it should be remembered that the losses have been actually made some time ago, and that they are in most cases discounted in the present prices of the stocks of the Trust Companies. Unless risks altogether incompatible with their real business have been incurred, most of the Companies should, moreover, be able to nurse their investments until their value reaches again a higher figure. If directors have acted *ultra vires*, or if they have been guilty of irregularities, let responsibility by all means be fixed upon them, but I would again warn shareholders not to be carried away by the clamour for vengeance by noisy wreckers. That is not the way to recover their own or reduce their losses. Finally, it may be hoped that when this Trust scare has run its course, a healthier tone will be created in the Stock market, in which the so-called revelations connected with this chapter of "Fin de Siècle Finance" are only too eagerly seized upon by unscrupulous "Bear" operators.

Home Rails.

The leading "Heavy" stocks have again shown remarkable strength, considering the continuance of the strikes, the only important exception being Sheffield securities, that line suffering very heavily from the strikes, while the new Dore and Chinley branch of the Midland threatens it with fresh competition. The traffic returns for the week show some improvement, but the decreases caused by the strikes are still severe. On the other hand, covering operations by professional "Bears" are steadying quotations, especially of Midlands and North-Western. North-Eastern were weak at one time, but are again firmer, which is not surprising, as this line really profits by the coal war in the Midlands. I have so fully given my view of the unfavourable dividend outlook that I can leave my readers to form their own judgment. The unfavourable South-Eastern working statement has prevented any improvement in quotations of Dover "A," notwithstanding the oversold state of this market, but Brighton "A" are distinctly firmer. Traffics still show decreases, and will continue to do so as long as the coal strikes last. The latter are, in fact, the sole *fons et origo* of the decreases, as the passenger movement keeps well up to the mark. The termination of the coal strikes will, however, now probably come too late to enable the Company to recoup any substantial portion of its losses during the current year, and no higher dividend than 5½ per cent. is generally looked for on Brighton "A" for the year. Deducting the accrued portion, say 4½ per cent., from the present price of 144½, we obtain on the basis of 5½ per cent. a yield of nearly 4 per cent. on the investment—not so very bad a return perhaps when the improved prospects for next year are considered. The chief factor is, however, the market position. It is now said that the "shop" operators have closed their "Bear" commitments, but that a very large short account is still open for others, a statement which receives confirmation by a backwardation of ¾, which was exacted at the settlement. There is some talk of Metropolitan and Metropolitan Districts being likely to benefit from the re-opening of Olympia with the new Constantinople performance. The Scotch stocks, although cheap, have been altogether neglected.

The Yankee Market.

The feature in the American department has been the prevalence of determined "Bear" raids in the early part of the week, followed by greater steadiness and a recovery from the lowest. The success achieved by the Republican Party in the State elections was considered a "Bull" point on the other side of the Atlantic,

House Drainage.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

most of the leading Wall-street financiers belonging to that party, but it tends to militate against any drastic repeal of the McKinley tariff. The financial condition is still improving, and the position of the New York banks is stronger than ever. The distrust caused by the silver purchases having now disappeared through the repeal of the Sherman Bill, it may be assumed that trade generally will revive, although the traffics of the roads can but gradually recover. Passenger traffic has no longer the Chicago Exhibition to stimulate it, but the approaching close of the lake route will, on the other hand, benefit the railways. According to mail advices, moreover, the tonnage of the Granger roads is steadily increasing, general business is improving, grain is moving to the seaboard, and a buying movement for merchandise has set in, the like of which has not been seen for many months. A strong "Bear" attack on Atchison was led by Addison Cammack, who sent selling orders to Boston in order to create the impression that something was wrong with the road, his object apparently being to affect the whole list of stocks by raiding this one. It was also sought to frighten holders by widely circulating the statement that the decrease in net receipts for July, August, and September had been 975,000 dols., without mentioning that these receipts still showed a surplus of 469,000 dols. over fixed charges, including the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds. These three months, moreover, cover the worst period of the crisis through which the country has passed. In fact, as the huge gross decrease for the three months ended September 30 of 1,985,000 dols. worked out, through large savings in working expenses, to only 975,000 dols. net decrease, it is obvious that October, with only 290,000 dols. gross decrease, will show a great deal better, and, as the *Statist* puts it, "if the Atchison Company in future has no larger decreases in gross earnings than in October, its capacity to cover fixed charges appears assured." In fact, as the surplus profit for the last fiscal year of the Company was 2,647,000 dols., there is still a margin of 1,672,000, which has to run off before fixed charges are imperilled. The view which I expressed last week that there should now be a recovery in Denver traffics bids fair to be borne out, and the improvement in Denver Prefs. and Ordinary which I foreshadowed, has already commenced, the former gaining nearly three dollars. Louisville have again been attacked, but there is a strong undercurrent, and all will now depend upon traffics. If these should improve, the shares will rise to a higher level, my statements as to the deal with the Chesapeake and Ohio South-Western having been fully borne out by a semi-official statement since made in contradiction of a very misleading report dished up in the *Times*. With reference to the Northern Pacific, an influential committee of American holders of the Consolidated bonds has been formed to co-operate with the Berlin committee. It is estimated that of the 44,000,000 dols. of these bonds outstanding fully 15,000,000dols. are held in Germany, a large proportion of which have been deposited with the Deutsche Bank. The semi-annual interest maturing December 1 will not be paid. The Milwaukee line has again shown a moderate weekly traffic decrease, and the next few returns will be watched with considerable interest; but this stock is, on the whole, very well held. Talk is revived that the Reading receivers are anxious to issue a reorganisation plan, under which the coupons of the General Mortgage Fours fund are to be funded for a term of years—perhaps four years. This is vigorously objected to by the General Mortgage bondholders, who claim that stockholders and income bondholders should be the ones to suffer. Income bondholders claim that funding the General Mortgage coupons is a violation of the terms of their mortgage, which provides that no lien shall be placed ahead of theirs. Funding the coupons for four years would give money enough to pay off the floating debt, but there is no question that such a plan will be vigorously opposed. Looking at the American market generally, I do not advise speculative transactions except perhaps for short turns, buying when the market is flat and selling when it is firm; but, as I have said before, investors who can pay for well selected stocks and lock them up for three or four months will at the end of that period no doubt see a good profit. Grand Trunks have not yet recovered from the effect of the unfavourable September statement, and Canadian Pacifics have been intensely dull.

Baltimore and Ohio South-Western.

At last the amalgamation of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western with the Ohio and Mississippi is an accomplished fact, and all preparations have been made to carry it out. The new securities will be issued to the Preferred and Ordinary stockholders of the Ohio and Mississippi, and to the holders of the various Baltimore and Ohio South-Western securities by the middle of December, and in the meantime an issue is made of Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Consolidated Mortgage 100-year Gold bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Railway Company, under the scheme of amalgamation. These bonds, having the unconditional guarantee of the Baltimore and Ohio for principal and interest, and being a first charge upon the 916 miles of road of the amalgamated Companies, may be considered a gilt-edged security, and are undoubtedly cheap at the issue price of 101 (the first coupon due in July 1, 1894, carrying eight months' interest from November 1, 1893), and will, no doubt, go to a premium. With regard to the amalgamated Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Company, there is no doubt that now it is worked in close alliance with the Baltimore and Ohio, forming a complete through route between St. Louis and the Mississippi River on one side and the Atlantic seaboard on the other, it will very considerably increase its business and net receipts.

More about the Stewiacke Valley Bonds.

With reference to the monstrous piece of financing involved in the issue of bonds of the Stewiacke Valley and Lansdowne Railway Company, upon which I commented last week, I have obtained some further particulars, which will prove of interest to the unfortunate bondholders. It appears that of the £50,000 bonds offered for subscription £11,000 bonds only were subscribed and certified by the Trustees; the Company, however, subsequently issued a further £4,200 bonds on which they have paid interest, but such bonds have never been submitted to the Trustees for the certification requisite to make them obligatory on the Company. As I have already stated, interest on the bonds has been in default since July 1 last, but under the Trust Deed the Trustees, Lord Claud Hamilton and Mr. Edward Lawrence (the latter of whom was appointed recently in place of Mr. Pender), have no power to take any action against the Railway Company until they have served on the Company a six months' notice of their intention to take possession of the mortgaged premises. This notice was served on the Company in August last, and expires, therefore, in February next year. I am informed that the Trustees have experienced the same difficulty as Mr. Wales, the former Secretary, in obtaining any information from the Company about the state of affairs, and that the payment due to the Trustees for their services is also in arrear. It is stated that one section of the railway has been graded and is ready for the rails, but the rails have never been laid. I also hear that inquiries are being made in Canada on behalf of the Trustees with the view of obtaining information as to the position of the Company and the value and prospects of the property, and until the Trustees are in possession of further particulars they are unable to decide what course it may be possible for them to take in the Debenture holders' interests. In giving publicity to the information which I have been able to collect I can assure the various readers of Truth who have applied to me in this matter that I will not leave a stone unturned in order to either obtain redress or bring the matter home to those implicated in it.

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

More battles in Matabeleland, more victories, Lobengula a fugitive, the Chartered Company about to carry out the annexation! The dreams of the jobbers in the Kaffir Circus seemed on the eve of coming true, when suddenly on Friday afternoon the word was passed round that a new issue of Chartered shares would be made in connection with the United Concessions Company. Bang went down the price of Chartered shares from 27s. 9d. to 24s., and loud were the complaints of this sudden move of Rhodesian finance. Of course, the arrangement with the United Concessions Company will be approved of at the meeting on the 20th inst., when no doubt all the eloquence of the aristocratic Board will be turned on, and so the capital of the Chartered Company becomes £2,000,000, instead of £1,000,000. But that is not all. As I stated last week, a further issue of stock or a reconstruction on Rhodesian lines will have to be faced, as it is notorious that the Company was short of funds before the war against Lobengula was undertaken, and those who lent it the money for meeting the expenses of the campaign will expect to be repaid. The incident of last Friday, therefore, is only one in the chapter of surprises which holders of and operators in Chartered shares will enjoy in the near future. These Chartered troubles are, unfortunately, unsettling the whole Kaffir Circus, and prevent even the public from investing in Witwatersrandt Gold shares, although the Matabele adventures have absolutely no bearing upon the Randt. The October output in that district, in fact, amounts to 138,599 oz., which is 2,530 oz. in excess of the August output of 136,069 oz., the previous record figure, and compares with 129,585 oz. in September. The African Gold Recovery Company's share in this yield was 35,000 oz., making, with 3,000 oz. obtained in other districts, a total of 38,000 oz. in October against 37,000 oz. in September. It is, indeed, surprising that, with such results, the Randt shares remain neglected, the only improvement of any extent being a rise of ¼ in Jumpers, although small fractional advances have to be recorded in half a dozen instances. The Rietfontein remains a dark horse. The New Primrose return for October reached 7,769 oz., with a profit of £10,550, against 7,519 oz., with a profit of £9,613, in September. Mail advices from Johannesburg report a very satisfactory meeting of shareholders of this Company, at which Mr. B. I. Barnato stated as "the greatest proof of the confidence he had in the property the fact that when the shares stood at £5. 17s. he had refused to sell, and to-day his firm's holding was larger than ever." The mine now stands third on the list of producers, with a total capital of only £218,500, as compared with the two and three-quarter millions of the Robinson and the half million of the Langlaagte Estate, which are the only Companies that take precedence of it in the output table, and there is excellent reason for believing that it will run hard in the ensuing twelve months for first place when the fifty new stamps of the Moss Rose are at work. The Buffelsdoorn output for October was 2,019 oz., against 1,480 oz. in September, but the mill was at work only part of the time, and a very much larger output from both crushing and cyanide process is looked for in the current month. These are some of the most promising shares in the market. The meeting of the Afrikander Gold Mine was held last Wednesday, when a very satisfactory statement was made by the Chairman. The October output has risen to 931 oz., against 872 oz. in September. Quite apart from the mining operations, the possession by the Company of forty acres of freehold land within the limit of the Klerksdorp township will, in view of the proposed railway from Johannesberg to Klerksdorp prove of great importance. The small office expenses of £188 in seventeen months are also a gratifying point. South Simmer and Jack shares are firm, favourable advices from the property being expected. Diamond Mining shares are dull, New Jagersfontein being neglected. Amongst Australian Mines, Carrington's have attracted attention in view of the recommencement of work, but it appears that the jobbers are running "Bears" in these shares, as much as 3d. per share back having been paid. This is rather a dangerous game to play with low-priced shares. Brilliant St. George United are stronger on a sharp advance in Australia, where insiders have apparently got wind of some favourable development. A cablegram from the Aladdin Mine reports the striking of rich ore in two places, the mine improving all round, and a crushing of 300 tons for 750 oz., making the high average of 2½ oz. to the ton. This fully bears out my anticipations.

Persian Bank Mining Rights Corporation.

More than once have I criticised the promotion and management of this extraordinary concern, expressing the emphatic view that the shareholders would never see any profits, as the concessions for which that equally ill-conceived undertaking, the Imperial Bank of Persia, received £800,000, payable as to £150,000 in cash, and as to the rest in ordinary shares, were worthless. The capital consists of £1,000,000 in £5 shares, £350,000 being Preferred Ordinary, and the balance Ordinary. In the circular which has been issued by the Directors, the confession is now made that "the difficulties that exist with regard to fuel, transport, water, and the severity and length of the winter, seriously impede profitable mining operations; while the want of protection to life and property owing to the weakness of the Government and the opposition of the local Governors and petty officials render such operations altogether impossible." It is surprising that it should have taken the Directors three years, and that a heavy expenditure should have been incurred, before they discovered a fact which I predicted at the very outset. Now they announce that they have been compelled to close all the mining works of the Corporation in Persia, and apply to the Foreign Office to obtain compensation from the Persian Government. But whether they will obtain redress or not in this way, I trust that the Imperial Bank of Persia and the promoters will be compelled to disgorge the stupendous sum obtained from the public for mining concessions which have proved absolutely valueless.

More Widows' Finance.

Under the heading "Widows' Finance" I published side by side on September 14 two letters, one signed by a Mrs. A. Stampe, of 7, Lambourne-road, Clapham, S.W., the other by a Mrs. A. Gordon Edwardes, of Avondale, 30, Regent's Park-road, N.W., in which the writers stated that, in consequence of the unfortunate death of their husbands three months since, they were compelled to dispose of certain Founders' shares of £10 each in the Alliance Financial Company at about £11. 10s. each, which they were told were worth £20 each, and on which dividends of 30 and 35 per cent. were paid for the last two years. I expressed the view at the time that the matter had a very suspicious look, and as further letters emanating from these interesting widows continued to reach me, I again repeatedly warned my readers to have nothing to do with the shares. But the little game of trying to unload Alliance Financial Founders' shares is still going on merrily, for not only do I find in the *Financial News* of the 7th inst. a copy of the very same letter, but two identical communications have again reached me which had been addressed to readers of TRUTH, one by Mrs. A. Stampe, the other by Mrs. A. Gordon Edwardes. The matter is further complicated by the publication in the *Financial News* of a copy of a letter written by Mr. Capon, the Secretary of the Alliance Financial Corporation, in which he confirms the statement that dividends of 30 and 35 per cent. have been paid on the Founders' shares during the last two years, while a correspondent states in the same paper that, being induced to buy four of these Founders' shares in February, 1891, he has received no dividend whatever, and that two letters addressed to Mr. Capon had not been answered. I wonder what that gentleman can have to say to this strange statement, and I should very much like to know how many shares the two widows have been able to sell through their persistent efforts?

The Syndicate Touts Again.

The syndicate touts, to judge from the number of circulars which reach me, are again very active, which must unfortunately be considered a proof that they still find persons gullible enough to listen to their blandishments. One of the most persevering touts is the individual who works under the magnificent name of "The Imperial Stock and Debenture Corporation," of 45, Finsbury pavement, E.C. His circulars are headed "A Matter of Interest to Everyone," and he actually holds out the hope of 312½ per cent. profit in two days. Need I repeat my warning to readers of TRUTH to have nothing to do with this tout? Another firm of syndicate touts, to whom I have often had occasion to refer, is Harvey, Macdonald, & Co., of 20, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin, who boast of having a number of clergymen amongst their clients. As a matter of fact, a little transaction which an English clergyman had with this firm has just come to my knowledge, and, as it is instructive as regards the methods adopted by these gentry, I herewith give a short *résumé*:—

In July last an English clergyman, seeing the advertisement of Harvey, Macdonald, & Co., sent them in a moment of weakness, £5 to invest. A few days after they wrote to him to say that, owing to the improvement in the stock markets they had been able to close the "Stock Fund" in which he had one share at a net profit of 50 per cent., or £2. 10s. profit on his £5 subscribed; they added that the result was not quite so good as they expected, but they thought he would prefer a quick return, and re-invest again rather than wait longer for an uncertainty, and they asked him if he wished them to re-invest the £7. 10s. on his behalf. They also stated that they had received very reliable information from America, and strongly advised him to increase the sum of £7. 10s. in hand; also to send instructions on an enclosed form for further discretionary transactions to be conducted on his behalf. The clergyman was not at home when this letter arrived, but the letter was forwarded to him. On receipt of it he at once wrote asking for a cheque for the amount due, and declined any further investment. A few hours after the letter announcing the profit reached him, he had received a further letter from the firm saying that they saw a good chance to re-invest his £7. 10s., and which they accordingly did, and that the investment appeared likely to turn out well. They again wrote a few days later saying that, as they firmly believed a quick rise was certain to occur on the declaration of the South-Eastern Railway dividend, they had bought him (for the rise) £750 South-Eastern Railway Deferred stock at 78, with a cover of 1 per cent., or £7. 10s., and they enclosed what purported to be an official contract therefor. They added that although the dividend subsequently declared was quite up to market expectations, the stock receded for some unaccountable reason to 77, thus exhausting his 1 per cent. cover, or £7. 10s., causing a total loss, and asked him to forward a cheque for £7. 10s. advanced by them to protect his stock. This, of course, he declined to do, and not being able to obtain payment of the original £7. 10s. he placed the matter into the hands of a Dublin solicitor. The latter accordingly applied for payment, and in reply received a letter from Harvey, Macdonald, & Co. saying they much regretted the loss his client had sustained, which, however, was not unusual in gambling transactions, and added if the rev. gentleman had written to say that his financial position would not warrant such a heavy loss, they would willingly have borne part of same. The solicitor then issued a writ against them, claiming the £7. 10s. on an account stated, and declined to agree to any settlement. At first they asserted that they would defend on the grounds that the transaction was a gambling one, but on reconsideration they thought fit to pay the entire debt, £7. 10s., and costs incurred.

It is evident, therefore, that the atmosphere of the Law Courts does not agree with these kind of people, and that energetic action through a sharp solicitor will in most cases have the desired effect. Better still is it, however, to give the syndicate touts one and all a wide berth. Even the most unsophisticated must understand that, if it were so easy to make profits of 300 per cent. without risk, these gentry would make them for their own account and retire millionaires after a year or two.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Exsul.—You should hold the Argentine stocks Nos. 1 and 2 for a recovery, which may reach a considerable figure. No reason to sell No. 3. Certainly hold Mexican Sixes (1) and Louisville shares, both of which are likely to improve. *Bess.*—The report about a further issue of Cedulas has not so far been confirmed. Hold! *Poor Curate.*—I think that there is no fear of default. The bonds are well secured. *Blackbird, Armagh.*—No reason to sell Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold Income (1), or Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary (2). Certainly, hold Argentine Funding bonds (3) for a rise. You have done quite right to buy Antofogasta (Chili) and Bolivia Four per Cent. Debenture stock, which is a gilt edged security.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

W. J. S.—The reply concerning the Transvaal Mortgage and Finance Company was given in last week's issue. *Dan.*—No. I do not think that you need sell these Trust shares now. *T. E. Auchterarder.*—This question was replied to in TRUTH a fortnight ago. *Jus.*—I regret very much being unable to furnish any further information concerning the Trading Company in question. *Aurora.*—1. It is impossible to tell what the result will be, but it is no use to throw these Trust shares away now. 2. For the same reason these should be held. Sell Imperial Bank of Persia (3). I gave this advice from the very outset. Sell the Mining shares, No. 4, if you can. Hold No. 5. I have always commented unfavourably upon Burmah Rubies (6), and the result has fully borne out my view. I do not like the Mexican concerns No. 7. I cannot tell when No. 8 will resume dividends, but I should hold. Hold Denver and Rio Grande Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds (9), also the Bank shares, Nos. 10 and 16. No reason to sell the Mining shares, Nos. 11, 12, and 13, which will recover again. I am afraid that you could not sell No. 14, except at considerable loss. No. 15 is a good investment. *Carby.*—I am afraid affairs do not look favourable for shareholders in the Bank. If a call is made, you will, of course, be obliged to pay up. The article is based on mere guess work. Write to the liquidator for information. *Viola.*—Bank of Australasia shares now stand at 68. The Bank appears to be doing well, and the shares should be held.

Home Rails.

Waiting.—No, I do not think that it is worth while buying East London Railway shares for an early rise. *O. P.*—Brighton "A" will hardly get a better dividend than 5½ per cent. for the year, of which 4½ per cent. may be said to have accumulated. Deducting this amount from the present quotation, we obtain a price of 140, upon which the return is nearly 4 per cent. per annum. But prospects for next year are no doubt more favourable. *£ s. d.*—Metropolitan Districts at 25 are a good "lock up," but it is hardly advisable to buy them on speculation for an early rise.

American and Foreign Rails.

P. A. M.—1. I expressed my views of the Louisville deal with the Chesapeake and Ohio South-Western in last week's issue. Hold Louisville. 2. The Trust Company has greatly suffered through the bad times. I do not think the amalgamation will go through. 3. The other two stocks should be held for a recovery. *Interested.*—Yes, Mohawk and Malone Four per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the New York Central, at 101, and Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans Five per Cent. bonds guaranteed by the Illinois Central at 118, are good investments, but I should be inclined to prefer the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four and a-Half per Cent. General Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio, which are just being issued at 101, as being as good and yielding a higher return. *Alpha.*—I advised last week to hold Denver Preferred, since which time they have risen two points. You should hold for a further improvement. *K. O. H.*—*a.* A good bond. *b.* Not much. *c.* Yes. *d.* The Law Debenture Corporation. *Sussex.*—I am glad you have done so well. Hold Louisville (1) and buy more to average on any relapse. 2. Hold Milwaukees for something like your figure. 3. Hold Atchison Second Mortgage Bonds. *F. H. P.*—This Brazilian Railway is, of course, adversely affected by the revolution in Brazil, and there seems no option but to hold. *H. O., Worcester.*—1. Illinois Central stock is a good investment, also the Uruguayan Debentures (2), but I do not care much for No. 3. *Brownswood.*—I think you should hold the Atchison bonds. If you were to sell in the hope of getting in lower, you might easily miss your chance. *Constant Reader, Carnforth.*—Yes, I think that both the American Railroad bonds (Nos. 1 and 2) are a good speculative purchase, but I do not care so much for No. 3. *Timothy.*—It would be no use to present the coupons for payment, but you must watch the notifications which may appear subsequently. *Marcus.*—Mexican Rails are a dangerous stock to speculate in, especially just now, as it is impossible to see clearly. *I. P.*—Yes, Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund notes at 97 yield 7⅜ per cent. on the investment, and are well secured. *Assiduous.*—I do not care so very much for the stock you have selected, but it is likely to maintain dividends. *S. R.*—Yes, the Four and a-Half per Cent. Baltimore and Ohio South Western Consolidated First Mortgage Bonds, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio, at 101, are a gilt-edged bond and worth buying. *M.C.*—The quotation of the South West of Venezuela Barquisimeto Seven per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures is 35-38. *Kendal.*—The position of Atlantic Firsts will have to be recognised in any reorganisation of the Erie Company, which will, moreover, have to pay the real earnings to the bondholders. *Rupee, Folkstone.*—The Canadian and American bonds Nos. 1-3 are good investments, and so are the Debentures Nos. 4-7. The new Baltimore and Ohio South Western Four and a-Half per Cent. Consolidated First Mortgage, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio, at 101, are gilt-edged and should suit you as a permanent investment. See remarks on the same in my letter. *Dora.*—A prominent New York firm of solicitors, Alexander & Green, have, according to the

Wall-street Daily News, given a legal opinion on the status as to security and lien of the Extended Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund notes of the Atchison system. Besides having an equal amount of general mortgage 4s. deposited for their security as well as all the stock of the Chicago extension, and also all the capital stock of the terminal property in Chicago, these notes, when issued, were made a second mortgage upon the 470 miles of main line through Kansas, together with all the stock and equipment of the Company wherever situated, and all the property, real and personal, then held or subsequently to be acquired by the Atchison Company. This mortgage is prior in date and lien to that of the Atchison Four per Cent. General Mortgage bonds, and when the 7,041,000 First Mortgage bonds were acquired in the reorganisation, the Guarantee Fund notes became the first mortgage upon the main line of the Atchison system in Kansas, the equipment, &c. *Dart.*—Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Six per Cent. capital stock at 107 yields upwards of £5. 12s. per cent. per annum on the investment, and is a very progressive stock. *Norwich.*—Your broker will be able to buy the Nitrate shares.

Mining Shares.

Cork.—You should hold Golden Gates (Charters Towers) for a recovery. Day Dawn P.C. are likely to improve again. *Inquiry, Eastbourne.*—I have not changed my view of Caratal in any respect. They should be held. The comment in question is absurd. *Gloucester.*—You should hold Oceana for the present. Nothing has yet been finally decided about the bonus in coal shares, but this will no doubt be settled shortly, and a substantial distribution may be looked for. *Tiro.*—1. A swindle. Have nothing to do with it. 2. If you hold the shares, keep them on the chance; if not, do not buy. 3. I cannot say, but I expect some very favourable news shortly. *D. O.*—Yes; South Simmer and Jack and Buffelsdoorn are very promising South African "coming" Mines. *Langley.*—It is a fair Mining risk. *G. M.*—Nothing is known in the market of the rich discovery you speak of on the property of the Main Reef Gold Mining Company. The shares are a fair speculative lock-up at the present price, but holders may have to face a reconstruction before long, as the Company needs funds. *A. R.*—West Argentines, like mines generally, must be regarded as a speculation, and not as an investment. The shares are a fair lottery ticket at the present rubbish price, but it is right to point out that they carry 1s. 6d. liability. The shares can be obtained at 1s. 5d. or less in "the House," so there is no reason to give the figure mentioned by the "outside" so-called Corporation who are "puffing" them. *Miles.*—I see no signs of an upward movement in Cape Copper shares. *D. O.*—I gave my reasons for a recovery in Carrington shares last week. It is understood that there is a "Bear" account in the "House," and that the outside brokers are also "short" of them. *Sailor.*—Yes, hold May Consolidated now. *Ali Musjid.*—1. Yes, hold, a recovery is probable. 2. The price of Klerksdorp Estates is about 1s. 6d.-2s.—at which figure it is policy to risk holding them. 3. Coromandel Gold shares are nominally about 1s. 2s. Operations up to the present have been very disappointing, and the outlook is very unfavourable. Sell if you can, and get rid of your liability. *H. C. E.*—1. You should risk holding Nine Reefs a month or two longer, although developments in the northern parts of the Colar fields are not stimulating. 2. Take advantage of the recent rise in Pahang Corporation to sell. *Nemo.*—Sell Ripanji.

Industrial Companies.

Vir.—In my opinion there is no scope for this concern. Sell if you can! *Lamb.*—A good deal depends upon a revival of trade in Chili and a rise in the Valparaiso exchange. Both these events would benefit the Company. *X. Y. Z.*—1. The business appears to be going on satisfactorily, but it is impossible to obtain particulars. 2. No. 3 and 4.—Write to the secretary for information. *Thoughtless.*—1. I am afraid that I cannot help you with respect to the first-named Company. You should sell the shares for what they may fetch. 2. Under the circumstances you had better leave Mexican stocks alone and buy instead Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Six per Cent. capital stock at 107, which will return you about £5. 12s. per cent. per annum, and is likely to advance.

Mixed Investments.

M. H.—I do not think there is any prospect of a substantial advance in the bonds No. 9. The stocks Nos. 10-12 are not known here, and I cannot advise on the same. I suppose there is no option but to hold No. 15 for the present. I think you could do better than in the two stocks specially referred to, but I see no harm in holding them. *Trinity Terrace.*—I think you should hold the Peruvian Debentures (1), as well as the American Rails, Nos. 2-4. Caratal and Holcomb Mining shares (5 and 6) should be held, also Nos. 7 and 8. The Brewery shares, Nos. 9 and 10, should now be held. This Company has been very disappointing, but matters are now improving. *J. (Stafford).*—Some of the best investments in my list of well-secured stocks are Ind, Coope, & Co.'s First Mortgage Debenture stock, yielding £3. 18s. per cent. per annum, and Gordon Hotels Perpetual Debenture stock, yielding £3. 13s. per cent., but you might also subscribe to the new issue of Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four and a-Half per Cent. First Consolidated Mortgage Gold bonds at 101, now offered by Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., which are gilt-edged and yield a higher return. *Black Reef.*—1. Hold Croydon King block. Work has been resumed, after a month's exemption. The straight shaft is to be sunk deeper, as the Directors hold the view that there is a reef under foot. 2. Hold Texas "B" shares. Their turn will come presently. The "B" Debentures are a fair speculation. 3. Hold. 4. Position improving, but don't buy now. No, I do not recommend purchases of Nos. 5-8. *R. K. R., Brighton.*—No reason to sell any of the eighteen stocks referred to. All the Debentures of Trust Companies which you hold are all right, and the investments have on the whole been prudently made. No reason to sell No. 13 now. The interest on Erie Second Mortgage bonds will, no doubt, be scaled down, but the owners will probably receive some compensation. *Oceana.*—You have done well to follow my advice to sell these Trust shares. 1. Hold the Brewery shares, but do not average yet. 2. Hold. On any reaction you might buy more of No. 3. Yes, you might buy more to average Transvaal Estates and Development (4), if you have not already more than you can afford to hold and if you are willing to lock up more capital for an indefinite period. Hold No. 5. You have no choice in the matter of North-East Bultfonteins but to keep them, unless you are inclined to give them away. *A Perplexed Spinster.*—Hold Bank of New South Wales shares, which are a good investment. Hold the other two stocks named for the present. Shebas are quoted 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., which seems to be a fair figure for them. The big capital is a drawback and should not be lost sight of. *Fiddlestrings.*—Although the return of Home Rails Nos. 1-3 is low and the coal strikes will scale down dividends for this year, you will, perhaps, wish to hold as a permanent investment. That must depend on your own decision. The Bonds Nos. 4-6 should be held, also Nos. 7 and 9. Get rid of No. 8 if you can. Sell the mining shares Nos. 10 and 14. Hold Nos. 11 and 13-16.

Various Investments.

Silver has fluctuated within narrow limits, at one time rising to 32¾d., and receding to 32$\frac{5}{16}$d. The improvement seems to have been entirely due to orders for the East, and the decline set in when these were filled. Amongst the so-called silver securities, Mexican Sixes have risen to 62¾, reacting to 61¼. Mexican Rails are weak, and Mr. Mackusick's Second Prefs. have dropped to 39, while Peruvian Corporation stocks have fallen sharply, the Debentures receding as much as 3½ to 57½ on fears of litigation. There has been a moderate improvement in Greeks on the formation of a new Cabinet, with M. Tricoupis at its head. It is satisfactory that the King should have — though tardily — placed this statesman again into power, for he is the only Greek financier whom Europeans are inclined to trust, but even he will find great difficulty in unravelling the tangled skein of Greek finance. The question of a new loan, and of some kind of European control, will now, no doubt, crop up again. In Chili the vexed question of the paper currency is still disturbing trade. When this is settled, there will be a more general revival in the country, and exchange, which has been greatly depressed, will rise again. A very favourable effect should then be produced upon the railways and the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia capital stock, now earning 6 per cent. (which is moreover guaranteed), will have a prospect of increased dividends. The October traffic, by the way, again showed a large increase, amounting to 407,000 dols. against 254,000 dols. last year. Nitrate Rails have advanced to 15, as I anticipated, and show great firmness in anticipation of further large traffic returns. The fact that immense amounts of money are at present idle in the hands of bankers was illustrated by the tenders for the £750,000 Treasury bills last week reaching the sum of £10,000,000. Yet, notwithstanding this plethora of money, unreasonable distrust prevents the recovery in the Stock Markets, which seems so well justified.—Your affectionate Uncle, MOSES.

P.S., Tuesday.—Since writing the above, Government intervention in connection with the coal strike has shed a new ray of hope on the situation. Should the coal war terminate at an early date, a revival in the Home Railway market might give the other departments that impulse of which they stand so greatly in need.

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QUEER STORY.

A LUCKY CROSS-EXAMINATION.

TOM BRIGHTLEY had had a good many anxious and perplexing cases since he was called to the Bar, but never one which caused him so much anxiety and perplexity as the following:—

The facts, so far as they were presented to him, were these. Achilles Flatman, a writer for the Secularist Press, was going down to Windsor on Saturday afternoon with the intention of spending Sunday up the river. He was alone in his compartment until a moment before the train started; then suddenly an elderly, prim looking lady bustled in beside him. When the train reached Ealing this lady gave Achilles into custody for assaulting her by putting his arm round her waist and attempting to kiss her.

Now, to Tom Brightley the charge, on the face of it, was absolutely incredible. Tom knew Achilles well. In his briefless days he and the redoubtable Secularist had been fellow-writers on the short-lived *Chancery Lane Gazette*, which was started for the purpose of teaching common people common law. Achilles—though the outside public, who knew him only by his ferocious denunciations of the Virgin Mary, the Patriarchs, and the Apostles, thought him a reckless desperado—was, as Tom knew, really one of the most timid and shyest men he ever met. In the presence of women he was afraid to open his own mouth, let alone attempt to kiss theirs. Tom could not imagine him guilty of such boldness even with the freest of the sex, and he felt convinced that in the company of such a prim and severe and elderly lady as the prosecutrix was, Achilles' only desire would be to hide himself out of her sight.

And yet if he had not attempted to kiss Miss Christian, why had she brought the charge? She was a lady of unblemished character and of good social and pecuniary position, so the suggestion of blackmail was altogether out of the question. Physicians who had attended her assured Tom's solicitor that hysteria was equally out of the question: they all agreed that Miss Christian was a woman of exceptional strength of nerves and coolness of head. The only other alternative was that the charge was trumped up for the sake of vengeance. That was the solution Achilles Flatman himself favoured. He assured Tom that he had for several weeks before the charge was made noticed Miss Christian, or a lady very much resembling her, hanging about the office of the *Iconoclast*, the militant journal of which Achilles was at once the editor and the staff, and he was convinced that she had brought the charge against him impelled either by her own anger at his attacks on the established faith, or by the persuasions of the clergy who, Achilles maintained, regarded him with feelings of hatred and terror sufficiently strong to induce them to stoop to any device to secure his ruin.

Improbable as this theory seemed, Tom was at first inclined to adopt it in default of a better. Soon, however, the inquiries of his solicitor showed it to be untenable. Miss Christian never went to church. She was regarded by the clergy of all denominations in her neighbourhood as a lapsed and lost one. As she was reputed rich, every clergyman, from the Vicar of the parish to the Shepherd of the "Christians Elect," had made it his business to attempt to gather her into his fold, and each one in his turn had been repulsed. She openly expressed her disdain for the whole set, and if she was religious at all, what her particular views were was a secret known apparently to herself alone. People whispered indeed that she had once or twice been seen in a Roman Catholic church, but, on investigation, there seemed to be no substantial grounds for this rumour.

Yet though he could discover no conceivable motive for bringing a false charge, Tom never for a moment doubted that the charge was false. Achilles' character, as has already been said, made it in the highest degree improbable that he could commit such an offence, and his assurances and protestations of his innocence had the ring of sincerity in them.

"I swear to you, Mr. Brightley," the little man declared, with tears in his eyes, "the thought of such a thing would never, and never did, enter my mind. I have my faults, Mr. Brightley—brown sherry is one of them; but I'm always most reserved with ladies—I am, indeed, Mr. Brightley."

"You hadn't been taking too much brown sherry before this happened?" asked Tom.

"No, sir, no. I had been a teetotaller, Mr. Brightley," exclaimed Achilles. "Yes, a teetotaller, sir, for two whole days nearly. I was resolved, in fact, to give it up; besides, I had no money to pay for any."

"How was it you were travelling first class to Windsor then?" asked Tom.

"Oh, Lord Rumansberry, who is the *Iconoclast's* chief, and, I might say, only permanent subscriber, sent me the ticket with an invitation down."

"I see," said Tom, and he was silent for a moment. He was thinking, could the whole thing be a joke of old Rumansberry's? That venerable member of the peerage was capable of breaking his best friend's neck just for the fun of the thing. A moment's reflection, however, showed Tom that this solution was impossible. There was no reason to believe Lord Rumansberry knew of Miss Christian's existence, and, besides, the lady's character and position made it impossible that she would lend herself to such a device.

"Tell me exactly what happened," Tom then said, "from the time you got into the train at Paddington until the charge was made."

"Well, you see, the train was just starting. I was deep in Colonel Ingersoll's last great work, when the carriage-door opened, and in jumped Miss Christian. I looked up, and she kind of glared at me for a moment, and then seated herself in the corner furthest away from me. I noticed nothing more until the train began to slow as it came into Ealing. Then suddenly she gave her bonnet a pull to the side, tossed up her hair a bit, and struck herself a smart slap on the cheek, which left a red mark. Then, while I was gazing startled and alarmed at her extraordinary behaviour, the train stopped, she opened the door hastily, jumped out with a scream, and the next thing I knew was my being seized by the collar by a porter, and dragged out of the carriage."

"It is certainly a marvellous tale," was Tom's comment. "I doubt very much whether you will get the jury to believe it."

"But it's true. I assure you it is as true as true can be," protested Mr. Flatman, vehemently.

"I don't doubt you," said Tom. "I was merely expressing my fear about our being able to persuade the jury of its truth. You see, most unfortunately for you, appearances, and, what is even worse, prejudice are against you. Your story is, on the face of it, extremely improbable, because the conduct of the woman is utterly motiveless. Then again, her character and position make it more improbable still; it is inconceivable that a wealthy and respectable lady should bring such a charge without some reason or other. Then—I'm sorry to have to say so—your character, as the public understand it, makes her story seem more probable, and, therefore, makes yours seem more improbable. A jury of churchgoing tradesmen will think that nothing is more likely than that a Secularist should attack unprotected ladies. Then, last of all, there is against you that unfortunate tendency that juries of men will always display—a tendency to believe a woman before a man. So you see, although you are innocent, you mustn't blame me if you are found guilty. Your solicitor and I will do everything we can for you, but, to tell you the honest truth, I'm not very hopeful of the result."

When the case came into Tom's hands, Mr. Flatman had already been before the Magistrate, who had heard Miss Christian's evidence, and then, on the application of the defendant's solicitor, had adjourned the case for a week to give him an opportunity to instruct counsel. When the case came on again, Tom appeared for Flatman. He cross-examined Miss Christian in a general sort of way, chiefly for the purpose of seeing what her story really

was, and what kind of person she was herself. As yet he would adopt no more specific line of cross-examination, as he had not yet made up his mind as to the proper course for the defence.

In reply to his questions, Miss Christian retold her story clearly and well. Every attempt of his to make out any discrepancy between what she now said and what she had said before completely failed. She answered, too, firmly and unhesitatingly, and appeared as little disconcerted or nervous as a woman under such circumstances could be expected to be. There was an air of resentment also in her references to the defendant that seemed to show that she bore a grudge towards him for injury done. Instead of his cross-examination shaking her evidence, Tom felt that it had only strengthened it. Indeed, a doubt whether, after all, her story was not true, and whether Flatman in a moment of temporary insanity, or of exaltation due to brown sherry, had not behaved in the way described, came into Tom's mind, and, in spite of all his efforts to believe in his client's innocence, persisted in remaining there.

After the cross-examination was over, the porters who were on the platform when the train came in were called. They all spoke to the state of excitement in which Miss Christian was when she reached Ealing, and to the fact that her bonnet and hair were disarranged, and that marks, as of fingers, were on her left cheek. This completed the case for the prosecution. The Magistrate, at the request of Tom Brightley, who did not admire the sort of justice administered at London County Sessions, committed Flatman to take his trial at the Old Bailey.

During the interval between the commitment and the trial, Flatman's solicitor made inquiries in every direction as to the prosecutrix. Nothing whatever was discovered which threw the slightest light on the case, or which supplied the shadow of a motive for bringing a false charge against Flatman, if false charge it was. His solicitor, indeed, who knew him less intimately than Tom Brightley, did not hesitate to express privately his view that Flatman was guilty, and Tom himself, when the final result of the investigations was put before him, summed up his opinion in the words that either Flatman was guilty or Miss Christian was mad. Unfortunately for Flatman, Miss Christian always showed herself uncommonly sane.

At last the trial came on. Tom Brightley, as he took his place in Court, felt almost as uncomfortable as his client did as he took his stand in the dock. Tom could not make up his mind what to say for the defence. He had thought of suggesting blackmail, mistake, madness; but there was not a glimmer of evidence to support any one of these. In the end he resolved to wait for anything which might turn up during the case for the prosecution, and if nothing did turn up simply to deny the fact and call evidence of character to show that such conduct as that charged against Flatman was most improbable—a very hopeless defence he himself could not deny.

Miss Christian was the first witness called for the prosecution. Her appearance at once favourably impressed the jury. A better example of a modest, straightforward, respectable lady of forty-five or so than she seemed could not be imagined. And she gave her evidence admirably. Without hesitation or equivocation she answered the questions put to her shortly and to the point. When the prosecuting counsel sat down and Tom Brightley rose to cross-examine her it was clear to any one accustomed to Courts that the Judge and every man on the jury believed her evidence was the evidence of truth.

Tom saw this, and he knew how hard it is to shake such a conviction when once established, and he knew also how little material he had on which to rely to shake it; but he pulled himself together and began the desperate task with that air of confidence which only the born advocate is able under such circumstances to assume. His first concern was to discover what she knew of the prisoner. She did not seem loth to impart her knowledge of him, which simply amounted to this, that he was an infidel writer and orator—a fact Tom was not anxious to have much attention called to. She admitted she sometimes read his paper, though she was not of his way of thinking. She had never attended his lectures. When she got into his compartment she had no notion who he was. She denied that she ever had been about the office of the *Iconoclast*, or, indeed, knew where the office was. Thus ended Tom's not very successful attempt to establish a motive for bringing the charge.

Next he examined her as to the occurrence itself. Never was there a better witness. Every attempt Tom made to confuse her ended in his defeat: every attempt to establish discrepancies, in his confusion. After half-an-hour's sharp conflict, he felt that the battle was over and the victory was with the witness.

He was just glancing over his notes of the evidence to see if he had omitted anything before sitting down, when a slip of paper was handed to him from somebody in the benches behind him. He opened it and read, "Ask her if she knows anything about the Virgin Mary."

Startled by the strangeness of the suggestion, Tom turned round, and asked in a Court whisper who had sent the paper?

"Somebody behind," replied a junior. "It was passed down from the back of the Court."

"See if you can find the sender," said Tom, and he turned to the witness and asked some trifling questions to give time for inquiries.

"Can't discover at all who it was," at last the junior behind whispered.

What could the mysterious communication mean? Was it merely a joke perpetrated by some frivolous member of the Junior Bar, or was it a suggestion from some one who knew some twist or crank in the witness's mind? Tom could not decide to his satisfaction which it was most likely to be.

He had, however, no time to think. He must use the suggestion at once, or abandon it altogether. As things stood the case was lost. The worst that could happen if he asked the question suggested would be a rebuke from the Judge. In desperation he resolved to risk this on the chance of helping his client.

"Miss Christian," he said, speaking in the most off-hand way, "do you happen to know anything about the Virgin Mary?"

The jury opened their eyes with amazement, and the Judge gasped with speechless indignation. Before his Lordship could recover his breath to interfere, the witness had replied.

"Yes, I do," she said, eagerly. "I know something no one else knows."

Now the amazement of the Court went out, not to the question, but the answer. Tom, though his heart was jumping in his breast, looked as cool as possible.

"I thought so," he said, just as if he had all along been leading up to this answer. "Now, may I ask you what is your private information?"

A dead silence reigned in the Court, while the witness drew herself proudly up and put her hand on her bosom.

"It is this," she said, gravely; "I am the Virgin Mary!"

* * * * *

Unknown to her doctors, and even her most intimate friends, Miss Christian was a hopeless monomaniac, and she had trumped up this charge against Achilles Flatman in revenge for his articles in the *Iconoclast*. Who it was that gave Tom the information which revealed the real facts was never discovered, but no doubt it was some old servant or dependant to whom Miss Christian had confided the secret of her life.

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ART NOTES.

MY notice of the exhibition of oil paintings at the Institute is, I am aware, belated, but it is belated of intent. I have, in fact, purposely refrained from writing in hot haste what I thought about it. But the result of my delay is somewhat embarrassing; for now, when I sit down to write about it in cool leisure, I feel that I have positively nothing edifying to say. It seems so utterly futile to assert for the twentieth time that there are three times too many pictures crowded upon the walls, and that half the number would have been appreciated twice as well. It is so useless to record the personal feeling of dazed depression with which one turns at last from the closely packed mosaic of canvases. It is such a waste of space to complain of the multiplication of mediocrity and the prevalence of the pot-boiler. The simple fact is that the number of painters and the facilities for the exhibition of their works have so enormously increased of late years that Art is becoming hackneyed and commonplace by its very diffusion. Just as a lover of music closes, or would like to close, his ear against familiar melodies ground out by a score of barrel-organs, so does the lover of Art instinctively turn from the dull and uninspired, though often workmanlike, way in which well-known types of landscape and familiar beauty-spots are reproduced time after time at this, that, and the other Gallery. Many of our younger artists see this for themselves, and this accounts for the new departures they take and the daring way in which they fly in the face of convention.

But at the Institute there is little to be seen of the new methods. Most of the older men are content to repeat themselves; whilst many of the younger men are too prone to repeat, to the best of their ability, somebody else. Thus it is that one turns almost eagerly to Mr. Rupert Bunny's picture (No. 481). He, at any rate, has painted the Annunciation as no artist has ever painted it before, and this in itself is a merit in the Piccadilly show. It is true that his angel looks at a little distance like a white Queen standing on a chess-board, and suggests some such title as "Mate in Three Moves" or "A Reminiscence of the Tchigorine-Tarrasch Match," but none the less the picture is interesting, and that is saying a great deal.

No. 583 would not be so bad if Mr. Adrian Stokes had not painted a similar subject so very much better; and Mr. J. R. Reid's picture of a village postman (No. 259) may be accepted as satisfactory enough if it is intended to be a burlesque by himself of the artist's own very pronounced style. Mr. Skilbeck's little joke is to give us a Virgin Mary with a missal bound and illuminated up to mediæval date (No. 230). Perhaps next year he will be waggish enough to depict Jehu on a "Pneumatic Safety," or Elijah ascending to heaven in an electric tram. Why, oh! why, should Mr. Delapoer Downing want to trespass in Mr. Marcus Stone's copyright garden (No. 543)? Mr. Somerscales is a little disappointing with his deep sapphire seas, which, at any rate, suggest an infringement of Mr. Henry Moore's well-known marine patent. If Mr. Haynes Williams's young lady has the ear-ache as badly as she appears to have it (No. 512), it is difficult to understand why she is so silly as to take off her hat in the open air. And what in the world can have led Mr. D. Porter to take so much trouble in painting a gouty foot (No. 456)? Mr. Cecil W. Roe and Mr. Arthur Burrington have pictures in the Exhibition of exceptional merit.

There is nothing in Mr. Charles Sainton's collection of silver-point drawings at the Burlington Gallery (27, Old Bond-street) which is particularly new. This artist has shown us several times before with how much delicacy and daintiness he can use a method of drawing now so rarely employed. So long as he keeps to idealized sketches of ballet girls and fairies his work is satisfactory enough as an exemplification of what can be done with the pure line. But silver point does not lend itself to the drawing of such prosaic types as London newspaper boys and street arabs.

Mr. Thomas McLean's winter exhibition contains specimens of most of the artists whose works one expects to see at No. 7 in the Haymarket. There we find, of course, "A Highland Spate," by Mr. Peter Graham; a series of peasant children by Harlamoff; another strip or two of Mr. Kenny's interminable roll of sapphire sea; a Sussex pastoral, by Mr. E. M. Wimperis; and a new arrangement of M. Eugene de Blaas' buxom and comely models. There is more freshness, for the London picture viewer, in the two characteristic paintings by B. J. Blommers. In the place of honour is a replica of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's well remembered Academy picture, "The Young Duke."

MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH it is nearly six months before the opera season at Covent Garden opens, Sir Augustus Harris is already credited with the idea to produce, among others, the following operas new, or almost new, to this country, to wit—Leoncavallo's "I Medici" and "Vie de Bohême," Mascagni's "Radcliffe" and "Romano" (the work, perhaps in order that it may not be confounded with the advertisement of a restaurant, has been rechristened "Roma"), Puccini's "Manon," Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Gounod's "Sapho," Cowen's "Signa," Tschaikowsky's "Mazeppa," Massenet's "Werther" and "La Navarraise," a new opera by Mr. Isidore de Lara, Smetana's "Sold Bride," Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," Verdi's "Falstaff," and one or two others. He is also strongly advised to revive Balfe's "Puits d'Amour," Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," Gluck's "Iphigenia," Handel's "Rinaldo," Paisiello's "Serva Padrona," Peri's "Euridice," and various archaic works, the mounting of which would probably result in a deficit of £400 a night. That any of the operas of the ancient repertory will be given I do not believe there is the smallest chance. Meanwhile, fifteen new operas are announced for the Covent Garden manager, who is confidently expected to produce the whole lot in a season which, at the most, cannot last longer than eleven weeks. It is perfectly true that Druriolanus has made no announcement on his own account. Instead, the manager acted the wise part of going over to Milan last week to hear two of the new operas that have been offered him, and to decide for himself. Whether he will accept either or both, or neither, is unknown here, and is perhaps not yet settled by Sir Augustus. It will suffice that one is described as Wagneresque and the other as Cowenesque, that both suffer under the disadvantage of being in four acts (though the last two acts of Mr. Cowen's "Signa" have now, it appears, been thrown into one), and that in both the modern habit of killing off the most interesting personages is faithfully observed. Indeed, in Leoncavallo's "I Medici," in which Giuliano de' Medici is represented as in love with two young women at a time, one of them dies of consumption and heart disease in the penultimate act, her demise being hastened by the fact that her unworthy lover is blithely singing love duets with her dearest friend almost under her very window; while in the next act the lover is stabbed in church, to the huge satisfaction of his brother Lorenzo the Magnificent, who, *coram publico*, congratulates himself that his rulership of Florence is now uncontested. Mr. Cowen's tragedies are, on the other hand, left to the last scene of all. He has carried us through Tuscan farmyards, where impresarii come in search of budding *prime donne*, and through the bustle of a Neapolitan carnival, until at last the flighty heroine is stabbed by the hero's own avuncular relative, and the hero himself commits suicide with the same knife. This economy of weapon is dramatic, and it will also prove a perfect godsend in certain Italian opera-houses not so bountifully provided with "properties" as Covent Garden. Meanwhile, Mr. Cowen's music is said to be a great advance upon his previous opera "The Lady of Lyons," and it seems to have fairly surprised some of the Milanese, who had never before heard an opera by an Englishman, and believed that no Briton could write one. I believe that before Sir Augustus left Italy he also had some sort of a private hearing of a new opera by Mascagni.

Although it was sent out "With Sir George Grove's compliments," I should imagine if the manuscript announcement in regard to Schumann's "Genoveva" were submitted in its original form to the genial director of the Royal College of Music, a scholarship in newspaper paragraphing would forthwith be formed at Kensington Gore. Meanwhile, "Genoveva" is not "as yet unheard in this country." It has, of course, not yet been given in its entirety, and perhaps the scenes with the ghost and the dumb boy would hardly be appreciated on our stage. But all that Dr. Villiers Stanford deemed worth producing of the music was performed by the Bach choir at St. James's Hall on March 8, 1887.

"Genoveva," by the way, furnished an excellent example of the thin-skinnedness of the musical critics of old. Schumann himself could write some trenchant criticisms, as witness his notice of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots"; but when F. E. Krüger, who was one of his staff on the *Neue Zeitschrift*, ventured to express his opinion of "Genoveva," Schumann insulted and quarrelled with him, so that Krüger resigned.

Although Mr. Manns is usually to be thanked for the helping hand which he gives to the younger school of native musicians, it would be interesting to know what induced him to revive Mr. Granville Bantock's prelude to the "Fire Worshippers." The piece cleverly orchestrated as it is, was written by this young Wagner lover in his school days for a Royal Academy concert, while as the prelude is a mere introduction to a big cantata, there are many good reasons why it should not be heard apart from its surroundings. Mr. Manns was on safer ground in giving a hearing to Miss Beatrice Langley, a promising young English violinist, who seems to need a better violin, but on the other hand, Mr. Plunket Greene might now give a rest to old Irish songs, unless, indeed, he can find another "Off to Philadelphia."

Signor Piatti made his reappearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday, but for his solo he could discover nothing better than part of his own violoncello sonata in C, which he gave us twice in 1885 and had down to Monday not tried again since. Señor Sarasate, too, returned to London on Monday, but only to play familiar chamber compositions in association with Madame Marx. While fully recognising and acknowledging the talent of Madame Marx, the doctrine "toujours perdrix" is not without its weight, and it would be interesting to watch the result of a change of pianists.

It is not given to every pianist to refuse £25,000 for a three months' tour. But M. Rubinstein has declined this offer, which was made to him by Hermann Wolff, the Berlin concert agent, and henceforward he intends to stick to his own music. He proposes to give three recitals of his own pianoforte works at Berlin this winter, but no charge will be made for admission, which will be limited to music students. But what he chiefly desires is to see his sacred operas "Moses" and "Christus" on the stage. He once consulted the late Dean Stanley as to the possibility of the stage production of these works in this country, but the answer, as may be expected, was not wholly satisfactory.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—A singularly precocious niece of mine of ten summers asked me the other day "if it did not make the Queen very angry to read in history that people called her uncle 'Silly Billy'?" In reading "Catriona" (1)—the finest story that has appeared since "Kidnapped," to which it is the sequel—I could not help wondering again and again how the Duke of Argyll will appreciate the merciless portrait of his ancestor there presented to him. The present Duke, as his grossly unscrupulous indictment of a nation, "Irish Nationalism" (2) shows, is no sticker at trifles when a partisan political purpose is to be served; but the Celtic ferocity which that work exemplifies as vigorously as it denounces it, is necessarily a nineteenth-century modification of the savage hate which in the eighteenth century made his ancestor plot and execute the dastardly judicial murder of James of the Glens. Why the Duke should need to go for instances of internecine Celtic falsehood and ferocity to early Irish history, when he had them to his hand in the Scotch annals of yesterday and of his own house, is neither inexplicable nor unnatural; since it is those who live in glass houses who usually do throw stones, according to the shrewd Spanish proverb:—"Herradura que chacolotea clavo le falta"—"The clattering hoof means a nail gone." The ferocity of the Duke's onslaught upon Irish ferocity recalls the famous judicial charge of his ancestor recorded in "Catriona." Having kidnapped the hero because his evidence would have exculpated the intended victim, and having suborned false testimony to this victim's guilt, and having packed a Campbell Jury to secure a partisan verdict, the Duke as Justice-General upon the Bench thus frankly explained to the condemned Stewart—and the explanation is historic—his reasons for compassing his judicial murder:—

> Having referred to the year '45, the chief of the Campbells, sitting as Justice-General upon the Bench, thus addressed the unfortunate Stewart before him:—"If you had been successful in that rebellion, you might have been giving the law where you have now received the judgment of it; we, who are this day your judges, might have been tried before one of your mock courts of judicature; and then you might have been satiated with the blood of any name or clan to which you had an aversion."

Yet the present Duke has to go back to the Irish of the twelfth century for examples of the intertribal and internecine savagery of the Celt! Fancy any Scotchman—not to say a Campbell, not to say the head of the Campbells—holding up hands of holy horror at "those pure Irish Celts of the twelfth century, with unspellable and unpronounceable names, tearing at each other's throats, ravaging each other's territories, slaughtering each other (men, women, and children), and leaving each other, so far as they survived, to perish with hunger in the bogs and woods of a ravaged land." "Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?" But to return for a moment to "Catriona," it is a rarer than that all but rarest of achievements—a successful sequel—since it is a sequel more successful than its predecessor. "Kidnapped" was the finest imaginative effort since "Esmond," but "Catriona" is finer than "Kidnapped," and because it is "Catriona"—because, I mean, of its exquisite portrait of that heroine. There is nothing in English fiction more exquisite than this picture of the boldness of absolute innocence, and of the shrinking sensitiveness of its innocent shames. Nor in all English fiction is the lovers' necessary misunderstanding more delicately, more naturally, or more artfully contrived to show the characters of the couple clear to the bottom. Was there ever a more maidenly, naïve, or natural betrayal of love and jealousy than Catriona's?—

> "Did you kiss her truly?" she asked. There went through me so great a heave of surprise that I was all shook with it. "Miss Grant!" I cried, all in a disorder. "Yes, I asked her to kiss me good-bye, the which she did." "Ah, well!" said she, "you have kissed me too, at all events."

And the clearing up of the misunderstanding, and the rushing together of their long pent-up and fretted hearts on that desolate Dunkirk shore—is there anything to approach it for natural and simple pathos and passion, and "the old-time innocence of love" in any contem-

(1) "Catriona": A Sequel to "Kidnapped." By Robert Louis Stevenson. (London: Cassell & Co.)
(2) "Irish Nationalism": An Appeal to History. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. (London: John Murray.)
(3) "Kenilworth." By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Introductory Essay and Notes by Andrew Lang. Twelve Etchings. Two Vols. (London: John C. Nimmo.)
(4) "The Little Minister." By J. M. Barrie. With nine Illustrations by W. Hole, R.S.A. (London: Cassell & Co.)
(5) "The Patriot Parliament of 1689." With its Statutes, Votes, and Proceedings. By Thomas Davis. Edited with an Introduction by the Hon. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(6) "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa." By F. C. Selous. With Illustrations and Map. (London: Rowland Ward & Co.)
(7) "The Australians." A Social Sketch. By Francis Adams. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(8) "A History of the Gold Coast of West Africa." By A. B. Ellis. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(9) "Cradock Nowell": A Tale of the New Forest. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)
(10) "The Hand of Ethelberta": A Comedy in Chapters. By Thomas Hardy. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)
(11) "Twice-Told Tales." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Second Series. (London: Frederick Warne & Co.)
(12) "Glances Back through Seventy Years." By Henry Vizetelly. Two vols. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

porary story? Not the least charm of the book for you will be its sinewy style, which has all the supple vigour of an athlete in perfect training. There's not a word wasted or wanting, or out of place or of proportion, or undecided in its aim, reach, or stroke. Let me pay Mr. Stevenson the deserved compliment of mentioning in the same breath with "Catriona," the latest issue of the "Border Edition" of the Waverley Novels "Kenilworth" (2), and that other brilliant Scotch novelist, Mr. Barrie, the compliment of sitting above the salt in the same noble company, "The Little Minister" (3), of which a new edition with nine illustrations by Mr. Hole, has just appeared. In reading Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's brilliant introduction to the first volume of the "The New Irish Library"—Thomas Davis's "The Patriot Parliament of 1689" (4)—I was more than once reminded of the hero of "Catriona's" horror of politics, inspired by the Duke of Argyll's judicial murder of James Stewart:—

> But I had had my view of that detestable business they call politics. I had seen it from behind, when it is all bones and blackness; and I was cured for life of all temptation to take part in it again.

You will say that by this every one, except the Duke of Argyll, knows that the policy of England in Ireland seen from behind is, and has always been, "all bones and blackness"; and that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's scathing exposure of it in his masterly Introduction

> Is as tedious as a twice-told tale
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

But, if nothing new can be said of English policy in Ireland, of Irish policy in Ireland much can be said—and has in this little shilling volume been fully and fairly said—that will startle the readers of those historical novelists, Macaulay and Froude. Let me adjure you to give some spare half-hour to this little book, which sets forth Irish policy in Ireland, not as Froude or Macaulay, Duffy or Davis, represents it, but as it is expressed in the Acts of that Patriot Parliament itself. Lest my recommendation in a matter wherein I admit some prejudice might naturally weigh lightly with you, I shall fortify it by the unquestionable judgment of Mr. Lecky. In the second volume, and on the 184th page of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," you will find this note:—

> By far the best and fullest account of this Parliament with which I am acquainted is to be found in a series of papers on it (which unfortunately have never been reprinted) by Thos. Davis in the *Dublin Magazine* of 1843. In these papers the Acts of Repeal and of Attainder are printed at length, and the extant evidence relating to them is collected and sifted with an industry and skill that leaves little to be desired.

"The absent are always in the wrong," says an Italian proverb, and so are the silent; hence Macaulay and Froude have hitherto, in default of the defendant's appearance in Court, had it all their own way in their special pleading against the Irish government of Ireland. In common fairness you should hear, if not the advocates, at least the facts, on the other side, before you pronounce judgment—*all* the facts, not one or two selected and distorted out of a mass that point directly the other way. If these long-buried feuds and ferocities are to be dug up by such men as the Duke of Argyll, let us have a general resurrection of them, according to the happy suggestion of Mr. Selous to Ma-kwaykwi in what promises to be the most delightful book of travel of the season, "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa" (6).

> "Selous," cries Ma-kwaykwi, "you have finished the King's game. You are a witch; you must bring them all to life again. I want to see them all—all. Let them all walk in at the kraal gate, the elephants and the buffaloes, and the elands."
> "All right, but when the lions come in will you, Ma-kwaykwi, remain where you are to count them?"

A coherent book of any sort will soon be as scarce as four-year old mutton; since it pays the author, as it pays the farmer, better to dispose of the immature product. "The Australians" (7), like "China and Her Neighbours," is a collection of magazine articles strung together mechanically by the thread of the binder. It is called "A Social Sketch," though it is a sketch of a country in which "society" in the technical sense is, says the author non existent.

> To treat of "culture" and "society" in Australia, in the sense that one does in the greater European capitals, would be like treating of snakes in Iceland.

Isn't it odd, by the way, that the quaint forty-second chapter of Horrebo ne's "Natural History of Iceland" should always be misquoted thus? The heading is "Concerning *Owls*," and the entire contents of the chapter consist of the single sentence:—

> There are no owls of any kind in the whole island.

Mr. Adams's smartly-written chapters upon the intellectual and spiritual life of Australia might be similarly concise and negative; and, indeed, there would seem to be an equal, that is, an almost absolute, lack of every characteristic grace of Christianity and virtue of civilisation throughout that Continent.

Yet more depressing reading is Colonel Ellis's rather dry, but accurate, "History of the Gold Coast of West Africa" (8). It is hard to decide whether the Christian Powers, inclusive even of that Isle of Saints, England, or the native tribes whom they robbed or murdered, or employed to rob and murder each other, were the more treacherous or relentless savages. Upon one interesting, if incidental, point the History contradicts, on what seems overwhelming evidence, the popular belief—L.E.L.'s suicide and its cause. According to Mrs. Bailey, and to the biographers of that facile versifier, L.E.L., the lady was driven to suicide by the Bluebeard infidelities and brutalities of her husband, Mr. Maclean, Governor of the Gold Coast. Colonel Ellis, however, adduces evidence which seems conclusive against both the Bluebeard outrages of the husband and the suicide of the wife.

> From the testimony of all the Europeans of Cape Coast, Mr. and Mrs. Maclean were on the most affectionate terms, and the precarious condition of the health of the former, who had been confined to the castle through sickness nearly the whole time his wife was on the Coast, effectually disposed of the supposed debaucheries, and of a charge afterwards made that he neglected her nightly for orgies in town. Nor could the suggestion of suicide be maintained, for upon the table at which she had been writing lay an unfinished letter to a lady friend written in a most cheerful strain.

L.E.L. certainly took an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, but she had taken it for spasms according to a long established habit which her husband had strongly discountenanced. The moral is, have no close relations of any kind with a literary celebrity, since the picturesque biographer would sacrifice his own mother, or as Wordsworth has it,

> Would peep and botanise
> Upon his mother's grave.

to heighten a colour, deepen a sentiment, or add a graphic detail.

Before closing I must advertise you of the appearance of cheap editions of Mr. Blackmore's "Cradock Nowell" (9), of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Hand of Ethelberta" (10), and of the classical "Twice-Told Tales" of Hawthorne (11). —Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

P.S.—Mr. Henry Vizetelly's "Glances Back through Seventy Years" (12) is a singularly interesting scrap-book, like nothing so much as the mélange it describes of the Parisian bijoutier:—

> Hors d'œuvres were mixed with roasts and vegetables with entremets; fishes' heads, scraps of cutlets, fricandeaus and fillets, half-picked drumsticks, and portions of ragouts and mayonaises were intimately blended with fragments of pastry, salads, macaroni, vegetables, cheese, and fruits, the whole being, moreover, impregnated with at least twenty different sauces.

Unlike this mélange of the "bijoutier's," however, Mr. Vizetelly's retrospect is at once appetising and appetisingly served. It is, to be sure, desultory to incoherence; but your attention, if continually distracted, is never wearied, and though you can open the volumes where you will without any break of interest, you cannot lay them down so lightly. Any one interested in the evolution of the Press from the Ascidian stage will find the book of absorbing interest, and will well understand Teufelsdröckh's descrip-

tion of such a backstairs revelation of the newspapers of that day as "Satan's Invisible World Displayed." The awful editorial "We" may sometimes be somewhat still of a Mokanna to-day, but it is at least more respectable and self-respecting than in the days when Colbourn boasted that £100 spent in advertisements would secure such favourable criticisms from the literary oracles of the time as would force any book down the throat of the public.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—How do you like the cold wind that has been gambolling about for the last few days? I can't abide it, to use a phrase of Sarah's. I nearly screamed with cold when I went out the other morning and turned the corner, meeting a full, roaring blast of bitter wind and a quantity of dust that it was blowing along exactly on a level with my eyes, it seemed. How I do envy men for not having to wear veils! They can never know the sensation of having a handful of dust poured in through the meshes of the lace without the smallest possibility of getting out again, and feeling it meander down one's cheeks. Men have not to grope for their own noses on a cold day, as we have, under the necessary piece of net that serves to keep our hair tidy. It is impossible to keep it neat without a veil, is it not? There are certain kinds of cold days that are far from disagreeable, but an east wind, combined with a lot of loose road-dust, is a different sort entirely.

We had a splendid view of the Lord Mayor's Show from a window in Cannon-street, and spent a most enjoyable morning, for directly the Show had passed we sat down to a sumptuous luncheon, the main features of which were oysters and champagne, and to both of these I did the fullest possible justice. Although the Show did not seem to me quite so lengthy as in former years, it was well up to the mark, and the two triumphal cars representing the Tower Bridge and Caxton's Printing Press were a decided success. The idea of having the latter emanated from the Lord Mayor himself. He being a stationer has of course been the medium for supplying tons upon tons of paper for printing purposes. He therefore owed a debt of gratitude to Caxton, and I must say he paid it in a very handsome manner. But I rather think the most popular feature—and deservedly so—was the lifeboat, manned, as it was, not by mere supers, but by the men belonging to the Deal lifeboat—men who have saved so many lives. They were most heartily cheered all along the route. From an æsthetic point of view the great attraction was the brand-new City Marshal in a brand-new uniform and on a brand-new horse. He was indeed "a thing of beauty," and I trust that he will find his position a "joy for ever." The City Fathers are, I understand, very proud of their new Marshal, not merely for his appearance, but because he is a genuine West-end bred and born Baronet instead of a mere City-made article. But, whilst admiring this new addition to the City Troupe, I could not but feel what a pity it was that his wife was not induced to ride by his side; in fact, the absence of our sex from the Show is a great mistake. I am sure the members of the Common Council would have hailed with delight the presence of the City Marshal's wife in the procession, for there is no doubt it was owing to the way in which she charmed these worthy Councillors when appealing to them for their votes on behalf of her husband that he won his election. And why should not the Common Councillors themselves bring their wives and their daughters?

Before leaving the City Councillors I must enter a protest against their wearing the chimney-pot hat of everyday City life when clothed in their sable-trimmed robes. The Lord Mayor has a head-gear far more in accordance with the rest of his attire. Why should not the unfortunate Councillors be equally favoured? As to the Lord Mayor, he seemed to be one of the cheeriest Lord Mayors I have seen for many a day; and though, doubtless, the thoughts of his heavy responsibilities were constantly before him—how could they be otherwise, seeing he was confronted all the time by the mace and the sword of office?—he had plenty of time to recognise his many friends on the line of route. I hear delightful stories of the way he is going to entertain during his term of office. I hope amidst all the banquets he will not forget our sex, and give some dances—small and earlies, I would suggest, at the Mansion House—not large and late ones at the Guildhall. The former are far more enjoyable than the latter. But, from what I am told, I think we may with safety trust our interests in the hands of the Lady Mayoress.

Here is a little anecdote for you in connection with the Show. Charlie went down from his club to Trafalgar-square with a friend of his to have a look at the procession. In putting up his hand to his hat for a moment, in some way he jerked the cigar he was smoking into the air, and afterwards could not find it anywhere, though he could smell it burning. He took off his overcoat and searched all his pockets, but could not find it anywhere, though the odour of burning continued quite strong. Much puzzled, he did not know what to make of it, when a man in the crowd pointed with his stick to a young woman's hat, and nestling in the brim of it he saw the missing "smoke" calmly consuming the feather that formed part of the trimming. Very gently abstracting it, he threw it on the ground, set his heel upon it, and rapidly left the spot, the owner of the hat being in complete unconsciousness of the whole affair.

I went to the dressmaker about your evening dress, and have started it comfortably on its way. The pink broché is a lovely shade, soft and pale, and the green velvet bows and rosettes will be simply sweet. I gave the strictest instructions that your beautiful and precious old lace was not to be touched with the scissors, but I wish you had let them use some bought lace, and kept the old in your own possession. You could then have put it on the gown when the other had been worn once or twice. You see, a dressmaker can answer for herself that she will not cut it, but not for all her numerous hands. The order must occasionally miss the very one to whose share it falls to sew on the lace. I have been rendered very cautious by frequent accidents of the kind.

We turned into Russell & Allen's, and saw some perfectly delightful evening gowns. One was a yellow brocade made with a plain skirt and a dinner jacket. The latter was turned back from the neck, with a deep collar of white satin, over which was laid a shaped piece of fine cream-tinted lace. The sleeves were turned back at the elbow with cuffs of white satin, also veiled with lace. At the waist, both back and front, was a small band of open-work jet, holding, or seeming to hold, the folds together. This touch was most artistic, the jet being lined with white satin, like the lace. Another pretty bodice was in broché velvet of a very soft pink shade, the flowers being rather deeper in tone. Turned back from the neck was a full collar with overlapping points, made of white satin bordered with a band of black satin, a narrow jet fringe following the line of junction of the black and white. The double basques, made of the velvet, were rather full. This bodice was to be worn over a skirt of black jetted tulle. Some of the moiré silks for evening wear quite enchanted us. One was in the palest tones of pink and blue, which made a perfect union. Another, already made up, was in pale pink, with large double-puffed sleeves in mirror velvet, also pink, with a delicious bloom upon it. The bodice, one of the old-fashioned pointed ones now revived again, was trimmed with bands of the velvet coming in points to the waist and ending among the fulness of the sleeves. The skirt was remarkably new and pretty, each seam being covered a little way up with twists of the velvet,

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

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nding in a "cauliflower" bow of the same. This trimming vas carried up nearly to the waist on the two front eams. For wearing with a black satin skirt was a vhite satin bodice cut low and made with just a fold of leep rose pink velvet laid inside at the edge where it touches he shoulders of the wearer. A sort of pleated fan of black atin rose high over either sleeve, a black satin rosette narking its beginning and its ending. A jet centre rightened each rosette. Towards the centre was a pink elvet rosette. A very wide band of black satin formed a vaist belt, fastening in front under a large bow, the two oops of which stood well out on either side of the centre n a way that was peculiarly chic. Equally pretty in its wn way was a yellow satin bodice, starred with silver nd made baby fashion, with folds coming upwards from he waist and ending in open flutes bordered with silver ace. Inside the bodice was a becoming fold of creamy ace. The sleeves, a picture in themselves, were lined with atin a shade paler than the other. A bow with long ends n pure white moiré ribbon made a graceful effect at one ide of the waist. Now, were not these pretty dresses? They make one long to invest for one's own adornment.

Have you not often noticed how badly nearly all men's hirt-fronts set when worn in evening dress? They ither bulge out at the sides or gape open in the front—r, what is most usual, work themselves into a deep crease cross the centre. Now, Charlie has been, with our ssistance, and with the assistance of a Nottingham firm—Messrs. Slatter & Slatter—making a study of this, to nen, all-important question. Messrs. Slatter make their hirts on a principle of their own—that is to say, they ut them not only to measure and size, but to suit the uild of each individual figure; so that, as they put it, 'any abnormal development" is fully provided for, thus reventing all bulging and creasing. It stands to reason hat a shirt ought to be cut differently for a man, say, 5 in. round the waist to that for a man 25 in. Then, gain, this firm cut the sleeves as you would cut the leeves for a coat, which gives more freedom, but at the ame time does away with a vast mass of superfluous inen. In fact, they build up their shirts from a pattern he same as a tailor builds up a coat; which, in addition o other advantages, has that of enabling them to repro-luce the same shirt at any time. Charlie is delighted vith his experiment, and says that not only is this style f shirt advantageous in the matter of evening dress, ut that it is exceptionally comfortable wear in con-ection with all athletics.

I forgot to tell you last week of an incident that occurred n Spanish-place. Maud and I saw a lady catch her foot n the braid of her dress and pitch heavily forward, coming lown with a crash upon the pavement. With her was a ittle girl who, seeing that she did not get up, seemed very nuch frightened, crying out in a voice of distress, "Oh, nother, are you hurt?" The only person who happened o be near them at the moment was a clergyman who had lmost to step over the lady who had fallen. He walked ast, however, without taking the slightest notice and scended the steps of the large school that is close by. When Maud and I reached the spot we found that no par-icular harm had been done by the fall, but we both felt nd expressed surprise at the conduct of the clergyman. Can you imagine any one behaving in such an unfeeling nanner?

Apropos to dress braids, you must always use the indings made of velveteen, for they act as polish to the oots, whereas braid rubs it off. Make a note of this. The proper way is to fold it in two, turn the double part o the edge of the dress, and turn in the two raw edges owards each other, sewing them very closely and firmly o the dress. The velveteen can also be used as a inding.

Have you seen any of the new wavy braids for trimming dresses? They are sewn with a sequin at each point, as he waves rise to an angle and dip down again. Some-imes beads outline the edge as well. The new beaded vaist-belts are very pretty and becoming. They have a deep, strong buckle in front and shorter ones at regular intervals round either side. Between these, large beads are hung in wavy lines. With the dress trimmed with one of the above braids and the belt in the same colour, a pleasant effect of uniformity is obtained. A tan coloured gown could have both the addenda in golden brown or a deeper tone of tan, and I have seen a Gobelin blue woollen material trimmed with dark blue sequined braid.

Is not getting up in the morning a struggle on these cold mornings? This is one of the occasions when we are made aware of our own duality. When we are called in the morning one of us wants to get up, and keeps reminding the other that there will be a rush and a flurry later on if we do not at once turn out. The other takes no heed, but lazily lies enjoying the delicious comfort of the last few moments, falling into a little doze sometimes from which That Other within us is sure to awaken the more indolent half of us just as the stolen sleep seems sweetest. The struggle between the two, ends usually in the victory of the energetic half, for facts are stern things, and the breakfast hour is, or seems, one of the sternest of them when the glamour of departing sleep invites us to linger on the pillow.

Paris babies who have correct ideas of what is up-to-date and psychologically suited to the moment, have their nurses dressed in Russian costume. It is just possible that our English babies may feel called upon to follow suit before long, when our parks will be frequented by Muscovite nursemaids who speak with a cockney twang. What do you think?

I have just seen the twenty-first annual report of St. Mary's Cottage Hospital, at Northam, Southampton. This excellent charity was founded in 1872 by Mrs. Black, and is a pleasant instance of what can be done by one good-hearted woman for the suffering poor. A good heart, however, is not enough in itself. It must be supplemented by untiring energy, a capacity for administrative details, and a head for accounts. The only qualification needed by the patients is that they are suffering from ulcers of the leg or diseases of the skin. This is sufficient passport, no letters of recommendation being needed. Children are also admitted freely, so that practically there are no limitations to the hospitality exercised. Even the fares of certain patients are paid to enable them to attend while living at a distance. It is pleasant to turn to the balance-sheet and find that there is actually a hospital in England which is not in debt. I see that Hospital Sunday yielded a sum of £57 to the charity, and that the ball given at Princes' Hall last May, though it clashed with the ever-memorable so-called "Reception" at the Imperial Institute, resulted in the sum of £210 being realised.

The Women's London Gardening Association has got on so well that it has opened larger premises at the original address in Lower Sloane-street. They gave an At Home to celebrate the event, and had a table very prettily laid out with gold and terra-cotta chrysanthemums, and lovely glass shaded to exactly match the flowers. The lights were shaded in the same scheme of colour, and even the d'oyleys were embroidered in tints that harmonised with all the rest. The Association now sells fruit as well as flowers. Their principal business is that of tending greenhouses and window plants in the absence of their owners from town. This was just the thing that so many women longed for who loved their plants, and hated to leave them to the care (or otherwise!) of servants.

My remarks upon the Scotch haggises shown at the Cookery and Food Exhibition have elicited an interesting letter on the subject from a Scottish gentleman. He says that modern fastidiousness now sends the dish to table wrapped in a napkin, and pleads guilty to himself preferring it served in that dainty style. He adds, "No doubt you will give me credit for a Scotchman's proverbial 'literalness' when I explain that Sir Walter Scott, of course, expressed the correct principle of haggis cooking, but with obvious exaggeration." My correspondent

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declares that haggis is by no means a lady's dish, and that he can never get his wife to regard it with mercy, but that on a cold, raw day, or when frost embitters the air, it is most excellent and appetising.

This being so, I have asked him to send me a recipe for making the famous dish, and will tell you all about it when I hear from him.

In the meantime, this is a quite lovely dish. You may call it Suprême de volaille aux huîtres :—

Stir 4 oz. of freshly-made bread crumbs into half a pint of stock, boil until it is a stiff paste, and place it aside to cool. Cut the meat from the breast of an old hen, pound it in a mortar, add the prepared panada and 1 oz. of butter, pound again until it is a pulp, then add one egg and work it with the pestle until the whole is thoroughly amalgamated ; season with salt and pepper, and rub it through a wire sieve. Now work it with a wooden spoon in a basin, adding a gill of cream at intervals. Decorate a plain pipe mould with rings of truffle, put in the cream, twist a buttered paper over and steam very carefully (without allowing it to boil) for half an hour. Put twelve oysters into a stewpan with the liquor, just bring them to the boil, strain at once and remove the beards. Dissolve ½ oz. of butter in the stewpan, mix in a dessertspoonful of flour, and add sufficient oyster liquor to make the quantity of sauce required, stir until it boils, then add half a teacupful of cream, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, the bearded oysters, and a few small quenelles (which should be made with a portion of the forcemeat), add a seasoning of salt and pepper, replace the lid and stand the stewpan in a bain-marie to warm, as it must not boil. At the time of serving turn the suprême on to a silver dish, fill the centre with the oyster ragout and pour the sauce round.

This dry curry, also, is particularly nice, and an excellent way of using cold game :—

Cut a large onion into small dice, put it into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, cover with the lid, and fry it until the onion is a light brown colour. Pare, core, and mince two large apples, add them to the onion, and allow them to cook in their own steam until they are done. Now add a dessertspoonful of (Vencatachellum) curry-powder and one of paste, a dessertspoonful of tomato purée, one of chutney, and one of King of Oude's sauce, replace the lid and stand it on a warm part of the stove for twenty minutes. Pick the meat from the bones of cold poultry or game into small shreds, mix them with the prepared curry, add a little cream, or cold white sauce, replace the lid and allow it to get quite hot. Then arrange it in a nice heap in the centre of a silver entrée dish, garnish with fried croûtons of bread, and serve boiled rice in a separate dish. To boil the rice :—Put a 4-quart stewpan on the stove, half full of water ; when it boils shower in 4 oz. of Patna rice, replace the lid and boil quickly (without stirring) for twenty minutes. Strain it into a colander and wash the rice in several waters. Allow it to drain on the rack for fifteen or twenty minutes, when it should be quite dry and every grain separate.

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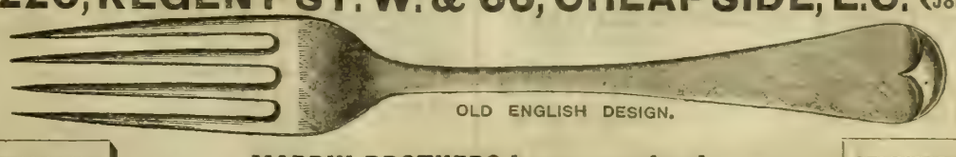

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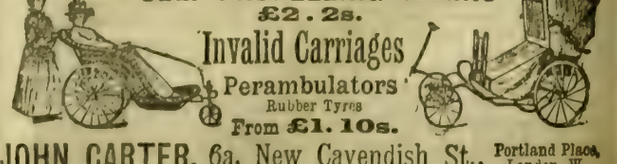
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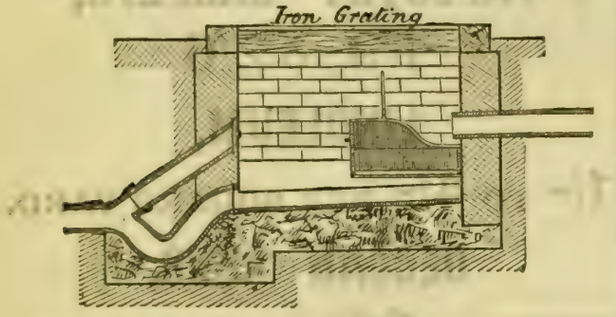

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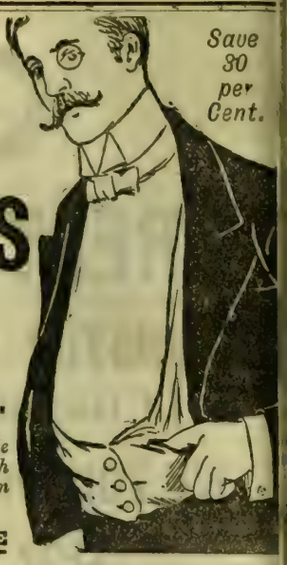

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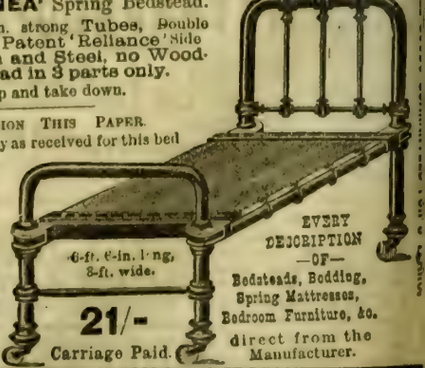

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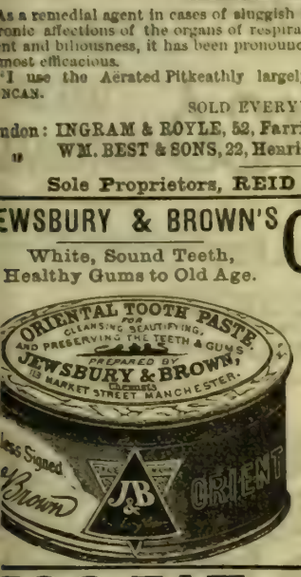

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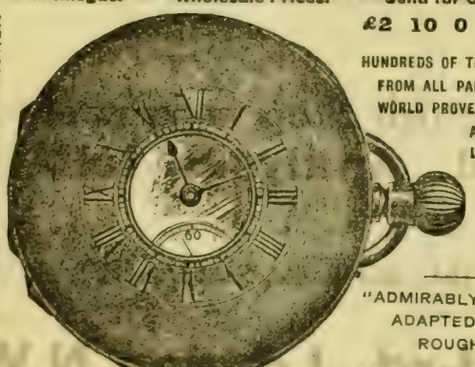

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NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

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6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I MUST again beg the attention of my readers to the position of the Truth Fund for providing the children in the London Hospitals, Workhouses, Workhouse Schools, and Infirmaries with toys at the coming Christmas. Though many kind friends have come forward, a very large sum is required if this year's distribution is to be on the same scale as heretofore. During the last week I have received the following amounts :—

Sir Henry Hawkins, £3. 3s. ; Arthur Franclin, 5s. ; Howard Ellis, 10s. ; S. G. A., £1 ; Muriel, 10s. ; Winifred, 10s. ; Jimmy, 10s. ; Derrick, 10s. ; Harold, 10s. ; N. E. Y. D., 21s. ; Captain R. L. Appleyard, £5. 5s. ; Mrs. Charles Baker, £1 ; X., 20s. ; Five children, L. E. R., £5 ; Tuzzie, Jimmy, Cox, Jo., Veerf, £2 ; M. S. T., 10s. ; John and Stephen, £1 ; Fiddle Bow, £1 ; J. W. T., £5 ; Hugh Cahill Campbell, 2s. 6d. ; General Sir John Ewart, £1. 1s. ; C. N. J. F., £1 ; In memory of Suey and Olive, £1. 1s. ; Dorothy and Petronel, £2. 2s. ; Mrs. St. Maur Wynch, £2. 2s. ; W. N. G., 10s. 6d. ; H. Mallins, £1 ; The Children's Friend, 2s. ; L. M. M., 5s. ; Sylvia and Jessop Shield, £3. ; Mr. Abel Buckley, £10 ; Hon. Mrs. A. Y. Bingham, £1 ; Corney and Muriel, 10s. ; H. Stern, £5 ; Molly, Paddy, Kitty, and Gracie, £2. 2s. ; C. F. M., £1. 1s. ; Irene and Helen Ralli, £4. 4s. ; Mrs. Chas. J. Hill, 5s. ; Connie and Tom, £2. 2s. ; R. M. H., 5s. ; Marjorie, £2 ; J. F., £1. 1s. ; L. B. and S. D., 5s. ; W. Woods, £1 ; Four Children, U. R. A. K., 2s. 6d. ; H. J. Farmer-Atkinson, £2. 2s. ; E. S., 10s.

The Queen, who arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday morning from Balmoral, will proceed to Osborne on December 19 or 20 for a stay of two months. Her Majesty will return to Windsor towards the end of February, and is then to reside at the Castle until her departure for Italy.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will entertain a shooting party next week at Sandringham ; and on Monday, December 11, they are coming up to Marlborough House for ten days. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud are to proceed to Windsor Castle on Wednesday, December 13, on a visit to the Queen.

There will be no balls at Sandringham this winter, but it is understood that during the Christmas holidays there is to be a lawn meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds and a hunt breakfast at the Hall.

The Prince of Wales is shortly to have some shooting at Gunton, Lord Suffield's place near Cromer, which is let to Mr. Mundy. Gunton is one of the best manors in East Anglia.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg's early death has closed one of the most romantic careers of this or any other century. He was the successful and popular ruler of Bulgaria for several years, and he proved himself to be a brave soldier and a brilliant strategist. The bitter hostility of Russia made him abdicate in the interest of Bulgaria, and then a new career opened before him in Germany. He became the prime favourite of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, and their family, was a *persona gratissima* at the English Court, and finally was announced to be betrothed to Princess Victoria of Prussia. Every one must remember the storm which raged at Berlin during the brief reign of the Emperor Frederick, in consequence of Prince Bismarck's furious opposition to the proposed marriage ; the Emperor, the Empress, and the Queen being very strongly in favour of the match, which had also the acquiescence of the present Emperor. It was no secret that Prince Alexander was destined after his marriage to fill a very high post indeed in the German Empire. The match was still "on" when Prince Alexander suddenly jilted the Princess early in 1889, in order to marry an opera-singer, whom he had met at Mentone.

The enthusiasm for Prince Alexander which prevailed at our own Court caused infinite trouble to Lord Salisbury for some years, as all kinds of intrigues were

going on in his interest. A Blue Book little read shows that such pressure was put on the Foreign Office, that despatches were written to the Ministers of various countries urging a crusade in order to restore him to the throne of Bulgaria. As the Ministers knew that these were written under Royal dictation, and in no way represented the views of Lord Salisbury, they either merely acknowledged them or absolutely ignored them. A tremendous fuss was raised about Prince Alexander when he visited the Queen at Balmoral and at Windsor, and the Emperor of Russia was much exasperated on hearing that the Queen had treated his detested first cousin with Royal honours, had sent him to inspect the Household Troops at Windsor, and had given him the Grand Cross of the Bath, and only Lord Salisbury's almost frantic remonstrances prevented her Majesty from making Prince Alexander a Knight of the Garter a few weeks after his abdication.

When Prince Alexander suddenly married, the pendulum swung in the other direction, and he became an object of positive detestation at Court, where his name was not allowed to be mentioned, and his portraits were all taken down. The Queen and Prince Alexander met at Florence last April, when amicable relations were restored, but the Empress Frederick never forgave him.

The Empress Eugénie, who has been residing at Farnborough since she returned south from Abergeldie Castle is to visit the Queen at Windsor next week before going to the Riviera to pass the winter at Cap Martin, near Mentone.

Major Legge and Colonel Carrington are to be the Equerries-in-Waiting to the Queen at Windsor from December 1 until the day of her Majesty's departure for Osborne.

The number of applicants for the vacant office of Master of the Ceremonies has been beyond all precedent. It is one of the best places in the gift of the Queen, as the duties are by no means onerous, while the emoluments exceed £700 a year, and this official is certain to be given apartments either at St. James's Palace or at Kensington whenever any become vacant. I understand, however, that nine-tenths of the candidates have withdrawn their applications on being informed by the Lord Chamberlain that a thorough knowledge of French and German is an essential qualification for the place.

"A Constant Reader" writes:—

> Will you kindly explain, for the benefit of one of your most faithful readers, who may be "The Queen's Munshi? Is this gentleman a Lord-in-Waiting, a member of an Indian Council, a physician, or, perhaps—a servant?

Not a Lord-in-Waiting, certainly, nor yet a member of an Indian Council. Whether he is a physician I cannot tell; but after what we have seen of the Indian oculists, anything in that way is possible. As for a servant, that is a delicate point. I should not like to hurt the feelings even of a Munshi. So far as I know, the functionary in question is a combination of a private secretary and a private tutor, his chief function in this instance being to direct her Majesty's studies in Hindustani. Whether that makes him a servant, I leave to my correspondent.

Captain Machell bought at the Doncaster sale of Sir Tatton Sykes' yearlings a colt, by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie, for £3,000, and sold him to Mr. McCalmont for £4,000, and he was named St. Esprit, the idea being that this united the names of the father and mother. But their knowledge of French was defective, and they were not aware that St. Esprit is French for one of the Persons of the Trinity. This was first pointed out by Prince Soltykoff, who is a Steward of the Jockey Club, and a member of the Greek Church, a Church which has so great a veneration for the Third Person of the Trinity that its members do not even eat pigeons. The name of the horse, therefore, has now been altered, and it has been named "Raconteur."

In confirmation of what I have so often said about the cruelties of the Irish cattle trade, I see that a steamer from Ireland reached Liverpool on Friday with between three hundred and four hundred head of cattle dead or dying, from injuries received during the gale on Thursday night. The gale was no doubt exceptionally severe, but this record is only an exaggerated instance of what is constantly happening. I should have thought that it would have been to the interest of the owners of the cattle to guard against this wholesale mutilation and massacre of the beasts. If not, why does not the S.P.C.A. interfere?

Mr. "Bowker" and his "Royal Descent" for ten guineas have brought me one or two highly interesting communications with reference to the Blood Royal. It seems that Mr. Bowker was quite right in stating that this highly-prized fluid is much more widely diffused than is ordinarily supposed. A well-known genealogical authority informs me that "probably the great majority of English people, at any rate of the upper and middle class, can rightfully claim King Edward I. as their ancestor, and through him William the Conqueror, Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, and others of like rank"; and also that "plenty of farm labourers in this country are descended from the Emperors of the West." It is, as this gentlemen justly observes, "a curious fact that her Majesty and most of her English subjects are related by blood." I therefore append the following letter, which shows by a mere exercise in arithmetic how this "curious fact" may be mathematically demonstrated:—

> It is mathematically demonstrable that the chances of any one Englishman being of Blood Royal (whatever that may be worth) are several millions to one.
>
> I have no more doubt that I am of the "Blood Royal" than that I share that honour with the gentleman now sweeping my crossing, and with the other gentleman who is to be hanged to-morrow.
>
> Taking thirty-three years as a generation, there have been twenty-five generations since the Conquest.
>
> Every person living to-day is the product of two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, with the result that every person now living must (*except for intermarriage*) have had 16,777,216 ancestors living in the year 1066.
>
> Now, taking the present population at 38,000,000, it follows

For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1125.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see pages 1126-27 in the present issue.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1124.

that (*except for inter-marriage*) those 38,000,000 must have had 637,534,208,000,000 of ancestors living in 1066.

But the whole population of the British Isles in that year and even for 400 years later did not exceed three millions.

Leaving out of account immigration, more than balanced by emigration, leaving out also all those whose descendants have failed to survive through twenty five generations, it follows that each one of those three millions must bear the responsibilities of representing 212,511,403 of our ancestors.

The chances that any one stock could have kept clear of any other stock both surviving, are in fact 212½ millions to one.

We know that the Royal families have been prolific on both sides of the blanket and to assume that any one living person has not some of that precious fluid, the Blood Royal, in his veins is to assume that none of his seventeen million ancestors was identical with any one of the seventeen millions of her Majesty's ancestors

---

What I like about this doctrine is that it is equally full of comfort for the most snobbish loyalist and the most rabid democrat. The one can henceforth regard himself (or herself) as one of the Royal Family, and treat the doings of exalted personages as part and parcel of his (or her) domestic affairs. The other can gloat over the fact that distinction of birth is the veriest humbug of any fiction that man has devised, and that the man in the street, or the man in the gaol, can boast just as good an ancestry as the Queen on the throne, or the proudest peer in the House of Lords. For my part, I comfort myself with the democratic alternative, only carrying it a step further; for when we are all sure of our descent from such ancient worthies as Adam and Eve, or even the patriarch Noah, I cannot for the life of me see why we should even trouble to work a sum in arithmetic to connect ourselves with such mushrooms as Charlemagne or William the Conqueror.

Sorry should I be were Tory magazines to cease to exist, for I like to see every political and social issue fairly threshed out; indeed, I generally read Tory in preference to Liberal articles, for I know the Liberal arguments, and I like to see what the other side has to say on the matter. The *Quarterly Review* is avowedly Tory, although it often contains many interesting Articles upon literary and non-political matters. There was a time when an Article in the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh* was an event, for these two magazines, with perhaps *Blackwood* as the third in the trio, exercised a sort of dictatorship over cultured and educated opinion. This is no longer the case, for at present the name of magazines is legion, and in many of them the signed article has replaced the anonymous article and carries more weight. Still, the *Quarterly* holds its own as the exponent of the political opinions of a large section of the community, whilst it has always maintained a high literary standard. I am glad, therefore, that a man of Mr. Rowland Protheroe's ability has become its Editor.

The death of Mr. Bremner, the sub-editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, is a loss not only to that paper, but to journalism. He was an excellent writer, and, what is more rare, a most capable sub-editor. I have before now lauded the editorial ability of the *St. James's Gazette*. This I have always fully recognised, although I do not agree with the political views that it advocates.

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Lord Ebury, who died on Saturday, was a member of the House of Commons for thirty five years, and then he sat in the House of Lords for thirty-six years. He was the senior member of the Privy Council, having been sworn in shortly after Lord Grey's Ministry was formed in 1830, when he was appointed to a high office in the Household. Lord Ebury was a prominent figure in the very smartest London society for many years, and during the reign of George IV. he belonged to the set of "Exclusives." After his marriage he became devout, and he developed into a Low Churchman of the austere Puritanical school. He was a hardworking and useful member of the House of Commons for many years, but he made a dreadful mistake when he attempted to restore the Puritan Sabbath in London. Lord Ebury was associated with the late Lord Shaftesbury in many religious and philanthropic movements. He passed the last thirty years of his life at Moor Park, his beautiful place near Rickmansworth, which has been famous for its splendid gardens for more than two centuries, and which was left to him, with a very large fortune, by his father, the first Marquis of Westminster.

The library of the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte, which is believed to be the finest philological collection in the world, is in the market. It contains upwards of 25,000 volumes, printed in some thirty-five alphabets, and it is valued roughly at £40,000. This library includes many books which are neither in the British Museum nor in the Bodleian. Mr. Gladstone, having been shown the principal treasures of the collection by Prince Lucien, remarked that certain volumes ought to be in the British Museum, but the Prince did not take this hint, although a bequest of the books mentioned to the national library would have been but a small return for the benefits which his Highness and his family had received from Great Britain. Unless the library is sold *en bloc* to go to America, it may be hoped that the volumes indicated by Mr. Gladstone may yet be secured for the British Museum.

Professor Caird, the new Master of Baliol College, is a very strong Liberal, and has always manifested a most hearty interest in Social movements, and he has been a zealous advocate of trade unionism. At Balliol he will follow in the steps of his distinguished predecessor, and he will be a most valuable acquisition to the Liberal party, both in the University and in the city and county of Oxford.

The Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, which has become vacant by the election of Professor Caird, is no likely to be filled up for some weeks, as the ne Professor will not begin his duties until February. Chair is almost certain to be offered to Professor Jone St. Andrews.

If some of the Tory papers had any se fairplay, or I might almost say of decency, th

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would have apologised in humble penitence to Mr. Gladstone for their gross insinuations that the Prime Minister was intending to perpetuate a flagrant job at Oxford by appointing Professor Murray, of Glasgow, to the Regius Chair of Greek. Mr. Gladstone has heaped coals of fire upon the heads of his traducers by appointing Mr. Bywater, of Exeter College, the well-known "Reader" in Greek, to succeed the late Master of Balliol. Mr. Bywater is a Greek scholar of European reputation, and his profound knowledge and his consummate ability have been recognised by classical teachers and writers all over the world, and particularly in Germany. Mr. Bywater's admirable lectures have been a leading feature in Oxford teaching for many years, and it has been hoped for a long time past that he would obtain the Greek Chair whenever it might become vacant.

Lord Bute having been re-appointed Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, it was suggested that he should deliver an address at Dundee; but he has not found it possible to do this, so he has sent £1,000 to the Lord Provost for the purpose of founding a Dundee Scholarship at St. Andrews. There is a refreshing common sense in Lord Bute's view that the gift "will do some permanent good, so it is better than half an hour of, say, indifferent talk."

Two livings have recently fallen to Cambridge University, owing to the patrons being Roman Catholics, and it is strange how very little interest was excited by the elections to fill these vacancies. There was only one candidate for the one living, while the other brought out two, of whom the one received twenty-five votes, while the other did not receive any. This mode of patronage appears to have little to recommend it, when it is evident that hardly any of the resident Members of the Senate ever take the trouble to vote, much less to make any inquiry into the respective merits of the candidates, who, as a rule, are quite unknown men.

On such occasions candidates ought to be graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin if the spirit of the statute were observed, but, at a recent election to a living which fell to one of the Universities, an ecclesiastic was elected, who had been only four years in orders (having previously failed in another profession) and whose theological education had been limited to a brief sojourn at St. Bees, after he had failed to pass the examination for admission to a leading Theological College.

The Rev. Edward Elmhirst, who died last week, was a famous cricketer between fifty and sixty years ago, and he was also a very fine shot. Mr. Elmhirst was one of Tennyson's intimate friends, and he himself wrote many verses, which, however, he never published. He was one of the most popular and successful parish clergymen in the Midland Counties. He had held the rectory of Shawell, in Leicestershire, for fifty-two years, having been presented by Lord Chancellor Cottenham in 1841. He restored the church, established excellent schools, and greatly improved the moral and social condition of his poorer neighbours, by whom he was much beloved. Mr. Elmhirst was a first-rate man of business, and he took a prominent and very useful part in all kinds of county and local affairs.

Principal Morison, of Glasgow, the founder of the Evangelical Union, who died last week, was one of the most learned theologians of the present century. The Evangelical Union was formed in 1843, after Mr. Morison and his father had been expelled from the Ministry of the Church of Scotland for unsound teaching, the fact being that his doctrines were precisely the same as those which are now professed by the sect of United Presbyterians. Principal Morison's theological works have been sold by tens of thousands, and have carried his name all over the world. He was a man of vast learning and a most admirable writer, and was entirely devoted to his literary pursuits.

Several Church of England people are indignant at my having said, apropos to a sermon by the Vicar of Auckland, that the Anglican clergy are conspicuous for uncharitableness and intolerance. Their argument is that the clergy of all denominations resent the coquetting of their flocks with ministers of other sects. This I should be sorry to deny, but in my experience I have found the Anglican clergy far more jealous on this point than those of any other persuasion, and this I attribute to their privileged position. Another case in point has just occurred at Dartmouth. A month ago the Mayor—a member of an old Dartmouth family, and a solicitor of over forty years' standing, but well known as a Broad Churchman and a Radical—opened a Wesleyan Bazaar, and made a speech expressing sympathy with the Nonconformists and dislike of Ritualism. When this gentleman was re-elected Chief Magistrate for the current year, the Rev. H. F. Tracey, Vicar of St. Saviour's, and a Tory tradesman and J.P. named Sampson, both declined his invitation to the public luncheon on the ground of this speech. In other words, both these narrow-minded individuals refuse to sit down to table on a public occasion with one who differs from them in religious matters. In what other religious sect do you find intolerance carried to this length?

With regard to the case of "sweating" by managers of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund recently described in TRUTH, I have received from the Executive Committee a letter thanking me for calling attention to the case, and stating that it has been referred to the Dublin Executive for explanation. The Committee could not do more, and I do not suppose that it is their wish that the

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ladies whom they profess to relieve should be treated no better than East-end needlewomen. I hope, therefore, that it will be unnecessary to refer to the matter again.

A "Living Whist Pageant and Bazaar," in aid of the Funds of the Primrose League and Cheltenham General Hospital, is taking place at Cheltenham this week, and, not unnaturally, has aroused a feeling of deep irritation and resentment among the tradespeople of the place. Had the Primrose Leaguers deliberately set themselves to injure local trade they could hardly have done this more effectively than by opening a three days' amateur sale of fancy goods within a month of Christmas, and in a time of universal depression and scarcity of cash. There is something, too, not a little incongruous in the conjunction of a public hospital and a political association as joint beneficiaries in such a movement. I believe, as a matter of fact, the understanding is that the hospital is to have one-tenth of the proceeds. If that is the case, the Bazaar is little better than a trick to fill the languishing Primrose exchequer under cover of an appeal to charity. But, whatever the arrangement, it is a questionable one so far as the hospital is concerned, and a cruel one so far as the local tradesmen are concerned.

My attention is called by a correspondent to the fact that an advertisement has just appeared stating that the Boys' Convalescent Home at Ramsgate is to be given up owing to want of funds, and asks whether it would not be wiser first to look after our own poor, before we act on the appeal of a South African Bishop and supply him with funds to Christianise those of the Matabele who have not been killed by a British Company acting under a Royal Charter? I agree with my correspondent all the more as the Reverend Sylvester, "British Chaplain in Mashonaland," has published a letter, in which he urges that the Company is doing noble work in improving off the face of the globe a "heathen godless nation." My religion does not teach me that we ought to mow down Africans with Maxim guns in order to steal their land, and then to lay the flattering unction to our souls, that we have done well, because we are paving the way in this unchristian fashion for the spread of Christianity.

The depression does not seem to have touched Bristol, for the charitable collections and subscriptions on Colston Day were the largest for many years past, amounting to upwards of £3,571.

I have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of £5 on behalf of Lady Jeune's Fund from Miss MacNaught, who tells me that the amount is the result of a small entertainment given at Yercaud, Shevaroy Hills, Madras Presidency, and also £1 from Fiddle-bow for the same Fund.

Before buying Gentlemen's Fur-lined Coats and Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, see Phillips's fine stock. Everything guaranteed one-half West-end price.—PHILLIPS & Co., 52 & 53, Newgate street, E.C. Sealskin Jackets re-modelled and re-dyed to latest fashion. Perfect fit guaranteed. Caution, the only address, other people are trading on our name

What next? A circular has just been issued to Commanding Officers of the District from the Chief-Staff Officer's Office, Cork, intimating that "as it is now found impossible to distribute copies of District Orders, to all the units in the District, owing to the great clerical labour which is entailed thereby, and also to facilitate the circulation of memos., &c., the Major-General considers it desirable that a typewriter should be obtained for the Headquarter Offices." For this purpose the Major-General kindly invites Officers commanding "to state whether they are willing to subscribe £2 from their Canteen Funds," which expenditure the Major-General, in a burst of generosity, expresses himself "willing to sanction." What are here described as the Commanding Officers' Canteen Funds are, of course, the property of the soldiers; and what the Major-General so obligingly expresses his readiness to sanction is a misappropriation of such money for the purpose of relieving the War Office of the necessity of providing adequate clerical labour, or a substitute in the shape of a typewriter. If District Commanding Officers are ready to do this, and the higher military authorities approve, there is not the slightest reason why Tommy Atkins should not next be called upon, through his Canteen Fund, to supply his grateful country with arms and ammunition, or to pay himself his own wages, or even to find the modest salary of the Commander-in-Chief.

Copies have been forwarded to me of an appeal that is being circulated from Aldershot for subscriptions to a testimonial to Colonel T. B. Shaw-Hellier, late Commandant, R.M. School of Music. Well, who can object? After the example lately set by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, I really do not see why every officer should not have a testimonial presented to him on vacating a position; or, for the matter of that, any N.C.O. or any private. Why shouldn't Tommy have a subscription got up for him when he takes his discharge?

What looks like an attempt to reduce the employment of Army Service Corps clerks on fatigue duty has just been made at Aldershot; but it has apparently been so planned as to avoid touching the very serious grievance which has so frequently been referred to in TRUTH. An order has just been sent down for twenty clerks to proceed to out stations, but the fortunate twenty have been drawn entirely from the fifth grade, men of a few weeks' service who have not yet become qualified clerks. The effect of releasing these men from fatigue work is naturally to accentuate the grievance of their seniors, who have been doing day labourers' duty for eighteen months or two years past, and now see themselves apparently further than ever from the chance of a "shift."

An Army Medical Officer supplements what I said last week about medical inspections with a strong expression of opinion that for all practical purposes this formality is useless. If a man, he says, has a disease requiring hospital treatment, he will either voluntarily declare it or he will conceal it, and if he desires to conceal it the hurried and superficial inspection which he undergoes from the doctor will not detect it. This officer, I ought to

say, controverts what I said in regard to the unnecessary exposure which is inflicted on the men, and gives particulars of the arrangements which he has been familiar with. What I described may not be universal; I am not, of course, in a position to say as much as that; but I have had evidence to the same effect from many different quarters. Adding what I have stated to what my medical friend now tells me, I should say that parades for medical inspection might very well be done away with altogether.

A case has just come under my notice, in which a Sergeant, who had been discharged to the Reserve after eight years' service, desired, after three or four months of civil life, to return to the colours, and made his application at the Depot accordingly. The Depot authorities communicated with the man's former C.O. in India, and then informed him that his C.O. was willing to have him back as Sergeant. The man then threw up his civil employment, but only to learn by a letter from the War Office that he could only be allowed to rejoin as a private. Being loth to do this, he found himself between two stools. If it is the invariable rule that an N.C.O. can only rejoin as a private, the rule ought to be made clearly known. In the present case the man seems to have been actually misled at the Depot by those who should have put him right.

That there would be objections to allowing an N.C.O. who has left the battalion to come back on his old footing, I fully appreciate. On the other hand, it is extremely improbable that any man who has once enjoyed the full-blown dignity of a Sergeant will voluntarily return to his former comrades shorn of all distinctive rank. It is generally understood that old, seasoned N.C.O.'s are at a high premium throughout the Army, and the attitude of the Commanding Officer in the above case seems to show that he thought the man's return in his former rank would be to the public interest. It seems desirable, therefore, that some concession should be made for the encouragement of N.C.O.'s desiring to return to the colours. How would it do to let them serve at the Depot until a vacancy occurred in their former battalions?

I hear that about 50,000 tins of essence of beef, which were purchased by the late Government for the use of the forces in Egypt, have been condemned at Malta. What, in the name of common sense, could be the object of purchasing 100,000 tins of the compound when only 50,000 were required, with the natural result that the surplus stock was kept at Malta until it turned bad?

It is understood that the Channel Squadron is to spend the Christmas holidays at home, an arrangement which will be very popular. The Tory Board of Admiralty always made it a point to keep the Channel Squadron abroad or at sea during Christmas, so that the officers and men lost their holiday leave. Lord Spencer and his colleagues are a great deal more considerate of the comfort and convenience of the Fleet than were their predecessors.

Is it generally known that all the money subscribed in the Mediterranean Fleet for a wedding present to the Duke of York went down in the ill-fated *Victoria*? Such was, I believe, the case, though personally I was unaware of the fact until my attention was called to it by the following letter. I cannot endorse my correspondent's views, but they help to show what a popularity the Duke of York has acquired with the fair sex:—

DEAR "TRUTH,"—I see that you offer some suggestions with regard to the application of the surplus of the *Victoria* Fund. Surely there is one sufferer who ought not to be overlooked, though nobody seems to have thought of him, poor fellow! I mean, of course, H.R.H. the Duke of York, who lost all the money—I forget how many thousand pounds—that had been subscribed in the Mediterranean Fleet for a present to him and his bride. I know you think that they had too many wedding presents, but I don't think anybody could have too many; and if, as you say, there is a lot of money over, I must say that I think the Duke and Duchess ought to be compensated out of it just as much as the poor man you were talking about who lost his kit.—Yours, A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.

It is a question worth an answer, why all this money was kept on board the flag-ship, when there are English banks at Malta, into which one would have expected that the subscriptions would have been paid as a matter of course. I believe that this is not the only sum of money in regard to which the same question might be asked. A great deal of public cash is kept on board H.M. ships which by all accounts might just as well, if not far better, be banked on shore.

A certain Major-General Synge has just provoked a violent storm of indignation at Portsmouth by a stupidly-offensive letter which he wrote to a local paper with reference to the Patriotic Commission and the distribution of the *Victoria* Fund. In this epistle the Major-General considerately referred to "young persons keeping company with sailors, who, being good enough to get drowned, ensure them a luxurious provision for life, and for offspring possibly of a very questionable paternity." A community largely composed of sailors and sailors' wives and children was naturally not inclined to pocket this abominable and gratuitous insult, and an indignation meeting was held, at which the Major-General was very roughly handled—figuratively speaking. He thought it prudent not to appear in the flesh, or probably the rough handling would have taken a more literal shape, for, as one speaker expressed it, he had insulted every sailor's wife, from the Duchess of York down to the ladies attending the meeting.

Now, Portsmouth having had its turn at Major-General Synge, I should like to have a word with him. The Major-General is the Honorary Superintendent of the "Army and Navy Convalescent and Training Homes for Invalided Men," 24, Landport-terrace, Southsea. This institution has been in existence for some years, and it is largely supported by substantial contributions from various regiments in the Regular Army. The Adjutant of a regiment in India, having forwarded at one time and another over Rs. 1,300 to the Home, wrote recently to Major-General Synge, asking for a balance-sheet or information as to the expenditure, no particulars of which are furnished in the periodical reports. The

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answer of the Major-General was that a balance-sheet was not issued because it would disclose a deficit which had not been thrown on the institution, and those who had accepted the burden did not wish to parade themselves as having done so. General statements as to the work done were also given by him, but no details in pounds, shillings, and pence. Later on the Major General concluded a long and decidedly impertinent letter in this strain:—

> If you want a balance-sheet merely to show that the subscriptions for the year in question were honestly applied, say so. If you want to show that these have been inadequate to the support and efforts of the institution, this forms the very gist of my endeavours—now taken up by a Committee you do not impugn to place an institution sufficiently described in its papers upon a safe and adequate foundation.

Had I been in the position of the gentleman to whom this was addressed I should certainly have accepted the first alternative, and said that I wanted a balance-sheet in order to show that the subscriptions were honestly applied. For what other purpose does anybody want a balance-sheet from a charitable institution? Everybody who subscribes to a charity has a right to be furnished with accounts showing that the moneys received have been honestly applied, and everybody who receives money for charitable purposes ought to furnish such accounts regularly. On the Committee of the Army and Navy Homes there appear to be a number of eminent warriors, but neither their military eminence nor that of Major-General Synge, who seems to be the one responsible official, absolves them from the ordinary duty of giving an account of their stewardship. I advise them to impress this fact forthwith upon their Honorary Superintendent; and while they are about it they might also recommend him a little judicious study of the art of polite letter writing, or his pen may get him yet into worse trouble than it has already.

There is evidently a concerted scheme to rush us into an increase of our Navy. If the Navy be not strong enough for defence, then it ought to be increased. What I object to, is augmenting it on the basis of holding the Mediterranean in the event of war, if our naval experts tell us that this would not be our course in that event. Our first step should be to decide whether we should endeavour to hold that sea. If this be tactically a mistake, we ought not to do so. Our only interest in it is to keep open our communications through it with the East, and to protect our commerce in it. If it be deemed that we cannot do this without risking defeat through spreading our war-ships over too large an area, then we ought to block the exit, withdraw our mercantile marine during the duration of hostilities, and communicate with the East by the alternative route of the Cape. The whole question is one of tactics, rather than of principle or sentiment. In case of war, our object would be to win; for the winner would be able to dictate the terms of peace; and whether we win in the Atlantic or in the Mediterranean, is a mere question of detail. As for counting on either the Germans or the Italians to help us, were we engaged in a war with France or Russia, this would indeed be trusting to two reeds. The Germans would look on with pleasure at France being weakened by hostilities, and would certainly not incur a war with that country and Russia for our sakes. Italy would simply consider her own interests, and these would be to keep out of the war if possible.

I see no reason, however, why we should go to war with either Russia or France, or why France or Russia should go to war with us. I have always regarded a friendly feeling with France as the keynote of what our policy ought to be; and I have always believed it would be easy for us to establish a line of demarcation between ourselves and Russia in Asia, provided that we would agree not to meddle beyond that line. The Triple Alliance led to the Dual Alliance between France and Russia, and this Triple Alliance was brought about by our vague assurances of support to Italy. As it is, we should keep clear of both of these Alliances, and look alone to the interests of the vast number of human beings within our Empire, without meddling outside that Empire. We have had many wars in the last 150 years. Not one of them has been the result of any Power attacking us, but invariably we have been dragged into them by our mania for meddling in other people's affairs. Surely we ought to profit by this great historical lesson, and keep our breath to cool our own soup, like that very intelligent nation, the United States.

The *Times* puts it thus: "The average expenditure of England for the last five years has been £4,570,000. It is manifest that this average amount will not suffice for the next five years if France is to build ships at the rate of £2,900,000, and Russia at the rate of £2,600,000. An average annual expenditure of £5,500,000 will only barely keep us abreast of our rivals at that level of superiority the maintenance of which," &c. What I have always said has been, that the incautious declaration of Lord George Hamilton, that we must always have a fleet equal in strength to that of any two Powers, has had the direct effect of leading foreign Powers to build ships, just as when one Continental Power announces that it will increase the number of its soldiers the others follow suit. Let us suppose that Russia and France double their expenditure in ships; are we to double ours? This would bring us to an expenditure of £11,000,000 per annum, whilst it would only cost each of those Powers £5,500,000. It is like playing the game of unlimited poker against two adversaries who have a joint bank.

Now, what would be our position, if we stand to our text that our supremacy over the sea is absolutely dependent on our naval forces being equal to that of our opponents? Italy would only have to join in the war against us for this supremacy to disappear, or, in other words, our fate would be in the hands of Italy. This

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supremacy, however, does not mean, I gather, that we should have a sufficient naval strength to enable us to come victors out of the struggle by concentrating our forces, but that, during the war, our trade routes should be as safe to the British commercial marine as in peace. Moreover, we ignore skill and tactics, but make the question merely one of numbers. This is simply a position in which we might ruin ourselves without war.

A "special instruction" just issued from the Admiralty ordains that all officers on shore, when known to be officers, even though in plain clothes, must be saluted. It might have been supposed that by this time more reasonable views of this matter would have asserted themselves even at Whitehall. When an officer is saluted, it is in deference to his rank and authority as holding the Queen's Commission. When on shore, and dressed as a civilian, he is, for the time, divested of his official attributes. To require that he shall then be saluted, is to imply that the salute is offered to the man and not to the officer, which is illogical, and, I should have supposed, unconstitutional.

The Indian Government has meted out a somewhat merciless measure of justice to Mr. W. B. Ewin, who was recently dismissed from the Bengal Pilot Service on a charge of drunkenness, arising out of the grounding of the steamer *Arratoon Apcar* in the Hooghly. At the time of his dismissal Mr. Ewin was a Senior Master Pilot, with seventeen years' service to his credit, and he had never incurred censure of any kind in the performance of his duties. To cast a good servant adrift under such circumstances, with a ruinous stigma upon him, is a step which could only be justified by the clearest evidence. I have had an opportunity of inspecting the evidence in Mr. Ewin's case, and it seems far from clear. Had he been tried on this charge before a court of law, almost any jury, looking at the discrepancies in the evidence, and discounting (as they ought to be discounted) the opinions formed by the Captain and his officers in a moment of anxiety and confusion, would have declined to convict Mr. Ewin. His case has now been laid before the Secretary of State, and I think that Lord Kimberley, even if he does not see his way to pronounce Mr. Ewin wrongly convicted, will have no difficulty in deciding that no case has been made out which justifies his dismissal from the Service.

With reference to the paragraphs upon the Indian Commander-in-Chief and the Nurses in TRUTH of the 9th inst., I have been favoured by an officer of the Medical Staff with a very bitter attack upon the ladies of the Nursing Service. The mildest thing this gentleman has to say is that the nurses are professionally worse than useless, while his strongest remarks, or insinuations, are of a character which I should be sorry to publish. That there is in some instances little love lost between doctors and nurses in this country I am aware; but if this is a sample of what prevails in India there must be a cat-and-dog feud in every hospital. Until I have further evidence in that direction, however, I shall take the liberty of thinking that for some reason my correspondent is a little biassed. As a pleasant contrast to his letter, here is an extract from another which arrived by the same post. The writer is an N.C.O. in a line regiment. My readers can choose between the opinion of the soldier and the doctor:—

> Referring to your issue of the 9th inst., *re* lady nurses in India, please allow one, who honestly believes that he owes his life to these excellent ladies, to say a word in their defence. None but those who have had personal experience of it can understand the extent of their devotion to the cause they have undertaken. Think, sir, what a change it is for sick men from the hands of native orderlies to those of gentle, kind-hearted English women. If "the very influential section of home society" would transfer their attention to some of the real abuses of Army life, they would be more likely to please the soldier abroad (and his friends at home) than by interfering with the well-earned recreation of *his best friends in India*.

I hear from a correspondent in the Levant that the money for rebuilding the hospital at Smyrna (£8,000) has already been voted by Parliament. This fact will doubtless be news to the majority of British taxpayers, not to mention Members of Parliament, and it is highly characteristic of the manner in which Parliamentary affairs are conducted that news of such a fact should reach this country viâ Smyrna. It is a thousand pities that those interested in the Levant trade did not take steps earlier to inform public opinion in this country of the true facts of the case; for there cannot now be the slightest doubt that a more senseless and indefensible piece of wastefulness has never been committed.

What makes the matter worse is that a protest against the rebuilding of the hospital was addressed to Lord Rosebery by the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom on March 11 last, while another from firms at Smyrna was despatched on March 21, a memorial from the same firm, forwarded through the Consul-General at Smyrna, on February 10, having been for some unexplained reason detained by that official. The hospital is not only to be rebuilt, but it is to be removed to another site outside the town, and the official reply to the Chamber of Shipping was that this was done in obedience to the sanitary regulations of the Porte. It appears that no new hospitals or additions to existing hospitals are allowed within the town; and the parties who floated the scheme for the new hospital had started the idea that the existing institution required the addition of an infectious diseases ward. But I understand that, at the outside, only one or two infectious cases have been admitted to the hospital per annum, while it is certain that the accommodation in the building has long been in excess of the requirements, and equally certain that by removing the institution outside the town, what little usefulness it has possessed in ordinary cases will be entirely destroyed. Had Lord Rosebery looked into the matter when the protest of the Chamber of Shipping was delivered, he could not have failed to see that instead of spending £8,000 upon it, the most sensible course would be to close the hospital.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.—A Merryweather's Fire Pump, with Buckets, for my friend's country house. Price Lists.—63, Long-acre, London, W.C.

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As it is, he seems to have been led into sanctioning a nefarious raid upon the public purse by one or two interested individuals, without the slightest prospect of any public benefit resulting.

Mr. Arch. R. Whitehead has put forward a plan for Post Office Insurances and Annuities which has considerable merit. At present, says Mr. Whitehead, Industrial Life Companies have policies in force of the total value of £132,000,000, which is about 270 times the amount insured in the Post Office. In these Companies the working expenses average 14 per cent., and about two-thirds of the policies lapse, often without surrender value. Consequently, out of £5,500,000 paid annually in premiums, nearly £3,500,000 are wasted, so far as regards the provident poor. Now, although the Post Office Insurance and Annuities business has been established for twenty-seven years, the insurers and annuitants only average about two persons to each agency. This, Mr. Whitehead opines, is because those whose incomes are uncertain and precarious cannot promise to make periodic payments throughout the greater portion of their lives. He, therefore, proposes what he terms the single premium system, with 1d. as the unit. The Post Office would offer a shilling's worth of life insurance or old-age pay for every shilling invested at any time, the necessary tables being exhibited at every agency. For example, at the age of 20 a person might buy for a shilling a paid-up policy of 2s. 6d., or old-age pay of 7d. per annum, commencing at 65; at the age of 35 a policy of 2s., or an old-age pay of 4½d.; and at the age of 50 a policy of 1s. 9d., or old-age pay 2¼d.

When a man forges a cheque upon a London banker, the Association of Bankers runs him to earth no matter at what cost, for the almost-certainty of the forger's conviction is the only security that the Bankers have against the forgery of the names of clients. The *Economist* last week stated, in discussing the rumours respecting what has happened at the Bank of England, that "something graver than a mere error of judgment has been committed." This, practically, is an assertion on the part of one of the most respectable of City papers that a fraud has been committed. The Directors of the Bank of England appear to me, therefore, to be in this position—either they must bring an action against the *Economist*, or they must take proceedings against the person in their employment who is charged with fraud by the *Economist*. If they do neither, they either admit that the Bank of England condones a fraud when it takes place within its portals, or that a serious charge of fraud in regard to what has happened within its portals may be made with impunity.

For a long time past efforts have been made at Devonport to induce either the Military or Civil authorities to deal with the disgusting and dangerous condition of the bathing-place in the bay at the foot of Mount Wise. A more revolting condition of things does not probably exist anywhere in the Kingdom. The bay in question is the only available bathing-place for the town and the garrison, and in the summer hundreds of men and boys bathe there daily. Yet into the very centre of it is discharged a sewer which drains the Raglan Barracks and some of the adjacent houses. The consequent condition of the water may be readily imagined. A sample taken from the ordinary bathing place has just been analysed by a high authority. He reports upon this sample:—

> The impure character of "B" was amply evident on the mere inspection of the sample; it was turbid, a dirty brown colour, and emitted a most offensive sewage odour, perceptible at 2 ft. or 3 ft. from the bottle. . . .
>
> In short, it has the character of a sewage diluted sea water, and to bathe in a water so offensively smelling, and having the composition of this sample ("B") is a procedure, in my opinion, dangerous to health, and, under some conditions, even to life.

Hitherto the Military and Civil authorities have been at loggerheads as to whose business it is to abate this scandal. If after the foregoing report they do not speedily adjust their differences, they can only be charged with culpable indifference to the safety of human life.

Penarth seems to be afflicted in its Local Board with a singularly vacillating and muddle-headed body. Considering that the Surveyor had been guilty of negligence and carelessness, the Board called upon him to resign. He did so, and the vacancy was widely advertised. The salary offered was £200 per annum—an increase of £40 upon what had hitherto been paid—and there were a large number of candidates for the appointment. Some of the applicants came to Penarth, the Board paying their railway fares, and it cannot be doubted that amongst them there were men admirably qualified for the position. But at the eleventh hour the Board abandoned the idea of engaging a new man, and reinstated the old Surveyor at the advanced salary. This fortunate official has therefore been awarded an extra £40 a year in consequence of his negligence and carelessness, whilst the ratepayers have to pay the little bill for advertisements, railway fares, &c. The latter are naturally not so well satisfied with the proceedings as the Surveyor, and they have now called upon the members of the Board to resign. It certainly seems about time Penarth had a new Board.

Who can wonder at the disaster which lately overtook Worthing? At the election of a new Mayor the other day, Alderman Piper, the candidate for that office, was questioned as to a statement he had made that if he had been in the position of the late Mayor he would have taken the same course as that functionary in repressing the damning report of Professor Crookshank upon the water-supply of the town. In reply to the question the Alderman stuck to his guns. At the time when the Report was received, he argued, they had the opinion of their medical and sanitary advisers, that the epidemic was over (it will be remembered that there was in the first instance a slight and temporary outbreak), and that it had resulted from accidental causes. *Ergo*, said the Alderman, the Mayor was justified in concealing from his colleagues that an expert had condemned the ordinary water-supply in the most unqualified terms. When the rulers of a town are so slow as this to learn from the bitterest experience, no calamity can be wondered at. Dr. Crookshank's report

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showed clearly that the local medical and sanitary advisers of the Corporation were utterly at fault, and gave every reason to apprehend what has actually happened. To suppress it was to remove the one chance of averting disaster. It would have frightened people away, says the new Mayor. Why, what has the other policy done?

The best thing that could possibly have been done for Worthing last spring, was to publish to all the world that the water-supply was infected, and to warn people away till its defects had been cured. This would have emptied the town for that season; whereas, in a criminally foolish attempt to avoid that result, the late Mayor and his colleagues have emptied it for the next ten.

Following on the report by the City Medical Officer of Health, to which I referred the other day, Christ's Hospital has now been closed, not temporarily, but for good, and a makeshift arrangement has been devised for the housing of the school between this and the opening of the new buildings at Horsham, which will, I take it, be a matter of many months, if not years. The authorities will now have an opportunity of reflecting upon the soundness of the advice which I gave them a year and a half back, when they were good enough to let me investigate the condition of the premises. I told them then that the only safe way of avoiding the sanitary dangers by which the school was beset was to move into temporary premises pending the erection of the new buildings. Had this been done a year ago, it would have been better for the welfare of the school, and the credit of the governing authorities.

When St. Bartholomew's Hospital earned itself an unenviable notoriety by its insanitary condition, we were told that the vast accumulation of surplus wealth which has been in progress at that institution was designed for the purpose of acquiring a portion of the Christ's Hospital site when the opportunity should arise. As the opportunity is now arising, it seems time for a vigorous protest against any such waste of money. I am not thinking of the dangers of the site, though it is quite certain that, before it is fit for use, a huge sum will have to be spent in unearthing and removing the subterranean abominations which several centuries have left behind them. The real objection is to the purchase of land for charitable purposes at £100,000 an acre in the heart of the City of London. The money which the authorities of St. Bartholomew's propose to squander on merely adding one or two wards to their present premises would suffice to build two or three hospitals in outlying districts where they are badly wanted. All who are interested in London hospital management should bestir themselves to prevent this folly while there is yet time.

The Guardians of Lismore Union have passed and forwarded to me a resolution that the paragraph in TRUTH of the 9th inst. respecting an outbreak of fever at that town is "an unwarrantable exaggeration." The resolution goes on to give particulars of the number of cases, which are said to be thirty-nine instead of from ninety to one hundred, and also of the precautions adopted in "the first case of typhus" *(sic)*, and in the typhoid cases. The Guardians add, what I am glad to hear, that there is now (November 16) only one case of fever in Ballyduff, and one other in the entire Union, except for ten of typhus and one of typhoid in hospital (all convalescent). Having stated so much, it is quite unnecessary for me to comply with the request of the Guardians that I will publish their resolution in full, for it has absolutely no bearing on my paragraph, beyond the precise figures in regard to the extent of the epidemic. There is no doubt that there has been a very serious outbreak. All that I gave beyond that were some facts in regard to the dissemination of the disease by bed-clothing, and upon this the Guardians say nothing. Appended to their communication is a newspaper extract in which a gentleman denies that my statement applies to bed-clothing in his house, but what this is worth I am unable to see.

A Plymouth paper gives some deplorable particulars of insanitary districts in Cornwall, notably Camelford, where there has been a serious epidemic of typhoid, and the Liskeard Union, in various parts of which typhoid, diphtheria, and scarlet fever have been rife. From these and certain other recent cases, it would seem that the Cornish sanitary authorities are in special need of attention from the higher powers at Whitehall, but how far they are from receiving it, the following facts will show. In February, 1892, a complaint was addressed to the Local Government Board of the inaction of the St. German's Sanitary Authority in regard to a nuisance in their district. In September, 1892, the Board informed the complainant that it was about to make an order conferring certain necessary powers on the said Sanitary Authority. In October, 1893, nothing further having happened, the complainant got his solicitor to write, pointing out a section of the Public Health Act under which the Board are bound to take action. Then, only one year and eight months after the first complaint, were draft by-laws sent down from Whitehall. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

Since I referred last week to Mr. Hastie's dispute with the Great Western Railway Company over his excess luggage, I have heard that the Company have issued a County-court summons, so that the question is now likely to be fought out by due process of law. This announcement will sufficiently answer one or two gentlemen who have written to me for further information respecting the law—including the musician whose 'cello has been so hardly dealt with by the Brighton Company. I take it that the majority of Companies, however, have clear regulations on the subject of luggage, and that they could have no objection to supply, if asked for it, the statutory authority for their charges.

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Letters have been published in Dorsetshire, written by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour to Mr. Farquharson, M.P., with reference to Mr. Gatty's slander action. Lord Salisbury says:—"Nothing came under my notice . . . . which justified the impression that you have been making use of matters of personal and private history for the purpose of advancing your electoral prospects." What Mr. Farquharson expects to gain by this flattering testimonial it is difficult to understand. Lord Salisbury may, of course, think as he pleases. Twelve jurymen, however, after the best opportunity of judging, thought otherwise. So strong were they in their opinion that they ordered Mr. Farquharson to pay £5,000 damages. Public opinion, regardless of party, unanimously endorsed their verdict. Lord Salisbury, though an important personage, is not the ultimate court of appeal either from the verdicts of juries or of the public.

A correspondent sends me an interesting balance-sheet of the estate of C. A. Floyd, in Bankruptcy. The total received by the official liquidator was £758. 3s. 4d. £215. 9s. 11d. went to preferential creditors, leaving for other creditors £542. 13s. 5d. Of this, the sum of 8s. 2d. remains for distribution amongst these creditors, the remainder having been expended in costs of liquidation.

Here is so monstrous a case of Justices' justice that I would call special attention to it. Charles Moss, of Mickleton, Gloucestershire, is married and has nine children, and his average earnings are 12s. per week. Crossing an orchard on his way to go to his work, he picked up four apples that were lying on his path. Moss is a man of blameless character, but he is a Liberal and a Dissenter. Brought before the Campden Magistrates, one of whom is a Canon, and all of whom are Tories, for this crime he was fined £1. 4s. And he has since been told that he will not partake in the charity coal distribution on account of his heinous wickedness—this being a further loss to him of 12s. This is the same Bench, which, as recorded in TRUTH at the time, fined a Tory rough 9s. for kicking and seriously injuring a child who had dared to hurrah for the Liberal candidate during the last Cirencester Election. At the same time they fined the father of the child 27s. for collaring the man who had kicked his child, and I am credibly informed that they also ordered that the sentence against the Tory rowdy should not be recorded.

I lately alluded to the serious reflections which Mr. M. Huggard, a Wexford solicitor, had made upon the conduct of the Taghmon Bench, and quoted his remark that it is far more risky for a peasant to fire at a pheasant than for a gamekeeper to fire at a peasant. I added that this was certainly so if all Mr. Huggard said was true. Mr. Huggard has now furnished me with newspaper reports of cases before the Bench which fully bear out his statements. I therefore feel justified in endorsing what he said without any qualifying words.

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Apropos to what I said last week respecting lawful and unlawful sport, comes an account of a case at Wokingham Petty Sessions, where the Earl of Rothes, John Griffiths, and Charles Peers were convicted of ill-treating and torturing a cat. I fancy that even my friend at Leeds to whose letter I referred, will hardly care to argue that such a game as the noble Earl and his companions engaged in should be permitted because the cruelty attendant upon stag-hunting and rabbit-coursing is not also within the reach of the law. It was proved that the three defendants took a cat into a field and set on a greyhound to capture it. A scratch was enough to make the greyhound bolt, and two terriers were then incited to worry the wretched puss, which, being seized by the fore and hind quarters, was torn and otherwise mutilated. Finally, these promising young sportsmen shot the cat with revolvers. The penalty imposed by Sir Warwick Morshead and his fellow Magistrates for this horrible cruelty was £1 each and costs.

Considering that the defendants are only youths—the Earl of Rothes, I believe, is sixteen—I am loth to say that they should have been committed to prison, and the Bench had not, of course, power to order a flogging, which would have been the most salutary punishment. But I am rather inclined to think that a spell of hard labour would have been the fate of the three young barbarians, in spite of their age, if they had been in a humbler social position. At all events, I observe that on the day Lord Rothes and his friends were thus leniently dealt with at Wokingham, another Berkshire County Bench, sitting at Maidenhead, sentenced Thomas Bowles, also sixteen years of age, to a month's hard labour without [the option of a fine for ill-treating two donkeys by violently beating them. Somehow the theory that the law is the same for the rich and the poor frequently gives way beneath the strain of practice.

The praiseworthy efforts of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children do not receive much encouragement at the hands of the Dover Magistrates. Last week a boatman was charged with neglecting his four children. The evidence left no doubt that he had neglected them, and that whilst they were without sufficient food he was spending money in getting drunk. It appeared also that many complaints had been made about his conduct, and that in consequence of his neglect his wife and two other children had gone into the workhouse. Most people will regard this as a case demanding some kind of punishment, but the compassionate Bench let the defendant off with a "severe caution." I fear severe cautions are not likely to have much effect in making drunken and neglectful parents care for their unfortunate children.

Before the Rochester County Magistrates the other day a young costermonger was convicted under the Lord's Day Act of Charles II. for publicly crying shrimps and winkles. The Bench ordered him to pay five shillings towards the costs, which were nine shillings, and considering that it was the first time the defendant has been out selling on the Lord's Day, one would have

thought that the penalty was sufficiently heavy to satisfy the most exacting Sabbatarian. It failed, however, to satisfy Mr. J. Basset, the Clerk to the Gillingham Local Board, who prosecuted, and he pointed out the grievous fact that the remaining four shillings of the costs would fall upon the ratepayers. The Bench declined to alter their decision to suit Mr. Basset, but apparently they lacked the courage to thwart him a second time. He objected to time being given for payment of the five shillings, and the defendant was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment in default of the money being forthcoming before the rising of the Court.

A Suffolk coroner's jury have come to the conclusion that great carelessness and lack of judgment were shown in the recent removal of two aged and infirm paupers from Worlingworth to Eye Workhouse. The jury certainly appear to have had good cause for saying so. An old man of ninety, who was ill, and his aged wife, who had had her thigh fractured, were placed in a tumbrel and driven in this conveyance a distance of seven miles. It was a bitterly cold day, and owing, as it was explained, to the horse being an old one, the journey occupied no less than seven hours. Within a week or so after their admission to the workhouse both the old people died, and the jury were of opinion that in the man's case "very probably death was hastened by the removal." It is to be hoped that the Hoxne Guardians, whose officer carried out the removal, will take steps to prevent the repetition of such a scandal.

I have been taken to task by the Clerk to the Newtown Justices (Montgomeryshire) for a comment in TRUTH of November 2 upon a decision of the Bench. As the matter was represented in TRUTH, the Chairman, after a charge of indecent assault had been dismissed, told the defendant that his conduct had been "shameful," and that "had he been sent for trial, he would, no doubt, have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment." On this I very naturally remarked that the man ought in that case to have been sent for trial, adding sundry observations on the mental capacity of the Magistrates who would discharge a prisoner while pronouncing him guilty. On November 9 the Clerk to the Justices wrote to tell me that the report was inaccurate, and to ask an explanation as to how it appeared in TRUTH. I replied that the facts which I mentioned and the words which I quoted were taken from a report of the proceedings in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. The Clerk replies that the report was inaccurate. I had perhaps better give his exact words :—

> That report is incorrect in stating that the charge was one of indecent assault. It was a charge of rape, which, under the circumstances, could not be reduced to the charge either of indecent assault or common assault, and the defendant fully admitted the immorality, but the girl, who resisted the attempt, had not screamed or given such an alarm as would have enabled the jury to convict.
>
> The Chairman said, on returning from the retiring-room, that the Justices "did not think that the evidence was such upon which a jury would convict, and it was, therefore, their duty to dismiss the charge."
>
> The Chairman added, at the end of his address, "had we committed you for trial, *and had you been convicted by the jury* there is no doubt you would have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment."

I admit at once that this explanation entirely alters the effect of the report, and exonerates the Justices from any such imputation as that put upon them in my criticism of the case. I regret very much that the mistake should have been made. At the same time, it will be seen that it was due solely to the negligence and incompetence of the local reporter. Experience has taught me to receive the evidence of these gentlemen with suspicion, but in this particular instance the reporter did his best to disarm suspicion by reproducing the Chairman's remarks to the prisoner verbatim and in the first person. He will possibly say that he did not hear the important words, "had you been convicted by the jury," and, under ordinary circumstances, I might have been disposed to think that the Chairman had not said all that he intended to say or supposed himself to have said. In this case, however, the reporter has put himself out of court by his other blunders. He misstates—probably from motives of false delicacy—the nature of the charge, and he fails to mention that the case was dismissed because the Bench did not consider that a jury would convict upon that particular charge. Scarcely a week passes but what some comment in TRUTH upon provincial police-reports reveals in this way their gross inaccuracy, and although the Great Unpaid regard TRUTH as their deadly foe, I am inclined to think that they have far more dangerous enemies in some of the provincial papers, which profess to be their sincere friends.

The Bridgnorth Borough Justices were guilty of a gross dereliction of duty last week. Two Sergeants in the Shropshire Constabulary were charged on remand with inflicting grievous bodily harm on a labourer on September 16. When the case came on, the solicitor for the prosecution stated that he had had a consultation with the solicitors for the defence, and that "an agreement had been come to," and he asked to be allowed to withdraw the charge. The terms of the agreement were not mentioned in Court, but a newspaper reports that "both defendants have agreed to pay the prosecutor £40 and costs." Now, though it is quite conceivable that an injured man would rather receive a substantial sum as compensation than see his assailants sent to gaol, one would think that the biggest numskull on the Bench would realise that an accusation of such gravity against two police-officers ought not to be disposed of in this way. Instead, however, of insisting upon a full and open investigation, the Mayor of Bridgnorth and his colleagues, Messrs. J. W. McMichael and W. Rhodes, J.P.'s, complacently consented to the withdrawal of the charge. In the interests of the public, as well as for the reputation of the Shropshire Constabulary, it is to be hoped that the matter will not be allowed to end here, but that the conduct of the two Sergeants will be seriously considered by the proper authorities.

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The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Amongst the several examples of misplaced lenity comprised in the list, I would particularly call attention to the utterly inadequate penalties imposed for most cowardly and brutal assaults at Wootton Bassett, Hungerford, and Gosport. The average J.P. seems to imagine that a more or less trifling payment in cash sufficiently expiates the worst acts of personal violence, though any slight offence against the precious rights of the property-owner or the game-preserver can only be wiped out by a term of imprisonment:—

East Dereham Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Gurdon, Lieut.-Colonel Hyde, Mr. W. D. E. Bulwer, and Sir Ralph Hare, Bart. David Mower and his wife, charged with ill-treating their niece, aged eleven. The child had been severely beaten with a stick and a strap, and a patch of her hair torn out. Although suffering from cataract she was struck in the eye, which was blackened. Fined £1, including costs.

Hungerford Petty Sessions. Before Major Aldridge, Hon. A. Dawson, and Mr. H. M. Appach. James Huntley, charged with assaulting his wife. He struck her across the face with a poker. She fainted, and afterwards went to a doctor, who said her face was covered with blood, and the upper eyelid cut through. The Bench thought there had been faults on both sides, but defendant had no right to use the poker. Fined 1s. and 20s. costs, and bound over.

Gosport Police-court. Patrick Charles, driver in the Army Service Corps, convicted of an entirely unprovoked assault on Emma Tompkins. He struck her in the mouth, knocking out some of her teeth, and rendering her insensible. Fined 5s., and 4s. costs.

Wootton Bassett Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. Wykeham-Martin, N. Story Maskelyne, and J. H. Sadler. Harry Cook, Frank Bunce, and Robert Bunce, charged with assaulting John Selby, and the first-named also charged with assaulting Selby's wife. Defendants attacked the husband, knocking him down, and most brutally ill-treating him. Cook then dragged the woman across a field, where he attempted to indecently assault her, and also struck her in the face, injuring her nose and blacking her eyes, and knocked her down. The Chairman said the doctor's evidence showed that if extreme care had not been used John Selby would not have survived, and the charge would have been manslaughter. Cook fined £3, including costs, Frank Bunce £5, and Robert Bunce £2. 10s.

Leominster County Police-court. Before Alderman T. B. Stallard and Mr. H. S. Newman. Sarah Nott, charged with ill-treating her child aged three years. The child, who was insured, was badly bruised, and the evidence showed that prisoner had on various occasions beaten him across the face, hands, and legs with her hands, with a switch, and with hop wires. She had also sometimes kicked the child and otherwise ill-treated him. Fined £1. 1s. and costs.

East Dereham Petty Sessions. Before Lieut.-Colonel Hyde, Mr. W. D. E. Bulwer, and Sir Ralph Hare. Henry Lebbell, charged with trespassing in search of game. Whilst driving along the road defendant got down, went into a field, and fired one shot at a partridge. His first offence. Fined £1. 3s. 6d., including costs.

Reigate Police-court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Brown) and Alderman Budgen. Martin Crump, charged with stealing threepennyworth of coke. Fine and costs £1. 4s.; in default, ten days. Time to pay refused.

Bury St. Edmund's Police-court. Frederick Moye, aged sixty-nine, charged with stealing meal, value one shilling. Six weeks.

Buckingham Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Mr. A. J. Roberts, Mr. H. E. Bull, and Colonel Neave. James Saving, charged with trespassing for rabbits. One month in default of paying £2. 18s. 6d.

Daventry Divisional Petty Sessions. William Mawby, signalman, charged with stealing 77 lb. of coal and a bottle of oil, the property of the London and North-Western Railway Company. Evidence was given as to the excellent character the prisoner had borne, and the Bench were asked to inflict a fine. One month.

Weston-super-Mare Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Turner, Mr. Mullins, Captain W. E. S. Battiscombe, and Mr. J. Jackson-Barstow. John Wingfield, charged with trespassing on the property of the Great-Western Railway Company. Fined £5 and costs; in default of distress, six weeks.

Wisbech Petty Sessions. Before the Mayor (Mr. A. W. May), Aldermen Groom and Goward, Messrs. J. Leach, W. M. Rust, W. S. Collins, and E. Dawburn. Mary Ann Holes, committed for fourteen days for failure to pay a fine of 2s. 6d. and 15s. costs for keeping a dog without a licence.

Croydon Borough Police-court. Before Mr. W. Duthi and Dr. T. R. Adams. John Ebbutt, convicted of assaulting his wife. After striking her a severe blow in the face with his fist, he hit her on the forehead with the butt-end of a stick. Seven days.

Monmouth County Police-court. Before Mr. G. Griffin, Colonel J. Davies, and Rev. L. A. Rees. James Pask, a powerful looking fellow, with six previous convictions for assault, and one for manslaughter, charged with assaulting two young men. One of the prosecutors was rendered insensible by a blow from Pask. Fined £2 and costs.

Bridgnorth Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor (Mr. W. Burton), Messrs. J. W. McMichael, and W. Rhodes. Charles Farrell, convicted of assaulting Edward Clarke. Defendant deliberately thrust his fingers into complainant's eyes, causing injuries which necessitated his seeking the services of a surgeon. Fined £1 and costs.

Epworth Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Stephenson and J. F. Watson. John Silvey, convicted of poaching. Three months, and a further six months in default of finding sureties.

St. Asaph Police-court. Before Mr. Walthall and Colonel Hore. Moses Williams, charged with poaching. Three months.

Croydon Borough Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. A wretched looking man, named Edward Thomas, charged with stealing a roll of flannelette which was exposed for sale. Fourteen days.

Monmouth Borough Police-court. John Williams and Edward George, convicted of stealing a duck. In default of paying £1. 1s. 6d. each, committed for fourteen days.

Newmarket (Suffolk) Petty Sessions. Before the Rev. W. Godfrey and Mr. O. P. Baldwin. Arthur Herrington, charged with stealing two partridges. Fourteen days.

Helmsley Police-court. Before the Rev. O. A. Manners. Thomas Clark and William Hill, charged with vagrancy. Fourteen days each.

An Eastbourne J.P. protests against the inclusion in the Pillory of the sentences on two tramps charged with refusing to perform their allotted task at Hailsham Workhouse. He says the culprits were two strong, able-bodied men, and that they declined to do any work whatever. My correspondent is in a better position than I am to judge of the character of the prisoners, and, upon consideration of his letter, I am disposed to think that the course adopted by the Bench was not, after all, exceptionally harsh. As a matter of fact, I intended the case to be taken more as an illustration of the treatment casuals receive at the hands of Bumble than as a reflection on the Magistrates. The men in question were called upon to perform a task of stone-breaking after a breakfast of bread and cold water. They objected to doing such labour on such a diet, and, though I acknowledge that the Bench could not disregard the breach of the regulations, I still consider that the objection was not unreasonable, and it ought to receive the attention of the Guardians.

A curious suggestion was made by Judge Turner during the hearing of an application in the Darlington County-court last week. His Honour was asked by the liquidator of a building society to sanction an arrangement for the sale of certain property under which the house agent and valuer was to be paid 1 per cent. on the purchase-money for introducing the purchaser. It was stated that, owing to the difficulty in finding purchasers, it would be to the advantage of the society to pay the 1 per cent. The Judge, however, considered the commission excessive, and suggested "that as the liquidator now knew the name of the purchaser, he could negotiate with him direct and leave the agent out in the cold." Seeing that the name had only been disclosed on the understanding that the commission would be paid, the

liquidator did not feel justified in accepting this advice. It seems to me more worthy of a pettifogging practitioner than of a judicial dignitary.

The action of the Common Serjeant in ordering a dose of "the cat" for half a dozen ruffians convicted of crimes of violence has been adversely criticised in some quarters. Such sentences always evoke an outburst of maudlin sentiment, in which the criminal gets a good deal of pity that would be better bestowed upon the victim of his outrage. For my part, I think Sir Forrest Fulton deserves great credit for the course he has adopted. To be thoroughly effectual as a deterrent, however, the application of corporal punishment in such cases must be more certain and less dependent upon the different views of different Judges on the subject. As to the instrument to be used, I see no objection, as I intimated last week, to the substitution of something else for "the cat" if that is deemed too cruel. This might, indeed, help to allay the prejudice which some humanitarians have at present against corporal punishment. The main thing is that corporal punishment should be inflicted in a way disagreeable to the criminal.

With reference to the paragraph in TRUTH of November 9, in which the *Midhurst Times* was cited as stating that Colonel Lascelles adjudicated in a case in which he had a very close interest, I am informed that the report of the paper in question was erroneous. Colonel Lascelles very properly retired from the Bench before the case was heard. I may add that the sentence seems to have been by no means an unreasonable one. Two men were sentenced to a month's hard labour each for destroying gorse on a common. It was not a case, however, of poor villagers in the neighbourhood cutting a little gorse for their own use. It seems that gorse is used in the manufacture of golf clubs, and for this purpose raids are made on the commons by gangs of men, who send off the spoils to London. In this particular district irretrievable damage is said to have been done by these means; and these two particular men had been repeatedly warned without effect. I entirely agree that it is desirable to teach a lesson to such depredators, and I trust that the rural J.P.'s will now take equally strong steps against those who despoil our lanes and hedgerows in anticipation of the tomfooleries of Primrose Day.

Some extraordinary statements have been made in a Lewisham paper respecting the circumstances under which a man named J. Mariano Williams, who had just become an inmate of the Lewisham Workhouse Infirmary, was certified as insane and conveyed to Cane Hill Asylum. It is asserted that within two hours of his being certified as insane in the Workhouse Williams was examined by the Chief-Superintendent and another Medical Officer in the Asylum, and that these gentlemen failed to detect the slightest trace of insanity. This in itself seems, to say the least, to call for some inquiry, but the further allegations which are made render the matter far more serious. Williams, it seems, some time ago made certain charges against the management of the Workhouse Infirmary, and a correspondent of the *Lewisham Independent* bluntly declares that the "poor fellow was put out of the way simply because he rendered such good service . . . in exposing the horrible doings in this institution, and which were fully borne out by the report of the Local Government Board Inspector." It is almost incredible that anything of the kind can have happened, but such an accusation having been publicly made should be publicly answered.

Provincial papers might, at very little cost or trouble, make themselves much more useful than they are. Under the heading, "Is it a Swindle?" the *Westmeath Independent* gravely recounts "a sensational item of news" respecting the burying of £14,000 at Charleville, co. Cork, and then proceeds to unfold the story of some one in the neighbourhood who has been favoured with the attentions of our old friend the Spanish prisoner. "We are inclined," sagely remarks the *Independent*, in conclusion, "to the supposition that the affair is an advertising swindle." If my contemporary had glanced at almost any number of TRUTH published during the last two years he would have been able to make a guess even nearer the mark. I call attention to this matter because I notice that the majority of my provincial contemporaries republish every week for the edification of their readers extracts from the current issue of TRUTH. This compliment I much appreciate, but it seems to me that these extracts are, as a rule, very strangely chosen. I cannot help thinking that in every number of TRUTH there is a great deal of matter which would be of far more use to the provincial reader than information respecting the latest doings of the most exalted personages.

I would warn my readers against a begging-letter writer named Charles Lister, who at present dates from 64, Munster-road, Fulham. Here is a sample from one of his latest epistles, addressed to a Yorkshire baronet:—

> I am a son of a man, a member of a good old Yorkshire family, Major Thomas St. George Lister formerly of the 74th Highlanders, but at the time of his death of the 3rd Dragoon Guards.
>
> I am in great distress for a few pounds and if you are disposed to assist me I will lay before you all necessary proofs of my *bona fides* and great need. I have had more than my share of trouble, failing in business from insufficient capital, and, directly after, being worried by a bloodhound, I was financially and bodily incapacitated. I was attended by the late Sir R. Quain and Berkeley Hill during my illness. I have a boy of seventeen totally blind through that mishap *(sic)*, and now I have one eleven lying in bed five months with tubes inserted in his lung, through his back, &c.

Why Lister speaks of it as a "mishap," that he was attended by "the late" Sir Richard Quain, or how this misfortune can have caused his son to be blind, I have not been able to learn. But I find that he is living in a comfortable little house in Fulham; that the bloodhound's attack has not, so far, incapacitated him as to prevent him getting about (for he was out when my representative called); and that the boy of eleven, with the tubes inserted in his lungs through his back, is on his legs, and to all appearance convalescent. When I add that Lister has been known to the Charity Organisation Society as a begging-letter writer since 1876, I hope I have said enough to show that he has no legitimate claims on the benevolent.

I have had a further letter from Dr. Arthur Welsford, of Dover, on the subject of quack advertisements, and several other communications dealing with other aspects of the subject have also reached me. As I have a good many other demands on my space this week, I think I shall be able to do better justice to my correspondents if I hold their letters over. I ought to mention, however, that I have received from Mr. Gliddon, of the Central Depot for Count Mattei's Remedies, a letter disputing Dr. Welsford's statements in regard to the Count's preparations. Mr. Gliddon asks to be allowed to state:—

1st. That Count Mattei does not sell any *fluid* as a *cure* for cancer. 2nd. That the liquids which he sells for the *relief* of cancer pains and for the purpose of arresting hæmorrhage were analysed in 1892 by Professor Casali, of Bologna, one of the ablest chemists in Italy. After an exhaustive analysis, the original report of which I shall be pleased to submit to you for your inspection, he declared that the liquids resembled aqueous solutions of vegetable substances. An analysis in 1893, made by Mr. F. C. Butterfield, F.C.S., F.I.C., harmonised with this.

I have no objection to state this much, in view of what was said in Dr. Welsford's letter; but I object emphatically to allow the Mattei question to be reopened at this date in the columns of TRUTH.

It is to be hoped that the police will soon find some ground for laying their hands on the man Maclean, for there seems no limit to his unscrupulous audacity. The following advertisement of his has been appearing in the *Irish News*:—

Members Wanted in Belfast and the North of Ireland for the British and Foreign Correspondence Association (Instituted June 1, 1882).

Advantages of Membership:—Social introductions at Home and Abroad. Facilities for Congenial correspondence on all subjects, Scientific, Commercial, and General. Encouragement of Literary Talent. Monthly magazines free to members. Hotel tariff privileges. Mercantile information from all parts. Influential support.

About 2,300 members enrolled in all parts of the world. Official magazine free to members monthly. Subscription, 3s. annually, with 1s. entrance fee. For further particulars enclose stamp to the Secretary, Mr. Angus Maclean, Temple Chambers, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. Eighth year now beginning. Specimen copy of the magazine, 3½d., post free.

When saying a short good-bye to Maclean a few months ago, I remarked that if the scoundrel had still a few old circulars of the "British and Foreign Association" in his possession, we should hear of him again as soon as he could raise a few postage stamps, and persuade some confiding householder to let him a room for an office. He seems to have surpassed my expectations, for he has gone to work again even before the "British and Foreign Association" has been provided with a new office. It may be remembered that "Temple Chambers" was the original address of the concern, but Maclean has not returned there, and, so far as I can learn, no one on the premises knows anything about him. Probably, therefore, he has an arrangement with the Post Office that letters addressed to him there shall be re-directed. As this rascal seems to think that there is still a chance of obtaining a few victims in "Belfast and the North of Ireland," I mention again, for the benefit of that corner of the Kingdom, that the "British and Foreign Association," which was never anything but a device for putting half-guineas into Maclean's pocket, has for some time past consisted solely of Maclean himself, who, when last seen, was carrying on under this name in a back street in Westminster a fraudulent agency for robbing persons in want of employment. The *Irish News*, and any other Irish papers which may have published Maclean's latest advertisement, owe it to their readers to repeat this information.

With regard to what I said a fortnight ago as to the Parliamentary petition of the Domestic Servants' Union, I have received a letter from Messrs. Griffith & Gardiner, solicitors to the Union, which seems to show conclusively by extracts from text-books and legal decisions, that an employer is under no obligation whatever to give a servant a character. I also hear that the law was recently administered in this sense to a servant girl by one of the Metropolitan Magistrates. This seems to me both hard and unjust, and I think that all fair-minded men and women who keep servants will agree with me. I hope, therefore, that the petition for an amendment of the law will not go unheeded.

Another point brought under my notice by the Servants' Union is the cleaning of windows from the outside by female servants. Here, I believe, the law is already all that is required; and, if I remember rightly, it has been enforced before now by public authorities against those householders who put girls to this dangerous occupation. It needs enforcing, however, far more strenuously. During the present month—in fact, during one week—two fatal accidents from this cause in London alone have been reported in the *Times*, and I am told that as many as a hundred lives have been lost in this way per annum. If these figures can be verified, they deserve to be added to Mr. Burns's "death-roll of labour."

It seems necessary for me to again repeat that I cannot publish or notice in TRUTH anonymous communications. There seems to have been an epidemic of anonymity among my correspondents during the last week or two. If persons desire me to publish or otherwise deal with their statements they must either let me know who they are, or give me some means of verifying their allegations.

The coal dispute is over, thanks to Lord Rosebery having induced the disputants to take a common-sense view of the situation. At present prices it has been evident to all that no reduction of wage was needed in order to enable pits to pay, excepting those whose owners had entered into foolish contracts. During the truce I would have both sides meditate over the following considerations:—1. No trade can secure a fair living wage to all if the number of men in it is so great that a fair week's work cannot be given to all. Just now there are more pitmen than can find a week's employment. Reduce the work of each to four days, and give a fair weekly wage for those four days' work, and the result will be that many who now get a fair wage in other branches of industry for a full week's work will crowd into pit work, for all prefer to work four days in a week to working five and a half days when the wage in both cases is the same. 2. A minimum rate of wage can only be

secured by making the wage independent of the selling price. A sliding-scale dependent on selling price is antagonistic to a fair minimum wage.

I do not believe in wage being dependent on sale price in any industry based upon the production of a necessity. It is necessary to build houses. But do wages of masons depend on the selling price of houses? In a colliery do the prices of the plant depend upon the selling price of the coal? One colliery may make much, another may make little, although the selling price of the product of both be the same. Ought there to be a difference of wage in these two collieries? A working man exchanges a certain amount of work for a certain amount of money. It is a business transaction on both sides. Whether the man with the money gains much or little by the transaction is his affair alone. He takes the risk of gain against the risk of loss. The efforts of working men should be concentrated on seeing that, in either case, they get their fair wage, no more no less, for more involves less. The proposition is so obvious in its truth, and the advantage of a fair living wage to the employed so clear, that I am surprised that they do not fight out the battle of labour on these lines.

In Bolton the Tories have adopted a wondrous system to ensure their political supremacy. They have a number of Conservative Sick and Benefit Associations. If a member of these Associations shows Liberal proclivities, he is turned out, without, so far as I can see, his subscriptions being returned to him. Here is a letter from the Chairman and Secretary of the Queen Victoria Lodge of the Bolton Sick and Burial Association:—

SIR, — We was inform at the Lodge night, Nov. 7, 1891, seen in the Bolton newspaper Nov. 6, that you have nominated a man for the Bolton School Board Election, name Joseph Shufflebotham (a Socialist), which, according to the rules of the above Lodge, you are not a member no longer, as you have broken the rules and the Declaration you agree to when you was made a member of the said Lodge. If you wish to appeal to the Lodge, you must attend at the next Lodge night, Dec. 5, 1891, at 8 o'clock, and state your case.

PETER INCE, Chairman.
JOHN BROADHURST, Secretary.

This letter is two years old, but I understand that this system of retaining working men in the Tory fold is at present flourishing at Bolton. The Conservative Associations, it is true, have a clause in their rules which pledges their members to Tory principles; but to make subscriptions to a benefit fund dependent upon "once a Tory always a Tory," is a gross abuse, and I recommend the matter to the next Trades Union Congress.

An Irish correspondent writes:—

What has become of the Nonconformist conscience? When Mr. Parnell broke the Seventh Commandment, it so raged that Mr. Parnell had to be politically ostracised by the Liberal Party. Now, a war has been brought about with the Matabele by a Company with a Royal Charter massacring a number of Matabele near Fort Victoria, who did not seek to defend themselves as their King had told them not to attack white men. Several thousands of Matabele have been subsequently murdered because their King would not surrender his country to this Company, as a punishment for his men having been shot down at Fort Victoria. The object of these nefarious and bloodthirsty proceedings has been to enable the Company to acquire a territory supposed to be rich in gold, but which no more belongs to them than it does to me. Is the Nonconformist conscience only tender in regard to the Seventh Commandment, or to breaches of the Commandments by Irishmen? Are the Commandments "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt do no murder," expunged from its copy of the Decalogue?

Why so very wakeful in respect to Mr. Parnell, and so very fast asleep when Englishmen under a Royal Charter act in Africa in a manner that would make savages blush, and rob and murder for their base and sordid private interests? Poor Parnell! say I. He had a body to be kicked, and he was kicked into his grave. Had he been an Englishman, had he, instead of spending his life for his country, been some miserable Company-monger, and been able to interest a crowd of eminent financialists on behalf of his country's cause, he might—it would seem—have violated every Commandment without one word of rebuke from the Nonconformist conscience. I thought that Mr. Parnell had hard measure dealt out to him by the English Nonconformists, but I believed that they were at least honestly sincere. Can I believe it now?

The newspapers that have arrived from the Cape give accounts of the murder of Lobengula's Envoys from correspondents. It will be seen that the assertion that these two Envoys wounded the guard placed over them which figures in the official account was an afterthought. Here is the account published in the *Star*—a newspaper that is a warm advocate of the Chartered Company:—

The three (the Envoys) were *en route* for Palapye to despatch a telegram, they stated, to the High Commissioner. They were, on their arrival here, placed under arrest. About eight o'clock at night they broke loose, and, taking a bayonet from one of the men on guard, bolted. The two indunas were shot dead on the spot by the guard, and Lobengula's brother was captured.

Here is another account:—

One of them snatched a sword from a member of the police, struck one of his captors on the shoulder, and rushed to make his escape. The trooper who had been struck with his sword shot the native as he was running away. The other Matabele who attempted to escape was also shot.

Captain Wallace, Lieutenant of the Victoria Rangers, has replied in a South African journal to the letter of Mr. O. Davis respecting the treatment of the Matabele by the Chartered Company's forces at Victoria. His answer is a practical admission of the facts. What is it? "One of the indunas was distinctly disrespectful and impudent to Dr. Jameson." "The impi was given one hour to cross the frontier (a distance of thirty miles). In point of fact they had nearly three and a-half hours allowed them." "Mr. Davis states that 'he was sickened and ashamed of it all.' Subsequent to the 'disgraceful massacre' to which he lent a hand, he was always to be found armed to the teeth in the ranks of the men sent out to draw blood." The reply, therefore, amounts to this: That what Mr. Davis stated was true, but that he has no right to protest, as he took part in this devil's work. The first reply was, it will be remembered, that he was not present.

As there seems to be some question under what conditions Mr. Rhodes' patriots are shooting down Matabele, I publish the following extract from a letter written by one of the patriots, and published in the *Potchefstroom Budget*:—

I suppose you are aware how we fight after crossing the border—I mean under what conditions. They are these:—Each man to get a freehold farm of 3,000 morgen, fifteen reef claims, five alluvial and a share in the loot, which is to be divided half to the Company, and the other half to be equally divided

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amongst officers and men. We have to pay 10s. per annum. Of course, that is if we go and fight and conquer. Those who go, do so as volunteers, as we are only taken on for two months, or more, if required, but no pay after crossing the border. Some men in town are offering already £50 cash as soon as the border is crossed. I wouldn't take £5,000 cash if I had the farm. One good condition we have is this. The Company has to buy all the ground at £3 per morgen should they wish to have any of it after the war. Of course, if a man likes to sell half, if the Company wants half, then he can please himself. They have to buy the whole if they want any at all, should it please you. As I say, it remains to be seen whether we ever go in. The conditions we have in black and white. I have come up here to play my last card. It is "do or die" this time. I am not going to leave this country without money, whether I have to slave all my life for it.

The Duke of Fife, at the meeting of the S. A. Chartered Company on Monday last, stated that the only critics of the Company were the "Little England Party," and that its great work would aid in the prosperity of Great Britain. In reply, allow me to ask the Duke of Fife what has been his personal profit as a Director and shareholder of this Company. His salary—and the Directorship to last for life—is, I believe, £1,200. But the price of shares has varied from £6 to 15s. since this "Great Englander" vouchsafed to sit on the Board of the Company. Has the Duke made anything, either by trafficking in the shares in his own name or in the name of some one else—say Sir Horace Farquhar? Did he obtain an allotment of shares at par when the second issue took place, and the shares stood in the market (as stated at the meeting) at £3 premium? Has he got them all now? I ask the question in fear and trembling, as reverence for Dukes and such-like hereditary personages is abnormally developed in my case. Still, when this Duke prates about his labours to develop the Empire, I venture, in the most respectful and humble terms, to inquire, whether this labourer in the field of Imperialism has secured his hire, and what that hire may precisely be. As it is, it seems to me that, whilst Dukes, and Rhodeses, and Beits, and other august persons, who I see are called in the newspapers attached to them "Elizabethan statesmen"—whatever that may mean—get all the profit of filibustering, it is somewhat hard, looking at the matter from a strict business standpoint, that the Empire should only come in for a share in the infamy of such proceedings.

In the meanwhile, I receive by every post anonymous letters denouncing me as a wretch unworthy to breathe the air of Heaven, for daring to call in question the virtues of this Ducal Company. Whether they are written by Dukes or by humbler shareholders of the Company I know not. A lioness reft of her cubs is not more enraged than a shareholder on the "Bull" tack when any one interferes with his object. Here is a specimen:—

> Well, old froggy, go and hang yourself again, miserable coward. Everyone knows that you are a Frenchman, and paid by the French to belittle England. You will find out to the cost of your wretched limbs very soon what it is to take blackmail against the English. You are not an Englishman, but a miserable Frenchy blackmailer.
>
> What an infernal arrogance of such a tottering pariah to attack people who would be ashamed to be seen a hundred yards near such a blackmailer.
>
> Do a good turn to England and poison yourself!

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Patterns are now ready, & will be sent post free, of these new & fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed). A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., Londn.

In the last two numbers of the *Century* there is a curious diary of the Surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, the ship that took Napoleon to St. Helena. The Surgeon's diary tends to show how monstrous our conduct was to our captive in small details, and with what dignity he submitted to the inevitable. On the ship he was treated as a General, but he seems to have been indifferent to this, and played every evening at a noisy game of cards, and during the day was ready to talk upon every event in his career with any one. On arriving at St. Helena, when he was lodged for some months in an outhouse to a cottage of a Mr. Balcombe, he used to play with the daughters of this gentleman, and he became on such friendly terms with these girls that they called him "Boney." The Surgeon's description of St. Helena is that it is so pestilential a place for Europeans that all the children brought up there are sickly, and that several of the ship's crew contracted liver complaints during the ship's sojourn in its waters.

I have often wondered, in reading the accounts of the treatment of Napoleon, and of many other such incidents in our history, how it is that men, individually very probably not worse than others, when brought together collectively as a Government ignore the most elementary principles of morality, and become cruel and false, but I think that I have found the key to this strange phenomenon. The members of a Government—if I may be allowed the expression—pool their consciences. Each one throws responsibility upon all. Take, for instance, this Matabele war. Probably no member of the Cabinet would dream of justifying, still less of approving, acts which are deserving of the highest reprobation. Not one of them is blind to the iniquity of allowing a gang of speculators to break loose into a country, and then to murder its owners with a view to appropriating the country, because there is a rumour that gold is to be found in it. English public men—whether of one Party or of another—are scrupulously disinterested so far as regards money. They would regard as an impeachment of their honour the mere suspicion of private gain being at the bottom of their public actions.

Yet what do we see? Collectively they applaud murder for the sake of lucre, and laud to the skies a Colonial Statesman for doing what, in their own cases, they would deem dishonourable. I have always thought that the collective approval of the very vilest crimes, and indeed their collective perpetration on the part of men individually honest and honourable, is one of the most strange of mental phenomena.

So it is with the country at large. Collectively we condone and encourage what individually we should reprobate. We have a general idea that the British Empire was built up in a somewhat questionable fashion, and we think it as well that we should have a blind eye to any iniquity that may increase its area. This is why

SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE OF SUPERIOR MERIT.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer has immense sales everywhere. It never fails to restore grey hair to its natural colour and beauty.

other countries regard us as a nation of hypocrites. We are accustomed to portray ourselves under the likeness of a farmer, fat and bluff, clothed in top boots and a broad-brimmed hat, and looking more honest than it is possible for fallible humanity to be. But what is this farmer really? The sort of theatrical personage that is the associate with the knave who performs the three-card trick on a racecourse, and who swears to the honesty of the knave. No one really believes in this farmer; he is a mere theatrical property that is himself portrayed in the pages of *Punch*. But we consider that we have done all that morality can exact, when we tell the world that he really is a typical Englishman, although the world, judging by our acts, may not be aware of it.

Joshua claimed to be an instrument of Providence when he destroyed the Canaanites, and looted their property. What would have been thought, even in his day, if it had been discovered that Joshua was the head of a Canaan Land Company; that he had already made money on the Stock Exchange of Memphis by selling shares of this Company to Egyptians; and that he and a few financial friends had so arranged, that they were to put into their pockets a further million or two as founders of the Company, if the Israelites succeeded in slaying the inhabitants of Canaan, and thus acquiring that country? Judging from the very drastic modes of punishment usually adopted by the Israelites, Joshua and his friends would at once have been stoned to death by them. We deal differently now when a like case presents itself. We laud the financing filibuster, and declare that it is only fit that he should enjoy the proceeds of his enterprise.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that a man so clever as Mr. Chamberlain in debate should perpetually be "giving himself away." He has just returned to England and has confided his views on things in general to an interviewer. That he objects to the Employers' Liability Bill and to the Parish Councils Bill I can understand, for Heaven has cast his mental apparatus in such a mould that he never can see good in any Bill without the imprimatur of Chamberlain on its back. But his main complaint is that these Bills are likely to be carried by the Irish vote. Now he voted against the first Home Rule Bill because it did not allow the Irish to sit and vote on all matters, and he voted against the second Home Rule Bill although it allowed them to vote on all matters. His present opinion seems to be that Irish Home Rule, whether the Irish do, or do not, vote on British issues, ought not to be granted. But if they remain in the Imperial Parliament as full members, what would he suggest? The collective Parliamentary majority must rule, irrespective of the question from what sections of the United Kingdom its component parts proceed. Is Mr. Gladstone to say: "The majority of the House is for a certain measure affecting Great Britain, but the British majority is against it, therefore I will stand by the minority rather than the majority"? If Mr. Chamberlain can explain how, under these conditions, a Government which exists because it has a Parliamentary majority is to carry on the business of the nation, I shall be glad to hear the explanation. I, like Mr. Chamberlain, object to the local affairs of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales being decided against the wishes of the majority in those respective sections, and it is because I do so that I am a Home Ruler all round. Is Mr. Chamberlain? If so, will he join those who take this view?

After the vigorous language of Mr. Morley which was quoted by Mr. Digby in the House of Commons, and the approval which the entire Liberal Party expressed of this language, it is to be hoped that there will be no more shilly-shally, but that the *coup de grâce* will at once be administered to that pernicious Assembly, the House of Lords. When a Cabinet Minister, speaking presumably for his colleagues, declares that one House of the Legislature is prejudiced, passionate, actuated by Party spirit, beyond the reach of reason, and impenetrable to argument, the Government of which he is a member is criminal, if it does not take immediate steps to relieve the country of this incubus. In this Assembly, representative as its adherents say of the country, there are not above forty Liberals, most of these being kept Liberal by salaries. If it could be saved by the production of three Radicals, its fate would be that of the Cities of the Plain. I really only know of one Peer whom I should call a Radical. He is in the Cabinet. But which of the Cabinet this enlightened Peer is I shall not say.

The question of the County Magistracy is simple. The Lord-Lieutenants are mostly Tories, and the Bench in almost every county was packed by them with Tory Squires and Tory Rectors. When the Liberals came into office last year, the proportion of Tories to Liberals on the Bench was about ten to one. Lord Herschell was urged to rectify this, and to make fresh Magistrates in order that all classes and all phases of political thought should be fairly represented. He felt that he could hardly interfere with the Lord-Lieutenants without a resolution of the House of Commons. The resolution, therefore, was passed. But the Radicals complain that the Lord Chancellor has not taken such full action as was contemplated by the resolution. Lord Herschell has not, they consider, realised that it was intended that he should rectify the balance, and that, in so doing, he should no more trouble himself as to the views of the Lord-Lieutenants than of their footmen. A Lord-Lieutenant—beyond having illegally drifted into the sole right to propose men in his county as Magistrates, and, if they behave themselves as he would have them do, to allow them to wear a Colonel's uniform as Deputy-Lieutenants (which suits them as little as a ballet-girl's petticoats would)—is merely the social head of county Squires. Probably he might be able to give a valuable opinion upon the merits or demerits of the Squires, although even in this he might be biassed by political opinion. But what does he know of tradesmen and other such folk? Nothing; and to ask him to express an opinion as to their fitness for Magisterial duties merely results in his applying to some one else for the information—his agent, or his butler, or his solicitor, or his toady.

I should be glad to see, either unpaid Magistrates replaced everywhere by Stipendiary Magistrates, or that the unpaid should only be appointed on the recommendation of the Local Authorities. As for Lord-Lieutenants, I would abolish them. They are an anachronism in a Democratic country. But awaiting these reforms, I think that we have a right to demand that the Magistracy should no longer be a preserve for the Tory squirearchy.

Lord Herschell, in his speech to the Radical deputation said that he might be led, were he to act precipitantly, into appointing men who might say foolish things. Very possibly, being human, he would occasionally make a bad selection. But what is the Bench now? As in the days of Shakespeare, Justice Shallow not only often talks foolishly, but often acts foolishly. Of course, amongst the Magistrates there are useful public servants, but the majority of them take their law from their Clerks, are narrow, bigoted, and prejudiced, especially when they have to try offences which concern their own property, and they look upon the shooting of a pheasant or the theft of a pheasant's egg as a greater crime than staving in the head of a wife. I do not believe that they are intentionally unjust, but their minds are so constituted that they cannot understand what justice really is.

I do not know what are the intentions of the Conservatives in regard to Parish Councils, but it looks as if they contemplated obstruction. I see it stated that if the Bill be not carried before Christmas the Session will be carried on into next year after a fortnight's holiday. I should have thought that the better plan would have been to have carried over the Bill to next Session, for I never yet have understood the objection to this course. If the present Session goes on in January, and the Bill is sent up to the Lords at the end of that month, these hereditary obstructors, who exist alone to play the Tory game, will potter over it for weeks, then send it back to the Commons with a mass of amendments, which the Tories in the Commons will discuss. When, then, will the next Session begin?

Very probably the Tories may have it in their hearts to wreck the Session of next year. There would be a holiday of a fortnight at Christmas; the present Session would recommence about the middle of January; the Bill would not go to the House of Lords before the end of that month. The discussion in the Lords, and that in the Commons upon the Lords' amendments, would bring us nearly to the end of February; so that, allowing only a fortnight for the interval between the two Sessions, next year's Session would not commence before the middle of March, when, what with the Queen's Speech and finance, we should not be able to get under legislative weigh this side of Easter. All this, no doubt, has occurred to the Tories, and were they able to keep the noses of their men to the grindstone, they would devote themselves to this campaign of obstruction. But, with the best—or, as I should put it, the worst—intentions, their men are amateur politicians, fond of shooting, hunting, running over to the Riviera, paying visits in country houses, and consequently can only with difficulty be kept togother at this time of the year, whilst even those who are present and who have every desire to obstruct are poor hands at their own dirty business. The odds, therefore, are that the Bill will have passed through all its stages in the House of Commons even before December 15.

I cannot avoid repeating what I have so often said: Until Parliament is relieved of two-thirds of its duties by the creation of subordinate Parliaments, we shall everlastingly be engaged in the impossible task of getting a dozen pints of liquor into one quart pot. This may suit the Tories, who object to the liquor, but it cannot suit us.

As it is, any Bill brought in by a Liberal Government is a compromise between what they want to do, and what the Tories will allow them to do. Every Bill, therefore, is a mere approach to what is needed. The Parish Councils Bill is drawn up on these lines, and good, as it is so far as it goes, it needs democratic expansion.

The theory that the Radical Party should accept with grateful thanks any Bill that a Liberal Government proffers, and that it should be told that it must take it or leave it, is one to which no Radical should assent. Every amendment, if good in itself, should be accepted. This "be thankful for small mercies" doctrine reduces Members of the House of Commons to the position of mere pawns. In the present Parliament there is a great deal too much of this doctrine.

SCRUTATOR.

BALDWIN, "BORDERLAND," &c.

I HAD hoped this week to have been enabled to clear up the mystery which, owing to the conduct of certain parties concerned, has gathered round the "occult" séance described in the current number of *Borderland*. I have at last received from the reverend author of the Report on that performance a letter for publication, giving his answer—such as it is—to what has been said in TRUTH. As, however, I also have something further to say on the subject, and this letter only reached me on Monday morning, I shall defer its publication for another week. TRUTH is not a daily paper, and on the eve of going to press I have too many subjects calling for attention to be able to deal with matters which require time and thought and care in the handling. I mention this for the benefit of other correspondents, besides the reverend gentleman who has so tardily answered the questions raised by the explosion of his Baldwin bubble.

Although it has taken so long to get an answer out of this gentleman, Mr. Baldwin himself is much less retiring, and I have had another letter from him since the one I mentioned last week. This also must stand over.

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CORNS.—Wasmuth's Corn-Rings (in the watch) remove pressure and corns painlessly in two or three days. 1s. 1½d., of all Chemists, or post free, 1s. 3d., of WARRICK BROS., Old Swan-lane, London, E.C.

"USING THE MAILS FOR FRAUDULENT PURPOSES."

Readers of TRUTH—more particularly in the United States—may remember the name of "William Lord Moore," *alias* "Felix Howard," against whose next-of-kin trick I have published several warnings. Moore's was mainly a swindle run by Americans for Americans. At the time when I last called attention to his proceedings he was located at addresses in University-street and Shepherd's Bush. His *modus operandi* was to address letters to persons in different parts of America informing them that they were heirs to vast properties in Chancery, in recovering which he desired to act for them. This preliminary fiction was followed up by a communication from "the official representative of the Court in America," Mr. "Joseph Leger," of 451, Eighth Avenue, New York, who enclosed an original decree of the Court, with an imposing gold seal, authorising him to collect "taxes on legacies and bequests" and give the happy heir possession. For his own remuneration Moore used to ask for a small preliminary fee as a retainer, the victim being further asked to sign an agreement under which Moore was to have 1 per cent. on the value of the estate—when it was recovered. There can be no doubt that Moore and his confederates netted very large sums at this game, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is entirely innocent of having received any share of the "taxes on legacies and bequests" which these worthies collected. But I am glad to be able to report that this game is now up. Moore is at present awaiting trial at Jackson, Tennessee, under the name of G. F. B. Howard. I understand that he has lately earned some distinction at Jackson as a Baptist Minister; but as there are now eight indictments against him, and an officer from Scotland-yard is one of the witnesses, it may be hoped that America will at last be able to do justice to his distinguished merits.

I give special prominence to Moore's case on account of the offence with which he is charged. This is described in the Nashville *Daily American* as "using the mails for fraudulent purposes," and I understand that all the eight counts or "indictments" preferred against Moore fall under this head. Nothing that I have yet seen has more impressed me with the superiority of the American Constitution over our own than this crime of fraudulently using the mails. Consider what it means. At least one-half—I should say more—of the swindles that are from time to time shown up in TRUTH are carried on through the post. There is, indeed, hardly any form of fraud in the accomplishment of which the Post Office must not sooner or later be employed; while the number of attempts that are made to entrap people by letters and circulars, the majority of them doubtless without success, is simply incalculable. I do not say that there is no law in England to touch these offences. The law in regard to obtaining, or attempting to obtain, money by false pretences is fairly wide, though hampered by a good deal of needless technicality. But I say with the utmost confidence that ninety-nine out of a hundred of such offences go unpunished simply because it is nobody's business to set the law in motion. It is here that the beauty of the American procedure becomes apparent. By the simple process of making it a crime to "use the mails for fraudulent purposes" every one of these swindles, which are now carried on with impunity, becomes an offence against the State, which it is the business of the Post Office to deal with. Why have we no such provision for the public protection in England? It is obviously sound in principle; for, as I have repeatedly endeavoured to impress upon St. Martin's-le-Grand, the Post Office has no business to be the agent in perpetrating any breach of the law, and it consequently has the right to take any measures which may be necessary to prevent or check such an abuse of its agency. As for the expediency of its taking such measures, that is simply a question for the public, which will have to pay the piper, and the public, if it considers the matter intelligently, will not hesitate for a moment. The Postmaster-General already performs a dozen miscellaneous functions for the public, besides that of collecting and delivering letters. Why should he not undertake yet one more—that of a Public Prosecutor? It is certain that, if he did, some of the biggest rogues that have ever been convicted, and plenty more who are still at large and in full activity, would have been clapped into gaol before they had done any serious mischief. Wells of Monte Carlo, Morland the Oxford blackmailer, Walter Austin the swindling philanthropist, Morgan, Campbell & Co. the literary fraud gang, Stockham, the bogus house-agent, Beresford the free-portrait pirate, Angus Maclean, Ernest Day, Captain MacVeigh—there is not a member of all the distinguished fraternity known to the readers of TRUTH, who could not have been convicted and sentenced at an early stage of his career of the simple and beautiful crime of "using the mails for a fraudulent purpose." Here is a chance, then, for the present Postmaster-General to immortalise himself.

While on the subject of William Lord Moore's case, I would take the opportunity of giving a general warning against all advertisements, circulars, and letters from disinterested strangers, with reference to next-of-kin who are supposed to be wanted—at any rate, when anything in the nature of a cash payment is made a condition precedent to doing business. Most of all are communications of this nature to be distrusted when they emanate from the Colonies or America for the benefit of next-of-kin in the United Kingdom, or *vice versâ*. The latest performance of Colonel Barron, now engaged in a weekly interview with the presiding Magistrate at Bow-street, affords an illustration much to the point, but circumstances unfortunately (for Barron) prevent my enlarging upon it. Another has just been brought under my notice. A firm (or individual) in London is in the habit of advertising in the Colonies lists of names supposed to be those of claimants to large sums who are "wanted." Any one desiring further particulars must forward £1 to the advertisers. The most he gets for his £1 is some

MESSRS. HARBOROW, Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirtmakers by appointment to the Royal Family, have opened new premises, 6 and 7, New Bond-street, in connection with their old-established business, 15, Cockspur-street.

MAJOR HOWE & CO.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

other advertisement in which a party of the same name is asked after, and occasionally he does not get even that until he has written two or three times. It rarely happens that genuine inquiries are made after missing claimants to property except through solicitors, and replies to all such inquiries are best made in the same way. To pay money on speculation in answer to such advertisements is the blindest folly, though it seems to be a form of folly very widely practised.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

We have all heard of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, but very seldom of Lady Teazle without the "School for Scandal." Yet this is precisely what Mr. Daly gives us: Miss Ada Rehan, with her dozen or so of dolls! I doubt if the modern generation has ever seen a better Lady Teazle, or, indeed, one nearly so good. She is just what Sheridan described her—a country girl free from the trammels of stiff and stereotyped country life, emancipated from the duties of combing my Aunt Deborah's lap-dog, and playing Pope Joan with the curate, cast like a wild, unbroken thing into the stiff and affected artificiality of London life, and metaphorically kicking up her heels like a young colt on a common. According to Miss Ada Rehan—surely the Peg Woffington or Mrs. Abingdon of the modern stage—Lady Teazle, when by her marriage she is introduced to a society quite unfamiliar to her, experiences little else than the mere joy of living. She has been in a wicker cage so far; now she is free. Her success with those tittle-tattlers and scandal-mongers is purely imitative. She has natural humour, and she cannot repress it. Probe this merry light-hearted thing, and you will find no spite or guile in her. She scarcely understands the subjects she discusses. In the midst of all these roués and demi-reps Lady Teazle is all innocence. After all there is no very great depth in her nature. She admires Charles Surface for his person; she is flattered by Joseph on account of his insinuation and force of character. She is a pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father, and, like all pretty women, she loves to be admired. Her tiffs with Sir Peter are, after all, the mere gambols of a schoolgirl. She cannot afford to be serious yet awhile, even for a minute. She is a kind of society Vivien to this crabbed old Georgian Merlin. She plays about him, coquets with him, teases him, plagues him, flatters his vanity, and her reward is to be, not the magician's secret, but a handsome cheque and a new gown. Sir Peter is enamoured of her youth; she on her part is flattered by his position. When Lady Teazle consents to visit Joseph Surface at his bachelor apartments, she does so without in the least comprehending the gravity of her social offence. She compromises herself like an unsophisticated girl. It is a long time before she can even understand the depth of the design of "good Mr. Hypocrite." Her only guide and counsellor is her woman's nature, and the scales fall from her eyes only when Joseph becomes too impressive. The falling of the screen is, as it should be, the climax of the comedy. Here comes the tragic note of the play. We can imagine how Lady Teazle has been awakened to her false position as she listens behind that screen. She hid behind it an innocent, trusting girl; when it falls she comes forth an awakened woman.

Here, at any rate, is a consistent Lady Teazle, a woman that appeals to our reason. The actress in this instance discards the conventions of the stage. She refuses to be influenced by mere point-making. She conceives a Lady Teazle, and she illustrates her in her own way. Conceive then such a Lady Teazle by the side of the present Sir Peter, for the stage has no better one than the son of the older Farren, with Charles Coghlan as Charles, Beerbohm Tree or Kyrle Bellew as Joseph, Mrs. Bancroft as Mrs. Candour, F. Everill as Sir Oliver, and Mrs. Tree as Lady Sneerwell, and we should obtain a rare comedy combination. But it is the harmony of comedy that we do not get this time. The Charles is far too modern, the Joseph far too conventional, the Mrs. Candour and Moses both colourless, and the whole thing ambitious but without a trace of the Georgian style that it obtained with the Bancroft revival, or of the comedy colour that we found at the Vaudeville under James and Thorne.

The arrangement of the old play is not new, for, as Mr. Bancroft points out, all its best points, minuet and everything else, were found at the old Prince of Wales' Theatre. In editing the Sheridan dialogue Mr. Daly has surely been a little too squeamish, for though in America the good ladies may faint and squirm at such an honest old English word as "wench," we don't do so at home. As the ear misses some of the familiar sentences we are constantly reminded of the nasty-minded goody-goody lady who puts the legs of the piano into pantalettes, or the famous Lord Haddo who innocently proposed to drape the statuary at the Crystal Palace. In reviving the stage "gags" Mr. Daly has been admirably discreet, but at the fall of the screen he might have gone back to Sheridan with advantage. As already pointed out, in the Sheridan text Joseph Surface does not utter a word. Why should he? The surprise is on the part of Sir Peter and Charles, who had no idea that the woman concealed was any other but the "little French milliner." Why should Joseph Surface observe, "Lady Teazle, by all that's horrible"? He knew that Lady Teazle was there, and he knew also that both Sir Peter and Charles also knew that he knew it!

Still, when all is said and done, the old play is always worth seeing, whether we happen to have views on the subject or not. Miss Ada Rehan has, at any rate, given a lead to the Lady Teazles of the future. She has started convention on a new scent.

"GUDGEONS."

I have not as yet seen it observed in connection with this clever play that there was once upon a time an author called Charles Dickens, who invented several aristocratic swindlers of the exact pattern of James Ffolliott Treherne, or that a Dickens examination paper would reveal a generally cowed and "sat upon" wife of the same fashionable adventurer, who said something suspiciously like "James! You are wonderful!" Nor have I seen it commented on that the modern stage, through the assistance of one James Albery, who was an obvious admirer

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

of Charles Dickens, gave us, in "Two Roses," a gentleman by the name of Digby Grant. No doubt we cannot have too much of a good thing, but I fail to see the difference between Digby Grant and James Ffolliott Treherne, except that there is variation in the moods and in the incidents of the life of Digby Grant, but very little variety in that of the new Treherne. It is not the fault of Mr. Herbert Waring, who plays the part admirably from end to end. He can only do what the authors requested him to do, and he does it in a style, a nature, and a consistency beyond all praise. He has to play the same man for three acts—the same man, unvaried and moodless—and he becomes the man in every tone, lineament, and feature. No better bit of sound and sincere character-acting can be found just now in London. I could only wish there were greater variety in the play and in the part. The play is excellently written, the part thoroughly well played. Quite as good in its way is the crushed wife of Miss Janette Steer, who is artist enough to raise an insignificant part into significance by observant art. Nine-tenths of our silly actresses would have turned up their pretty noses at Mrs. Ffolliott Treherne as giving them no chance. Not so Miss Janette Steer, who shows here a delicate sense of humour as well as a keen sense of character. In her heart of hearts the crushed woman knows that her husband is a humbug. But she accepts the humbug for the sake of peace and quietness. Her humility has a vein both of humour and tragedy in it. She sees the comicality of the situation, although she winces under it. There is no sense of sameness in her reiterated remark, "James you are wonderful"; only a humorous depression and satirical sense of fatigued admiration. It is a first-rate touch of genuine comedy. The comedy trio is completed by Mr. Murray Carson, who has the art of disguising his identity in a wonderful manner. Many actors, by the art of make-up, look another man, but this actor becomes another man. There is not a trace of Murray Carson left in this jovial Yankee. The sonorous voice, the dignified elocution, the solemn manner, have all disappeared, and we behold instead a smart, pushing, energetic, commonplace American tradesman.

If the young people of the play had been as good as their elders there would be nothing to complain about in the acting. Unfortunately, they are not. Their lightness of relief is desperately heavy. They should be boys and girls, not serious young people playing at boys and girls. What would Irving's Digby Grant—or "The Two Roses," for the matter of that—have been without the impulsive charm of Harry J. Montague or the girlish gush of Amy Fawsett? But Amy Fawsetts and Harry Montagues are rare among our serious young men and women. They are not at ease when they are Pips or Herbert Pockets, or Westbrooks, or Ruth Pinches, in the courts and green gardens of Barnard's Inn and the Temple. They are modern, and, being modern, are dreadfully serious and heavy-handed. No doubt the boy and girl of to-day are what our grandfathers and grandmothers used to call "sobersides;" but cannot they, being actors and actresses, pretend to be the light-hearted, impulsive young people that the author paints for them? It is "serious lightness" indeed

NOTES FROM PARIS.

MISTRESS, MAID, AND MARQUIS.

A VERY Parisian suit was brought last week to an issue before the Civil Tribunal. The pursuer, as the Scotch would say, was a certain Suzanne Tarit, calling herself Yunca. She sued jointly a professional beauty, Madame Liane de Pongy, of whom she was for two years the *femme de chambre*, and the Marquis de MacMahon, grand-nephew of the Marshal, who, she alleged, had promised to make good to her the wages earned in that period, and certain tradesmen's bills that she had settled out of her own pocket on behalf of her mistress. Suzanne, as the pleadings on both sides show, is the type of *soubrette* of the French comedy—clever, corrupt, inventive, impudent, tactful, skilled in softening the anger of importunate creditors, and in getting aid without giving offence to visitors whom her mistress does not wish to see. She alleged that she never once during the time of her service received payment of her wages—80 francs a month—or of one of the many bills she paid. The total of her claims amounted to £700, a really moderate sum under the circumstances, had her story been true. But was it? It was at any rate clear that the Marquis had given her far more than she claimed in return for her undertaking to do her best to induce her mistress to smile on him. All, however, that he obtained by these douceurs was to be allowed thrice to gaze on Liane, when she was supposed to be ill and asleep from doses of morphine. On being ushered into her room, he knelt down, and tenderly and delicately kissed her hand. This done, he stood up, gazed on her as if she were the corpse of a beloved wife, and retired in a reverential manner. Suzanne also admitted that Liane constantly ordered dresses at prices varying from 13,000 francs to 16,000 and more, which the Marquis was asked to pay and cheerfully paid. She sometimes got out of conceit with them when they were brought home, and would not wear them. She sometimes wore a dress once or twice. In both cases the gown was passed on to Suzanne for 500 francs and sold by her for never less than 2,500 francs. It was also admitted by the plaintiff that, Madame de Pongy once wanting 2,000 francs for a person she liked better than the Marquis, Suzanne in complicity with her added 4,000 francs to the household bills, which he vaguely promised to pay, and did pay. The two women afterwards shared the plunder.

Madame Liane was not misnamed, when called after a creeper which twists itself so tight round the forest trees supporting it as to squeeze the life out of them. She squeezed wealthy admirers, but did not like the process when applied to herself by her *femme de chambre*. In Paris the *femme de chambre* is not only the dresser of the lady of quality, pretty actress, or brilliant *cocotte*, but supplies materials for frippery and often for the more serious finery, such as the silks, tulles, laces, brocades, and what nots, with which dinner and ball

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

dresses are made. The visiting dress is of too difficult achievement to be undertaken by any but a professional *couturier* or *couturière*. But taste in trimming being what is most requisite in the ball dress, it can be left to the *femme de chambre*. This servant is also in a degree the banker of her mistress, she being constantly asked to pay bills and make small loans.

The abigail and the professional beauty were in Court. The bar was *empressé* in its civility to the latter, whose soft and sumptuous raiment filled the Court with the perfume of *millefleurs* as she advanced to a place behind her advocate. Judging from her soft, but, as it subsequently appeared, deceptive graces, she might have been a Creole. She was discreetly made up, and might have served as an understudy for the part of the Empress Josephine in which Sarah Bernhardt is to act one of these days. Her dress was subdued in its general tone, with here and there a daring note, as in the trimming of a plain little bonnet and the inordinate depth of the marabout feathers of which muff and boa were made. The abigail was a neatly-attired respectable-looking person, with an eye, however, that showed experience in "taking stock" at a glance, when votaries came to present gifts at the Cytherean altar that she served. She was in court to re-instruct Maître Meurgé, her advocate, who could not be expected to be well up in feminine affairs of a peculiarly scabrous nature. The line he took was this: £600 might seem to the Tribunal an extortionate bill for a *femme de chambre* whose wages did not exceed 80 francs a month. But was she merely a *femme de chambre*, and were the 80 francs more than the merest nest-egg round which other profits were to gather? She had by agreement, for instance, the cast-off clothes of Madame Liane, who held in horror anything that was not in its first freshness. Votaries of professional beauty knew that the serving-priestess should live by the altar. Their gifts amounted to a small fortune, and enabled the servant to be a banker. In short, her mistress kept an account with her to avoid being herself pestered with the payment of tradesmen's bills, or of subscriptions for charitable purposes asked by reverend gentlemen, sisters of charity, and benevolent ladies who ignored the professional aspects of Madame Liane de Pongy's beauty. Ladies who live by their charms are beset by philanthropic beggars. Suzanne had orders to deal with those who came knocking at Madame de Pongy's door. She was always lending pocket-money to her employer. No doubt, answered counsel for the other side, his client quite admitted all that had been pleaded, but wanted to know where the vouchers were for the sums which Suzanne said she had spent in shops and in the payment of bills. Suzanne had produced a book in which she entered her expenses day by day, but that was nearly all she had to go upon. It was too funny to be taken seriously, on hearing which Maître Meurgé asked whether Madame de Pongy did not belong to *le monde où l'on s'amuse?* It was *un monde folichon*, and the Tribunal should take it as it found it. Thus prepared, the Judges heard extracts read from the entries in Suzanne's book. For a *repoussé* silver bell for the neck of the Angora cat, 113 francs; for a scented bath for Athos, the dog, 3 francs; for a cage for Baucis and Philemon, the canaries, 45 francs; for an alms to a beggar, 10 francs; for Madame Jeanne, the fortune teller, 35 francs; ditto, 100 francs; ditto, 35 francs. Why, asked Madame Pongy's advocate, these different prices? The *femme de chambre* whispered to Maître Meurgé, who repeated what she said: "There are cheap days of the week, dear days, and very dear days. Wednesday is a dear day, and Friday a very dear day for "occult" reasons. A *séance* at a high class *tireuse de cartes*, like Jeanne, costs on ordinary days 35 francs. Then, how could vouchers be had for sums of 115 francs, or 300 francs, borrowed in haste, as Madame de Pongy was hurrying to the opera? The business of the *femme de chambre* was precisely to keep business papers out of that pretty person's sight. Her horror of them alone explains why she let Suzanne's accounts run on for two years. In that time the Marquis de MacMahon, nephew of the Marshal, had flung away 1,000,000 fr. to prove his devotion to Madame de Pongy, who, however, had not seen why this general retainer should oblige her to refuse other retainers. As to the item, "To a journalist at Spa, 1,978 fr.," to which an objection had been made, it was paid for a puff at the height of the Spa season. Just fancy the advantage to a pretty Parisienne of being brought into a journalistic *salmi* in which the other ingredients were the Queen of the Belgians, the Princess Clémentine, a Queen's ponies and "trap," the losses of an Austrian Archduke at baccarat, and the Norwegian trip of Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph. The *femme de chambre* bargained for the price of the *réclame*, and it was cheap at what she paid for it. Spa is an expensive place at all times, but dreadfully so when Royalty and races attract *rastaquouères* there from all parts. The hairdresser's bill, the skin-softening pastés, the scented bran baths for Madame, the masseuse, the pedicure, the manicure, the job carriages, and other such trifles, had come to 500 francs—and cheap at the money. A judge remarked that these were professional expenses, and that the visit to Spa would be fruitless if they were not incurred. But was it credible that a sharp soubrette would have so long allowed them to remain unpaid, or unacknowledged in black and white, by her mistress?

The Marquis de MacMahon is undeniably his uncle's nephew. The honest Marshal could not have acted with more chivalrous punctiliousness. In spending the 1,000,000 fr. on Liane, he did not secure even the pretence of her gratitude, but went on trusting to her "sentiments" and would never suffer the maid to importune her for his sake. If he called and found she had given "not-at-home" orders, he begged of Suzanne not to say he had come, and went away on tip-toe. After the rupture, which was Madame de Pongy's doing, the unfortunate Marquis wrote:—"Liane is not a bad sort, but she has evil advisers, who set her on to tell lies to me, and play me false. That she does play me false I well know." The Marquis used to sit for hours at night on a bench in the avenue opposite the house where Madame Liane

FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

lived. If he saw her flitting past a window he went home happy. His love was that of Dante or of Michael Angelo for the mistress of his soul. One, indeed, feels provoked to think how misplaced his passion was. Liane, to do her justice, never deigned to express herself sensible to his devotion. He accepted the bargain she made when she wrote: "Since your love is so absolute and utter, love me as an idol before which the faithful burn incense and heap up *ex voto* offerings, but which they never touch." He made her acquaintance at the house of a lady who was niece of one of his great-uncle's ministers plenipotentiary, and who, having made an unfortunate match, kicked over the traces, and successively captivated at Aix-les-Bains a South-eastern King and the son of a great Paris jeweller. The latter ended by absconding with his *innamorata* to Brussels and taking with him nearly 1,000,000 f's. worth of diamonds belonging to his mother. This Traviata was the Marquis's first flame, but she paled in his eyes beside the graceful Liane. From the time Liane authorised him to visit her until he broke the chains in which she bound him, he only saw her to speak to three times.

You may fancy the Marquis is a prototype of the old senator in "Venice Preserved." Not at all. He is, what none of the counsel said, only thirty-five years old, and one of the most charming men in France, looking like his great-uncle, but handsomer. I wonder he is not known as *le beau* MacMahon. The Marquis has the Marshal's straight but not stiff carriage, his fresh complexion, and a pair of sunny, honest, sweet blue eyes, with a twinkle that shows a sense of fun. He was brought up by the Jesuits. Before and long after his marriage he was held to be the purest of the pure, being the beloved pupil and penitent of Father Dulac de Fougires; and he is son-in-law of M. de Vogüé, who was his uncle's Ambassador to the Court of Vienna.

The Judges took a fortnight to consider their judgment, which was dead against the soubrette. They agreed that the Marquis was "un trop galant homme," and that he was the victim of his own singular generosity and of an impudent attempt to blackmail.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

WE hear perpetually now, dear Lady Betty, of the depression of trade, but no one ever refers to the depression of pleasure, which is an equally important matter. Where our system of civilisation is so erroneous, is that it tends to increase labour, whereas a correct civilisation should diminish it to the irreducible limit. The more that we get to know the more do we appear to become the slaves of our own contrivances. Science, machinery, and education have only intensified competition, and have made the struggle for existence fiercer than it was before.

If it was so great a transgression to strive after knowledge in the year one that it necessitated the severest punishment, why is this the less so now at the close of the Nineteenth Century? Adam and Eve tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, and in an instant they forfeited Paradise. Surely their disastrous example, at the very outset of human history, should have warned us against ever meddling with knowledge again? And yet here we are striving with might and main to educate everybody to a super-exalted standard!

Of recent years we have become so absorbed with work that we are apparently losing even the instinct for amusement. Instead of the former cheerful, chatty, cultivated conversations in Society and at the clubs, men now gather together in gloomy clusters, and with careworn faces they discuss the fluctuations of stocks or the developments of the latest disaster. A joke is as scarce as a Dodo bone or as a Great Auk's egg. There was a time when every season added some standard work—and often two or three—to our library. Now solid groups of years elapse without one really material work in serious, frivolous, or even comic literature being added to our store. So is it also with music.

And a significant symptom that has apparently escaped notice is the increasing inclination to obtain amusement through the eye without taxing the intelligence. Illustrated newspapers and the extraordinary importance attached to scenic effect in theatricals are instances in point. The minutely analytical article, the brilliant dialogue, and the ingenious plot are no longer popular. Modern men and women are too greatly exhausted by their private labours to afford the co-operative exertion which the appreciation of these require. They do not wish to think, they wish to see.

This is altogether wrong.

Society is disorganised; the City is rotten; the clergy tell us that disbelief is upon the increase; and Art is at its worst. These are surely grave symptoms that must not be disregarded?

* * * * *

The West-end is in a very irate mood just now. It had travelled down East to the City to make money, and it has returned ruined. The unexpressed idea was that social influence would secure for us financial favour. So far as money matters were concerned it was to be "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." It was supposed that, eager to obtain West-end recognition and admission into West-end clubs and Society, financial men would, in return for our assisting them in these matters, make fortunes for us without our running any risk of losing what we already had. We metaphorically held pistols to their heads and said: "We have Court and social influence; we can either make or mar you. Let us have money—then we will assist you in your swindles—and we will glorify you in Belgravia."

But the City has been very much too clever for us. It has got all that we had to give, and it has taken besides whatever we had to take!

The West-end people now roam around the town calling their City accomplices scamps, scoundrels, and swindlers. So they may be. But we, too, have been just as bad. Employing our social influence to obtain money from our social inferiors was a very villainous kind of fraud, and the less we say about it, then, the better.

* * * * *

I hear that Colonel William Colville, Comptroller and Treasurer to the Household of the Duke of Edinburgh, will probably be appointed Master of the Ceremonies in succession to the late Sir Christopher Teesdale. Colonel Colville has been attached to the household of the Duke for over twenty-two years. It is, therefore, only natural that the Duke now, when he is about to disestablish his English household, in consequence of having succeeded to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, should provide for so old and so faithful an attendant. This appointment will be welcomed by the Corps Diplomatique, for Colonel Colville is very popular with the members of this body. Colonel Colville is a good linguist, he is an artist, and his experience of Court life and knowledge of Court etiquette admirably fit him for the post.

The late Sir Robert Morier, whose death occurred last

CHINA AND GLASS. — Messrs. GOODE, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

week at Montreux, was a great Ambassador. Sir Robert Morier and Prince Bismarck had many characteristics in common. A determined, ambitious, autocratic man, the late Sir Robert possessed strong likes and strong dislikes. He could be very genial, and he could be almost brutal. His cast of mind was mostly German, and all his earlier education he received in Germany. When he first went to Balliol he failed to pass the examination, his classical acquirements being extremely weak. With dogged perseverance he withdrew for six months, returned to Balliol, passed, and eventually took a second class.

The Queen and the late Prince Consort happening to visit Coburg, Mr. Morier—as he then was—had frequent conversations with the latter upon the politics of the day. So much did he impress the Prince Consort by the views he expressed, that the Prince afterwards asserted that Mr. Morier was the only man, except himself, who thoroughly understood the German Question. This opinion the Queen never forgot, and to it, no doubt, Sir Robert originally owed the great influence which he acquired at Court. It is impossible to exaggerate the loss which the nation suffers through his death. He possessed a statesman-like mind, took a large view of things, and as a diplomatist always behaved with great fairness to the country to which he was accredited, never trying to snatch an undue advantage from his opponents. He was a good conversationalist, told an anecdote well, and was a terror to the heads of departments at the Foreign Office, who could not attempt to grapple with the masterful, domineering character of this eminently capable diplomatist.

The late Sir Robert was a son of James Morier, the novelist, author of "Hajji Baba," one of the most amusing books there are in the language.

Very much has already been said, and very little need, therefore, be said now, about the late Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, who died last week in Vienna. In the early days at Darmstadt, soon after the close of the Franco-German war, when I knew the late Prince and his brothers well, it was impossible to have foreseen the distinguished parts that they were destined to play in the great world beyond. Quiet, unassuming, good-looking youths, with singularly fascinating manners, there was nothing whatever to indicate that they would ever make any serious mark in life. The late Prince Alexander is another victim to be added to the list that Prince Bismarck has some day to answer for. When the question of the proposed marriage between a daughter of the Empress Frederick and Prince Alexander arose, Prince Bismarck circulated the foulest calumny about the Prince which it was possible to concoct. It answered the purpose for which it was intended, and it also helped to ruin the life of this young Prince.

* * * * *

Since I gave, some few weeks ago, two or three stories told by the late Baron James de Rothschild, others have poured in upon me with alarming frequency. The following are amongst the best of them:—

Baron James meets Prince Paul of Würtemberg at a party.

"Bonjour, Paul," observes the Baron.

"Bonjour, M. le Baron," replies the Prince. "Je suis fâché de ne pas pouvoir vous appeler aussi par votre nom de baptême."

A certain Comte de Z—— is one day shown in to Baron James, in the counting-house. The Baron, being very busy, looks up for an instant and says, "Bonjour; prenez une chaise," and continues his work.

After a few moments, the astonished visitor remarks, "Probablement on s'est trompé en m'annonçant. Je suis le Comte de Z——."

Without interrupting his writing, Baron Rothschild replies:

"Pardon, M. le Comte ——. Prenez deux chaises."

* * * * *

This, too, deserves telling:—

A certain M. Constant, after returning from the funeral of his wife, is consoled by a friend, who finally asks him: "Comment vous trouvez vous à présent?"

"Merci, mon ami," he replies, "merci; je trouve que cette petite promenade m'a fait du bien."

* * * * * *

I have been asked to say that a collection of the principal works of the late Albert Moore will be exhibited at the Grafton Galleries at the exhibition which will open there early next January. A room will be especially devoted to this collection, and many of the artist's best works have been promised to the Directors for the occasion.

That the hansom cab is the most dangerous and disagreeable conveyance in the world is admitted by most. It has, however, recently developed an altogether new danger. Several hansoms now have an oil-lamp attached inside, and, a few days ago, one of these, being jerked out of its socket by the jolting of the cab, fell upon a lady and set fire to her dress. To presence of mind and prompt action she alone owes her escape from being burned alive.

It seems to have entirely escaped notice that it was Mr. Bayard, the new American Ambassador to London, who insisted some years ago upon the recall of Lord Sackville, the then British Minister to the United States. The incident has only to be mentioned to be remembered. That the British Government should have sanctioned the appointment of Mr. Bayard under these circumstances proves that we are a forgiving race. Beyond, however, making somewhat too lengthy speeches, Mr. Bayard has made himself a *persona grata* here.—Believe me to be, very truly yours, MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

TWO useful practical lessons, which have often been taught in vain, may be learnt from the race for the Derby Cup. The one is that it is good policy at the back-end meetings to follow a winning form. Best Man commenced the autumn by winning the Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket, and he had since won the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln, beating a fair field, and carrying a respectable weight, only a fortnight before he ran at Derby, and yet he was allowed to start at the extravagant price of 33 to 1. How it could be supposed that Raeburn was going to give 10 lb. to a horse which had so recently shown such excellent form over the same distance it is impossible to understand. People utterly neglected this recent winner to rush on the over-weighted Raeburn, and (more justifiably) on Harfleur II., who had been well tried, and on the bottled-up and over-rated Gangway. The other lesson is not to attach any importance whatever to the placings in races which have been won with extreme ease. Raeburn's second in the Cambridgeshire must have cost the gullish herd a large sum, for it was solely on the strength of that misleading form that he was made favourite at Derby. The fact is that Molly Morgan having palpably the race in hand at the Bushes, several horses which were then going well were very properly eased, notably Le Nicham, and my own opinion is that if Lord Dunraven's mare had been out of the way, then either Baron Rothchild's horse or Callistrate would have been the winner. Raeburn and Le Nicham are certain to meet again next season, in which case the Duke of Portland's horse is sure to be favourite, and then I hope that my speculative readers will back his opponent. If the Duke of Portland is well advised, he will try and win the Lincolnshire Handicap with Raeburn. The course and the distance would exactly suit this horse, and Lincoln being the Duke's home meeting, he would be peculiarly gratified by winning the great race there.

It is curious that when an owner lays himself out, as it were, to win races at a particular meeting, his horses are tolerably certain to be unfortunate. Several of the Duke of Devonshire's horses had been all the autumn in careful reserve for Derby, and his colours were carried in many races during the meeting; but not once were they

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—"The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's Glenisle Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

successful. Many years ago the horses in one of the largest and most powerful stables at Newmarket were kept quiet for months in order that they might show to advantage at a certain "back-end" meeting. About twenty horses were sent to the meeting, half of which were regarded as certainties for their respective engagements, and, indeed, several of the handicaps were "made for" representatives of this stable. The horses were "slipped" in race after race, and, so far as I remember, they ran second twelve or fifteen times during the week, but not a single stake was won. The good things were all ruthlessly overthrown, the result being that the two leading owners in the stable lost upwards of £30,000, and another of its patrons was irretrievably floored, as also were several other followers who had not realised what must be the inevitable result of the attempt of earthen pots to sail in company with brazen vessels.

Delphos has won more money than any other two-year-old of the season, the six races which he carried off being worth just £9,000. He has not a single engagement next year, and it is strange that he has not been entered for the Ascot Biennial, a rich stake which closed the other day. I see it is stated that Delphos was not engaged in the Derby because his breeder, Mr. Blake, had a still better yearling, which afterwards met with an accident and could not be trained. This tale is evidently inaccurate, for I have examined the original entry for next year's Derby, and Mr. Blake did not engage either the "much better yearling" or anything else.

An unprecedented number of famous horses are retiring from the turf to the stud just now. Sir Hugo, who was expected to enjoy a lengthened and brilliant racing career, never recovered from the effects of his race for the Newmarket Triennial last April, when the ground was dreadfully hard, and, although it was hoped that he would stand another preparation, and indeed he was the summer favourite for the Cesarewitch, it was found necessary to turn him out of training. This was a most unfortunate collapse for Lord Bradford. Sir Hugo's fee is to be 150 gs., which seems a preposterously high figure, and in my opinion 50 gs. would have been quite enough, all things considered.

St. Damien has quitted the turf, and his fee is only 25 gs., at which price he is about the cheapest horse now at the stud. St. Damien was one of the most unlucky horses on the turf that ever was foaled. He was most unfortunate in his races for the Newmarket Stakes and the Derby, and it was perfectly palpable to every rational speculator that last year he ought to have won the Eclipse Stakes instead of Orme. It was never expected that St. Damien would stand training as a four-year-old, and last January he was struck out of the Eclipse Stakes.

Orvieto, who was at his very best when he won the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap, is another victim of the hard ground at Ascot, and he seemed dreadfully groggy when he was injudiciously started for the Dullingham Plate at one of the Newmarket July Meetings. He will stand next season at Newmarket, and at 50 gs. so handsome, so smart, and so well-bred a horse should command plenty of patronage.

Orme, about whose superlative merits there was such a chorus of crackbrained jargoning during the summer, will be remembered on the turf as a great miler. His running at Doncaster conclusively proved his lack of stamina, and his frantic horde of eulogists ought to have been convinced by his subsequent form that, although he was Gulliver in Lilliput over eight furlongs, yet he became Gulliver in Brobdingnag over twelve. Backers were saved last year from a dreadful crash by Orme's illness. If this horse had kept well he would have won the Two Thousand by many lengths, and would have become the hottest Derby favourite ever known. The result would have been his defeat at Epsom, as he would certainly have failed to stay the Derby course, just as he collapsed at Doncaster in the Leger. Orme is splendidly bred both for speed and for stamina, and he is a beautiful horse, and perfectly sound in his wind, so the Duke of Westminster has not found it necessary to advertise him, but has, indeed, refused a shoal of applications from owners.

Chesterfield has been sent to France, and he is retiring to the stud, and so is May Duke. M. Lebaudy's horse was very smart when he was in the humour to do his best, and he could stay well, but he was fearfully uncertain. May Duke was a good, but on the whole a decidedly unlucky, horse. He walked in for the Ascot Triennial, but that race was his last, for the hard ground settled him.

There is an excellent acceptance for the Manchester Handicap, which is to be run on Saturday, and a large field may be expected. There has already been a good deal of betting on the race, but genuine stable commissions are not likely to be executed until Friday at the earliest, and all prudent people will defer their investments until the latest possible moment. La Flèche has been the nominal favourite ever since the acceptances were published; but the ground is likely to be very heavy, and I expect that Cereza will ultimately prove to be the best from this stable. A great deal of money has been lost over Aborigine during the autumn, and he was practically left at the post at Liverpool, where he was handicapped with La Flèche at 39 lb., whereas on Saturday they will meet at 46 lb. Seaton Delaval and Golden Drop are both great tips. I shall predict the victory of either Cereza or Xylophone.

Judging by the recent weather the Metropolitan Skating Association has been none too early in publishing its figure-skating tests. I was appalled at the requirements for the different classes, but one of the gentlemen who drew up the regulations assures me that there is scarcely anything new in them, and the object has been to limit the discretion of the judges who were sometimes inclined to be too lenient. This is a step in the right direction. He also tells me that at Wimbledon this year a portion of the nursery will be roped off for figure-skaters who are not members of the club.

I recently drew attention to the unnecessary dangers of hockey, and Mr. Stanley Christopherson, the Hon. Secretary of the Hockey Association, has written a letter, the gist of which is that "it is not the style of the ball which is to blame, but the vast improvement in the style of the sticks, which comply with the rules and are in shape and weight similar to those used some years ago, but in consequence of the improvements the driving power is infinitely greater, and hence the increase of danger. The prevailing idea seems to be that legislation with regard to the sticks will do away with any unnecessary danger. In the meantime, a strict observance of the rule that the sticks must never be raised above the shoulder would go a long way towards the desired end." Whatever may be the views of the Hon. Sec., it is ridiculous to say that sticks are improved when the result is an increase of danger. And then the placid way in which he speaks of the "meantime" without holding out any prospects of immediate legislation is worthy of the Premier of a Tory Cabinet.

Last Saturday will be a record for football. Nearly all over the country, especially in the West, matches had to be abandoned owing to the gale that was raging. The best result was Devonport Albion *v.* Wellington, which read:—"Match off. Grand Stand blown down." In the Rugby matches the game was confined to the forwards, and so St. Thomas's scored a win over the Scottish, who, if they had a bit more strength forward, would be the strongest team in the South. The weather prevented any line being drawn as to the strength of the Dark and Light Blue teams from the matches with Richmond and Blackheath. Apparently the Cambridge team is better forward. The Woolwich and Sandhurst matches were spoiled, but so long as the college and the shop turn out such teams the Army is a good way from the dogs. By the way, the increase of football in the Army has done more for recruiting than anything else. There is already an Army Cup, and I suggest a senior and junior competition. The Association game between London and the two Universities ended in a draw. The circumstances under which

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matches were played makes any notice of individual play impossible.

How can a billiard player help being Roberts mad! One follows him as one does the price of shares in the American Market. He drops points off his handicap. His position seems hopeless, and then the spectator goes in to see him with a certainty of a rise. On Thursday Roberts's chances were not rosy, but in the evening he scored thrice as fast as Mitchell. On Friday, Mitchell went well ahead, and looked a certain winner. He required about fifteen hundred to win, and the champion was nearly twelve hundred behind him. But Roberts was equal to the occasion; he practically monopolised the table, and although Mitchell put in a fine break of three hundred, the scratch man scored century after century, and won by over a hundred. Coles in his match with Dawson was certainly disappointing after his display the previous week.

Last week Linton, the bicyclist, tried to lower the 100 miles record, which he holds, at Herne Hill. He failed in his attempt, except from fifty-five to sixty-three miles. He had to find his own pacemakers. Those who on previous occasions had been expected to help him did not turn up. The reason was that the firm whose machine he rides supports the Stanley show, and so it is boycotted by other firms. The makers' amateur is therefore forbidden to turn out to help a rival firm by puffing its machines just before the show. The N.C.U. professes to support amateur riding. And yet it allows riders to go down when they please and cut records. A record should only be allowed to be made in a race. The present system affords the best means of advertising what manufacturers have, and so long as it lasts the makers' amateur will flourish, and the N.C.U. will be powerless to check him.

For flagrantly infringing the rules as to professionalism the Huddersfield Football Club has been suspended until the end of the season. Considering the open avowals of the existence of rampant professionalism in Yorkshire, which the county delegates made at the general meeting, the Rugby Union should have expelled the club. By this means they would have got rid of the Yorkshire clubs, as there would have been a general secession. This is exactly what is wanted. If there was enough evidence to warrant suspension, there was sufficient for expulsion.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—At last the air is clearing, and there seems to be reasonable grounds for looking more hopefully into the future. It is true that we have the troubles of the Trusts Companies still with us, but, as I explained last week, the losses which have been made by these are more than discounted in the present low prices of their securities. In fact, if reasonable action is taken by the shareholders in these Companies, and if the noisy wreckers do not get their way, I should think that a recovery in a good many of these stocks was probable, now that an improvement of trade promises to follow the termination of the coal strikes.

A more Hopeful Outlook.

The end of the coal war is, of course, a most important event. The disastrous struggle commenced on July 28, and has therefore lasted nearly four months, materially deepening the depression already existing. In the light of the immediate favourable result of the intervention of the Government, it is to be regretted that this step was not taken at an earlier stage of the trouble, but Ministers are, all the same, to be congratulated upon their success. The heavy losses caused to our industries and to our railways cannot, of course, be recovered to any great extent, but there is, at least, every prospect of a revival in business. The last few Board of Trade returns indicated distinctly that a tendency to improvement was in existence, which would, without the coal trouble, by now have found expression in increased exports and imports. We may, therefore, now look for material progress. There are other hopeful signs. The position in the United States is rapidly improving, and the plethora of money in the chief financial centres, especially in New York and Chicago, points to an early revival in the Wall Street market. With reference to the Romero Rothschild convention for the settlement of the Argentine Debt, I am informed that it will be ratified by Congress this week, and although the civil war in Brazil drags on its weary length, there are symptoms of some decisive action. Again, money is very plentiful here, and although gold dribbles away to the Continent, there seems to be no fear at present of any heavy drain. The forthcoming conversion of French Rentes is also a favourable feature. With a considerable "Bear" account open all over the Stock Exchange, it wants but a return of confidence amongst the public to bring about a very sharp recovery; and I may tell you, Ben, that I have of late heard the view confidently expressed by long-headed men, who are not usually given to illusions, that we are at present on the threshold of a marked and lasting upward movement. With reference to the rumours connected with the Bank of England, which have again been so widely discussed, the matter is of no importance to the general public and has no bearing upon the markets. I incline to the opinion that Mr. Frank May, the late chief cashier of the Bank of England, has been made a scapegoat, and that the impression which prevails, that the responsibility really rests upon two of the directors, is well founded. It is, moreover, a well-known fact that all important loan transactions are submitted to a committee of directors. But what does it matter to the world at large, if the Bank of England should make a loss over such a transaction? It is chiefly a question for the shareholders in the Bank, who may have to submit to a small reduction in the dividend. As to the tales of wealthy clients rushing up to town to inquire of their solicitors and others, if their large balances at the Bank of England were safe, they may be true enough; but they only prove how unreasonable the prevailing distrust is and how flimsy are the pretexts upon which people allow themselves to be scared nowadays.

Home Rails Revive.

The termination of the coal strike has brought about a moderate rise in English Railway stocks. It was shown at the settlement last week that no real stock had come out, rates being easy all round, with stiff backwardations, especially in the case of Brighton "A," Metropolitan, Dover "A," and Great Eastern. Small backs also ruled in the heavy stocks, with the exception of North-Eastern. The view taken in the "House" is that some large amounts of the latter stock have been marketed of late by the Hull Docks Company, and that this was the reason of the dulness which has prevailed recently. Great Western are up 1½, Midlands and North-Western, ½. The two last-named lines have suffered severely from the coal strikes, the traffic decrease of the Midland for the nineteen weeks of the current half-year having been £745,407, that of the North-Western £416,425. Although considerable savings have been effected in working expenses, a large proportion of these decreases will work out to net losses, even though some part will probably be recovered through the large quantities of coal which will now pass over the lines. Such is, in fact, the coal famine that the increase in the traffics may be expected to extend well into the coming year. Investors having disregarded the heavy decline in earnings hitherto, it would appear that they will face the reduced dividends in January as philosophically. Great Eastern have improved 2 points on "Bear" closing. I have pointed out for some time that the account in this stock was greatly over-sold, a statement which was fully

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confirmed by a back of $\frac{1}{16}$ exacted at the settlement. The dividend outlook for the Ordinary stock is, of course, very unpromising, as will be seen from the following estimate :—

Traffic decreases to date		£139,106
Extra Preferred and pre-Preferred interest		15,000
		154,106
Deduct larger balance brought forward ...	£2,960	
Estimated saving in working expenses... ...	46,368	
		49,328
Net decrease to date		104,778
1½ per cent. on Ordinary		94,296
Smaller carry forward		10,482

	First half.	Second half.	Year.	Carry forward.
1892.....	¾ ...	3½ ...	2¼ ...	£40,000
1893.....	¾ ...	2 ...	1⅜ ...	£29,500

The result of this calculation is therefore a dividend at the rate of 1⅜ per cent. only, against 2¼ per cent. last year, with a considerably smaller balance to carry forward ; but it may be that a few traffic increases from coal will yet improve the position somewhat during December. However that may be, the shareholders have stuck to their holdings so tightly during the coal war that the "Bears" have not much to hope from them. Dover "A" have improved 1, as recoveries in traffic are now also looked for on the South-Eastern. I drew attention last week to the reopening of Olympia with the end of the year as likely to benefit the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District lines. To this prospect has been added an impending advance in long-distance omnibus fares, while the Metropolitan will now pull up some of its losses in coal traffic. No wonder, therefore, that Metropolitan has risen nearly four points, and Districts two, to 27. On Metropolitan, as much as ⅜ back was paid at the settlement, and there is hardly any stock to be got. Great Northern Deferred have risen 3 points on the improved outlook with respect to coal traffic. The Scotch stocks are dull, as the coal strike in the Midlands had benefited them rather than otherwise, but they will after all participate in any general revival, and should certainly be held.

Brighton "A" and the Bears.

The time is now approaching when the tussle with the bears of "Berthas" will cause some diversion in the Brighton market. The notice of a bill in Parliament applying for further capital powers for the purpose chiefly of doubling the line between Croydon and Red Hill, which has just been advertised, was the last point on which the ursine party had relied. The outlay for this work is, however, estimated at only £350,000, and will be distributed over a considerable time, so that it will not affect the financial position of the Company in 1894 to any extent. I have already explained that holders of Brighton "A" must make up their mind to a dividend of only 5½ per cent., on which basis the yield is less than 4 per cent. per annum on the investment. This is how this dividend estimate is worked out.

Balance brought into the account				£42,539
Revenue available for ordinary dividend :—				
July ...	£77,193	a decrease of	£22,700	
August ...	84,227	,, ,,	18,100	
September ...	48,839	,, ,,	24,000	(estimated)
October ...	27,125	,, ,,	16,000	,,
November ...	16,684	,, ,,	8,000	,,
December ...	10,461	,, ,,	5,000	,,
	£307,068			
	291,410	a dividend of 7¼ per cent.		
	£15,658	balance forward.		

Dividend on Brighton Ordinary Stock : First half, 4¼ ; second half, 7¼ per cent., leaving 5½ per cent. for Brighton "A."

According to my information, however, the stock of coal along the whole line is so reduced that within a fortnight from the end of the coal strikes traffic increases may be expected, recent decreases having been almost entirely in coal. That would mean that, instead of a net decrease of £5,000 in December, there might be an increase, which would make all the difference. The line will, moreover, derive increased traffics from coal during part of next year, thus providing a set-off against the large passenger takes of the first half of the present year, when the sun favoured the passenger movement so exceptionally. In the second half of 1894 there would then be the comparison with the wretched returns of the corresponding period of the current year. Real holders of Brighton "A" have stuck to their stock with marvellous fortitude during the bad times, and so scarce was stock at the last settlement, that the backwardation ran up from ⅜ to ⅞. Is it likely, therefore, that they will now sell out when prospects are brightening, and they may anticipate for 1894 a return to the old fat dividends ? The "bears" have had their innings, and they will probably have to face a *mauvais quart d'heure* before long.

Yankee Prospects.

On the whole, prices of active American Railroad stocks have advanced to a moderate extent during the past week in the face of considerable "Bear" pressure, which has again increased the "short" account both here and in Wall Street. Traffics, although still showing decreases, are improving in many instances, especially in the case of the Atchison line, the weekly decrease of which has now fallen to 46,500 dols., which is again an improvement on the October returns, and Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds have been one of the firmest stocks in the market. The last New York Bank statement is again very satisfactory, the surplus above legal requirements of 65,500,000 dols. being larger than ever before, and although a commercial failure caused some temporary nervousness, there does not appear reason to anticipate any crop of such disasters. On the other hand, mercantile paper is now in better request than it has been for a long time, consequently affording merchants all the relief they require ; and savings banks which have had their funds, amounting to nearly 200 millions, locked up, are soon expected in the market seeking investments. The view is taken also in some quarters that the American public will shortly enter the market for their own Railroad stocks ; and considering the plethora of money in New York, Chicago, and other financial centres, this is a reasonable anticipation, especially if trade should go on improving and traffics increase. The carriage of grain may also be relied upon to help the Railroads now that the lake traffic comes to an end. The records of grain receipts kept by the New York Produce Exchange show that for five months of the canal season this year the receipts of wheat by canal have been 24,102,000 bushels, compared with 11,426,000 bushels last year, and of corn 4,118,200 bushels, compared with 625,000 for the same period of last year. These figures are a sufficient answer to those who attempt to ignore the importance of the canals as a factor in the great grain traffic of the country, and as a regulator of railroad rates. The last batch of traffic returns for the second week of November is very promising, the Louisville showing a decrease of only 24,000 dols., the Norfolk and Western 12,000 dols. increase, the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas 50,000 dols. increase. Time is, of course, working in favour of holders of Yankee Rails, which are certain to benefit by the recovery of the country from the crisis through which it has passed. Milwaukees, Louisville, Atchison, and similar stocks should under these circumstances advance materially, if gradually. I said last week that even Denvers and Denver Prefs. had seen the worst, and there has been a marked improvement since. There has also been a better demand for Railroad bonds, gilt-edged, such as New York Central Fours, and good second-class bonds, such as Louisville Unified, Denver Fours, Northern Pacific First Mortgage bonds, &c. A very good reception has also been accorded to the new issue of Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Gold bonds (guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio), which have all been placed and are a really gilt-edged security, which is excellent value at 101. Now that the

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Six per Cent. Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes have been popularised in the market it has been decided to deal in them in future "clean," viz., not plus accrued interest as heretofore, but on the condition that whatever interest accrues is included in the price. As soon as the necessary documents come to hand from Boston, application will be made for an official quotation on the London Stock Exchange, and I am told that Messrs. Hope & Co. have already applied for a quotation in Amsterdam. The price on the new terms is 97, at which these notes yield 7 per cent. per annum on the investment. Canadian Pacifics, which were also heavily oversold, have moved up sharply a point or two on the publication of favourable statements in a letter from the President, Mr. Van Horne. Grand Trunks have fluctuated, but will hardly recover to any marked extent until the next monthly statement is published, another disagreeable surprise being within the range of possibility.

The Argentine Convention.

The long-expected news of the ratification by the Argentine Congress of the Romero-Rothschild convention for the settlement of the Argentine Debt will, according to reliable cablegrams, arrive this week, and the market for Government stocks has braced up in anticipation of the event. It is, in fact, reported that Congress in a fit of generosity intends to add a clause to the effect that, if the revenues exceed 125,000,000 dols. national money, half of the surplus will be applied towards increasing the dividend on the loans, which are to receive only 60 per cent. of their original interest until their dividend becomes equal, proportionately, to that of the preferential loans. I do not think much of the suggestion, even if it should be adopted, as these surpluses can rarely be relied upon, and especially not in this case, as the railway guarantees have yet to be settled. It will be useful to show the position and the comparative yield in the following table:—

Argentine Government Bonds.

—	Interest per cent.		Highest in 1892.	Lowest in 1892.	Present Price.	Yield per cent. per annum.
		Temporary Adjustment.				
Argentine, 1886	5	4	76	58¼	65	£6 4
Argentine Funding ...	6	5	73⅞	49	69½	7 4
*Argentine 1884	5	3	48	30	41⅛	7 5
*Argentine 1887 Treasury	5	3	44¾	30½	40	7 10
*Argentine 1888 Sterling External	4½	£2 14	41½	28¼	39½	6 17
*Argentine 1889 Sterling External	3⅜	£2 2	33¾	22½	29	7 5
Buenos Ayres Water Supply and Drainage Works	5	4	—	—	53	7 11

The loans marked with an asterisk are those which will receive only 60 per cent. under the Rothschild Convention. It will be seen that the Buenos Ayres Water Supply and Drainage bonds, which are also Government bonds, with at least equal security to the others, return the highest yield. There is obviously a considerable margin for a rise in these bonds, paying from £6. 17s. to £7. 11s. per cent. per annum, with the prospect of a return to the original rate of interest after six years. The 1886 loan has, of course, the additional right to a return of the 1 per cent. per annum which remains unpaid during the period of temporary adjustment.

South American Railway Debentures.

The final settlement of the Argentine Debt will, no doubt, lead to an advance in Argentine Railway stocks, which will probably communicate itself also to other South American Railway securities. The improvement should, as usual, commence with the gilt-edged, and then spread to the more speculative stocks. I propose supplying some information upon these various classes of securities for the use of investors, and I herewith give a tabular comparison of the yield of the Debentures of leading South American lines:—

—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Four per Cent. Debentures .	96½	90	96	4	£4 4
Antofagasta Six per Cent. Guaranteed Capital stock ...	119½	110	106½	6	5 13
Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cent. Debenture stock	107	98	104	4	3 17
Buenos Ayres and Rosario Four per Cent. Debenture stock ...	95¾	80½	93	4	4 6
Costa Rica Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures ...	96	73	86½	6	6 19
Central Argentine Six per Cent. Debenture stock	136½	100	138	6	4 10
Central Uruguay of Monte Video Six per Cent. Debenture stock	129	114	120	6	5 0
*Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. Debenture stock ...	74½	59	52	—	7 14
Mexican Railway Six per Cent. Perpetual Debenture stock ...	129	112½	111	6	5 8
Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds (1923)	109¾	97	111	5	4 10
Nitrate Railways Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds	98⅞	90	96	5	5 4

* The interest actually paid for the half-year ended August 31 was as to half in cash and half in deferred warrants, equivalent to 4 per cent. cash for the year.

There has been an advance of from 2 to 4 points in all these securities since I last published a list of them some six weeks ago (Truth, October 5). The highest class Debentures in this list are those of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern, and of the Antofagasta (Chili), and Bolivia, the latter of which yield the best return. Interest on the Costa Rica First Mortgage Debentures will be resumed in cash on January 1. For the purpose of making sound and progressive investments with every safety, an excellent selection can be made from the above tables.

Kaffir and Other Mines.

The state of the market for Chartered British of South Africa shares has been very unsettled during the week. Not only is the campaign in Matabeleland apparently far from over, but the new issue of 1,000,000 shares in connection with the United Concessions raises fears of the market being swamped again. Yet I really do not see why the nervousness of investors concerning Chartered shares should in any way interfere with the shares in Land and Mining Companies, the properties of which are situate many hundred miles from the seat of war in Matabeleland. Why, for instance, should the Witwatersrand Gold Mining shares be in any way affected by the Chartered troubles. It really is time that the Mining market should shake itself free from this baneful influence. In the meantime, changes in South African Gold Mines have mostly been in the downward direction, Rietfontein, City and Suburban, and Meyer and Charlton leading the way. It remains now to be seen, if the November crushings will infuse some life into the Kaffir Circus. Advices from the South Simmer and Jack Mine are to the effect that the shaft is down 125 feet, and work is going on steadily. With the rock-drill, which has been ordered, it is hoped to strike the south reef in six to eight weeks. The market has been firm, and dealings have taken place at a small premium, viz., $1\frac{1}{16}$. Amongst Indian Mines a firm tone prevailed at one time on advices according to which the Balaghat-Mysore had apparently met with the continuation of the Champion Reef in its property, but prices do not close at the best. American Mining shares are steady, with a slight increase in dealings. Poorman and De Lamar have recovered, while Tolima "A" and "B" have relapsed. The Idaho Exploring Company—a reconstruction of Idaho Mining Company—appears to have some promising opportunities for the acquisition, amongst others, of the Barranca del

Oro and Republica Gold Mines, the ore in which is stated to run to 3 oz. to the ton, in addition to which it has the Idaho mill and machinery worth, at auction prices, between £7,000 to £8,000, which should prove valuable in this mining district. This in reply to several inquiries from shareholders in the old Company as to whether they should take up their shares in the new undertaking. It seems to be a fair mining risk. Don Pedros are easier, but Elkhorn are the turn firmer. The negotiations to which I referred as to an important deal of the Caratal Company regarding the McArthur Forrest process are now taking practical shape, and an early announcement is expected, which should be good news for the shareholders. The latest advices from the Macate Gold Mining Company show that the property is being vigorously handled, for the lodes are increasing in width and value, and news of crushings is daily expected. The shares are quoted 2s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. with a fair amount of business. In the Australian section moderate dealings have taken place in Aladdins and Wentworth, but the tone is rather dull. Achilles Gold Fields shares have been dealt in at 1-1$\frac{1}{16}$. This Company has taken over the well-known Phœnix Gold Mine in New Zealand, on which a large body of ore running 1 oz. to the ton is stated to be ready for the 30-stamp mill now at work. Advices of the first clean-up are shortly expected, and there is an impression in the market that the price of the shares will advance sharply. Carringtons are firm at 3s. 6d.-4s., and there are hardly any shares in the market. It is confidently anticipated that the Company will get the same rich stone as the Victoria Gold Mining Association, which owns an adjoining property and pays 6d. regularly and an occasional 1s. per month on the shares quoted at 17s., and has last announced a crushing of 259 tons for 480 oz. for the fortnight. The Brilliant Block Gold Mine announces a crushing for the fortnight of 169 tons for 273 oz.

Important to Oceana Shareholders.

Although the report of the Oceana Transvaal Land Company for the year ending June 30 contains many favourable references, such as those to the prospect of sales of stands for the new township at Sedan, the proclamation of a farm contiguous to the Company's property, Buffelsfontein, as a goldfield, and the programme of railway extension in the Transvaal, comprising some 1,200 miles, notably the approval of the line from Pretoria to Pietersburg, promising the opening up of the Company's properties in the Central and Northern Transvaal, the shareholders are greatly disappointed that no dividend or bonus is paid to them, as had been foreshadowed, and might, moreover, reasonably have been expected. The Company effected during the year under review the sale of the farm Riversdraai to the Oceana Transvaal Coal Company against £500 in cash and £12,666 fully-paid shares of £1 each, and as holders of 39,038 Oceana Development shares it is entitled to a portion of the shares in the Coal Compamy, which the Development Company is about to distribute to its shareholders as a bonus. Together, these would represent some 22,000 Coal shares, the bulk of which, or say 20,000 shares, would work out to 10 per cent. on the Oceana capital of £20,000, and they ought, in my opinion, to be distributed as a bonus to the shareholders. The Directors, it appears, somewhat old-fashioned in their notions, argue that they are not permitted to pay a dividend, as there is a debit balance standing against the Company in the balance-sheet of £43,700. But against this sum there figure in the balance-sheet as assets, the £39,038 in Oceana Development shares above referred to, and some blocks of New Belgium and Silati River shares, for which no credit has been taken, and which more than compensate for the amount of the debit balance. Why, then, should the shareholders now allow the Coal shares also to be bottled up in the accounts in this same extraordinary fashion? The Oceana Company has ample cash assets, as it has since the issue of the report received calls on the new shares amounting to £25,000, in addition to £7,300 investments, £8,171 sundry debtors, and £6,000 cash in hand, making a total of over £46,000; while the extensive properties held by it stand in the books at the cost price—viz., £105,103, although, in view of the development going on in the Transvaal, they are worth a great deal more. It is, therefore, quite time that the shareholders should see some kind of return for their money, and I strongly advise them to insist at the meeting to be held on Thursday, November 23, upon the distribution of a 10 per cent. bonus in Coal shares. Of this, 6 per cent., or 12,000 shares, could be distributed at once, and the remaining 4 per cent., or 8,000 shares, when the Oceana Development Company issues its accounts and pays its bonus in Coal shares, which I understand will take place very shortly. The partly-paid shares in the Coal Company stand at "par," and the news from the coal property is excellent; so that the fully-paid shares referred to represent a valuable security.

For Mutual Life Assurance. The Scottish Widows' Fund Society. Accumulated Funds £12,000,000. Special Notice. Assurances to participate in the next Division of Profits in respect of the year ending December 31, 1893, should be applied for now. Full particulars of this great Mutual Life Office may be obtained on application to London Office, 28, Cornhill, E.C.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Moonstone.—There is no newspaper which publishes the numbers of all the drawn Lottery bonds, but you can subscribe to some agency which furnishes the information. If you wish it, I will obtain name and particulars. *Ulysses.*—Mexican things are looking up, and City of Mexico bonds are a fair venture. There is a marked recovery in the Government stocks. *J. R., Westminster.*—Certainly hold the bonds and buy more to average. *S. American.*—Most decidedly, hold Nos. 1-4. Affairs in Mexico are improving, while silver is better. The dividends of Nos. 2 and 3 are also pretty safe, and No. 4 should take a turn eventually. *W. H.*—An arrangement has been made by the State of Virginia with the bondholders under which reduced interest is paid. *Ignoramus.*—These Lottery bonds are safe enough but the yield is very small, and they are not dealt in here. *Plym.*—1. An arrangement is in course of ratification under which payment will be resumed in currency. 2. There is no reason to suppose that the City of Mexico will not keep up interest. *M. S. T.*—I should not advise you to make the investment.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

T. B., Madlock Bridge.—You should hold both the Bank shares and the shares in the Trust Company. The scare is nearly over. *Spes.*—The Bank is apparently going on all right, and should benefit by the improvement in Argentina. There is no market for the shares of the publishing Company, and I should not advise you to touch them. *Exsul.*—Yes, the shares of the Bank of New South Wales are a good investment. It is one of the three best Australian Banks which have weathered the recent crisis well. *Parachute.*—I do not advise you to deal through this Paris firm, neither are these Lottery bonds at all tempting, as they yield very little apart from the chance of drawings. If you wish to buy them, do so through a respectable banker. *Confidence.*—I advise you to deal with members of the Stock Exchange only. *Avis.*—1. A wealthy American office. 2. Yes. 3. Try the Sun Life Office. 4. Doubtful. *Observer, Malton.*—If you are a holder, keep them; but do not buy at present. *Inscientia.*—1. Have nothing to do with the firm; their system is unsatisfactory, and you can buy these bonds at a much lower price in the market. 2. You can buy them through your bankers. 3. No. 4. Your bankers ought to be able to recommend you a stockbroker.

Home Rails.

R. T.—You should hold the American Rails Nos. 1 and 3, also Canadian Pacifics (2). It is believed that the Hull Dock Company has sold its holding of North-Eastern Consols, and that this accounts for the recent dulness of the stock.

American and Foreign Rails.

A. H.—Certainly, Atchison "B" bonds should be held. They are very cheap, and at 43 yield about 9¾ per cent. per annum. Whenever Dutch holders, who had to sell some blocks in order to meet their losses in the various Union Pacific bonds, which were defaulted upon, turn round, there will be a sharp recovery. *A. R. C.*—You should hold your Northern Pacific bonds, measures are being taken in the interest of the holders. *Light.*—1. There is no option but to hold Manitoba and North-Western Debentures, and I have always warned my readers against these small Canadian lines. 2. I think you had better sell Pahang Corporation. *Acero.*—Hold all your American Rails, Nos. 1 to 4. It is a pity that you did not sell your Louisville at 56 to 58, when I so strongly advised it, and purchased again when they dropped to 45. But they ought to be held now. *Cornwall.*—The fear that eventually interest might be passed appears to have depressed these shares, but default does not seem probable. *E. J. D.*—

There does not appear to be much prospect of any substantial progress for the present, and, as you can do much better elsewhere, you should sell out and repurchase—say, Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes at 96½, which yield 7¼ per cent. per annum, Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds, which will eventually yield 10 per cent. on present price, or, say, Antofagasta Six per Cent. Capital stock, at 107, yielding about 5½ per cent. per annum. *Bishop.*—The time of Texas "B" will come shortly. Hold. *B. Mc.*—There is no reason why you should not average the American Railroad bonds and the Bank shares. Personally, however, I should prefer the Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes at 97. *H. K.*—It is a great pity that you did not follow my advice to sell Louisville at 56 65, and repurchase again at 45. They should now be held for a recovery. The new issue of shares will not for the present be made, as they will be kept in the Treasury, and if traffic should improve a considerable advance is probable. *H. K. V.*—I do not advise the investment in this railway. *Corinthian.*—1. I gave last week, in reply to "Dora" (page 1,055), the exact security of the Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes on the authority of a firm of New York solicitors. 2. These bonds are no catch. 3. Hold these bonds, they will recover. 4. A fair mining risk. *A Small Investor.*—1. It is quite correct that the Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes are all in the denomination of 5,000 dols. In Amsterdam the "Administration" has arranged to issue its own certificates of 500 dols. and 1,000 dols. against the deposit of the Notes, and it is to be hoped that some such arrangement will also be made here. 2. I do not consider the Railway investment mentioned by you is sufficiently safe. *Modicus.*—Certainly hold Cordoba and Rosario Debenture stock. They will rise with the rest of the Argentine market. *Sussex.*—The advice applies for any day, as my remarks are not based only on daily occurrences. *A Country Broker.*—The New York Central has a better hold upon its district. The Ontario has had a larger coal traffic, and the Norfolk and Western extensions are at last becoming productive. You will find that traffics will also gradually improve on the other lines. *R. W.*—The Atchison requirements for January have, according to cable advices published in the press, all been arranged. The South American investments, Nos. 1-5 and 7, should be held for a recovery, which is probable. The Bank shares, Nos. 6 and 8, are first-class.

Mining Shares.

Winkle.—A reconstruction will probably be necessary, for which reason I cannot advise you to buy now. *Brojin.*—1. Whenever trade in Chili improves and the exchange rises, Arancos will recover. 2. Oceana should be bought on the relapse as well as Oceana Development shares. See remarks under "Important to Oceana Shareholders." *Paul Jones.*—Hold Glencairns and Shebas. It is impossible to recommend to you, as you desire, some cheap shares that will have a substantial rise in a few weeks. Any one operating in Mines must have patience, a rise comes about often very suddenly. The only course is to buy promising shares and to put them by. The remarks under "Kaffir and Other Mines" will give you the necessary information. *Langley.*—It is a fair Mining risk. *Ajax.*—The Glencairn Mine is doing exceedingly well, and some time next year, when dividends are paid, they will stand much higher than now. Hold also May's Consolidated now. *D. S.* and *P. R.*—Yes, you should give the Idaho reconstruction at once, if still in time. See under "Kaffir and Other Mines." *Espérance.*—Yes Achilles Gold shares are very firm at par (£1 share, fully paid), and the market expects a sharp rise. *Cambrian.*—Some of the mines referred to in the report in question from Bendigo are good investments, but they would have to be selected with great care. There is no market for them here. *Ink Pot.*—You must give me full particulars of the contract, &c., before I can advise you. *Merton.*—The stocks No. 1-3 should now be held, as the depression will probably pass away. 4. As the calls on Glenrock for the next twelve months are not to exceed sixpence per share, it may be policy to take your proportion in the reconstructed Company, but sell on any fair advance in the price of the new issue. Sell Colon, Tetuan, and Wheal Grenville (5-7). Hold the Uruguay Railway stock. *Veritas.*—Hold all the mines Nos. 1-2, 4, 6-8. Sell Nos. 9 and 5. When the conversion is effected sell No. 3. Do not average yet. *Afrikander.*—The outlook for Clewer Estates is considered good, and Roodepoort United Main Reef is a fair mining venture. Hold for a recovery in the South African market. *Jersey.*—Hold Nos. 1 and 2. Sell Eberhardt (3). Prospects of the Del Rey Mine are considered favourable, but the shares appear to be quite high enough for the present. 5. Yes, the reconstruction took a long time, but the shares should be held now—in fact, there is no option but to do so. Hold No. 6 at present price. Yes, as to No. 7. Write to the secretary with regard to 8. Certainly hold Caratal (9), satisfactory advices are expected. 10. I have no information on this matter, but I should say that it is a very disastrous bankruptcy. *M. N.*—Considered a promising property, but no market for the shares. No option but to wait.

Industrial Companies.

Ed. E., Paris.—The prospects of this Company should be reasonably satisfactory. But you had better write to the Secretary for information. *J. A., Passage.*—A fair industrial investment, but no catch. You can do better amongst the securities mentioned by me to-day. *G. W.*—These shares ought to be held, as the Company appears to have turned the corner.

Mixed Investments.

S. S. C.—1. Hold Argentine Great Western Debentures; whenever a settlement of the Railway guarantees is made, which is promised for this year, the price will advance. 2. Hold Chathams, speculation may possibly revive shortly. 3. No option but to hold, but you did not need to have bought into these small Canadian lines. *Margin Lagniappe.*—For the investment of your £2,500 you might make a very suitable little Trust for yourself by spreading it over Baltimore and Ohio South Western Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio, at 101; Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes, at 97 (see remarks under Yankee Rails); also from to-day's lists of South American Debentures: Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds (1925), at 111; Antofagasta Six per Cent. Guaranteed Capital stock, at 106½; and Nitrate Railway Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds, at 96. *Neptune.*—The above mentioned stocks recommended to "Marine Engineer" should also suit you, or else you can make a further selection from the stocks mentioned under "South American Railway Debentures." I do not like the Debentures mentioned by you. *W. B. Shrew.*—You should hold the shares in the Industrial Company, but it is hardly worth while to buy more, when there are so many other tempting investments offering. The stocks mentioned by you under No. 1-5 will do very well for the investment of your £2,000. *Winter.*—No reason to sell the American Railroad stocks No. 1-4. The market is likely to improve considerably. Hold the Brewery stocks No. 5-9, also No. 10. Hold No. 11. Also hold Caratals (12), concerning which favourable news is expected, and Holcombe Valley (13). Baker's Creek shares are a good purchase. With regard to the Phœnix Golden Pile, last advices state that the reef is opening up well, and it appears safe to predict that the mine will pay regular dividends when properly developed, but the Gympie Goldfield is so patchy that it is not until a mine is fully opened out that one can, with any safety, foreshadow what it will ultimately turn out.

Various Investments.

An important change came at one time over the silver market, the price, after a further decline to 32 1/16d., having recovered to 32¾d, but a relapse to 32 5/16d. has since occurred. An advance in the Indian exchanges and sales of bills for some forty lacs of rupees on India at 1s. 3¼d. have given rise to the hope that the India Council will be able to get along for some time without a new loan, and that its Micawber-like policy of waiting for something to turn up will, after all, meet with some limited measure of success. Silver securities, as far as they are connected with Mexico, are distinctly firmer. Mexican Six per Cent Government stock having risen a couple of points, and Mexican Railway First Prefs. have recovered over three points to 62¾ x.d. The Second Prefs., however, have improved only one point. The impression is growing very generally that affairs in Mexico are mending as regards trade, and that larger railway traffics may be looked for. In the meantime no doubt is being entertained that the Mexican Government will meet the January interest in full in cash. The directors of the Trustees, Executors, &c., Corporation have made a call of £2. 10s. per share, payable as to one half on December 20 and February 28 next; but a further call of £2. 10s. will no doubt be made, as the Debentures amounting to £500,000 have the security of the uncalled capital, and the holders have the right of insisting upon being repaid in the first instance. I fully explained the position of these debentures, when publishing on 2nd inst. my last table of well-secured investments. Holders have the option to call in the money in three years from April 1, 1892, viz., on April 1, 1895, at 101½, while the Corporation reserved the right of paying them off at any time at 103, at which they would, in fact, be payable at the end of six years. In the present case the Corporation will, no doubt, have to exercise this right. Hence the rise in the Debentures from 95, at which they stood when I mentioned them, to 99. The approaching Conversion of the Four-and-a-half per Cent. Rentes is likely to keep the Paris Bourse in good humour for some time, and will act as a support for Foreign stocks here, amongst which Italians and Spanish have rallied. The action of the Greek Government in stopping the Funding arrangement without condescending to state what it will substitute for the same, has caused a good deal of dissatisfaction. At the same time, it is hoped that M. Tricoupis will not lend

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

himself to any measures which might altogether destroy the credit of Greece. A loan of £2,000,000 is talked of, to be applied to the strengthening of the currency and a fresh arrangement with the creditors on a cash basis. Nitrate Rails have improved to 15⅝, as I said they would. Although the traffic increase for the fortnight ended November 15 was only £3,686, larger increases are now looked forward to.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

BATESON & CO., MONEY-LENDERS.

JOSEPH GRAMSON, ESQ., J.P., of Hawks Hall, Hawkstone, Bucks, possessed two very pronounced characteristics—impressive middle-class respectability and imperturbable gravity. When, therefore, he one morning at breakfast suddenly left the table and retired to his pretentious library, the family concluded that something very much out of the ordinary was contained in the letter he had carried off with him.

For once the consensus of domestic opinion was right. The letter was very much out of the ordinary. This is what it said:—

DEAR G.—Enclosed appeared in *Evening Argus* to-night. We now have the blackguards on the hip. Fire a writ for libel into them without delay, otherwise you are a ruined man. Will be at usual place to-morrow afternoon to see you and talk over plans.—Yours, B.

P.S.—Destroy this.

The enclosure was a newspaper cutting, headed "Bateson & Co., Usurers. Who is the Co.?" It was one of a series of articles that were appearing in the *Argus*, exposing the rampant roguery of a notorious money-lender of the worst stamp, who, under the name of Bateson & Co., had rendered himself infamous by his extortions. One portion of the article was marked with blue pencil. Mr. Gramson read it again and again, while the damp on his forehead became a cold dew:—

It seems that Bateson, like most of his type, is merely the tool of another. The actual founder and proprietor of this firm is one Gramson, a person who some years ago gained notoriety in connection with a more than usually discreditable money-lending transaction. Since then Gramson has grown rich and respectable. He is a person of some consequence in the village of Hawkstone, and has been deemed worthy of holding her Majesty's Commission as a Justice of the Peace. We need scarcely add that he is also a pillar of the Church, and an ostentatious parader of all those virtues which men of his stamp are ever the first to champion. In our next article we shall have something more to say about this money-lending J.P.

Had some of the admirers of Joseph Gramson seen him after the sixth or seventh perusal of that bit of print they would never again have regarded him as a marvel of cool-headedness. And it would have been surprising had Mr. Gramson been less excited than he was, for he was passing through one of those supreme experiences that sooner or later come to all who lead a double life.

After years of careful concealment, in spite of the most elaborate precautions that ingenuity and money could supply, the skeleton in his cupboard had been discovered and released, to the amusement and disgust of the world. No one knew better than Joseph Gramson how intense is the prejudice in every class against the money-lender, and particularly the successful one. It is the only disreputable business that success does not palliate and gild.

The J.P. spent an hour in turning over all sorts of schemes for averting the blow. Never a clever man, always dependent upon the brains of others, he now felt crushed and helpless, and waited impatiently for the time when he could meet Bateson and hear what plans he had matured for repelling the attack of their common enemy.

The *Argus* was scarcely correct in describing Bateson as the tool of his employer Gramson. It was quite true that it was Bateson's untiring industry, combined with his matchless rascality, that had enabled the J.P. to enjoy the fruits of the nefarious business without suffering any of the obloquy attaching to it. Bateson was a very willing tool, yet, strangely enough, up to the present he had played quite fairly. In a cautious way Gramson trusted the man; to-day he looked to him as his saviour.

It seemed to him weeks before Mr. Gramson got up to town, and slipped furtively by means of his own key into the private room of a little office in a Queen Victoria-street Mansion, where Bateson & Co. ran another "show" under an alias.

Bateson, smart, well-dressed, and looking anything but a low-class usurer, rose from a cosy chair to greet the "Co." of his firm. The two conspirators wasted no time in generalities, but came to the point at once.

"Nothing could be better," said Bateson, emphatically. "They've given themselves away gloriously. If they'd confined themselves to proving your connection with the show they might have scored; but in mixing you up with Jim Gramson and that Lord Carton business they've done for themselves."

"Yes," replied the Co., dubiously. "No doubt we can easily prove them wrong over that, but what about my connection with you? I can't get over the idea that they know a bit more than we think, or they wouldn't be such fools as to commit themselves."

Mr. Bateson smiled the superior smile of the man who has to deal with a childish objection.

"Listen. I've thought this business out well, and have got it all cut and dried. We've got the *Argus* lot on toast, and it's worth £5,000 to you. Just make a note of these points." Mr. Bateson proceeded to tick them off on his fingers as he catalogued them:—

"First score: They leave off shying at me to have a cut at you. They make two distinct charges against you. One is true, the other only partially. So long as they attacked me we could do nothing, as I couldn't go into the box. They have rendered it unnecessary for me to do so. Score number two: You are friendly with Jim Gramson now. He will swear that he was the person who got into trouble over the Carton case, and as the prosecution couldn't connect you with Jim Gramson fifteen years ago, I don't think these newspaper chaps will succeed where the Government failed. Score number three consists in your irreproachable character and your position in the parish, the church, and, I may say, on the county Bench."

Mr. Bateson waited for some sign of approval from his employer, but that worthy was not quite satisfied.

"There's one weak point in our case that you seem to have overlooked," said he. "I feel certain that somehow they have got hold of the fact that I paid you that cheque for £5,000 we started business with. I was a great fool to have given you my own cheque, and I have never felt comfortable over it. Probably some clerk in the bank has been got at."

Bateson looked at his employer reproachfully.

"I'm sorry you have such a poor opinion of my judgment," he said. "Is it likely that I could forget such a point? I have fully prepared to meet it. You must go into the box ready to admit, if necessary, that you have paid me £5,000."

Gramson could hardly believe his ears.

"Oh, yes," Bateson continued. "There's nothing like frankness; it always go down with Judge and Jury. The man who admits one point against himself gets credit for speaking gospel truth the next time he lies. That £5,000 was paid to me as your broker for the purchase of certain shares. See?"

Mr. Gramson did begin to see daylight.

"Yes, but what about the shares?"

"I've got them all right. I've a lot of old scrip in the Martinquez Gold Mine. It's wound up now, so there's no risk. I can arrange the transfers. Leave that to me. Meanwhile, you go and instruct Skinner to proceed."

Had it not been for Mr. Gramson's invariable rule never to be seen in public with his co-conspirator, he would have expressed the satisfaction he felt by standing him the best dinner money could buy. But self-preservation being the first law of Mr. Gramson's nature, he repressed his generous instincts, and dined with his solicitor instead.

Next day Skinner & Co. served the proprietors of the

Argus with a writ claiming £10,000 damages for libel, and at the same time took the necessary steps to restrain the threatened publication of further particulars.

The revelations of the *Argus* caused a tremendous sensation in Hawkstone and its environs. The acquaintances of the man attacked at once resolved themselves into two parties. One set were satisfied that the *Argus* was right, since they had all along suspected Gramson of having a shady record. The other faction, while having no doubt as to the truth of the charges, were strong in their denunciations of the scurrilous rag which dared to rake up such private matters. Those who had private skeletons of their own expressed kindly hopes that Mr. Gramson would completely crush out the *Argus*, which was not fit for handling without the assistance of tongs; and by way of having some sort of justification for their opinions as to the character of the paper they took special pains to see every edition of it so long as further particulars were expected.

Meanwhile, Gramson's solicitors pushed the case on briskly. Skinner & Co. were a smart but shady firm who had nothing to learn in the art of cost-making. Few knew better than their managing clerk how to harry the other side with the hundred and one petty preliminary skirmishes which, under the guise of clearing the ground, enables an unscrupulous and wide-awake solicitor to begin to score before the fight is half begun.

When the case eventually came on for trial, the friends of Mr. Gramson noted with satisfaction that he was to be represented by Mr. Bands, a Q.C. whose reputation for piety was in itself a guarantee that his side was that of truth and justice. Satisfied as Gramson's partisans were on this point, both he and they were more convinced of it after hearing Bands' opening address. How the people with private skeleton cupboards gloated over and furtively applauded the withering denunciation of that loathsome sheet that made wealth for its unscrupulous proprietors by pandering to the lowest tastes of a depraved but, unfortunately, large circle of readers! They had known all along that the *Argus* was a despicable rag, but until they heard Bands' speech they had never realised how infamous a production it was, or how noble a creature was the ill-used, martyred Gramson who, the picture of unassuming respectability, sat, more sorrowful than angry, by the side of Mr. Skinner.

The first important witness called was one James Gramson. He admitted, with charming frankness, that it was he and not the plaintiff who had been connected with the disreputable money-lending scandal laid to the charge of the injured innocent Joseph, whom he knew only through these articles, despite the striking family likeness that existed between them. Defendant's counsel attempted in a mild way to shake the testimony of this witness of purity and truth, but in vain. It was evident that the *Argus* people had made a grave error here, and there was nothing left but to abandon this part of the defence.

Mr. Joseph Gramson was the next witness. On this occasion he did not belie his reputation for coolness. A more self-possessed witness never faced a jury. He answered the questions of Counsel with commendable freedom from anything that could be construed into feeling against those who had done him so base a wrong.

"And now, Mr. Gramson," asked Bands, "Is there any truth in the statement that you are in any way connected with this business of Bateson & Co.?"

"Not a word," answered the old gentleman, with a quiet emphasis that carried conviction, and caused the Judge to nod his head approvingly as he took a note of the answer.

At length came the eagerly-waited-for cross-examination. Defendant's counsel put a few unimportant questions before he fired his first telling shot. "Are you prepared to swear," he asked, "that you have never paid any sums of money to Bateson?"

"No, I am not," answered Gramson, and a deep silence fell on the Court.

"Have you ever paid him by cheque a sum of £5,000?"

"I have," answered Gramson, calmly.

"What was that for?"

Gramson proceeded with provoking coolness and deliberation to explain the matter on the lines laid down by his confederate. When he produced the certified transfers for the shares there was not a person in court who did not feel that the case had been won. Counsel took the documents, glanced over them, and passed them to his juniors, who immediately looked very wise as they proceeded to submit the papers to a close scrutiny.

Counsel pressed for a few more particulars about these Stock Exchange transactions and got them. So far there was no question that Gramson had scored heavily. Presently there came a question for which he was evident quite unprepared.

"What was Bateson's name before he was a broker?"

Mr. Gramson looked perplexed. Had he not been an habitually slow and deliberate speaker the pause would have told against him.

"I have never met him either before or since he was a broker."

The next question was not quite unexpected.

"Have you ever drawn or held bills of exchange accepted by Arthur Bates Smith?"

Mr. Gramson again paused. To the onlookers it seemed as though he were trying to recall from amid the multitude of his financial transactions the one referred to. As a matter of fact, he was wondering how the other side had got hold of the important fact that these bills represented the only security he held over the head of Bateson alias Bates Smith for the money he had advanced for the business

While glancing round the Court for inspiration, his eye lighted on Bateson sitting unostentatiously in a back seat. His expressive face was signalling "Say No." Gramson fully realised that he was making a desperate plunge, but there was no help for it. He said "No."

Counsel continued, insinuatingly: "Then, Mr. Gramson, if it should happen that such bills do exist purporting to bear your name, they are forgeries, so far as you are concerned?"

Strong in his knowledge that those bills were safe at home and could never be produced to his confusion, he answered, "Undoubtedly."

Mr. Bateson's face immediately put on an expression of ill-concealed delight.

Mr. Gramson left the box, feeling that he had given much more satisfaction to others than to himself. His replies to the last two or three questions caused him grave uneasiness, not on account of the perjury he had committed, but on other grounds.

Contrary to expectation, counsel for the defendants called no witnesses, but immediately addressed the jury in mitigation of damages, but the effect was such that, without leaving the box, they found a verdict for plaintiff, damages £5,000. His Lordship, evidently anxious to appease any misgivings the jury might have as to the smallness of the amount, assured them that he quite approved their verdict, and peremptorily refused an application for a stay of execution.

Mr. Bateson was not amongst the crowd who crushed round the triumphant Gramson to pester him with their insincere congratulations.

When next Gramson heard from his clever henchman it was by letter. It ran:—

"DEAR G.,—Accept my congratulations on having cleared yourself of the imputation that you were connected in any way with me. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to hear your denial given on oath. I was equally gratified to learn on the same unimpeachable authority that those bills accepted by James Bates Smith and drawn by you are forgeries. As you are well aware I have never been able to draw sufficient from the business of Bateson & Co. to recoup myself for my really hard work. Thanks to you I shall now be able to enjoy the fruits of my labours, since I am now relieved of a partner who absorbed the lion's share. I do not ask you for any portion of the £5,000 I enabled you to earn. I will consider the cash in hand to the credit of Bateson & Co. a sufficient equivalent. As those bills can now be only a source of annoyance and possible danger to you I would suggest that you destroy them or forward them to—Yours truly, JAMES BATESON.

It was a big shock, but Gramson felt he had got out of a troublesome business fairly well considering that he had £5,000 to draw from the *Argus* proprietors. When he got over his first burst of indignation he was bound to

admit that Bateson had neatly entrapped him into a repudiation of the only hold he had upon the rascal.

A few days later Messrs. Skinner wrote to the *Argus* solicitors demanding a cheque for the damages under threat of prompt execution. The reply they received was this:—

Re "Argus."

Dear Sirs,—We have purposely delayed sending on cheque for damages herein for reasons you will probably appreciate when you learn that we are busy making arrangements for prosecuting your client, Mr. Gramson, for forging the certificate attached to the transfer of shares put in as evidence in this action. . . .

The proprietors of the *Argus* never had occasion to sign that £5,000 cheque. Neither did Mr. Bateson continue the business. His present address is believed to be South America, while a sudden change in the heretofore salubrious air of Hawkstone has necessitated the breaking up of the Gramson establishment.

MUSIC.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF COWEN'S "SIGNA."

THE sudden withdrawal of Mr. Cowen's opera "Signa" from the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, has been made in certain quarters the occasion for much wrath and froth, which Signor Sonzogno as a wise man will probably ignore. At any rate, it will be tolerably clear, even to those who think this kingdom might profitably be ruled by "Our Special Correspondents" from Continental cities, that the Mediterranean fleet will not be ordered to Civita Vecchia because the manager of the Teatro Dal Verme refuses to give, without pecuniary guarantee, a third representation of "Signa"—three performances, as we are gravely told, being the minimum to mark an "enormous success" in Milan. Signor Sonzogno may also take it for granted that whether "Signa" were withdrawn or whether it ran for a twelvemonth, the operas which he produces and publishes from the pens of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, or anybody else will be treated by every reputable English newspaper exactly on their merits, praise or blame being accorded with absolute impartiality. It would in this country hardly seem necessary to state this self-evident fact at all; but different ideas appear to prevail in Italy, and to point out the truth will therefore not be out of place. We have yet to hear Signor Sonzogno's version of the affair, and a statement is, I learn, expected on his behalf on Wednesday. But even if the assertions of the other side be correct, the incident is merely one which again brings up the question of the manager's right to terminate a "run" whenever he pleases. Signor Sonzogno, it should be recollected, is not only impresario of several Italian opera-houses, but is also a music publisher in a large way of business, an extensive opera copyright-holder, and proprietor of the *Secolo*, one of the leading newspapers in Italy. Cowen's "Signa" was originally written for Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who has paid certain sums and still has rights in it. Mr. Carte's English opera-house, however, collapsed before the work could be brought out, and Mr. Cowen resolved to take it to Italy. The risks involved in such a course were obvious to any person of experience. Mr. Cowen first placed the opera in rehearsal at Genoa, but himself withdrew it because he was not satisfied with the cast. Then he voluntarily took it to Signor Sonzogno, who courteously agreed to mount it. I say "courteously," because Italians music-lovers have no faith in English opera, so that the acceptance of such a work might imply a loss. At any rate, it must have been a mere speculation, if only because no new opera by a Briton has been produced in Italy within our time. Preparations were, however, begun for its production, but a new Italian libretto was deemed advisable, for which, of course, Mr. Cowen had to pay. The absurdity was then recognised of attempting to produce such a work when the Milanese season was over, and accordingly it was postponed till the early winter. It was duly produced, in accordance with Signor Sonzogno's promise, on the 12th inst., and was well received by the critics, including the critic of Signor Sonzogno's own paper, the *Secolo*. It is, however, admitted that the audience on the second performance was a small one, and Signor Sonzogno has absurdly enough been blamed by one writer for not "papering" the house. The only reason for "papering" a house on the second night of an operatic run must be to deceive the public, and to complain because Signor Sonzogno declined to do so seems to be the sublimity of impudence. The manager then refused to give the third performance without a cash guarantee of £240 (it looks a more imposing sum in francs), and as this was, of course, not agreed to by the composer, it is difficult to understand how the manager is to be blamed. But, it is declared, Signor Sonzogno was angry at a certain not absolutely laudatory criticism of Leoncavallo's "I Medici," which had been sent by a correspondent (not its regular critic) to one of the London papers, and it is alleged the manager believed Mr. Cowen had instigated the criticism in order to boom "Signa." If Signor Sonzogno ever harboured so absurd and unworthy a thought, he would do well to dismiss it at once from his mind. English journalists are not the sort of people to allow considerations of this character to influence them, and whatever opinions were expressed in the article in question were, he may take it for granted, written in all good faith. This, however, is quite a side issue, and, so far as I can perceive, the only point in question is the right of a manager to run his own theatre in his own way. A premature withdrawal of a piece always occasions a great deal of very natural soreness on the part of the author. Last summer "I Rantzau" was a case in point. The fact that Mascagni's opera was not repeated after its first production at Covent Garden caused much annoyance among the Italians, but nobody ventured to question Sir A. Harris's right, short of an absolute contract to "run" the piece, to take it off the boards whenever he deemed best. There is another point, too, in regard to "Signa." It is admitted that even now the opera is capable of improvement, for the second act is not strong and the work is still too long. It was recently cut down from four acts to three, and Sir A. Harris has proposed to Mr. Cowen, who has now returned to England, some pretty extensive alterations which will probably further reduce the work to two acts. In this form it will be produced by the Covent Garden manager next summer, when it will, of course, have its full chance.

The new Queen's Hall will be inaugurated with a conversazione or "private view" on Saturday evening. The hall is somewhat smaller than was expected, as a difficulty occurred about light and air questions. It will now hold 3,000 people, besides a band and chorus of 400, and although the building would have been far more useful for cheap oratorio and orchestral performances if it had accommodated 1,000 more people and 100 more executants, it will, nevertheless, be a handsome addition to the concert rooms of London. A good deal of space seems to have been devoted to the vestibules, corridors, and lobbies, which, it is said, will themselves hold 3,000 persons, and there is also a smaller or recital hall accommodating 500, a restaurant, and so forth. In the new hall it is proposed to make the grand tier the best seats, as at the Albert Hall, and, indeed, the modern idea of charging the highest prices for places near the orchestra is a quite preposterous one. There are nearly 600 arm-chairs in the grand tier of the Queen's Hall, and in the centre is the Royal box, with its adjacent ante and smoking rooms. As Mr. Newman wisely proposes to let this magnificent new building for £28 per night, or a good deal less than St. James's Hall, I have little doubt that the Directors of the Regent-street Hall will more diligently seek to discover a method of warming and ventilating it without letting in those terrible draughts. In short, competition in concert rooms is likely to be as excellent a thing for the public, as competition in opera.

I am asked to mention a fact which has already appeared in several of the papers, that Mr. Isidore de

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Lara's "Amy Robsart" will be given at Monte Carlo during the coming season. The composer has the best reason to hope that Madame Sembrich will sing the part of the heroine.

M. Sevadjian, who gave a recital at Prince's Hall last week, is an Armenian pianist, who has studied at Vienna and Venice and who made a tentative appearance at Steinway Hall last season. He has a pretty touch, but is rather a mild player, and he is hardly likely to prove another Paderewski. M. Siloti, who played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is a performer of altogether another grade. A pupil of Nicholas Rubinstein and Liszt, he is a very brilliant executant, particularly in the music of Liszt and in Russian works, several unfamiliar examples of which he proposes to produce at his recitals. Miss Gérardy, an elder sister of the young violoncellist, has also just come out as a pianist.

Mrs. Arthur Hervey, the clever wife of the musical critic, is the librettist of the two new operettas which Signor Tosti has just written. They will be produced by the younger members of the Royal Family at Osborne at Christmas.

The veteran Mr. Kuhe is to have a testimonial on his seventieth birthday, which happens on December 10. As his life has for so many years been bound up with Brighton, where between 1870 and 1880 he directed the Musical Festivals, and where also he was a busy teacher, it is natural that recognition of his services should mostly come from that quarter. But his London friends will also join in the affair, which will be a well-deserved compliment to an old public servant.

Oxford will not try another Greek play for a twelvemonth to come, and the University Dramatic Society are now hard at work rehearsing Shakespeare's "Tempest," which they propose to give at the end of January. It was at first proposed to use Sir A. Sullivan's "Tempest" music, but as the band employed must be a limited one, Mr. F. C. Woods, organist of Exeter, has specially written incidental music for a small orchestra—that is to say, strings, single wind, and drums. The music comprises a dance of reapers and a dance at the banquet in the third act, an overture in strict form, the storm music, and the usual entr'actes. The vocal music will, however, be the traditional settings of Arne, Linley, and Purcell.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—"China and her Neighbours" (1) is a most interesting, opportune, instructive, and (may I add?) amusing book. Most Englishmen on reading the work would be perplexed to discover the joke, but to the French and Russians, and to Europe and Asia generally, it will be palpable and irresistible. For again and again it protests with a righteous and wrathful vehemence against the wrong and robbery of Russian and French annexations in the East. Why? Because England is there. But what brought England there? Doubtless deputations from India, Burmah, &c., adjuring that Christian nation, as St. Paul was adjured of old, to "Come over and help us!" England, with this great and exceeding bitter cry of the heathen ringing in her ears, went to the East solely on a civilising and Christianising mission, and with the Bible in her hand open at the Sermon on the Mount, she has annexed province after province in the unselfish, exclusive, and eternal interests of their benighted inhabitants. Ah, how different the end and aim of that eldest son of the Western Church, France; how different the motive of the Pope of the Eastern Church, the Czar! Has England, for instance, ever avowed the monstrous motive for any Eastern annexation that the *Intransigeant* alleged but yesterday with a cynicism which horrifies Mr. Gundry: "We are going to Siam under pretext of avenging an insult to our flag, but really with the idea of a new conquest." Has England, I ask, ever in her whole history made such an admission? It is the barest justice to her to say she never has. And this is where the joke comes in for Russia, France, India, and Burmah. It is the eternal and exemplary disinterestedness of England in all her annexations which exposes her to the profane scorn of the Publican peoples of Europe and Asia. Do you remember an apt illustration of Swift's:—

> A selfish man always complains most of selfishness in others; just as the fat man in a crowd complains most of the crush to which he contributes most.

This, I regret to say, is the interpretation France and Russia and the East put upon such vehement protestations as Mr. Gundry's against England being jostled by the elbow of any other Power at any angle of her vast Indian Empire. Can you not imagine a Voltairean Frenchman, upon reading Mr. Gundry's plaintive appeal, "India asks nothing but to be let alone," quoting the querulous millionaire Fermier-Général who, when all France in 1778 was crying out for the amelioration of the lot of the peasant, exclaimed, "Mais pourquoi donc changer? Nous sommes si bien." By the way, this whole passage of Mr. Gundry's is worth quoting for its ingenious analogy between the strained conditions of the East and of the West at this moment:—

> In sum, therefore, we find a remarkable similarity between the political conditions in Asia and Europe. India and China, which ask nothing but to be let alone, are confronted by Russia and France, much as Germany and Austria are confronted in Europe, and their common interests must tend to ally them in an attitude of mutual defence which would probably command in an emergency the sympathy of Japan. For it is evident that, by exercising alternative or simultaneous pressure in the North-west and South-east, the two great Western Powers might create a degree of military tension and political unrest as exhausting as, and even more intolerable than, that existing in Europe. Even neutral Belgium has an Eastern representative in Korea; and the position of England in Europe finds a not inapt parallel in the considerable power of Japan.

An admirable selection from Wordsworth, "For the Young" (2), sumptuously got up, can now be had at the modest price of 1s. 6d. But surely no child of an age to care for these poems needs such grandmotherly notes as "Cleaving—*i.e.*, sticking closely," "Lusty—*i.e.*, possessing vigour," "Comely—*i.e.*, handsome,' "Woeful—*i.e.*, full of woe." By the way, talking of poetry, has it ever occurred to you to wonder why Wales, being purely Celtic, and, therefore, presumptively "of imagination all compact," has never produced a modern poet, or, indeed, made any contribution of distinction to English literature? More perplexing still, perhaps, is the blank barrenness of this music-mad Principality of composers of any note. I fear "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character" (3) will not raise the intellectual character of the Principality, since anything more inane than its instances of Welsh wit can hardly be imagined. Here is an average specimen:—

> A well-known Welsh gentleman once caught on old woman stealing potatoes. "Why, Mary, is it you?—and stealing potatoes," he said.
>
> "Dear de helpody well," replied Mary. "An' dost thee call it stealin' to take a couple of 'tatoes?"

I can only hope that the dedication of the book by permission to the Duchess of York and the solemn certificate of the Heralds' College in its preface to the genuineness of the copy of the "Red Dragon" upon its cover may do something to sell the work. Inexpressible was the relief in turning from it to Mr. Anstey's "The Man from Blankley's," &c. (4), reprinted from *Punch*. Mr. Anstey is incomparably the raciest humorist left to us. —Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, very sincerely yours,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

(1) "China and her Neighbours." France in Indo-China, Russia and China, India and Thibet. By E. S. Gundry. With Maps. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(2) "Wordsworth for the Young." With Introduction and Notes by J. C. Wright. (London: Jarrold & Sons.)
(3) "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character." By Marie Trevelyan. (London: John Hogg.)
(4) "The Man from Blankley's," and other Sketches. (Reprinted from *Punch*.) With Twenty-five Illustrations by Bernard Partridge. (London; Longmans, Green, & Co.)

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—It was pleasant to see a smart wedding again, after so long a time, and Miss Borthwick's certainly deserved that fashionable adjective. The bridesmaids were perfectly charming in thick ivory-white bengaline trimmed with beaver and pale blue velvet. The latter was arranged in rosettes up each seam, and also composed the folded yokes. The hats were in beaver-coloured felt with feathers in blue and beaver colour. Was it not all pretty? And an added touch of charm was found in the bouquets of pink carnations, with long trails of the flowers and leaves. I do not think I have ever seen more successful bridemaidenly dresses. The solo played by M. Johannes Wolff was simply enchanting. He can make his violin do anything; speak, sing, pray, woo deliciously, and even laugh in falling cadences like a mountain rivulet.

We went to the private view at the Grafton Galleries on Friday, and found a very smart assemblage, including a number of pretty women, and not a few men of unusual height. One of the best-dressed of the former was Mrs. A. Stuart-Wortley, in a long coat of green brocade, trimmed with sable, and falling in straight folds from the shoulders. Mrs. Pocklington looked handsome in a gown of rough green cloth, and a most covetable long sealskin cape. With her was Lord Granby's little daughter, somewhat puzzled by a few eccentricities among the pictures. Mrs. Robert Webster wore one of the most successful toilets, the principal item consisting of a very long black satin pelisse, trimmed with bands of sea-blue velvet, covered with fine embroidery. Another charming costume was carried out in green velvet. Every one was asking who the lady was who wore this, but no one seemed ready with an answer. She carried a large bunch of violets. A rather eccentric cape was furnished with a collar trimmed with extremely stiff white bands, dotted with black. A tall girl wore a three-quarter cloak of black moire, made with full skirts and large revers in front. Brown cloth and red velvet, with bands of fur, were the ingredients of a good costume, the velvet forming the bodice, while the skirt and sleeves were in the cloth.

We had tea in the banqueting-hall, a very fine room, decorated most tastefully. Benoist is sole caterer for the Galleries, which are admirably adapted for entertaining. A ball would be delightful here, and couples sitting out could find no more ideal spot for a flirtation than the long dim room at the further end of the suite. On Friday it was in artistic obscurity. We delighted in the very last window, representing a blue river winding among green fields, and in the space of one small window giving the impression of hay-fields, pastures, and open air. It is copied from a Japanese kakemono. I should like to live with that window.

You would enjoy the etchings, would probably shudder at the "Coins de Paris," and would want to bring away with you some of the lovely cups and saucers and other ornaments.

I am sending you Redmayne's autumn and winter catalogue. You will find it immensely useful, as you live in the country so far from shops and shop-windows. The illustrations show all the latest styles of winter coats, morning and evening dresses, dinner and tea gowns, children's dresses and underwear, as well as millinery of every sort, blouses for morning and evening, hosiery and gloves. This is comprehensive, you will say, and you will certainly be right. It is sent post free on application. The beautiful feature of it is that the price is given under each illustration, and you will find that some of the things are surprisingly inexpensive, as well as smart. One of their novelties is remarkably convenient and useful, especially for travelling. It is called the "Braemar" or "Glencoe" travelling overall. The skirt can be worn either with or without the ordinary dress skirt, and can be slipped on in a moment, without passing over the head, as it fastens down one side by means of four large buttons. It is so well cut that it sits to perfection, whether another skirt be under it or not. The little coat can be worn either open or buttoned across to the left, like the skirt. The "Braemar" is made of cloth trimmed with braid, and the "Glencoe" is in Harris tweeds and Scotch homespuns, finished with rows of stitching. The "Shamrock" is one of their smartest gowns, and is made in serge, black, navy, olive green, brown, and so on. The double skirt is fastened on to the waistband, and can be removed in a moment if not needed. The coat is double-breasted, and is really only a bodice, though with the double skirt it has all the effect of a full-length fashionable coat. Of their dresses I do not know which you will prefer — the "Carnation," with its pretty drapery; the "Jessamine," with a gathered bodice and short simulated paniers; the "Diamond," in chiné moire antique, with bodice of pink velvet and Mechlin lace; the "Hyacinth," in fancy brocade, with full velvet basque and a full berthe of Venetian point; or the "Mother-o'-Pearl," an iridescent moire antique, trimmed with shot velvet, tinsels of palest tone, and jet. This is a very handsome dress. There is even an illustration of a bridal gown, with prices according to the quality of material and character of the trimmings.

Several sketches show suitable dresses for brides' maids. These also are named after flowers. There is the "Buttercup," in crépon and guipure, and the "Marguerite," in veiling and guipure. Tea-gowns have several pages devoted to them, and tea-jackets meet with the attention that these pleasant little garments deserve. The "Rhododendron" is, to my thinking, the very prettiest, being made of brocade, with a finely pleated front of satin and a jabot of lace. Comfortable winter petticoats are shown on page 57, in cloth frilled with silk, in satin lined with veiling or flannel, and in brocade with a deep lace flounce. There is a list of trousseaux, prices from fifteen to a hundred guineas, which ought to be extremely useful to a prospective bride, whether her exchequer be of a satisfactory sort or otherwise. The children's dresses will give you a very good idea of what sort of costumes are now worn by the youngsters. These, again, are named after flowers. The "Lobelia" is a perfectly sweet little paletot in cloth or serge, with revers and bengaline shoulder cape, edged with beaver, and full sleeves ending in pointed cuffs, hemmed with the fur. The skirt is all pleated.

A man friend of Charlie's has been endeavouring to impress on me how well some women look to what others do in evening dress, and has been raving about a "lovely creature" he met an evening or two ago. He says, "She had on a 'yellow suit'—a sort of shiny stuff—kind of bed-furniture arrangement — with something 'transparent above,' a mosquito-curtain affair.'" Is not this a refreshingly novel style of criticism?

* I hope your little sisters wear gaiters in the cold weather. I often pity children whom I see in the streets, with stockings that are far from thick, and no other protection for the unclothed little legs. I frequently see little girls out in the bitter weather with shoes instead of boots. This seems to me to be absolute cruelty.

Some people take more care of their dogs than others do of their children. Lina has just been telling me that she saw at the dog show at the Crystal Palace three little Maltese terriers wearing warm little cosies for their paws, made, she thinks, of wool, either crocheted or knitted. One doggie had a pink set, and the two others had selected pale blue. I hope you like this idea. I asked Lina if the doggies seemed comfortable in their quadruple chaussure, and she declares that they appeared to be quite happy. She says their owner took them out for a short promenade, all of them on a string together, and that the twelve little feet pattering along in these muffetees looked the funniest thing imaginable. Usually, dogs are very much embarrassed when anything novel is

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

MESSRS. REDFERN beg to announce that the models of Gowns, Coats, Mantles, &c., designed and prepared for winter wear, are now ready, and display the combined ideas of the latest London and Paris Houses.—27, New Bond-street, W.

added to their attire. They feel as shy and ashamed of themselves as men do when they display anything unique or unaccustomed in their garb. I think men are very amusing, don't you? They cannot carry off anything fresh or out of the common with the same boldness as we can.

Charlie has just told me that at last year's Dog Show at the Crystal Palace there was a pampered quadruped exhibited who had taken several prizes, and whose dinner, consisting of chickens' livers, was brought to him every day from town by a footman. How heartily some poor children would envy that little dog, would they not?

We turned into Redfern's the other day, attracted by the sight of a perfectly lovely hat in the window, in white felt, with grey and white feathers, a twist of white velvet, and a glorious bow of mirror velvet in a shade of damask rose. When we got inside we fell in love immediately with a black satin cape made with deep-pointed pieces of velvet let in, braided with black and green, each piece being bordered with skunk. The cape was edged with a narrow band of skunk, and above the fur was a row of the black and green braiding. The cape was lined throughout with green satin. It combined the qualities of comfort and smartness to quite a remarkable degree. Round the shoulders was a deep frill of black velvet, lined with green satin. A sealskin cape with sable tail was one of those things at which one looks with the desire "of the moth for the star; of the day for the morrow." A long cape of fluffy astrakhan with pelerine ends struck us as being most protective this cold weather. A coat of grey beaver cloth was trimmed down the front with Persian lamb. A very light design, in which straight upright lines curved at the top played a prominent part, was carried out in black braid upon the fronts and across the shoulders at the back. Straps of pleated braid fastened across the front. The puffed sleeves were gathered into cuffs of Persian lamb.

A couple of dolls were dressed elaborately in evening costumes of brocade, satin, lace, pearls, &c.; and we were amused at being told by one of the assistants that whenever a child comes into Redfern's with her mother she immediately wants one of these dolls. They are costly little articles, I believe, for not only are the dresses exquisitely fitted to the little models, but they are of very fine materials, and the trimmings are of the best. Some of the mothers even give a hint that they should like very much that one of these dolls should be presented to the admiring child. Mothers certainly are rather unreasonable occasionally. They seem to think the world was made for their little ones. However, this is better than thinking, as some women do, that the world was made for themselves alone. You would have gloried in a long mantle in red and black fancy cloth, with large black plush sleeves and a cape bordered with bear of the darkest brown. The plush yoke was edged with bear. In front the plush cape extends in pointed ends made with sufficient fulness to give the edges a wavy outline. This was a very becoming and handsome garment. Another was in brown ondine silk with a velvet cape edged with sable gill bordered with wolverine. The ends were in front gathered into brown-gold beads. The collar was square, and made of wolverine. A dress of black vicuna had a full skirt with lilac velvet and bands of mink fur being arranged very becomingly on the bodice which had a smart crossover front of the cloth. The sleeves were in the vicuna with two frills of velvet at the shoulder, each jetted. The yoke and collar, both of lilac velvet, were covered with an openwork of black jet. You cannot imagine what a pretty and becoming dress this was.

The dates of the two Prince's Cinderellas are now fixed for Thursdays, December 14 and January 11. These dances, as you know, are in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

I see that Mr. Harrison Watson is giving two private subscription dances again this year in aid of the fund which provides dinners for the poor of an East End parish. This is now the sixth season of these pleasant dances. They are to take place at Chelsea Town hall on Mondays, November 27 and January 8. For the same "gentle cause" there is also to be a café chantant under the same management on the afternoon of Monday, December 11, when a most attractive programme will be gone through, so many clever people having volunteered their services, including Miss McIntosh, the Savoy prima donna; Miss Phyllis Broughton; Mrs. Vincent Glass's Minuet Party; Madame Hope-Glenn; Miss Jessie Bond; Miss Cissie Loftus; and "Gus Elen," the coster singer. It is a good idea to include the cost of tea in the price of the tickets. A bevy of young ladies will act as waitresses. They are to wear short black skirts, écru muslin aprons, pale pink or blue crêpe blouses, and Alsatian head-dresses. There is to be no teasing to buy, the affair being a regular variety show. There are to be special attractions for children, including Punch and Judy.

Ursula writes from Edinburgh:—

I am inclined to think that Lord Roberts will find British ovations and British hospitality, with the accompanying speeches, even more trying and exhausting than Afghan wars, and "kind only to be cruel" is the general motto at present so far as he is concerned. In company with other Northern cities, Edinburgh has been trying this week to do honour to her latest distinguished guest, and his short stay is crammed with engagements. To-day, for instance, the much-enduring officer, at eleven o'clock, is to receive the degree of LL.D. at the University; at three o'clock he is to be presented with the Freedom of the City; at 3.45 he is to witness a musical ride by the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry; at five o'clock he presents prizes to two Volunteer regiments; and at seven o'clock he is to be the guest of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society at a dinner in the Waterloo Rooms. One interesting feature of ceremony number two is a guard of honour composed of a hundred and twenty veterans who have served under Lord Roberts on different occasions. Last night the winter session of the aforesaid R.S.G.S. was opened by the gallant General with an address on "India, a Retrospect," and the Synod Hall was filled with a very enthusiastic audience. A large bouquet was presented to Lady Roberts, who was in black, with a lovely diamond ornament in her hair, and near her sat a very interesting Edinburgh bride, Mrs. Wauchope, the wife of Mr. Gladstone's political opponent in Midlothian.

Miss M. L. Allen has just published another little shilling "Book on Cookery," and this time she has confined it to soups, broths, and purées. It is a wonderful shillingsworth, and, next to her "Book on Sweets and Savouries," it is, I think, the most useful one she has written. In it she gives about fifty different recipes, all of a very inexpensive nature. The most extravagant soup, I find, costs at the rate of 2s. 10d. a quart, while excellent clear soup can be made for 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. a quart. For those who have an unlimited supply of vegetables, one French recipe seems especially useful; so, as I know you are in the land of vegetables, I give you the recipe:—

One quart of water in which half a pint of lentils and half a pint of haricot beans have been boiled, ½ lb. of fresh butter, 4 carrots, 1 large white cabbage, 1 lettuce, 2 turnips, 2 heads of celery, 2 sprigs of parsley, 2 large onions, salt and pepper.

Miss Allen also gives some very valuable hints on making stock and economical gravies, and she is most emphatic about the formation of the stock-pot, and explains in the preface of her little book how much waste would be avoided if, regularly every morning, all scraps, pieces of bone, and trimmings of cutlets, &c. (that are usually called "waste"), were collected and simmered down for a few hours ready for the next day's use. Of course, many cooks protest against the use of bones and such "small fry" for the manufacture of clear soup, and declare that it is impossible to clear the stock without pounds of fresh meat. They should remember, however, that a great many bones contain a large quantity of marrow, which tends to thicken the stock, and this ought to be removed before the bones are introduced to the stock-pot.

I am giving you a plum-pudding and a mincemeat

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recipe in good time this year. They have both been strongly recommended to me; but later on I shall give you *my* recipe for plum-pudding. For plum-pudding shred suet is more economical and much lighter than the old-fashioned plan of chopping, while there is no possibility of the disagreeable lumps one so often meets with in any pudding of which suet forms an ingredient:—

One pound of bread-crumbs, ½ lb. of flour, ¾ lb. of shred beef suet, 1 lb. stoned raisins, ½ lb. cleaned currants, ¾ lb. picked sultanas, ½ lb. mixed candied peel (shred fine), ½ lb. Demerara sugar, ¼ lb. blanched and pounded almonds, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, the grated peel of two lemons, six eggs, a gill of Liquid Sunshine rum, a small teacupful of milk, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix the whole of these ingredients thoroughly together, and put them into a large, well-buttered basin, tie a pudding-cloth tightly over, place it in a saucepan with water to reach half-way up the basin, and keep it boiling constantly for ten or twelve hours. When it is turned on to a dish pour a little brandy over, and ignite it at the moment of serving.

Serve the following sauce in a separate boat:—Beat 2 oz. of fresh butter with 5 oz. of pounded sugar together in a basin until white; add 1 small egg, still beating, then put it into a bain-marie with half a gill of Liquid Sunshine and half a gill of boiling water, and stir it in a stewpan of boiling water until it is quite creamy.

We find that six hours' boiling when made, and four hours more on the day when it is served, are sufficient. The pudding should be hung up in the larder in the interval.

This mincemeat is particularly good, and will keep for any length of time:—

Three pounds of stoned raisins, 2 lb. of mixed candied peel, 1 lb. of sultanas, 1 lb. of currants, and 4 lb. of apples pared and cored. These ingredients must be passed through the mincing-machine separately, then passed again, mixing the apple with the other ingredients as you proceed, which will more effectually amalgamate them than any other way. Put all together into an earthen pan and add 2 lb. of shred beef suet, 1 lb. of sultanas, 1 lb. of currants, 1 lb. of sugar, 1 oz. of mixed spice, the grated peel and the juice of three lemons. Mix thoroughly together, adding one pint of Liquid Sunshine and half-a-pint of sherry. Put it into jars, tie down with bladders, and keep them in a cool place.

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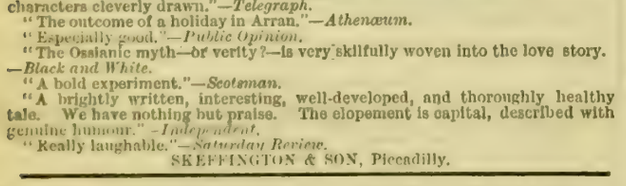

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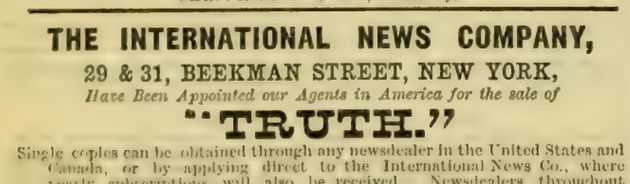

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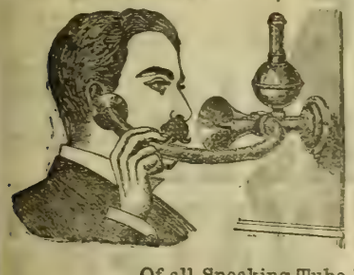

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Highly recommended by the **"Lancet"** and Medical Profession for Anæmia, Insomnia, Debility, Exhaustion, Indigestion, Vocal Fatigue, Neuralgia, and Loss of Vital Force. Invigorating, Sustaining, and Vitalising. Checks and prevents Colds, Chills, and all Lung Weaknesses. A Digestive, Tone-Giving, and Health-Promoting Stimulant for Convalescents after Accouchement, Influenza, Fevers, &c. Invaluable for Athletes, Young Children, and all below par, unstrung, fagged, and weary, Price **3s. 9d.** per Bottle, **42s.** per dozen, everywhere, or sent Carriage Paid by the

MARZA COMPANY, LIMITED, 19 & 21, WILSON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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SIX GOLD MEDALS

Non-Mercurial.

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THE BEST and SAFEST article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., everywhere

LAIRITZ'S

CELEBRATED

Established 1853. Awarded 18 Medals and Diplomas. For the Relief and Cure of GOUT, RHEUMATISM, COLDS, &c.

Wadding in packets, Knee-Caps, Inside Soles, Oil, EXTRACT FOR BATH, Lozenges. Of all the LEADING CHEMISTS everywhere. Flannels, Underclothing, Knitting Yarn. Sold by all leading Drapers and Hosiers.

Wholesale Depot for Fabrics only: WELCH, MARGETSON & Co., 16, Cheapside, London.

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Is the most important thing to be considered in the decoration of a house. The eye naturally turns to the opening by which light enters the room; and in the ideal home the view from that opening, and everything that serves to frame it, should be attractive. The most beautiful thing to be seen through a window is a garden of flowers, but nine-tenths of human habitations in civilised countries are so placed that their windows overlook scenes very different—sometimes dreary streets, stables, and chimney pots. Glacier Window Decoration will add beauty to the window, it is *not* costly, and no alteration of sashes is required. It is the only effective and reliable substitute for stained glass.

Hundreds of specimens can be seen, and all information can be had at

THE GLACIER DEPÔTS,

153, Piccadilly, W., and 56, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

The Best is the Cheapest! Fixed, moderate prices for first quality.

TRADE MARK ON EACH GARMENT

Dr. Jaeger's "Health Culture," and Jaeger Price List, sent free on application.

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3 & 4, Princes-street, Cavendish-square (near Regent Circus);
126, Regent-street (near the Quadrant);
30, Sloane-street (adjoining McPherson's Gymnasium);
456, Strand (near Trafalgar-square).

CITY JAEGER DEPOTS—

85 & 86, Cheapside (near King-street);
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42 & 43, Fore-street (near Moorgate-street Station).

MILD INDIAN CIGARS. OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

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FOR

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS &c.

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DATURA TATULA.

Cigars and Cigarettes—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s., Tobacco—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, Pastilles and Powder for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. Of Chemists everywhere.

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For Infants, Children, and Invalids.

"Humanly speaking, 'Benger's Food' entirely saved baby's life. He could digest nothing until we began the 'Benger.' He is now rosy and fattening rapidly."—*Extract from Private Letter.*

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INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

TINS, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., OF ALL CHEMISTS, &c.

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SODA, SELTZER, LITHIA, POTASH, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE, ETC.

Supplied in 6 Dozen Cases Carriage Paid by

Analysis, &c., on Application.

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

AXMINSTER PILE CARPETS,
2/11 (American) 3/11 to 4/9

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2/1 to 3/9

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1/9 to 2/6

LINOLEUM,
1/- to 4/- PER SQUARE YARD.

DECCAN RUGS,
8/9 EACH.

CATALOGUES FREE.

TRELOAR & SONS

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MAPPIN & WEBB'S PATENT TABLE KNIVES.

SAMPLES & PRICES FREE.

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

Only London Addresses,
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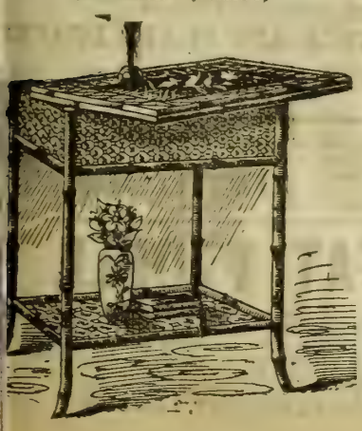

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The Largest and Most Convenient

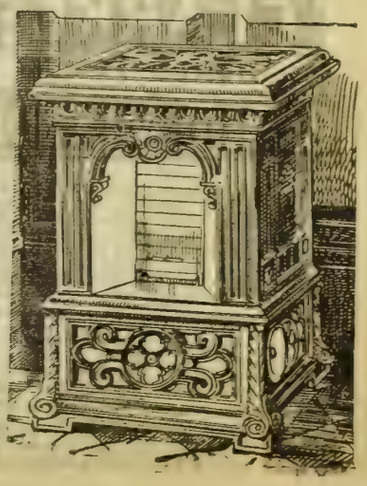
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

BAMBOO AND WICKER FURNITURE

SPECIAL CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES FREE

THE NORHAM CARD TABLE in bamboo, with lacquered top; lined cloth; well for cards or papers, and undertray; top measures 24 by 14 in.; if open, 28 by 24 in.; 30 in. high.
£1. 9s. 6d.

THE ARCADIAN OIL WARMING STOVE, in glazed Doulton ware, constructed on scientific principles, absolutely safe, entirely free from smell; costs one farthing per hour.
£2. 18s. 6d.



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COMBINATION

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FOR

LADIES & CHILDREN.

The demand for Combination Garments generally has considerably increased during the last few years, but the one weak point in this otherwise most sensible garment was the difficulty in securing an efficient wrap at the back.

This has now been overcome by means of an extra covering inside at the back only, which is an improvement of the utmost practical utility. Ladies will immediately apprehend and appreciate the greatly enhanced comfort to be obtained by wearing the "EIDEX" COMBINATION.

Prices: From 6/11 Pure Wool from 9/11 Ribbed do. from 5/6

NOTE.—The Dove Head Trade Mark is Attached to Every Garment.

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THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH.
WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement, and biliousness.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

Himrod's Cure for Asthma.

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.

Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A free Sample and detailed testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all wholesale Houses.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles &c
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WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely "free from any poison "or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious "ingredient, and is a "good, safe, and useful "medicine."

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Warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

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COALS.—The Marquis of Londonderry supplies SEA-BORNE COAL from his DURHAM COLLIERIES. Londonderry Wallsend, 36s.; Pittington Wallsend, 35s.; Primrose, 34s. 6d.; Seaton Wallsend, 33s. per ton. Cash on delivery.—Seaham Wharf, Nine Elms-lane, Vauxhall.

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FARM AND COLONIZATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM WRIGHT, Esq., J.P., Wollaton, Nottingham, Chairman.
FRANCIS W. FOX, Esq., 14, Dean's Yard, Westminster.
HAROLD J. RECKITT, Esq., J.P., Winestead Hall, Hull.
JOHN BROOK BRAY, Esq., Clapham, Polegate, Sussex.
BENJAMIN GLASGOW, Esq., 77, Oxford-gardens, North Kensington, W.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of supplying RELIABLE INFORMATION to intending settlers abroad, and also to give them introductions to the Agents of the Company, who can assist them in any difficulty, and BEFRIEND them until they are sufficiently established to rely upon themselves.

EMPLOYMENT WILL BE FOUND where a living can be earned until the settler is able to farm on his own account.

ASSISTANCE WILL BE GIVEN in the choice of a farm for either special or general farming, also for cotton planting or orange growing.

The Directors and Secretary have a large experience in the requirements of settlers, both at home and abroad; the AGENTS ABROAD are men in good position, and are PERSONALLY KNOWN to the Secretary and some of the Directors.

For further information apply to
VICTOR M. HOLLINSWORTH, Secretary.

11, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

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Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

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WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.

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COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.

£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
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REVERSIONS.—The Reversion Mortgage Trust purchase reversions and life incomes, or lend thereon at 4 per cent. per annum. No charge made unless business results.—Apply to Messrs. FELDMAN, 3 New Bridge-street, Ludgate-circus, London. Solicitors' and Estate Agents' attention particularly requested.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors,
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SUN INSURANCE OFFICE

63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.
(FIRE.)

BUYERS and SELLERS of quoted and unquoted Commercial, Industrial, and Mining Securities should communicate with THE COMMERCIAL STOCK and SHARE CORPORATION, Limited, Stock and Share Dealers, 10, Throgmorton-avenue, London, E.C. Telegraphic Address: "UNQUOTED, LONDON." All Mining Shares dealt in at close current quotations. Advances made on Stocks and Shares at moderate rates. Send for List, giving numerous quotations not published by any other firm, post free.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.
UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
[ESTABLISHED 1867.]
ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,
From **£30** to **£5,000,**
To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their
NOTE OF HAND ALONE.
ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.
Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.
NO SURETIES REQUIRED.
Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. *Personal visit preferred.*
Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.
Apply to the SECRETARY.

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General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
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SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.
THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803, 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subd. Capital, £1,200,000. Paid up, £300,000. Total funds, £1,600,000. E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £10,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER .. .. £31,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS .. .. £6,480,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates, upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

The London and South Western Bank, Limited, Fenchurch-street, E.C., and Branches, will receive subscriptions for the undermentioned Capital.

DIVIDEND-PAYING MINE.

THE FISK GOLD MINE, LIMITED.

Capital, £200,000, in 200,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 66,000 are accepted by the Vendor in part payment of the Purchase-money, and the remaining 134,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription, payable 5s. per Share on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and the balance 14 days after Allotment. None of the Capital has been underwritten or guaranteed, although applications for a large proportion have already been received, but the Directors will, as far as they are able, make all allotments *pro rata*.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY BONNER, Esq. (Chairman, Commercial Brewery Co., Ltd.), The Avenue, Gipsy Hill.
CHARLES HORSLEY, Esq. (A. & C. Horsley, London and Manchester), 24, Southwark-street, S.E.
LIONEL R. NETTRE, Esq. (Director Cortez Mines, Limited).
JAMES STEPHENS, Esq., 2, Brown-street, Manchester.
*JOSEPH WALTON, Esq. (Mountain, Walton, & Co.), 5, Fenchurch-street, E.C.
*Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.

LONDON and SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LIMITED, Fenchurch-street, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.

Messrs. BOURKE, SANDYS, & CO., 7, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. STOKES, SAUNDERS, & STOKES, 21, Great St. Helens, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. HERBERT KIDSON & CO., Chartered Accountants, London, Manchester, and Chicago.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.—P. COULSON BUNN, Esq., F.C.S., M.E.
SECRETARY.—WILLIAM HOPE, Esq.
REGISTERED OFFICES.—5, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

OBJECTS OF COMPANY.

This Company has been formed to purchase the whole of the Share Capital of the Fisk Gold Mining and Milling Company, of Blackhawk, Gilpin County, Colorado (U.S.A.), the acquisition of which will entitle this Company to the Mine, Mining Rights, Plant and Buildings, and other properties and rights, belonging to the Fisk Gold Mining and Milling Company. The Company has also been formed to purchase a valuable property adjoining, known as the Teller Fisk Mine.

The Mines have been reported upon by Mr. P. Coulson Bunn, who, in his report, dated the 30th day of April, 1893, a copy of which is enclosed with the prospectus, gives the following

DESCRIPTION OF THE MINES.

(1.) The Mines are situated in one of the oldest and most productive gold-mining districts in the State of Colorado, on the line of the Colorado Central Railroad, and adjoin the celebrated Gregory Bobtail Mines, which have been worked for many years, and are reported to have yielded over $17,000,000 of gold, and the developments show the mines to be as rich as ever, vast bodies of ore being blocked out.

(2.) The Fisk Mine is developed by a working shaft about 950 feet deep, from which eight levels have been driven on the vein. The vein is a true fissure, and has an average thickness of three feet, and, like all veins in the district, it is characteristically permanent. The uniformity and strength of the fissure is fully demonstrated, and the history and experience of Gilpin County go to prove, beyond doubt, that the district is a deep mining one, and the yield of gold improves as depth is attained, and it is a known and established fact that the true fissure veins of Gilpin County can be worked to as great a depth as machinery can profitably handle the product. In the Gregory Bobtail Mines, the richest ore is being obtained in the lower levels, and the workings in the Fisk Mine demonstrate the character of the vein as being identical with that of the Gregory Bobtail veins, and it is anticipated that the richest ore will be found as depth is attained.

(3.) The mines are thoroughly dry, the deep workings of the Gregory Bobtail Mine being 1,300 feet below the bottom level of the Fisk, most effectually draining the whole hill.

(4.) The Teller Fisk adjoins the Fisk Mine, and the Fisk Lode runs through it. The Fisk Shaft being sunk on the western boundry of the Fisk Mine, there will be no dead work necessary to open up the lode, beyond driving the levels to the west direct from the Fisk Shaft.

(5.) Both properties are held under letters patent granted by the Government of the United States of America, and there are no rents or royalties payable of any description whatever.

On the recommendation of Mr. P. Coulson Bunn, the Directors have decided to purchase the Teller Fisk, and, in the words of his Report, "with the acquisition of the Teller Fisk, and the erection of air-drilling plant (which can be done from profits) the net revenue of the Company will not be less than £60,000 per annum."

RESULTS OF WORKING.

The Vendor states that mining operations were commenced by the present [illegible] Mine about two years ago and the gross output in that time, money (at the exchange of $4.85) for the first seventeen months' working was as follows:—

For 11 months ending 30th June, 1892	...	£15,073
,, 6 months ending 31st December, 1892		16,049
Total		£31,122

During 1893 Mr. Bunn reports to the Directors that quarterly dividends have been paid at the rate of 45 per cent. per annum, in addition to a large bonus, and the output month by month for the year 1893 has been:—

	Gross Output.	Net Profits.
January	£3,331 6 8	£1,845 15 4
February	4,301 16 11	2,843 5 11
March	6,008 4 9	4,414 4 6
April (3 weeks)	3,844 6 5	2,443 5 11
May	1,636 13 10	382 9 6
June	4,199 19 10	2,385 15 6
July	5,662 5 1	3,737 6 5
	£28,984 13 6	£18,052 3 1
Less value of ore in hand at the end of 1892		308 13 4
		£17,743 9 9

Showing a net profit for the seven months' working of £17,743 9s. 9d., being at the rate of £30,417 8s. per annum. These figures are certified to be correct by Messrs. Herbert Kidson & Co., Chartered Accountants of London, Manchester, and Chicago, who, acting under instructions, have examined the books and accounts at the Mine, and have given the following certificate to the Directors:—

6, St. James's-square, Manchester,
and at 54, Gresham-street, London, E.C.
and 214, Royal Insurance-buildings, Chicago, U.S.
The Directors of the Fisk Gold Mine, Limited. October 4th, 1893.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with instructions received, we have made a careful examination of the books and accounts at the mine, and certify that the net profits for the seven months ending 31st July last, as shown therein (subject to depreciation and allowance for the President's and Director's remuneration), amounted to £17,743 9s. 9d., or say a profit at the rate of £30,417 8s. per annum.

During the greater part of the month of May the operations were suspended for the purpose of putting in new machinery.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) HERBERT KIDSON & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

The above results have been obtained notwithstanding that during the greater part of the month of May the Mine was shut down whilst new hoisting machinery was being erected.

The returns for the last two months, according to cables received from Mr. J. F. Hopkins at the Mine, are as follows, at $4.85, viz.:—

	Gross Output.	Net Profits.
August	£5,154 12 8	£3,711 6 9
September	5,567 0 1	4,123 14 2

Showing net profits for the two months of £7,835, or at the rate of £47,010 per annum.

DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

Having regard to the rate of profit shown by the above-mentioned recent workings, the Directors anticipate, if the present rate of output should continue, that they will be able to pay quarterly dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the Capital of this Company. But when the Company shall have acquired the Teller Fisk Mine, the Directors anticipate a considerable increase in the profit (see Mr. P. Coulson Bunn's Report).

As the Mine is at present a Dividend-producing Mine, and this Company will take over all the profits from the date of the completion of the purchase, together with all plant, tools, and stock, and all moneys earned from the date of completion, the Directors believe that there will be sufficient working capital without making any further provision for the same, but to guard against any contingency, it has been arranged to set aside £10,000 of the Capital of the Company as Working Capital.

RESERVES OF ORE.

As regards the ore in sight in the Fisk Mine, Mr. P. Coulson Bunn, in his Report, states "that between the 600 and 900 ft. levels there remained to be stoped out 25,000 tons of ore, which should produce a net profit of $400,000," and as regards the Teller Fisk, he further states that "assuming the ledge (which there is no reason to doubt) being equal to that of the Fisk, you will have 45,000 tons of ore ready to be worked from the Fisk shaft from the surface to the 900-ft. level, which would produce a net profit of $550,000."

From the reports that have been obtained, and results of the working of the Mine to hand, the Directors are of opinion that the future of this property is not only assured, but progressive, especially as the reports express the view that the richness and quantity of the ore will increase with depth.

Applications for Shares should be made on the form accompanying this Prospectus, and sent with the deposit to the Company's Bankers.

Prospectuses, Reports, and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, or of the Secretary of the Company, 5, Fenchurch-street, E.C.—LONDON, 18th November, 1893.

For full Prospectus see leading daily papers of yesterday, Monday, the 20th.

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL

TESTIMONIALS.

COLDS.—**LADY LYONS** writes from Kilbrough, Swansea, 25th October, 1892:—"She wishes another Carbolic Smoke Ball sent her as she found the one she got from them in the summer most useful for warding off **Colds**."

CATARRH.—**Rev. Dr. LUNN, M.D.** writes from 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Carbolic Smoke Ball. It has been used in my household with the best results in cases of bad **Catarrh**."

ASTHMA.—**Captain C. N. ROBINSON** writes from Aldemay Park, Bromley, Kent, 1st January 1893:—"I may say that I have found the greatest relief from **Asthma** of a most troublesome nature by the use of your Carbolic Smoke Ball."

THE VOICE.—**The Rev. Canon FLEMING, B.D.,** Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen, writes:—"Canon Fleming has pleasure in stating that he has used the Carbolic Smoke Ball with great success. Its use not only checked the progress of a heavy cold in its earlier stages, and removed it, but has prevented it going down into the chest, and preserved his **Voice** for his public duties."

THE NURSERY.—**LADY MOSTYN** writes from Caishalton, Cary Crescent, Torquay, February, 1892:—"She finds the Carbolic Smoke Ball is a great acquisition in the Nursery."

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OUR PUZZLES.

RULES.

1. The sum of £2. 2s. will be given every week for the best EPIGRAM, CONUNDRUM, LIPOGRAM, BOUTS-RIMÉS, or whatever the announced subject of the competition for the week may be.

2. The Puzzle Editor reserves the right, however, of dividing the above sum between two or more competitors, or of withholding the prize, should exceptional circumstances render such a course desirable.

3. The decision and award of the Puzzle Editor must be considered final and irrevocable, and, for obvious reasons, no appeal from his critical judgments can be entertained.

4. In every instance the prize will be given in money, subject to no condition whatever, except the publication of the winner's real name and address in this journal.

5. Competitors will be allowed eleven days for the composition and despatch of their efforts; but all such communications must, at the latest, be received at the TRUTH OFFICE by the first post on the morning of the second Monday succeeding the publication of the subject for competition.

6. Not more than one Prize will be given a Quarter to the same competitor.

7. ALL NEW CONTRIBUTORS ARE REQUIRED TO FORWARD WITH THEIR FIRST ANSWERS THEIR REAL NAMES AND ADDRESSES FOR REGISTRATION; such names and addresses will not be published except in the case of Prize winners.

8. The *nom-de-plume* chosen by competitors should not exceed 12, and must under no circumstances consist of more than 14, letters.

9. COMPETITORS MUST ON NO ACCOUNT CHANGE THEIR NOMS DE PLUME THEY HAVE ONCE ASSUMED.

10. On the announcement of the Prize-winner's *nom-de-plume*, the successful competitor must write and make formal application for the Prize, stating the address to which the cheque must be sent. Any competitor failing to do so within three months of winning the Prize will forfeit all claim to the same.

11. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph, or by hand. They must all be sent by the time named above. All post letters addressed—

PUZZLE EDITOR OF "TRUTH," CARTERET-STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S-GATE, S.W.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 769.—ORIGINAL ANAGRAM ON "THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.—CRONSTADT AND TOULON."

IMARA (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

In less than a month the above Show will be held; a fact to which I would specially draw the attention of those ladies who are dressing, or may intend to dress, dolls for the Exhibition in question. Last week there were 850 undressed dolls at this Office, and some hundreds are still waiting for applicants. The space to be filled at the Albert Hall is very large; and it would be, indeed, a pity if the supply of dressed dolls fell short.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 774.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

A LIST OF THE MOST APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS WHICH CAN BE PRESENTED BY THEIR SUBJECTS TO 1. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA. 2. THE KAISER OF GERMANY. 3. THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. 4. THE KING OF SPAIN. 5. THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND. 6. THE KING OF ITALY. 7. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY. 8. THE SHAH OF PERSIA. 9. KING LOBENGULA OF MATABELELAND.

Only one present must be suggested for each potentate, and all lists must reach me by the morning of Monday, December 4, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 768.

The result of this competition will be announced next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 770.

The Prize for the best Parodies in this competition will be divided between FELIXICUS and JACK, whose verses were published in TRUTH for November 16.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of BOBUS, winner of Prize No. 767, are C. R. Renz, Esq., 32, King's-road, Queen's-road, Finsbury Park, N.

*** The real name and the address of BLACKHEATHEN, winner of one-half of Prize No. 766, are — Blackburn, Esq., Devonshire Lodge, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.

QUERIST.—The misprint is regretted. The "q" in your anagram should have been an "a." If the compositor had been as mindful of his P's and Q's as you were this mistake would not have occurred.

CHATTE.—You are quite right. Your anagram should have read "Oh, cut cant! for cold Tsar desires tin" (an annual loan).

DANDELION.—Thanks for your note.

SHLOWMOW.—Your anagram was certainly the only one which pointed to the coincidental visit of the British Fleet to Italian waters. Your suggestion for a Puzzle is on my list of available subjects, and I hope some day to be able to use it.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 771.

ANSWERS TO ORIGINAL "TOPICAL" CONUNDRUMS.

*** The following is a complete list of the answers to the Conundrums published in TRUTH on Nov. 2, 1893.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

1. The present strike.—Cash.
2. Too many hunting crops in his fields.—Cash.
3. Because the ring-leader is Mello.—Cash.
4. One wages a defensive warfare, the other is a defensive war for wages.—Cash.
5. Weak "Ayes" and enlargement of the "Noes" in the upper storey.—Albion.
6. The one is "brought in" by the ladies, but the other was "thrown out" by the Lords.—Clarissima.
7. When La Mer est Toulouse.—Infelix
8. One strikes when he does not mean business, and the other when he does.—Infelix.
9. Because it has been given to Asquith (ask with).—Almaviva.
10. Because his method of fighting is Impi-ous.—Giroutte.
11. An agitato movement in the minors with a finale in extended harmony.—Alice J. Wood.
12. Because it threatens to destroy the plan it mars (the Planet Mars).—Bobus.
13. Because when it takes place they will see a "rent in the clouds," and have no grounds left for complaining.—Bobus.
14. Because when it takes place we may expect to see the "Sunburst" over their heads.—Bobus.
15. Because it has not gone over to the majority, the majority has gone over to it.—Bobus.
16. The one are "spoiling for a fight," the other fighting for the spoils.—Bobus.
17. One looks to the lords of creation to dismember it, the other to the creation of lords to drown it.—Bobus.
18. Because although one of the oldest inmates of the House, he is constantly defying the Guardians of the Union.—Bobus.
19. Because he is shelling the natives.—Bobus.
20. One shells the impis, the other impis (*Anglicè* empties) the shells.—Bobus.
21. To be lynx-eyed.—Justinian.
22. "Go to the Devil" ("The Tempter").—Idler.
23. Because he had a decided objection to the presence of gore.—Nep.
24. Because it was a gory proceeding.—Nep.
25. To draw a Lyne to any point outside the Congress Hall from a given point in the same.—Nep.
26. Because a draftsman is always able to produce a parallel ruler.—Lunatic.
27. Because there's a Sexton still waiting for it.—Lunatic.
28. Because the eyes (Ayes) had it a little above the nose (Noes).—Lunatic.
29. Because it's thrown out by the Peers (piers).—Lunatic.
30. Because it's only adapted to Mussulmen (muzzle men).—Lunatic.
31. When he's on strike and goes tick.—Lunatic.
32. Because he can always enjoy the presence of May, and she one which is August.—Isinglass.
33. One is a Tory, the other amatory.—Isinglass.
34. Because he does not exhibit common scents.—Isinglass.
35. The one as a fêted novel-ist, and the other as an ill-fated novel hissed.—Cæsar's Corner.
36. The coal strike.—Cæsar's Corner.
37. Because it was a cheap (Cheape) bargain.—Cæsar's Corner.
38. Mashonaland (mash on a land).—Rabelais.
39. Miami (me, ah me!)—Rabelais.
40. Because it is to be converted into a see (sea).—Esperanza.
41. Because it turns to Gaul (gall), and comes near to Marseilles (mar-sails).—Esperanza.
42. Because it is an Impi-ous movement.—Excelsior.
43. One Mayor slew a Tyler; now the Mayor and the Tyler are one.—Excelsior.
44. Because he is often cauld over the coals (called over the coals).—Jo.
45. Because it is gigantic in size and very much puffed.—Jo.
46. Because he is used in taking leave (see letters in *Times*, October 6, 1893 on subject).—Jo.
47. Not coaled (not cold).—Jo.
48. Because they have left arguing on Ire-land.—Jo.
49. Like! Why, old Sol is berry; he got beam in eye, and mote too go with him beam. Sol-is-berry (Salisbury).—Jo.
50. The boomerang and the Colonial Bishop both come back rapidly to the respective places whence they were sent.—J. McGrigor Allan.
51. The boomerang was intended to come back, and, therefore, performs its duty. The Colonial Bishop was intended not to come back and, therefore, in returning (to get preferment) shirks his duty.—J. McGrigor Allan.
52. Because it is infirm (in firm).—Chirpa.
53. Procrastination.—Chirpa.
54. Because they are coming scars (Comyns Carr's).—Chirpa.
55. Because being miners (minors) they cannot attain a majority.—Gyp.
56. Because their good-will is well looked after by the landlords.—Felixicus.
57. Because the former's will be always "Found Wanting," while the latter's will be "For one season only."—Felixicus.
58. Because the play has a Brand-on which (we all know) should be the making of a coming scar (Comyns Car.—Felixicus.
59. Because they are the centre of "Attraction."—Felixicus.

It may be well to state here that original topical conundrums for which space could not be found were also sent by Meogmta; Dorothea; Æsculapius; Bee; Libra; Morganus; Kibble; Selah; Shlowmow; Archalouer; J. McGregor Allan; Phos; East Anglia; Jilly Slowbury; Magog; J. A. B.; Heurteloup; Ubique; Algredo; R. B. Chambers; R. C. Dick; H. Ranyard; Kibble; H. B. A.; O. P. Q.; Ivy Leaves; Ye Hermit; Sol.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 770.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

PARODIES OF "AFTER THE BALL."

Came a big football straight at my knees,
'Tis a sad story, but true if you please,
In such mad fury, what I shall tell
Pales before giants or devils—well, well!
Play! I can tell you I'm black and blue,
Bruised in the joints, well-nigh pommelled to glue.
Once I'd some clothes on, scanty and small,
But I found them useless after the maul.

After the maul was over,
After the break of bone,
After the players vanished,
All our breath was gone.
Many a limb was aching,
If we could feel them all;
Many the ribs were shattered,
After the maul.

In that great maul, some heavy some light,
Kicked my shins badly, spilled me outright.
Proud of my prowess, scorning alarms,
Crowd of great rough ones clutching my arms;
Follow up—pass back—panting one cried,
Picking up neatly, not stopping his stride;
Kicking half-maddened, I made the chap fall
Nose broke, as my arm was, after the maul.

After long minutes of scrimmage and hush,
Finely our forwards heeled out from the crush;
Paddy is trying to pass, as he flies,
Our centre three-quarters—he muffs it and cries
"I mpire, the man you saw kicking me,
He was my brother, charging was he,
Kicked me! Lor' bless you, yes! 'Stead of the ball
Eood! I was blown after the maul. H. B.

AFTER THE FALL.

A lively young urchin climbed up on my knee,
And said, Uncle Tom, tell a story to me;
Oh, tell me a story of days long ago—
Days when you used always hunting to go.
A story, my boy! Well, here's one, and 'tis true,
How old Beeswax threw me in seventy-two;
'Twas a beautiful day—ah, how well I recall
That fine spanking run—and also the fall.

After the fall was over,
After the bones were set,
After the pain and anguish,
After I'd paid the vete
Many a time I'd hunted,
Breakfasted at the hall,
But all such sport I shunted—
After the fall.

We started one morning—Kate, Grace, Jack, and I—
To the meet of the hounds, at the cross roads close by,
As gaily we ambled and cantered along,
We all sang the chorus of an old hunting song.
The fox breaks away, and we shout "Tally-ho!"
As flying o'er fields and high fences we go,
Till we came to a field with an old gravel-pit,
When my old mare fell and threw me into it.

I was placed on a litter and taken away,
They thought I was dead as unconscious I lay;
The doctor soon came and put my bones right—
How well I remember the pain of that night.
And since then all huntsmen and hunting I shun,
And stick to my cricket, my dog, and my gun;
Let's go and see Beeswax—she stands in her stall—
She ne'er was the same again after the fall.

Suo Marte.

AFTER THE HAUL.

(As sung at the Theatre Royal, Buenos Ayres.)

Came the police here, climbing the seas,
Tell us your story, no bunkum Jabez.
Tell you my story? What shall I tell—
Tales of my clients, like Solomon Pell?
Nay, I will tell you something that's true,
How I sloped from them and dodged children like you.
Once I had "pardners," rogues one and all,
But I knew they'd be faithless after the haul.

After the haul was over,
After the "chink" was gone,
After financiers thieving,
After the cheques were drawn,
Many a heart was breaking
(But that don't count at all),
Many the homes that were shattered
After the haul.

In my grand hall's room gorgeous and bright
Hobbs and I sat one Saturday night,
Proud of the companies built on our crams,
Proud of the soft ones welshed by our shams—
"Wait, some one's knocking!" softly I cried.
Soon I returned, a man by my side,
Whispering, "Gaff's blown on." I felt my jaws fall—
Stone-broke were our companies after the haul.

After a pause of silence and gloom
Away I went straight to my own room,
Packed up, and flying long ere sunrise,
I went—do you see any green in my eyes?
Coppers! the man who was whisp'ring to me,
He was a brother, my "cover" was he.
Good-bye! God bless you! thanks for your call.
Ah, lads, now you know all after the haul!

Dandelion.

DURING THE SQUALL.

Once a young French lady in the Tuileries,
Heard from her father stories of the seas;
Anxious for adventure, and for London's fun,
She went to Calais and was off at one.
I'll tell you something, something that's true,
Every Sunday, praying in her pew,
She had a sweetheart, and his name was Paul,
But she dare not think of him during the squall.

Crossing from Calais to Dover,
Wretched and all forlorn;
Just as the boat was leaving,
Many the oaths that were sworn.
Many a soul was aching,
Many a voice did call,
Oh! how she wish'd she were back
In France, after all.

Loud roared the tempest, down came the rain,
Oh! what would rid her of her woeful pain!
She made one effort, raised a fearful call,
Thinking her voice might reach her darling Paul.
Some one heard it, tho' 'twas not he,
But he looked after her so tenderly,
He gave her brandy, brought her a shawl,
And led her down below during the squall.

Chorus: Crossing, &c.

As she lay below there, she began to dream
All about that "angel" who answered to her scream,
She had not thanked him, and she lov'd him dear,
Oh! how she wish'd that he were once more near.
When she awoke, then, what did she see?
Her own preserver at a maiden's knee!
Who was he? Only steward after all,
And she'd thought him faithless during the squall.

Chorus: Crossing, &c.

Dictator.

Came my wee daughter, climbing my knees,
"Tell me what ails you, do father please!"
Tell you what ails me?—I'm not unwell—
All I regret is my song I can't sell.
Over song-writing time one does waste,
Anything now suits the general taste;
I must write nonsense—nonsense that's all,
And give it a title—"After the Ball."

"After the Ball," I hear it
First in the morning light,
"After the Ball," continues
Through all the hours of night.
Many a tongue repeats it—
Young and old, great and small—
London is going mad over
"After the Ball."

Grand may one's words be, wit may be bright,
He may on subjects suitable write,
Music the sweetest he may compose,
People will only turn up their nose!
I will have done with music and verse—
Oh! had my work been twenty times worse
'Twould have repaid me—made me—that's all!
Rubbish pays best, like "After the Ball."

I've been told in years that have sped,
Genius was held far cheaper than bread;
And this I know—I'm sorry to say—
To be a genius now doesn't pay.
Song-writing I'll ne'er tackle again,
All I can see 'tis labour in vain;
But I'll write something—nonsense, that's all,
And I will call it—"After the Ball."

Dorothea.

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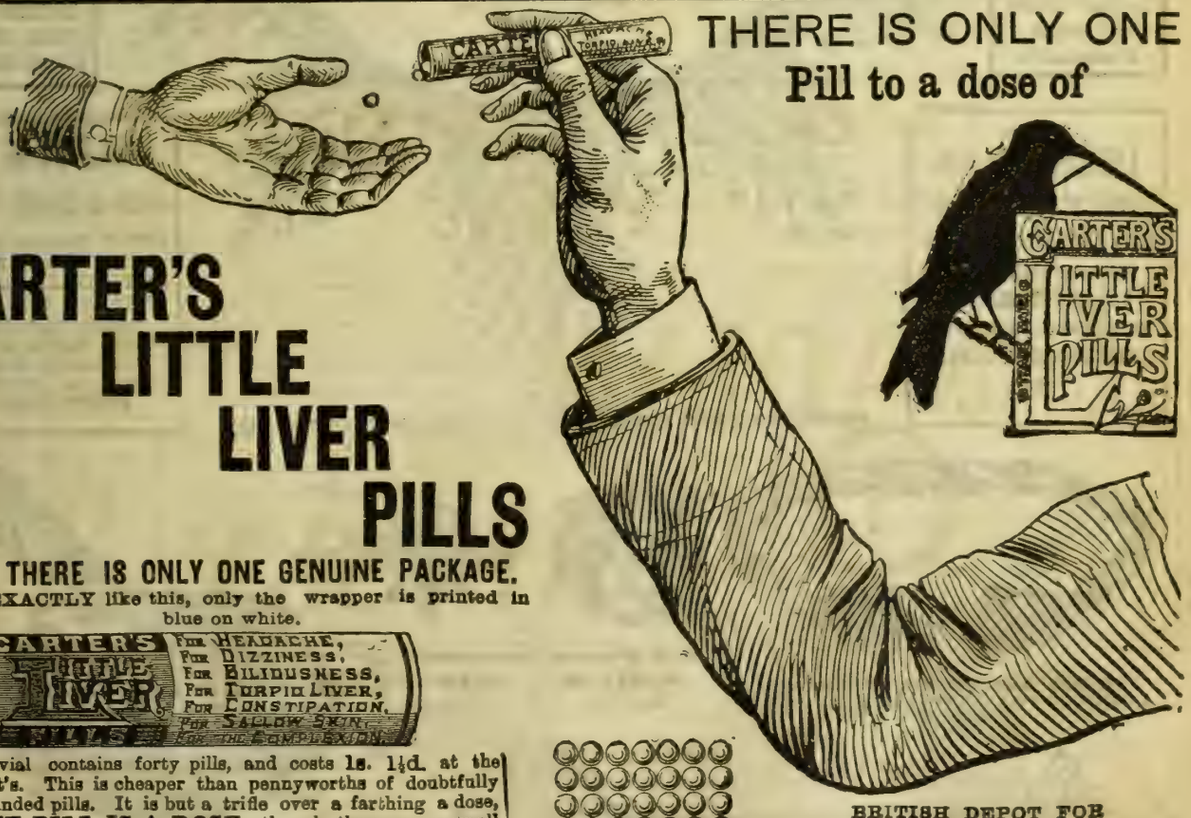

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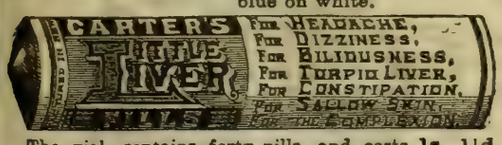

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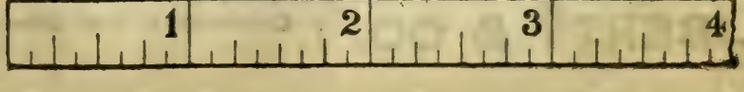

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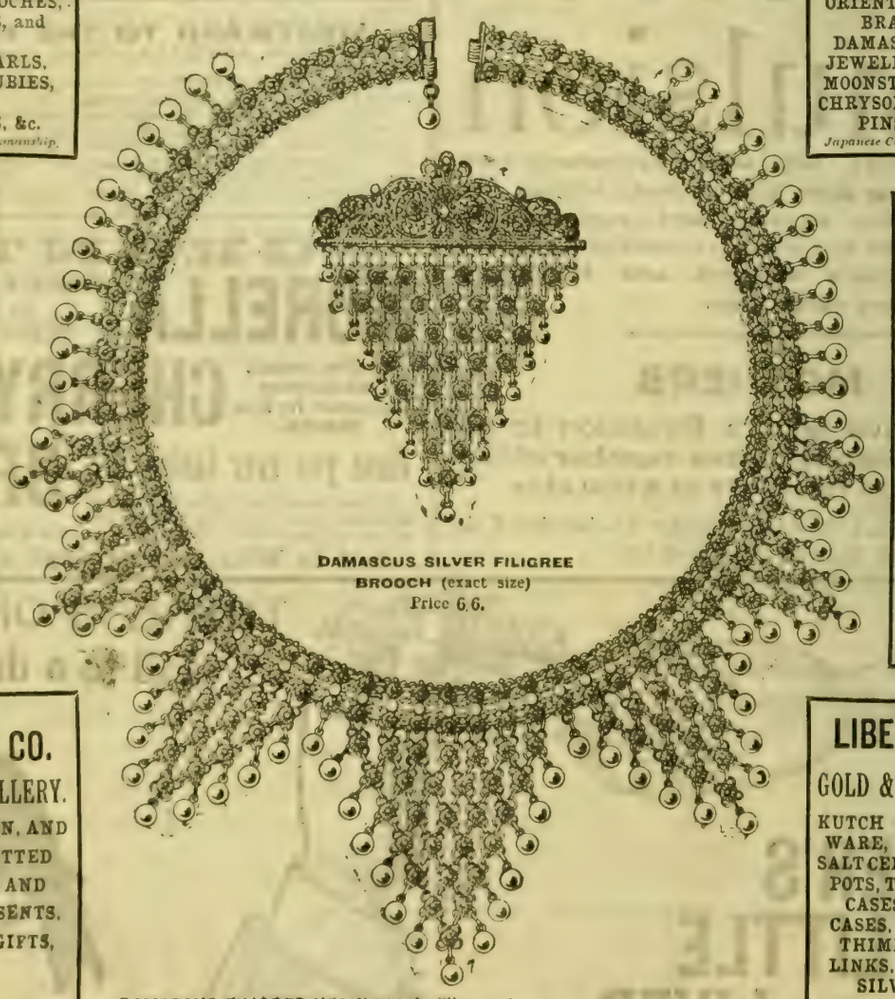

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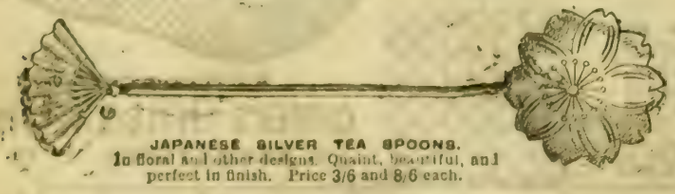

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 883. Vol. XXXIV. Thursday, November 30, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

"The Spookeries,"

Will be published on

THURSDAY, the 30th of NOVEMBER,

In a Special Wrapper,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

It will be profusely Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould.

The Illustrations will include THREE DOUBLE-PAGED and FOUR FULL-PAGED CARTOONS, printed in colours :—

1. **"Truth" Speaks about Spooks.**
2. **Viva el Toro.**
3. **A Demonstration of Loyalty (With a Collection).**
4. **Salisbury's Stuffed Geese.**
5. **Chamberlain's Dive.**
6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and* not *to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

I HAVE received about half that is required in order to give every child in a London Hospital or Workhouse a Christmas Toy. I must, therefore, respectfully beg the readers of Truth to send me the other half, or otherwise one-half of these children will remain toyless. This would be a sad disappointment to them. These poor little children have but very few pleasures, and by each one getting a toy at Christmas, at least one day in the year is made a happy one for them. What pleases them is the feeling that they actually have something that belongs to them. Times are bad, but I really think that those who are suffering from the prevailing depression would do well to find some other way to make both ends meet, than by cutting off the trifle which brings home to so many poor children that they are not utterly forgotten. Meanwhile, I have received the following amounts :—

L. M. B., £1. ; Sybil, Ida, Muriel, Hermione, and Granville, 10s. ; Violet, 2s. ; J. G. R., £1 ; Mrs. R. J. Neild, £1. 1s. ; H. T., £1. 1s. ; J. C. K., £2 ; H. B., 5s. ; C. Wilkinson, £1 ; Four little children, P. L. A., £4. 4s. ; J. P. A., £5. 5s. ; A. L. A., £5. 5s. ; Mrs. Steinkopff, £10 ; Henry Smith, 10s. 6d. ; J. G. C., 5s. ; H. U. T., £1. 1s. ; A. H. L., 10s. ; M. and V., £1 ; E. M. A. K., £2. 2s. ; Sympathy, £5 ; Unionist, £2 2s. ; Gladys and Christine, £3 ; Sidney Snelgrove, £2. 2s. ; J. M., £1 ; collected by H. A., 10s. ; Mr. Smith, £1 ; Three Cigars, 2s. 6d. ; J. C. G., £1. 1s. ; Leo, £3 ; Hon. Edwin Portman, £5 ; B. A., £3 ; D. B., £3 ; S. S., £5 ; Lady Dickeson (Grand Hotel), £5. 5s. ; Gordon and Sybil, 2s. 6d. ; J. G. Bartlett, 2s. 6d. ; Vera, 10s. 6d. ; J. F. A., 10s. ; Mrs. E. M. Rodocanachi, £2. 2s. ; Madame Campbell Clarke, £3. 3s. ; W. Theobald, 5s. ; James Carr, £1. 1s. ; Sir George H. Lewis, £5. ; Motherless, £2. 2s. ; Janet and Yda, £2. 2s. ; A. and G. H., 10s. ; Lottie, Harry, May, Edith, and Leslie, 10s. ; K. M., 5s. ; A. B., 5s. ; "Russia," 17s. (Last week I acknowledged 20s. from "X." It should have been 1s. only.)

There is to be the usual memorial service in the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore on Thursday, December 14, and the Queen and most of the members of the Royal family who are in England will be present. Formerly all the Queen's children, and their wives or husbands, as the case might be, and her Majesty's grandchildren were obliged to attend the function, as a matter of course ; but now invitations are sent out, and only those relations of the Queen who receive them are expected to be present at the service.

The Prince of Wales was shortly to have been the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Trentham for a few days, but the visit will not now take place, in consequence of the death of Lord Cromartie.

The Duke of Coburg had three days of most excellent shooting in Devonshire last week. The party at Langdon Court, where the Duke was the guest of Mr. Cory, killed about 2,700 head, principally pheasants, in two days, and on Thursday he went shooting in Cornwall at Cotehele with Lord Mount-Edgcumbe (whose party included Lord Morley), and nearly 700 pheasants were bagged, as well as other game. The Duke, who stayed at Plymouth from early on Monday morning until midday on Friday, dined on two nights with Mr. and Mrs. Cory, on another with Sir Algernon Lyons, and on the other night with Sir Richard Harrison. H.R.H. leaves England to-day for Coburg, where the Duchess is residing The Duke has inherited a beautiful estate in the Tyrol, which affords some of the best chamois hunting in that country. And when he has had some chamois hunting, he will, no doubt, regard with the contempt of a real sportsman slaying tame pheasants by the hundred.

Apropos of the Duke of Coburg remaining a member of the Privy Council, and not having taken the oath, there is a clear statement of the exact position of the Queen's sons as Privy Councillors in the second part of the Greville "Memoirs" (vol. i., pp. 274 and 275), where it is stated, on the authority of the Duke of Sussex, that "the Sovereign's sons are born Privy Councillors, and they are

declared sworn by the Queen whenever she pleases," being, in fact, "merely introduced" into Council. This view was accepted by the leaders of both parties in 1840, when there was a question raised as to the form with with Prince Albert was to be made a Privy Councillor.

Prince Christian has gone to Berlin on private business, partly for the Queen, having been charged by her Majesty with a family mission to the Emperor William and the Empress Frederick. Princess Christian and Princess Aribert of Anhalt have been staying with the Queen at Windsor Castle for a few days. Princess Louise has gone down to keep her Majesty company while Princess Beatrice is away in Germany.

It has been suggested at Court that Slane Castle, co. Meath, Lord Conyngham's well-known seat, should be rented as an Irish residence for the Duke and Duchess of York, and other members of the Royal family. Slane, which is one of the finest places in Ireland, is to be let furnished for a term of years, and everything there is in capital order, so no preliminary outlay would be necessary. I would suggest, however, that this residence should only be secured after Home Rule has become law, and then at the cost of Ireland. As, no doubt, the Duke and Duchess of York are most anxious to reside in Ireland, this arrangement would be an additional ground for their being Home Rulers.

Lord Derby's Garter, which has been vacant for an unprecedented period, has been conferred upon Lord Breadalbane, who had a strong claim upon Mr. Gladstone's gratitude, for he has most zealously supported Liberal principles in Scotland during the last twenty years, and has always been an unswerving adherent of the Prime Minister. Lord Breadalbane's appointment was arranged during Mr. Gladstone's visit to Windsor Castle last Thursday, and it meets with the hearty approval of the Queen. It is an open secret that great pressure was brought to bear in order to procure the vacant Garter for the Duke of Fife, whose appointment would have been bitterly resented in Liberal circles, as he is a rabid opponent of the present Government. I cannot say that I personally should object were every Peer, whether Tory or Liberal, made a Knight of the Garter. Once admit that the order is not conferred for merit, and it seems to me that it ought to be a matter of absolute indifference to the world what individuals are allowed to wear it.

The appointment of Colonel Colville to be Master of the Ceremonies vacates the office of Comptroller and Treasurer of the Duke of Coburg's household in England, which he had held since 1871, and also the Lieutenancy of the Yeomen of the Guard, to which he was nominated in 1872. The latter post will be filled up by the Queen from a list of three names which are to be sent in to her Majesty by Lord Kensington, the Captain of the Corps.

A correspondent writes:—

When Prince Alexander of Battenberg visited England shortly after his abdication I had an opportunity of conversing with him, and heard from his own lips the true story of his departure from Bulgaria. Prince Alexander did not fear Russia, but most cordial relations then prevailed between the Court of St. Petersburg and Berlin, and the paramount object of all Prince Bismarck's politics was to maintain this friendship. He, therefore, interfered with Bulgarian affairs in the interests of the Emperor of Russia, and Prince Alexander was plainly threatened with the bitter hostility of Germany if he punished the conspirators against him, who were notoriously the tools of Russia. He therefore left Bulgaria in the interest of the country, and history records no more noble example of pure unselfishness and simple zeal for the public welfare.

Count Moltke formed the very highest opinion of the Prince's military skill, and he regarded him as having all the qualities of a really great General. He still had the prospect of a brilliant career, for in the event of a European war, he would most assuredly have been appointed to a very high command in the Austrian Army. During the recent manœuvres the Emperor William warmly complimented Prince Alexander on the admirable appearance of his regiment and on the skill with which he led the troops under his command.

Lady Downe has gone to Windsor Castle as Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen, in the place of Lady Antrim, who had been in attendance on her Majesty for nearly three weeks. Lady Downe is to be on duty until next Tuesday, and she will be replaced by either the Dowager Lady Erroll or the Dowager Lady Southampton until December 19, when the Dowager Lady Churchill is to arrive, and she will accompany the Queen to Osborne, and will remain at Court until January 9.

Lord Houghton left the Viceregal Lodge last week for England. It is still the fashion in Irish society to boycott the Lord-Lieutenant, who when in Ireland at this season is allowed undisturbed enjoyment of seclusion in the Phœnix Park. The customary shooting parties and country visits which used to afford variety and recreation in Viceregal life at this time of the year are not for Lord Houghton. A Viceroy who presumes to think that the Irish are capable of self-government cannot be entertained by Irish society. The Ascendency classes in Ireland were so long accustomed to have things their own way that the thought of an Irish question having a side which is not theirs transfixes them with indignation. So dependent is their loyalty on their ascendency, that they have summarily boycotted the representative of the Sovereign for not accepting their views. Yet how these Unionists have shrieked against boycotting and disloyalty, only to go and do likewise at the first chance!

The wild waves were very eloquent in the Irish Channel last week, saying a great deal in a most forcible and impressive manner in favour of Home Rule, or the governing of Ireland by the inhabitants of that island. Mr. Morley had experience of one of the roughest passages of the Channel recorded in late years—an experience whose teachings were superfluous in his case. It is a tradition in connection with a former Irish Chief Secretary, however, that, after undergoing severe object-lessons of several stormy journeys between England and Ireland, he became, if not absolutely a Home Ruler, a warm advocate of an extended form of local government in Ireland, especially during the winter months.

The difficulties at Dublin Castle between the Chief Secretary and the Under-Secretary have at length come to an end; the appointment of Sir J. West-Ridgeway to govern the Isle of Man is an accomplished fact, although he is by no means satisfied with this provision. Sir David Harrel becomes absolutely Under-Secretary for

For AMUSEMENTS, see page 1185.
For the TRUTH HOTEL LIST, see page 1180 in the present issue.
For HOSPITALS and APPEALS, see page 1187.

Ireland, and at length enters into possession of the very comfortable official residence in the Phœnix Park, where up to this Sir J. West-Ridgeway's family have been residing. Sir David Harrel began his career in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was made head of the police in Dublin by Lord Spencer after Captain Talbot's resignation. Sir David, who is a North of Ireland man, is popular with all parties, being distinguished by the possession of qualities unfortunately somewhat rare in Ireland amongst officials, tact, moderation, discretion, and, above all, common sense. Whether or not this permanent post will now cease to change with each Government, the future alone will disclose.

The Governorship of the Isle of Man is practically a sinecure, carrying with it a salary of £1,800 per annum, and a house. The Governor only resides there a portion of the year, and usually takes his holiday when the "tripper" season makes the island an undesirable residence. He has to open the House of Keys, and to sit with his two assessors when an important case is being tried—which happens very rarely.

Madame Patti was a passenger to America on the *Lucania*, and suffered so much from cold and sea-sickness, owing to the stormy crossing, that she was laid up for a fortnight on her arrival in New York. Writing to a friend, she says:—"You ought to see how lovely my rooms look with all the exquisite flowers that my friends here send me. I do believe that the American flowers are the loveliest in the world, especially the roses that are called 'American beauties'; I never saw anything in all Europe to equal them. The doctor will not allow me to go out yet, still I hope to make my rentrée on Saturday *quand-même*."

Those interested in poultry-farming might with advantage follow the example set by Sir Walter Gilbey and some of his friends and neighbours in Essex, who are getting up a show of dead poultry, to be held at Bishop's Stortford on the Thursday before Christmas. All the poultry shown is to be plucked, and several prizes are offered, the object being to improve the country people in the art of preparing poultry for market, in which the ordinary cottager is at present at a great disadvantage as compared with the professional breeder.

The Smithfield Show, which opens next Monday, promises to be a most successful exhibition, there being 634 entries, which is the largest number ever received. The previous highest entry was 604, in 1888. The Prince of Wales will come to London on Monday or Tuesday from Sandringham on purpose to visit the Show.

Salmon fishing in the Tweed will close to-morrow, after one of the very worst angling seasons that has ever been experienced. The river has seldom been in ply, and even when there were floods the salmon have not run up as formerly, for they seem to be very scarce, and also much smaller in size than usual. Only forty-four salmon have been killed on Galawater, as against 146 last year; and other stretches have been similarly unproductive. Sport has been particularly poor on the Floors waters, which are rented from the Duke of Roxburghe's trustees by Mr. Perkins at the rate of £1,400 a year.

I hear that at the Bournemouth Club a rule has lately been passed excluding all strangers from the Club rooms, so that if a visitor calls at the Club for a member, the member must come out and talk to him at the door. Under ordinary circumstances, such a statement would be dismissed as incredible, but this is not the first time I have heard that the Bournemouth Club is not as other clubs. Its members have attained a world-wide notoriety by their blackballing propensities, and these, I understand, have lately been again exercised at the expense of a retired General and a professional gentleman. Why does not some one start a club at Bournemouth from which snobbery and cliquism shall be excluded?

What can have happened to Mr. Alfred Austin, I wonder? That some of us here on earth were just a little tired of this enterprising bardlet, I am ready to admit; but I was not prepared to find that he was so very weary of us. And yet this would seem to be the fact, for in the *St. James's Gazette*, of all papers in the world, I observe that Mr. Austin has been passionately adjuring the "Wise autumn wind" not to let him "linger on to know The mournfulness of feelings lost," but to "waft" him forthwith "from winter frost!" Of course, the "wise autumn wind" is not likely to take the poet Austin at his word, but even that the latter should have thus publicly declared his wish to be "wafted" is a significant fact. It would seem to show, indeed, that he thinks it is no good to wait for the Poet-Laureateship any longer.

Mr. Dendy Sadler's old "bucks and blades," already made familiar to us in a score of his paintings, have by no means as yet worn out their welcome. They are especially delightful when, flying "from charms intramural to prettiness rural," they "toy with Amaryllis in the shade," or when they take the cheering but non-inebriating cup with Phyllis and Chloe. Thus, the reproduction of this artist's Academy picture of 1892, "Scandal and Tea," was from the first assured; and in the etching of it, which Mons. E. Gaujean has just completed for Messrs. Frost & Reed, the humorous characterisation of the original has been most successfully preserved. This reproduction is certain to be popular.

A reproduction of a very different kind of picture, which was also exhibited at Burlington House in 1892, has been published by the same firm. "A Message to the Reef," as it is called, depicts a dramatic incident of which the artist, Mr. R. H. Carter, was himself an eye-witness at the Longships Lighthouse off Land's End. This is not an etching but a photogravure, and an excellent specimen of a method of reproduction which has now to a complete extent taken the place of that of line engraving.

The Winter Exhibition at the New Gallery this year is to consist of a collection of paintings and examples of work illustrative of Early Italian art. There is promise of a most interesting show, in which, I hope, even the

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most sensitive Frenchman will not find a further proof of England's committal to the Triple Alliance.

Only ten pictures have been added to the National Gallery during the last year, of which four are by Dutch, and the remainder by British, artists.

All the principal Christmas numbers are now published, and I am surprised to see what a great want of originality there is in them. They nearly all follow along the old beaten track, and a track, too, of which I cannot help thinking the public is nearly tired. The pictures that are given away with the different numbers are in most cases excellent examples of the perfection to which the art of colour-printing has now been brought. But something more is wanting than this, and I certainly advise my illustrated contemporaries to try next year some new departure. Whilst in journalism proper the idea has been to do away with long-winded descriptions and substitute for them short, crisp criticism and chatty paragraphs, the process has apparently been reversed with the Christmas productions, as they now mostly give long and more or less heavy stories, which cannot be made light even by the excellence of their illustrations, instead of the diversified matter of years gone by.

I must, however, congratulate the Editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* on their first Christmas number, as it gives most excellent money's worth, both in the matter of text and illustrations. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses on Lord Roberts, or rather on "Bobs Bahadur—little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs," are delightfully original. This verse will, I take it, be read with special interest by some or at least *one* of our other Generals:—

What 'e does not know o' war
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door,
Can't they, Bobs?

Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' 'e—*does—not—advertise*,
Do yer, Bob?

By-the-bye, I wonder that Lord Frederick Hamilton does not induce his co-Editor, Sir Douglas Straight, to write his reminiscences—Home and Indian—for production in the *Magazine*.

At the sale of the Hazlitt library last week the collection of letters from literary celebrities realised so little, that the vendor would have done better to publish them on his own account, as most of them are exceptionally interesting and characteristic, and very few of them have been printed. It may be hoped that these letters will be published. The Hazlitt-Coleridge correspondence, an immense mass of letters, realised only £12. The vendor must have been disappointed to find the original manuscript of the "Liber Amoris" knocked down for only £32, which was probably about a third of the amount which it had been expected to realise.

I am asked by the editor of a recently-established journal, called *Good News of the Week*, to state that his paper has no sort of connection with one of a similar name which is published at Ostend, and engaged—as I have mentioned in TRUTH—in carrying on the missing-word business.

THE COUPÉ COMPANY'S Telegraphic Address is "COUPÉ, LONDON."

No one has done more to raise the tone of music-halls than Mr. Chevalier, and the address that he delivered last Sunday night at St. James's Hall on "Actor and Music-Hall Singer" is well worth perusal. Plays, he says, of the Ibsen kind "that appeal alone to an audience of blue spectacles and forehead, have driven amusement-seekers to music-halls." Nor does he believe in the theatre being a "great moral teacher." No more do I. When I am in want of moral teaching, I no more seek it in a theatre, than I should go to church to learn ballet-dancing. At a theatre a person wants to be taken out of himself, not to be led to reflect on his inner man. I do not agree with Mr. Chevalier in thinking that all drinking in music halls ought to be restricted to bars outside the auditorium, and I speak with perfect indifference of judgment, for I neither drink myself at bars nor in an auditorium. Admitting that spirituous liquor is to be sold, I should say that there would be more moderation in the amount drunk were it consumed in the auditorium. Mr. Chevalier complains that waiters are inclined to uncork bottles at the most sentimental points in his songs. But, surely, under proper arrangements, the uncorking might take place between the songs, or when something is being performed on the stage that, appealing alone to the eye, would not lose its effect by extraneous noise.

An interesting gathering of Rugby men took place last week at the Rugby Boys' Club, Notting Hill, on the occasion of the opening of the new premises of the institution. The Bishop of London presided, and was accompanied by Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Marlborough, and numerous "old Rugs" who have taken an interest in the work. With the additional premises it now possesses, the Club will be one of the most useful institutions of the kind in London. Besides the ordinary features, it possesses a fine swimming-bath, gymnasium, and work-rooms, and it affords to lads the foundation of an excellent technical education; at the same time imparting Rugby traditions to the poorer class of London boys by extensive facilities for football, cricket, and other athletics.

In a lecture printed in the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Walter Wren discourses with extreme lucidity, terseness, and force upon the subject of education. I would advise all who are in any doubt as to what education should do, and how it should do it, to study his ideas. Mr. Wren is popularly known as a "crammer." It is, therefore, a notable fact that what he most insists on is the need of thoroughness and minute exactness in reading and in the acquisition of knowledge, and one of his concluding maxims is, "use no cribs or pretended short cuts."

Mr. Wren says, however, in the course of his remarks that while some smatterings are worse than useless, all are not to be despised. As instances of this, he cites Latin and French respectively. Later on he lays down, with equal truth, that modern languages ought to be acquired in the first stage by conversation, not by grammars. Here, then, is a comprehensive condemnation of the average English education—a smattering of classics,

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which is worse than useless; a smattering of modern languages, which might be of use, only, unfortunately, it is acquired in the wrong way.

Mr. Gladstone has offered the Crown living of Croft, near Darlington, which is worth about £750 a year, with residence, to the Rev. Dr. Cox, Rector of Barton-le-Street, Yorkshire, the eminent antiquarian. This is the second time that Mr. Gladstone has presented to the living of Croft, as just twenty years ago he appointed the late rector, who was for some time tutor to Duke Alfred of Coburg.

The important living of St. James's, Holloway, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. E. A. Stuart (who succeeded the Bishop of Ripon) has been refused by four clergymen in succession. The income has hitherto been large, owing to the popularity of the last two Incumbents, but it depends entirely on fees and pew-rents, and the vicarage is not a very desirable residence, nor is St. James's a pleasant church in which to preach, owing to faults in its construction.

A useful series of articles has been appearing in *London* on "The Wasted Wealth of City Churches," and I shall cordially congratulate the Editor of that journal if he is more successful than I have been in awakening Londoners to the gravity and magnitude of this scandal. From what I have seen, I doubt whether any serious attempt will be made to apply this wasted revenue of £60,000 or £70,000 per annum to any useful purpose until London is "unified" under a democratic constitution. In the meantime, however, I see that the *London* articles have produced a grain of practical result. The Rev. W. Carlile, now Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, has made a straight offer that if the three parish churches adjoining his own (St. Dunstan, St. Margaret Pattens, and St. George's) are removed, he will do the work of all four parishes on his present modest stipend of £400 per annum. That is the sort of offer which ought to be closed with at once. And if the matter were brought to the notice of the Government there is no reason why they should not take steps to carry out Mr. Carlile's suggestion.

The election of Canon Wynne, of Dublin, to the see of Killaloe, which is worth £1,500 a year, has given much satisfaction in Ireland and in Church circles generally. The Canon is a very eloquent and forcible preacher, and a fine scholar, and he is popular among both clergy and laity.

Canon Newbolt is to be in residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during December, and he will preach on Sunday afternoons throughout the month. Dean Gregory is to preach at the evening service next Sunday, and also on Christmas Day.

The appointed preachers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, during December are:—3rd, the Sub-Dean; 10th, the Rev. Lord Charles Fitzroy; 17th, Canon Phipps; 24th, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck; and 31st, the Sub-Dean.

WINTER VISITORS TO BOURNEMOUTH will find "The Imperial" one of the most complete residential establishments in the United Kingdom. Finest position on East Cliff. Luxuriously furnished, with appointments and cuisine of the highest order. Moderate tariff.—Apply, Manager.—W. H. DORÉ, Proprietor.

The Bishop of Winchester has given much satisfaction at Portsmouth by presenting the Rev. C. H. Gould, who has been one of Canon Jacob's curates at Portsea during the last four years, to the vicarage of Holmwood, Surrey. Mr. Gould has worked very hard and very well at Portsmouth, and the Bishop's commendable practice of promoting deserving curates meets with general approval in the diocese.

THE BISHOP AND THE BREWER.

[*Vide* correspondence between the Bishop of London and Mr. E. N. Buxton on the purity of beer.]

Said the Bishop to the Brewer, "I very greatly fear,
From all which I have heard that you adulterate your beer."

Said the Brewer to the Bishop, "That really is not true;
Who told you such a tale? I insist on knowing who."

Said the Bishop to the Brewer, "I can't just now reply,
If you'll have a little patience I will tell you by-and-by.

Said the Brewer to the Bishop, returning to the fray,
"I have waited long enough, now what have you got to say?"

But the Bishop he was silent as to what they put in beer;
He didn't seem to have, in fact, the very least idea.

But he knows that men get drunk when the flowing bowl they drain,
So that something bad is in it, that at least is very plain.

But in all his great researches, in pamphlet and in "vol.,"
It never yet has struck him that it might be alcohol.

Sir William Gull has told us how the world by this is cursed,
And how among all evil things alcohol 's about the worst.

But the Bishop—dear, good man!—he still has got a strong idea
That there's something very charming in the purity of beer.

Oh! these Bishops and these Brewers, I really greatly fear
They will never, never solve this point about what's in the beer.

But the land is full of sorrow, and there's little hope of cure
Unless these wise men hit upon a beer that's really "pure."

Then let us set to work, my boys, with heart, and hope, and cheer,
And help them all we can to get "The Purity of Beer."

'Tis beer which keeps in comfort—as by every one is known—
The Brewer in his mansion, and the Bishop on his throne.

The British Constitution, and all we value here,
Church, Army, Navy, Parliament, its corner-stone is beer;

These blessings every pious heart prays may for long endure,
But he can never hope for that unless our beer is *pure*.

A Sunday or two ago an amateur performance of the sacred cantata, "The Heavenly Shepherd," was announced to be given (free) at the Public Rooms, Selby, at 7 p.m. In view of this announcement, and of the fact that several lady members of the local Church Guild were to take part in the performance, the Vicar of Selby issued a manifesto to the members of his Guild, expressing his "earnest hope that no member of the St. Mary's Guild will so far forget her duty as a Churchwoman as to think of being present at, or taking part in, any form of entertainment on the Lord's Day." Doubtless I shall incur the displeasure of my Church readers; but here

again, it seems to me, is one of those enlightened and tolerant clerics, who are the peculiar possession of the Church of England. Why does he say, "as a Church-woman?" If the rule is good for the Church of England, why not for Dissenters?

During the recent anniversary festival at All Saints', Margaret-street, the Churchwardens asked the congregation for an offertory of £400, in order to pay off some deficit. In response, the congregation gave £398. 14s. 7d.

Another snowball collection! This time the circular purports to emanate from "Mrs. Landon, Carshalton." It states that £5,000 is required to complete the fund for restoring Carshalton Parish Church, for which purpose the recipient of the circular is requested to send Mrs. Landon a shilling, and forward two copies of the appeal to friends. The rolling of the "snowball" is to stop at the number 20. Supposing that Mrs. Landon sent her circular in the first instance to only two people, by the time it has been twenty times repeated, she should have received upwards of £70,000. The collection is stated to have the "sanction and approval of the Rector, the Rev. Lord Victor Seymour." If this is so, I would respectfully inform his reverend lordship that he has given his sanction and approval to one of the most stupid and mischievous modes of collecting money at present practised; and this has been so often shown in the Press that there is no excuse for people who do not know it. Steps should be taken at once to stop this snowball before it has gone further, though, as a matter of fact, when they have once got well under way it is almost impossible to stop them.

I am asked to mention that a concert with a very attractive programme and very reduced prices will be given at the Albert Hall on Tuesday evening next (December 5) in aid of the District Railway Benevolent Fund. Mr. H. C. Tonking will conduct and preside at the organ. A number of distinguished musical artistes will appear, and Mr. Charles Fry will recite.

A concert will also be given at 24, Park-lane by permission of Lord and Lady Brassey, on Thursday evening (December 7), in aid of the building fund of the new Children's Hospital, Paddington-green. £5,500 is still required for this purpose, and the Hospital has special claims upon the West-end, being the only one of its kind in the parishes of Marylebone and Paddington.

Finally, there is to be a concert in the banqueting-room, St. James's Hall, at three o'clock on December 4, in aid of the funds of the Royal Female Philanthropic Society. Tickets may be obtained of Lady Montagu Pollock, 61, Cadogan-place.

After subscribing handsomely to the TRUTH Toy Fund, a lady asks me to mention "three or four deserving charities" which she may assist. I am always averse to recommend individual charities, but I would suggest to my correspondent that her donations would be best disposed on some of the East End hospitals, or the hospitals for children in any part of the Metropolis.

The lady whose letter on the subject of ostrich-plucking in Egypt I published on November 9, writes in answer to the further correspondence which has appeared to point out that she expressed no opinion in regard to South African ostrich farms. This is true, but she censured the Society for the Protection of Birds for not boycotting ostrich feathers, thereby implying that all ostrich-plucking involved cruelty. She concludes her present letter by saying that if the Society will undertake to convert the Egyptian farmer to more humane methods, she will be happy to support it. This, with all respect, is a little captious. A Society of English ladies can hardly be expected to induce a Frenchman residing in Egypt to alter his methods of doing business.

Criticism has perhaps chastened Major-General Synge, for he writes me a most amiable and conciliatory letter in reply to what I said last week about the Army and Navy Convalescent and Training Homes for Invalided Men. Unfortunately, however amiable and conciliatory, his letter makes no attempt to supply the great desideratum—a balance-sheet. He refers me to a pamphlet for an account of all the receipts since 1885, and also a statement of the aggregate excess of expenditure over contributions, and of the way this excess has been met. These particulars I have duly found, but before I or anybody else can form an opinion on the financial management of the concern, it is necessary to find something very much more. I am afraid that Major-General Synge's financial notions are a trifle nebulous. For instance, he writes:—

> The inquiry addressed to me on the part of the Regiment to which you refer was as to the stability of the Institution and as to what guarantee could be given to subscribers of 1d. per month, or its equivalent, of a personal *quid pro quo;* and the answer to this inquiry it was proposed to give from a balance-sheet of sums in aid, and necessarily showing at the same time an excess of expenditure over such receipts. In all cases in which it might be required, a regimental guarantee was provided from the beginning by vesting the rights of nomination in the donors and subscribers, who could thus if they pleased immediately consume their subscriptions. However, as soon as it was understood that this was not the sole purpose of the inquiry, no available time was lost in forwarding to the Commanding Officer of the Regiment in question a certified statement of with (*sic*) an examination of vouchers to beyond £200 above the aggregate amount of contributions received during the years in question.

The "guarantee" which is here described as being given to donors and subscribers is the queerest article of its kind that I have ever come across. So far as I can follow him, Major-General Synge has a delicacy about producing a formal balance-sheet which will show a considerable debit balance. I can assure him that nothing is more likely to improve his financial position. He pleads very eloquently the claims of the movement, and he desires to enlist me among its supporters. Nothing would give me greater pleasure—when once I have seen a clear and detailed financial statement brought up to date. As a certified statement has already been sent out, covering expenditure to the amount of £200 beyond the aggregate contributions received, there can be no difficulty in compiling precisely the kind of balance-sheet I want to see. Let, then, Major-General Synge send me such a balance-sheet, and I shall be happy to assist him in impressing the charitable public with the claims of his Convalescent Homes.

Many months back attention was drawn in TRUTH to the overcrowded and insanitary state of Belfast Barracks; but, although a new drainage scheme has been in existence for over a year and a half, and although several cases of enteric fever and pneumonia—the latter, in all probability, due to overcrowding—have recently occurred, no practical steps to deal with the evil have yet been taken. I understand that it has actually been found desirable to send away some 300 men on furlough, to make more room—a desperate step which shows the opinion entertained on the spot as to the condition of the place.

It is to be hoped that the lamentable results which have just ensued from stationing the South Wales Borderers on Portsdown Hill, immediately after their return from India, will have the effect of at least opening the eyes of the War Office to the criminal folly of sending troops fresh from the tropics to such exposed situations. The South Wales men only disembarked on Friday week, and on the following day two privates, caught in the blizzard on their way back to barracks, were overcome by the cold, and died of exposure. It seems perfectly clear from the medical evidence that it really was the cold and nothing else which overcame the men, and that about twenty others would have perished in the same way, had not a search party been sent out to their rescue. The jury expressed a strong opinion that troops fresh from the tropics ought not to be sent to such exposed stations; but seeing how often the same opinion has been expressed in TRUTH, they would have been fully justified in saying that the men lost their lives owing to the negligence of the War Office.

Barracks ought to be systematically reserved in some suitable spot, where Regiments from India could be put for a time until they are acclimatised. But, as a matter of fact, there would have been no difficulty in finding a suitable place for the South Wales Borderers in Portsmouth itself. Two battalions have quite recently been moved into that town, one of which (the Scottish Rifles) has been at home for years, and had just come from camp at Aldershot. If any Regiment was to be sent to the Portsdown Forts, this should have been the one.

On October 12 I published a paragraph in reference to the alleged unjust treatment of a Lieutenant-Colonel in India for having taken certain timely and proper measures which prevented a threatened serious outbreak of rioting between Mahommedans and Hindoos at Malegaon. The officer in question has addressed to me another lengthy communication, from which I find that he was not dismissed from the Army, but transferred to the Pension List compulsorily after he had refused to retire voluntarily. According to his own version of the affair, he was most unfairly and harshly dealt with. I cannot, however, accede to his request that I should go into the details and merits of his case.

A considerable amount of irritation seems to have been caused by the action of Sir Anthony Hoskins in refusing to allow a naval officer to read a paper on "The Mediterranean in Naval War" at the Royal United Service Institution. It is understood that another application on the subject has been made to the Admiralty, which is now being considered by the Board.

From an extract sent to me I see that the *Western Morning News* has been offering some criticism, which is singularly wide of the mark, upon the grievances of Naval Instructors as represented in TRUTH. It is contended, apparently, that because Instructors start at 12s. a day and rise to £400 a year, "it should not be regarded as a grievance that they are required to provide themselves with uniforms." What has the amount of the pay got to do with it? The grievance is that nothing was said about uniform when the men entered the Service, and that the State has no right to foist upon men a heavy item of expenditure which was not in the original contract. As a matter of fact, to most Naval Instructors a uniform means an initial outlay of two or three months' pay, and the Government has no more right to order such an expenditure, unless with the consent of the officer, than it has to order him to refund the same amount to the Treasury.

The same sagacious critic doubts whether the complaints of favouritism in the allotment of service by land and sea "will bear examination." Well, here are four cases taken from the list at random. A, now at sea, has served twenty-five years at sea and three on shore; B, now on shore, has been on shore twenty-one years and at sea three. C, now at sea, has been at sea sixteen years and on shore six. D, now on shore, at sea eight years and on shore sixteen. Such contrasts might be multiplied indefinitely.

Surely it cannot be true that, in consequence of the breakdown of the *Crocodile*, the *Serapis* is to be sent to sea again on trooping service? The *Serapis* is already in an even more broken-down condition than the *Crocodile*, and to condemn men to a voyage to India in her would be nothing less than an outrage. As the ship, if she goes at all, will sail about the end of next week, it seems desirable that some protest on the subject should be made without delay.

A Parliamentary paper has just been issued which gives the names of thirty officials at the India Office who draw both salaries and superannuation allowances. Sir Archibald Turner gets £2,700 a year, of which £1,500 is his Indian pension, and he draws £1,200 as a member of Council. Next comes Sir Archibald Alison with £2,400, of which £1,079 comes from the British Treasury and £1,321 from India. Most of the officials in this list draw their Indian pensions from the Civil Service annuity fund, to which they contributed during their period of service in the East.

With regard to the rupee question, I hear that while the compensation for exchange that has been granted to Officers and Civil Servants is allowed as a rule from March 1 last, an exception to the rule is made against Regimental Officers, who are only allowed compensation as from April 1. The reason assigned for this is that Regimental Officers receive their pay in advance. I believe that to the majority of Regimental Officers this was the first intimation ever received that their pay is

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Patterns are now ready, & will be sent post free, of these new & fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed). A most complete collection, comprising many striking noveltics.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., Londn.

even supposed to be thus issued; at any rate, I know one officer who has never received a penny in advance during twenty years' service, including a long term in India. Perhaps the Indian Government are about to introduce a change in this respect. Either this should be done at once, or Regimental Officers should receive the same compensation for exchange as the rest of the Anglo-Indian community.

In one respect I have been sadly disappointed with the London County Council. It has never yet redressed my ancient grievance in regard to the roadway on the Victoria Embankment. Although the Metropolitan Board of Works is dead, buried, and forgotten, some thousands of pounds are still expended every year in first destroying and then re-making the surface of this road—for the benefit, I suppose, of some distressed contractor. This year, however, things are worse. Instead of dealing with half the roadway at a time, so as to leave a thoroughfare always open, the road has now been closed altogether, to the daily inconvenience of thousands. Taken in conjunction with the closing of Waterloo Bridge, this will certainly not enhance the popularity of the Council.

The Surrey County Council have just appointed a new surveyor, and the uninitiated might suppose that he was a gentleman gifted with superlative qualifications for the post, for he has been selected out of 122 candidates, who were winnowed down to four after a preliminary investigation by a sub-committee. In point of fact the fortunate individual is not a member of either of the professional Institutes—the Civil Engineers' and the Surveyors'—and has had no experience outside his father's office; his appointment being apparently due to the fact that his father held the post before him, and that he is about to marry a relative of the Chairman. It is to the Chairman that he really owes his election, for at the last moment the Council was equally divided between this candidate and another, who is a civil engineer of long standing and a Fellow of the Surveyors' Institute, and it was the Chairman's vote which settled the contest. A more iniquitous job was never perpetrated, nor one more insulting to the hundred odd rejected candidates, who were invited by advertisement to compete, only to be knocked out in a contest which was all but a foregone conclusion.

A motion is, I hear, to be proposed at the next meeting of the Lismore Guardians for the adoption of the Infectious Diseases Notification Act. This, at any rate, shows a commendable desire to learn some of the lessons inculcated by the late outbreak of fever, and I hope that the Guardians will accept the motion. By the way, without presuming to deny the accuracy of the figures furnished to me last week, I may mention that I have heard again from my original informant who gave me the number of cases, and he tells me that the figures were supplied by a gentleman in the town, who seems to me in as good (if not a better) position to know the facts than the Guardians' Medical Officer. However, I trust the affair is now a matter of history.

Some time ago I called attention to the extraordinary fact that the town of Weymouth was without a fire brigade, or any organised means of dealing with a fire, otherwise than a municipal hose, to be used if occasion arose by the police. I should like to know whether this state of things has ever been remedied, for one more disgraceful to the local authorities can scarcely be imagined. There is not, I should hope, any other town of anything like the same size in the same condition.

A resident in Worthing objects to my suggesting that it will be ten years before the town recovers from its late disaster. I merely named that time from an estimate given me by one who knows the place, and it does not follow that my saying so will have any effect in keeping people away. I am sure I hope that the place will speedily recover, and there is not the slightest reason why its former friends should shun it. The pollution of the water supply has been removed, and I am told there is no danger whatever of its recurring. A new drainage scheme, costing £60,000, will be completed in two or three months, and with its manifold attractions by the sea and inland there is no reason why Worthing should not be next year as popular as ever—except, unfortunately, that it takes some time to restore confidence after an occurrence of this kind.

Under date November 21, a gentleman whose name I cannot read, but who says that he is the solicitor to Sir Frederick Johnstone, sends me a copy of a letter which appeared in the *Southern Times* of October 14, and which is apparently supposed to answer a remark with reference to drains on the "Johnstone Estate," Weymouth, which appeared in TRUTH of October 26. On the strength of this I am requested to "retract" my statements of October 26. My statement, so far as the Johnstone Estate is concerned, was that persons residing there have been annoyed by smells from the sewers. I cannot retract this, as my information came from a gentleman familiar with the locality and the smells, who would rightly object to his word being doubted. It appears, however, that "Glendinning-avenue," to which my information had special reference, though popularly described as on the "Johnstone Estate," is on property which was sold by Sir Frederick Johnstone some years ago. Sir Frederick has other property in the neighbourhood, which is, of course, in strictness the only "Johnstone Estate." It is, therefore, erroneous to speak of the Glendinning-avenue smells as situated on "the Johnstone Estate," and I am glad to be able to correct this error.

Protests are being uttered in Yorkshire against a characteristic attempt of the local authorities to improve the moor at Ilkley by cutting artificial paths across it after the manner of a London park, and adorning them with bogus "rocks," arranged as regularly as telegraph-posts, and with about as much resemblance to nature. Neither visitors nor resident ratepayers are likely to approve of this gratuitous and expensive Vandalism, and probably the only person living who regards it with satisfaction is the contractor who has got the job.

PUNGS' PRIZE EXTRA QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pungs & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

OYALINE TOILET SOAP, made with Yolk of Egg, is a wonderful discovery for the skin and hair. As a Shaving Soap it has no equal. Price, 8d. per tablet, 2s. per box.—52, King st., Regent st., London.

No time ought to be lost in getting away the Blue Coat School from its present site.—TRUTH, May 26, 1892.

Last month scarlet fever broke out amongst the scholars at Christ's Hospital, and the school in Newgate-street has had to be permanently closed.—*Daily Telegraph*, November 22, 1893.

Cassandra was not popular
When she the world was warning;
Her sound advice too oft was met
With many a carping epithet
And quite a wealth of scorning.
So TRUTH when *she* gives sound advice
Is not unseldom chided,
And finds her counsels so sincere
With ill-considered flout and jeer
Too frequently derided.

So 'twas when eighteen months ago
An article she printed,
In which, in language calm and cool,
The danger of the Blue Coat School
Was not obscurely hinted.
The Governors were clearly told
What risks they ran in staying
Where drainage wholly out of date
Exposed them to a hazard great
Of outbreaks most dismaying.

But still those Governors stayed on
In stubbornness exceeding;
Still warning and advice disdained,
O'er the volcano still remained,
Unwary and unheeding;
Till suddenly the outbreak came,
And, owning now their error,
Those who refused advice to take
In an excess of panic quake
And yield perforce to terror.

Then surely TRUTH, addressing those
Who with her warnings quarrel,
Can, thus completely justified,
Bid those who counsel good deride
To note the obvious moral;
And learn from what has come to pass,
Within a few weeks' distance,
That those who won't take sound advice
Must be prepared to pay the price
Of their ill-judged resistance.

It is to be hoped that the proceedings at an inquest held at Mortlake on Friday will not escape the attention of the Richmond Board of Guardians. It appeared that the deceased, an aged labourer, was found lying on the pathway, and was carried home insensible. When asked to attend him, Dr. Weir, the parish medical officer, refused to do so without a relieving officer's order, and, according to the widow and niece of the deceased, he made use of the words "let him die." The doctor and his wife, who was present, denied that this expression was used, but the refusal to attend was admitted, and the form in which it was couched is not very material. In so acting Dr. Weir was, no doubt, within the letter of the law, but the Guardians would do well to consider whether an officer who interprets his duty in such a spirit in such an emergency is really fitted for his position—more especially when he further reveals his character by indulging in what a juror described as "disgraceful conduct" in the Coroner's Court. After Dr. Weir's behaviour to Mr. Braxton Hicks, it is easy, as a juryman suggested, to infer how he behaves to the poor people with whose care he is entrusted.

TYPEWRITERS of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane, London.

Three weeks ago I alluded to statements which had been made seriously impugning the conduct of the Mayor of Dudley (Alderman Claughton) in connection with one of the municipal elections. It was alleged that his Worship had been concerned in inducing a Liberal to withdraw his opposition to two Conservatives by promising that his expenses should be paid—a promise which, in view of legal consequences, it was afterwards deemed prudent to break. So far the Mayor has not deigned to take any notice of this charge, and I learn that the indignation which the transaction excited amongst the Liberal Party has been increased by the failure of their representatives to bring the matter forward in the Council. As one of the rank-and-file of the Party says, it is felt that at this rate Alderman Claughton (who derives his power from his position as agent of his relative Lord Dudley) will soon be able to accomplish the enslavement of the entire borough.

As there are indications of a return of the influenza epidemic, I may mention that Surgeon-Major Tuson has called my attention to his method of checking the spread of cholera by means of sulphur fires, which he believes will be equally efficacious in dealing with influenza, or, if I understand him aright, any disease disseminated by floating germs. There seems reason to suppose that sulphur fumigation had a salutary effect when tried in India a few years ago in outbreaks of cholera; and even if it be not equally successful with influenza, the idea ought to be borne in mind in the event of a return next year of the more serious disease.

The North British Railway Company are about to apply to Parliament for powers to use the Aberdeen Station of the Great North of Scotland Railway at Aberdeen. This is in consequence of the recent decision of the House of Lords disallowing the North British line the right to use the station. I would suggest to the North British Company that while obtaining the power for their trains to enter the station, they should endeavour to secure a similar right for the representatives of the various Aberdeen hotels. It will be remembered that at present no hotel porters are allowed on the platform except those of the Railway Company's own hotel. A restriction of this kind, imposed for the benefit of the Company, in defiance of the public convenience and the interests of all the hotel proprietors in the town, is a gross anomaly, and if public opinion in Aberdeen is not strong or independent enough to do away with it, Parliament has a perfect right to interfere.

From the complaints which from time to time reach me, I should say that the Great Western takes the palm as the most autocratic and least accommodating of the English Railway Companies. A gentleman living at Cheddar, whose two sons hold season tickets to Bristol, has been endeavouring to obtain from the Company some facilities for the payment of the annual fares by instalments. The rates at present stand—

	£	s.	d.
Three months	5	10	0
Six months	8	15	0
Twelve months	13	5	0

As a rule, Railway Companies allow an annual ticket

to be paid for by two or more instalments, charging in the aggregate a slightly increased sum above what is charged if the payment is made by one instalment. The Great Western, it seems, decline to give any such accommodation. Thus, in the above case, if the tickets are renewed quarterly, £22 would be paid; if half-yearly, £17. 10s. for journeys which, if paid for in one lump, would cost £13. 5s. In other words, a man with two sons, who does not find it convenient to pay all the railway fares of himself and family six or twelve months in advance, may have to pay to the Company in the course of the year from £13 to £26 more than his fellow traveller who is able to pay all at once. Such a state of things demands the attention of the Board of Trade or the Railway Commission.

The outcry amongst all classes is for good coo ing. Those prepared to pay high wages for a cook find it almost impossible to procure the article. Those who have to accept the services of the "plain cook" find her ministrations a mine of indigestion. But all this concerns alone those who can pay others for cooking. In artisans' and agricultural labourers' homes the wife is ignorant of the first elements of cookery: she wastes and she spoils. To alter this is really the duty of the State. I was the other day at the National Training School of Cookery, which is carried on under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and other eminent personages. There are various kitchens for different classes, and in each actual cookery was going on, from soups to sweets, instead of the usual theoretical instruction. I asked the Lady Superintendent to give me in writing what she thought ought to be done to enlarge the work, and to put it on a popular footing. Here is her letter. If girls at schools were taught more of cooking and less of music they would probably be much more useful wives:—

DEAR SIR,—You were good enough to ask me to put the subject of our conversation in writing. This School, which was opened on March 23, 1874, was established with a view to promote generally the diffusion of a knowledge of cookery among all classes of her Majesty's subjects.

Hitherto our work has consisted principally in training teachers in plain and high-class cookery, and these are employed in the London School Board and in elementary schools teaching the children of the working classes, and by the various County Councils all over the country teaching classes of women and girls.

As we have no funds except what we earn, no grant from Government or from any other source, we have carried on this work for nearly the last twenty years under great difficulties, and for want of funds we have not been able to supply the great demand for cooks. At the present moment we are anxious for help to get a grant from the London County Council, in order that we may be able to extend and improve our system of training. We want to establish an organised system of inspection over all the teachers we train.

If the various Provincial County Councils would found scholarships for cooks, we should before very long be able, to some extent, to meet the public demand. A rough idea of what I mean is this. Girls in various villages should receive a preliminary course of instruction from a trained teacher, and those who show an aptitude for this work should be sent here (where they could board and lodge) for further instruction. We would then get them places as kitchenmaids or plain cooks, allowing them from time to time to return here for further instruction. All this, of course, wants a good deal of working out—this is roughly an outline of what I am anxious to accomplish. If you could help me in this matter I think you would be conferring a great benefit on the British public. Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

EDITH CLARKE, Lady Superintendent.

24, GROSVENOR-GARDENS.—To be Sold, or Let on lease, this Mansion, in perfect decorative and sanitary repair, containing 13 bedrooms, two drawing-rooms, boudoir on first floor, dining-room, library, billiard-room, and dressing-room on ground-floor. Stabling for five horses.—Apply, Messrs. THOMPSON, 6, Bruton-street; or on Premises.

Mr. A. C. Bourner, of Hanley, has favoured me with a copy of an interesting paper on bankruptcy costs, which he read a few days ago before the North Staffordshire Chamber of Commerce. It had been inferred from a letter from the Board of Trade that a certain class of estates were wound up more economically by Official Receivers than by non-official trustees. Mr. Bourner argued that the comparison made in the letter was for various reasons misleading, and he brought forward a mass of facts and figures to show that the Official Receiver does not do the work at less expense than the non-official trustee. But any question as to the relative advantages or disadvantages of the two systems is to my mind far less important than the fact that under both the cost of realising estates is at present nearly always too heavy, and at times monstrously excessive. Scarcely a week passes without some proof of this being given in TRUTH.

I have often noted that the provincial Shylock's charges for interest put into the shade the most exorbitant demands of the West-end usurer. Another illustration of this was afforded at Leominster County-court the other day, when an application was made in reference to the claim of Isaac Gordon, a notorious Birmingham money-lender, against the estate of an insolvent grocer. The solicitor for the bankruptcy trustee informed the Judge that there were four transactions between Gordon and the debtor; in three cases 450 per cent. interest was charged, and in the other 1,900 per cent. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Isaac Gordon is not likely in this instance to get more than 5 per cent.

A lady wishes me to relate her unsatisfactory experience of County-court procedure. Last February she summoned a man at Bloomsbury for £11 for rent. The debtor is in receipt of £120 a year, together with his board, and at length he was ordered to pay £2 per month, the first payment to be made in August. He did not pay, and at the end of October his committal was ordered; but on his making some plausible excuse it was rescinded. Then, without being asked to do so by the debtor, the indulgent Judge reduced the instalments from £2 to 10s. per month, and granted another month for the payment of the first. Thus nine months have elapsed since the action was begun, and the plaintiff has not yet received a penny. She therefore concludes that, as she is seventy years of age, she is not likely to see the end of the case. As, however, it is now ordained that the debt shall be paid in full by August, 1895, I think my venerable correspondent is unnecessarily despondent.

The following reaches me from a Scotch correspondent:—

The papers have been printing some nonsensical stories about Madeleine Smith. It was always understood in the north that Madeleine married a clergyman within a few weeks of her trial, and the couple wisely disappeared into the crowd. While Madeleine was in prison at Edinburgh she received numerous offers of marriage, and her Glasgow admirers raised a fund of about £10,000 for her benefit, one enthusiastic man giving £1,000. She was indebted for her escape to the late Lord President Inglis, who managed her case with marvellous tact and judgment, and his speech for the defence was one of the finest ever heard in a court of justice. Mr. Carlyle described Madeleine as "a cockatrice," and "a little incarnate devil." Sir James Simpson, the famous physician, attended Madeleine when

SILVER DAMASCUS TWIST BANGLE.—A quaint armlet of excellent Eastern design and finish. Its flexibility renders it perfectly safe, whilst it can be altered to suit any wrist, without losing shape. Price 10s. 6d.—LIBERTY & Co., Art Jewellers, Regent-street, W.

she was ill in prison, and, on taking leave, he begged to be allowed "to speak seriously to her at parting." Miss Smith replied, "My dear doctor, it is really too good of you, but I won't let you trouble yourself to give me advice, for I assure you that I have quite made up my mind to turn over a new leaf."

Several people have drawn my attention this week to two cases in which prisoners were bound over under the First Offenders Act. One was the son of an officer, accused at Westminster of stealing £2, belonging to his employers, and the other, a member of the Yorkminster choir, charged with stealing 9s. 6d. In neither instance do I see any reason to complain of the course adopted. It is in failing to give first offenders the advantage of the Act that Magistrates most frequently err. What seems to be a case in point occurred at Thirsk last week, when a young woman, the wife of a labourer, was convicted of obtaining ten shillings' worth of goods from a shopkeeper by the false representation that they were for her mother, and by giving a false address. As there is nothing to the contrary in three different reports which I have before me, it is pretty safe to assume that she had not been previously convicted. And even if she could not be dealt with as a first offender, the sentence of six weeks' hard labour passed by Captain Burton, Sir R. P. Gallwey, and Captain Bell, J.P.'s, was outrageously severe.

Sheriff Mair, of Airdrie, made a most discreditable exhibition of himself at the sitting of his Court on Friday. A young woman, a dressmaker, had been ordered to pay off a debt by monthly instalments of 15s., and had reduced the amount owing from £17 to £4. Recently, as she explained to the Sheriff, she had been unable to pay the instalments in consequence of the serious illness of her father, and of her having become the only support of seven younger brothers and sisters. This statement, which was shown to be perfectly true, would have secured the sympathy and consideration of most Judges; but it failed to touch Sheriff Mair. He remarked that there had been contempt of Court, and without further ado ordered that the young woman should be sent to prison, at the same time abruptly refusing to hear her solicitor. But after emphatically declaring that "the matter was settled" and the poor girl "under arrest," the Sheriff thought fit to change his mind, and adjourned the case The solicitor then attempted to show that the whole proceedings against his client were irregular and illegal, but the Sheriff angrily ordered him to leave the room, and directed an officer "to take that man out of Court." The gentleman thus insulted is the venerable dean of the local Bar, and the extraordinary behaviour of the Sheriff towards him and his client has excited the deepest indignation in the town.

The Waltham Abbey Bench have a remarkably tender and delicate method of dealing with a person convicted of gross cruelty. On a recent occasion one Bartrip was charged with causing a mare to be ill-treated by working it; and, after seeing the animal, the Magistrates came to the conclusion that it was "a very bad case." For this "very bad case," however, they not only let the defendant off with a ridiculously small penalty, but announced their decision in terms which read almost like an apology for venturing to inflict any punishment at all. First of all, the Chairman (Mr. C. J. Bury) said they were very sorry to see the horse; it was really not in a fit state. "Bartrip," he proceeded, "I am very sorry to see you here. You are respected by everybody, but we cannot allow this to be passed over. We must fine you £1, including costs. It is a very bad case." This, I am assured, is a fair sample of the absurdities constantly perpetrated by the J.P.'s of Waltham Abbey.

Two Game Law cases came before the Wootton Bassett Bench the other day with a curious result. In the first a farmer's son, named Slade, was summoned for killing game without a licence, the proceedings being taken in this form at the instigation of a gamekeeper, who was animated, of course, by a disinterested desire for the protection of the Revenue. On the evidence of a gamekeeper and his witness the defendant was convicted, and fined £1 and costs, although he called three witnesses to show that he did not, as alleged, shoot a pheasant. In the second case a pupil of Slade's father was charged with committing a similar offence on the same occasion. But, unfortunately for the Revenue, the gamekeeper in this instance was flatly contradicted by his own witness, and the Magistrates, without waiting for the defence, dismissed the summons. Slade's solicitor thereupon pointed out that his client had been convicted upon evidence which the Bench now decided was unreliable, and he appealed to them to exonerate him. The Bench, however, refused to do this, and so Slade stands convicted whilst his friend is acquitted upon the testimony of the same witnesses regarding offences alleged to have been committed at the same time and place.

At Northampton Assizes last week a man named Read was convicted of armed night poaching and sentenced to four months' hard labour. Read, it was alleged, was "armed" with a stick; a farmer and his three sons with whom the prisoner and his companions came into collision were armed with revolvers and a gun, and some of the poachers were shot, one with nearly fatal effect. It will be interesting to observe what punishment is inflicted upon the person or persons who wounded the poachers—that is, supposing they are ever brought to justice.

Read's conviction was only obtained on a second trial, the first jury being unable to agree. The juror who stood out against a conviction has addressed an instructive letter to the *Northampton Mercury*, from which I take the following:—

> Two of the so-called "gentlemen" (?) of the jury were most abusive towards me. I was called names, and very offensive language was used. It is only just, however, to say that the foreman apologised on behalf of the remainder. Amongst the arguments used were—"He is a poacher anyway, and anything is good enough for poachers." "Put it to yourself: how should you like your rabbits taken?" "Look at the expression of his face; that's enough!" As though we were trying him for the countenance the Lord had given him. Then it was said the Socialists had been collecting to defend him, and those sort of people ought to be put down. . . . It seems to me, Mr. Editor, there is very little chance of a fair verdict for such men as Read while the juries are all drawn from about one class of men, generally farmers and tradesmen—the former a most prejudiced class of men, although I, a farmer, say it. It seems to me the time has come when every man on the voting list, without any other qualification, should be liable to be summoned on juries, his expenses, of course, being paid; then we should have fairer verdicts, and the poacher even might perhaps get justice, tempered with mercy; but he never will from Magistrates and farmers.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Perhaps the most striking object-lesson in uneven-handed justice is furnished by the contrast between the respective decisions of the Stipendiaries at Bow-street and Westminster in cases of a similar nature. One defendant, whose furious driving was a source of danger but caused no actual mischief, gets ten days. The other, who by the same kind of recklessness actually brought about a collision and "nearly smashed up a cab," is let off with a fine which he is easily able to pay. The conclusion is irresistible that the disparity between the sentences was due to the difference in the social positions of the two offenders. With regard to the performances of the provincial Magistrates, I would particularly direct attention to the monstrously heavy fines imposed at Cambridge for offences under the Game Laws :—

York City Police-court Before the Lord Mayor and Sir Joseph Terry. James Dawker, labourer, charged with being drunk and disorderly and assaulting a constable. He struck the officer across the head and other parts of the body with a stick, and also on the face with his fist. Fined 15s. and costs.

York City Police-court. Before the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Terry, and Mr. W. J. Clutton. John Kelly and William Ellis, charged with sleeping in a brickyard and being without visible means of subsistence. Fourteen days each.

Wrexham County Police-court. Before Captain Griffith-Boscawen, Sir R. E. Egerton, Colonel Meredith, Messrs. W. Trevor Parkins, W. Thomas, J. A. Hogan, A. E. Evans, and E. Hooson. Peter Edwards, butcher and Methodist deacon, convicted of an aggravated assault on his wife, who was granted a separation order. He seized her by the throat, making blood flow from her neck, knocked her down, and kicked her. On a former occasion he broke three of her ribs. Fined £1 and costs.

Wrexham Borough Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. W. E. Samuel, J. F. Edisbury, Evan Richards, R. Owen, and Dr. Palin. Robert Owen, charged with stealing six waistcoats, and Harriet Jones with receiving the same. One month each.

Lexden and Winstree Petty Sessions. Before Mr. J. Bateman, Colonels Green, Lefroy, and Thackeray, Captains Kelso, Brett, and Ind. James Brane, charged with stealing two bushels of peas on June 21. One month.

Bristol Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Thomas, O. Hosegood, and A. H. Ford. Frederick Bowering, convicted of assaulting Thomas Hooper by knocking him down and severely kicking him. Later on defendant renewed the assault, and complainant had to go to the hospital. Fined 20s. and costs.

Bristol Police-court. Before the same Justices. Charles Beer and Wm. Avery, young men, pleaded guilty to stealing a tame rabbit. Beer, one month; Avery, fourteen days.

Westminster Police-court. Before Mr. de Rutzen. Arthur W. Collins, gentleman, charged with furiously driving a horse and dog-cart. Defendant drove along the Brompton-road at a great pace and, in trying to avoid a van, collided with a cab, which was nearly smashed up. The police said defendant was so drunk that he went to sleep three minutes after being placed in a cell. Ordered to pay the damage to the cab and fined £1. 10s.

Bow-street Police-court. Before Mr. Lushington. George Turner, coachman, charged with being drunk and driving to the common danger. It was stated that he drove down Villiers-street on to the Embankment at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Defendant's employer, who was in the carriage at the time, gave evidence on his behalf. It was the man's first offence. Ten days without the option of a fine.

Newcastle-under-Lyme Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Bull, S. R. Edge, and W. Kirkham. George Millington, charged with assaulting his wife, whom he knocked down while she had a baby in her arms. Fined 20s. and costs.

Grimsby Police-court. Before Mr. S. Oates, Alderman Veal, Messrs. E. Bannister, C. Morton, and A. Connell. Abraham Perry, fishing apprentice, charged with absconding from the smack *Coventry*. Four weeks.

EIDERDON PURE WOOLLEN FABRICS, in various weights and colourings, for Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Ladies' three-quarter Capes, Dresses, and Underskirts; also the new Ballylareen Duffle Frieze for Ulster Coats, Inverness Capes, and all descriptions of Winter Wraps where "warmth without weight" is the desideratum. The Eiderdon Rug. Samples of Boyd & Company's productions, with "The Book of the Ulster," illustrated, and forms for self-measurement, may be obtained, post free, on application to the Sole Proprietors and Makers, BOYD & CO., 77, Royal-avenue, Belfast.

Lanark Sheriff-court. John Lammie and James Lammie, charged with assaulting a woman by knocking her down and kicking her, breaking her nose and cheek-bone; also with striking her husband with a bottle. Owing to their injuries both the man and his wife were confined to the house for several days. Fined £1. 10s. each.

Rothesay. Before Sheriff-Substitute Martin. Francis Doyle, described as a young lad, convicted on two charges of poaching. Fines and costs, £4. 10s.; in default, fifty-one days' imprisonment.

Wallingford County Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Kirby Hedges, H. B. Morrell, A. C. Arding, H. Hawkins, J. Haylar, and W. Littleboy. George Cannon, convicted of cruelty to a horse by working it while in a very weak and emaciated state. A veterinary surgeon said starvation was the sole cause of the weakness. Fined 10s. and costs.

Clitheroe Police-court. Before Messrs. A. Roberts and J. Brown. William Fallow, aged 18, charged with stealing wood from a fence. He said he took it because they had no fire. This appeared to be his first offence. Fourteen days in default of paying 10s. and costs.

Bradford West Riding Police-court. Before Messrs. T. Peel, E. P. Arnold-Forster, A. Anderton, W. H. Ellis, J. S. Cooke, and E. Slater. Elizabeth T. Slater, charged with cruelty to her step-daughter by severely beating her with a knotted bamboo. The child was sent into a garret, and was so terrified that she got on to the roof, and by means of a clothes-line let herself down to the ground (three stories). Fined 20s. and costs.

Latchington Petty Sessions. Before Rev. E. R. Horwood, Messrs. C. W. Parker, C. A. Parker, John Page, and T. Elsey Bland. George Mott, charged with trespassing in pursuit of conies. Time for payment of £2. 10s. 6d. was refused, and defendant committed for one month.

Braunton Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. V. Hiern, General Chichester, and Mr. G. C. Davie. Wm. Newcombe, a boy, charged with ill-treating a cat, at which he threw a stone. Fined £1.

Rotherham Police-court. Robert Atherton charged with allowing a horse to be worked in an unfit state, and Wm. Lofthouse with working the animal. The horse had a dislocated fetlock, the injury being of long standing, and an Inspector said he had never seen an animal worked in such a state. Atherton fined £2; Lofthouse, £1 and costs.

Hastings County Police-court. Before Sir A. Ashburnham, Major-General Sir A. Anson, Colonel Lane, Rear-Admiral Garforth, Messrs. V. B. Crake and C. Pemberton Carter. Henry J. Benge charged with sleeping in a shed. He said it was a rough night, and he had nowhere else to go. Fourteen days.

Cambridge Division Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. H. W. Pemberton, S. H. Rowley, C. J. Clay, J. Todd, and Prof. Sir G. M. Humphry. Thomas Gawthorpe and Charles Chapman, charged with using dogs for taking game on Sunday. There were two summonses against each in respect of alleged offences on the same day. A gamekeeper identified Chapman, but the latter brought such strong evidence to show he was not there that the Bench dismissed the case. Gawthorpe was fined on the two summonses £10 and costs; in default, four months.

Reading Adjourned Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. J. O. Griffits, Q.C., Recorder. Alfred Beasley charged with stealing a side of bacon. On a previous hearing the jury were unable to agree, and the only fresh witness now was one for the defence—a girl, who said she saw the thief, and he was nothing like the prisoner. Twelve months' hard labour and three years' police supervision.

Last week one Crump was brought before the Mayor and an Alderman of Reigate. This hardened miscreant was a basket-maker, and, as was only befitting such a criminal being, looked ill-fed and ill-clothed, and was shivering with cold. It will hardly be believed by those even who take a pessimist view of human nature, that the wretch had been so lost to all sense of right as to gather a few lumps of coke, value threepence, out of a hedge that separated a footpath from a private coal-yard. The Magistrates were so impressed with the wickedness of this proceeding that they fined him 10s. with 14s. costs, or ten days' imprisonment. In vain Crump begged for a little time to pay the money. This was promptly refused, and he was taken off to prison. A local newspaper suggests that the Mayor has little of human sympathy. It really horrifies

A CHRISTMAS BOX.—A Merryweather's Fire Pump, with Buckets, for my friend's country house. Price Lists.—63, Long-acre, London. W.C.

me to hear a Mayor attacked in this fashion. Only think of Crump, half starved and half frozen, and, because he wanted to get a little fire in his poor abode, actually picking up a few pieces of coke out of a pathside hedge, instead of recognising that he ought to have continued to freeze. May we not be proud of our country, and especially proud of its justice as administered by this Mayor of Reigate, when we see such prompt punishment meted out to a man whose iniquity almost puts him outside the pale of humanity! "Human sympathy," indeed! And where then would be the sacred rights of property? A Daniel, a very Reigate Daniel, come to judgment.

A Lancashire correspondent sends me the following very queer story:—About seven weeks ago a young collier, of Ashton-in-Makerfield, was charged at the Wigan County Police-court with having been drunk and assaulted a constable. He was fined £1 and 10s. costs. Towards this he at once handed in 10s., and the Bench considerately granted time for the payment of the balance. A few days later the defendant's mother paid the remaining £1 at the Ashton police-office, which is four miles from the head office at Wigan. Justice was thus satisfied, but the police were not. Perhaps they thought the Magistrates had dealt too lightly with the offender. At any rate, a week after the full amount had been paid a constable called on the defendant, told him there was "something wrong about that money," and invited him to "come up and see the Sergeant about it." The defendant went, and was forthwith arrested and despatched by the next train to Preston Gaol. His mother, becoming apprehensive at his absence, sent her daughter to the police-station to inquire how long he would be. "He'll be three weeks," replied the constable, "for he's gone to Preston, and here's a sovereign for your mother," at the same time giving her the money paid in a week previously, which had never been forwarded to Wigan. At the end of the three weeks the defendant was discharged from the gaol at Preston, and, as the authorities do not return prisoners to the place whence they are committed, he had to make his way as best he could—his feet being terribly swollen by work on the treadmill—to Wigan, eighteen miles distant. Arrived at Wigan, he called at the County Police Office and obtained the 10s. first deposited on account of the fine and costs. He was then able to pay his fare on to Ashton.

My informant vouches for the truth of the above narrative. A more shameful abuse of the powers of the police has rarely come under my notice. The official explanation will be, I anticipate, that the balance of the fine and costs was not paid in the proper quarter. But why did not the police forward the money from Ashton to Wigan; or, if it was not their business to do this, why did they accept the sovereign and retain it for a week? Can it be that somebody or other determined by hook or by crook to get this young fellow into gaol in spite of the commendable desire of the Bench to keep him out? It seems to me that if the facts are correctly stated, the defendant has good ground for an action for wrongful imprisonment, and, whether this be so or not, a searching investigation of the whole affair is certainly required.

One of the most unprincipled of the bogus usurers who live by the "preliminary fee" trick is the man Barclay of Westminster Bridge road. In a case that has just come under my notice this shark got £5 out of a would-be borrower, after representing (through his clerk) that there would be no difficulty about lending the required amount on a promissory note at 5 per cent. The £5 once paid, Barclay sprang some trumpery difficulty about the security, and then coolly let the matter drop by ignoring all subsequent letters addressed to him by the victim. It amazes me that after all the warnings that have been given against this trick, in TRUTH and elsewhere, people in want of money should throw away the little they have in this sheepish manner.

The manifold possibilities of the American law against using the mails for fraudulent purposes are further shown in a case just reported from Providence (Rhode Island). One Charles J. Budlong, with the prefix "Rev." to his name, and described as "the Pawtuxet Valley preacher," has been committed for trial for having ordered goods of various tradespeople through the post, and evaded payment. This fully bears out what I said last week. The parties defrauded did not set the law in motion; the prosecution was conducted by the Federal Government under "Section 5,480 of the Revised Statutes of the United States." Were this section embodied, with the necessary alterations, in the Revised Statutes of the United Kingdom, the number of rogues carrying on thriving trades all around us would be speedily reduced.

As a timely example of this, the following advertisement may be cited. It has been appearing in provincial papers of late, among others the *Leeds Mercury*:—

Clerks.—Evening Employment; 30s. weekly; plain writers. Specimens four stamps.—Mercantile Supply Company, 239, Pentonville-road, London.

This is a barefaced swindle for getting fourpences from clerks out of work. Those who send their stamps in answer to the advertisement hear no more of the matter. Nor will this appear surprising when I mention that 239, Pentonville-road is a newspaper shop, where the "Mercantile Supply Company" has his letters addressed. He calls in person to fetch the letters, and in reply to a personal inquiry for him made on my behalf at 239, Pentonville-road, he leaves a letter stating that the Company only have vacancies for clerks at Glasgow, Leeds, and the other centres where they are advertising. At present there is no reason why this trick should not be carried on as long as newspapers can be found to publish the advertisement. A clerk out of work, having once lost his fourpence, is not likely to spend anything further on discovering and prosecuting the "Mercantile Supply Company," or on the doubtful game of stirring up the Public Prosecutor. What is wanted is a public authority which will systematically hunt down all rascals of this stamp, and there is no more appropriate agency for the purpose than the Post Office. In this instance it will

FEEDING DOGS.—Prof. Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., writes: "A sound, well-balanced canine dietary is the secret of success with 'Spratt's Patent.' I have no hesitation in asserting, with regard to biscuit diet, SPRATT'S FIBRINE CAKE is far and away the best in the English market. Some of the dog biscuits I have examined might be composed of pipeclay and sawdust for the nutritive properties they possess. Cheap and dirty means expense and disease." See each "Dog Cake" is stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "X." This is all important.

be noted that the "Mercantile Supply" swindler does not directly use the Post Office himself, but he indirectly makes use of it for the transmission of the money which can, in fact, only be sent to him through the post. Presumably the American law is wide enough to cover this, but if not, whenever we pass a similar law, we must take care to construct it of the necessary width.

One day last week the *Yorkshire Post*, having announced the death of a Mr. John Sedgwick, had to correct the announcement, the gentleman being still alive. By way of putting the matter right, the correction concluded thus:—

The paragraph reached us from a usually trustworthy correspondent, and *we regret that he appears to have been misinformed.*

This reminds me of a story of Dean Swift. The Dean had announced the death of some one, and the some one wrote to contradict it. "This," said the Dean, "is proof positive that he is dead, for he is incapable of telling the truth."

With reference to the opening of a new Nurses' Residental Club in Nottingham-place, I am asked to mention that this is by no means the first institution of its kind in operation. A similar club was opened in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, last March, and there are various "Homes" on a similar plan, besides a non-residential club in Buckingham-street, Strand. I wish them all success.

The Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, "Foreign Secretary" of the London Missionary Society, has sent me a long letter explaining the case of the Rev. James Good, to whose acquisition of extensive territories in South Africa attention was called under the heading, "A Mammonite Missionary," in TRUTH of November 3. The letter has required consideration at some length, and owing to the pressure on my space, I am obliged at the last moment to defer publishing it for another week.

I am also for the same reason compelled to hold over the further correspondence which I promised to publish on the subject of quacks and their advertisements. "The Unspeakable Quack" has so much to say that I cannot find room for it all.

"Do you seriously believe," writes a correspondent, "that in a country like this, dependent on its prosperity on being able to sell its manufactured goods abroad, and thus subjected to the world's competition, and in one in which population is ever so increasing, that emigration is as much a necessity as swarming is to a hive of bees, it is possible for the State to secure to all a fair day's wage for a fair day's work?" No, I do not. But in recognising that this would be desirable, and in doing all that we can to attain perfection, we shall go a considerable length on the path of achievement. We can, I think, establish a fair wage, on condition that no one particular trade is over-manned. As regards the unemployed, we can find work for them, so long as there is work useful to the community for them to do. Of course, when we have got to the end of this useful work, we cannot go further, and those left out in the cold would have to emigrate. At the present moment the fight for work in towns is mainly caused by agricultural labourers deserting their villages and flocking into towns. This ought to be met by creating a body of peasantry who are attached to the soil by the fact of possessing a part of it themselves. In every other country except this the system has been adopted, and has been found to succeed. This would be far more practical than asking why it is not adopted here, and leaving echo to shout "why" in the desert.

Various speeches have been made during the week upon the living wage question, and its opponents have launched all the missiles that they can draw from the arsenal of political economy against it. But what is the alternative? That men should be made to work for a wage that is not living, or, in other words, that in return for their labour they should herd in styes with their families like swine, should have no more food than is sufficient to keep body and soul together, and should be without those comforts which, to civilised beings, are practically necessaries. I am old enough to remember when the wage for labour was far smaller than it is now. Every argument that is at present urged against a living wage—to put it more properly, a wage sufficing for a decent and civilised life—was urged then by the Brahmins of political economy. Trades Unions were denounced as asking for what was impossible. Nevertheless, the rise in wages caused by the action of Trade Unions has been proved to be possible without crippling industry. And so it would be now, were the living wage doctrine adopted. "Who," asks a Tory newspaper, "would invest his money in business, were there to be no question of profit until the British workman has taken as much as he may please to ask for?" No one, I admit. But this is not the question, which is, whether any one is entitled to profit by reducing the wage below what the British workmen are entitled to ask for. To my thinking, the sooner no one can invest his money in any business, in which he can only hope for profits by sweating the earnings of his employés, the better will it be for the country.

Government, by giving a Charter to a rotten African Company, has made a present to a gang of financing adventurers of about two millions, which they have been allowed to extract from British investors, and to add to by robbery and murder. We are told that this is only fit and proper, and, no doubt, dozens of saws from political economy may be found to justify it. Yet when any one ventures to assert that millions of men are entitled to regard a fair monetary payment for their honest work before capitalists make a profit by employing them, he is treated as though he were a pernicious idiot. Well, all that I can say is, that I am on the side of the idiots, and that a fair day's wage for a fair day's work is a principle, which recommends itself to me as the corner-stone of the well-being of the community.

"VERREY'S" RESTAURANT, Regent-street, corner of Hanover-street. The oldest and most select French Restaurant in London. Ladies' luncheons at moderate prices a specialty. Dinners à la carte.

A phase of the sweating question which deserves more attention than it receives has been put before me by a Scotch correspondent. The other day he found a cousin of his, a young woman of twenty-two, engaged at her home in making cheap white ties, such as are sold at 2d. each and upwards. She is paid 4½d. per dozen, and by incessant hard work for seven hours each day she earns only 1s. 10½d. It seems that the young woman is not dependent on her wages for her support, and what my correspondent points out is that it is often owing to the competition of home workers of this class that others who have to earn their living by their needle are so abominably sweated. It is difficult, however, to see how such pernicious competition can be prevented. Ladies, young or old, who are ready to submit to the slavery described without necessity, are not likely to relinquish it out of consideration for the consequences to their less well-to-do sisters.

Mr. Mundella will, I suspect, find it somewhat difficult to justify his incautious declaration that the State could not possibly discharge the lifeboat service so efficiently as the National Lifeboat Institution; and I rejoice to see that the *Daily Chronicle* is devoting some of its energies to an investigation of the operations of that body. I have already given my reasons for doubting whether the Institution is above criticism, and I suspect that a careful investigation on the coast would bring to light much that deserves to be known. I would invite the attention of the *Chronicle* gentleman to what took place at Dungeness during the gale at the beginning of last week. A vessel was wrecked near the Littlestone Coastguard Station. The Dungeness lifeboat put off and was swamped. The Hythe lifeboat was then requisitioned. It had to be transported from Seabrook to the western end of Hythe, a distance of two miles, in order to be launched, and so much delay occurred that in the result the shipwrecked crew were rescued by a third lifeboat which had come all the way from Dover.

The people at Dungeness maintain that their boat is so long and heavy as to be quite unsuited to the coast. With regard to the Hythe boat, after the disastrous wreck of the *Benvenue* off Sandgate, it was decided to remove the boat from Seabrook to Hythe. It has taken two years to complete the new house, and though it has been finished some weeks, the boat has not been removed. Even now the slide or slip-way for launching the boat is not constructed, and hence the delay in getting her off in the above instance. In how many cases round the coast are similar instances of bad management to be found?

I was favoured the other day by Mr. S. A. L. Banbury, author of "Sierra Leone; or, the White Man's Grave," with a letter disputing, at considerable length, the accuracy of the statements in TRUTH of November 9 respecting the prevalence of the slave trade in Sierra Leone. Mr. Banbury writes with the authority of a former official of the Colony; but he admits that it is "some years" since he served there. On the other hand, the statement which I made as to "the last slave market in the district" being held only about four miles from Freetown, was expressly given on the authority of one who occupies an official position in the Colony at present. I can hardly be expected to take the evidence of an official who was there "some years since" against that of one who is there to-day. Besides, if Mr. Banbury read TRUTH regularly, he would have seen in my issue of October 12 reference to an official proclamation published at Freetown, in which the prevalence of the slave trade within the sphere of British influence was expressly admitted.

That Mr. Chamberlain is a good debater no one doubts. But he mars his effectiveness as a speaker by indiscriminately falling upon everything, good, bad, or indifferent, in every measure which has his opponents as its godfathers. This was the case with the Employers' Liability Bill. Everything in it, according to him, was bad. Had he kept to the text that it might have been better, his speech would have carried greater weight. The Bill makes the employer responsible for injuries caused by one of his employés to another; but it provides no compensation in cases where the injury is caused by the negligence of the injured person himself, although a very large percentage of accidents are of this nature. At present there are insurance funds to which the employers largely contribute, which cover the two risks. These contributions, they say they will withdraw, unless the employed contract themselves out of the Bill, or, in other words, out of the possibility of not only receiving compensation from the insurance fund, but also from a Court. This was Mr. Chamberlain's first criticism, and there was a good deal of point in it. His second one was equally pointed. The Bill leaves it to a jury to decide whether the injury is the result of the negligence of the sufferer, and if so, what is to be the amount of compensation. This must in the nature of things lead to a good deal of litigation, which means that much of the money intended for the employed will go into the pockets of lawyers. But, having urged these defects in the Bill, Mr. Chamberlain did not make it clear how they are to be avoided, beyond a vague suggestion for a National Insurance Fund.

The withdrawal by the employers of their subscriptions to an insurance fund which covers accidents, no matter how or by whom caused, because they might, were they not to do so, be called upon to pay twice over, might be met by the insurance fund itself insuring the employers against all compensation granted by a Court, and all costs of litigation in a Court. This would work in this way. An employer annually subscribes—say—£10,000 to the insurance fund of his employés. But if the employer has to pay during the year £5,000 in compensation to his employés, or in costs of their litigation with him for compensation, then the £10,000 subscription would become £5,000, the employés having either been paid the other £5,000, or having led to its expenditure in litigation. Thus the Clause in the Bill forbidding con-

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tracting out would not be violated, and yet the fund covering all accidents would still continue, the sum total of the annual amount paid by the employer remaining precisely as it is.

This week will bring us to the end of November. We have as yet made "progress" backwards in the Parish Councils Bill, for no sooner is one amendment disposed of than half-a-dozen more spring up like Cadmus' dragons' teeth. The Government itself has encouraged this, for it has plastered its own Bill over with amendments. Radical amendments are more plentiful than those of the Tories; and for this the Radicals hardly can be blamed, as the matter concerns the entire local life of the country; and, naturally, they wish that the Bill should run on Radical lines. What, however, is to be done? I greatly doubt whether the House would agree to what is called the guillotine, *i.e.*, passing clauses without any discussion or amendment being allowed. There remain, therefore, four courses:—1, to suspend the twelve o'clock rule, and to sit on Saturdays; 2, to halve the Bill, leaving the Poor Law portion to be dealt with in a future Bill; 3, to carry the Bill over to next Session; 4, to sit on until the Bill be passed this Session. No. 1 and No. 3 are the best of these plans, and either might be adopted. No. 2 would be most undesirable. No. 4 is *magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* Assuming that the Tories are so disposed, they might, with the help of the Lords, so protract discussion that we should only get to the next Session, when, what with finance and with current business, there would be little time for legislation.

Doctor Hertzka has written me a letter complaining of my comments on the British Freeland Association and the methods in which its members propose to found their "Utopia, Limited," in Eastern Africa. He is especially pained that I should have stated that it is the intention of the B.F.A. pioneers to "drive away the natives with mortars and rockets" *en route* to the Promised Land they propose to occupy. The Doctor assures me that if I had been acquainted with his writings I should have been aware that it was impossible for his followers "to harbour the shameful intentions" I assume. But it so happens that these "shameful intentions" are no assumption of mine. For on page 6 of the official organ of the British Freeland Association for June last I read (in what purports to be an official summary of the Doctor's own anticipation of what his pioneers will do) that during their march from the coast they were supposed to fall in with a marauding body of Masai, whom, "with a sharp fire from mortars and rocket battery (directed over the heads of their assailants), they routed, taking a number of prisoners." How far this kind of operation is consistent with "the lines of absolute freedom and justice" on which the Doctor's new commonwealth is to be founded I leave my unprejudiced readers to judge for themselves.

But there is another point which the Doctor does not satisfactorily explain. He has been asked, he candidly confesses, why he does not start a colony on Freeland principles "on cheap land in Essex or elsewhere at home." And his answer is: "In England the original site *would have first to be bought*," whereas in Africa his disciples will have a "free command of natural resources;" which I take to mean, in plain English, that they will be able, thanks to their rockets and repeating rifles, to steal from the natives the land which is to be transformed into the B. F. Utopia. Another very odd instance, surely, of proceeding on "the lines of absolute freedom and justice." In short, I am not at all inclined to withdraw anything I have said about Dr. Hertzka and his "Social Gospel," and I still think that it would be much more honest of his so-called "British Freelanders" if they henceforth announced themselves as "The British Filibusters."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor suggests in the *Weekly Sun* that, were a dozen Members of the House of Commons to have to select a man with whom to pass six months alone on a desert island, they would all choose Mr. John Morley. Well, I should not. And this I say without any imputation on Mr. Morley as a man of varied knowledge and agreeable temper. I should take a Conservative with the cheerful disposition of Mark Tapley, with a wide conversational store, differing from me upon every conversational subject, and possessed of a Crusoe ability in knocking up an abode, milking goats, &c. I can imagine nothing more horrible than this eternal companionship. The pair would be so sick of each other within three months that each would be almost justified in killing the other. And one of the reasons why I should not relish Mr. Morley for my companion is that if he did not kill me, I should probably kill him. Clearly, therefore, my companion ought to be a Conservative.

I once knew two men who determined to pass the rest of their lives on a small island just outside the Gulf of Spezzia. Being rich, they had a comfortable house built for themselves on the island, and started on their Siamese-twin experience. Within a few months they had divided the island into two equal parts. Each lived on his part and forbade the other to enter it.

Recklessness of assertion characterises the Tory Press in its comments on the action of the Radical M.P.'s with regard to the question of the county Bench. They are charged with wishing Lord Herschell to pack the Bench with Radical partisans. What they ask for is that both political parties should be represented in fair proportion on each county Bench. As it is, the Bench is packed with Tory squires, because they are Tories and because they are squires. Far from desiring that the Bench should be packed, they simply object to the existing system of Tory packing from the squirearchy. And, what is more important, they intend to have an end made to this pernicious system, which has arisen from nearly all the Lords-Lieutenant being either Tories or the mildest of Liberals, selected almost invariably from the House of Lords, and, owing to their

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class and political prejudices, inherently unable to act with decent fairness in the function of selecting Magistrates, which they have usurped. The Radicals go, indeed, further: they wish that Lords-Lieutenant shall be abolished, and any duties or privileges that they may possess transferred to the chairmen of County Councils. As, however, Radicals always temper reform with mercy, they are ready to allow these gentlemen to retain the right to don the heavily-embroidered coat, the wearing of which may possibly be pleasing to them.

As things stand, Mr. Gladstone has stated that both he and the Lord Chancellor are greatly pleased with the Radical resolution embodying these views. Lord Herschell had actually dissembled his love when a Radical deputation interviewed him; indeed, he metaphorically kicked them downstairs. But if, on thinking the matter over, he has come to the conclusion that they were right, I trust that he will give speedy effect to that conclusion.

It seems that not only are Radicals, in the judgment of Tory Chancellors and Lords-Lieutenant, deemed ineligible for the Commission of the Peace, but when by chance a Radical has been elevated to that exalted sphere, efforts are made to exclude him from the Grand Jury panel. "A Radical Magistrate," writing from Lancashire, tells me that, though he has been many years on the County Bench, he has never been summoned on the Grand Jury, although most of his Conservative colleagues are summoned in their first year. This is obviously intended as a slight, but, as my correspondent remarks, he is rather pleased with it than otherwise, and no doubt the Liberal J.P.'s generally, whom Lord Herschell hopes one of these days to appoint, will gladly pocket a similar insult.

With all respect to my Conservative readers, I fear they are more ignorant of current politics than Liberals of the same class. Perhaps that is the reason why they are Conservatives. For instance, one of them writes:—

> Does it occur to you that if the Lord Chancellor made Gladstonian Magistrates wholesale, in imitation of the American rule, "the spoils to the victors," as Mr. Storey, yourself, and various M.P.'s wish, when the Conservatives return to power (as I suppose they will), some day they, following the example set them, might flood the country with Conservative Magistrates?

No, my friend, it does not—for the simple reason that the country has been already so flooded with Conservative Magistrates that there is no fear of the tide rising any higher.

Who can wonder, however, that the average Conservative is politically ignorant? The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which presumably has some knowledge of the real state of the case at present, thus describes the aims of those who object to the Conservatives having a nine to one majority on provincial Benches:—

> He (Mr. Gladstone) must stuff the Bench with Radicals, and he must not allow the Lord Chancellor to consult the Lords-Lieutenant. The Bench must no longer be an instrument of justice, but a reward of political fervour.

What do these Tory scribes expect? Apparently that after Lord Halsbury has debauched justice by making a J.P. of every Conservative who could be found to do the duty, Lord Herschell, in his devotion to the Tory cause, is to continue the same policy.

There are few military men for whom I have a greater respect than Lord Roberts, as he is an able and modest General. Last week he made a speech, in which he urged an increase in the Navy, and asked whether in the event of war we were prepared, even if we were content to adopt the Cape route for our vast Eastern trade, to abandon our sea-borne trade with Italy, Austria, and the Levant? With all respect to Lord Roberts, I would ask him the following questions:—1. Whether he considers that in the event of a war with France and Russia, our better course would, on military grounds, be to bottle up the Mediterranean or to endeavour to remain masters in that sea? 2. If he holds that we ought to "bottle up" on strategical grounds, does he contend that we ought to ignore these grounds, merely with a view to retain during war our sea-borne trade with Austria, Italy, and the Levant, whilst we have fallen back on the Cape route for our Eastern carrying trade? 3. Admitting that we adopt the Cape route, and close the eastern exit from the Mediterranean, does he consider that we should do well, in the event of war, to evacuate Egypt and close this eastern exit by our hold on the Red Sea, or would he leave our troops in Egypt? 4. If the latter, by how many men would our army of occupation in Egypt have to be increased, and from whence would he draw this increase, without denuding vulnerable points in our possessions of the troops needed for their defence?

It may be possible that our Navy needs augmentation. But before agreeing to augmentation, we ought clearly to understand on what basis our Naval requirements are based. Is it held that, if at war, we must make every trade route now used by our commercial marine as safe as in times of peace, and that we must protect Egypt against any chance of our enemy landing an army there? If so, I say that we are striving after the impossible, except at an expenditure absolutely ruinous. As a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, we should do better to accept the loss of our local carrying trade in the Mediterranean during the war (all the more so as war is only a possible contingency), rather than build ships to enable us to attempt to retain this trade.

My own belief is that this demand for a large increased expenditure on the Navy is a scare organised by the Tories. They know that the revenue has fallen off, and that next year's Budget will have to deal with this. They are aware that the Liberals have laid down that the year's expenditure on ships must come out of the year's revenue. They therefore wish to increase the difficulties of Sir William Harcourt. These ships are not so much aimed at our enemies abroad, as at their enemies at home. No sooner will they

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have gained their point by forcing us into this outlay, than they will turn round and howl at the Government for laying on fresh taxes, which they will explain would not have been needed had they been in power. If these panic-mongers really do succeed in forcing on extra taxation, I trust that this will fall entirely on journalists and on half-pay Admirals and Captains, for they are at the bottom of the panic. Those journalists who have not joined in the scare would, it is true, suffer, but they must accept the consequences of being in the journalistic business. If it were clearly understood that the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Post*, and their naval "Constant Readers," were to be mulcted heavily, whenever extra outlay on the Navy is deemed necessary, this would have a very calming effect on their eloquence.

If we are to increase our Navy, we ought to meet the cost by a decrease in our Army. I assume that all our garrisons beyond the United Kingdom are manned sufficiently to secure their safety. I assume, too, that we have the requisite number of English regiments in India to enable us, with the native troops, to hold our own there. Our present military establishment at home is based upon the notion, that we ought to have a corps d'armée prepared to take the field abroad, and yet that there would remain sufficient soldiers at home for all requirements when united with the Volunteers. This corps d'armée is a useless luxury; for, were it to land anywhere on the Continent, it could not hope to vanquish any one of the huge Continental armies. By a reduction of our military force, and by cutting off waste in "fuss and feathers," we should probably be able to meet increased outlay on the Navy without the increase costing the nation one farthing.

I am called a "Little Englander," and other such vague terms of reproach, because I advocate the sound principle of securing the safety of the Empire by resting contented with its present expansion, and by leaving the world outside of it to take care of itself. This *mutatis mutandis* was the view taken by one of the wisest of the Roman Emperors. His predecessors had annexed territory beyond the Danube, and had sought to maintain Roman influence in countries where the sway of Rome did not extend. This wise Emperor withdrew the Roman Legions to the southern bank of the Danube, and left all outside the Empire to kiss or quarrel as they best pleased. Gibbon observes that this policy saved the Empire from destruction for many centuries.

We, on the other hand, have of late years been playing the part of a universal Providence. We want to regulate everything outside, as well as inside, our Empire. At one moment we want to protect Siam against France, at another Turkey against Russia, at another Morocco against all Continental Powers. All this is folly. We shall find ourselves one day dragged into some war which in no way concerns us; and, when we are, it is my belief that those Powers that now profess friendship for us will either turn against us, or look on very complacently whilst we are being weakened by hostilities, which, come what may, invariably weaken all concerned in them. If there is one thing that puts up the back of all, it is the tomfoolery of one nation assuming the airs of a universal Providence.

I am sorry to find that a gentleman who signs himself "Radical in things African no less than things English," is very angry with me for having (as he supposes) done injustice to sundry honourable gentlemen who are doing military duty in the Matabele raid. In his wrath, this "Radical" so far misrepresents me as to assert that "apparently one of the most regrettable features of the whole business in your eyes is that only about a dozen of 'Rhodes's Border Ruffians' have fallen before the Matabele hordes." Nothing that has appeared in TRUTH bears this construction, and I am glad that only a dozen (five I think) have been cut off in their iniquity, and sent to meet their God. I do not hold an enlisted soldier responsible for the cause in which he fights; and men have before now volunteered in the worst causes from a mistaken sense of duty or patriotism. But there is no mistaken sense of duty or patriotism, however, about the greedy adventurers whom I style "Border Ruffians." They have gone for land and gold, and by the terms of their contract they are to be paid in land and gold when they have killed and driven out the black men to whom the land and gold at present belong. There is no room for any question about this, for we know it from the men themselves. If my Radical friend has any doubt about it, let him cast his eye over the letter, which I have reprinted on the opposite page, from the Californian "Pistol" who is serving in Mr. Rhodes' army. The only names I know for such proceedings are robbery, piracy, and brigandage. These terms apply, of course, to the conduct of Mr. Rhodes, the Dukes of Fife and Abercorn, and the Chartered Company at large, as much as to the men who have enlisted under their flag on condition that they get a share of the spoils. Pistol, Bardolph, & Co. were, indeed, a reputable crew by comparison.

Mr. Evelyn, of Wotton House, has written to the President of the Deptford Branch of the Irish National League to inform him that, although he supported Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in 1892 when contesting the borough, in the event of another contest it will be impossible for him to support a Gladstonian candidate:—

> strongly disapproving, as I do, of the policy of the present Government in sanctioning and co-operating in the present sanguinary war in South Africa, carried on for the benefit, as it seems to me, of unscrupulous adventurers, to the great detriment of this country's reputation for justice, humanity, and morality.

In acknowledging this letter, the President replies:—

> I need hardly say how sorry we are that circumstances have happened which compel you to withdraw from the Liberals of this borough. At the same time, we fully appreciate your motives, and are quite unanimous in agreeing with you that the present conflict being carried on in South Africa is a disgrace to this country, and to the present Government.

I greatly fear that many others will be weakened in their faith in Liberal Governments by the abject submission of

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Ministers to Mr. Rhodes and his freebooters, and their apparent determination to allow him to secure to himself and friends the fruits of one of the most disgraceful incidents that the history of this or any other country can show.

The *Times* is so enraptured at Mr. Rhodes having, what it is pleased to call, "enlarged the Empire," that in gloating over the slaughter of the Matabele, it breaks out into rapturous laudation of that worthy. His "political aptitude" is "splendid"—so splendid, indeed, that he will "know how to use victory, as he has known how to gain it;" and, therefore, "whatever is possible should be conceded to him;" and as the "nation is grateful to him;' his way should be "made smooth to new plans." There is in this perfect man "a business-like modesty;" and "true humanity as well as true patriotism bids us rejoice;" he may even "claim the hearty admiration of the toughest Radicals," for he has taught us "to make little wars on the cheap." And all this, as well as much more, in laudation of the head of a gang of shady financiers who forced on a war with the man through whose kindness they have pocketed millions; conducted it on the principle that "godless heathen" ought to be mowed down with Maxim guns if they happen to inhabit a country where there may be gold, and their envoys murdered, in order that a rotten Company might be saved from immediate bankruptcy, and the financing gang might be in a position to transfer more money from the pockets of British investors into their own. I really believe that if any adventurer were to start a Company to boil down Africans for the purpose of selling their fat to soap-boilers, and were to devastate Africa in order to get hold of the "raw material," the *Times*, and other such capitalist organs, would call on Heaven to rain down blessings on the man, and invite us to fall down and worship him as the exponent of British civilisation and British enterprise.

It is pretty clear to me that if Captain Kidd had lived in our days a statue would have been decreed to him instead of a halter. He would have explained that he was maintaining the glories of our Navy on the high seas, that he did this "on the cheap," by the simple expedient of consigning the crews of the ships of other nations to the sea, and that he was increasing the national wealth by taking their property and appropriating it to himself. Poor Captain Kidd! Why was he so ill-starred as to have lived, and murdered, and robbed, before it had been understood that the Decalogue is only applicable to men who do not understand masking their bloodthirsty greed under a pretence of patriotism, and forming themselves into a Company, with two Dukes hired to make speeches pointing out its virtues? The Kidd Pirate Company, with ducal patronage, with founders' shares for its promoters, with shareholders eagerly hoping to hear of ships scuttled, and with newspapers recording its humanity if "properly understood," would have landed the Captain as the ruler of some colony during his lifetime, and in Westminster Abbey when his spirit was translated to some other and warmer sphere.

It would seem that Mr. Rhodes recruited his freebooters from all nationalities. I have received a copy of the *Los Angeles Times*, in which I find a letter from a Californian with the Rhodes army to his friends at home. Here it is:—

> I shall take military service with the Chartered Company and go to the war. I will go in an independent troop at 'count, and get as pay arms and mount, rations when possible, one half of the spoils, and 6,000 acres of land, fifteen mineral claims, and five alluvial. It will be a hard service but full of adventure. There will be five Americans—hardy, restless, and nervy men. We expect the war to be open within five months. These blacks fight in masses. The border tribes may require guerrilla discipline for six months longer. Lobengula is a well posted black. Praise God for the smart Yankees that invented Maxims and Gatlings, and that can keep a horde of niggers at bay!

What must the Americans think of our hypocrisy in ever suggesting that "niggers" ought to be treated as human beings? What should we have said had they carried on their war against the Southern States on these booty lines with any loafing "nervy" Englishman who would fight for plunder?

My own belief is that Matabeleland will no more pay its expenses than Mashonaland. But what care Rhodes and his gang? They kill and steal in order to fool the British investor out of his money. Look at hard facts: They made an issue of £250,000 of shares, which they took amongst themselves, some of them being paid for in cash, others being given as fully paid up. Then they so manipulated matters that the shares rose on the Stock Exchange to £4. On this they made an issue of 500,000 more shares, taking them at par and paying on them 3s. per share. A very simple sum of arithmetic shows that this transaction was worth to them £1,500,000, every farthing of which came out of the pockets of fooled investors, and every farthing of which these foolish investors have lost, for the shares are now about par. Not content with this swingeing profit, no sooner did they invade Matabeleland, than they called a meeting of the shareholders of the Chartered Company, and forced the Company to double its capital by an addition of one million to it, which was issued to the gang as fully paid-up shares, as payment of half profits of the venture. When asked to produce any agreement giving to them these half profits, the solicitor of the Company was unable to do so, and, so far as I understand it, no such written agreement exists. Talk of Jabez Balfour! That exile was a child—a simple, innocent child of finance—compared with these "patriots."

How public opinion is being manufactured we have now an instance. One Maund came with the Indunas that Lobengula sent to the Queen in 1890, and, so far as the Blue Book throws a light upon the subject, appears then to have been acting for Lobengula against the mining concessionaires. Since then, he seems to have become interested in the Company. He has returned again to England, and has been interviewed. He says that "the Mashonalanders (there were less than 1,500 in a country as large as France) grasped the impossibility of develop-

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ing the riches of the country with the Matabele ever menacing, &c. The Matabele regiments attacked all the Mashona kraals (they had been asked to punish the Mashonas by the Company). Dr. Jameson hurried to Fort Victoria, and summoned an indaba (*i.e.*, he wanted the chiefs of the impi to meet him). They snapped their fingers, which was more than human nature (Jameson nature) could bear, so he gave them one hour and a-half to clear (*i.e.*, to go thirty miles), which was amply sufficient, for Matabele generally go at the trot. Seeing the possibility of the Matabele attacking in force at the stipulated time (they had already gone several miles to the frontier), an advance was ordered of the available horsemen (these horsemen were under the orders of Captain Lendy, whom Mr. Buxton had already stigmatised as a murderer). No doubt some of the men were carried away at the recollections of the atrocities (a little time previously, these philanthropists had shelled a Mashona village and killed 21 Mashonas, because somebody said that he had lost something near the village) committed by the black soldiers (therefore they shot at them, and killed about thirty, although, in obedience to the orders of their King, they did not return the fire, and only sought to gain the frontier 'at a trot')."

On this interesting and *ex parte* explanation by a gentleman who was not present, the *St. James's Gazette* observes that it had "from the first distrusted the sensational accounts of the events which immediatly preceded the campaign which were circulated by the foes of the Company," and that the statement of Mr. Maund "puts a very different and more credible aspect on the matter." All the comment on this that I venture to make is that, if ever I commit a murder, and I am on my trial for it, I sincerely hope the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette* will be on the jury.

The conduct of the Government in regard to Matabeleland is very much like that of Queen Elizabeth, when "gentlemen adventurers" preyed upon Spanish commerce and South American towns below the Equator. She always pretended to know nothing about the matter. So it is with the newspapers that write articles in the interests of Mr. Rhodes. They apparently hold the view that, where blacks are concerned who inhabit countries where there may be gold, the only proper way of dealing with the matter is to kill off the blacks, and, having seized the hills containing the gold, to bring out bogus Companies at home, and stock idiots with their shares, on nothing more tangible than the assurances of the robbers that they have gold in paying quantities to sell. There is, however, this difference between what occurred in the days of Queen Elizabeth and in those of Queen Victoria. The English adventurers in the former were protecting native races against Spanish murder and rapine, and now they are acting towards these races much as the Spaniards did. Queen Elizabeth, moreover, had not solemnly pledged her word to Spain that, in consideration of allowing a British ship within a South American port, the crew would neither harm the port nor its inhabitants whereas Queen Victoria did pledge her word that if Rhodes, Rudd, and Beit and their employés were allowed to dig for gold in the territories of Lobengula, his sovereign rights should in no way be damnified. Further, Queen Elizabeth always insisted on her share in the spoil, whereas (and this I recommend to our commercial moralists) all the spoil goes now to the adventurers, and we get nothing but a share in the infamy.

The situation in Italy is a good deal more serious than seems to be realised here. Two months ago, I said in TRUTH that the King had lost his popularity, owing to his having become a mere puppet in the hands of Signor Ratazzi, the Comptroller of his Household; and that popular belief ascribed to the latter so greedy a palm, that he was thought to be making the policy of the country dependent on his own personal interests. I see that, owing to the *Banca Romana* revelations, Signor Ratazzi has been dismissed from his post for corruption. With corruption in the Palace, in the Senate, and in the Assembly, and the people ground down by a taxation that is mainly due to the folly of having made common cause with Germany against France, and involves an Army out of all proportion with Italy's real requirements, I should not be surprised at anything happening. The ablest Italian financier estimates the annual deficit, at the present rate of expenditure, at £5,000,000 per annum. The floating debt is now somewhere about 30 millions. Under these circumstances, I would about as soon buy the shares of the South Africa Chartered Company as Italian *rentes* at their present price.

SCRUTATOR.

SPOOKED OR SPOOFED?

THE EDITOR, THE PARSON, AND THE CONJURER.

IN returning, according to promise, to the questions raised by the *Borderland* "Report on Professor Baldwin and his Wife," it will be desirable in the first place—three weeks having elapsed since I dealt in detail with the matter—that I should remind my readers how the controversy stands. The "Report" in question describes a public performance of what is called "clairvoyance," given by "Professor" and Mrs. Baldwin, in connection with their travelling show, and a private séance given by the "Professor" to the author of the "Report"—a Nonconformist Minister—at which séance what purported to be answers to questions addressed in writing by the Minister to the spirits of departed friends were answered by Baldwin. The "Report" was headed, "A Puzzling Problem," and in the first article upon it in TRUTH (November 2) I showed, by an interview with Mr. Maskelyne of the Egyptian Hall, that so far as the séance was concerned, the "Puzzling Problem" presented no problem at all, but simply a reproduction of an old conjuring trick, invented by a professional spirit medium named Foster, and long since exposed. I proposed in a further article to explain, with the assistance of Mr. Maskelyne, how Mrs. Baldwin's "clairvoyance" business was done. Before, however, this explanation appeared, the necessity for it was removed. Baldwin sent me a letter in which he emphatically disclaimed, on behalf of

his wife and himself, all occult powers whatever; produced dozens of extracts from advertisements and programmes to show that his public performance was offered merely as an exhibition of illusion, or "escamoterie;" and asserted that in the *Borderland* séance he had never professed to do anything more than "duplicate" a performance of the medium Foster. He contended, in a word, that he had never departed from the character, which he claims in some of his advertisements, of an exposer of Spiritualism.

This letter I published (TRUTH, November 9). I pointed out at the same time that, so far as the séance is concerned, it was utterly inconsistent with the *Borderland* "Report," with the editorial introduction to the Report, and with the letter of Baldwin himself to Mr. Stead embodied in the Report. For the proper appreciation of what follows it is necessary that this inconsistency should be made perfectly clear to the reader. In the "Report" itself, Baldwin is represented as asserting that his wife possesses an "inscrutable power," which has been vouchsafed to "only three or four people in the world." In Baldwin's own words a description of this "inscrutable power" is given. Mrs. Baldwin is there said to pass, when mesmerised, into "a hyperæsthetic condition," in which she is able to receive and give forth to the public impressions of events—past, present, or future—otherwise unknown to her. This is the explanation put forward, in Baldwin's language, of his wife's "clairvoyance" exhibition. As regards Baldwin himself, although it is stated at the outset that he spoke as a "Materialist," who had no faith in the existence of any spirit apart from a body of some kind, the following account is given of his power of answering questions addressed to the spirits of the departed:—

> "All this," said the professor, "is done by an inscrutable force. *There is no chicanery about it, and no trickery in it.* What that force is I do not know. I believe it is a natural force, the properties of which we do not yet understand . . . ." I suggested that a force which gave a rational intelligent answer to a rational intelligent question, proposed by a rational intelligent being, must itself be something more than a mere mechanical force. *It must be a rational intelligent being itself. To this he cordially agreed.*

The séance which follows is distinctly given as an exhibition of this "inscrutable force," which must be (in the opinion both of Baldwin and his reporter) "a rational intelligent being." At the conclusion of his account of it, which is full of suggestions that there was no possibility of trickery, and that Baldwin was actuated by occult influence of some kind, the reverend gentleman thus sums it all up:—

> I have no theory on which to account for these remarkable phenomena. The "trick" hypothesis seems to me to be precluded by the conditions. The "Devil" hypothesis is out of it, for the Father of Lies could not have said so many things that are good and true. The "natural force" hypothesis will not wash, for the force is a rational intelligence, and therefore akin to mind and not to matter—that is to say, it is *personal*. The telepathic hypothesis that the sub-conscious mind of Professor Baldwin was reading my thoughts does not accord with the facts, for the matter of the communications was not in my mind at the time, and was never a part of the experience of Professor Baldwin. I can only suppose that Professor Robertson tells the simple truth when he says that spirit individualities whose absolute identity is capable of being proved "have power under some circumstances to communicate with, and perhaps be of great benefit to, friends in earth life." I do not, however, commit myself to any theory. I merely record the facts.

Without further multiplying quotations, which might easily be done, it will be clearly enough seen from this how far the writer believed, or intended the public to believe, that he had merely seen a performance of a conjurer's trick. As regards the Editor of *Borderland*, besides heading the report with the question, "Clairvoyance, Telepathy, or Spirits?" he prefaces it with his own certificate that "there is no doubt that Professor Baldwin and his wife have extraordinary gifts"; adding that "he (Baldwin) *seems to be clairvoyant naturally, while his wife has greater psychical gifts when she is under mesmeric influence.*" Nor is that all. Extracts are given from a letter purporting to have been written by Baldwin himself to Mr. Stead himself. In this letter Baldwin, after discoursing on his objections to having his powers tested, and promising on a future occasion to open, for Mr. Stead's benefit, "the doors into soul-land," makes the following observations upon a séance, which is either the one described in the report or another exactly similar:—

> I fancy you are wrong in thinking that any reply he received could come from my sub-consciousness. . . . . My hand writes, like yours, automatically, and the *reply is not in my individuality, nor in his, but is characteristic of the person to whom it is addressed* [he means apparently the person to whom the question is addressed.—Ed. TRUTH]; so characteristic as to be distinctly recognisable long before the signature is seen. There is no chance of sub-consciousness; there is no mention of the name until the signature is put to the communication. *The conditions, willingly submitted to, absolutely prevent chicanery.*

The reader who is not satisfied with this may find plenty more to the same effect by referring to the article in *Borderland*. What I have quoted, however, will be more than enough to satisfy any reasonable being, not only that Mr. A., the writer, and Mr. Stead, the Editor, claim for both Baldwin and his wife the possession of "mysterious," "inscrutable," or "occult" powers, but that Baldwin himself, both in the language quoted by Mr. A. and the letter quoted by Mr. Stead, makes the same claim. From beginning to end of the article there is not a shadow of suggestion that Baldwin's rôle, either in the public or private performances, was merely that of a conjurer and an exposer of spiritualistic tricks.

What, then, is the position when Baldwin says, as he does in the letter which I have published, that he is a conjurer and illusionist, pure and simple, and that neither in public nor in private has either he or his wife figured in any other character, or claimed any other powers? It comes to this: either Baldwin, after humbugging both Mr. A. and Mr. Stead, is shifting his ground; or in the *Borderland* article he is most grossly misrepresented. In my last article I put this clearly enough, telling Baldwin, quite frankly, that in the face of the *Borderland* article, I declined to accept his version of the matter. He has written two or three letters in reply, adhering to his previous statements; I will refer to them further presently. Now, what has Mr. A. to say, in face of this conflict between Baldwin and *Borderland*? In the first instance, I received from him a brief note, requesting me to reserve space for a longer communication from him, which was to reach me in time for publication in the forthcoming issue of TRUTH. In order that there might be no further mistake, he had forwarded the

"TOILET LANOLINE" softens, clears, and preserves the skin, and should be used in every household. "Toilet Lanoline" protects the skin from the effects of exposure, and adds to the natural beauty. In collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1s.; in small boxes, 3d., from all chemists and druggists. Wholesale depôt, 67, Holborn-viaduct. The genuine bears the trade-mark, "Lanoline."

document to Baldwin for verification. At the last moment, however, before TRUTH went to press, he telegraphed that he was unable to send this communication. Why? Presumably, because Baldwin declined to endorse it; if any other explanation can be given, I shall be glad to hear it. I then wrote to Mr. A. privately, pointing out to him that the matter could not be left in this unsatisfactory position; and then I received from him the following letter:—

DEAR SIR,—I am too much occupied in my work to go into the matter fully, but in response to your courteous letter I feel bound to say that when Mr. Baldwin gave me the séance I was much puzzled and bewildered, so much so that I sought Mr. Maskelyne to see if I could get a solution that would end my perplexity. Mr. Maskelyne very kindly gave me his solution of what to me was a very great problem, but Mr. Maskelyne misunderstood my emotion of surprise and bewilderment for that of pain. I was not pained at all in any sense, nor is there the slightest danger of my intellectual power giving way. And I have never at all felt that my reason was tottering. If I was deceived or tricked by Mr. Baldwin, or believed that the communications were from spirits, the fault was my own, for Mr. Baldwin certainly said not only once but several times, in the most emphatic manner, that he did not believe in spiritualism, and, in fact, did not believe in the existence of spirits nor in a life hereafter. He also said that he made no claim to have any supernatural powers whatever. And he certainly said, I think it was just before giving the séance, that I was "not to take his word in anything."

What I thought and believed and what I wrote to *Borderland* was purely my own interpretation of what I saw, and was really contrary to what Mr. Baldwin told me before the séance began. For pure curiosity I wanted to see what he could do. I was amazed and puzzled, and wrote what I felt was the solution of what I saw. Whether it was the solution or not remains yet to be seen. Very probably Mr. Maskelyne's solution of the problem was right, still without experiment nothing can be learned, and I am at least none the worse for my acquaintance with either Mr. Maskelyne or Mr. Baldwin.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have not and never did have "the conviction firmly rooted" in my mind that I had "been in communication with loved ones who have crossed the bar." Why else did I go to Mr. Maskelyne at all, if it were not to satisfy myself as to the validity and the applicability of the trick hypothesis? I did not by any means repudiate the trick hypothesis. I have guarded myself throughout my report by such phrases as "so far as I can see," "it was as if," "the trick hypothesis seems to be," &c. I wrote to Mr. Stead soon afterwards telling him that after hearing Mr. Maskelyne's explanations I had serious doubts as to the correctness of the spiritualistic hypothesis. And a brother of mine in whose judgment I have great confidence, thinks that Mr. Maskelyne's explanations give the clue to the interpretation of the phenomena. I never attended a séance before, and at no time in my life have I ever had any experience sufficient to prove and put beyond a doubt the validity of the spiritualistic theory.

I think you have done both Mr. Baldwin and myself a grave injustice, though doubtless you were acting in what you believed to be the public interest. So far as I am concerned I leave it to your sense of truth and fairness to withdraw the most objectionable epithets which you have applied to me. Nor can I understand why you should lend your columns to the advertisement of one public entertainer at the expense of another. Mr. Baldwin is no "bungler" at his business, and, however the thing is done, it is certainly executed with consummate skill, as you will, no doubt, be able to see and judge for yourself when he comes to London.

My report is my reading, my interpretation, and my wording throughout, even though put into the mouth of Mr. Baldwin. Thus, for example, I make him say, "Then, in a positively miraculous way, a brief answer is written in one or two words upon the question paper itself as it lies folded and held in the hand." Mr. Baldwin never claimed anything of the kind. On the contrary, he denies the possibility of the miraculous altogether. I ought to have been more explicit and said, "Then (in a way which *seemed to me* to be positively miraculous) a brief answer," &c. I do not see how you can hold Mr. Baldwin responsible for my views when he takes such pains to repudiate them.

I have spoken strongly and emphatically. I hope I shall not be misunderstood, as my duties are too pressing and important to allow me to give precious time to what is after all only a hobby and not a life work.

I do not commit myself to any hypothesis either for or against, and I do not intend to return to the subject again.—Yours faithfully, V. W.

A more hopelessly unsatisfactory document than this I have never perused. What is required of this reverend gentleman is an answer to the plain question: Did Baldwin lead him to suppose that he was witnessing an exhibition of occult phenomena, or did he not? Though I have read the letter half a dozen times, I cannot say whether the answer is Yes or No, and I doubt whether any reader will be more successful. I find that the séance left him "puzzled and bewildered," and that he went to Mr. Maskelyne to end his perplexities. I know from what he has written to Mr. Maskelyne that he declined to accept that gentleman's explanation, because to do so required that he should also believe "that Baldwin was a deceiver, which he could not do." This would lead one to suppose that Baldwin had persuaded the reverend gentleman that he had witnessed something essentially different from a conjurer's trick. Again, he says that he wrote what he felt was the solution "of what he saw," meaning clearly the spiritualistic hypothesis, for in his concluding observations, already quoted, he dismissed all other solutions but this. He even goes so far as to say "whether it was the solution remains to be seen," implying that, notwithstanding Baldwin's own statement to me, his mind is not even yet made up as to whether the performance was a trick or not. Yet, at the end of it all, he reminds us that he has never "committed himself to any hypothesis." It is hopeless to attempt to extract any categorical statement from a witness whose mind and opinions are in this nebulous condition. One thing, and one only, is clearly apparent in the letter, that the writer is desirous before all things not to commit himself to an admission that Baldwin humbugged him. Rather than that, he wishes it to be understood that he humbugged himself in spite of Baldwin's efforts to prevent him falling into any error. "If I was deceived or tricked by Mr. Baldwin, or believed that the communications were from spirits, the fault was my own." Why these "ifs"? The good man is surely by this time in a position to form an opinion as to whether he was deceived or not. Surely by this time he knows whether he believed the thing or whether he did not. Why cannot he say so plainly, and leave the public to judge for themselves, by the light of the facts he has already narrated, whose the fault was? He thinks "that I have done himself and Baldwin a grave injustice." As to Baldwin, I will speak presently; as to himself, I can only say that in the light of this letter nothing in my previous remarks about him seems strong enough for the occasion. His position seems to be this: He was humbugged by a conjurer's trick, and made a fool of himself by parading the facts as a mysterious psychical experience. When this is proved to demonstration by the admissions of the man who humbugged him, instead of acknowledging his position frankly, and doing his best to undo the mischief which his foolish article cannot fail to have done, he makes a feeble attempt to suggest that there is still a doubt as to his having been humbugged, and lauds and compliments the man who humbugged him. The suggestion that I have advertised "one public entertainment at the expense of another" is almost too childish for notice. My article was no more an advertisement of Mr. Maskelyne than the *Borderland* article was an advertisement of Baldwin. I went to one showman, as I had every right to do, for the answer

SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE OF SUPERIOR MERIT.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer has immense sales everywhere. It never fails to restore grey hair to its natural colour and beauty.

to a flagrant attempt to humbug the public in the name of another showman. Though he professes not to be able to understand it, this reverend gentleman must know that as well as I do.

Now, a word or two as to Baldwin's share in this business. I told this gentleman plainly in my last article that, in the face of what appeared in *Borderland*, I could not accept his declarations that he had never laid any claim to occult powers. I did not suppose then that he would say that he has been misrepresented in *Borderland*, still less that either the editor of the journal or the writer of the article would plead guilty to having misrepresented him; and none of them have done so. Mr. A., in his letter, says that the report is in "his wording throughout, even though put into the mouth of Mr. Baldwin"; but this, and his attempt to qualify one or two particular phrases, will not get rid of the explicit statements made in the "Report." It does not alter the effect of the assertion that when in America people came to consult Baldwin on matters of business, he was able to tell their names and answer their intended questions before they had spoken; nor of his dissertation, quoted above, on the nature of the "inscrutable force" by which he himself was actuated; nor of his elaborate account of Mrs. Baldwin's "marvellous gifts"; nor—the most damning thing against him—of his own letter to Mr. Stead prefixed to the Report. Neither has Baldwin himself attempted to explain away these things. All that I have had from "the Professor" since his last letter is a few further extracts from his advertisements and Press notices, and some portions of a letter written to him by the Rev. Mr. A. with reference to the séance, and adding nothing to what is said by that gentleman in the letter printed above. I may, however, here mention one circumstance which really does seem to be an "occult phenomenon." By a mysterious coincidence a number of gentlemen connected with the Press in various Northern and Midland towns—editors, sub-editors, and reporters—were all moved about a fortnight ago to write me eulogistic notices of Baldwin's performances in their several districts, and to declare in the strongest terms that they had never known any claim to occult powers to be made on his behalf. That so many gentlemen, all of them journalists, should be suddenly seized with the desire to write to me in Baldwin's defence did strike me as an extraordinary circumstance, and one only to be explained by the hypothesis that the impulse had in some mysterious way emanated from Baldwin himself. But whether the force was "clairvoyance, telepathy, or spirits," I must leave to my friend Mr. Stead and the specialists in occult phenomena.

Unfortunately, however, while all these gentlemen of the Press write so plausibly in support of Baldwin's account of himself, I have a great deal of correspondence to a very opposite effect. I hear from numerous witnesses, who seem to have had no occult influences brought to bear on them, that while it is quite true that in his advertisements and programmes Baldwin professes both for himself and his wife to operate by nothing but trickery and illusion, when it comes to the clairvoyance part of the entertainment he does everything in his power to convince the spectators that Mrs. Baldwin is in a hypnotic trance, and that her answers are given by some such means as that described in the *Borderland* article. That this is so, is pretty clear from the article itself, it being evident that, in spite of everything previously notified to the contrary, the Rev. Mr. A. was disposed to believe that Mrs. Baldwin was exercising some abnormal gift. In his letters to me Baldwin insists that he is not responsible for an interpretation which Mr. A. put on the performance in defiance of the declarations of the performers, but it is quite certain that half the people who go to Baldwin's show put a similar interpretation on what they see, and that, in spite of all his printed professions to the contrary, they are really led to do so by Baldwin himself. It may be asked what harm is there in this? There is always a certain amount of harm in exciting ignorant and credulous people with pretended manifestations of occult power, and incalculable mischief may be done when these manifestations take the form of revelations of futurity. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin appear not only to have offered such revelations, but to have carried them to the most dangerous lengths. I take the following from the Glasgow paper, *Quiz*, which, as I have already stated, exposed Mrs. Baldwin's *modus operandi* last June, and did so on the ground that she was insidiously represented as possessing mystic powers:—

> Most of the answers given by Mrs. Baldwin are harmless and pointless enough in all conscience. . . . . But often the reply is not free from probable harmful influence. For example, a youth whose query, was "How many birthdays shall I have?" was answered "seventeen." Out of this Baldwin created a sensation by expressing regret that a young and apparently healthy fellow like the recipient of the answer was only destined to live seventeen years. Lots of people were deeply impressed by this piece of cruel deception.

And probably none of them more deeply than the recipient of the answer himself. Anything more abominably wicked than to make capital in this way at a public entertainment I cannot conceive. "Professor Baldwin," according to his public announcement, "wishes it to be distinctly understood that he does not claim that either himself or Mrs. Baldwin possesses any occult or supernatural power." Then let me ask Baldwin by what natural agency either he or Mrs. Baldwin claims to be able to tell a young man that he will die in seventeen years' time? In assuming to answer questions concerning the future, these people *do* claim a supernatural power, and they have frequently assumed to do this under circumstances as objectionable as the above. In one instance of which I have had an account, Mrs. Baldwin got up a great sensation at the expense of an unfortunate man who had asked whether he would succeed in business. The lady simulated a sort of frenzied condition, and gasped out indications of various horrors which she was supposed to see impending over the wretched questioner, to the manifest consternation of that individual himself. No words can be too strong to condemn such a performance.

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The inference which I draw from all this is that while making a great parade of disclaiming occult gifts, Baldwin and his wife do everything in their power to suggest that they are really so endowed. Baldwin, in fact, plays a double game in his public performance, and I take it that he has played the same game even more audaciously with the Rev. Mr. A. and Mr. Stead. It is perfectly true, no doubt, as stated in *Borderland*, that in the private interview he disclaimed all belief in spirits and spiritualism. It is equally true that, having done this, he did all he knew to impress his reverend interviewer with the belief that he and his wife worked by other means than mere conjurer's tricks. In his letter to Mr. Stead, he goes much further, and boldly assumes the character of a spirit medium, who has taken to conjuring as more remunerative than spiritualism. He knew the impression that he had made upon the Rev. Mr. A., and he knew that this gentleman's report was to be published in *Borderland*. Yet he allowed this report, with all the professions of mystic powers there attributed to him and his wife, and with his own letter to Mr. Stead prefixed to it, to go uncontradicted for two or three weeks, and he would doubtless have let it go uncontradicted for ever, if the humbug of the whole thing had not been exposed in TRUTH. When the exposure comes he shifts his ground, and declares himself an innocent conjurer, who has never attempted to deceive anybody. As I said before, it won't do. I bear the man no malice. If he has laid himself open to unfavourable comment he has only himself to thank for it. My only concern with him is to show what silly, credulous fools the travellers in "Borderland" are, what pitfalls are laid for them, and how ignominiously they tumble in. Of this I do not think there was ever a more remarkable illustration.

THE IMMACULATE FARM-PUPIL AGENCY.

An article under the above heading appeared in TRUTH of September 7. It conveyed a serious imputation upon Mr. Henry Howden, F.S.A., of 46, High-street, Sheffield, the Rev. David Armstrong, D.D., of Mooretown and London, Ontario, and Mr. James Aspdin, J.P., now, I believe, of "Pendok," Tewkesbury. Although in that article I pointedly challenged Mr. Howden and his colleagues to answer a few very simple questions, they have up to the present moment not thought it expedient to do so. Certain further facts, which have since come under my notice, make it necessary to place the case against these gentry in somewhat stronger terms, and, unless they speedily evince some desire to justify themselves, the public both in England and Canada will have no difficulty in forming its own opinion about their agency and themselves.

It will be remembered that Messrs. Howden, Aspdin, and Armstrong carry on between them "The Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association," which they claim to be the only concern of its kind "recognised by the Canadian Government." Barely three months ago Major-General Bradford, a retired officer, was induced by their advertisements and representations to pay them the sum of £30 for the settlement of his son, Mr. H. W. Bradford, as a farm-pupil in Canada, the payment including the cost of the passage out. The money was paid to Aspdin, and a sealed letter was given to the lad by that gentleman for presentation to the Rev. David Armstrong, D.D., at London, Ontario. The young man left Liverpool on September 16, and in due course wrote that he had arrived safely and had been placed on the farm of a Mr. Healey. On October 23 he wrote from Wallaceburgh, Ontario, to state that Mr. Healey, who had ostensibly been a sort of agent of the Association, had renounced that body and cast his pupil adrift. He stated that he had written to the Rev. D. Armstrong, but could get no answer, and that he now found himself in the pleasant position of being alone in the world with his pocket all but empty. In a later letter (November 5) he states that he had still heard nothing from the Rev. D. Armstrong or the Farm-Pupil Association, and that two other young fellows were out there in precisely the same position as himself, and had published their experiences in the Canadian papers. There can be no doubt as to the perfect truth of this lad's story, his statements being corroborated by a letter from a gentleman at Sarnia who had befriended him, and who wrote to a friend in London to make inquiries as to his history. The facts were given to me by Major-General Bradford himself, with whom the last-mentioned gentleman had communicated, and were given with a view to their being published as a warning to others.

Almost simultaneously I have received the *Toronto Daily Mail* of November 10, containing the story of the mysterious disappearance of a young Englishman named Raffles Moore, said to be the son of a late Liverpool physician. Moore is stated to have paid in England 400 dols. to the "Anglo-Canadian Farming Association," which is apparently the same concern, a Dr. Armstrong being the head of it. A son of Dr. Armstrong received Moore at London (Ontario) on his arrival at the beginning of October. With young Armstrong Moore travelled to Sarnia, whence he wrote one or two letters to a friend at Toronto, and then all trace of him disappeared. The *Toronto Mail* mentions that an Englishman had been heard of near Wallaceburgh, who, it was thought, might be Moore, but it may just as easily have been some other victim of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong and his colleagues.

These cases only tell over again the story so often repeated in connection with the farm-pupil traffic, and destined to be repeated as long as parents and guardians in England are so credulous as to suppose that any genuine opening for a boy is likely to be found by such means. As a matter of course, when a boy has been shipped across the Atlantic, and drafted off to a farm labourer's berth in some remote district, the "Agency" never troubles itself further about him. The Anglo-Canadian Association, however, are in a far worse position than any of their predecessors in this line of business. On its behalf the claim is distinctly made that it has been specially exempted from the official condemnation pronounced by the Canadian Government upon all agencies of this kind; that Aspdin and Armstrong have been officially complimented by the Department of Agriculture upon the valuable

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

work they have done; and that the Association is the only one "recognised by the Canadian Government." This claim has been put forward in circulars widely distributed, and also in private letters written with the view of receiving pupils, over the signatures of both Mr. Howden and Dr. Armstrong. As was shown in the TRUTH article of September 7, there is every reason to believe the claim to be false. When pressed recently as to the circumstances under which the alleged exemption was given, Howden took refuge in the absurd plea that the occasion and the result were private, although both the circumstances under which the exemption was supposed to have been given, and the result itself, had been proclaimed in all the circulars issued by the Association. The Canadian Government, when appealed to on the question, have denied having at any time recognised Howden's Association, or knowing anything of Dr. Armstrong beyond his name. Challenged publicly to explain, in the face of this official repudiation, the statements they have put forward as to their relations with the Government, and interrogated at the same time as to other points connected with their business, neither Howden of Sheffield, Armstrong of Moorctown, nor Aspdin of Tewkesbury has, during a space of nearly three months, vouchsafed any reply. On the top of all this come the damning disclosures which I have given above. If, in the face of all this, Howden, Aspdin, and Armstrong have nothing to say for themselves, the time seems to have arrived when steps ought to be taken to put a stop to their game. It is a case which the Canadian Government, interested as it is in putting a stop to all frauds upon emigrants, might very well take up; and if it would use its influence to set the police over here in motion, there is very little doubt what the result would be.

"THIEVES ACROSS THE CHANNEL."

Never did dramatist and play-broker get himself into such a hopeless muddle and commit himself to such a tissue of inaccuracies as M. Victorien Sardou in his recent discussion with the English managers, who are politely called by him "thieves across the Channel." The quarrel arose in this fashion. Somebody pointed out that the main incident of Sardou's new drama, "Sans-Gêne," was not original. There was nothing very new or wonderful in that. With all his undoubted skill as a dramatist M. Sardou has a marvellous memory for old French plays, though his recollection is phenomenally faulty when it comes to the discussion of honourable commercial transactions. The silly charge which so irritated the great Sardou was that he had borrowed the best part of "Sans-Gêne" from an old English play by a dead dramatist, Bayle Barnard. The true charge should have been that Sardou conveniently recollected an old French drama, "Louison," from which Bayle Barnard had concocted his English play. To be accused of stealing from an English dramatist was to wave a red rag before the infuriated dramatist. Off he went on the rampage. He lost his head and his temper at the same time, and, evidently prompted by some one as ignorant of the ways and means of the modern English manager as himself, he committed himself to a score of misstatements which would be incredible to any one who did not know how artistic vanity, and love of lucre, are sometimes combined in the same individual.

He first stated that Mr. Bancroft had produced "Diplomacy" before the Queen at Balmoral without having the decency to acknowledge that the play was adapted for the English stage from Sardou's "Dora."

He was at once confronted with the Balmoral programme, which showed that the play was produced at Balmoral by Mr. Hare, and not by Mr. Bancroft at all, and that every possible prominence was given to the name of the French author of "Dora."

Confronted with this reckless inaccuracy, the intemperate author made matters worse by rounding once more on poor Mr. Bancroft, and telling the sensitive French people that when "Diplomacy" was originally produced at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, his name was ungenerously suppressed, implying at the same time that the play had not even been paid for.

Now, what are the facts?

1. Sardou's name was prominently mentioned on the original programme of "Diplomacy," January 12, 1878.
2. No play-bill of "Diplomacy," in London or the provinces, has ever been issued without the name of Sardou being attached to it.
3. Sardou's agent received from Mr. Bancroft in 1878 £1,500 for the English rights, and the further distinct right of altering "Dora" for the English stage.
4. On the first night of "Diplomacy," when the adapters were called before the curtain they refused to appear, and begged Mr. Bancroft to tell the excited audience that the credit of the play belonged to Sardou.
5. Sardou was officially informed of the generous attitude of manager and adapters towards him personally by a telegram written in French.
6. Sardou replied in French thanking adapters, managers, and artists for their kindness, and congratulating them on his success and theirs.

So much for "Diplomacy." So much for the *suggestio falsi*. But how about the *suppressio veri*?

M. Victorien Sardou omitted to tell the French public:

(*a*) That he has received thousands of pounds from Mr. Bancroft for his plays "Odette," "Fédora," "La Tosca," and "Les Bourgeois de Pontarcy."

(*b*) That M. Sardou, or his agents, have to his knowledge received thousands more pounds for the right of reading his plays with a view to acceptance or refusal.

(*c*) That Mr. Charles Wyndham only last June paid fees on account of a new proposed version of "La Famille Benoiton," and promised future nightly fees for a play already acted on the English stage, and unprotected by law, a play printed and published and at the mercy of any one who liked to use it for his own purposes.

The specious attitude of M. Sardou, and his uncontradicted utterances, led his friend and brother Academician, M. Alexandre Dumas, into the same outbreak of inaccuracy. On being questioned about the "Thieves across the Channel," M. Dumas committed himself to the doubly false statement that he had never been asked to give his authority for any adaptation of his work, and that he had never received a farthing from any English manager.

It has been proved by documentary evidence now in existence that M. Alexandre Dumas received from Mr. John S. Clarke, when manager of the Haymarket Theatre, the sum of £1,000 for the right to adapt *and alter*

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"L'Etrangère" for the English stage. Presumably both Sardou and Dumas read the French papers. Whilst they were branding English managers as thieves, might they not in courtesy have reminded the French people that, within the few past months, Mr. Charles Wyndham has paid a weekly fee to Mr. Lecocq for the recent revival of "La Fille de Madame Angot," although the opera is free for English use by him, and, moreover, that Mr. Wyndham's liberality was handsomely acknowledged by M. Lecocq and favourably commented on in the Paris *Figaro*?

Now, if MM. Sardou and Dumas had contented themselves with the statement that there was a time when English managers *did* steal French plays, they would have been perfectly right, and no one could have impugned their veracity. The plays of Tom Taylor, J. B. Buckstone, Benjamin Webster, Leicester Buckingham, Stirling Coyne, Maddison Morton, Palgrave Simpson, Charles Mathews, George Henry Lewes (Slingsby Lawrence), *cum multis aliis*, are nearly all taken deliberately from the French, and were all presumably unpaid for. But why? For the very simple reason that French authors did not care to take the trouble of protecting their own property. They did not recognise the English stage in those days as an important factor in any commercial transaction. They were as ignorant of it and its doings as MM. Sardou and Dumas are apparently ignorant of it to-day. And yet there is scarcely an English farce of popularity, from "Box and Cox" downwards, that does not owe its origin to France. If a man with valuable property in his house leaves the street-door open and invites burglars to come in and help themselves, it is a little inconsistent of him to bully the burglar. The obvious course is to lock the street-door. The moment that French authors opened their eyes and discovered that there was a world beyond Paris—that, in fact, there was an insignificant little village known as London, and a lengthy tract of country called America, full of people anxious and ready to be amused—then they duly protected themselves by law, then they secured a treaty protecting their own property, and then they not only received payment for modern plays written since the passing of the Convention, but, as is shown by the honourable conduct of Mr. Charles Wyndham, they actually receive payment for old and worn-out plays, which are at the mercy of any one, scrupulous or unscrupulous. I cannot see that French dramatists have grounds of complaint against any one but themselves for being so silly as to leave the street-door open so long.

The charge made by M. Sardou against the impudent adapters who sign their names to their own adaptations, is equally silly and unfounded. If an author sells his property for thousands of pounds with the express contract that it shall be altered to the taste of the manager, adapter, and English public, how can he reasonably complain when the work of these mighty geniuses is altered according to the terms of the contract? Some may consider the "Jingo" tone in "Diplomacy" exceedingly silly; some who have not read "Dora" may agree with M. Sardou that his masterpiece has been botched and spoiled. Some would have liked a literal translation instead of an adaptation. But managers, adapters, and public thought differently. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and, Jingoism or no Jingoism, the play "Diplomacy" has held the English, American, and Australian stage for over fifteen years. If French authors deliberately sell their plays to be spoiled and botched, they must be content to put their pride and their vanity into their pockets with the cheques they receive. They cannot run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. If M. Sardou were a sensible man, he would politely take off his hat, and say to the "thieves across the Channel," "Gentlemen, I am sorry I spoke!"

THE NEW TRIPLE BILL.

The following, I take it, are the triple attractions of Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's triple bill at the Court Theatre. First, the pretty charm of Miss Ellaline Terriss in a sentimental comedietta; second, the artistic singing of Mr. Jack Robertson in a silly opera; thirdly, the burlesque and imitative skill of Miss Lottie Venne in some harmless chaff of current London plays. Actors and actresses, like children, are never so happy as when they are imitating one another, and just now there is a positive craze for imitations. Instead of resenting this as an indignity, the objects of the ridicule seem to like it. To be imitated argues a sense of importance. It may be cruel, but it is a good advertisement. Nowadays we find Mr. Eugène Stratton, Mr. Knowles, and Mr. Gus Elen, of the music-halls, coaching Miss Cissy Loftus in the art of imitating them, and I doubt not that Miss Lottie Venne, if the truth were told, had special audience of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Bancroft, and Miss Julia Neilson, in order to perfect and complete an original caricature. The interviewer and the imitator are factors in modern civilisation. To be described at your desk or to be imitated to your face is an implied compliment. It argues, at any rate, that you are a person of some importance. The worst of these skits, or burlesques, or parodies, or reviews, or whatever they may be called, is that they do not hang well together. They spurt, and fizz, and splutter like a squib. They flash and go out and the audience cries "oh!" Miss Lottie Venne is a past mistress in the art of imitation. Years ago she imitated Mrs. Bancroft in the Burnand parody of "Diplomacy," called "Diplunacy," so it comes easy to her to take off the interpolated scene about the Berne clock and the Eton Boy. All this is fair chaff. Whoever invented the Berne clock scene laid himself or herself open to banter. As I ventured to point out last week, however well acted, the scene has nothing on earth to do with the play, and positively delays the action of Sardou's masterpiece. It is calculated to drive M. Sardou into Bedlam, and I hope to goodness that he will never see it, or Mr. Bancroft's life may be in danger; but from the point of view of art it is almost as bad as M. Sardou's suppressed second act. However, physical conditions do not assist Miss Lottie Venne with the clever reproduction of the manner of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Miss Julia Neilson. In fact, we do not know that each of the ladies possesses such a decided manner, until we hear them imitated. Naturally the imitation game is catching. Mr.

Brookfield imitates Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Penley, Mr. Seymour Hicks imitates Mr. Irving and Mr. Wilson Barrett; and some day some one else will imitate Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Seymour Hicks, and all these imitations will be fired off at innumerable matinées until the public become as sick of imitations as of limelight and skirt dances. It is not a very lofty form of art; but, as Mercutio says, "it will serve." Mr. Jack Robertson, the clever musical brother of two well-known musical sisters, saved the poor little Venetian operetta from failure. I should have thought that the place for this pleasant and unaffected artist would be the Savoy, for light tenors who can act and have a sense of humour are rare birds indeed. Anyhow, he is usefully employed here in shielding from injury the young ladies who have been dug out of retirement to do the giddy and sing falsely on the Venetian Rialto. Mr. Seymour Hicks, by the way, is a young actor of considerable promise. He can write plays and parody styles; he can be serious at one minute and merry the next; he can compose and act, and sing and dance, and, if not spoiled, is bound to be popular wherever he goes.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SHOULD WOMEN SMOKE?

I SEE that a brisk controversy has been going on about cigarette-smoking women in the columns of the *North American Review* and other periodicals, and that those who broke lances for and against were ladies. Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose novels are read here as *feuilletons* so extensively and with so much gusto, is quoted as leading the assault against the lady smokers. Is it true that she calls the cigarette when in a lady's mouth the emblem of revolt? If so, she is not up to date, so far as Continental practices go. The cigarette has not yet found its way with after-dinner coffee into the official drawing-room, but it soon will. At all the houses setting up to style it is served at intimate déjeuners and small and lively dinners. Nobody is shocked at ladies smoking not merely one cigarette apiece, but two or three. A Minister of Queen Christina told me that that highly respectable and respected Royal lady is an inveterate and a veteran smoker. She got in the habit of smoking a cigarette when she was Abbess of the Hradschin, a sinecure she lost on getting married. Her cousin, the Archduchess Mathilde, who was engaged to King Humbert when he was Prince of Savoy, lost her life owing to her fondness for cigarettes. She was forbidden by her father, the Archduke Albert, to smoke, but none the less went on doing so. One summer's day, or evening, as she was standing smoking on a balcony, she saw him enter the court-yard on which she was looking down. The Archduchess, who was wearing a muslin dress, whipped the cigarette out of her mouth and hid it behind her back. It came in contact with the muslin, and she was in a moment enveloped in flames, there being a strong draught where she stood.

Most of the Russian Grand Duchesses are smokers. The Grand Duchess Wlademir thinks a husband and wife who smoke are less likely to fall out than if the former alone smoked. I do not know whether the Queen of Italy smokes, but some of her ladies certainly do. When I was at Stresa I saw them enjoying cigarettes when boating on the lake, and in the grounds of the Duchess of Genoa's villa, where the Queen was staying. The Crown Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, a grand-daughter of your revered Queen, could not live without her cigarette. It neither takes from her good looks, nor spoils her teeth, nor diminishes her activity. She is nearly thirty-four, but appears scarcely twenty-six. The Infanta Eulalia spoke when she was last on the Riviera of the Comtesse de Paris as having set her an example as a smoker. As the French say, the Infanta *a beaucoup d'imagination*, and saw in the cigarette or cigar of the Comtesse a pipe which she believed that Royal lady smoked in the streets of Seville. Spanish ladies are, gratuitously, so far as I know, credited or discredited with being great smokers. I have no idea what they may do in Cuba, though I fancy they are there more conservative and greater sticklers for the proprieties than at Madrid. The ladies who best patronise tobacconists are, next to the Kalmucks, the Russians. The ruling passions of Kalmuck women are ribbons to twist round their long tresses, tea, tobacco, and bright handkerchiefs. But if they have to choose between tobacco and tea, their option is for the former. When a little Kalmuck comes into the world—an event that happens rarely twice in the same *ménage*, the mamma is given a well-filled pipe to smoke before she nurses the baby. The little one takes to smoking before it is weaned. The pipe is the great cure for nervous headache. Fredensborg, where the Czar and Czarina summer, is the dullest place in the world. The Queen of Denmark is exacting of respect for the proprieties. The last charge that any one could think of bringing against her Court is that of fast behaviour. Yet most of the young and youngish ladies there are smokers. There is no better way of showing off pretty hands and rings than in toying with a cigarette. I saw a Court party from Fredensborg one evening dining at the Copenhagen Tivoli in the colonnade of the restaurant. There was a large theatrical party near them; the actresses did not smoke, but the ladies in attendance and those whom they attended did. Some of the fair smokers were Russians, and not in the least inclined, I should say, to unfurl the flag of revolt. I that evening learned that the Crown Princess of Saxe-Meiningen is not the only grand-daughter of Queen Victoria who finds a solace in the cigarette. Why should not a Princess use it, as an old Irishwoman uses the pipe, to take the edge off nervousness? The only harm is in the abuse. But there is no good thing under the sun that is not mischievous if taken in excess. I can see no more harm in mild smoking than in mild tea-drinking. George Sand, who lived to the age of seventy-three, and was so active and hardworking to the end, smoked cigarettes and cigars—and in excess. The smoke curling before her eyes, roused up her imagination. Victor Hugo hated smoking. So did most of the statesmen of

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Louis Philippe's reign. But what a hard-hearted, pedantic lot they were! A Police Commissioner once said to me before an Assize Court Judge with whom we were dining, "In all my long experience I never knew two men to plan a murder when they were smoking together." "No; nor did I," broke in the Judge. "The effect of tobacco is to make us tolerant and good-natured. The American Indians were not far astray in clinching every treaty of peace with a good all-round smoke."

The Comte and Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès have "married," as the French idiom expresses it, their fifth son, Comte Jacques, whom you may have known at Albert Gate House when he was Secretary of the French Embassy, to Mdlle. Marie Jacqueline de Montbrison. Comte Jacques and Comtesse Jacqueline have well-matched names. The bride is a charming person. She has prettiness, *gracilité*, grace, and graciousness. As the Pourtalès family cling to their ancestral Protestantism, all the five sons of the Comte and Comtesse Edmond have found wives belonging to *l'Eglise Réformée*. The Montbrisons are an old Protestant family. I am puzzled to think how they contrived to keep to their nonconformity in the face of the penal edicts of Louis XIV., and that, too, without loss of ancestral titles and estates. The Pourtalès had to face exile or go to mass. They went to Switzerland, and settled in Neufchâtel. The King of Prussia, as Sovereign of that little State, made the grandfather of the bridegroom a Count. He married a Maid of Honour of the Empress Josephine, and settled in France. All this nobleman's male descendants now in being have a right to the title conferred on him, and all future ones. Comtes Pourtalès will, therefore, the French Protestants being a fast-multiplying community, be as the seed of Abraham. So far, they have been careful to marry heiresses. The daughter of Baron Schickler, of racing and financial celebrity, became not long ago the daughter-in-law of the Comte and the Comtesse Edmond, who is said to have, in an extraordinary degree, *le chic et le chèque*. She inherited *le chèque* from her father, Baron de Bussierre, Master of the Mint, an Alsatian magnate. The ladies of the De Bussierre family had been for generations intimate with the Princesses of Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt—an intimacy which was continued between the late Empress of Russia and her children and Comtesse Edmond. When the Duchess of Edinburgh comes to Paris, she goes to talk of her mother with Madame de Pourtalès, who on the first night of "Mdlle. Sans-Gêne" had all the Imperial Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses then in Paris as her guests at the Vaudeville to see the play, and, when it was over, to sup at her house. She was the only belle at the Imperial Court whose manners were not fast, and she retained I know not what of German candour and Protestant *tenue*. Her eyes of light blue were celebrated for their beauty. As she was temperate in all things, she is a charming autumn flower and might take fittingly the chrysanthemum for her emblem. The chrysanthemum lends itself so well to culture. It consoles one at the fall of the leaf for the loss of summer, brightens winter, and lasts round, blooming like the delightful grandmother, to the return of spring. In its extraordinary *chic* it may be said to represent *le chèque*, which is behind all high gardening.

Those who attended the wedding at the Temple of the Reformed Church, Avenue de la Grande Armée, were as interested in the Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès as in her new daughter-in-law. It was remembered that, when on a visit at the Court of Berlin, she warned the late Emperor of the disaster which overtook him a few years later. She had known from the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Prussia, and other illustrious friends what was coming. Her letters were found during the siege at the Tuileries and published, and were of a piece with those of the Queen of Holland. They showed sagacity, deep feeling, and prescience. But they were written in vain. She implored General Ducrot to have the defences of Strasburg looked to, because she *knew* a storm was coming. He forwarded her communications to the Tuileries, where, unfortunately for France, she had, as a beauty, too many rivals to be listened to. Well, the Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès was lovely in the autumnal, chrysanthemum way. She was dressed in velvet of that amethyst hue known as heart-of-orchid (cœur d'orchidée), and made with a long train. The bonnet had a sentimental interest as *un souvenir d'Alsace*, of which province the Comtesse is a native. It was of black lace, forming a large bow of the two butterfly-wings style worn by Alsatian peasants. A few purple pansies were fastened in the centre by the large emerald, one of the finest known to the jewellers here, which the late Empress of Russia gave the Comtesse. Two sapphires, given her by the Princess of Wales, were arranged as heads of bonnet pins. But when one saw them one did not see the bright green jewel with which they would not have harmonised, and vice versâ. Protestant weddings in France are not so operatic as those at the large Catholic churches, where music is sedulously cultivated, and there is room for the processions to march some distance up the aisle. But *le chic et le chèque* were well employed at the Pourtalès-Montbrison wedding. There could not have been finer music at the Madeleine, and the flowers were bewildering as an arrangement. The Wedding March of Mendelssohn was played as the bride entered the church. Of course, a homily was delivered by the pastor. I did not see the harm, though it was rather long. One gets tired soon of levity and frivolousness *pur et simple*. Seriousness is reposeful. It is like wholesome bread after a surfeit of iced creams.

I wonder I did not think before of what I am going to tell you. When I was last in Switzerland a large Austrian party was in the hotel where I was staying. There were three Archdukes and any number of "creamy" Viennese. They all dined in the common room at a separate table, and a terrace was reserved for them in a hillside garden. The life of the party was Prince Windischgrätz, now the Prime Minister. He had an extraordinary talent as a whistler. The American whistling girl was nothing to him. He could give with-

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out a break a whole act, in no matter which of the operas that he had often heard performed, and all the acts in the course of the same evening. The late Crown Prince Rudolph was very fond of musical whistling. He engaged a famous whistler, the cabman Brotmayer, to drive him to Meyerling with Mlle. Veschera. Rivals are springing up round Prince Windischgratz. But if beaten as a whistler, he can fall back on other *talents de société*, which are natural endowments, sedulously cultivated. There are few better mimics or pantomimics in all Italy than this Prime Minister. He can take off the Coquelins, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, and that homely tragical mother, Maria Laurent. He is also an accomplished comedy actor. *Il est bon prince*, but a stickler with his equals for his rights and privileges, and thinks that his position as an hereditary though mediatised Sovereign is too much overlooked at the Hofburg.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

MAN is a cooking animal, dear Lady Betty. Civilised man cooks everything—even his accounts. For this reason, the following simple recipes may be of interest to you:—

To make a Modern English Gentlewoman.

Take an American, one part lady, two parts *soubrette*, dress extravagantly; plunge into millionaire society; let simmer for several seasons; then add a titled husband.

To make a Modern English Gentleman.

Wash a large, red stock-jobber; brush and trim; baste all over with money; arrange in a luxurious West-end house, surround with puff-paste; then serve up hot. Will keep for months.

To make a Fashionable Entertainment.

Put into a few small rooms some three hundred over-dressed men and under-dressed women, a minor Royalty, and two or three alien millionaires; sprinkle over a teaspoonful of principle, a quarter of a teaspoonful of good-breeding, and a tablespoonful of pretension; then add music, supper, and champagne. Let the whole stew gradually.

To make a "Devil."

First catch a gentleman, then fleece him; stir up continually with summonses and writs; strain through the Bankruptcy Court, then put into the City.

To make a Literary Celebrity.

Half-educate a vain youth at Oxford; let hair grow; dip into erotic French literature; add one idea, chop it small; log-roll the whole. Give a grotesque name, then serve up as a rival to Milton, Sheridan, and Shakespeare.

To make an Art Critic.

Open the top and extract the intelligence of a raw Brixton boy; fill up with self-conceit; clean, brush, and trim; rub against a handful of similar obscure and inexperienced lads; add a glass of cheap sherry on Press view days, then serve up cold in the columns of the *Penny Positivist*. A *maigre* dish.

* * * * *

I venture—without attempting to compete against Zadkiel—to predict that early in next June the nation will have cause for very general rejoicing. As pleasurable experiences have recently been so scarce, it is earnestly to be hoped that the prediction will be verified.

During the last days of his illness it had become apparent that there was little if any hope of saving the late Lord Cromartie, who died at Stafford House on Friday morning. Whilst yachting off the west coast of Scotland in July, a boat that contained Lord Cromartie, his children, the governess, and a friend, capsised. Very imprudently he pottered about, neglecting to exchange his damp clothes for dry ones, and through this he contracted a chill which eventually brought on the abscess upon the lungs to which he owes his death. To many the late Lord Cromartie will be better known under his former title of Lord Tarbat.

It has been generally understood till now that Copenhagen, the historical horse that carried Wellington at Waterloo, was either a bay or a chestnut. Through the recent death of Lady Charles Wellesley, the present Duke of Wellington has inherited a portrait of Copenhagen, said to have been painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, according to which the horse was grey. Surely Sir Edwin must have made a mistake; but even if he did, it is difficult to understand how he can have been led into so singular an error. In the picture of the "Meeting of Blücher with Wellington after Waterloo," Copenhagen is represented as a bay horse, whilst in the one there is of him at the Royal United Service Institution the colouring is so ingeniously conceived that it is impossible to decide what it is intended for. But a grey Copenhagen is an altogether new idea.

The promoters of the proposed "Nimrod Club"—a new Club designed for hunting men—have acquired the premises of the defunct Salisbury Club, 12, St. James's-square, upon a lease of five years, with a break at the close of the first three. Meanwhile, the proprietors have bought, at a price somewhere between £50,000 and £60,000, the long lease of the late Duke of Cleveland's residence at the corner of the same square, and it is intended to erect here a new club-house, which will be the eventual home of the members of the "Nimrod." This, however, will not, it is expected, be completed for fully three years from now. When the "Nimrod" was first thought of several months ago, it was then known under the name of the "Hunt Club." It is to be regretted that the promoters have altered this to the "Nimrod," which is anything but an improvement upon the previous name.

There was a big gathering at the Branch of Prince's at the back of the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, on Sunday afternoon to witness the match at tennis between Charles Saunders, the champion, and Peter Lathom, the coming man. This Club, which was opened a fortnight ago, is likely to become popular as a Saturday to Monday resort.

The original autograph of the codicil to Nelson's will, written on the morning of Trafalgar, and his diary for some days preceding this event, have lately come into the possession of Greenwich Hospital, and have been placed in the celebrated Painted Hall at Greenwich. Another recent addition here is a full-length portrait of James Duke of York (James II.) represented as Mars. This picture was painted by De Keizar, whom the Duke and Duchess patronised, and it is more especially of interest inasmuch as the page who holds the helmet is John Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, who was then Page of Honour to the Duke of York. This picture, formerly in St. James's Palace, was presented to Greenwich Hospital by William IV., but has hitherto not been accessible to the public. The Admiralty authorities deserve full credit as regards both of these matters.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

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SPORTING NOTES.

ASCOT is a meeting which is never mentioned by the sporting papers except to be magnified, every arrangement then being the subject of the excessive and undiscriminating laudation of the various reporters. It is not, therefore, a matter for surprise that very little has transpired respecting a conversation which took place at the last meeting of the Jockey Club concerning the state of the course at Ascot, a subject which ought sooner to have engaged the attention of the authorities, for if such a condition of affairs had prevailed at any other meeting they would long ago have decisively interfered. One member of the Jockey Club asserted that for the last two years the course has been in such a condition that "it is positively dangerous to run horses," and he described its state as "very disgraceful." Lord March, one of the Stewards, announced that, acting in conjunction with his colleague, Lord Durham, he had more than a year ago sent a letter, through Messrs. Weatherby, to Lord Ribblesdale, "urging him, in the very strongest terms that I felt justified in using, to take such steps as might be necessary to put the course in a proper condition to run races on." Lord March added that the course "is one not easily dealt with," but that he believed that there had been an improvement this year—a view which, however, was contradicted by General Williams, who maintained that "there was not the slightest improvement this year." The deplorable condition of the Ascot course has been well known to owners, trainers, and jockeys for some years past, and after every meeting numerous complaints have been addressed to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, but without producing any practical result. Even Lord March, who was evidently disposed to adopt a Panglossian view of the grievance, admitted that "it will take a considerable time for the course to be brought into proper condition," which is a highly unsatisfactory prospect for owners who intend to run valuable horses at the meeting next June. The curds-and-whey sort of manner in which the Stewards of the Jockey Club have dealt with Ascot is another proof of the truth of the old saying that whereas one man may not look into the field, another is allowed to enter and abduct the steed from its pasture. With ordinary race officials the Stewards are as autocratic, prompt, and Draconian in their procedure as the Council of Ten or the Emperor Nicholas, and if it had been a case of any other meeting, the managers would not have been merely "urged" to improve the course, but they would have been commanded to do so in the most peremptory terms, and would further have been informed that, failing compliance with the edict, the Jockey Club licence for the meeting would not be granted. The fact is that Ascot is treated with this slip-slop tenderness because "exalted personages" are directly interested in the prosperity of the meeting, and many people in more or less lofty stations of life derive pecuniary benefits from it. The profits of Ascot are vast "beyond the dreams of avarice," and where all the money goes to it is impossible to conjecture. The device of starting private boxes and stalls in the stand was a grand *coup*, for they yield a regular revenue of many thousands a year, and if the enclosure could be extended further down the course, and another couple of hundred boxes added, there would be a dozen applicants for every one of them. There has always been a divided authority at Ascot. The proprietors (or trustees) of the Grand Stand, the Master of the Buckhounds, and certain other officials respectively have control over the various arrangements of the meeting, and all these are subject to feverish and fitful interferences from Royal personages (particularly from Windsor Castle), which are usually made without any regard to the circumstances. It is understood that whereas the proprietors (or trustees) have full power over the stands and enclosures (except the Royal stand, which is in charge of the Lord Chamberlain, and the so-called Royal Enclosure, which belongs to the Master of the Buckhounds), yet they have no control over the course, which belongs to another authority altogether. It may be that under these circumstances they are not disposed to undertake a liberal expenditure in order to improve the course, and then keep it in proper order. For many years the great man at Ascot was the late Captain Bulkeley, of Windsor, who, being backed by the authority of the Castle, simply acted precisely as he pleased, and defied both the Stewards of the meeting and the Jockey Club. While change was going on all around, Captain Bulkeley remained as fixed as the rock against which Virgil describes the winds and the waves beating in vain, and he triumphed in every conflict with the other authorities of the meeting.

The course at Ascot is Crown property, and no rent is charged for it, which seems quite wrong, for if the meeting was managed in a business-like way, the profits would be large enough to defray a considerable share of the expenses of the Woods and Forests Department. The Ascot meeting is really a fit and proper subject for a Royal Commission, and it would be most interesting to learn what are the gross profits of the races, and how the money is distributed. The Queen is practically the paramount authority, and it will be remembered that although the Spring meeting which was started in 1867 proved a brilliant success, yet it never again appeared in the list of fixtures, because her Majesty objected to it; so it was at once abolished.

The fact that the Middle Park Plate for next year has obtained only eighty-four entries should be a writing on the wall for the warning and instruction of the Newmarket authorities, as this subscription is about half the number which the race regularly received only a few years ago, and there has been a still more notable collapse with the Dewhurst Plate. It is simply fatuous and absurd in the highest degree to go puddling on with stakes of this kind, the pecuniary conditions of which are paltry to a degree, besides being quite obsolete. The liability for every yearling which is engaged in the Middle Park Plate is £25, of which £20 goes to the sweepstakes, while £5 is appropriated by the Jockey Club as an entrance; and, as a matter of fact, these entrances have usually amounted to very much more than the £500 which is nominally added to the stake. Such conditions simply disgust owners in these days. The £5,000 stake at Kempton Park, which was run on the Friday before the Second October Meeting, practically destroyed the Middle Park Plate, the Newmarket event being deprived of all interest when Match Box was withdrawn from it in order that he might run for the more valuable stake. The Stewards ought long ago to have sailed with the stream, and converted the Middle Park Plate into a stake of £5,000, with pecuniary conditions similar to those which have proved so successful at the principal gate-money meetings, without at the same time being costly to the fund. Owners evidently like these subscription stakes, and if the Jockey Club had been observant of the signs of the times, such races would have been largely introduced at Newmarket several years ago, to the great benefit of the sport at that place. I hope that next year the Stewards will make a root-and-branch reform in their programmes, so far as their weight-for-age races are concerned, and the changes certainly will not come before they are seriously needed, as this season's Newmarket meetings have not, most assuredly, been brilliantly successful.

It may be hoped that La Flèche will now be relegated to the stud. The recent management of this mare has been anything but satisfactory, and her defeat on Saturday will certainly not be regretted, except by her backers. Remembering the brilliant performances of La Flèche in 1891 and 1892, and considering that she has won upwards of £31,000 in stakes, she surely might have been turned out of training for the season after her victory at Liverpool, instead of being started at Manchester with a welter weight on her back.

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The London Football Association has suspended the Tottenham Hotspurs because the Club gave one of its members seven and sixpence to buy a pair of football

boots. This is an iniquitous sentence. Perhaps the L.F.A. expects him to play without boots. The verdict comes to this, that a man cannot play amateur football unless he provides his own outfit. How the working man is to do this out of his wages, I don't know. The members of the Club that comprises the aristocracy of amateur Association players—the Corinthians—have been paid by the Club all their hotel and travelling expenses when on tour. The L.F.A. does not suspend those players. Apparently the Council is possessed of a Pecksniffian eyesight that enables them to discriminate in a wonderful way between the conduct of players of one class and those of another. I fail to see the difference between providing boots and railway fares.

Ventnor has at last realised that as an invalid resort during the winter it is more dead than alive. It is, therefore, starting links. Norwich is doing likewise. I trust the newly-constituted authorities at these clubs will take to heart a letter I have received from one signing himself "North of the Tweed." Having said that he is an old golfer and on his first visit south, and having described the links, he proceeds:—"My host's son and myself, having played a round, went into the club-room to lunch. Scarcely had we sat down when, to my horror and disgust, some ladies trooped in, and afterwards more and more of them. I had to keep bobbing up and down to be introduced. I retired to the smoking-room, but I was not then safe from intruders. They came to see the secretary. No wonder a cynical cricketer asks is golf a first class game, and scoffers compare it to croquet, when you allow the sanctity of the golfer's lunch and smoke and mid-day chat to be desecrated in this abominable way. Don't think, sir, I am a misogynist. I am not. But some things pass all human endurance, and then it is time to protest," etc.

I omit the rest of the letter, which becomes more vituperative as it goes on. Save for his rather vigorous mode of expression, I quite agree with the writer. Ladies should always have a separate pavilion and links. The male golfer's club-house should be as secure from feminine intrusion as his club in town—if he has one.

The Lord Chancellor has made one appointment which will please both parties. Mr. Lehmann, the well-known authority on rowing, has been placed on the Commission of the Peace for Berks by virtue of his new residence at Bourne End. He is a good Radical and lawyer, and too true a sportsman to let his politics pervert his judgment. Tory J.P.'s, please copy.

Mr. Jardine, who scored his century for Oxford at Lord's and got his Blue for football, sails this week for India to practise at the Bar, and Mr. Hewett has resigned his captaincy of the Somerset team because of his duties as a barrister. He can play cricket fairly regularly one season, and then the next his legal duties prevent. This is fast scoring. How useful it must be to be a barrister! Lord Dunraven will be the guest of the Sports Club on December 11, and the Duke of Cambridge will be present.

It was more by good fortune than merit that Blackheath beat Richmond, after a game remarkable for miserable combination of the Heathens in the pack and outside. Mitchell at back played finely. The Scottish were without Macgregor, and Cambridge had not Neilson, and so both teams played the old game outside. There was little good play in the rain. At Oxford, the three-quarters, especially George and Conway Rees, attacked the Harlequins strongly. Rosslyn Park only play three three-quarters, but they are well together, and Chaldecott by his excellent play enabled his club to beat St. Thomas's, whose forwards were disappointing. The victory of Yorkshire over Lancashire practically gives the North the Rugby Championship. The Southern Counties are useless, and they will be so long as selection goes by favour, and the county matches are not played on a Saturday.

Neither of the Universities did anything worth noting on Saturday. At the Association game Perkins, the Cambridge captain, played well for the Corinthians against the Bolton Wanderers. Cotterill was not sure in front of goal, and Sandilands made some fine runs. The professionals had the better combination, but they lacked the dash of the amateurs. The Old Westminsters had not a strong team against the Caledonians, who completed the Old Boys at all points. Williamson's shooting for the winners was very well timed.

The billiard match between Roberts and North was not particularly interesting, and neither played up to his reputation until near the finish, when, as usual, Roberts was just in time and his opponent just too late. Bedford, a Yorkshire novice, played a series of games with Dawson. He suffered badly from nervousness, but his play is promising, although it lacks class.

Pearce wisely let Thomas make the pace in their five mile race, and then sprinted and left him by fifteen yards at the finish. At Cambridge, Fitzherbert, the Freshman, and Lewin, the Blue, have been running well in the sprints, and Lutyens, the President, is in good form for longer distances. The club runs the L.A.C. next Saturday, December 2, at Cambridge. At Oxford, athletics are very quiet, but the trial eights are very strong as opposed to the Cambridge crews, which are naturally weak, considering the changing and chopping about there has been.

It is proposed to lay out Wanstead Flats as a recreation-ground. This will be a great boon to the neighbourhood, more especially as the work is to be begun at once in order to give employment during the winter months. This is by direction of certain gentlemen in Stratford who have subscribed £500 for the project.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The more hopeful tone, to which I referred last week as having made itself felt in the stock markets, is still with us. Dealings, it is true, are not active, and the burden of the jobber's song is still "no business," but considerable investment purchases have been made notably of high-class and good second-class securities, and there has also been an appreciation of values in many directions. The termination of the coal strikes has, no doubt, a good deal to do with the improvement, while the Trust troubles are pretty well discounted. There will have to be further investigation and more weeding out of *fin de siècle* financiers, but I have reason for stating that the position, especially in one notable instance, will be found less disastrous than it had been represented. The Wall-street market has been more active and a general advance is marked in the whole active list, Erie securities having experienced the sharpest rise. The new Tariff Bill just published is a sweeping measure of reform, and effects great reductions in Customs duties, also considerably enlarging the free list. While it will work havoc amongst the American Trusts, it will benefit the railways in the end, and will also greatly extend English trade with the United States. But there will be protracted wrangling over it, and it will, no doubt, emerge with considerable alterations from Congress. The news of the passing of the Rothschild convention for the settlement of the Argentine Debt has not yet come to hand, although it is daily expected. A more forcible illustration of the Spanish mañana could hardly be imagined, but I suppose the protracted period of suspense will come to an end some time or other, when a fresh favourable influence should be felt in the South American market, in which the sharp recovery in Mexicans has been the chief feature.

Home Rails.

As was to be expected, in view of the end of the disastrous coal war, the Home Railway market has shown a good deal of strength during the week, and quotations show a rise in most instances. Investors, who held tight

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to their stocks before, are not likely to let go now that traffics promise to expand again and prospects for next year are satisfactory. The next batch of traffic returns will not, perhaps, show so much improvement, but in another week I look for increases, especially on the Midland, North-Western, and Brighton lines. What that will mean for the "Bears" of Brighton "A" I need not stop to explain, especially as I have fully discussed the position in last week's issue. The scarcity of this stock was again illustrated by the buying in of £500 stock, which it was most difficult to obtain, even at a considerable advance. Great Eastern have fully maintained their previous advance, and another week will no doubt bring traffic increases for this line as well as for the Great Northern and the Sheffield Companies. In the case of the latter, however, the shock given to the local industries by the coal famine may retard the improvement to some extent. A feature, the influence of which on the traffics of the Underground lines will be watched with considerable interest, is the advance to threepence of the long-distance fares by the Omnibus Companies, and the doubling of the fares between Liverpool-street and Charing Cross, which will commence this week. As the reopening of Olympia is also in sight, there seems to be a fair prospect of both the Metropolitan and the District stocks experiencing a further improvement. Dover "A" have fluctuated within narrow limits. The South-Eastern is not doing well, but the end of the coal war may stimulate traffics, which will, no doubt, also be the case with the Chatham Company. The Scotch lines are threatened with a general coal strike, but it is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail.

The Yankee Market.

The further advance which has taken place during the past week in Yankee Rails, and which extends to over 6 dols. in the case of Erie Second Mortgage bonds, must be somewhat disconcerting to the critics who are still impressing upon their readers that no improvement can be looked for yet. Having done this ever since the turn in the market came, and having prevented their readers from getting in from 5 dols. to 15 dols. lower down, they look slightly ridiculous. Nor must a weekly contemporary, the excellence of whose financial information I am the first to acknowledge, be surprised if the Wall-street papers head a reference to its prophecy that "no solid advance will be possible until after long liquidation" with the significant title, "A Blue Britisher." The fact is that, with the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill, the corner has been turned, and, though the improvement may at first be slow, it will gather strength as time goes on. Already an auction of dry goods in New York has realised a considerable advance in prices, and the iron trade shows signs of revival. It would be absurd to argue that a rise in prices of Yankee rails will only come when large increases are shown in the traffic returns. When that auspicious stage will have been reached, it will have been discounted by a considerable advance on to-day's values. In the meantime, traffic decreases are getting smaller, and a general improvement in business is being foreshadowed. One of the best signs is the revival for the demand for bonds in New York, to which reference is made elsewhere, and which generally precedes a recovery in the share market. That a portion of the huge balances which are accumulating in the hands of the American banks will presently find employment in the stocks of their own Railway Companies can, under all the circumstances, not be doubted, and I maintain my view that well-selected investments in this market—I do not speak of the running of speculative accounts—will in three months' time show a big margin of profit. A few weeks ago I expressed the view that "the most welcome sign of a general improvement in the country would be the early reconstruction of the roads which were forced into the receiver's hands—viz., the Northern Pacific, Erie, Reading, and Union Pacific." During the past week the air has been thick with rumours concerning the proposed reorganisation of the Union Pacific and Erie Companies. As regards the first mentioned, Mr. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have been in communication with President Cleveland in Washington, the first condition being a favourable attitude on the part of the Government to the reconstruction. If the movement of prices goes for anything, prospects would appear to be favourable, as Union Pacifics have risen over two points. It may be mentioned that the accomplishment of this reconstruction would impart a very favourable impulse to the Amsterdam market for American stocks, as very large amounts of Union Pacific bonds are held in Holland. There is also the prospect that the same powerful house—Messrs. Drexel, Morgan, & Co.—will be in charge of the Erie reorganisation. The talk is of a scheme under which the Second Mortgage bondholders would receive only 4 per cent. against full foreclosure powers and a distribution of 1,250 dols. of the new bonds for every 1,000 dols. of old bonds. That would be an equitable arrangement, and as it would impart to "Erie Seconds" a value of from 85 to 90, it is not surprising that their price should have risen from 71 to 77, with a proportionate advance in the Prefs., the Ordinary stock being up 1½. There have also been rumours of a projected reconstruction of the Reading without an assessment of the junior securities. That would, no doubt, be possible if the Six per Cent. Collateral bond issue forming part of the last reconstruction scheme (which unfortunately miscarried) could be made at the price then contemplated, viz., 95. That is not likely, but some way may be found to get over the difficulty. With reference to the selection of stocks for investment I should say that Milwaukees, Louisville, Atchison "A" bonds among the dividend payers and Erie, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas. Texas, Union Pacific, Ontario, and Denvers amongst the low-priced securities would be most promising, Advices concerning the Atchison Company are favourable, both as regards the prospective coal and grain movement. But on this point and on all other matters concerning the line President J. W. Reinhart and Mr. J. J. McCook, one of the directors, who will arrive at the end of the week in London, will, no doubt, furnish every information, Mr. Reinhart especially having always talked most freely about his Company. Grand Trunks have remained dull. The traffic outlook in the immediate future for both this line and the Canadian Pacific is not favourable, as the farmers in Canada are keeping back their grain in view of present low prices.

American Railroad Bonds.

The first indication of a sustained upward movement in American Railroad stocks is generally a demand for bonds. After the panic of 1884, the bond market became active, and prices rose considerably, and the process is likely to be repeated now that the crisis in the States is passing away, in the course of which many bond issues fell in price owing to fears that the currency trouble might interfere with their value. Cable advices from New York are to the effect that last week over 10,000,000 dols. of new bonds have been taken up by the public, and when the vast accumulation of money in the financial centres in the States is considered, it is evident that we are only at the commencement of this movement. Nor is it advisable to limit one's attention to new bond issues. As a Wall-street paper puts it, in the last few years the sales of bonds on the New York Stock Exchange have been limited on account of the many new issues sold over the counter. Investors making inquiries at American bankers' offices seldom get any information about bonds listed and dealt on the New York Stock Exchange, for the reason that nearly all the bankers and brokers have for sale new issues which they recommend to the customer, who perhaps never sees the tape, and hardly knows what it is. As a result, he frequently pays 10 per cent. more for an untried bond than a bond paying the same rate of interest listed on the Exchange, and having a record which furnishes good evidence of value may be bought for. In quoting this

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opinion, I do not condemn new American bond issues generally, but I wish to point out that it is necessary to be careful in their selection. The following tables of American Railroad bonds have been drawn up with a view to facilitate this selection to investors :—

Name and Description of Bond.	Price at which quoted.	Rate of interest.	Date of Redemption.	Actual yield per cent. if purchased at above price and held to redemption.
I. Gilt-edged Bonds.				£ s. d.
New York Central and Hudson River Gold Debentures	101½	4	1905	3 17 4
Illinois Central Railroad bonds, new issue	97½	4	1953	4 5 3
Manhattan Railway Consolidated Mortgage	95¼	4	1990	4 7 6
Baltimore, Ohio, and S. W. First Consolidated Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by Baltimore and Ohio, new issue by Brown, Shipley, & Co.	101½	4½	1993	4 8 9
Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Consolidated "B" bonds	105	4½	1942	4 8 9
II. Good Second-class Bonds.				
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railroad, recent issue by J. S. Morgan & Co.	90¾	4	1993	4 11 8
St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba First Mortgage Sterling	89¼	4	1940	4 13 2
Willmar and Sioux Falls First Mortgage, guaranteed by St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and Great Northern Railroads	104½	5	1938	4 18 2
New York, Ontario, and Western Refunding Mortgage	86	4	1992	4 18 2
Denver and Rio Grande First Consolidated Mortgage	82	4	1936	4 18 6
Louisville and Nashville Unified Fifty-year Gold bonds	78	4	1940	5 2 6
S. and N. Alabama Consolidated, guaranteed by Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company	100½	5	1936	5 5 3
Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Guarantee Fund Notes (extended for five years)	96½	6	1898	7 8 8
III.—Speculative Bonds.				
Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Second Mortgage "A"	40	3	1989	10 10 0
	3¼	for 1 yr. and then 4%		
Do. do. do. "B"	42		1989	10 10 0
Denver and Rio Grande Improvement Mortgage	69	4	1928	7 5 0
Mexican Central Railway Gold bonds	53	4	1911	10 10 0
	(including sinking fund) value			
New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway 2nd Mortgage	77	6	1969	In receivership.
Northern Pacific Railway Land Grant Consolidated	34½	5	1989	do.
Philadelphia and Reading Railway General Mortgage	77	4	1958	do.
Do. do. do. First Income	35½	5	1958	do.

All the bonds set out under "I., Gilt-edged Bonds," may be considered as high-class, and I have included amongst them the new issue recently made under the amalgamation scheme of the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western and Ohio and Mississippi as a thoroughly sound security. The good second-class bonds offer all reasonable guarantees of safety, and I have already explained the exceptional security, considering the high yield, provided for the Atchison Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund notes. Under "III., Speculative Bonds," some exceptional opportunities are presented to the investor who is prepared to run a moderate risk. The Atchison Second Mortgage bonds yield a very high return, and are again advancing in value. The Erie, Northern Pacific, and Reading lines are in the hands of receivers, but the four classes of bonds set out offer the prospect of a substantial rise on the accomplishment of a reorganisation, although there is, of course, some risk with such a speculative investment. Since the above table was drawn up—on Saturday—Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds have experienced a sharp advance to 56½.

Dangers in the American Market.

The following communication from a correspondent will be of interest to a good many readers of Truth :—

I lately bought some Illinois Central Railway shares (ordinary), and received delivery of same in certificates of 1,000 dols. each. One of these certificates stood in the name of, say, A. B., by whom it was blank endorsed, and in the mean time a dividend became payable in America and was paid to this A. B., whose name stood on the books of the Company. I had lost no time in getting the shares transferred into the name of a well-known firm in the City, who would in future pay me over the dividends, and who had given me blank endorsed certificates. I applied to A. B.'s agents in the City, but was informed they could hear nothing of his whereabouts, but believed he was travelling about in America; and my dividend, consequently, is in his pockets in place of mine, with little likelihood of my ever getting back what belongs to me. I placed the matter before the brokers through whom I had bought the shares, but they decline any responsibility, and say that, as I accepted delivery of the shares, they can do nothing further than keep on applying to A. B.'s agent in hopes some day of getting the dividend recouped. My idea is that the brokers are responsible for a good and complete delivery of the shares, and therefore responsible for the payment to me of the dividend. Is this so, or not? Kindly give me your opinion on this point.

My correspondent has, unfortunately for himself, become acquainted with one of the difficulties of investors in the American market, the dangers and inconveniences of blank transfers. He should not, of course, have accepted the certificate in the name of A. B., but should have caused the shares to be transferred either into his own name, or, as I have so frequently advised my readers to do, into the name of the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders. The inconveniences of this system of blank transfers is fully explained in the following paragraphs from the prospectus of this Association, which has done good service to investors in American securities :—

1. The collection of dividends from nominal holders is attended with much delay, expense, and often with loss of the dividend, when the nominal holder cannot be found. In case of the death of the registered nominal holder, the collection of dividends through trustees is almost impossible, and in all cases involves legal expenses. There is also the danger, which has recently been experienced, of shares being passed on forged transfers.

2. In case of the death of an owner of American Railway shares who holds the shares registered in his own name, the transfer to executors can only be obtained by the orginal shares being sent out to New York, for fresh registration, together with a certified copy of the will, involving much delay, the cost of insurance, and legal expenses.

Another point of great importance is the concentration of the voting power in the hands of an association which will use the same for the benefit of the holders, instead of being vested in various arbitrage houses or professional operators, who only too frequently use the votes of holders, who do not trouble to have their shares transferred, against the true interest of the Roads and to their own advantage. The Association above referred to collects the dividends against a small charge, and their system possesses the further advantage that the dividends are received by cable transfer on the day of collection in America, and at once distributed by cheque in London. To avoid the risk of sending shares through the post to be marked for dividend, every time a dividend is payable, the Association issues against shares registered in its name the certificates of the Association, countersigned by the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, against the original shares deposited by the trustees and directors with the Bank. To country holders this is a great convenience, as the certificates bear numbered coupons, and all that is necessary for a holder to collect his dividend is for him to forward the coupons either to the Association or to his banker or broker. Having thus explained the advisability of registering holdings in American Railway securities I cannot refrain from telling an amusing tale of a lady's financial views in connection with this point. She had sold some American stocks which remained in her name and when the broker subsequently claimed the dividend, which she had pocketed, for the purchaser, she coolly wrote to say that she had closed her banking account, and withdrawn her money prior to going abroad. She was not going to pay any more money out, and the matter would have to wait until she returned in six months. The ways of the weaker sex are curious, especially in the matter of finance, and they are, apparently, as much to be dreaded in the American market as those of the arbitrage houses and their connections. Many of these make the most unscrupulous use of the voting power conferred upon them by the accident that investors leave the shares in their name, for the purpose of control of the Railroads concerned, although there are, of course, some honourable exceptions.

Foreigners and South Americans.

Such is the buoyancy of the Foreign market that even with Ministerial crises in progress in two great countries there has been no important set-back. In Italy, the reading of the report on the bank scandals in the Chamber, although every extenuating circumstance had been taken into account by the Committee, disclosed a degree of rottenness amongst leading Statesmen actually in power,

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

and amongst financiers and journalists, that the Ministry had to retire forthwith. Thus my views have in every way been borne out, and it is a wonder that, notwithstanding their "Panamino," Italians still stand at 80⅝. The resignation of the French Ministry is not connected with finance, and although it is a disquieting feature, it may be assumed that the proposed conversion of the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Rentes will be carried out by any new Minister of Finance, who may be appointed. Spanish are down a point for the week, and no wonder, when a costly war is added to the other financial burdens of the country. Greeks are inactive pending some statement on the part of M. Tricoupis as to his probable action in connection with the public debt. I cannot, however, bring myself to believe that he will render himself responsible for anything that may further damage the credit of Greece, already low enough in all conscience. Whoever can invest in Egyptian Four per Cent. Unified at 101 (a rise of ¾) I cannot understand. There are so many other investments yielding a better return with equal safety. It is useless to discuss Argentines until the ratification of the settlement of the debt comes to hand, which everybody is sick of waiting for, but I may say that the news as regards trade and agriculture from that country is extremely satisfactory. By the way, the Cordoba and Rosario traffic for the fortnight again shows an increase of 5,920 dols. It is an anomaly that the Debenture stock of this line should stand at only 51-52, although it received during the past year 3¾ per cent. interest, and there is every prospect of a return to the full 5 per cent. interest, while the Ordinary stocks of other Argentine lines, which have received no interest for two years, are quoted up to 62. I do not say that the latter are too dear, but the former are undoubtedly too cheap. Uruguay bonds are a trifle firmer, but there is an ever-running tap on in this stock. Peruvian Corporation Debentures have been adversely affected by rumours of an unfavourable report to be issued shortly and of the legal action of the Assets Certificate holders. There is no doubt that the latter have not yet got their due, but this matter will no doubt be settled amicably, but it does not, however, affect the Debentures, and the unfavourable points in the report are all known, while the guano prospects are greatly improved. Under the circumstances, I think holders should not sell at anything like present prices. Mexican Sixes have risen seven points, Messrs. Bleichröder having come to the aid of the Government. The January coupon is, therefore, safe, as I always said it would prove to be, and I understand that the Mexican Government will now be in a position to fulfil all its liabilities. That means, of course, that a new loan will be issued shortly. Venezuela bonds have improved 1, the position in that country exhibiting signs of improvement.

Tall Talk in Western Australia.

Under this heading I took the Perth *Daily News* to task in TRUTH of August 24 for some very extraordinary statements made in its columns, alleging that Western Australia had a great deal to complain of concerning the manner in which the Colony had been treated by the London Money Market, and glorying in the new departure taken by the Colonial Government in issuing Treasury bills locally, so as to be independent of the mother country, which my contemporary said "had proved an unkind parent to Australia." The *Daily News*, in its issue of October 5, returns to the charge, being greatly incensed at my criticism. Apart from the vulgar abuse in which the writer indulges, he has, however, no argument to advance. To say that "British money had almost been forced upon Australia" is distinctly a *suggestio falsi*, and to again indulge in the tall talk about local borrowing, while the Colony has quite recently placed another loan in this country is altogether absurd. I have reason for stating that it is extremely doubtful whether the public in the Colony—even at the present moment—would take £5,000 of Treasury bills if required to. Perhaps the Banks and Insurance Offices might make an effort, but the Banks in the Colonies are still extremely nervous, and will not lend money even on the most ample security. So far is this policy carried that I fail to see how their profits are to be made, if they have only credit balances and then won't lend money. There is no doubt that a great deal of the depression (and there is very great depression in Western Australia) in the Australian Colonies is caused by the closing of overdrafts and the refusal of the Banks to lend money even for legitimate business, and, unless the Banks see their way shortly to be more liberal, the consequences may be disastrous. I should say that even the *Perth Daily News* will not contradict me when I assert that it would have been a serious blow to the Colony—indeed, that it would have been fatal—if the balance of the loan (£436,000, offered by tender on October 20) had not gone off in this market, as the Treasury chest was getting very low. I do not, however, mind giving it as my opinion that the money is being spent better than has been the case in the other Colonies, as railways are required to open up the vast territory of Western Australia. I stated in my first remarks that, being otherwise poor in resources and in the number of inhabitants, the future of the Colony lay in the goldfields alone. That view I again express. Rich finds are reported in Bayley's South Extended Mine at Coolgardie. That Company was recently floated in Melbourne, and is part of the wonderful Bayley's reward claim. It is a pity that it has not fallen to the lot of Perth to have started this lucky Company, for it would have made up for some of the bad things that have come to that town. It may, however, be the means of bringing in more capital from Melbourne, which will help the West Australians to develop the goldfields, which are eminently "reefing," not "alluvial." Capital will, therefore, be required for the development, and capital will probably also be found in London for that purpose. Only do not let us have any more tall talk about the independence of the Colony of English assistance, or ungrateful references to the mother country as an unkind parent to the Colonies, when many millions sterling belonging to British depositors are compulsorily locked up for years in Australian banks which suspended payment and have since been reconstructed, with what prospect of success in some instances heaven only knows.

Indian Banks and English Officers.

The above subject does not, perhaps, strictly belong to my department, but I am glad to accord it a place amongst the more purely financial topics with which I have to deal, having received several communications on the point. My correspondents assert that one-fourth of the English officers serving in India in English regiments—that is to say, the junior officers, captains and subalterns—and, at the very least, one-third of the English officers of native regiments, not counting some young Indian Civil Servants, are indebted to Indian Banks. I do not, of course, mean the leading exchange banks, such as the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, London, and China, but institutions like the Bank of Upper India, Limited, of Meerut and the Himalaya Bank, &c. It appears that some of these Banks lend money to officers with the stipulation, that in the case of a sum of Rs. 2,000, or £200, one name is required besides that of the borrower; up to Rs. 4,000, or £400, two names besides that of the borrower; and up to Rs. 6,000, or £600, three names are required in addition to that of the borrower. The rate of interest charged is 12 per cent., and the Bank also insures the borrower's life at the latter's cost, receiving payment by monthly instalments. All goes well provided the instalments are paid regularly, but if an officer falls in arrear, the deficiency is added to the remainder of the original debt, interest is charged on the whole amount, and a heavy score is thus run up. I do not by any means wish to find fault with the Banks. If officers choose to run into debt, they have themselves to blame, and these institutions are, moreover, very convenient money-lenders. Married men in India with wives and families in England could hardly do without them, and

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

they are, I suppose, very handy for impecunious captains and subalterns. What I should like to know, however, is, if the statement, which has also been made to me, is correct, viz., that the principal shareholders in these Banks, which pay high dividends, are the highly paid Civil Servants in India—men drawing from Rs.2,5,000 a month and a few retired General Officers living in the Hills in India. Perhaps some of the readers of TRUTH, amongst whom are so many old Indians, will throw a little more light upon this matter. Their communications will, of course, be treated in all confidence.

The Kaffir Circus.

Who would have thought a few months ago that when victory had crowned the Chartered Company's campaign in Matabeleland the shares would stand at only 23s.? Here we have the power of the Matabele crushed and Lobengula a fugitive, and perhaps by now a prisoner, yet there is no enthusiasm in the market. The fact is that operators are afraid of more wire-pulling, and until some idea can be formed of what will be done with the million of new shares to be handed over to the holders of United Concessions, dealings will be more or less nominal. In the meantime, the Chartered bugbear, like the deadly upas tree, overshadows the whole of the Kaffir Circus, killing what little business there was. Another adverse influence is the doubtful position of the Rietfontein Mine, about which a great deal is being said and written. When it was reconstructed I recommended purchases of the shares at about £2. They have since been forced up by monstrous rigging to £7, and I entered a vigorous protest against this manipulation. Now that the shares have fallen to 2¾ I am again receiving communications on the subject, and amongst others a very unfavourable statement by Mr. Alfred Lewis, the mining engineer, of Johannesburg, has been forwarded to me. The letter has, however, already appeared in the daily financial press, and is, moreover, contradicted by a cablegram from the Secretary of the Company at Johannesburg. Neither can I quite understand the why and wherefore certain people take so much trouble to run the mines down. I therefore prefer to keep an open mind on the point. As to Witwatersrand Gold Mines generally, it appears to be doubtful, in the present state of intense languor of the market, if even a record crushing for November would galvanise it into life again. But I advise all holders of well-selected shares to stick to them, as a substantial advance is certain to set in sooner or later in view of the excellent results which are being achieved by the Companies. Just at present the deep level Companies are attracting a good deal of attention, and rightly so. The cablegram which has come to hand from Johannesburg stating that the reef (supposed to be the South Reef) has been struck in the Geldenhuis Deep Level at a depth of 545 ft., and that samples assayed from a trace to 8 oz., twelve sections assaying 66 dwt., is undoubtedly most important. I stated on November 9 that this mine (which is apart from the South Simmer and Jack, the cheapest Deep-level Mine) with 200 claims, and a capital of £350,000 in £1 shares, or at the present price of about 2 (£700,000), averages about £3,500 per claim, against about £5,000 per claim of the Village Main Reef, another Deep Level Mine. South Simmer and Jack shares have risen to 22s., but even at that price the 68 claims work out to only £2,430 per claim. There is here, therefore, a considerable margin for a rise. I am glad to find from the remarks made by Mr. Henry Pasteur, the Chairman of the Oceana Transvaal Land Company, at Thursday's meeting of shareholders, that the Board is likely to adopt my view with regard to the payment of a dividend in shares of the Coal Company. This is how he expressed himself on this point:—

> We shall have to consider whether the accounts should not be recast, so as to show our assets at their true value, which would help us towards being able to divide, by way of dividend, some of the shares we hold. We may for that purpose have to call you together again in the course of the next few months, and we would then put before you the Company's accounts, made up to December 31, in the way in which we think they ought to be prepared.

But why, in all conscience, were not the accounts prepared "as they ought to be prepared," at once, and why should the shareholders wait for their dividend? The Oceana Development Company will, I understand, at once take the sensible course of distributing a dividend in coal shares, which should amount to from about 20 to 25 per cent. on its capital. Why, then, should not the Oceana Board have acted likewise? The news concerning the Coal Company, by the way, is most satisfactory, and there is no doubt that this will develop into a large dividend-paying concern. De Beers have improved on advices of a large contract for diamonds.

Indian, Australian, and American Mines.

The Indian department has been firm, Mysore Reefs and Champion Reefs advancing, the latter on favourable advices cabled from the mine. Ooregum Ordinary are slightly lower, although there is nothing in the position of this mine to justify any decline. Amongst Australian Mining shares, Carringtons have been firm at the advance established, Bear covering having at one time forced the price up to 4s. 6d. Work at the mine is now stated to be in full swing. With reference to the Golden Gate Company (Charters Towers), I learn that they have acquired an additional piece of ground to the south of their property, as it was considered by the local Directors that by so doing they would intersect the various reefs, for which they are drilling, at much less depth than if they drilled from any portion of their old territory. The ore which is being worked by the tributaries in the old part of the mine shows slight improvement in quality. Day Dawn P. C. are firmer on a favourable cablegram and Broken Hill Proprietary are up $\frac{1}{16}$. In American Mines St. John Del Rey, and El Callao are lower, Lomas and Golden Feather also having eased off, while Elkhorn are the turn firmer. Achilles Gold Fields, in which I anticipated an improvement last week, are up $\frac{1}{8}$ at $1\frac{1}{16}$-$1\frac{3}{16}$. I have received a long letter from Messrs. Lee & Davies, the London agents of the Atlantic Cable Consolidated Mine, about which I wrote some weeks since, giving some information which I fear will be unsatisfactory reading for those unfortunate individuals who have been saddled with the shares, but it is so far satisfactory to learn that as far as Messrs. Lee & Davies's, knowledge goes, "there are only two or three English shareholders." These gentlemen tell me the Company was formed a year ago to work mining claims covering an extent of ninety acres near the town of Rico, Colorado; that work was at once commenced to prove the property, which, they state, opened out well, but that, owing to the silver crisis, explorations were suspended in July, and all work was stopped in October. The London agents say "operations will probably not be resumed until after the winter has passed," and that they are assured the Company is absolutely free from debt, but they avoid saying whether there are any funds remaining in hand. Has the Company any money? On reference to one of the certificates, I find the capital is 1,500,000 dols. in 1 dol. shares, yet an attempt was made to market these shares here at 7s. or 7s. 6d.!

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Peckham.—Guatemala Internals are a fair purchase at present price. *Max.*—Have nothing to do with the firm, whose system is bad. Their prices are from 20 to 40 per cent. above the real market price. *Junius.*—There is a "Bear" account in Atchison "A," and you have been charged far too high a contango. The rate ought not to have been more than 3 per cent. at the October account, and 2 per cent. at the mid-November account.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Ascension.—Although the Bank passed successfully through a severe ordeal, I do not advise investment in this group. In my opinion sound American Railroad bonds would be preferable, especially now that matters are righting themselves. *Constant Reader.*—1. These dealings are legal enough, but I feel sure that it would be preferable to deal with a member of the House. Most of the outside brokers of this class run against their

clients. 2. Yes. 3. The Gambling Act cannot be pleaded now with any degree of success. *Wood Green.*—The name of the Association which collects American dividends is the English Association of American Bond and Share Holders, of 5, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C. *Austral.*—The three Banks named, Bank of New South Wales, Bank of Australasia, and Union Bank of Australia, which have weathered the severe crisis without having had to pull up, will, no doubt, do well, and I daresay that No. 1 will earn fair dividends, but there will be plenty of competition, and I do not think much of the prospects of most of the re-constructed Banks. *A Constant Reader, Belfast.*—If it is an ordinary oversight, the client would, no doubt, return the contract for the stamp to be put on. If there is anything contentious about it it is quite a different thing, and I cannot obviously advise in the matter before I know the whole of the circumstances. *Z. Q. A.*—No; in the case of speculative transactions run from account to account, no transfers are made out, if transactions are opened and closed within the same account. In the case of outside brokers, these very often run against their clients. *Naval.* The securities of Trust Companies are as deep in the mud as they will probably ever be. I should, therefore, advise you to hold the stock. *A. E., Inverness.*—These German lotteries are conducted fairly enough, but the intermediaries are rarely to be trusted, and you would have little opportunity for learning if you are entitled to a prize. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. John U., N.B.*—There is no satisfactory news available about these New Zealand concerns, against which I have in the past so frequently warned my readers. You can but keep on applying to head-quarters. *Miles.*—1. There is nothing to be done now respecting the Persian Bank Mining Rights Company, as these shares are unsaleable, and you will have to await the result of claims being made on the Persian Government. Why did you not sell out long ago, when I criticised this hopeless concern? 2. I do not recommend the purchase of these Lottery bonds. They are but a poor investment. *H. B.*—I am glad you have benefited by my advice concerning the syndicate touts. *Cavendish.*—You are quite correct in your view. The Trustees' and Executors' Debentures are secured upon the uncalled capital, and have the first claim. In fact, the call has been made with the special proviso that it is to be paid to the credit of the trustees of the Debenture holders at the Bank of England. There is every prospect of these Debentures being paid off in the early part of next year at 103. Hold. *Trade.*—I suppose the only way is to employ a solicitor and insist upon delivery. I know nothing of the circumstances.

Home Rails.

Bess.—1. As the coal strike is over, there is no reason for selling London and South-Western Deferred now. 2. The Company will probably pull through, but I am afraid its prospects are very doubtful. *R. O.*—Thanks. My view concerning Brighton "A" has certainly been borne out in the most startling fashion.

American and Foreign Rails.

Kansas (Liverpool).—There is another inquiry under your *nom de plume*. No. 1 is doing very well. No. 2 is still cheap. It is quite correct that the line No. 3 is doing extremely well through increased coal traffic, but I can say nothing as to the jump predicted by your broker. No. 4 is in my view the least promising of the lot. *Constitutional.*—All the American Railway stocks, Nos. 1-3, are improving. Hold. On the issue of the new stocks of the Baltimore and Ohio South Western, a rise will, no doubt take place. No reason to sell the English Brewery stocks Nos. 4 and 5. Baltimore and Ohio are a good investment. The turn of No. 3 will come. *Kansas.*—Yes, you cannot do better than take the bonds Nos. A, B, and E. I do not care for the bonds last mentioned by you. *Stag.*—Yes, there is every prospect of a turn as soon as the Ohio and Mississippi matter has been fully carried through. Hold. *H. W.*—1. There is no reason to feel enthusiastic about Grand Trunk Guaranteed; but I think they might be held at this price, the interest being pretty well assured. Hold the Brewery stocks Nos. 2 and 3. *Cantante.*—1. Ontario should be held for an advance, as the Company has benefited through increased coal traffic. 2. You bought Louisville at 68. I advised a sale persistently when they stood at 56-8. They then dropped to 45, and I advised a purchase. Now you should hold, as traffics are improving. 3. Hold Milwaukees for a further rise, although you have a good profit. 4. No reason to sell. When the new stock is issued in the middle of December under the amalgamation, prices will advance. 5. I do not like Mexican Railway Second Prefs. Whenever the opportunity offers, sell, and exchange into First Prefs. *Fearsome.*—You should have sold long ago. I have but a poor opinion of the future of this line. *Archipelago.*—Yes, the Debentures No. 1 are unduly depreciated, and you might venture to buy the small amount. 2. United Railways of Havana Debentures (*a*) are the better of the two stocks named by you. I do not like *b*. I never liked No. 4*a* much, but as New Zealand is becoming more prosperous, you might hold for a recovery. No reason to sell the Trust stock 4*b* now. 5. You are right to hold Buenos Ayres Western and Antofagasta. 6. You should carefully watch the stocks of Argentine Guaranteed Railways, such as Argentine Great Western and Cordoba Central (Central Northern Section) Debenture stock. 7. Certainly. *H. M. S.*—1. Hold, although immediate traffic prospects are not favourable. 2. I do not like these bonds, but I cannot advise a sale after the fall. 3. Hold the Brewery shares. No option but to hold No. 4. Hold Peruvian Corporation Mortgage bonds (5) and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary (6). Sell Elkhorn (7). As regards No. 8, it is a good bond, suitable for permanent investment. *T. D.*—You will find in to-day's letter a list of American Railroad bonds, from which you will be able to make a suitable selection. You might add Autofagasta Four per Cent. Debenture stock, now quoted 96. *Sidonia.*—Your stocks Nos. 1, 3, and 4 are first class, and very suitable for permanent investment. You should on no account sell your Trustees', Executors', &c., First Mortgage Debentures. As I explained last week under "Various Investments," these are secured upon the uncalled capital, in addition to other guarantees, and will no doubt be paid off early next year at 103! I do not care for No. 2 much. Sell when you can do so without a loss, and re-invest in sound American Railroad bonds. *Toledo.*—I regret not being able to give you any satisfactory news concerning these bonds. It is one of the drawbacks of investing in bonds not dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. *Triangle.*—The bonds to which you refer are not high-class. You are, of course, aware that both Roads are in the Receivers' hands, although interest on the bonds named by you is not in jeopardy. Reconstruction will very probably soon be brought about, when the bonds will, no doubt, improve, but you must consider them as somewhat speculative. See the list of gilt-edged bonds in to-day's letter. *Belfast.*—You will find the latest information available concerning the projected Erie reorganisation in my letter. *A Constant Subscriber, Bath.*—There is no fresh news about the Birmingham and Mobile. Write to the firm named by you for information. *Lex.*—Hold your Louisville, and buy, as you propose, Atchison bonds. The Guarantee Fund notes mentioned in my table of bonds in to-day's issue deserve your attention. The Industrial Company in question has been affected by the bad state of trade, but an improvement in the price of the shares is now probable.

Mining Shares.

H. B., Sandback.—Both the New Primrose and the Nigel are valuable Gold Mines, although I should give preference to the first named. The shares are fully paid, and the dividends are now paid half-yearly. *J. O. K.*—It is a good property, and will, I think, work all right in the end. *Promptus.*—I should advise you to hold New Primrose, Glencairns, and New Crœsus. All these will improve when the present unjustified depression passes away, and you would not better your position by changing the investment. Hold Mysore Gold; the prospects of the Mine are good. *Trafford.*—I think you might join the Flagstaff reconstruction. It is a fair mining risk. *Afrikander.*—I replied fully to your inquiry in last week's issue. *Carlos.*—The authorised capital of the Achilles Goldfields, Limited, is £100,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each, and £80,307 has been allotted. The shares, fully paid, have risen to 1⅛, and the market view is that they will go higher. The Phœnix Mine owned by the Company is situate in New Zealand, and £50,000 is stated to have been spent in developing the property and on machinery. *G. H.*—No, I do not think this is very promising. 2. See remarks under "Indian, American, and Australian Mines." 3. No, I should not go further into these shares. *Argyle.*—1. There are no debentures in the Buffelsdoorn Mine. 2. Yes, the Mine will, no doubt, pay dividends some time next year. 3. I should buy Buffelsdoorn and South Simmer and Jack. *Gold.*—Yes, you might buy more new Idaho shares. *Dun.*—No dividend is expected to be paid by the Phœbe Gold Mining Company (Charters Towers) yet awhile. They are still sinking underlie shaft, recently passed through good formation, and might get payable stone any time. Hold. *Carrington.*—Work at the Carrington Mine (Charters Towers) is now in full swing, and you should average. *Anchor.*—Sell No. 1 on a further rise. Nos. 2 and 3 are fair speculations. I do not like No. 4. Hold No. 5 (Peruvian Corporation Debentures). No. 6 is a fair investment. The General Mining Association (7) is a slow concern, owning collieries in Nova Scotia. If you are not a holder, I do not see any temptation to buy. The shares are somewhat unnegotiable. No. 8 is a fair Eastern bank. You will find a list of American bonds in to-day's letter. *Sycorax.*—1. Yes. See remarks in to-day's letter. 2. Risk holding Lisbon-Berlyn, but sell on any upward movement. Hold No. 3, but do not average yet. I think they will get on rich ore again eventually. 5. It is a pity you did not hold your Missouri, Kansas, and Texas. Try Erie and Readings, or Atchison "A" bonds. *A. N. Drew.*—I cannot learn anything of the two concerns you mention; probably both went into liquidation years ago. You might write to one of the banks in Colorado. *Deep Level.*—Do not sell May Deep Level at this figure. I assume that you have got these taken up. 1. Hopeful. 2. London and Johannesburg. 3. The Directors are Messrs. Dixon, Courteney, Duirs, Farrar, and David. 4. I have not heard of selling for this quarter. *Poorer Man.*—There have been no special facts to bring forward. Although the price of Poormans has receded since you bought, owing to the general set back, you have received good dividends, and these will continue.

Industrial Companies.

Withington.—A great deal depends upon trade in Chili and any improvement in the Valparaiso exchange. If that comes about a rise is probable. Hold! *J. T. P., Seaton.*—I do not

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think that there is any reason to sell the shares at this price. Hold for a recovery. *Grace.*—No reason to sell No 1 now. Nos. 2 and 3 are fair speculative industrial investments. *Novellus.*—You should hold these shares for a recovery.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

Ulster.—1. The American Railroad bonds No. 1 are very speculative, and I think that you will be able to do better from the lists published to-day in my letter. 2. I should prefer New Primrose to Simmer & Jack. 3. Yes; Louisville are a good purchase. *Aberystwith.*—You cannot have read my remarks on English Breweries and the dangers of legislation. But you should hold now. You must, of course, run some risk to obtain a yield of 7 per cent., and you must tell me what kind of security you would select, if only Home stocks, or also American and South American securities. *Rose Sand.*—1. No reason to sell Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds. 2. You might do better direct through a stockbroker; but, after all, it seems to be safest in your case to deal through your banker. 3. No, there is no fear of this. 4. Impossible to tell, but improbable on the face of it. *Puzzled.*—You might buy for the investment of your £1,000, Baltimore and Ohio South-Western (guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio) Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage bonds at 101¼, and Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Four per Cent. Debenture stock at 96. Both are first-class stocks, absolutely safe, would yield an average of 4¼ per cent. on the investment, and would be suitable for permanent investment. You should hold your Atchison "A" and Louisville bonds. *Planter.*—I am very pleased to find that you have made such judicious use of my advice in your investment of £8,000, and I have no doubt that you will realise a very considerable profit on these with some patience. I hesitate to advise a purchase of Brazilian bonds until it is possible to see more clearly, but Chilians, Argentines, and Peru Debentures are all cheap. Of Yankee Rails those referred to in my letter are the most likely to improve. *J. C. R.*—I do not think that you stand much chance of making profits through this circularising person, and should advise you to invest your money elsewhere.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.

Colonial Government bonds have been in brisk demand, and even Victorian issues have scored a material advance. The fact is that the public are so scared by past losses and by hysterical nonsense to which some of the critics are giving currency, that they are flying to these Colonial bonds for safety. The result will inevitably be that the Australian Colonies will be encouraged to fresh borrowing. Investors should use their intelligence to find other equally safe and more remunerative channels. Silver has again fluctuated within narrow limits, but Rupee paper has improved on the further success of the India Council in placing bills at 1s. 3¼d. and slightly over. So far the amount sold is £6,100,000, against £10,400,000 sold up to the same date last year. Notwithstanding the recovery in Mexican Government bonds, Mexican Rails show a dull tendency, and the Second Prefs. are more especially inactive. It does not look as if the little speculation of the Universal Stock Exchange were likely to prosper. The Foreign and Colonial Debenture Corporation proposes amalgamation with the Debenture Corporation on terms of two £10 shares (£4 paid) of the latter for each £10 share (£4 paid) of the Foreign and Colonial, and 150 £3 shares of the Debenture Corporation Founders' Trust for each Founders' share. This is clearly an attempt to cover up a huge loss. All such hushing up ought to be discouraged, especially in the case of a Trust over which Jabez Balfour at one time presided as Vice-Chairman. Before agreeing to such a proposal the shareholders should, therefore, insist upon the strictest investigation by an independent committee. At the same time I am not opposed to the fusion of Trust Companies on principle, in view of the savings to be effected. The excellent result again obtained by the London and River Plate Bank, which enable the Directors to pay a dividend and bonus of 6 and 2½ per cent. respectively, making, with the interim dividend of 4 per cent. paid in June, 12½ per cent., calls for special notice; £50,000 is placed to the reserve fund, which now amounts to £850,000. At Wednesday's meeting of Elmore's Copper Depositing Company another tale of woe had to be told. This time, however, no blame seems to attach to the Board, the coal strike having caused the trouble. More money is again wanted, and will apparently be forthcoming; but what is satisfactory is that the books show orders on hand for 126,048 lb. against 28,391 lb. on June 23, and that the article manufactured gives general satisfaction. The commercial value of the process being thus proved, ultimate success should come to the much-tried shareholders. By the way, a German reader of TRUTH is anxious to learn something about the International Bourse of White House, Telegraph street, E.C., and its conductor, Mr J. Hammer. Perhaps Mr Hammer or some of my correspondents can supply the information. A new issue of "Kindell's African Market Manual" has been made by Messrs. F. C. Matthieson & Sons, of Old Broad street, E.C. This handy little work of reference is greatly appreciated in the South African market.—Your affectionate uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

THE Mess of the Duke of York's Own Rutlandshire Light Infantry (late 120th) unanimously agreed, when Kate Vanderstetter accepted Jack Hayly, that "the Owl," as Jack was called, had fairly gilded the lily of the Regiment's luck by grafting on to its bachelorhood that most auburn and aureate of widows. The Vanderstetter had looks as well as lucre; the former "up to Show form," as the juniors phrased it, the latter of such Mississippian volume that many of the congratulations poured on "the Owl" were greenish. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness are unfortunately not a close monopoly of the Church, but occasionally manifest their existence in the other militant body. "The Owl's" means were not modern. To be modern one must be mercantile, but his father had been agricultural, and only left him about enough in depreciated rents to pay the Church its tithes, and the County Charities their subscriptions; two of the many taxes which other forms of property can escape. The old man, however, had died happy in a kind of secondary belief that a grateful country would adequately recompense his son's services, and thought at the same time he had materially aided his career by letting on a seven years' lease the family shootings to the family lawyer in the county town. That the said lawyer charged him about as much money for signing his name to a typogram acknowledging the receipt "of yours of the 15th inst.," as the said grateful country paid his son for a day's wear and tear of brain and sinew, with occasional unnecessary risks to his life, did not strike him as being out of focus. He looked at life through old-fashioned glasses, and honestly believed that lawyers and soldiers were as much natural orders in creation as vaccination or the Thirty-nine Articles, and equally efficacious. He was a good father, and "the Owl" had "favoured" him from infancy, inheriting qualities which were as far from being "dernier cri" as were his means. He was honest, truthful, and domesticated; consequently, a foregone failure in the eyes of his more modern acquaintances. But when he carried off the widow from under their guns, they began to think that there must be something in him. May be it was the widow who discovered it.

Not long after marriage, Jack found that his regimental duties kept him longer than was good for his happiness from the side of his wife, and he sent in his papers. There were, of course, some people who said that she sent them in for him, the pair were so extra-domesticated. Anyway the Regiment was honestly sorry to lose its "Owl," while Mrs. Hayly rejoiced at her approaching sole proprietorship. The outer world shrugged its shoulders, worldly-wisely, or regretfully; one section, male, agreeing that a man would be insane to go to India with a pretty wife plus eight thousand a year; the other, female, lamenting that it would get no amusing conversation, its Society papers no piquant paragraphs out of a mere commonplace domestic felicity.

In the following autumn the Vanderstetter dollars took a moor in Scotland for their latest partner; not a modern moor, supplied to meet the demand, ravaged alternately by shepherds and silk nets, and provided with some

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improvised shooting-lodge run up at the cost of about half a season's rent, but an original old-fashioned moor, with a Baronial Hall in its midst. The result of the hiring was not uncommon—typhoid fever, and Mrs. Hayly was the victim. Baronial Halls sound well, but they smell badly. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in the south, but sanitation is a very bad second to Sabbatarianism in the north. Mrs. Hayly grew worse, and before the blue hares turned white she died.

Poor Jack was nearly frantic, and when his landlord, with hyperborean consideration, offered to take the place off his hands without charging any extra rent he failed to detect the thistle in the theory, and assented unadvised. So inconsolable was he at first that his friends began to speculate on his marrying again in six months, after the manner of the most deeply afflicted, and when he finally decided on seeking distraction in a voyage to Australia, they were sure of it. Unlike most people who are quite sure, they were right. Scarcely landed, he fell violently in love, his grief adding fuel to the flame, with another auburn woman, whose hair was like his dead wife's; she was merely an unknown governess, and absolutely penniless.

When Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar heard of it they lifted up their eyes, and shrugged their shoulders, and took up their parable to mock him for a fool. Had not the late Mrs. Hayly left her relict all the Vanderstetter money, which she could do as she liked with, as long as he remained unmarried, but if he replaced her it was to go to her next of kin—a vague residuary legatee "next of kin," but more discoverable usually than a diamond-mine, and as grasping as a quicksand. But she was a woman who knew exactly what she wanted, and how to secure it. Vanderstetter had been a 'cute man, and had taught her to help him in his business matters, so with his maxims still in her ears she drew up her will herself on the back of a postcard, and saw that it was duly attested. There were not enough words in it to provide any legal doubt as to its meaning. What a fool their friend was to bring its proviso into force for the sake of the pretty face of a moneyless girl, said Zophar, Bildad, and Eliphaz.

Honest Jack, however, wrote home to his shooting tenant that he didn't know who his late wife's next of kin were, but that they must be hunted up, and the stuff handed over to them; an instruction and an expression which puzzled the man of law. "Fancy a man," said he, "not knowing who his wife's relatives are! But Hayly was always a fool." However, in due course he began to institute inquiries about the late Mrs. Hayly, formerly Vanderstetter, *née*—who? But he could not get any further; nobody knew who the late Mrs. Hayly was. Honest Jack had never asked her, and she used to be as reticent as the corpse of Vanderstetter, having profited by copybook exercises about "bygones." Jack only knew that she was all in all to him, and that was enough.

The family lawyer opined that it was a very interesting case, and his son confided to a chum that "the governor had got hold of a real soft thing!" Meanwhile, "the Owl" was causing his friends many searchings of heart. Surely there never was a fool so lucky as this fool! Having married a wife with no belongings and much money, he first lost the woman, and then deliberately threw away her gold by marrying another, with no belongings also, but, on the other hand, no money; and here he was now succeeding in making it for himself. There was something rotten in the state of Denmark, they said. But "the Owl" worked doggedly on and prospered, and was happy with his newly-beloved. He seemed merely to have broken the thread of his life accidentally, picked it up again, tied a fresh knot, and gone on as before.

One evening, when Jack and his wife had seen their curly-headed four-year-old boy safely tucked up in his bed, and had only the less demonstrative dinner-table between them, he said:—

"Millie, we've done pretty well here, and things are looking a bit better at home. That seven years' shooting lease my father granted is nearly up, I should like to go back and have a turn at the partridges on the old place, and, if you like it, perhaps settle down there again, and make an English farmer of young Curlywigs. Besides, I really must go and look after those lawyers and stir them up; the money's all right, but they must find the owners; and I should like to show you London, Millie."

"I was born in London," she said, after a pause.

"Born in London!" he exclaimed, and in the silence you could hear the cheese moving. The fool never thought his wife could have been born anywhere out of Heaven, and this new fact surprised him.

"Yes, you dear old goose," she laughed, "you married the little governess, whose employers gave her a good character, without asking about her birthplace or her pedigree; and gave up all your money for her, too."

"Born in London! Well, I'm d——," but the rest was stopped by a kiss.

"So you're a little Cockney," he laughed, when he had got free. "Have you any relatives living in London? You've never told me about your people."

"You never asked me before," she pouted. The man was habitually a fool. Then a look of pain came over her face, and she went on in a lower tone: "I have no people. Mother died when I was born. I quarrelled with father and my only sister, and made my own way till I came out here with the family with whom you found me. I have not heard from—from—home—not for ten years—not since father died."

"Poor lonely little waif," said Jack, fondling her, "and was your quarrel never made up?"

"Never!" she answered, and then, brightening, "I am not lonely any more, I have you and the boy."

Soon afterwards Jack Hayly carried out his idea, realised the property he had acquired in the Colony, remitted the money home, and followed it, taking back his wife and son to the home of his fathers.

A day or two after their arrival the lawyer and his son called, and, having offered the customary congratulations *pro formâ*, suggested proceeding to business.

They were all sitting in the little library, homelike with its dark mahogany fittings, china, and old prints, and gay with summer flowers.

"Mrs. Hayly will be present at our interview?" began the lawyer interrogatively.

"Certainly," replied Jack; "we have no secrets. She knows that I have been married before; that my wife died; and that I willingly gave up the money left me for her sake," and the love-look crossed between them.

"And he doesn't even regret it! A most unaccountable man," thought the lawyer.

"She must have been a clinker five years ago," was the son's unexpressed comment.

"Well, then, we had better commence with your late wife's will," the elder man said, wiping his spectacles, "a most extraordinary document," he added, casting a wistful look at his own pile of papers some two feet deep. "To carry out its provisions I and my son have devoted considerable time and trouble to this search. We have managed to narrow down the issue, but have not yet been finally successful."

"It is taking a precious long time," said Jack.

"My dear sir," said the lawyer leisurely, "the world has grown so large, and individuals move about with such frequency and rapidity, that it has become a matter of great difficulty to trace anyone."

"I should have thought that made it easier," interpolated Jack, "more people see them." But then he was a fool.

"We were totally unable for a long time," the other went on, taking no notice, "to discover when, where, or to whom the late Mr. Vanderstetter had been married, till at last my son suggested that the lady might have been an American, and——"

"But she wasn't," said Jack, curtly.

"I believe, Mr. Hayly, your information on that point is correct," went on the old man, in his stiffest manner, "but, at all events, she was married to Mr. Vanderstetter in America. Knowing your impatience to have this matter settled, I determined to leave no stone unturned, and, acting on my son's intelligent suggestion, I sent him over there to make personal investigations ('and have a good time' thought the young man). Eventually he succeeded in discovering in Chicago the authentic registration of the marriage between Hugo Vanderstetter and Catharine Amelia Harvey, spinster."

"What a strange coincidence!" said Jack.

His wife said nothing.

"But this was not the end of our difficulties," the father went on. "It had taken us more than two years of laborious search" ("Not forgetting a ledger full of expenses," thought the hopeful son) "to discover where and whom the late Mr. Vanderstetter married, and it took us another two to trace and finally identify the lady with the elder daughter of a Captain Harvey—a not altogether desirable gentleman, apparently—who resided for some years in various parts of London, and died ten years ago, leaving issue Catharine Amelia, afterwards Mrs. Vanderstetter, and Amy Millicent, the next of kin we are still searching for, but all trace of whom seems lost."

"I am Amy Millicent," said Mrs. Hayly.

"Thank God!" said the fool. But he didn't mean what the lawyer thought he did; he was thinking of a sister's reparation. Then he went on: "You forgot my second wife's maiden name was Amy Millicent Harvey, I suppose?"

"No, no, of course not; but I—er—er—thought," he shuffled, "that—er—as you said just now it was a coincidence; I believed this lady was an Australian born."

"What did this fool want to come home for, and spoil my free trip to the Antipodes?" grumbled the son to himself.

Meanwhile, his father had recovered his equanimity and started afresh:

"Mr. Hayly, I congratulate you on the discovery, but, granting that this lady's statement is accurate, you have married your deceased wife's sister, and it is my opinion that such marriage being illegal, and, therefore, nul and void, the money devised in the will does not pass from you at all."

"But the marriage took place in Australia, where it is legal," snapped the son. "Does the money pass with change of domicile? Because if Mr. Hayly were to take many voyages between England and Australia, accompanied by—by—the next-of-kin, it seems to me there might be complications. It would belong to him here, and to her there."

"There is no recorded case on the point, and I am unable to advise at present," said his father, scenting a case for the Superior Courts from afar.

"Gentlemen," said the next of kin, quietly, "my sister made a good will on a post-card; I will settle this in one minute. If, owing to the validity of our marriage in Australia the money passes to me, I give it to my husband now. If it does not, the marriage being no marriage in this country, your stupid old Parliament is sure to pass a law soon making it one, and I will give it to him then. Any way it shall be his. Good morning."

Then the worthy solicitors shook their heads, and packed up their papers, and went home regretting they had not skinned the shoot entirely.

MUSIC.

THE new Queen's Hall in Langham-place was inaugurated with a semi-private conversazione on Saturday, the Prince of Wales and the Royal Amateur Orchestra had it for a smoking concert on Monday, and next Saturday Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd will sing at a public performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Considering that Mr. Newman was as recently as Monday last trying voices for the choir, it might have been thought a prudential matter to have postponed a choral concert till the chorus was properly formed and trained, and thereby to have avoided one, at any rate, of the mistakes of the disastrous season of Promenade Concerts last autumn. Next Saturday's performance is, however, only an isolated one, and it is not proposed to start the regular season of twelve Saturday concerts till January 20 by which time it is hoped Mr. Cowen will be in a position to offer a better choral performance than he was able to give at Covent Garden. There are also other matters in which the management will, I think, learn by experience. Saturday, for example, is notoriously the very worst evening in the week for concerts of this sort. Those ladies who patronise serious concerts are either at home attending to their domestic duties on Saturday night, or are festively inclined and prefer the theatre. At any rate, many people—Mr. Cowen himself among the number—have already tried Saturday evening concerts, but without success. Also, I think, it will be found a fatal mistake to ask half-a-crown for the gallery. It is true it is re-christened the "second balcony," and is a luxurious place for comfort and also for seeing and hearing, but the idea that prices should start at the nimble shilling is deep rooted in the British musical breast. An endeavour is to be made to make the Royal circle the most expensive seats; but what is really wanted for the new hall is a scale of more rational prices, from five shillings to a shilling.

Meanwhile the Queen's Hall is both comfortable and beautiful, a very different sort of building indeed to that to which London concert-goers have hitherto been accustomed. The passages are heated, so that the terrible draughts which are among the great annoyances of ordinary concert-going, are avoided, tilt-up seats and carpeted passages are provided even in the gallery, there are luxurious corridors and lobbies, the place is lofty and well ventilated, and lit with electric lights and gas, the seats on the floor rise in tiers so that every one can see and hear perfectly, and seventeen exits into three streets ought to make the place quite safe in case of fire or panic. Except as to the Royal box, which only needs a dog on its ledge to realise a Punch-and-Judy show, the auditorium is artistic and even handsome, the painted ceiling is pleasant to the eye, and at the back of the band-stand is a very fine organ, a thing which in most of our London concert halls is lacking. There are also in the building a restaurant, and a smaller hall, holding 500, for chamber concerts or dances. The Queen's Hall was, I believe, erected by Mr. Ravenscroft, of the Birkbeck Bank, and it deserves to prove a big success. Indeed, I am sure it will be so, if only it be not, like the English Opera-House, stifled at the outset by ridiculously high prices.

The Imperial Institute is probably safe under its Royal charter, or otherwise it would be interesting to know the views of the County Council as to the smoking concerts which have just been started there. The "temporary hall" where the smoking takes place is built of wood, and apart from two spiral iron staircases, which certainly could not be used in case of panic, there is only one exit in all. This delectable building also has a large gallery, with wooden supports, and merely a small iron spiral staircase for exit and entrance. And yet, if it be necessary to give smoking concerts at the Imperial Institute at all, on either side of this shanty there are fireproof corridors, each capable of holding a thousand people.

An organist in one of the professional papers makes a queer complaint against the clergy. He declares that, although he has heard prayers offered for almost every other person connected with the Church, no petition is ever put up for the organist. Even Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics get an occasional word, but unless he comes within the wide sweeping expression of "all sorts and conditions of men," the organist is forgotten. I really do not know why. Perhaps he is considered past praying for, or the curtain in front of the organ-loft—so useful when the musician slips out at sermon time to smoke his pipe in the churchyard—causes him to be overlooked. But if the organist really thinks it will make him a better musician, or cause him to play more lively tunes, he should certainly bring before the Bishop of his Diocese the desirability of a section of the Prayer Book all to himself.

The English Ladies' Orchestra has just made its début at Chelmsford, and hopes to give a concert in London next season. The band consists of about fifty executants,

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all ladies; one pair of rosy lips even attacking that delightful instrument the saxophone. The only male in the band is Mr. J. S. Liddle, the conductor. And yet I fancy the earliest wielder of the bâton was a lady. One is, at any rate, mentioned in Pepys' diary.

M. Paderewski, at the London Symphony Concert last week, gave a reading of the Schumann concerto, which, especially as to the first movement, was more astonishing than admirable. The great player was, however, quite at his best in his own Polish Fantasia, which also he is to play at the Crystal Palace next Saturday week. M Siloti, the Russian pianist, has likewise given a couple of recitals, paying special attention to the music of his fellow-countrymen, which is little known here.

Herr Klengel's new violoncello concerto in A minor, which was produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is too short and little developed to be considered a concerto, but it is an effective piece of display, particularly as to a brilliant cadenza which joins the intermezzo to the finale. At this concert Mr. Oudin, who has just returned from St. Petersburg, where he had sung the selfsame work at the Tschaikowsky Memorial Concert, introduced a somewhat melancholy serenade from the pen of the deceased Russian master. On Monday the Royal Orchestra gave a smoking concert at the Queen's Hall, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe Coburg (late of Edinburgh) for once resuming the first violin. The music comprised Sullivan's Imperial March and some overtures, but there was a big attendance of titled people, including Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe, the Duke of Connaught, the Lord Chancellor, the Russian Ambassador, and a couple of bakers' dozens of Peers, besides some of the musical knights and other hangers-on.

On Monday it was exactly half a century since Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" was produced by Bunn at Drury Lane, and a performance to celebrate the jubilee of this much-derided work, which is still popular in the country, was given on the same stage by Sir A. Harris. To pretend, as some have done, that the cast which included Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Ben Davies as Arline and Thaddeus was the best that had ever appeared in this opera was, of course, absurd. In 1858, for example, at Her Majesty's the two rôles were sung by Piccolomini and Giuglini. But the two artists, nevertheless, sang well, and, despite an elephantine Devilshoof, a Hungarian Gipsy Queen, and a Teutonic conductor, Balfe's sugary melodies received quite as much justice as they merited. On the same night memorial performances were given by the Carl Rosa troupe at Edinburgh and by the Burns-Crotty Company at Bradford.

It has, by the way, been stated that the Carl Rosa Company have secured the sole right to perform Berlioz's "Faust" on the stage. This is a grotesque error. Everybody is at perfect liberty to play Berlioz's "Faust" either on the stage or in the concert room. But one of the English translations is still copyright, and this, doubtless, the Carl Rosa Company hold, although of course, as in the case of "Faust," anybody can make his own translation.

Sir A. Harris has just secured Covent Garden for another year—that is to say, until the spring of 1895—and, in fact, this time he had no serious competitor. In all probability he will produce the opera "L'Attaque du Moulin," by Zola, Gallet, and Bruneau, in English before the regular season. Indeed, his répertoire of suggested novelties is now so large that it would be absolutely impracticable to produce them all during the grand season.

Mr. Charles Mapleson, who died last week, was himself a practical joker, but he was in New York the victim of a champion hoax. It was during his bachelor days, when Charles was a bit of a dandy. One day he received a letter, apparently from a wealthy young lady, declaring she was enamoured of him, and entreating him to call at her house at eight o'clock next evening. The house was in one of the most fashionable quarters of New York, and Charles, faultlessly attired, took a carriage through the snow, and arrived at the mansion, which was in utter darkness. A knock brought a trim ladies' maid, who, with a twinkle in her eye, told the young man he was expected, but begged him to be quiet, and to take off his dress boots. It had cost Charles half an hour to get those boots on, but at the bidding of beauty, off they came. The maid then led him through some dark passages till she came to a door, and he was bidden to knock and enter. He did so, and rushing into the brilliantly-lighted room, his boots in his hand, he found a dozen of his most intimate male friends.

Charles Mapleson, however, had a warm heart. A poor fellow was ill in New York and apparently dying, but Charles nursed him, sitting up night after night, and ultimately pulled him through. He afterwards comically told his consternation when, after the anxiety was over, he discovered himself wearing his Tuesday waistcoat on a Friday.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is now in Berlin superintending the rehearsals of his "Ivanhoe." In certain interested quarters there seems to have been a good deal of opposition to the production of this work, but the Emperor has put his foot down, and it is to be heard at the Imperial opera in January. Even before that time "Utopia, Limited," will be produced at Berlin in German.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER restores the colour, renews the growth, arrests the fall, cleanses the scalp.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—There is no form of lying more common than that Sheridan satirises in his definition of an "impromptu" as the slow result of hours of preparation. It was, of course, "set a thief to catch a thief" with Sheridan, who himself told the most colossal lie of the kind when he asserted persistently that "The School for Scandal" was rattled off in a few months; whereas his papers prove that this masterpiece was a skilful blend of two plays to whose composition and construction he had given years of his life. Only less colossal is the lie which after countless appearances in literature and biography, and a patriarchal life of 150 years, has got at last its quietus at the hands of Dr. Richard Garnett:—

"I wrote 'Vathek' when I was twenty-two years old," declared Beckford to Redding. "I wrote it in one sitting, and in French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took my clothes off the whole time. This severe application made me very ill."

Up to to-day this startling statement was accepted implicitly by everyone, even by Dr. Garnett himself, who repeats it in his notice of Beckford contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography;" yet a correspondence of Beckford with the Rev. Samuel Henley, to which the Editor of the sumptuous edition of "Vathek" (1) now published has had access, puts it beyond a doubt that its production cost its author nearly a year's intermittent labour. On the other hand, Beckford overstated the age at which he produced the book—really written when he was but twenty-one. It was always more credible, however, that "Vathek" was written by a very young man than that it was written in a very short time, since it is disfigured by the most exasperating impertinences and puerilities, and reminds you of nothing so much as a majestic cathedral whose altars are made into baby-houses of tinsel, toy-images, and paper flowers. I cannot understand how Dr. Garnett, of all men, should add to these irritating trivialities and incongruities the pretty, petty,

(1) "Vathek": an Arabian tale. By William Beckford. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. With notes by Samuel Henley, and Etchings by Herbert Nye. (London: Lawrence & Bullen.)
(2) "Mary Stuart." By John Skelton, C.B., LL.D. (London: Boussod, Valadon & Co., 5, Regent-street.)
(3) "Carmina Mariana." An English Anthology in Verse in Honour of or in Relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. (London: Printed for the Editor by Spottiswoode & Co.)
(4) "The Life of Marie Antoinette." By Maxime De La Rocheterie. Translated from the French by Cora Hamilton Bell. 2 Vols. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)
(5) "The Last Earls of Barrymore." 1769—1824. By John Robert Robertson. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)

if graceful, illustrations, which would be in place in a child's book of fairy tales, but are about as appropriate to the heart-shaking conceptions of the incantations of Caraths and of the horrors of the Hall of Eblis as Nero's fiddling to the burning of Rome.

Another *édition de luxe*, the most sumptuous probably of the year, is Dr. Skelton's "Mary Stuart" (²), superbly illustrated by reproductions of portraits from the collections of the Queen, of the French Government, of the Duc d'Aumale, of the Dukes of Devonshire and of Hamilton, of the Marquis of Salisbury, of the Earls of Morton and of Lauderdale, &c. Dr. Skelton, however, is no mere carpet knight, whose worship of his Dulcinea expresses itself solely in the loveliness and costliness of the ornaments wherewith he adorns her, since he has spent many a year and broken many a lance in her service. His Mariolatry is almost as much a religion as that which has produced "Carmina Mariana" (³), that famous 'vert, Mr. Orby Shipley's anthology of English verse in honour of the Blessed Virgin—an admirable collection. But, like almost all the writers on either side of this controversy, Dr. Skelton proves too much, and the excess of his Mariolatry disposes you to join the iconoclasts. Is it not strange that, after centuries, "the love and hatred borne Mary Stuart should each be in the extremest degree"? Her magnetic personality cannot explain it all, nor her sex, nor her rank, nor even her death. There is something religious in the fury of this blind fanaticism, and its secret is that it has been pressed into the service of a Creed.

The murder of Mary (says Dr. Skelton) was the great Protestant blunder as the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the great Catholic blunder. Tens of thousands were moved then, hundreds of thousands in every age have been moved since by the tragic story; and it is sentiment, not logic, which rules the world.

And certainly Mary herself held her murder to be a Catholic martyrdom, and died with a martyr's fortitude. A few hours before her execution she writes to the King of France:—

La religion catholique et le maintien du droit que Dieu m'a donné a ceste couronne sont les deux points de ma condemnation, et toutes-fois ils ne me veulent permettre de dire que c'est pour la religion catholique que je meurs.

And the consciousness of martyrdom must have had its part in the singular serenity of her death. That other Queen, whose life is read always by the sunset glow of her death, Marie Antoinette, has found in M. Maxime de la Rocheterie, a biographer so brilliant that you read the thousand-times told story with all the interest of the latest and most thrilling novel. He seems to me in this engrossing biography of "Marie Antoinette" (⁴)—which has had the honour of being crowned by the Académie Francaise, and the advantage of being translated by Miss Cora Hamilton Bell—to have made out a better case for his client than Dr. Skelton for Mary Stuart. If, however, M. Maxime de la Rocheterie should fail to convince your reason, he most assuredly does not fail to enlist your sympathy; for all the eloquence of Burke could not move you more than this artistically-told tragedy. But, indeed, how frigid Burke's famous outburst reads beside this grave-digger's bill for thrusting the mutilated remains of the Goddess of the Petit Trianon entertainments into a hole in an obscure corner of the cemetery of the Madeleine!—

The Widow Capet, for the bier ... 6 livres.
For the grave and gravediggers' ... 25 livres.

Do you remember the speech with which the porter breaks the tension in "Macbeth" of Duncan's murder? From "Mary Stuart" and "Marie Antoinette" to "The Last Earls of Barrymore" (⁵) is a transition as abrupt, incongruous, and grotesque. Mr. John R. Robinson gives you in this lively volume a vivid picture of high life in the last century, which in this century would be thought coarse to brutality even as "high life below stairs." What "excellent fooling" this is to be sure! The body of a coachman, who was thrown from his box and killed in driving some guests to the Earl's house, is thrust between a sleeping husband and wife, who, after a night of horror, are charged the next day with his murder! A footman is strapped into a coffin, which is laid at night at a door whose bell is rung furiously. The maid upon opening the door and seeing the coffin screams and faints, and brings down the master of the house, who sends a bullet through the coffin within half an inch of the footman's head! The book abounds in exquisite drolleries of this sort played by the intimates of George IV.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We had a lovely prowl among the West End shops on Monday. How you would enjoy one with us after your long, long years of scarcely interrupted seclusion in the country. We were bent on buying Christmas-boxes, and could there be a better place than Bond-street for such purchases? Paris? Well, perhaps so; but I hear that prices are simply terrific in that delightful capital. I prefer mine own familiar Bond-street and its neighbouring delightful thoroughfares. Others have loved them before us, and others will love them when we are forgotten. Could we only see the ghosts that haunt them, strolling up and down Piccadilly and Pall Mall, they would far outnumber the crowds of the living and visible.

Attracted by some pretty painted satin sachets in the window, we turned into the shop where the now well-known 4711 Eau de Cologne is vended. The sachets proved, on inspection, to be all our fancy painted them when looking through the glass. It is not ever thus, as you may be aware. There are certain fabrics which, seen from the outside of a shop window, appear all that is desirable, but disillusionment promptly sets in when they are presented to the vision without that flattering medium. The satin was decorated with paintings in the French style, carefully executed in soft colouring. The sachets are in all sizes, and can be scented to order with any kind of perfume that the buyer may select. Another form of Christmas present is a large box containing six bottles of the celebrated 4711 itself, tied up in white paper, with daintily-coloured ribbons, and ornamented with a really charming photograph, cabinet size, representing pretty girls in Swedish attire. They would make good studies for fancy ball costumes. There are some score or so of different dresses, all skilfully coloured by hand. The photographs are mounted on stiff cardboard, and are quite separate from the box itself. By the way, have you ever discovered what a good cure for toothache is a little eau de Cologne mixed with a small quantity of warm water?

Next we turned into the Æsthetic Gallery to have a look at the shadow silks about which we had heard so much. Proceeding through a front room irradiated by the softened glow of shaded lamps, we were mightily heartened and encouraged by the sight of a large inner apartment, nearly all of the beautiful silks in which are of English make. There are cushions made of Spitalfields brocade and frilled with silk from looms at Macclesfield. Pretty chairs are upholstered in printed velvets from Mr. Wardle's silk works at Leek. One chair is covered with shadow silk in a lovely design of irises on a ground of pinkish pearl and green. Across this runs the "shadow" of the pale mauve woof, the silk being made in this way. When the threads forming the warp are stretched upon the weaver's frame the flowers or other design is printed upon them, and afterwards the shuttles, threaded with whatever colour the "shadow" is to be in, fly in and out, over and under, forming the woof. The effect is wholly different from that of a shot. It is more like the bloom on fruit, eluding the eye at one moment and reappearing or disappearing with every change of light.

In an inner room are thousands of pounds' wort'

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and for this year include several special novelties in Rid Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by r JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the P the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Aust

old embroideries. Being told that one piece was priced at £300, we asked to see it, and were glad that we had done so, for it proved to be a length about thirty yards of very wide soft silk, close and firm of make, and rather resembling China crêpe, embroidered with coloured flowers in a most elaborate design, and both sides exactly alike. That is the wonder of it. Think of the neatness of stitchery necessary to bring about such perfection of finish as this. Would it not make a lovely hanging for the walls of a boudoir? What a nice Christmas-box this would be for some lucky woman. There were, besides, chairs, cushions, fans, lamp-shades of the loveliest, big blotters covered with satin, silk, and velvet, and many other trifles of the beautiful kind.

We met Mrs. Fourstars there, and accompanied her and her children to Westbourne Grove, whither they were bound to visit Whiteley's Christmas Bazaar, a wonderful show of toys of all kinds, including several ingenious "penny-in-the-slot" mechanical toys, in which Maud and I were quite as much interested as the chickabiddies. I should like to be very rich and have an indefinite number of these to set going. It is so interesting to find out what they will do when the humble necessary penny starts the mechanism.

I see that Miss Braddon, in her pretty story, "The Christmas Hirelings," in the *Lady's Pictorial*, makes a strong protest against over-educating girls' minds at the expense of their bodies. There is far too much of this going on at the present time, and I am glad that the well-known novelist has uttered herself upon the subject.

Maud and I on entering a pretty drawing-room to make a call the other afternoon found a very attractive picture presented to our eyes. There was no fire in the room and no other light than that afforded by a little lamp table which was placed in the centre of a large snow-white fleecy sheepskin rug. The lamp shed a rosy glow upon all around it within a radius of about four yards. One of the immediate objects upon which its radiance was cast, and the one which caught our eyes immediately on coming round the door, was a tartan stocking and a scarlet slipper; also—I may remark in passing—a very neat ankle. This belonged to one of our friends who was seated on the rug reading a novel, and with her arm round a sweet little black kitten. She was in a black gown covered with jet which scintillated in the light of the ruddy lamp. On the other side of the latter was her sister in a scarlet dress with black velvet trimmings, and stretched full length by her side was her pet fox-terrier. You cannot think what a nice group these bipeds and quadrupeds made. A box of chocolate creams was an interesting item in the tableau. The lamp struck us as being particularly charming, and we immediately asked all about it. It was an Ardent portable lamp-heating table, a Belgian invention which makes a large room beautifully warm without any fire, and at an expenditure of one penny for every three hours in which it burns at full height. The bulge of the chimney is made of ruby glass, which renders the light very bright and cheerful. This lamp is fitted with a deflector which throws the heat down on the floor, and consequently one's feet are always warm. The table has iron supports and iron feet, and is so constructed that it is almost impossible to throw it over, being rather heavy and extremely strong. I think you would be delighted with one of them.

You asked me if the cloth fur-lined rugs that I told you of some time ago would be useful for long drives to dinner-parties in the country. I should say they would be the very thing, being so made as to form a complete sack into which the feet and knees are thrust. It is perfectly miserable to sit down to dinner with very cold feet, one consequence of doing so being probably a burning face; and yet it is impossible to wear warm stockings and warm shoes at a dinner-party. With a pair of swansdown overshoes and one of these fur sacks, as they are called, one ought to emerge from the carriage as warm and comfortable as if one had just come down from dressing. Shall I send you one? I will, at least, ascertain the price and send it to you.

What should we do without furs? I think I have told you of all the fashionable styles this year. I see that hole animals are even more worn as boas than they were last season. Do you not think the style a very hideous one? The poor little heads look so forlorn, and the little helpless hanging paws, even more than the heads, seem to appeal to our pity. Bands of fur are not so much worn on skirts of dresses as they were, but outlines are still hemmed with them, as, for instance, a brown cloth dress which one of our friends is wearing, is hemmed with beaver, as well as the three capes which supplement the collar. Ermine is certainly not fit for wearing in daylight. It is cold-looking, and it soils so readily that only those who are rich enough to have several sets of furs would venture on purchasing one for day wear. As a lining it is incomparable. A bride of our acquaintance has in her trousseau a grey velvet cloak lined with ermine, and bordered with pink plush embroidered in silver and gold. This elaborate garment was made on purpose to suit the embroidery, which was a present from a wealthy uncle just home from India. I rather like ermine on little children, and I saw a sweet little girl the other day in a white cloth coat trimmed with this fur, and worn over a dress to match. It seems odd to see children in high puffed sleeves, but those of them who are old enough love to be dressed "like mother." It is one of the arguments against eccentricity of costume that children like these unreasonable protrusions.

In the Park the other day I saw a small boy, probably aged five, in an overcoat of scarlet cloth, braided hussar fashion, and bordered with astrachan. Maud and I began to talk to him, as he was in some trouble about losing his glove, and when we had found it for him, and his mind again became placid, he informed us that he had five pockets in his overcoat, and showed us where they all were. Out of curiosity we asked, "What do you keep in all those pockets?" and the miscellaneous assortment of articles that he turned out of them amused us immensely. I need not enter upon the list, as you have young brothers of your own, and can divine them pretty accurately, no doubt, but one of the curiosities of the collection was a small piece of soap. We asked what in the world he carried soap about with him for, and he said he was always intending some day when nurse's back was turned to wash the wings of a very streaky duck that frequents Kensington Gardens. I hope nurse will never turn her back, as he will probably get drowned in the attempt.

I want to talk to you about men's clothes. Are you aware that there is the greatest possible difference in the curve of the hat brims? To the ordinary mind men's hats look all alike, but when you talk to a man about them you become aware that there is considerable art in selecting a hat with just the right bend of brim to suit the wearer. Some men like curly brims, others like them rather flat, and I suppose that is why a man has to try on about twenty before he finally makes a selection. I think I told you that I once had the benefit of watching a man choose a hat in a certain shop in the West-end of London. I have often seen women take a long time over deciding upon a bonnet, but I have never seen any woman take more particular pains, and make more liberal use of a hand-glass, than this gentleman, who was unaware that any one but the shopman was assisting at the operation.

Do you like the long tight coachman's cloth coats that men have been wearing for the last year or so? I do. I think that a good figure is shown to great advantage in these, but it is sometimes great fun to watch a man in one of them when he is in a hurry. The skirts curve out from about his feet in such a curious way when he walks very fast. I suppose they are only intended for standing about at race meetings and for dignified promenades in the paddock and elsewhere. The newest coat is quite tight in the back, and has a velvet collar and cuffs. The regular coachman's coat, semi-fitting and made with huge white pearl buttons on the double-breasted front, is to my mind a most hideous article of dress.

Last week London was full of roses, the barrows in the streets being heaped up with lovely buds of the

The most beautiful of Winter Garments are those of Nature's own production—FURS. For an elegant fit, genuine and best furs, go to NICHOLAY'S, Manufacturing Furriers, 170, Oxford-street, London. Seal Jackets re-made to fashionable shapes. Moderate prices.

Gloire de Dijon sort. These do not last for any time when brought home. They are only a disappointment and a distress to the lover of flowers. Chrysanthemums are the only really satisfactory blossoms. They last for weeks if taken care of, and are lovely enough to please any taste. The variety of colour seems to increase with every year; but perhaps none are so perfectly beautiful as the pure white, with petals of irregular length and blossoms of varying size. Arranged with a few fronds of maiden hair fern they look quite perfect and suit any decorations. Violets, which are also plentiful enough in town just now, last but a single day. However, they remain fragrant for a long time if shut into a drawer with one's papers or laces. Carnations have also arrived in abundance from the South, and though they last rather longer than roses, they cannot be said to be satisfactory. The perfume at first is delicious, but the edges of the petals soon curl up, shrivel, and turn black. The solanum, with its bright red-and-orange berries, continues to be the prettiest possible of winter plants for the decorations on the table or in the drawing-room, the ugly pot being hidden in a jardinière of more or less graceful form, in china or pottery. Some of the former have a very sickly look, the colours being much too pale to assort well with wintry surroundings. Maiden-hair flourishes extremely well in drawing-rooms at this time of year, and defies the cold nights with a fortitude that is surprising in so delicate a plant. There is one thing, however, that makes it strike its colours immediately, and that is gas. However, this is a most unpopular light at the present moment, people who cannot command the electric light satisfying themselves with lamps.

We went for a little trip to Brighton on Thursday, and were most fortunate in the matter of weather, for not only was there bright sunshine, but there was a delightful freshness in the air which was quite invigorating. Brighton is not so full as usual this year, even the Métropole having an occasional spare room. Still, there are several smart people about, and remembering the bad times and the general hard-upedness, I think that the Brighton tradespeople should be thankful for even the small mercies they are receiving, as they are a great deal better off than those of other fashionable resorts. 1893 has indeed been a cruel year, and I am sure every one will welcome with special zest the appearance of 1894.

We went to spend the day with Lilla, who is staying at the Métropole, so, of course, we did a certain amount of shopping, and I am sure you will be interested to hear our adventures in this direction. First, we went to a costumier's on the King's-road, Messrs. Barrance & Ford's. They are, comparatively speaking, a new institution in Brighton, but, judging from the amount of work they seem to have in hand, they appear likely to develop into a very lasting institution. There can be no doubt that they are remarkably "smart," and always (I am told) have lots of stylish models to show. These models, too, are sensibly sold later in the season at a large reduction, so I have made up my mind to run down to Brighton in a month or so's time, and share in the spoil. The thought of bargains to come did not, however, prevent me from ordering a frock; and, from all I am told, I have every confidence that my experiment will turn out a great success, for their fitter, I hear, is "very first-class." From there we called in at Mutton's and had a preliminary lunch, and then hurried on to Messrs. Hannington's—one of the oldest-established and best-known shops in the South of England. To go into Messrs. Hannington's gives one a very restful feeling. There is never any bustle or noise, and the gentlemen who have grown white-haired in the service of the firm, and who look after you in the centre of the shop, are a splendid example to others who fill similar positions in some of our large West-end London houses.

Of course, on our way back to the front, we looked in at Hills's, in East-street (who ever goes to Brighton who does not do so?) This is really a wonderful place, and is one of the most tempting shops I have ever been into. Mr. Hill seems to have the knack of buying just what everyone wants, but even if people fancy they don't want what he has bought for them, he then seems to have the further knack of persuading them that they are wrong and that he is right, and invariably they leave his shop laden with parcels of his wonderful Viennese and other curios.

With wonderful appetites we hurried off to lunch at the Metropole, where we had a sumptuous repast, which, I believe, only cost the modest sum of three shillings a head. Many people, I know, do not like these fixed luncheons with the many little dishes, and finishing up with sweets and ices, but I do. Fred, for instance, who went with us, said he preferred a "cut off the joint," and listen what his "cut off the joint" consisted of. He began with half a lobster, then had some pigeon pie; followed this with two slices of pressed beef and some tomatoes, and then, as he said, "topped" this "snack" up with three slices of ham, though this "topping up" did not interfere with his further indulging in two helpings of Stilton cheese and about two whole sticks of celery. While he smoked a cigar, we sat with him in the conservatory, and passed quite a pleasant half-hour, the scene being both lively and interesting.

Lilla, however, soon interfered with our repose, and dragged us off for what she said was to be a walk, but which really resulted in more shopping. First she took us to a shop in the Western-road, Messrs. Chipperfield & Butler's, where she often picks up some wonderful bargains in the silk department. She tells me that Mr. Chipperfield boasts that he is the largest buyer of silk in Sussex, and she says that if you want anything out of the common, and find Mr. Chipperfield himself, he will turn the shelves topsy-turvy in order to make sure of pleasing you.

From there we went to the stores, and most excellent stores they are—reminding us very much of the Army and Navy Stores in town—though naturally on a very much smaller scale. As Lilla is staying at a hotel, she does not herself make many purchases there, but her friend, Mrs. Williams, who, you know, is blessed with a little family of seven children, says she doesn't know what she should do without these stores. She described in the most ecstatic manner the excellence of the various things she procured there, and was especially strong in her approbation of the poultry and fish departments—where, to use her own expression, "the excellence of the food is only excelled by the civility of the attendants." Charlie went off with Mr. Williams to the wine department. They said they were only going to make some inquiries, but judging from a smile of satisfaction that pervaded their features on their return, and a disposition to continually wipe their moustaches, we came to the conclusion that their inquiries had taken more the form of sampling than anything else. Mr. Williams is most enthusiastic about this department, and he assured us that its manager Mr. Hughes had entirely by his personal efforts worked it up from the smallest of small beginnings to the most paying department of the whole stores.

We had by now had enough of shopping, so we went off for a constitutional on the sea-wall. Fancy going to Brighton for the day, and spending nearly all of it in shops instead of enjoying the delightful air along this excellent walk! If one went abroad and found such a magnificent frontage as there is at Brighton—extending, as it does, from Kemp Town on the east to West Brighton on the west—one would rave about it. But, of course, because we have Brighton in our own country, within an hour and a quarter of London, we treat it as a "matter of no importance." The recent addition of the electric light, too, has added considerably to the popularity of the King's-road. But I expect I have exhausted you with my narration of our day at dear Brighton about as much as the day itself exhausted us. So, beyond saying that we

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returned by a late train in a most comfortable and non-shaking Pullman carriage, I shall cease to bore you further.

You remember, doubtless, that I promised last week to let you have the recipe of my Christmas pudding, so I am sending it to you to-day. I am sure you will like it—it is the one that took the prize at the "TRUTH Competition" some years ago. We make a double quantity each year, as we send two or three puddings to friends in Paris, but we always keep one until the following New Year's Day twelvemonth, and I can assure you it has invariably turned out most excellent. Some people I know think it necessary to put brandy into the pudding several times during the year if they are desirous of keeping it. My pudding does not call for any such extravagance:—

Four lb. raisins, 4 lb. currants, 4 lb. suet, 4 lb. breadcrumbs, 1 lb. flour, 1 lb. brown sugar, rinds of 4 lemons chopped very fine, 2 nutmegs, 20 eggs, 1½ lb. mixed peel, ½ bottle of brandy. Mix all the ingredients together thoroughly, then add the brandy and eggs. Boil in basins for eight hours, after which the puddings will keep well. They must be boiled again for six hours when required for use.

Would you like to know how to prepare fillets of wild duck, with orange sauce?—

Cut the fillets from the duck, hack them a little on the under skin, put them in a mixture of oil and vinegar, with chopped onions and a few sprigs of parsley. Season with salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of mushroom liquor, and leave them to marinade for an hour. When ready put two tablespoonfuls of salad oil into a santé pan. Lay in the fillets and set the pan over a good fire. Turn them often. When done, drain them and arrange in the form of a wreath round the dish. Make the following sauce:—Cut three oranges into halves, and squeeze the juice through a hair sieve into a china basin. Free the zest containing the oil of the oranges from the inner skin, and cut into thin slices. Throw all into rich beef stock with two large peppercorns, and set the vessel on a hot stove. When ready, pour the sauce into the centre of the wreath of fillets.

You should prepare tame duck in this way:—

Choose a good fat white duck, dress it carefully, without breaking the skin. Blanch the feet, cut off the small points, and truss, leaving opening for stuffing. Cut the wings off close to the body and remove the neck. Mix in a stewpan two ounces of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a sprinkling of salt. Fill the bird with this mixture, secure and form it into a good shape. Cover the bottom of the stewpan with barbs of lard (larding bacon), a sliced lemon, and a carrot also sliced, an onion stuck with cloves, a bunch of parsley, the tops of young onions or blades of chives, a gill of good stock, and a wineglassful of white wine. When thoroughly heated, lay in the duck, and cover it with slices of lemon screened with barbs of lard. Put on top an oiled or greased paper. Three-quarters of an hour before serving, let it come to a boil. Put fire under and over. When done, drain from the gravy, unlace, and dish. Pour round it orange sauce, as described in previous recipe, but instead of using beef stock to make it, throw in half an ounce of gelatine.

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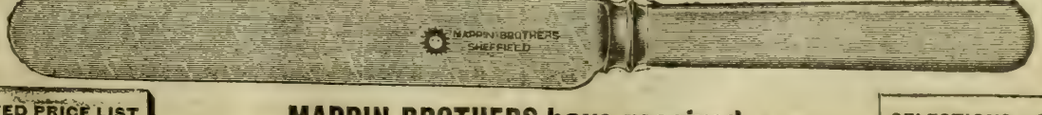

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SIDMOUTH, In 4¾ Hours.	36s. First Class, 26s. Second Class, 16s. Third Class, issued on Fridays and Saturdays, available to return up to the following Tuesday (Sunday excepted).
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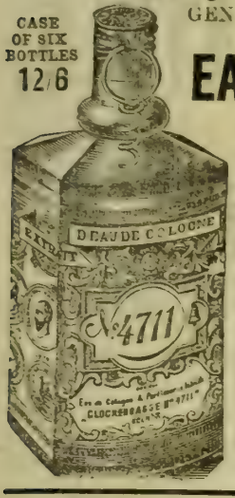

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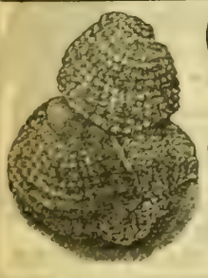

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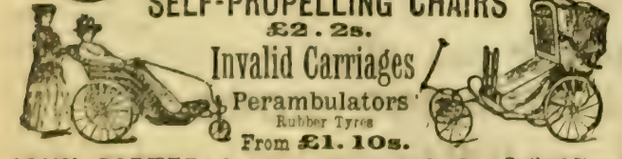

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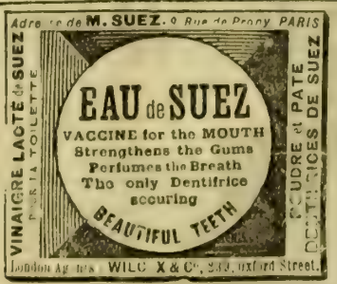

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"The Monarch Temperance Beverage of the World."
"Strengthening and Sustaining like the best Port Wine."

A PERFECT WINE FOR 6d. PER BOTTLE.

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To HER MAJESTY

The Queen

and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS The

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 770.—PARODIES OF "AFTER THE BALL."

FELIXICUS (real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Let me ask those ladies who are dressing dolls for the coming Show, to be good enough to send them to this Office as soon as they are ready. The earlier the parcels of dolls are received, the more convenient it will be for those who have to unpack them for exhibition. During the next week or two it is hoped, therefore, that a considerable number of the dressed dolls will be received. I shall shortly be able to announce the exact date in December when the Toy and Doll Show will be held.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 768.

The Prize for the best original Topical Conundrum has been divided between BARITONE and LUNATIC for the following riddles:—

Q. Why is Mr. Gladstone like a retract ory pauper?

A. Because (although one of the oldest members of the House) he is constantly defying the Guardians of the Union.—BARITONE

Q. Why ought Lord Thring to have been consulted about Lord Lansdowne's successor?

A. Because a draftsman is always able to produce a parallel ruler.—LUNATIC.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 775.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST COMPLETION OF THE LINES OF WHICH THE RHYMED ENDINGS ARE GIVEN BELOW:—

.....maxim
.....ton
.....tax him
.....rum
.....striking
.....spook
.....viking
.....crook

The completed lines may be of any metre which is in common use. In no case must the spelling of the given *Bouts-Rimés* be altered. All verses must reach me by the morning of Monday, December 11, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 771.

Two competitors, MARPLOT and SAHIB BAHADUR, have obtained an equal number of marks for the answers sent in by them to the Thirty-by-Twos Conundrums published in TRUTH for November 9. The prize will therefore be divided equally between them. The number of marks they scored was 145 out of a possible maximum of 180. The competitors who followed next in order of merit were Stanchion (134), Excelsior (121), Lunatic (115), Ben Accord (109), and Jo (104), and East Anglia (101). No other competitor obtained 100 marks or over.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BARITONE.—The answer to the Conundrum to which the name of BOBUS was appended should have been credited to you.

ESMERALDA II.—Your communication seemed scarcely to be an answer to the Puzzle, No. 772. Should you again compete please choose some other *nom de plume*, as "Esmeralda" has been already secured.

LEAF RULE.—I will do my best to give shortly such a competition as you wish.

ONESIMUS.—The idea has been already several times carried out in these pages.

S. H. H.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

PETER.—The often-quoted line of Coleridge, written to give an instance of the hexameter, is:—

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column."

WALY.—Your answer arrived too late.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 772.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW THE "TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW CAN BE MADE STILL MORE ATTRACTIVE.

I think that if the services of a good ventriloquist could be obtained, it would be most amusing and interesting. He could make the dolls speak, from the smallest to the largest, and much merriment might be got in this way. Doubtless, if this idea was carried out, a request made in TRUTH would bring offers from some who would be very pleased to give their services gratuitously for such a good work.—C.

We have all heard and read of Edison's phonograph, but how few have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing it at work. I think if some well-known public personage could be induced to entrust one of these instruments with a short address appropriate to the occasion, that its reproductions to the audience would add immensely to the attractions of the Doll Show.—Merle.

If practicable, have a row of dolls attired in the fashions to be in vogue during the coming winter. This, if done with due attention to correctness of design and execution would, I suppose, be expensive, but if the feature were specially advertised, I am sure it would make the show very popular. Anyhow, if I were a married man I should be sorry to see the idea put into execution.—Girouette.

An interesting and practicable feature which might be incorporated in the Toy and Doll Show would be a marionnette procession and performance of all the dolls which have gained prizes. This could easily be arranged, and there is no doubt but that it would prove a very effective and successful adjunct to the show. There would naturally be a slight extra expense attending this, which could, however, with good management and by means of a small admission fee, be turned into a source of profit.—Stanchion.

1. Have a baby show of "élite" babies. Three prizes to the prettiest and most taking, under six months. Three prizes ditto over six and under twelve. Jury of eighteen matrons, to whom prize tickets (six in all) are to be given, and the baby showing most first, second, or third-class prizes is unmistakable winner in each class. 2. I saw the great success attending such a show in our own neighbourhood. A flower-show had gathered people together; every one laughed about the baby tent, but it was filled to overflowing during the two hours they were on exhibition, and the excitement and interest shown were most amusing. If your lady friends will help you and send competitors, I do not doubt its proving a great attraction.—Osmond.

A stage on which boys and girls dressed in nursery rhyme or fairy tale fashion might, at intervals, dance quadrilles, &c., hold courts, or recite short pieces. When the children have gone, professional or amateur artists might enliven the scene with solos and part-singing or recitations.—Esperanza.

I suggest tableaux poupées—viz., groups of dolls arranged by means of stands and wires to form historical or other representations of different scenes; and next year prizes might be given for the best tableau poupée sent complete to the show. The dolls waiting to be dressed might be utilised for the purpose this year, and any of the other dolls sent dressed in special historical or other costume.—Chee.

1. I would suggest that the Editor of TRUTH invite ladies and gentlemen to volunteer to give two or three tableaux-vivants at intervals during the Toy Show in the Albert Hall, bringing their own party, paraphernalia, &c., being dependent for light only on "Mr. TRUTH." 2. I do not know how the shadow scenes (at the end of pantomimes) are done, but I believe very easily. If they are possible in the Albert Hall, I think one or two during the evening would prove very attractive.—Simla.

If an entrance fee is charged to visitors to the Show, have a "Dolls' Band," *i.e.*, performers dressed in the style dolls are dressed in, and painted as much like dolls as possible. Ask one or two well-known professionals to give their services as "dolls," and sing or play made up as "dolls," advertising the Dolls' Band well, thus:—

"THE DOLLS' HOUSE,"

Royal Albert Hall .....
"TRUTH" DOLL SHOW.
THE DOLL BAND.

"The Funeral March of a Marionnette" and such pieces might be played.—Paramé.

A young child, appropriately dressed, to be placed at each stall, or at equal intervals round, each to have a different type of doll or toy to play with and show to visitors. At short intervals of time all to go round with them, to music, in procession or musical drill. After complete round, each to hand on toy or doll to next, and so again. Two sets—girls with dolls, boys with other toys—may be formed, and the processions go opposite ways, parallel, or interweaving in figures. Musical toys might be sounded in time and tune to the music. Wheeling toys to be pushed or drawn.—Cartoon.

I suggest that the most original feature which can be incorporated in the TRUTH Toy and Doll Show with a view to ensuring its increased success would be to have a day set apart for the admission of children only (one grown-up person allowed to accompany each party of children).—Banff.

A very good aid to the success of the TRUTH Toy and Doll Show would be to hire a military band to play in the Albert Hall whilst the Show is on. The cost would, no doubt, be defrayed by placing special collecting-boxes in prominent parts of the building.—Showmow

1. Insert in each copy of TRUTH a bill, setting forth the objects and conditions of the Show, with a request to readers to place the bill in some prominent position, where it will be seen by as large a number of people as possible. 2. An appeal by circular (or through the columns of TRUTH) to shopkeepers. This would undoubtedly bring in a quantity of toys. 3. Offer a prize, of say £10, to the reader sending in the largest number of toys, or procuring the greatest number of new contributors.—Mars.

THE CUI BONO OF A DOLL SHOW.

The practical reason that comes in my head,
I hope you'll agree, may be sung and not said.
The dolls should embody each phase and variety
Of people one meets with in London society.
Imagine the smile that your present would fish up
When some one came in for an unctuous doll-bishop!
And, say, could we picture an effigy jollier
Than the doll of a pampered and over-fed collier?
A little French maid gets an officer gay,
And calls him, not dolly, but murmurs "poupée!"
She doesn't mean "puppy," but saves that remark
For the doll of a tailor-made curate or clerk.
Then the feminine dollies! How gladly we'd see 'em
Represent a *bas bleu* from the British Museum;
A Girton doll;—hoydens in waistcoats and shirts;
And a cyclist-doll, got up in masculine skirts.
Dolly boys in tall hats, and doll maidens—sweet pets!
Who would use horsey language and smoke cigarettes;
Or to monosyllabic remarks might aspire
If you very persistently pulled the right wire.
The idea's a big one. Adopt it, and then
You'll embody all sorts and conditions of men;
Nor ever need run any risk of satiety—
One meets such a number of dolls in society.
Rabelais.

I would suggest that in the Show two or three ladies should be dressed in the costume (as near as possible, with sleeves added) of the figure on the front page of TRUTH, and allowed to watch the stalls and give the small books to the public which are given away annually, also to point out the special objects of the Show; the ladies to provide their own dresses, which would look well in pale yellow art muslin (*à la* Empire), bound across the shoulders and bust with white satin ribbon. Doubtless some of the Puzzle competitors would join me in offering their services free.—Violet V.

Ask the workhouse authorities to send some of the children to view the Show at the Albert Hall. A small subscription would cover the expense.—Wild Thyme.

It might be an attraction to have some prettily-dressed little girls to do the honours in connection with the dolls and some little boys to explain the working and show off the action of the mechanical toys. Pleasing music has already been a feature in the TRUTH Doll and Toy Shows.—Excelsior.

Arrange a quantity of small tables in all sorts of nooks and corners. Drape prettily with art muslin. Ornament them with pretty Japanese fans, &c. Get a sprightly young lady to take charge of each one, and some good tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate, at a fair price. Also to sell at same table small boxes and bags of chocolate sweets. All profits to go to TRUTH Toy Fund. A Country Girl.

Another suggestion would be to have an enormous Christmas tree, on which toys and dolls could be hung, and in the evening illuminated with tiny electric lights (lamps with coloured shades), or procure a number of little Christmas trees or ships, each to be laden with sufficient toys for each separate hospital, so there might be H.M.S. *University*, *St. George*, &c., &c.—Chee.

I think that the TRUTH Toy and Doll Show would be rendered much more interesting to spectators if the prize dolls and toys were marked 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c., prize, as, at last year's Show, I heard many people expressing a wish that they knew which were the prize dolls.—Vera Errol.

My idea would be for tableaux vivants to be introduced in the Show. For instance, a small stage to be arranged with a drop curtain. Tableau 1 could show small ward with child (a big doll) in cot, and the nurse watching over, to be called "Anxious Moments;" the next scene, "Convalescent;" and, lastly, "Recovery," and the nurse presenting the child with a TRUTH toy. I have no doubt that many of the Puzzle competitors would join me in offering their services free.—Violet V.

We all know TRUTH has a large circulation, but I have an idea that the TRUTH "Doll Show" is not as largely patronised as we all should like it to be. With a view of increasing its popularity I propose that there should be a number of medals made at a limited cost, and that all annual and liberal subscribers should be presented with one of the above-mentioned novelties, which, although small in value, their real worth would be in the very appropriate inscription which could be inscribed on the one side, with the date, &c., on the other. They might also be on view at the coming show and should act in a bazaar manner in benefit of the "Doll Fund."—Archaloner.

Make a small charge for admission, and include light refreshments, devoting any balance to the fund.—Leaf Rule.

Gipsy dolls are generally abundant at a doll show. Place them on a separate table in charge of a little maiden attired to match her charges, and let her tell fortunes at 6d. per head in aid of the expenses of the show.—Ivy Leaves.

Make a fancy fair of the Show, with stalls for light refreshments. Let every visitor be given a numbered lottery or tombola ticket, the prizes presented by friends, and including some subscriptions to TRUTH, to be drawn for and distributed at the end of the evening. The fair should open at one o'clock and not close till midnight. Amusements for children would be a special feature in the afternoon. The profits of the undertaking to go to the Doll Fund.—Grip.

With a view to ensuring an increased success to the Toy and Doll Show, a stall for a sale of work and articles in aid of the fund might be held in one part of the building.—Bunny.

From my recollections of the Albert Hall I think the shape and style of the building would adapt itself to a large merry-go-round, placed in the centre and fitted with shelves, rods, &c., on which to display the toys and dolls. The whole thing to slowly revolve to save the public the trouble of walking about. The effect at night could be considerably enhanced by flashes of limelight.—W. Arnold.

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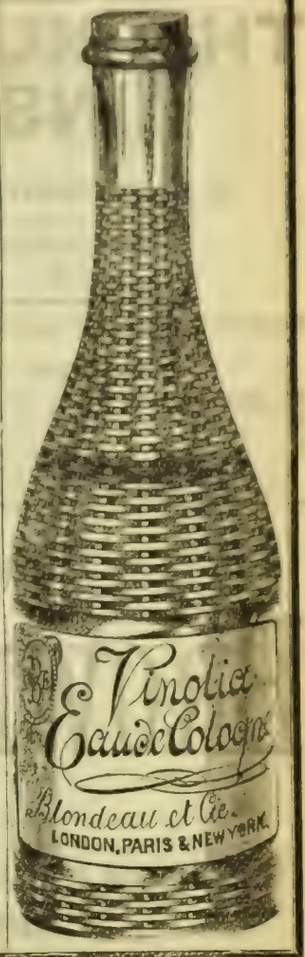

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No. 884. Vol. XXXIV. Thursday, December 7, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

"The Spookeries,"

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6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

IT has been decided to hold the Fourteenth Truth Toy and Doll Show at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th of this month. The Show will be open to the public on both days, free of all charge, between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10.30 p.m., on presentation of a visiting card at the doors, and I hope that a very large number of the readers of Truth and their friends will avail themselves of the opportunity of attending it. Will those ladies who have not yet sent back the Dolls they are dressing, be good enough to do so at the earliest possible date? At the latest all parcels and cases, both of Dolls and Home-made Toys, must be received at this Office, carriage paid, by the 13th inst., in order that there may be time to classify and arrange them for the Exhibition.

A gold watch, kindly presented by the "Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company," of Regent-street, will be included amongst the prizes which will be given to the most successful exhibitors of dressed dolls at this year's Show.

Mr. J. C. J. Drucker has made me an offer in connection with the coming Truth Show at the Albert Hall, which I have accepted with much pleasure. He has promised to send me from fifty to a hundred pheasants, in order that they may be distributed amongst the Metropolitan Workhouses for the use of the older inmates. It seems to me that there may be others amongst the sporting readers of Truth who may be ready to follow so excellent an example, and I shall therefore be willing to undertake the distribution of any game which may be sent, on condition that it is delivered at the Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, on Monday, December 18.

I have also received a short but eminently satisfactory letter from Tom Smith, of Wilson-street, Finsbury-square. It is his intention, he states, to send me in the course of a few days his usual contribution of 22,000 Christmas Crackers. On behalf, then, of thousands of his delighted little subjects let me heartily thank the Cracker King for his renewed generosity.

As those who have visited the Albert Hall are aware, there is a very fine organ in the building; and I am glad to say that there will be many chances of hearing this instrument on the 19th and 20th inst., Mr. Tonking having again kindly offered to preside at it during the Show.

The following letter, received by me at the beginning of the week, tells briefly, but most satisfactorily, its own tale. It is dated London, December, 1893, and runs thus:—

Dear Sir,—I again venture to enlist your kind assistance in distributing the accompanying Eleven Thousand New Sixpences amongst the children of the London Workhouses and their Schools and Hospitals, for which I shall feel most grateful.—Believe me, yours very truly, A Friend.

I may add that the bags of newly-minted coins alluded to above are in my possession, and that I shall, as on so many previous occasions, most gladly carry out the wish of their generous and persistently anonymous donor.

The Editor of the *Jockey*, a paper which I had not seen before, not only sends me a guinea for the Toy Fund, but makes an excellent suggestion in the current number of his journal. "If some of the fortunate bookmakers and backers," he writes, "desire to do a good action, they might subscribe to the Truth Toy Fund, in order to assist giving the poor children some amusement at Christmas." I hope that "fortunate bookmakers and backers" generally will act on this admirable hint.

A lady, in sending me 3s. 6d. for the Toy Fund, alludes to her donation as "the price of a pair of gloves." If

only a few thousand readers of Truth would follow so excellent an example, the amount still required would soon be realised.

At least £500 more is wanted for the children in the London Hospitals and Workhouses to get their toys. Whilst I have to thank many of the readers of Truth for having sent money, I hope that the rest are not standing back under the impression that others are doing all that is required. Charity, said Sidney Smith, often consists in a benevolent wish on the part of A to put his hand in B's pocket to relieve C. I do not think much of this form of charity, and I would respectfully point out to my readers that, whatever its theoretical merits may be, it does not buy toys, which can only be done on a cash basis.

The Plea of Santa Claus.

Good Santa Claus looked in last night,
In his cloak with the sable lining,
And twigs of holly and mistletoe
Round his beaver cap were twining;
But the look of love in his kind blue eyes
Through a mist of tears was shining.

"Oh! Truth," said he, "as you know full well,
I shall soon my rounds be making;
With my shoulders bent 'neath the weight of toys
That to happy homes I'm taking.
And, wherever my footsteps fall, sweet dreams
Will end in a glad awaking.

"Already my Christmas store grows large;
I have toys of all sorts and sizes—
Toys of the very newest kinds
That the skill of man devises,
And toys of the old familiar shapes
Which glad childhood ever prizes.

"Yes, when I go through the West-end squares,
My back will methinks, not bend less;
For the boys and girls of the well-to-do
I have gifts in assortment endless;
But where are the toys for the little ones
Who are poor, and sick, and friendless?

"Ah me, I know how those children wait,
Some, in pain, long vigils keeping;
And some who have never a taste of joy,
Save it be in their dreams when sleeping;
Yet hoping 'gainst hope that I shall come
When the stars of Yule are peeping.

"I know how they're waiting, pinched and worn,
Behind workhouse walls so dreary;
Or in tiny cribs at the hospitals,
Of their little lives a-weary;
Shut in from the gladsome scenes and sights
That the world to a child make cheery.

"I know they are waiting eagerly
And that's why I've come here mainly,
For it seems to me—oh, you must not mind
If a dear old friend speaks plainly—
That there is a terrible chance, alas!
Lest those children wait all vainly.

"And I dread the task that will soon be mine,
On the night of carol-singing,
If I have to pass those little ones by
When the Christmas bells are ringing.
I dread their look when they see that I
Not a toy to them am bringing.

"Yes, Truth, their faces I dread to see,
As hope in their eyes is dying;
I dread to be met with their wistful gaze,
As in weary pain they're lying;
And I know the chimes will a discord make
When I hear those children crying."

Said Truth, "Nay, nay; you must not despair,
For though clouds the sky beset,
There are still ten days, good Santa Claus,
For the rich to pay their debt.
There are still ten days, and I *do* believe
I shall get the money yet.

"The situation may now be bad,
But I'm sure that we shall retrieve it;
There will be a toy for every child,
And with joy shall each receive it.
And that you will have to pass *one* by—
I can't and I won't believe it!"

A well-known judge and breeder of St. Bernard dogs has offered me a pup of most exalted pedigree to be put up for sale at the Truth Toy Show for the benefit of the Toy Fund. I had to tell him, with great reluctance, that I have been compelled to make it a rule not to accept articles for sale at the Toy Show, and that I dare not make an exception to the rule. In this unfortunate position I asked whether I might not be allowed to try and sell the pup for the same object through the columns of Truth. To this the gentleman has most kindly assented. I now ask, therefore, who will buy a magnificently-bred St. Bernard pup for the benefit of all the poor little children in the London Hospitals and Workhouses, who are in danger of getting no toys this Christmas owing to the impoverished state of the Truth Toy Fund? What offers? The owner and breeder will not let me publish his name, but I am at liberty to give it privately to all bonâ-fide bidders, who, on communicating with me, will have an opportunity of inspecting the pup before purchase. Here is the pedigree of this highly-connected animal:—

Sire.—Champion Angelo—{Barry. / Wanda.
Imported from Switzerland.
Winner of Challenge Prizes at all the leading shows, such as the Kennel Club, St. Bernard Club, Crystal Palace.

Dam.—Nadeshda.—{Champion Keeper. / Three times winner of the St. Bernard Club Cup at Birmingham, 100 Guinea Challenge Cup.
St. Bernard Club Show. Sire. {First prizes at Warwick, St. Bernard Club Show, Sheffield, Gloucester, Brighton, &c.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Fund:—

Sir Chas. Russell, £2; R. T. R., 20s.; R. G., £2; K—— W., 21s.; Training ship *Mercury*, per Captain Hoare, £3; J. Ll., £2. 2s.; R. Heard, 2s. 6d.; A. E., 20s.; J. M. C., 1s. 6d.; F. H., 2s.; Little Johnny Pringle, £1; F. M. B., £2. 2s.; F, B. L. C. and friends, 20s.; P. M., £5; Augustus Spalding, £2; J. Milner Gibson, £5; J. E. B., 20s.; B. A. G., £5; A. W., £3. 3s.; Alice, Annie, Ella, Ethel, and Carlyle Moses, 4s.; J. Dudley, 5s.; A. H. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Eustace Smith, 20s.; L. M. V., £2; W. H. L., 10s.; Mrs. Baldock, £5; Miss Houghton, £1. 1s.; Miss Edith Houghton, £1. 1s.; R. A. Burnett, £1. 1s.; Mrs. Henry Gold, 10s. 6d.; Elsie and Douglas, £2. 2s.; J. H. L., £5; Nina, Sylvia, and Sebastian, 10s.; A. T. C., £5; Francis J. Schuster, £5; J. P. M., £3. 3s.; Lady Lucas, £1. 1s.; J. P., 10s.; E. M. Maude, 5s.; A. T. L., £2. 2s.; Eric and Tita, 5s.; H.M.S. *Blanche*, per J. de M. Hutchinson, £2. 2s.; E. Tabernacle, £3. 3s.; Friends at Cromer, 3s.; Miss M. C. Wilson, 5s.; Piganoff's Collection, 4s. 6d.; Anonymous, 10s.; Alexr. Harris, 21s.; A Unitarian, 3s. 6d.; C. C., £2. 2s.; W. Y., £5; Aubrey Edgar Jackson, 2s. 6d.; A Member of the Society for the Protection of Birds, £1. 1s.; Mrs. F. A. Mullett, £1; Sir P. Felis, £2; Proprietor the *Jockey*, £1; Poker, 2s. 6d.; J. Britten, £1. 1s.; C. E. B., G.P.O., £1; H. L. L., £3; D. and E., New York, £3. 3s.; Elisabeth, Margarete, and Max, 10s.; Georgie and Daphne, £2; D. M. J., £2. 2s.; Gerald, 10s.; Ll., £5; J. W. M., £2. 2s.; Cecil, Pat, and Stella Gold, £1; C. T. A., 20s.

The following have also come to hand:—

1 parcel of "Funny Little Chaps" from the J. L. Young Manufacturing Co.; 1 box of Russian Dolls from Mrs. L. White, of St. Petersburg; 1 box of Odd Toys from Dorothy Lindo; 1 parcel of Toys from F. B. L. C. and friends; 2 dozen dressed Dolls from Mr. C. Wilkinson; and 4,200 Toy Books, &c., from the Proprietor of "Holloway's Pills."

For Amusements, see page 1245.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1244 in the present issue.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1247.

The Queen will pay a visit to Coburg next spring, when on her way home from Italy, and during her stay, which is to extend over a week, her Majesty will reside at the Ehrenburg Palace, as the hunting lodge of Rosenau (where Prince Albert was born, and where the Queen stayed in 1865) would not afford sufficient accommodation for the Royal suite.

A paragraph has been going round the papers which states that "great preparations are in progress at Windsor Castle for the celebration of Christmas, when there will be an elaborate series of *tableaux vivants*." It is added that "there will be a gathering of the Royal Family such as has not been seen for years, as the Queen wishes to get as many of her daughters, sons, grandsons, and granddaughters as possible around her at Christmas." This is all a farrago of blundering nonsense. The Queen will, as usual, spend Christmas at Osborne, and the "great preparations" at Windsor are purely imaginative; nor will there be either *tableaux* or any other entertainments during the holidays, as her Majesty is in "family mourning" for Prince Alexander of Battenberg. There is to be no large "gathering" of the Royal Family, for the only guests of the Queen at Osborne, according to present arrangements, will be the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, who are to arrive at the Palace on the 23rd, and they will stay at Osborne until January 8.

The question of the continuance of the Duke of Edinburgh's allowance now that he has become Duke of Saxe-Coburg has been the subject of communications between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, with the result that it has been decided that it would be better that the allowance should not continue. The Duke of Edinburgh, who left the matter to the two leaders, has consequently determined to renounce it. He is entitled to considerable credit for this, as his legal right was unquestionable, no contingent renunciation being contained in the Parliamentary grant, and the uncle whom he has succeeded having been so liberal in his expenditure that the Duke is no gainer by his death.

Lord Playfair's term of duty as Lord-in-Waiting on the Queen will conclude next Tuesday, when he ought to be succeeded by Lord Brassey, who, however, is in India, so his place will be taken by Lord Drumlanrig, who has not been to Court since he was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting. His attendance will last for only a few days, as the Queen does not take the Lord-in-Waiting to Osborne.

The Royal yacht *Alberta*, which has undergone an overhaul and refit, is now in readiness for her usual winter service while the Queen is at Osborne, and she will embark her Majesty at Gosport on the 19th for conveyance to East Cowes. As to the two larger Royal yachts, the *Victoria and Albert* is under orders to be in readiness for service by the middle of March, when she will be required to convey the Queen to the Continent; and the *Osborne* is to proceed in February to the Mediterranean, where the Princess of Wales and her daughters will join her at Genoa or at Marseilles for a cruise to Naples, Corfu, and Athens.

The recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Edinburgh has cost nearly £900, towards which only about £350 has been subscribed by the citizens, and the balance will have to be paid out of the rates.

Prince Christian returned last week from Berlin to Cumberland Lodge, and was joined there by Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau, who had been the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle, where Princess Christian has also been staying during the absence from England of Princess Beatrice. Princess Christian's recent visit to Reading was a great success, for the Bazaar in aid of the Helena Nursing Home, which H.R.H. then opened, has resulted in a net profit of about £660.

The prospects of the coming Dublin season are too uncertain to be, as in former days, the absorbing topic of conversation at this time of the year. The future, so far as is at present known, holds no possibilities of pleasantness; there are no festive anticipations to brighten social stagnation. Irish society is still disposed for the war path; no feasting except at political banquets, for which, by the way, the Unionists, especially of Ulster, seem to have a marked predilection—no tripping on the light fantastic toe, which has been displaced in favour of the sterner measures of the war dance. The Lord-Lieutenant's hospitable instincts have to find outlet on the far side of the Channel from Ireland. During the past week he has been entertaining parties of guests in Yorkshire. It is, perhaps, one of the most curious facts in connection with the boycotting of Lord Houghton, that the boycott is only enforced in Ireland; that is, in the country where he is the official representative of the Sovereign. Those who will not be the Viceroy's guests at Dublin Castle have apparently no objection to accept Lord Houghton's hospitality in Yorkshire. That they get the opportunity of accepting this hospitality is perhaps the most curious of all the curious facts connected with the matter.

Lord and Lady Alington will next week entertain a large shooting party at More Crichel, their place in Dorsetshire, including the Duke of Cambridge, and excellent sport is expected, pheasants and partridges being very abundant on the estate.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who have been entertaining a succession of large house parties at Chatsworth during the last three weeks, will give a Country Ball there during the Christmas holidays, and they are to be present, with their guests, at the High Peak Ball at Bakewell on the 27th.

AT BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH.—The HOTEL BURLINGTON, "*Sunny Boscombe.*" A charming Hotel, luxuriously appointed, in acres of matured grounds sloping to the sea. Every comfort of home. Most moderate charges. Bournemouth *East* Station. Tariff of Manager, or at Burlington & Buckingham Palace Hotels, London.

BOURNEMOUTH.—"Royal Bath." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

The late Earl of Warwick and Brooke was properly Earl of Brooke and Warwick, the Earldom of Brooke being the older by thirteen years. The Earl preferred to call himself Lord Warwick and Brooke, or simply Lord Warwick. He really belonged, however, not to the family of the King-Maker, but to one which came to the front in the seventeenth-century.

Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, who died last week, was the Tory Member for Dumbartonshire for twenty-four years, and at each election he won by so small a majority that it was evident that it was only his own great personal popularity which gained him the seat. The constituency was sharply contested four times by the Liberals without success, but when Sir Archibald retired they carried their candidate. Sir Archibald was not a territorial magnate, although he had purchased several estates during the last thirty years, but he was the senior partner in a vast manufacturing concern, which was originally established by himself. He was a calico-printer and a Turkey-red dyer, and his works in the Vale of Leven are on a very extensive scale, the business being one of the largest in the world in that particular line. Sir Archibald was a most munificent benefactor to his native city (Glasgow), more particularly to its University. He was also a generous friend to the Church of Scotland. He was an excellent man of business, full of practical sagacity, and blessed with a most imperturbable temper. He was a Tory with Liberal tendencies, and was exceedingly popular in the House of Commons, as he was always most genial and pleasant, and he left none but kindly memories behind when he retired last year. He died at Ballikinrain, his favourite residence in Stirlingshire, a beautiful old place, which he purchased in 1862 from the Napier family.

The death of the Duke of Leinster is much regretted in Kildare, where he was on good terms with neighbours and tenants. The Leinster family have never been absentees, but for many generations residents at Carton during the greater part of each year. In modern times the family have played no leading part in Irish history, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of '98 fame, being the last member of the family who made himself conspicuous in the troubled arena of Irish politics. The Leinster Dukedom was the only Irish one until that of Abercorn was created a short time ago. The present Duke of Leinster will have a long minority, which may serve to restore the property. He is now in his sixth year.

A certain association of ladies and gentlemen is known as the Souls. What a lady has to do to become a Soul, and what are the rules of the association, are matters only known to the initiated. A friend of mine sends me a copy of the following honour examination in the expressions used by Souls in their interviews with each other. It is as cryptic to me as were the Eleusinian mysteries to a barbarian. I suppose that each expression has some meaning, but what this meaning may be I do not know :—

Honour Examination in the Expressions. 1893.

1. Explain the following :—
   The dull box. A greenhouse. A gorge riser. Gilletmongering. A Weise creed. Atrophasia. The Stinché. A Lou-good. Jephson. Whippingham. A felbrig. A float-face. Barloon. Greuze.
2. Give an account of :—
   Aunt Sister. Simon Fournier. Salis Schwabe. The return of the Feuerherz. La revanche de Gautier. A chien de poche. Carbolic Acid. Hells delights. Devi-Hoffmeister. Henri-Ware. A sob-breast. An ordure-present. Brain-stoppage. Full-lips.
3. Distinguish carefully between :—
   (i.) Darnley and a death Darnley.
   (ii.) Antrim boat and Addie boat.
   (iii.) International and a Mervyn luncheon.
   (iv.) Eliza and Eliza-teeth.
   (v.) De l'eer and type er.
   (vi). The Newman Flush and the Chronic Blush.
4. Describe accurately the Block, including
   (i.) The duties of the Mopper,
   (ii.) The chief blockites,
   and explain in a few lines :
   A Stodgite, a groffality, blue face and horns, a John Stone, a Molly Corker, poivre aux pieds, manchettes, Eternity soup, accrochements, six cloisters, puniscimi, type drawers.
5. Give a brief explanation of the following types :—
   Rose, leper, shoulder, stylograph, mustard, Beethoven, pudding, Hat 1st, Hat 2nd ; and illustrate by examples the verbs : to pelf, to raggle, to stool-grasp.
6. Give instances of :—
   Green-milk, Brahms, fausse râk, and dank women.
   Spen, Swinton, carpet-atmosphere and kid-glove men.
7. Describe :—
   Marie Dose, short, speech, the ideahmees, Eaton Hall, the wave-beam, Harris witch, type woman, a mia.
   And what do you know of Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Pierceye Shafton.
8. Analyze the following phrases :—
   (i.) This is distinctly Sir Giles.
   (ii.) She almost pecked him.
   (iii.) He has got a touch of egg.
   (iv.) I have got three dentists to-day.
   (v.) He punched her to the bone.
   (vi.) Je suis mariée, vous n'êtes pas.
   (vii.) He took a puff of ærine to sink his sherrine.
   (viii.) He's got a cruet.
9. Write an essay on one of these three subjects :—
   1. A Cowper drink.
   2. A Connaught clock.
   3. An Edgelow.

A particularly bad example of the cruelty exhibited at rabbit-coursing meetings is reported to me by a Waterford correspondent. On the occasion in question the supply of rabbits was deemed insufficient, and so each of the wretched creatures, after being pursued, caught, and more or less injured, was rescued as quickly as possible from the dogs for further use. In this way the same rabbit was coursed over and over again, until it was so mauled and lacerated as to be incapable of running. It is simply disgraceful to a civilised country that its laws provide no means of punishing or suppressing such ghastly torturing. What is the difference between this and a Spanish bull-fight, except that a bull does defend itself, and a rabbit cannot? Yet we are always wondering how Spaniards can be so brutal as to torture bulls.

Dr. Robson Roose treats the subject of clothing as a protection against cold in the *Fortnightly* of this month. He is a strong advocate of wool, and of several layers of clothing as warmer than a single warm garment. Clothes, he says, should be comparatively loose and easy, so that a layer of air is interposed between them and the skin.

24, Grosvenor Gardens.—To be Sold, or Let on lease, this Mansion, in perfect decorative and sanitary repair, containing 13 bedrooms, two drawing rooms, boudoir on first floor, dining-room, library, billiard-room, and dressing room on ground floor. Stabling for five horses.—Apply, Messrs. Thompson, 6, Bruton-street; or on Premises.

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

Mr. W. Le Fanu, who has just published his Irish "Recollections," is qualified to recollect much that might amuse and interest the public, which cannot always be said of the great army of those who follow the fashion of recollecting in these days. A descendant of Sheridan's, he is the brother of Joseph S. Le Fanu, whose personality was as interesting and peculiar as his novels. Both the brothers lived all their lives in Dublin, where Mr. W. Le Fanu held a leading position in the Board of Works Office. Joseph S. Le Fanu lived and died in a large house in Merrion-square, where most of his weird stories were written.

For a play to run with success, that is to say, with the approval of the public, for fifty nights, and then to be altered at the order of the Lord Chamberlain or the Examiner of Plays is, I believe, an unprecedented occurrence. The precedent has now been set, however, in the case of the "Gaiety Girl" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. I myself witnessed this amusing burlesque and saw nothing to give offence in the character of the reverend gentleman which is now ordered to be eliminated. No critic to my knowledge saw anything offensive in it. The Examiner of Plays passed the piece after some demur on other points; and he, therefore, must be assumed to have seen nothing offensive in it. The public has shown its approval of the play by flocking to see it for nearly two months; and they have evidently found nothing offensive in it. Who, then, has taken offence at the part of the clerical gentleman? Apparently some influential individual whose opinion has prevailed against that of the Public, the Press, and the Examiner of Plays. Who could it have been?

The Savilian Chair of Astronomy at Oxford has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. H. H. Turner, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was Second Wrangler in 1882, and he is widely known for his scientific attainments. Mr. Turner has been for nine years chief assistant to the Astronomer Royal at the Royal Observatory. This is an excellent appointment, and one upon which the University is to be heartily congratulated. The chair has been vacant since the death of Professor Pritchard in May last.

A committee has been appointed by the University Council at Oxford to consider the proposal to establish a University sanatorium, which is urgently required, for since the closing of the special ward at the Infirmary, there has been absolutely no provision whatever for infectious patients, as the authorities for several reasons declined the proposal to send them to special wards attached to the City Fever Hospital at Cold Harbour. The Acland House provides admirably for non-infectious cases, but it is full time that accommodation should be arranged in case of an epidemic, and it may be hoped that some practical steps will have been taken before next term begins.

TYPEWRITERS of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane, London.

The vacant living of Langton, Yorkshire, which is worth about £450 a year with residence, has been given by the Lord Chancellor to the Rev. A. H. Smith, rector of Catwick. Mr. Smith, who was formerly an officer in the Army, has held the living of Catwick for nine years. He is one of the most popular and hardworking parish clergyman in the East Riding.

Bishop Moorhouse has appointed Mr. P. V. Smith to be Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester (a post of considerable emolument), which office has become vacant by the resignation of Mr. R. C. Christie, who was appointed by Bishop Fraser. Mr. Smith, who is a decided Evangelical, has been for some years a prominent figure at the Church Congress and in the Canterbury House of Laymen, and he is one of the Bishop of London's diocesan readers.

I am told by a gentleman, who seems to know all about it, that it is an error—apparently an all but universal one—to describe the late Rector of Croft (the Rev. C. Villiers) as having been presented to the living by Mr. Gladstone. He was presented to Lee, Kent, in 1864, by the Lord Chancellor, and exchanged in 1873 with the Rev. F. H. Law, who had been presented to Croft in 1868.

The Chairman and members of the Board of Management of the Children's Hospital, Nottingham, well understand the influence of the peerage on the British public. In issuing invitations to an anniversary service at St. Mary's Church, when Canon Knox-Little will preach on behalf of the hospital, they announce in capital letters that "HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, accompanied by HIS GRACE THE DUKE, will attend." Doubtless many persons who would not go to church for the sake of going to church, nor for the sake of benefiting a hospital, nor for the sake of hearing Canon Knox-Little, will flock thither eagerly on the prospect of seeing a live DUCHESS accompanied by a live DUKE.

In one of his speeches at Cardiff, Lord Salisbury ridiculed as "a mere antiquated dream" the idea that the parson has any passion for meddling in or managing the secular offices of his parish. Immediately after reading this, I came across the report of a parish meeting held last week at Hough-on-the-Hill, near Grantham. The business was to elect a committee to carry out the Technical Education Act, and the parishioners appointed a Mr. Chadwick as chairman of the meeting. This step aroused the wrath of the Vicar (the Rev. C. R. Andrews), and he declared that he and nobody else should take the chair, and called for the parish constable to throw Mr. Chadwick out of the room. The parish constable, however, prudently kept outside. The Vicar and another person then put out the lights in the schoolroom, and on Mr. Chadwick procuring a candle the reverend gentleman "practically endeavoured to extinguish the flame." What have Lord Salisbury and those who believe him to say to such an episode in parochial life as this?

CORNS.—Wasmuth's Corn-Rings (in the watch) cure corns painlessly in two or three days. 1s. 1½d., of all Chemists, or post free 1s. 3d., of WARRICK BROS., Old Swan-lane, London, E.C.

One of the latest clerical eccentricities that have come under my knowledge occurred in connection with a wedding at Leamington. In this case the Vicar of the church at which the service was to be solemnised objected, among other things, to the choir being paid more than a certain figure, and to any flowers being used for decoration unless they were purchased at one particular shop. The choir difficulty ended by the choristers refusing to sing on the terms fixed by the Vicar. The other difficulty led to no floral decorations being used. It would be interesting to know the exact nature of the Vicar's interest in the flower shop in question, which is said to be a very small one.

There has been a strange outburst of Presbyterian bigotry in the Highlands lately. A young lady, belonging to the Free Church congregation in a well-known village, arranged to sing "Caller Herrin'" at an amateur concert, which was given there last week in aid of a local charity. Her "Minister" (saturated with stupid, muddy-minded intolerance) actually announced that he would refuse this lady "the privilege of Communion" if she sang at the concert, and the threat obliged her to stay at home. At another place the carpenter who has for years been employed by the managers of the annual "Gathering," happens to be an office-bearer of the Free Church. A few weeks ago this tradesman was requested to proceed with the work as usual, but, to the amazement of the Committee, he declared that he must decline it with regret, as the "Minister and Elders" had expressed their grave disapproval of the sports, and had threatened him with the most severe censure of the "Kirk Session" if he presumed to undertake the work. At another place a dance was to be given, and the manager of the function called on a local shopkeeper to order a piano, whereupon this worthy, who is an office-bearer in the Free Church, announced that, after serious consideration and a consultation with the Minister and Elders, he had come to the conclusion that dancing is a "profane" pastime, so he has decided never in future to supply any instrument which is to be used for the purpose of providing music for dancers. How this vendor of musical instruments can be certain that those which he sells will never be used for dancing, I hardly understand.

A timely warning may be useful to those whose sympathies and pockets are invoked by the Rev. S. C. Church, who has lately been issuing such invitations from "9, West-cliff, Dawlish." It appears to be true that this reverend beggar has been, as he states, in Holy Orders for over thirty years, and he was for a long time Vicar of Llanrhidian, Glamorganshire. But, on the other hand, it appears to be absolutely untrue that he has been, as he also suggests, reduced to beggary by the failure of a fraudulent solicitor, and he has been, either directly or through third parties, appealing to charity for at least fifteen years past. His wife is also well known as a begging-letter writer. The reverend gentleman once had considerable property, and he appears to have got rid of it entirely by his own folly and extravagance. Without going further into his history, of which I have full particulars, I think I have said enough to show that he is no credit to the Church, and no deserving object for charity.

I was referring last week to the claims of the National Training School of Cookery to increased support, and I am reminded of the subject by the Annual Report of the Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Economy. I have several times referred to the work of this flourishing institution, and it seems to have been carried on with undiminished vigour during the last year. Cookery, in all its branches, is a mere item in the curriculum, which includes dress-making, needlework, millinery, book-keeping, hygiene, nursing, washing, and ironing; in fact, a complete course of technical education for women. When it is added that the institution seems to be practically self-supporting, and that its revenue account for the year shows a credit balance of £309, I would ask why we cannot have an equally useful institution in London.

At Glasgow, too, a most useful attempt to improve the cookery of the working classes has, I understand, been carried on for some time by Mrs. John Elder, who about eight years ago started a series of popular classes under qualified teachers of cookery. These lessons have been attended with the best results by many thousands of women, and, doubtless, many more thousands of the relatives of these women have reaped a share of the benefits.

Lady Herbert is making an earnest appeal to the charitable for funds to enable her and the Sisters of Charity of Carlisle-place, Victoria-street, to carry on the usual distribution to the suffering poor of Westminster. "This year," she says, "the misery is increased to an extent that drives us almost to despair; it is impossible to express the reality of the present state of the poor in this district, and of those whose life depends upon their daily earnings, for there is no work to be found." Lady Herbert asks for money to open at once the soup-kitchen, and to distribute coal tickets, clothes, bed-clothes, and warm coverings of any sort. I trust that her appeal will not be in vain. This is not a question of a fair living wage, it is a question of living *versus* starvation. The soup-kitchen would at most provide one meal a day for sick and children, and the donations of clothing, &c., somewhat temper the cold that they are exposed to in their fireless homes." Slumming in the East-end was the fashion for a brief period. What is now wanted is charity in the West-end; and considering the wealth at this end of the metropolis, it would be disgraceful if Lady Herbert's appeal does not meet with a response. Donations can either be sent directly to Lady Herbert, Belgrave-square, or to the Sisters of Charity in Carlisle-place, Westminster.

COACHING of highest excellence in West of Eng. at "Crawford's," Wykeham Ho., Clifton, Glos., for ARMY EXAMS. (Univ. and Civ. Serv.). Five crowded years of success. *No vacancies* till Jan. '94.

WINTER VISITORS TO BOURNEMOUTH will find "The Imperial" one of the most complete residential establishments in the United Kingdom. Finest position on East Cliff. Luxuriously furnished, with appointments and cuisine of the highest order. Moderate tariff.—Apply, Manager.—W. H. DORÉ, Proprietor.

Mr. Campbell Bannerman was questioned last week in the House of Commons with regard to the stationing of the South Wales Borderers on Portsdown Hill, to which matter I referred in the last number of TRUTH. Mr. Campbell Bannerman had evidently been misinformed, for he was quite wrong in stating that it was necessary to send the Borderers to these exposed forts, which were certainly about the most unsuitable quarters which could be found in England for a regiment just returned from Aden. Barrack accommodation could perfectly well have been found in Portsmouth, and if the blunder was committed by the local military authorities they deserve to be very severely censured. I hear, by the way, that similarly exposed quarters near Plymouth have been selected for a regiment which will arrive from India in a few weeks, but it may be hoped, after the lesson the War Office has received, that a more suitable arrangement will be made.

Although the fact is not yet officially announced, I understand that Colonel the Hon. Byng has resigned the command of the 1st Life Guards, and is to be succeeded by Major Sir Simon Lockhart. I hear that Captain Carter has also given up the post of Adjutant. Those who followed the 1st Life Guards' scandal as it was disclosed in the columns of TRUTH, will at once see in these events a further, and it is to be hoped, the final stage of the affair. This would not be an opportune moment for reopening the controversy, but I may say that in view of what I have been hearing during the last few months of the position of affairs in the regiment, the change now made has certainly not come about too soon. I once ascribed the beginning of the whole trouble to the alternation of command between King Log and King Stork. King Stork now succeeds King Log. I hope his reign may be more successful than that of his predecessor.

Another interesting item of information for the readers of TRUTH is that Sergeant-Major Johnstone is retiring from the Depot of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. So ends (I hope) the Bodmin Depot Scandal. The War Office are to be congratulated on getting rid of two in one week, if they *have* got rid of them. The next thing they have to learn is that it is just as easy to get rid of them in the first stage as the last, and infinitely more creditable.

At the beginning of last year I commented on the disgraceful job effected by the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders to the 1st Battalion West India Regiment. It was notorious that the motive of this appointment was to enable Lieutenant-Colonel Saunders to complete the service necessary to qualify him for pension. He completed this service in August last. Surely, then, the time has come when he might retire.

On August 17 I uttered some "Plain Words on Practical Jokes," apropos to a blackguardly performance of this type which had just been perpetrated in the camp at Bury; but it would seem that there is still need for more plain words on the same subject, and for something considerably stronger than plain words. I remarked on the last occasion that though it was a Militia Battalion that was then at fault, the evil is equally prevalent in the Regular Army; and to bear out this criticism, it is a Cavalry Regiment where the latest exhibition of this kind took place, and I believe that there are one or two Cavalry Regiments now serving at home which have obtained an unenviable notoriety in this respect. The word "joking" has no application whatever to these performances. They are simply ruffianly outrages perpetrated out of spite upon a brother officer; and if a few of those who commit such offences were punished, as they ought to be, by permanent removal from the society of "officers and gentlemen," the delusion that there is any joke about such conduct would be speedily exploded. What would be said if a number of artisans were to break into the room of a comrade, whom they dislike, and were to break his furniture and toss him in a blanket? Would the excuse of this being a joke be accepted for such conduct?

From a case just laid before me it seems that the War Office denies the right of a Warrant Officer to commute his pension. On what ground this refusal is based I am at a loss to understand. The last ordinance bearing on the point appears to be the Royal Warrant of July, 1891, which gives the privilege of commutation to any "Chelsea Hospital Out-Pensioner" who satisfies the Secretary of State that commutation will be to his "distinct and permanent advantage," in order to enable him to reside in the Colonies or abroad. The Warrant Officer whose case I refer to is a "Chelsea Out-Pensioner;" he desires to "reside abroad;" and the only objection set up in opposition to his application is that the regulations do not allow Warrant Officers to commute. Where is this particular piece of red tape to be found?

It is pretty generally known that at the time of the Queen's Jubilee soldiers who had fraudulently enlisted were promised a free pardon on making confession of their offence. But it is not generally known, I imagine, that the free pardon was accompanied by conditions which made it of considerably more value to the State than to the soldier. As a matter of fact, one of the conditions was, that men confessing would forfeit all service prior to the date of the confession. Had this been generally understood, it is incredible that men with any considerable amount of service to lose by this condition would have confessed at all; for if any considerable time had elapsed since a man's fraudulent enlistment, the chances of detection would be infinitesimal, and the promised "free pardon" consequently worthless.

I am not surprised, therefore, to hear complaints that men were allowed to make their confessions without notice being given them of what they would stand to lose by so doing. A man in the 1st East Yorkshire Regiment, now in Egypt, who had fraudulently enlisted in 1885, and obtained a Jubilee pardon in 1887, went the other day to demand his discharge to Reserve, on com-

OVALINE TOILET SOAP, made with Yolk of Egg, is a wonderful discovery for the skin and hair. As a Shaving Soap it has no equal. Price, 8d. per tablet, 2s. per box.—52, King-st., Regent-st., London.

Until Christmas, Messrs. BENJAMIN, of Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., will sell their Dress-length Remnants (suitable for presents) of their celebrated Tweeds, Serges, and Homespuns, at 25s., 30s., 35s., and 40s. the dress length.

pletion of his eight years, and then learned, for the first time, as he asserts, that he had forfeited his service prior to his pardon, and had, consequently, still two years to serve. I should like to know what steps were taken to bring this condition of the "pardon" to the notice of men at the time they confessed. It is asserted that in the East Yorkshire Regiment it was never published at all. If so, a more shabby trick was never played on my friend Tommy Atkins.

An officer sends the following testimony in support of that already given respecting lady nurses in India :—

A brother officer and myself suffered from enteric fever in India last winter, and were nursed in hospital by lady nurses, to whose untiring zeal I am sure we owe our recovery. When I was getting better, I had an opportunity of watching the nurses attending to N.C.O.'s and men of my own and other regiments who were in hospital at the time, and I can assure you that to see the men's faces brighten up when any nurse spoke or attended them was a very pleasant sight.

I am quite certain that any N.C.O. or man of my own regiment who has been nursed by one of the Indian Nursing Staff will fully bear out this statement.

On the other hand, another Service correspondent appeals to me on the *audi alteram partem* principle to publish extracts from a letter in which a lady member of the Nursing Staff cordially approves of the P.M.O.'s order. If this lady is to be believed, the Indian Nursing Staff is a very dangerous concern for any young woman to have anything to do with. The obnoxious order, she thinks, will stop "a good deal of unbecoming conduct that has given rise to much comment and scandal." In her opinion, it "has not been issued a bit too soon," and "the authorities have graver reasons for their order than the public are aware of." I do not know this good lady's name, but I take it to be Grundy. Ah, my dear madam! only you and I know the depths of deceit and wickedness in the heart of a young woman. To think that these audacious minxes should be regarded by half the soldiers in India as devoted ministering angels! Let us henceforth never judge by appearances, however favourable they may be.

An Officer of the Army Medical Staff writes :—

I feel sorry and annoyed that any Officer of the Medical Staff should have written to you on the Indian Nursing Service in the strain you indicate in your paragraph in Truth.

I have served with these ladies in India, and I cannot speak of their devotion and zeal without respect and admiration. If your previous correspondent's condemnation included the Army Nursing Sisters, it was, if possible, more groundless. For my part I endorse the opinion of the N.C.O.

Here is another suggestion from a military correspondent, apropos to a recent note in Truth on the disparities in the rate of promotion in different regiments. It is, of course, easy enough to remedy the present anomalies by abolishing the regimental system as far as officers are concerned, and promoting men from one regiment to another in order of seniority just as vacancies occur. That seems to be what my correspondent's proposal comes to—or what it would eventually lead to—but I take it that a good many objections will be advanced by military men against this revolution, even in the modified form here proposed :—

Fix on an average service for promotion, say (in infantry) eight years for company and eighteen for majority, then when a step goes in a regiment give it extra-regimentally, unless, in the case of a company, the senior subaltern has seven or seven and a half years' service, and in the case of a majority the senior captain has at least seventeen years' service. No man to be given extra-regimental promotion (except for special service) unless he has at least nine years' service in case of a subaltern, or nineteen in case of a captain. In this way a man brought into another regiment would have, in case of a captain, at least one and a half or two years' more service than the senior subaltern passed over, and at least two years' more service than the senior captain passed over. An arrangement something in this form would do away with the hardship of some men having to wait ten years for their companies and twenty or more for their majorities, while others through pure luck often get their steps in six or seven and fifteen or sixteen, or even fourteen, years respectively. In the same way an average could be fixed for second-lieutenants.

It appears that considerable injustice is likely to be done to Bombardiers R.M.A. by an Admiralty order just issued, the effect of which is that a Bombardier ranks as junior to a Corporal R.M.L.I. Promotion is much slower in the former than in the latter corps, owing apparently to the extended gunnery course which the artillery-man has to pass, and a Bombardier usually serves in that rank from two to two and a-half years before he is promoted to Corporal. In a large number of cases, therefore, he is senior to the Corporal R.M.L.I., who will now uniformly rank as senior to him. If, as is done in this order, the R.M.A. and the R.M.L.I. are to be treated as one corps, the simplest and fairest course of settling the question would have been to abolish the rank of Bombardier and make them all Corporals.

I am asked from an Irish station why an N.C.O. who will complete this month forty years' service, and who has held the rank of Quartermaster-Sergeant for nearly twenty years, should be allowed to engage for a further period. I can only refer to Whitehall for the answer, and I hope that Whitehall will look into the matter. Only gross favouritism can account for such indulgence, and it is a scandalous thing that a number of deserving men should thus be cheated of the promotion to which they are legitimately entitled, for the sake of one individual, who has already had a great deal more than his share of good things.

As I quoted the other day the opinion of an Army Medical Officer that the ordinary medical parades are, for all practical purposes, useless, it is only right to mention that one or two other doctors have since written to me in an opposite sense. I express no opinion on this point myself; but I have a very strong opinion in regard to a form of medical inspection which is practised in the Foot Guards, and I am glad to find that in this I am supported by medical authority. One doctor characterises this function as "filthy," "degrading," "necessarily perfunctory," "loathed by medical officers and men," and "a relic of barbarism." Why this relic should be preserved in the Guards only, I defy any warrior in authority to explain.

There is, I know, a burning desire on the part of the authorities to make matters pleasanter for the Indian Staff Corps. For this reason I hasten to make known a scheme which an Officer of this Corps has propounded to me for providing the Corps with free medical attendance when in this country on furlough or sick-leave. The idea is that the Board which sits every week at the

Christmas Greetings.—Patterns are now ready, & will be sent post free, of these new & fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed). A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—Parkins & Gotto, Court Stationers, Oxford-st., Londn.

India Office, to examine Officers who have to be passed for any purpose, should be employed to give advice gratis to any Staff Corps Officer who requires doctoring. The parties who will probably object to this are the members of the Board, which at present consists of a President at £500, and two members at £150 per annum. If they will consent to doctor at this figure any Staff Corps Officer who requires medical attention, by all means let them. If, however, they object to do so without an increase of salary, who is to provide this increase?

A few weeks back I complimented the Civil Service Commissioners on their somewhat tardy candour, in informing candidates for the Royal Engineer Civil Staff that the War Office assumes the right of varying the strength of the Staff from time to time according to the exigencies of the service. It is pointed out to me, however, by a correspondent abroad, that this candour is confined within very strict limits. The notice of the Civil Service Commissioners states that there is a "prospect" of earning £500 per annum. It wisely refrains, however, from explaining what the prospect is. Including the post of Chief-Surveyor, there are only ten appointments worth £500 a year, as against fifty-six junior appointments. At the best, therefore, the prospect of reaching £500 is remote. But in the present state of the Staff, the juniors on the list for promotion are, roughly, of the same age as the seniors, and all are compulsorily retired at the same age. Intending candidates would therefore do well to note that for the vast majority of the Staff, the "prospect" of reaching £500 a year is nothing but a delusion.

Having said a good deal about the irregularities by which the pockets of Non-commissioned and Warrant Officers are lined, I am not surprised to have my attention called to some of the means by which a similar service is performed for the pockets of Commissioned and even Commanding Officers. One of these days I hope to be able to say a word on this subject. In the meantime, I cannot help recording the remarkable case of a certain officer, whom we may call "Major T." This gallant warrior seems to combine the arts of peace with those of war by selling tea on commission, and as far as I can make out he goes from regiment to regiment booking orders from the various canteens. Is there nothing in the Queen's Regulations which prohibits an officer from supplementing his pay by travelling in the tea line?

I inadvertently did an injustice last week to Surgeon-General Tuson, M.D., F.R.C.S., by describing him as "Surgeon-Major" Tuson when speaking of his plan for checking the progress of cholera and other diseases by means of sulphur fires. Surgeon-General Tuson is, I fear, not the first Army Medical Officer whom I have robbed of his due rank and title; but, seeing what some of these titles are, a civilian may perhaps be excused for an occasional inaccuracy.

The Rev. J. Bainbridge Smith, formerly Consular Chaplain at Smyrna, writes to me in defence of the project for enlarging and removing the British Hospital at that port. The first part of his letter consists of an extract from a memorial of some kind addressed to the Government in June, 1891, by certain British firms at Smyrna. In this it is stated that the hospital is notoriously "at present barely adequate for the purposes required"; but unless I have the whole document before me, it is impossible to appreciate the bearings of this statement, which seems totally inconsistent with the facts that have lately appeared in TRUTH. In the next place, Mr. Smith states that although the hospital was, in his experience, on rare occasions empty, yet there were times when it was just the reverse; and upon this he argues that "the necessity for beds in a hospital cannot be measured by the *average* number of patients, but by the *maximum* number." This proposition I deny absolutely. It leads Mr. Smith (though he does not say so) up to the conclusion that the Smyrna Hospital ought to be big enough to accommodate all the demands made upon it at the time of an earthquake. And it would equally lead to the conclusion that the ordinary hospital accommodation of London ought to be sufficient to meet all the demands which would be made upon it in the event of a cholera epidemic.

With regard to the questions that have been raised respecting the management of the Mablethorpe lifeboat in the late gale, I may mention that I have more than once heard that the value of this boat would be greatly increased if it were removed from Mablethorpe, and placed at the coastguard station at Theddlethorpe. Whether this particular change be desirable or not, it is apparent, as I suggested last week, that there are many similar details concerning the management and operations of the Lifeboat Institution which require investigation.

I am sorry to hear that, according to the latest arrangements, the Channel Squadron will not return to England for the Christmas holidays. If it is true that the Squadron is to spend the "festive season" at Arosa Bay, there will be bitter complaints from both officers and men, as that is a most unpopular station.

Apropos of the refusal of Sir Anthony Hoskins, when at the Admiralty, to allow a naval officer to read a paper on "The Mediterranean in Naval War," at the United Service Institution, I have received the following. If the facts are as stated, the matter seems to call for further notice from the official superiors of the gallant Admiral:—

Since the refusal to which you refer, Sir Anthony Hoskins has presided at a lecture delivered before the Aldershot Military Society, by Vice-Admiral Colomb, on "Our Coaling Stations," whereat the latter officer indulged in Cassandra-like wailings regarding the state of the Navy. The papers state that Admiral Hoskins added some "observations of importance concerning information in possession of the Admiralty" which it would be "unpatriotic" to publish. This information Sir Anthony can only have acquired when at the Admiralty, and it is somewhat strange that he should have made public the same, or even made "observations" upon it, at a Service meeting where the state of the Navy was adversely criticised.

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The Admiralty have decided that it is necessary to spend a million in constructing a "defensive" breakwater from Weymouth to the breakwater in Portland Harbour. It will be nearly two miles in length, and it is to be completed in ten years. The stone is to come out of the Portland quarries, and it will be furnished by convict labour.

The long-standing grievances of the "Out-door" Customs Officers have at last been formulated in the shape of a petition to the Treasury, signed by 547 men, and, having supported the claims of these officers for several years past, I hope most heartily that the petition will bear practical fruit. The requests now put forward are based on the assimilation of the position of the "Out-door" Officers to that of the Assistants of Excise. The Excise Assistants, if I remember rightly, are by no means over-satisfied with their lot; but while an Excise Assistant starts at £80 a year, and proceeds by annual increments of £5 to £130, with a distant chance of some day reaching £250, the "Out-door" Customs man starts at £55, rises by annual increments of £2. 10s. to £75, and cannot by any possibility get beyond £100. I say without fear of contradiction that no justification can be shown for the disparity between the two classes. The Customs men pass a stiffer entrance examination, and are employed on work quite as arduous and responsible. But apart from any comparison of this kind, the Customs salaries above-mentioned are intrinsically inadequate to the character of the employment, and ought to be substantially raised without delay.

The London School Board is an unlucky body. Even when its members are trying to do the right thing they are apt to go to work in the wrong way. From a letter addressed to me by the Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westbourne-park, it would seem that this error is being committed in the desire to increase the provision of Free Schools. A petition requesting the provision of Free Schools has just been addressed to the School Board purporting to be signed by 126 parents of 211 children attending St. Stephen's Schools. The Vicar of St. Stephen's states that on investigation he finds that out of 126 signatories 5 had never sent or contemplated sending their children to the Church Schools; 29 had left the parish either before or immediately after the petition was signed; and 80 when the effect of the petition was explained to them readily signed a counter-petition, stating that they had been led to sign the first petition by a misrepresentation, and requesting that their signatures might be cancelled. This leaves only 12 parents who adhere to their petition, representing 15 children instead of 211.

It will probably be answered that the 80 parents who have withdrawn their original signatures have done so under pressure. A good deal of pressure would be required to make 80 people express willingness to pay for what they would get free, and I do not myself see what form in a London parish this pressure could take. On the other hand, it is alleged that the signatures were originally obtained by very serious misrepresentations, and the evidence of the parents themselves is on this side. In his letter to me, the Vicar of St. Stephen's strongly disclaims any hostility to free education, and merely contends for "fair play" to the Voluntary Schools, and the honest representation of the attitude of the parents towards them. I am also in favour of free education, and also of fair play to all parties. From this point of view, I think that the School Board would do well to inquire into the circumstances under which this particular petition was got up, and any others which are open to similar impeachment. Personally I attach very little weight to any petitions which are got up by house-to-house visitation. Given a clever canvasser, with a persuasive manner and an elastic conscience, and you may get women and uneducated men to put their names to anything.

Evidently the Surrey County Council is a body thoroughly representative of the most benighted and selfish Toryism of suburban villadom. Apropos of the flagrant job in the late appointment of a Surveyor, with which I dealt last week, Mr. Octavius Beatty, one of the few Radicals on the Council, tells me that, at the same meeting at which this job was consummated, he proposed a resolution on the lines of the famous one of the London County Council with reference to a Trade Union hours and wages clause in all contracts. This resolution was actually rejected by *sixty-five votes to four*, and Mr. Beatty's speech in support of it was received with hisses.

The Lurgan Board of Guardians have recently had under their consideration the nursing arrangements in the workhouse infirmaries. It appears that there are over 130 patients, and only two nurses are employed to attend to them. In this task they are assisted, or are supposed to be assisted, by a number of paupers, amongst those assigned for this duty in the various wards being a man recovering from a fractured leg, two suffering from consumption, two suffering or just recovering from loathsome diseases, a young woman with skin disease and "almost imbecile," and a woman with a dying child and herself delicate. The Medical Officer protested against the employment of such persons as these as attendants on the sick, and besought the Board to engage a couple of probationer nurses. Whether the Guardians have yet taken any action in the matter I am unable to say, but when they first discussed it a fortnight since the majority seemed to think that the present disgraceful system was quite good enough for pauper hospitals.

In calling my attention to the proceedings of the Lurgan Board, a Unionist correspondent suggests that such revelations are just what might be expected in connection with Irish local government. But I can assure my Unionist friend that there are scandals quite as bad in English Bumbledom. Last week a proposal was made to the Newton Abbot Guardians for the appointment of two female nurses. Hitherto only one nurse has been employed, and although it was impossible for her to look after the patients properly a section of the Guardians have persistently opposed any increase in the staff. To overcome this opposition Dr. Ley, a member of the Board, mentioned two circum-

The Coupé Company's Telegraphic Address is "Coupé, London."

stances. Lately the nurse was attending a case of infectious disease and at the same time seeing to a lying-in case. The latter woman died, and the doctor asserts that her death was "hastened by her being attended by a person who came straight from an infectious disease case." In the second instance a woman of weak intellect, who was enceinte, was left with nobody to look after her, although the nurse did all she could. That woman got up one night and went to an outbuilding, where her child was born and suffocated. After hearing these astounding stories, and being told that if the nursing-staff was not strengthened "the Board would soon be at the bar for manslaughter," the objecting Guardians permitted the resolution to pass.

Ledbury is just now agitated by the threatened establishment of a School Board. To ordinary people the prospect may not appear very alarming, but to the affrighted imagination of Lady Emily Foley the town is menaced with an awful calamity. The gravity of the crisis has elicited a letter from her ladyship in which she declares that "the Board Schools, being carried on without definite Christian and religious teaching, promote infidelity, atheism, Unitarianism, Radicalism, disloyalty to the Crown and Constitution, and irreverence towards God." Is it not shocking? Yet I note that Lady Emily Foley promises only £5 of her abundance towards the £1,000 which the Church School managers require in order to avert the impending disaster.

I hear from Victoria, British Columbia, that a reverend gentleman recently started in the neighbourhood of Alderley Park, in that colony, a "farm-pupil" establishment, which shows very plainly the humbug attached to all this business. The reverend farmer suddenly appeared for the first time in the district a year or so ago, bought five acres of worthless land, built a commodious house, settled in it with three servants, and no visible occupation of a profitable nature. He was advertising, it appears, in English papers for "farm-pupils" at five guineas per month, payable in advance. Two youths presently appeared on the scene, but they speedily found cause for dissatisfaction with their investment, and at the end of a few weeks one of them had departed. In what terms this eligible opening was advertised over here I do not know, but it is a good specimen of the kind of snare which is so assiduously laid for parents and guardians.

By a letter just received from Calcutta, I learn that even in that distant part of the Empire parties with houses to let are not safe from the wiles of the impudent rogue Stockham. Fortunately, however, in that part of the world TRUTH is also sedulously read and digested. Consequently, the house-owner who writes to me was sufficiently alert to snap his finger at a claim which Stockham made on him, and at his impudent threats of legal proceedings for the amounts alleged to be due. My Indian reader is more fortunate, I can tell him, than some who, when threatened by this rascal, have placed themselves in the hands of London solicitors.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING for BREAKFAST and SUPPER is EPPS'S COCOA, made with boiling water or milk. Sold in packets labelled "James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

Death has opportunely saved our old friend "Colonel Barron" from penal servitude for life. As many of my readers have doubtless seen, he was seventy-eight years of age when he died last week in Holloway Gaol, and there can be no doubt that, had he lived to take his trial, he would have received a sentence which would have kept him under lock and key for the rest of his days. This old man was, beyond all question, one of the most audacious swindlers and blackmailers that ever lived, and his career has been a most extraordinary one. He is said to have been the illegitimate son of a very distinguished Englishman, and to have been educated at a public school. There is no doubt, I believe, that he was at one time a clerk in the War Office, and there is equally little doubt that for the last five-and-thirty years he has been living—and living well—by various forms of fraud and criminal extortion. He was first convicted so far back as 1864, and last in 1885, when (for the second time in his career) he got five years' penal servitude for a most audacious bogus will trick.

Barron, *alias* Howard, &c., &c., first came under my notice in 1890 in connection with the famous advertisement of the "Lady of Title," who desired to introduce the daughters of the plutocracy to Court and fashionable society. He was then "Evans, Evans, & Co.," of Swansea, and was being financed by William Usher, the eccentric local money-lender. Usher was, by his own account, entirely innocent of all suspicion that he was running one of the biggest rascals of the century; but the extraordinary thing about it is that the local police, who had received before the end of 1891 any number of complaints of downright swindling against "Evans, Evans, & Co.," and with whom I communicated at a very early stage of the game, should never have had any clue to the old man's identity. He must have started the Swansea swindles almost as soon as he had completed his last sentence of penal servitude; and from that day to this he has been running one swindle after another, all obviously the work of the same hand, and all of them successively shown up in TRUTH. It will be remembered that only a few months ago he had the audacity to write to the *Times* in defence of his attempt to catch Lord Teynham with the "Australian heiress" trick, and in this letter, as I pointed out, he gave unmistakable clues to his own identity, ex-convict though he was. That during all this time the police should have taken no notice whatever of his proceedings shows a most lamentable absence of supervision over the doings of the criminal class.

There is one other gentleman who has been connected with Barron, as to whom I feel called upon to say a word. When in August, 1892, Mr. Usher, of Swansea, wrote to me explaining his connection with "Evans, Evans, & Co.," he stated that when some time previously he had been arranging to put Barron in command of his business at Reading, he previously "satisfied himself as to his (Barron's) antecedents and respectability" by inquiry of "Mr. John R. Richards, one of the most respectable solicitors in Swansea." That Barron should impose upon

A CHRISTMAS BOX.—A Merryweather's Fire Pump, with Buckets, for my friend's country house. Price Lists.—63, Long-acre, London. W.C.

the most respectable solicitor in Swansea, as he did upon hundreds of other people, is not surprising. Considering, however, that Barron had only completed a term of five years' penal servitude about a year before this, and that he had been twice sentenced to penal servitude in the previous fifteen years, I am a little curious to hear how Mr. Richards satisfied Mr. Usher as to this hardened criminal's "antecedents and respectability."

The Queen's Proctor is a valuable public official, but his value will be materially impaired should his functions often be exercised as they were in the Carew case. It is not only that a charge was made in the Queen's Proctor's name against Mrs. Carew on evidence which proved to be utterly rotten. It would not be fair to hold the Queen's Proctor altogether responsible for this, because the best of us are liable to be misled by a dishonest witness. But the ugly feature in this case is the way in which the charge was made. It was not until after the trial of the case had commenced that particulars of the charge of misconduct against Mrs. Carew were delivered to her solicitors, and then only after the strongest pressure by her Counsel. In other words, the worst part of the accusation was sprung upon the party implicated at the eleventh hour, and as a sort of afterthought when everything else had failed; and, when sprung, proved to be the most worthless portion of the case. That the Queen's Proctor was intentionally misled is pretty clear; but that he should be misled under such circumstances is—well, an occurrence which his friends must hope will not happen again.

Most men who had had a verdict for £5,000 damages recorded against them for slander would be taught a little discretion in the use of their tongues. Not so Mr. Farquharson, M.P. Having obtained from Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour the precious testimonials to which I referred the other day, he has been relieving his feelings by traducing the Lord Chief Justice in a speech to his constituents. Here are samples of his style:—

> When you have men in the position of Lord Salisbury, recently Prime Minister, and shortly, we hope, will be Prime Minister again (applause), writing in this way, I am happy to set that statement against the biassed political opinion of a Judge like Lord Coleridge. . . . I think it is an undignified position for a defeated litigant to complain of his Judge (hear, hear), but I have now reached a better position. I have the support of Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury, whose opinions any man would take against that of such men as Lord Coleridge.

It is, indeed, an undignified thing for a defeated litigant to go about abusing his Judge—in fact, it reduces Mr. Farquharson to the level of most eminent murderers and other convicted criminals, who all have the lowest opinion of the Judges who try them. The nearest parallel I can remember to the above utterances is to be found in the speeches delivered after his release by the unfortunate nobleman who at one time languished in Dartmoor. Never, however, that I can remember did that individual so far insult the public intelligence as to suggest that the Parliamentary leaders of one of the political parties are less likely to be influenced by political bias than the Lord Chief Justice.

Pericles, when explaining Athenian democracy in one of his speeches, says: "In the matter of legal rights, every man stands on the same footing in all private suits in our Courts." This is, however, not the case with us, although we, like the Athenians, boast of being a democracy; for last Friday Judge Lumley Smith, on an application in the Westminster County Court to set aside a committal order made against the Marquis of Donegall, observed: "Inasmuch as the Court has been informed that the Marquis is a Baron of the House of Lords, the order will have to be cancelled." It would seem, therefore, that our hereditary legislators are absolved from the operation of the ordinary law in cases of debt. Whether this be right or wrong, we evidently are not, like the Athonians, all equal before the law.

Here is an example of the extremely high-handed manner in which the rural police are accustomed to act in the interests of the game-preservers, to whom the services of the force are mainly devoted. On a recent Sunday morning a man named Newell had been shooting small birds (with the permission of a farmer) at Badshot Lea, near Farnham, and was returning home when he overtook two other men, who were also carrying guns. All three had gun licences, and on being stopped on the highway by a constable, Newell and another produced theirs, while the third explained he had left his at home. The constable next searched Newell, and found a few small birds in his possession. He then ordered all three to give up their guns, and, on Newell refusing, he attempted to take his weapon from him. In the end the officer was allowed to carry off the guns to Farnham Police-station. There was no ground whatever for any charge against the men, and none was instituted, but, nevertheless, their guns were detained for over a fortnight, and only returned at last upon legal proceedings being threatened on behalf of Newell.

However, such conduct on the part of country constables is not really surprising when one recollects the monstrous powers of search and seizure with which they are invested by the Poaching Prevention Act, and the encouragement and support which they receive from biassed Justices of the game-preserving class. There was an illustration of this at the West Powder Petty Sessions, Truro, the other day, when a youth named Varcoe was charged, at the instance of Police-constable Light, with coming from land where it was suspected he had been in search of game. Varcoe denied that he had been on the land in question, and called two respectable witnesses, who said they saw Light assault the youth and throw him down. One of these witnesses, an aged farmer, interposed to prevent the further ill-treatment of the defendant, and this was made the pretext for a charge of obstructing the officer in the execution of his duty. In a third summons Varcoe and his mother were accused of assaulting Light when they went to demand the return of the gun which he had seized. On these trumped-up charges the Bench—Tories to a man—imposed fines and costs amounting to no less than £5. 1s. 8d., and directed that Varcoe's gun and his licence should be forfeited.

Messrs. Harborow, Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirtmakers by appointment to the Royal Family, have opened new premises, 6 and 7, New Bond-street, in connection with their old-established business, 15, Cockspur-street.

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. Upwards of twenty cases from all parts of the country show English, Welsh, and Scotch Magistrates to be equally perverse and irrational in treating savage assaults on men and women and gross cruelty to animals as considerably less heinous than such offences as going in pursuit of game, committing a paltry theft, absconding from a workhouse, or sleeping out. For scandalous severity, however, the solitary sample of Irish Justices' justice puts into the shade all the other performances of this kind in the week's list. Three months for stealing a red herring is almost a record-breaking sentence:—

Llangollen Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. M. Biddulph, W. Coward, T. Hughes, and E. Lloyd Edwards. Joseph Roberts, convicted of what the Bench described as most brutal assaults on Robert Owens and Evan Hughes. Owens, an old man, was knocked down and kicked. Hughes was struck a violent blow on the head, became insensible, and was in bed three days in consequence. Fined 10s. and costs for each assault.

Llangollen Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. John Roberts, convicted of game trespass. Fined £1. 10s. and costs.

St. Asaph Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Hore and Mr. Strachen. Walter Jones and Daniel Jones, charged with poaching. Three months each, and a further six months in default of finding sureties.

Norwich Police-court. Before Messrs. J. D. Smith, E. Wild, S. Newman, G. White, and W. Hunter. Charles Goaty, convicted of assaulting a woman with whom he lived. He kicked her out of the house and otherwise brutally ill-treated her. Fined 10s. and costs.

Norwich Police-court. Before Messrs. J. D. Smith, E. Wild, E. K. Harvey, G. White, and W. Hunter. Charles Slater, charged with absconding from the workhouse. Fourteen days.

Pwllheli County Police-court. Before Messrs. Owen Evans and B. T. Ellis. John Roberts, charged with assaulting David Roberts. Complainant was knocked down and lost consciousness, and when he recovered he found defendant beating him in the face. A doctor described the numerous injuries which complainant sustained, and said there was danger of erysipelas supervening. Fined £1 and costs.

Pwllheli County Police-court. Before the same Bench. William Parry, charged with trespassing in pursuit of game. Fined £1. 10s. and costs.

Bromyard Police-court. Before Colonel Bourne, Captain Enderby, and Mr. W. A. Adams. Edward Moore, charged with absconding with workhouse clothes. Three months.

Chorley Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. Jackson and J. Lawrence. William Slater, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting his wife. The latter had been living apart from defendant and he went to her house, broke the windows, got inside, and beat her and her daughter, the woman's arms being black from his blows. Fined 5s. and costs on each charge.

Chorley Petty Sessions. Before the same Bench. Seth Cornwall and Joseph Cornwall, charged with being disorderly and refusing to quit a public-house. The landlady said they called her "names." Fined £1 each and costs.

Greenock Police-court. James Aird convicted of brutally assaulting his wife by dragging her about the house, kicking her, and attempting to choke her. Fined £1, or ten days.

Greenock Sheriff Criminal Court. Patrick Hickie charged with stealing 10d. from a shop. One month.

Uttoxeter Police-court. Before Captain Dawson, Messrs. J. F. Campbell, and W. Grosvenor Jennings. Henry Manning, Thomas Williams, and Joseph Smedley, grooms, convicted of assaulting George Plant by beating and kicking him. A doctor said Plant had several scalp wounds half an inch deep; and the Bench characterised it as a most disgraceful assault. Fined £1 each.

Uttoxeter Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Frederick West, labourer, charged with shooting game without a licence. Fined £3 and costs.

Blackburn Police-court. Before Dr. Morley and Mr. T. W. Stones. James Scully, charged with stealing coal value sixpence. One month.

Stockton Police-court. Annie Charlton charged with assaulting her step-daughter, who said defendant seized her by the head, pulled a lot of her hair out, and repeatedly knocked her head against the wall. Ordered to pay the costs.

Middlesbrough County Police-court. A youth named Hearse pleaded guilty to stealing a brush and a draining-spit, value 5s. Fined £5 or one month.

Shipston on-Stour Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. P. Dickins and Mr. H. J. Sheldon. Edwin Claridge, farmer, charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal was "rigged backed" and was turned into a field without shelter and, apparently, without food, and for several days was lying in great agony. A neighbour then gave it some fodder and it was afterwards put out of its misery. Fined £1 and costs.

Portadown Police-court. Before Mr. J. C. Fulton, J.P. Mary Jane Sewell charged with stealing a red herring. A policeman watched her until he saw her commit the larceny at a shop door. The herring was returned to the shopkeeper. Three months.

Port Glasgow Police court. Before Bailie M'Farlane. James M'Farlane charged with assaulting his wife by striking her on the face and head, and kicking her severely about the legs. Fined £1. 1s.

Bath County Police court. William Cocksley and William Samson charged with sleeping out. Seven days each.

Isle of Wight County Petty Sessions, Newport. Before Admiral de Horsey, Sir Graham Hamond Graeme, Lt.-Col. Pearson Crozier, and other Justices. William Kelleway, convicted of trespassing for game on October 5. An employé of the prosecutor said that during the struggle which occurred, defendant fell and broke his leg. Defendant said the witness kicked him and broke his leg. Committed for twenty-one days in default of paying £1. 19s.

Nottingham Shire-hall. Before Mr. T. Hill and Captain Holden. Jeremiah McCarthy, charged with poaching. Six weeks, and fourteen days in default of finding sureties.

With reference to a comment in last week's TRUTH on the failure of the Thirsk Justices to give a woman the benefit of the First Offenders Act, "A Chairman of Quarter Sessions of Fifteen Years' Standing" writes to point out that the fault lies not with the Justices, but with the law. The First Offenders Act, it appears, does not apply to any offence the maximum punishment for which exceeds two years' hard labour, and in the case in question the maximum was five years' penal servitude. I am glad to find a Magistrate of so much experience as my correspondent expressing a firm opinion that this limitation upon the First Offenders Act is a mistake, and it ought to be removed at the earliest opportunity. The question to be considered in applying it is, obviously, what is the gravity of the offence under consideration, not what might possibly be the gravity of some other case which is not before the Court.

The Walsall Bench is composed of men who, as a rule, fairly administer justice, but they had a case before them last week in which I think they might have tempered justice with mercy, and let off the accused under the First Offenders Act, instead of sending him to prison for a month. George Lester, aged 19, and married, was in the employment of Moses Fisher, at the handsome salary of 15s. per week. Moses is a moneylender, and is in the habit of charging for inquiries, whether they result in a loan or not. Lester appropriated to himself £1. 4s., from these inquiry fees. At the commencement of the case, Moses through his counsel offered to produce no evidence if Lester paid costs, but as he appears to have been without money he could not do this. He, however, had offered to account for the £1. 4s. if time had been given to him. The misappropriation was admitted, but it

EIDERDON PURE WOOLLEN FABRICS, in various weights and colourings, for Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Ladies' three-quarter Capes, Dresses, and Underskirts; also the new Ballylareen Duffle Frieze for Ulster Coats, Inverness Capes, and all descriptions of Winter Wraps where "warmth without weight" is the desideratum. The Eiderdon Rug. Samples of Boyd & Company's productions, with "The Book of the Ulster," illustrated, and forms for self-measurement, may be obtained, post free, on application to the Sole Proprietors and Makers, BOYD & CO., 77, Royal-avenue, Belfast.

was urged that the system of permitting this youth to charge what fees he liked, together with the inadequate wage, almost invited dishonesty. So I think. If any persons had really suffered, they were those from whom these fees had been obtained.

If the report of an Ulster paper can be relied upon, the Magistrates at Eyrecourt Petty Sessions lately ventured upon a course for which I can call to mind no nearer precedent than that set by Solomon, C.J., in a famous case. The dispute in this instance was between two brothers, and related to the ownership of a couple of ducks. One brother accused the other of stealing the birds; the latter claimed that they were his own. The Bench, being unable to decide the question, resolved to leave it to the superior sagacity of the ducks. Accordingly, at their suggestion, a sergeant of police took the birds in a bag to a point on the road midway between the respective holdings of the parties, and there released them. The result was that the ducks separated, one going to the prosecutor's house, the other to the defendant's; "and," the report concludes, "the case is settled accordingly." What would have happened if these erratic ducks had gone into some third holding?

I am pleased to see that Sheriff Mair, of Airdrie, has publicly apologised for his conduct on the Bench, which was referred to in last week's Truth. According to a Glasgow contemporary, however, this is by no means the first offensive outbreak of which the Sheriff has been guilty; in fact, it is said that his "unenviable reputation" has been "accumulating for years." It is, therefore, a pity that he did not whilst in a penitent mood make a comprehensive apology for his past misconduct, and, at the same time, promise to mend his ways in the future.

Of eighteen County prisoners tried at Gloucestershire Assizes last week, no fewer than eleven were acquitted. Commenting upon this extraordinary result, Mr. Justice Cave said it was due to "the very insufficient discharge of their duties by those who had to advise the Magistrates." In at least five cases there was no ground for committal; and the prisoners had suffered on an average two months' imprisonment which they never ought to have done. It seems to me that the censure which the Magistrates' clerks received from his Lordship was nothing like so severe as what they deserved, for a more monstrous state of things in connection with the administration of justice can scarcely be conceived. The Judge was apparently under the impression that these committals of innocent persons took place through the mere carelessness of the Magistrates' clerks. I do not know what the practice is in Gloucestershire, but in some districts the Justices' clerks conduct the prosecutions from their Courts at Quarter Sessions and Assizes. Every committal then means so much in the clerk's pocket in the way of costs.

Writing in reference to Mr. Justice Cave's remarks, a correspondent asks:—

Does it not occur to you that many of the cases exposed in your Pillory are due to the clerks? Too many of the Magistrates are incapable of forming an opinion on the case before them, and simply dance to the tune set by their clerk.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in this, and it is one of the worst points in the present Magisterial system. But, after all, the responsibility for the decisions given must rest with the Justices, and they cannot be allowed to escape reprobation when they do wrong on the ground that they are simply tools in the hands of their clerks. Men without sufficient intelligence and independence to form their own judgment and act upon it have no business to be on the Bench.

With reference to "The Immaculate Farm Pupil Agency" recently dealt with in Truth, Mr. W. H. St. John Hope writes from Burlington House to state that Mr. "Henry Howden, F.S.A.," the representative of the Agency at Sheffield, is not and never has been a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. This ought to be equivalent to saying that the man has no right to use the letters "F.S.A.," but doubtless he will be able to refer to some Morgan or Sturman who has conferred on him for a few shillings the rank of Fellow of the Society of Asses, or some equally valuable distinction. I need scarcely say that I have heard nothing from Howden himself, nor from Aspdin, nor any of their colleagues in reference to the charges against the Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association. Nor do I expect to.

Mr. C. Lister, of 64, Munster-road, Fulham, whose begging letters I recently referred to, writes to say that my remarks about him are "misleading and unfair;" for the reason, apparently, that he has only written begging letters "at a time of sickness or ill-health," and that he has not written one dozen such letters in sixteen years—so he says. He hopes that I will not publish anything more, as it will "militate against his chance of getting employment." Then, I would advise him not to write any more begging-letters, for, as surely as he does, I shall publish something more about him.

At intervals during the last two years I have referred to the "Académie Universelle des Sciences et des Arts Industriels," of Brussels—a concern bearing a family likeness to the "Académie Parisienne des Inventeurs," run by the worthy "Professor Bœttcher." The two Academies are, in fact, so much alike as to be scarcely distinguishable. Various firms who exhibited at the last Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, and the Confectioners and Bakers' Exhibition at the same place, have just been gratified by a communication in the following terms:—

Académie Universelle des Sciences et des Arts Industriels.
Fondée en 1849.
Président titulaire: M. Martin Schmidt ✠ ⊙ ✠.
Bruxelles, le November 14, 1893.

Dear Sirs,—I am pleased to inform you that our delegate, Mr. Fowler, on his return from London, where he has visited the Confectioners and Bakers' Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, recommended us your establishment and articles with such instance that our Council has decided to admit you as member of the Académie Universelle, and to deliver you the Diploma and *first-class* Medal of the Society.

You will please return me the enclosed form of application

Successful Because of Superior Merit.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer has immense sales everywhere. It never fails to restore grey hair to its natural colour and beauty.

duly filled. I will then send you the Diploma, Medal, and printing blocks.

I shall be happy to call you colleagues, and meanwhile I remain, sirs, very truly yours,

Le Président, M. Schmidt.

This means, stripped of unnecessary verbiage, that the party addressed is to pay to the ingenuous Martin Schmidt 50 francs down, 30 of which are the annual subscription, not to mention any charge which may be made for the diploma and printing blocks. There may possibly be found English tradesmen who consider Mr. Schmidt's diploma a decoration worth this price, just as others are found who are ready to pay Bettcher the same price for his "Grand Gold Medal (gilded)." They might just as well, however, start an order of merit of their own, and confer it upon themselves gratuitously.

I congratulate the Rev. S. Naish, of Worcester, on the following announcement, which appears in more or less the same form in various local papers:—

The "Society of Science, Letters, and Art," of London, at its twelfth annual meeting last Friday, elected to a Foundation Fellowship the Rev. S. Naish, Wesleyan minister, of Worcester, and has just forwarded its Latin diploma of Fellowship, together with an appointment as examiner in the Kensington Local Examinations.

It will doubtless interest Mr. Naish to be informed what I have been doing my best to make public for the last two or three years, that the Society of Science, Letters, and Art is a collection of suburban nobodies who are fools enough to pay a few shillings per annum to an illiterate humbug named Sturman for the privilege of calling themselves "Members" or "Fellows" of an institution conducted in this man's parlour at Kensington. Since the proprietors of the principal rival concern were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and penal servitude, there has not been a more impudent imposture of the kind running. As Mr. Naish is said to have been appointed an "examiner" of this precious institution, I would call his attention to the fact that at an interview published in TRUTH nearly two years ago, I distinctly put it to Sturman that these examinations were a swindle, whereupon he laughingly admitted that they were "a bit wrong."

From the above announcement in the *Worcestershire Advertiser*, I see that the following distinguished individuals are now being advertised "among the Founder (*sic*), officers, and patrons" of Sturman's Society:—

H.S.H. the Duke of Teck.
The Duke of Argyll.
The Earl of Glasgow.
The Earl of Mar.
Sir Herbert Oakley.
The Rev. Dr. Forrest.

Knowing, from the example of Maclean's frauds and others, how apt people with well-known names are to lend the use of them to persons and "societies" of which they know nothing, I cannot say that it is impossible that any of the above have extended their patronage to Sturman's swindle. If they have done so, however, it must have been in ignorance, and having been enlightened I trust that they will now take steps to withdraw from this undesirable position.

I have received with pleasure the following letter, and I congratulate the Consul-General for Liberia on his prompt action in the matter. Should any one after this be invited by Mr. Meyler-Warlow to entrust him with £100 in order that it may be converted into £200 in twelve months, I hope he or she will promptly communicate with TRUTH Office:—

3, Coleman-street, E.C., December 1, 1893.

SIR,—Having investigated the matter referred to in your issue of the 16th ult., and the official in question (Mr. T. P. W. Meyler-Warlow) not having given any satisfactory explanation, I have now to inform you that he has been removed from his post of "Liberian Consul" in Carlisle, and shall feel obliged if you will take notice of this in your next issue.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

HENRY HAYMAN,
Consul-General for Liberia.

I despair of the Tory Press. After all the sensation occasioned by the late exposure of the Hounslow Girl, Boy, and Man Flogger in TRUTH, the following advertisement found its way the other day into the *Morning Post*:—

A Governess (strict disciplinarian) of long experience gives advice to parents and guardians who have unruly children. Advice letter, 5s.; home consultation, 8s. 6d. Visits all parts; terms according to distance.—M. S., Lime Cottage, Lancers-road, Hounslow.

Although she chooses to call herself "M. S.," there is no one at Lime Cottage but the degraded wretch Peirce except a stalwart female whom the Flogger has apparently engaged to protect her against any undesirable manifestations of public feeling. No one who knows the proprietor of the *Morning Post* would credit him with any desire to aid and abet the vile trade of this woman; but it is an extraordinary thing that in the most respectable journals so little regard should be paid to the use made of the advertising columns. As long as such advertisements are freely received and published it is idle to expect any practical result from mere exposure or denunciation.

A traveller has been at the trouble to write and inform me that the porters of all the Aberdeen hotels are admitted to the platform of the North of Scotland Railway when waiting on passengers who are *leaving*. I am much obliged to him, but that is entirely beside the point—which is that the Railway Company use their powers unfairly to entrap travellers into their own hotel, and throw obstacles in the way of their going to other hostelries which they might prefer. The same correspondent informs me that both the Midland and the North-Eastern Companies offend in the same respect, and even go beyond the North of Scotland in forbidding porters of other hotels than their own to accompany departing passengers onto the platforms. Then I am very glad to add the North-Eastern and the Midland to the list of offenders.

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

At another "fancy dress bazaar," held last week at Cheltenham, Colonel Thoyts referred to my remarks upon the recent bazaar in aid of the Primrose League and the local hospital, and said that he had ascertained by inquiries of "the leading tradesmen of the town" that there was no truth in the suggestion that such a bazaar did harm to them. The "leading tradesmen," on the contrary, told the Colonel that they benefited by the bazaar, apparently because the materials were bought in the town. To this I have to say that my informant is in a far better position than Colonel Thoyts to ascertain the real opinions of the tradespeople, and that he adheres emphatically to what he said, adding that a large portion of the materials for this bazaar came from big London establishments, Colonel Thoyts is a popular local gentleman, to whom no one would willingly say anything unpleasant. Beyond that, the Colonel's statement is sufficiently answered by the following significant hint to the local tradespeople in a Cheltenham Tory journal:—

> Whoever the person may be, he-male or she-male, who sends up lies to TRUTH about Cheltenham, he or she may depend upon it that *when he or she is found out social ostracism will result.*

The "lies" here referred to are a tradesman's expression of his own and his neighbours' feelings. Local tradesmen are, therefore, here given to understand by one of the local Primrose organs that, if they publicly express unfavourable opinions about the Primrose Bazaar, "social ostracism will result." In the face of this, I would ask Colonel Thoyts, who seems to be a fair-minded gentleman, what value he can seriously attach to the results of his inquiries among the tradespeople?

Apart from this, by far the most serious criticism which I passed on this Cheltenham Bazaar was that it was "a trick to fill the languishing Primrose exchequer under cover of an appeal to charity." The ground for this criticism was the information given me that, as a matter of fact, 90 per cent. of the proceeds of this "Charity Bazaar" was to be taken by the Primrose League, and 10 per cent. by the Hospital. Neither Colonel Thoyts nor the vicious Primrose boycotter, who threatens the local tradesmen with the consequences of communicating with TRUTH, ventures to contradict this allegation. If it is true, they had better hold their peace, for in that case the Bazaar deserves the worst that could be said about it.

The Parish Councils Bill makes progress in the House of Commons. So does a tortoise. At the present rate, the Bill will not be out of Committee before Christmas, and very probably not then. The most reasonable course, as it seems to me, would be for the Lords, when it goes up to their House, to carry it over to next Session by a resolution. The next Session might then commence at the usual time, and as in the first days of a Session the Lords have little to do, they might carry the Bill through its stages.

A correspondent writes, in view of the attempt of the Tories to continue the administration of parochial charities by churchwardens:—

> In this parish (West Wittering, Chichester) there are seven or eight acres of good land, in several small plots, called Feoffin land, which belong to the poor of the parish. The churchwardens are trustees of it, and until a few years ago they gave the proceeds (rents) to the poor, but now the whole is given to the church, and when the church was restored the surplus of the fund was given towards its restoration, the parson and squire apportioning all the front seats, and leaving the back ones to the poor.

It has now been decided that a Parish Council may levy rates up to sixpence in the pound. This would give an income of £120 per annum for a village with rateable property worth £5,000 per annum. The Council might consist of villagers, worthy men but ignorant of law, and they would have to interpret a very complicated Act without the aid of a legal adviser. Supposing that some litigious individual were to contest their interpretation, from whence would they procure funds to fight the issue? Supposing, moreover, they fought and lost, who would be responsible for the costs in which they could be mulcted for acting *ultra vires*, the Parish or the Councillors? In a town a Municipal Council has the aid of a clerk, who is an expert in law. Evidently, unless this difficulty be in some way met, the fear of legal responsibility might make the Act inoperative in many villages.

The Tory papers seem astounded that the Prime Minister should have passed over all the "territorial magnates" of Cambridgeshire in order to appoint a Wisbech banker to be Lord-Lieutenant of that county. Even if the "territorial magnates" had not been practically disqualified by their furious high Tory politics, there would have been difficulty in electing one of them, as they are either absentees altogether from their property in the county, or they are only occasional residents. The appointment of Mr. Peckover has given great satisfaction among all classes in Cambridgeshire. He has taken a very active and a most useful part in county business for the last thirty years, and he is very popular. He belongs to a family that has long been resident at Wisbech, and is a partner in the banking firm of Gurney, Birkbeck, & Co., to which it may be added that nearly forty years ago he married a wealthy heiress. Mr. Peckover, who is a hereditary member of the Society of Friends, is a very able man, and belongs to several of the principal learned and scientific societies. He is a distinguished antiquary, and possesses a splendid library, including a complete collection of the first editions of different versions of the English Scriptures, and a unique series of early atlases and maps of England.

I regard a strong and efficient Navy as a necessity of our position. But I have the greatest distrust of sudden demands to augment its strength engineered by a Jingo Press. A little before the Naval Defence Bill was submitted to Parliament by Lord George Hamilton, he had solemnly declared that the strength of the Navy was sufficient for all requirements. That Act was in response to a Jingo outburst in the Press. When it was passed, Lord George Hamilton told us, that all which would be requisite had been done. Again there is a Jingo outcry, and in obedience to it the Navy

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A great attraction this Christmas, at 173, New Bond-street, will be Messrs. CHARBONNELL & WALKER'S superb show of PARISIAN NOVELTIES. Their *salons* are filled with treasures of artistic excellence in every variety. They are too beautiful to describe, and as all the world should see them, we will only add that everything that is lovely and poetic in the shape of novelties will be found there.

is to be further increased. The plea now is that France is building more ships than was anticipated, and that Russia is to have a coaling station on the Mediterranean. But is not France building more ships in reply to Lord George Hamilton's foolish boast that we must have a Navy equal to that of any two Powers? And is it not forgotten that Russia had a coaling station at Villafranca before that port was annexed to France? Therefore I say, let us not lose our heads, ruin ourselves, as Sir Robert Peel wisely observed, by spending all our money in ensuring against a problematical risk.

Satan finds work for idle ships to do. What I fear is that, if we have a Navy so strong that we can crush all creation, we shall be inclined to try the experiment of crushing it. First we annex some country, then we say that, having annexed it, our Navy must be equal to defending it. Having increased our Navy, we at once annex another country, or thrust our fingers into some foreign pie, and again we build more ships. This is why I have always been against territorial extensions, believing that the British Empire is quite large enough for our requirements. The argument as to the relative merits of eternal expansion and resting satisfied with what is possessed is an old one. It was discussed by the Athenians prior to their expedition to Syracuse, and the arguments for resting satisfied were well put by Nicias. Alcibiades replied to them. Our Jingoes are only repeating his arguments. Nicias was shouted down; he was sneered at as a "Little Greek." Alcibiades, the Jingo, was lauded as a man who understood the duties of Empire. The Athenian fleet went to Sicily. There was a general uprising against Athenian greed. Athens was defeated, and when a Spartan army occupied her territory, the Athenians awoke to the fact that Nicias had been right, and that they owed their ruin to having listened to the boastful swagger of Alcibiades and other such Jingoes.

I put this question to naval constructors: Is it possible to build a small vessel of such strength and of such speed that it could ram any armoured battle-ship and sink it? If such a vessel can be constructed, it will be; and the nation that possesses a few of such rams will be the victor in a naval war, just as a sword-fish is the superior to any number of whales. If during mere manœuvres in time of peace a huge battleship was sunk owing to another fouling it, what is likely to happen in an engagement, when it will be the object of one half of the ships to sink the other half by running into them?

If, as I have often said, we want more ships to be able to ensure our safety in case of war, then we must build them. First, however, we ought clearly to understand what is meant by defence. As it is, we say that our ships must be able to cope with those of any two foreign Navies in order to secure to us supremacy on the seas. It does not follow, however, that our enemies would be limited to two. It seems to me, therefore, that, if we agree to the dictum that supremacy is essential, and can only be ensured by equality of number of ships, we shall have to build a number equal to that of all foreign Navies, or, in other words, that our expenditure in ship building must be such as would ruin us.

I trust that the gentleman who forwards the following effusion to me will never be on a jury in a case in which I am concerned:—

> Multiply the villany of that villain Lobengula a million times and it won't in the faintest degree approach yours, you vile, loathsome, imp of hell. I hope you will never bring an action without losing it. If I were on a jury I would find against you in every case, and only regret that I could not send you to the gallows. Why don't you go to Russia, you accursed beggar—you aggregation of everything that is evil and bad? Siberia, you beast, is too good for you.
>
> May fevers long know you;
> May agues long freeze you;
> May influenza assail you;
> May microbes creep o'er you;
> May many tortures distract you;
> May Heaven destroy you!
>
> Success to Rhodes! Down with you, you traitor and bloody villain who attacks him!

At a meeting of the Concessions Company held yesterday, the arrangement was confirmed by which the Chartered Company doubled its capital in order to give £1,000,000 to its promoters, and in many cases its Directors—because, although there was no signed agreement to give them anything as promoters, they had agreed with themselves as Directors that they were to have this modest trifle. The amusing part of the proceeding was that these very 'cute gentlemen paraded as a kindness on their part, that they were prepared to take £185,000 Six per Cent. Debentures of the Chartered Company. But for what was this money wanted? To pay some of the promoters who had found money for the Company in order to prevent its bankruptcy. The real effect of this benevolence was, that they converted an unsecured debt into a first charge. If all the shareholders of the Concessions Company are not prepared to subscribe their quota of these Debentures, it is proposed to sell to confiding investors some of the free shares given by the Chartered Company to the promoters. My opinion of the shares is that they are intrinsically worth their value as waste paper, or, perhaps, a steak out of some of the cattle that the Company has looted, and which appears to be its most available asset.

The first Earl of Fife was a Mr. Duff, who was a sort of pedlar in Ireland in the days of James II., and made himself so useful to William of Orange that he was created Earl of Fife, and Baron Macduff in the Irish Peerage, and was privileged to amass much money. It is not therefore surprising that his descendant, the present Duke of Fife, treads in the path of his canny ancestor, and is seeking to feather his already well-feathered nest, in the guise of a patriot burning with a noble desire to extend the area of our Empire. This has secured him an income of £1,200 as a Life Director of the South Africa Company, and it would be an imputation upon his intelligence to suppose that this is all that he has obtained by his connection with this Company, judging from his action in other Companies with which

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he has been connected. I take the following from the *Financial Gazette* :—

The British South Africa Company is not the only financial venture with which his Grace has been connected. He is a partner in the West-End banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., & Co., and another partner is Sir Horace Brand Townsend Farquhar, Bart., who is also a director of the British South Africa Company. These two partners work together in more senses than one. They both figured as founders of such Trust Companies as the United States Debenture, the Imperial Colonial Finance, and the South American and Mexican Company, in connection with which there have recently been disclosures of far reaching importance. The Duke and his banking firm have taken a leading part in the Exploration Company, the shares of which were issued at a premium, and afterwards went to a very substantial premium. The ordinary shareholders in this concern have received 4s. per share in dividends, and the founders £13. 2s. 4d. per share. This Company has paid no dividends since 1890, and it may be interesting to know that Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., & Co., originally held 1,700 shares; Mr. F. Hoare (a partner), 100 shares; Mr. C. H. Burnand (private secretary to Sir Horace Farquhar), 400 shares; and Mr. W. H. Preedy (holder of procuration), 300 shares. It may also be of interest that every one of these shares has been sold. Sir Horace Brand Townsend Farquhar is a Director of this Company. He is also a partner in the firm of Forbes, Forbes, & Co., East India Agents, 9, King William-street, E.C., who have reduced their holdings from 1,120 to 200 shares, while Mr. W. Lower, of the same address, has got rid of 500 shares. Had Sir Horace Brand Townsend Farquhar, Bart., no interest in any of the above sales? Mr. G. F. B. Farquhar has sold the whole of his 1,150 shares, but the Duke of Fife appears to have 600 left out of 1,000. The Duke appears to have been left in the scramble to get out, for the two Managing Directors, Mr. E. G. De Crano has got rid of nearly 4,000 shares, Mr. Hamilton Smith 2,000, and all the founders' shares they had. Of the Companies promoted by, or otherwise connected with, the Exploration Company, at least six pay no dividends, which, to the shareholders, is a matter "of far-reaching importance." The Exploration Company is applying to Parliament for an extension of time for its Central London Railway scheme.

Now, I have no sort of objection to a Duke engaging in commerce. We have got over the nonsense that *noblesse oblige* to be idle. If the Duke of Fife can sell his services to the promoters of a Company at £1,200 per annum, he is no worse than many other members of the aristocracy who let themselves out for a much smaller fee. If he likes to engage in financing speculations, by all means let him. My objection is that he should wish the public to believe that he is a great nobleman, sacrificing himself and his personal interests to a noble patriotism. He denounced —at a recent meeting of the South African Chartered Company—me and others as "Little Englanders," because we have taken the liberty to protest against an iniquitous and inhuman war being carried on, not from any patriotic motives, but from private greed; and he actually did this when the promoters of the Company, of which he was one, were insisting upon being paid by their own Company £1,000,000, as a douceur for their "patriotism." He can, therefore, find no fault with me if I venture—with that respect for a nobleman which is so deeply ingrained in my nature—to remove a little of the patriotic gilding with which he would cover his commercial gingerbread. If we really are open to the reproach of being "Little Englanders," it cannot be said that we make money by our views of what is best in the interests of the country. Never, indeed, will I believe in patriotism that brings in cash to the patriot.

Considering the former exploits of the Rhodes gang in booming the shares of the Chartered Company up to 300 per cent. premium, to the great loss of those who bought them, and considering that they now have in hand 1,000,000 shares of this Company, which, with the aid of a printing press, they have just conferred on themselves, we may fairly expect a very deluge of stories designed to induce the too-credulous British investor to exchange his hard cash against these "paper" shares. The deluge has, indeed, already begun. Two ladies, I read in a contemporary, bought a "claim" in Manicaland for one shilling. They have already received several hundred pounds in gold from this claim. Considering that no gold has as yet been exported from Manicaland, I am inclined to think that—if really the ladies have received anything —it has been from Rhodes himself, or from one of his gang, on the principle of baiting with a sprat to catch a shoal of herrings. I am anxiously looking forward to the "discovery" of the Queen of Sheba's Palace in Matabeleland. It was "discovered" in Mashonaland, and proved a very taking bait. Having done good service in pulling up the price of the shares of the Company, it was withdrawn from the Mashonaland hook; it is now full time to put it on the Matabeleland hook, and also to show that this district is the true Land of Ophir from which Solomon got all his gold.

These two ladies, Miss Rose Blennerhasset and Miss Lucy Sleman, went to Mashonaland as nurses, and they have published their experiences. That respecting the Church in Mashonaland is curious. The "expected clergyman," they say, "has arrived. His first visit was entirely taken up with complaints of his position. He had no money. The Bishop had left him no authority except over souls. He was not going to stand it." And it would appear that he did not "stand it," for he withdrew from the Church, and went into partnership with a Hebrew pothouse-keeper. Equally strange were the ways of the authorities. At Christmas the Chief Commissioner and the Resident Magistrate, under the influence of the festive season, suspended each other, but the latter got the better of the former by arresting him. The next day, however, they made up their differences at a smoking concert, and spent the rest of the year in festivity. This Resident Magistrate was a man of resource if not of humanity. Having ordered a man into prison, he made him safe every evening by tying his thumbs together behind his back. As for the police, they appear to have been well-intentioned thieves. They sent a cow to the hospital as a gift, but their charity was practised at the expense of some one else, for they had stolen it, and the owner, after a brief engagement with these charitable policemen, got back his stolen cow. I gather that the two ladies are now ordered to St. Helena, in order to recover from the effects of the climate of the salubrious domains of the S.A. Chartered Company.

Such side lights on what really has been going on in Mashonaland are highly valuable, for it must be remembered that these parsons turned pot-house keepers, these drunken Magistrates, and these stealing policemen, are representing themselves as entrusted by Providence with a divine mission, this mission being to make the shares of a rotten Company saleable on the Stock Exchange by "clearing out" a godless heathen nation, possessed of land and mines, which are to be the reward of those who, by killing these godless savages and laying hands on their lands and mines, obey the Divine commandments against murder and theft.

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One of the latest telegrams from Matabeleland is to the effect that, by order of Mr. Rhodes, a force of burghers (would not burglars be the right word?) left Fort Victoria to liberate some Mashona women and children who some time ago had been carried off by the Matabele. The expedition suffered no losses, the women and children were restored to their people, and eight hundred head of Lobengula's cattle were brought away Whether any women and children were released is, I should say, doubtful. The expedition appears to have been organised to capture cattle belonging to Matabele who were living in their villages, and did not even form part of the fighting force of that nation. Judging from what has occurred elsewhere, it is probable that a good many villages were burnt and a good many Matabele were slaughtered in this cattle raid, and that those still alive—men, women, and children—have been left, homeless and cattleless, to rot. So convinced, however, were the Matabele that the Company would prove the most beneficent of rulers, that we are asked to believe that they expressed a wish to come under its rule. This is about as likely as that a Lowland farmer upon having his cattle "lifted" by Rob Roy, declared himself anxious to be ruled henceforward by that cateran on these lines.

I do not want telegrams from Dr. Jameson, or from Sir Henry Loch, detailing conversations with officers of the Chartered Company's freebooters in regard to the wounded Matebele. What I want is the number of Matabele who were brought into Buluwayo by the victors in previous engagements, and the number of them that are now being treated. I in no way exaggerated when I said that we have been officially informed that at least 3,000 Matabele were killed and wounded in those engagements. Nor did I exaggerate when I said that only 1,000 (and probably far fewer) of these could have been killed by the fire of the Company's forces; for this is the exact estimate of Mr. Rhodes himself in a telegram to Sir G. Spring that is published in the Cape papers. I will allow that 500 were so slightly wounded that they escaped, although, as the cavalry charged them after their onset had been repulsed, this is doubtful. What, then, has become of the remaining 1,500? If the Company had replied that its European soldiers were few in numbers; that they were accompanied by a horde of Mashonas eager for revenge on their former masters; and that the force had to advance rapidly, and was without the means either to protect or to tend the wounded Matabeles; this would have been intelligible. But they neither deny nor admit. The Mashonas, they say, only left the laager after the cavalry had scouted some miles. Very probably; but what did they do when they did emerge from the laager, and the wounded were lying about? Some wounded, continues the Secretary, were taken into the laager and tended. This, too, is probable. Some, he says, were carried on to Buluwayo. A few may have been, but it is evident that it would only have been a very few. After all these fogging evasions, the Secretary throws them all over by asking how many wounded were treated in the hospitals of the Imperial forces during the Zulu campaign? If, as the Secretary hints, the wounded in the Zulu campaign were left to die by a disciplined Imperial force, does it not stand to reason that this would be more likely to occur in the case of an undisciplined force, collected together by promises of a share in booty, which could only be obtained by its owners being slain? This Chartered Company has really found so credulous a public over here, that it is not surprising that its promoters and officers should deem this credulity inexhaustible.

The following extract from a letter that I have received from an African at Leeds is interesting as showing what educated Africans think of our Christian efforts to civilise them on commercial lines:—

> It is impossible for me to see this day pass without having thanked you for the human, yea, most true Christian, manner you plead for my always and everywhere *oppressed* and *hated* people. Laughed to scorn by your own countrymen and colleagues in the house known as the "House of Commons"—but which should be the House of un-Commons—you hold on to your own cause. I hope you may live to see the fruits of your labours. Dr. Livingstone did not see his, and there were not enough Scotchmen to continue his well begun work, so it fell to the desired lot of the "great African Explorer," Mr. Stanley, to crush it. Cetewayo, after the most unjust war in Zululand, said:—"The English send us first missionaries; second, a Consul; third, soldiers." And thus a people who were capable of being civilised were destroyed, and the few remnants are forced to labour at very small pay for the conquerors on their own soil; and, very likely, the only education they get is, "servants, obey your masters."
>
> Prejudice against the negro, even in this country, is so very great that Britons never will christianise Africa. What, then, is the use of missionaries? Is their mission to make "the last state of the man worse than the first?" According to a letter written by an Englishman in South Africa, the whole of the "Christian Church" there were in favour of the Chartered Company (How can any Christian Government charter a lot of money-seekers?) waging war against the Matabele. Goethe, in his "Faust," says:—"Churches have eaten up whole countries, and yet have never enough." In South Africa it seems that filthy lucre has there, too, drawn the "Christian Church" into the 300 to 1,000 per cent. that Matabeleland offers. The noble lady who pleaded the cause of the Zulus has, it seems, retired with a broken heart! Wilberforce, Pitt, and the noble Quakers who pleaded the cause of the negro are dead; and Englishmen, who have ever made capital out of the negroes' blood, have found another way of getting their monstrous percentage at the negro's cost and loss. This time, though, the lot has fallen to the Radical Party to stay, at least a little, the bloodhounds' teeth.
>
> May the Omnipotent God sustain you, honourable sir, and your Party for the great, true Christian, and human good you are seeking to secure for His less favoured creatures.

I wonder who on the *Westminster Gazette* has been "got hold of" by the South Africa Chartered Company? This newspaper, alone amongst Liberal journals, is in perfect ecstasies over the Company's doings, and evidently considers that it matters nothing how many Africans are slaughtered and robbed, if the slaughter and the robbery enabled financing adventurers to make money out of British investors. Mr. Newnes, the proprietor, is an enterprising man of business, and has proved it by that excellent periodical the *Strand Magazine*. He should, however, find out which of his staff is prostituting the *Westminster Gazette* in this fashion, and take measures to hinder such pernicious nonsense appearing in its columns; for, if a Liberal journal becomes the organ of a gang of filibustering financiers, its influence (whatever it may have) goes, its circulation falls, it is conducted at a loss, and disappears so soon as its proprietor is tired of losing money by preaching in the desert.

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SCRUTATOR.

JOHN JAMES JONES SUPERSEDED.

MANY readers of Truth will doubtless have wondered before this what has become of John James Jones, the Bad Samaritan, upon whose philanthropic career I turned a little light last spring. I have not lost sight of John James, nor of the London Samaritan Society, but as the chief Samaritan has been living for some time in a position of retirement, I have thought it best to remain silent pending further developments. These have now come about by the issue of the following circular :—

THE LONDON SAMARITAN SOCIETY AND HOMERTON MISSION.

STATEMENT BY THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Council has now been merged in the Committee of Management, which consists of eight members, and acts as Treasurers. The Committee alone have power to appoint new members at a meeting.

All money is paid to a banking account day by day, and the account is kept in the name of the Committee.

No money can be drawn from the bank except by cheques signed by at least two members of the Committee, and counter-signed by the Managing Director or Secretary.

All property owned by the Society, or for which the Society pays rent, is subject to the control of the Committee, and the Committee also have general control of the objects and undertakings of the Society, and of accounts, appeals, and records.

All letters received at the London office are opened in the presence of three clerks who render daily statements, and those received at Sandgate, not being private communications, are posted forthwith to the London office to be opened there.

The books and accounts are not only audited periodically by chartered accountants, but are actually kept and written up by them monthly.

The Committee meet weekly. They do not accept personal responsibility for debts. For the payment of these the contributions of subscribers and the various properties of the Society form the security.

The only benefit which the Managing Director receives from the funds, or property of the Society, is the salary paid to him by the Committee.

The freehold properties of the Society are vested in Trustees by deeds enrolled in Chancery. These Trustees form a distinct body from the Committee, and meet when occasion requires.

Signed for and behalf of the Committee,
November 7, 1893. W. Cuff, Chairman.

This is a highly interesting document, intimating, as it does, that the control of the Society has been taken out of the hands of John James Jones, and transferred to those of the Committee, and that a system has been instituted which precludes the Managing Director from handling the cash received. The pains now taken to impress these points upon the public form a striking contrast to the elaborate pretence of exonerating Jones which was gone through after the publication of the Truth articles. Lest, however, this should give rise to the impression that the Committee have, notwithstanding their protestations of belief in his integrity, taken the earliest opportunity of relegating John James to a back place, there is a "P.T.O." below the Rev. Mr. Cuff's signature; and on turning over, the reader finds this even more interesting document :—

98, High-street, Homerton, London, E.,
November 7, 1893.

Dear Friend,—For nearly five months I have been unable to take any part in the direction or management of the work of the London Samaritan Society, owing to my ill-health.

I am truly grateful to God for restoring me to a measure of health and strength; but I feel that neither my physical nor mental strength will permit me to carry in the future the same amount of responsibility and anxiety as I have done in the past. Therefore the very kind and devoted friends to the work of the Society, who have acted during my illness as a Committee of Management and Treasurers, will in the future control all the financial and general management of the Society and Mission which it was my privilege to institute nearly twenty years ago.

The Committee of Management will greatly lighten the burden of responsibility and anxiety, and will enable me to devote more time and energy to superintending the very many details of such a work as that done by the London Samaritan Society for the afflicted and needy men, women, and children of the Metropolis, and nearly all parts of the United Kingdom.

To the very many dear friends who have expressed their sympathy with me in my time of affliction I tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks.—I remain, gratefully and faithfully yours,

John James Jones,
Managing Director.

The charitable public are here invited to believe that failing health alone has led to the removal of Mr. J. J. Jones from the pedestal on which he has hitherto been elevated. I hope that I am not altogether devoid of charity myself, but to me the diseases of Mr. Jones occur too opportunely for probability. They resemble too much the ailments of some other public personages who have possessed the faculty of falling ill whenever circumstances render temporary seclusion expedient. Whatever Jones's infirmity may be, nobody ever heard of its preventing him doing anything that he wanted to do until last November, when he had exhausted every pretext for evading his promise to come and finish his interview at Truth office. Then he suddenly developed the most alarming symptoms; indeed, from the account he gave me of his case, I could only suppose that the worst consequences were to be apprehended, should he persist in keeping his engagement with me. Not less sudden, however, than this alarming attack, was his subsequent recovery, which was apparently brought about by the famous Sandgate landslip. Never in all his life had Jones been so aggressively energetic as after that occurrence. He assumed the arduous duties of Secretary to the Relief Fund, he raised stormy scenes at the Local Board, he called public meetings, he wrote letters to the London papers, he sent out appeals by the thousand, he was busy fighting his own landlord, and bidding for properties whose owners were panic-struck; and all this within three months of the date when his doctors were insisting so peremptorily on perfect rest, that they would not even let him make the journey from Sandgate to Truth office. Then came my articles on the Samaritan Society, and in a moment poor John James was once more *in extremis*, and, after some sensational incidents which I need not recapitulate, he had to go away and leave his "kind and devoted friends" to get along as well as they could without him. It now appears that this last attack has been so serious that the Committee are going to take "all the financial and general management of the Society's Mission" off his hands. I can believe a great deal, but at this point my credulity stops. To my thinking, the only ailment that Jones is suffering from is a serious attack of Truth, and I venture to say that nobody who has studied the symptoms, and compared the last seizure with that which occurred in November, 1892, will fail to concur in this diagnosis of the complaint.

Far be it from me to blame John James Jones for making his escape from an untenable position by this particular door. On the contrary, I think a certain amount of credit is due to him for recognising that, if he was not prepared to accept my challenge and traverse my charges against him in a Court of Law, it was impossible for him to retain the position he has held. Having decided to step down, he was right to do it with as much

Sanitary Surveys.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

dignity as he could. But the position of Jones in this matter is entirely different from that of the "Council" or "Committee of Management," or whatever the body is to be called. It is one thing for Jones to palm off upon the subscribers and the public a flimsy fiction which can deceive none but those who wish to be deceived; it is quite another for the Committee to endorse this fiction, as they do when Jones's ingenious epistle to his "Dear Friends" is appended to a statement of the Committee signed by the Reverend Chairman. From beginning to end of this business the Council seem to have shown far more solicitude for Mr. Jones than for the interests of the Samaritan Society, or their own reputation for common sense. They were content for years to accept the position of dummies, and to lend their names as responsible for the administration of a concern of which they knew nothing. When their eyes were opened by the revelations in TRUTH, they took upon themselves the responsibility of advising Jones not to meet the charges against him in the only way in which they could be met, and the still heavier responsibility of going through the empty form of trying these charges themselves and pronouncing absolution on the accused party. They now crown these proceedings by issuing a statement, which by implication admits that they have found it necessary to remodel the entire administration of the concern; and they allow Jones to retire with honour, on the plea of ill-health, from the autocratic position he has held, when it must be obvious to every independent observer that the only reason for his retirement is the fact that he is unable to answer the charges which have been made against him, but which the Council have pronounced to be unfounded. Whether the Society gains much additional title to confidence by the substitution of a body of gentlemen of this calibre in place of its original founder and autocrat, is a question which I would now recommend the subscribers to consider carefully.

GOOD MR. GOOD.

The following is the letter from the Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, referred to in last week's TRUTH as having been sent in answer to my recent article, "A Mammonite Missionary." I have been compelled to curtail it in one or two places, but I have eliminated nothing bearing upon the facts alleged in the article:—

First, as to this case of Mr. Good. It is admitted that he has received a gift of land from the Chief. You say it is thirty square miles in extent. He says it is computed to be about 8,000 morgen, or 16,000 acres. In either case it is a large tract of country, and sounds a princely gift. But to those who know the vast waterless plains of Bechuanaland it does not amount to very much, especially as it is without a single permanent stream or fountain, and, so far as is known, is not within any supposed auriferous area. It was practically valueless, except for pasturage, when the Chief gave it, and it is not worth 6d. an acre now.

Next, as to the way in which Mr. Good obtained it. Your readers ought to know that it has been the custom of the Chiefs to assign to Europeans, residing among their people, "places," or tracts of country, where they may graze their cattle away from the native towns and the native herds. In most cases this land is simply loaned, and reverts to the Chiefs when no longer required by the person to whom it has been lent. As the number of Europeans increases, a rent is frequently charged for such land. When Mr. Good went to Kanye more than twenty-five years ago he asked the Chief for a place for his cattle, and this land was set apart for his use. Afterwards, in gratitude for many services, the Chief proposed to make him a present of it. When the present Chief came to power, this gift was formally ratified.

But you say: "I am curious to learn whether the subscribers to the London Missionary Society have been aware of the 'collateral work' which Mr. Good combined with the propagation of the Gospel." This "collateral work" is one of the commonest experiences of the life of a missionary among uncivilised tribes, and is sometimes a tolerably heavy burden. The missionary is obliged to make himself thoroughly master of the native language in order to efficiency in his own work among them; consequently, he is constantly in requisition as the interpreter when European travellers pass through, or when correspondence takes place between the tribe and the British Government. The missionary, if he is a true man, speedily becomes known and trusted by the people as their friend, and is increasingly consulted about matters relating to their interests. He is usually the only European who has not come into the country avowedly to promote his personal ends. He may therefore be expected to give disinterested advice and help. . . .

Mr. Good has during the last twenty years had a very large amount of this "collateral work" to do. Political complications, and the efforts of concessionaires to obtain large tracts of country, have called his services into requisition repeatedly. He is greatly beloved by the people. What wonder, then, if they should express their gratitude in a tangible form by a present? If they had been civilised they might have decided to present him with a service of plate, or some other equally costly and useless token of regard. Being what they are, they presented him with the land which they had already loaned to him. Can any one say that he had not a right to accept the present, or that his conduct gave evidence of a mercenary spirit?

The expediency of accepting such gifts from the natives is quite a different question. I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Good made a mistake in accepting a present of such a kind, and which might be so easily represented as a *quid pro quo* for services rendered. But looking at the facts in the light in which I have just stated them, I have never thought it necessary to insist that the land should be given back.

The other stories you refer to, of the huts of Christian converts being burned because a missionary had successfully opposed a concessionaire, and of the missionary who received £50 a year from a trader as "hush money," seem to me to be of that vague kind which the credulous traveller can have plenty of. If you can localise and substantiate them as against any missionary of the London Missionary Society, I can promise you that the Directors of the Society will be prompt in dealing with the offenders.—I am,

R. WARDLAW THOMPSON,
Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

It seems to me that Mr. Wardlaw Thompson practically acknowledges the justice of my criticism when he admits, without hesitation, "that Mr. Good made a mistake in accepting a present of such a kind." The whole point of my article was that it is a mistake for any missionary to accept presents of such a kind, and, that being conceded, it is hardly worth while to argue the matter further. But there is one point on which I should like to add a word. The present, says Mr. Wardlaw Thompson, "might be so easily represented as a *quid pro quo* for services rendered," on which ground, apparently, he deems it "inexpedient" that it should be accepted. But the present is not merely "so represented;" it actually *was* a payment for services rendered. Mr. Thompson's phrase almost suggests that to represent it in this light is to misrepresent it. But does he himself suggest that the gift was anything else than a payment for services rendered? On the contrary, his own explanation of the gift represents it in this light and no other. If the natives had been civilised they might, he says, have expressed their gratitude in a presentation of plate, "or some other equally costly and useless token of regard." As it is, they expressed their gratitude by a presentation which was far from "useless"—a matter of 16,000 acres of grazing land. Mr. Wardlaw Thompson represents the land as practically worthless; but I have already shown that sundry natives, who had a less keen sense of gratitude to the missionary, laid claim to it, and had to be disposed of by force, before Mr. Good became the *de facto* owner. They evidently did not think

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

it worthless, and I take it that many a European who, unlike Mr. Good as seen through Mr. Thompson's spectacles, has "come into the country avowedly to promote his personal ends," would have been ready to give a substantial *quid pro quo* for the territory. Thirty square miles, or even 16,000 acres, of "the waterless plains of Bechuanaland" may go up very considerably in value in the next twenty years, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see Mr. Good, or his heirs and successors, ranking among the most opulent landowners of South Africa, with a very handsome share of "unearned increment" to awake the jealousy of the landless section of the community.

Granting, then, that the gift was not only a "quid," but a very handsome "quid," there arises another question. What about the "quo"? Mr. Wardlaw Thompson suggests that Mr. Good's services rendered have been out of all proportion to the little 16,000-acre compliment received in return. Some people in South Africa, however, suggest, as I intimated in my article, something very different. Without going into charges of the "vague kind," referred to in the concluding paragraph of the above letter, I may say that I have statements of a similar nature, but not at all vague, with which Mr. Good's name is connected; and I see myself strong reason to doubt whether Mr. Good's "collateral" operations have always been of such unquestionable benefit to the Chiefs and their people that nothing less than a grant of 16,000 acres of land would be an adequate recognition of them. These, however, are details. The Secretary of the London Missionary Society admits that an "inexpedient" thing has been done, which I take to mean one of which the Society do not approve. If they had in their possession full particulars of the relations of Mr. Good with the natives, they would, I believe, see its inexpediency in a much stronger light. The question, then, is whether this inexpedient transaction is to stand, or whether the attitude of the Society is to be that of disapproving of the action of their representative, and at the same time winking at it.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE BEAKS AND CLAWS OF TWO TRAGEDIENNES.

YOU must remember having seen Mdlle. Rousseil under the Perrin management on the stage of the Français taking the house by storm as a tragedy queen. She then showed herself an actress of pre-eminent talent. After she left, Sarcey and the late Barbey d'Aurevilly were always trying to get her back again. Her misfortune, and often her fault, was a hasty temper and a capacity for auto-suggestion, which made her take her fancies for realities. There is no more valuable gift for stage purposes than this disease, which is to the actress what that morbid state which secretes pearls is to the oysters. But off the stage! It makes in private life the actress, who transports hundreds nightly into the seventh heaven of bliss, the plague of those who must bear her company. Mdlle. Rousseil developed the faculty of auto-suggestion on the stage to such an extraordinary degree that her mirages haunted her off the stage, changing, however, their forms. Nobody ever knew her to be without a grievance. As she had *bec et ongles* to defend herself against fancied or real attacks, she was shunned. Critics who longed to do her justice in the handsomest terms were afraid to write about her, lest she should take their compliments amiss. Still she forced praise from the greatest of them. When the Théâtre Français grew too hot to hold her, she thought herself a victim of jealousy. In this state of mind she came to the conclusion that her best course was to go into a convent, little dreaming to what a terrible degree human nature asserts itself in the cloistered orders. She went. Her noviciate, it appears, was an all-round disappointment, and she is out again. Or, rather, she has been out some time—else there would not have been cause given for the action for libel which she brought against another actress, Mdlle. Teissandier, one of M. Sarcey's favourites. Mdlle. Teissandier is best known as an Odéon actress. But she plays also in Boulevard theatres. When about to appear as the Flower Girl last August in "La Bouquetière des Innocents," she received a note from Mdlle. Rousseil, who, she had imagined, was saving her soul in a cloister. It was to ask her for two passes for the first representation. A kind answer was returned, and the applicant for the tickets was asked to do Mdlle. Teissandier the great pleasure to come to fetch them at her theatrical dressing-room shortly before the rising of the curtain. She went, and found La Bouquetière ready to pop upon the stage, and, as Mdlle. Rousseil shrewishly since put it, *cabotine* as she could be in her false demonstrations of admiration for her visitor. "Do you mean to say," asked slyly the Judge before whom the action was brought, "that she did not admire you?" "I do. *Elle est si peu artiste!*" "Still you say she was most anxious to have you give her lessons?" "Yes. She had no personal feeling of their worth, but she knew their market value. She is such a tradeswoman!"

The two *sœurs ennemies* appeared at the Palais de Justice the day on which the suit was heard. The theatrical world crowded into the Court, and the Bar gleefully looked forward to pursuer (don't you like that Scotch term?) and defendant using *becs et ongles*. Mdlle. Rousseil seemed confident in a victory of some sort. If she did not get the 100,000 francs at which she estimated the damage done her by the libel, she felt she would wreak vengeance in another form. She was dressed in black with a velvet jacket, a Gainsborough hat and plume, and a white lace neckerchief—the one strong, but not too startling, note in the toilette. The carriage of the head had a touch—not more—in it of the Roman Empress. She came early and seated herself behind the bench reserved for counsel. Mdlle. Teissandier, on the contrary, preferred to enter when the Court was full, and to excite attention by letting herself be called thrice by the usher. She, too, was in black, and wore a heavily-plumed and broad-brimmed hat, looked a fine woman, and tried, but over-much, to look the tragedy queen, and to hide her terror of what her foe could or might say under an air of *belle assurance*. Her

moodiness was rather mechanical. She played with her big black eyes more from habit than intent to charm. Maître Logosso was for the pursuer; Maître Decori for the pursued.

The libel complained of was written on a post-card addressed to Mdlle. Rousseil. I have said what damages were demanded. Maître Decori casually remarked that, if granted, they would reduce his client to the necessity of resorting to the Charitable Casuals Asylum for a night's lodging. Thereupon Mdlle. Rousseil carelessly remarked that this would be a reversal of her usual habit. "Passons," cut in the presiding Judge, maliciously. "The wall that girdles private life should be respected."

The libel was read by the Clerk of the Court. It was gross and ill-spelt. Attention was called to the spelling by the Judge, who had a copy, as if to throw doubts on the authenticity of the signature. It was impossible to have crowded more nastiness into the small space of a post-card. Mdlle. Rousseil was then asked to state the circumstances which she thought proved malignant purpose. She began by asking to be excused if she had often to sit down to rest. Heart disease, and no lack of respect for the Court, would oblige her to do so. Her statement was clear and rather elegantly turned, with here and there a fearfully ill-natured reflection or innuendo. The Judge later remarked that she paid back the libel with compound interest, but that, seeing her sex and profession, that was only to be expected. He complimented her, however, on the form she gave to her statement, adding that she had not in vain kept company with the great dramatic authors.

Mdlle. Teissandier deserved no such compliment. On being asked what excuse she had for writing the post-card, she begged leave to state how she had been goaded into using such unclassic language. Her story was long, and she must begin at the beginning to make it comprehensible. Last August, a few days before she was to appear in "La Bouquetière des Innocents" she received a note signed, "Rosalia à Rousseil de la Comédie Française," asking for two tickets for the two passes. She answered: "Enchanted to oblige you; call for the passes at my dressing-room before the rising of the curtain on the first night." Mdlle. Rousseil came, looking lean and hungry, seedy, and, in short, pitiable. "What!" cried La Bouquetière des Innocents, who was waiting for the call-boy, "is it possible that so great an actress is in this state?" "Yes," was the reply; "and it will surprise you further to hear that I am only too delighted whenever I can pick up a crust." Mdlle. Teissandier embraced her, strove to cheer her up, said she would be *son amie*, and begged her to regard her as a loving sister. She asked her to come often to see her—the oftener the better, and was taken at her word. Mdlle. Rousseil must have exerted some inexplicable influence over her. In the course of her first visit she ordered Mdlle. Teissandier, who was too much in thraldom to refuse, to take a begging letter to the Rothschilds. It was for 200 francs. Nine hundred francs had been already given in one month. But Rothschild's wealth was unfathomable. When the handwriting on the envelope was looked at, the bearer of the letter was turned away, and told never to return. But she went back, nevertheless, the next day, because Mdlle. Rousseil told her, and got the 200 francs *ad alms*. The two actresses then talked shop. The prosperous one was engaged to play the part of Agrippine in "Britannicus" at the Odeon. The needy one offered to give her hints. She jumped at the proposal, but only took *hints* and not regular lessons every day. None the less, she came to sponge and beg for clothes. Mdlle. Teissandier gave her quite an outfit of dresses and elegant inside clothes. But one fine morning she had a letter from Rosalia to say that her stomach could not brook the onions, garlic, and half-raw sheeps' trotters in which Mdlle. Teissandier revelled. It was followed by the visit of a lady, who came with a note, in which 40 francs on account were asked for. Five francs were handed to the lady "as a present for a distressed friend." The lady returned to dun for 200 francs, also on account. Then there was a deluge of insulting and dunning post-cards. They were sent not only to Mdlle. Teissandier, but to the Vaudeville, Châtelet, Porte St. Martin, and Odéon. Patience was overtaxed, and the gross post-card complained of was penned and sent.

What had Mdlle. Rousseil to say to this? Oh, a great deal. She was engaged as a regular professor at 900 francs a month, and was to get 3,000 francs under certain conditions. What were they? Mdlle. Teissandier was bent on the conquest of an immensely rich man, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Corneille and Racine. He was already conquered, but not to the degree of financing like the Marquis de MacMahon. However, he would be capable of doing that, if Mdlle. Teissandier brought down the house as Agrippine. A really humorous account was given of the lessons. Mdlle. Rousseil divested herself of her too modern jacket and skirt, and, robing herself in a loose hair-dressing gown, showed her pupil how a Roman Emperor's mother—an Empress almost by birthright—should walk, sit down, and be draped. The rich admirer often interrupted the lessons by calling and kept the pupil in the salon often for three hours at a time. As Rosalia-Agrippine's things were there, she remained shivering in the *peignoir*, amid false hair, paint and powder-pots, bears' grease, glycerine, and all the arsenal of a stage star in active service. She asked why the adorer should not be allowed to see the lessons. "Oh, no," cried Mdlle. Teissandier. "Allow *un imbécile*, who thinks stage tricks the marks of genius, to be present at our *cuisine!* Is it any wonder, since you are so naïve, that you are now unengaged and hard up?" Then came the account of the lessons in Roman history. Some of them were object-lessons—naturally, since they were required for the stage. Mdlle. Teissandier was ignorant of all the characteristics of the Roman Empress and of the goings-on at the Golden House, though one might fancy she had divined them. She had never read Tacitus, Suetonius, Juvenal, nor the studies of the late M. Beulé on Julia. Mdlle. Teissandier became moodier than ever as Mdlle. Rousseil touched on these lessons. The Judge took an ill-natured pleasure in girding on the two actresses to use their beaks and claws, and to lay bare the seamy side of the French stage. And yet he was a *galant* Judge, for he avoided asking

pursuer or pursued her age. It was impossible, he finally said, on technical grounds not to give judgment for Mdlle. Rousseil. But he valued her character at 25 francs, and he sent her and the other actress away *dos à dos*. What ruined Mdlle. Rousseil's case was a jocose letter in which M. de Pourceaugnac was put to shame by Agrippine.

The Queen and Queen-Dowager of Portugal are anxious for the Princesse Hélène d'Orléans to make an Italian match. She is of a tall and singularly graceful figure, and beautiful in a modern way. That is to say, she has *chic*, and the nervous system seems to predominate in her. But she is too tall for the Prince of Naples. But his cousin, the Duke of Aosta, may think her stature an advantage. The lady who goes with her to Italy, Madame Costa de Beauregard, belongs to a Savoyard family well known at Turin. After the Princess has visited that city—where there is no Royal lady to receive her—and Florence, she will visit Egypt and the Holy Land. A change was needed by her. Life is slow at Stowe House and San Manrico. The Princess needs a warm climate. Hence the trip on which she has set out.

The Comtesse de Paris did not put up at the Duc de Chartres' during her last halt in Paris. She preferred to dine at the buffet at the Northern Railway, and push on to Madrid. The attempts of Prince Henri de Chartres to pose as the coming man of the Orléans family are not relished by her.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

WE run a risk now, dear Lady Betty, of becoming altogether too serious. Labour and laughter should, as it were, be husband and wife—new style—possessing, that is, equal rights. To promote this excellent object, I propose with the commencement of the New Year to publish a paper to be called *Lies*. The avowed purpose of this journal will be to supply each week sprightly and harmless but obvious untruths. As we have it upon high authority that "all men are liars," the public that I shall appeal to is expected to be especially large.

The paragraphs will be composed somewhat as follows:—

We understand that the subscribers to the Liberator Building Society will entertain Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour at dinner upon Christmas Eve. The Official Receiver will occupy the chair.

* * *

Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour desires us to state that he is not in any way whatever connected with Mr. Arthur James Balfour, the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

* * *

The Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City have invited the members of the London County Council to dine at the Guildhall upon Christmas Day. This is a new method for bringing about the proposed "Unification of London."

* * *

There is no truth in the report that the Drury Lane Pantomime this year is to be entitled "Cecil Rhodes and the (Aqua)—Forte Thieves."

* * *

King Lobengula of Matabeleland speaks in the highest terms of the moderation and disinterestedness displayed by Mr. Rhodes in his conduct of the late campaign. King Lobengula, who is being instructed by Mr. Rhodes, is making great progress in our language. He can now spell "concession," and understands that it is a synonym for plunder.

* * *

The members of the London Stock Exchange have unanimously decided to refund to the public whatever loss it may have sustained through the co-operation of any of their body. This is as we expected.

* * *

We are semi-officially informed that the Duke of Cambridge had intended to resign the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces. It is an open secret that the Duke has been deterred from doing this owing to his not having obtained an assurance that Lord Wolseley will succeed him, and that Lord Roberts will not.

* * *

A telegram from our correspondent in Paris assures us that an unmarried American lady has arrived there, who curiously pretends that she is *not* an heiress. This intelligence, however, lacks confirmation from other sources.

* * *

Mr. Gilbert, R.A., the celebrated sculptor who executed the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain at Piccadilly-circus, has been commissioned by the Municipal authorities of Paris to furnish designs for similar ornaments to replace the superb fountains in the Place de la Concorde.

* * *

Messrs. Hare and Bancroft have, we understand, decided to give a trial to a M. Sardou, and they have, therefore, commissioned this Parisian playwriter to adapt the "School for Scandal" so as to bring it up to the modern requirements of a Garrick audience. We have surely sufficient native talent to render it unnecessary to entrust this class of work to a foreign and—in England—wholly untried writer!

* * * * *

London cannot go to the mountain, so the mountain must needs now come to London. That they will one day bring the North Pole to us I conceive it impossible to doubt. The new entertainment, "Constantinople," at Olympia, which is to open to the public on Boxing Day, is an instance in point. That we have never yet had anything provided for us which even approaches "Constantinople" in magnitude, magnificence, and attention to detail, is the mere truth without exaggeration. With a quarter of a million capital a syndicate has purchased the freehold of Olympia, and has spent close on half that sum in transforming this large building into a remarkably accurate representation of the Oriental city upon the Bosphorus. "Constantinople" is what "Venice" was, but upon double the scale. Wherever you stroll, and in whichever direction, there are labyrinths of streets carefully copied from those in the real city. Where one thousand actors performed upon the central stage at "Venice" last year, two thousand are to do so now, and everything is in the same proportion. There is the Hall of the Thousand Columns, with its subterranean stream meandering like the bewildering pathways in a maze; the underground palace which in the midst of darkness suddenly discloses itself, with a blaze of light and colour; the Galata Tower, from which is seen the panorama of the Golden Horn, and other sights altogether too numerous to name. A further agreeable feature in the new undertaking is that, except for seats, no further charge but the shilling entrance-money is to be exacted. There are no stalls such as generally now spoil the effect at most exhibitions, but there are in the building almost as many shops as in Bond-street, and in nearly all of them will be men at work either upon carpets, embroidery, pearl-carving, or engaged in some industry or other common to Turkey.

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It appears to have escaped notice that the number of widowed and single Duchesses at the present moment is altogether phenomenal. There are only twenty-seven

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Dukes in the British Peerage, not counting in, of course, those of Royal blood. Nineteen Dowager-Duchesses, then, would seem to be an exceptionally large proportion. They are as follows:—

2. Bedford.	1. Wellington.
1. Grafton.	1. Athole.
2. Manchester.	1. Buccleuch.
2. Marlborough.	2. Roxburghe.
1. Newcastle.	1. Leinster.
1. Northumberland.	1. Abercorn.
1. Sutherland.	1. Buckingham and Chandos.
1. Cleveland.	

This raises the curious question, Why does a Duchess live longer than a Duke?

* * * * *

The death of any one is to be greatly deplored, but when an especially beautiful girl of seventeen dies just upon the threshold of responsible life, it is impossible not to feel more than ordinary regret. Miss Dorothy Filmer, the youngest daughter of Lady Filmer, who died last Monday evening after a few days' illness, was a singularly lovely child, possessed of a bright nature and full of life. Upon the Sunday there was no reason whatever to imagine that Miss Filmer was seriously ill, and it is even now difficult to say what caused the peritonitis which occasioned her death. It is impossible not to offer a few words of sympathy to those to whom her loss must be so great a grief.

But King Death has this week handled his scythe with a will; whilst, judging from the illness which abounds upon every side, the harvest in store for him this winter promises to be even more abundant than it was last. The Duke of Leinster, who died of typhoid at Carton last Friday, was an amiable and unobtrusive man who will chiefly be remembered on account of his very beautiful Duchess. The death of Colonel James Buchanan calls again attention to his widow who, as Lady Marion Loftus, a daughter of Lady Ely, the favourite companion of the Queen, was, a little less than a quarter of a century ago, one of the most brilliant and most popular young ladies in London. Amongst others who have died within the week are:—Sir John Drummond Hay, formerly British Minister in Morocco; Miss Florence Meysey-Thompson, a sister of Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson; and Captain Henry Chetwynd, a younger brother of the present Lord Chetwynd. The late Captain Chetwynd, who was well known, had been for the last ten years Chief Inspector to the National Lifeboat Institution. The names of Sir Alexander Cunningham, Lord Warwick, Professor Tyndall, and the Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, have, unfortunately, to be added to the mournful list.

Why does the House of Commons attract in a special degree microbes? According to the return of the sick, there are about ten of our conscript fathers already down with influenza. But whilst the House suffers from this malady, Members seem to be free from the ordinary risk of death. Never before has there been so long a period in which there has been no bye-election owing to the death of a Member.

The statement that through the death of the late Lord Cromartie the Earldom becomes extinct is, to say the very least of it, premature. The patent sets forth that the title shall be "with remainder to her (the late Lady Cromartie) second son Francis and the heirs male of his body, in default to each of her younger sons begotten or to be begotten, and to their heirs male, and in default to their right heirs, and in default, with like remainder, to her daughters Florence and Alexandra." The expression "and in default to their right heirs" failing there being "heirs male," if it signifies anything, must mean that the title devolves in the female line to the late Lord Cromartie's eldest daughter, the Lady Sibell Leveson-Gower—which, indeed, I understand it does.

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Though not officially announced as yet, it is for all purposes sufficiently certain that Baron von Golstein is to be appointed Dutch Minister in London, to replace the late Count de Bylandt. Baron von Golstein, who is a man of about sixty-five, is held in much consideration in his own country. He has occupied various high offices in the State, possesses wide influence, is wealthy, and has great charm of manner. Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

THE annual list of winning owners was published last week, and many most asinine comments upon the figures therein contained have appeared in the papers. It seems to be generally supposed that these alleged winnings are really the "gains" on the turf of the respective owners, which is an error of the wildest and most extravagant kind. In these days forfeits and stakes amount every month of the season to an enormous sum if an owner has a large stud and engages his horses freely, and, of course, all these payments must be deducted from the winnings which are announced so complacently every year. I know of one owner whose forfeits for two weeks of the past season amounted to upwards of £1,200, and another had £800 to pay over one meeting.

Of course when simpletons are writing florid nonsense about these large sums, which they ignorantly assume have been really "netted" by the principal owners, they entirely overlook the huge expenses of training and racing a stud, and the very considerable amount of capital which must be invested in the undertaking. I would vastly like to see the complete balance-sheet of such owners as the Duchess of Montrose, Sir J. B. Maple, Mr. Houldsworth, and Mr. H. Bass. The figures in the published list are only within even measurable distance of accuracy (if regarded seriously as winnings) in the cases (which are very rare) when a man has only two or three horses in training, and these not heavily engaged. Mr. Blake, for example, who has won nearly £9,000, thanks to Delphos, may really be credited with almost the whole of that amount; but it is simply idiotic to attach the slightest importance to the figures which are appended to the names of such owners as Sir Blundell Maple or Colonel North.

Mr. McCalmont is credited with £25,431, which is more than £9,000 less than the sum which has been won by the horses of Baron Schickler, who was the most successful owner in France, although he sold nearly all his horses early in the year. Mr. McCalmont is indebted to Isinglass for nearly all his amount, and next season it is clear that he will have to depend upon that horse and his two-year-olds, as he has no good three-year-old. Isinglass has some very nice engagements next summer, and it seems to me that he will have only the then three-year-olds to fear in the £10,000 Princess of Wales's Stakes at the Newmarket First July Meeting, and in the £10,000 Jockey Club Stakes at the First October Meeting, for the best opponent of his own age will have penalties to carry, and Isinglass won all his races with Ravensbury so very easily that I do not believe that Mr. Rose's unlucky beast would have any chance of beating him at 6 lb. Isinglass is also engaged in the Hardwicke Stakes of £2,700 at Ascot, which looks a good thing for him.

The second place in the published list is given to the Duke of Westminster (£16,626), but it really belongs to Baron de Rothschild, whose horses in England and France have won more than £17,000. The Duke is indebted to Orme for two-thirds of his amount, and the remainder was won by three of his two-year-olds. It is odd, considering how very extensively the Duke of Westminster's foals and yearlings are engaged, that his best two-year-old (Grey Leg) was not entered for any of next year's great races, and in the Derby his Grace will have to depend on Bullingdon, who, in my opinion, stands at a preposterously short price.

The Duke of Portland (£15,804) is decidedly the most fortunate owner in the list, as he won three of

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives New Life, Appetite, Health, Strength, Energy. Cures Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nerve Debility. Pepper's Tonic. Kept everywhere.

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the most valuable stakes of the year with three exceedingly moderate animals—Raeburn, Mrs. Butterwick, and Schoolbook. I hear that Raeburn is to "go for" the Lincolnshire Handicap, all being well, and he certainly is not likely to win any of his weight-for-age engagements while Isinglass keeps well, and Mr. M'Calmont's horse stops the way everywhere, as he is also in the Eclipse Stakes. The Duke of Portland has two very fine and highly-promising "dark" two-year-olds at Newmarket, which are certain to win some good races if they go on all right, although they may not be quite up to Derby form. These are Cessnock, by Ayrshire out of Wheel of Fortune, and Galston, by Ayrshire out of Dorothea. Both animals were entered for the principal two-year-old races, but it was wisely decided not to attempt to train them on the hard ground.

Sir J. B. Maple has sunk to £10,746 from £17,266 last year, and his horses have been very unlucky in various ways. He also has some very good-looking dark two-year-olds, which will be well worth looking after next summer. These are Athlone, own brother to Clarence; Mintlaw, the 4,500 gs. colt by Minting out of Reprieve; and Grand Hampton, the 2,200 gs. colt by Merry Hampton out of Grandeur. The 6,000 gs. Childwick is evidently a very moderate animal, and he will require to be very cleverly placed if he is ever to win as much as he has cost his enterprising owner. Dame President, however, was the great disappointment of the season in this stud.

Mr. Douglas Baird has risen from £4,802 to £10,626, and his prospects for next season are very favourable, as he has two exceptionally promising two-year-olds in St. Florian and Sempronius, the latter being one of the most improved animals of his age at Newmarket. Sempronius went off in the summer, and he was by no means in good form when Ladas ran away from him at Doncaster. Lord Ellesmere has risen from £2,644 to £9,909 (of which about half was won by Phocion), and T. Cannon is indebted to his two-year-olds for his leap from £2,558 to £9,873. Colonel North, who was one of the most unfortunate owners of the year, has fallen from £15,589 to £9,644, and next season he will have to rely mainly upon his two-year-olds. Mr. Vyner is up from £3,028 to £9,036, more than half of which was won by Marcion, who is expected to stand training again; and I hope we shall see him running for the Ascot Cup, in which race his most dangerous opponent will probably be Callistrate, as Isinglass is likely to be reserved for his other engagements.

Sir W. Throckmorton has risen from £697 to £7,102, and he has a very promising Derby outsider in that smart colt Arcano, whose only engagement next year is the great Epsom race. Baron Hirsch has experienced the crash of the year, his total having fallen from £33,383 to £6,976. I predicted twelve months ago that La Flèche would not retain her form as a four-year-old, and the hare-brained enthusiasts who were then jargoning about her sweeping the board this season must now feel even more silly and muddish than usual. The decline of Mr. Houldsworth from £10,115 to £6,379 will be generally regretted, as he is one of the most popular and most deserving owners on the turf. Mr. Houldsworth, however, cannot reasonably regard himself this year as unfortunate, for Orvieto was a very lucky horse to win the rich Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park.

Lord Rosebery has won £5,768 with Ladas, who is undoubtedly a very good colt, and it is my firm belief that he will find little difficulty in beating Match Box when they meet in the Two Thousand. Ladas is going on as well as possible at Newmarket. I fully expect that Lord Durham's fine colt, Son o' Mine (who was ridiculously backward when he ran at Kempton Park), will give Ladas more trouble in the Derby (or whenever they meet) than any other of his probable opponents, and I feel confident that Son o' Mine will defeat Match Box at Epsom. Lord Durham's colt has been manifestly improving every week, and he is a really beautiful colt, and may be expected to grow into as handsome and racing-like a three-year-old as any one could wish to possess. If Ladas and Match Box meet in the Two Thousand, then the Newmarket Stakes will be a most exciting race if the winner of the former event opposes Son o' Mine, who is not likely to be started for the Hastings Plate on the day before the Two Thousand, which is his first engagement as a three-year-old. Lord Rosebery has a couple of highly promising yearlings, and some infatuated addlehead has been taking 50 to 1 about his dark colt Ravelston for the Derby. This animal is own brother to Corstorphine. I see it is stated that Ravelston "can go," which is the very purest of fictions, as nothing whatever is known about him except that he is remarkably good-looking. Ravelston (like Corstorphine) will prove a very difficult animal to train, as his legs are grievously disposed to become "groggy," and it is improbable that he will ever stand a thorough preparation. He has never yet done any proper work, so harum-scarum statements about his supposed private gallops are altogether imaginative. Nothing is or can possibly be known about his racing merits either by his trainer or any one else. The successes of Common in 1891 have revived and stimulated the periodical craze for "dark" horses, and no doubt several will figure in the Derby betting before long, to the ultimate profit of the bookmakers.

THE A.R.A. AND AMATEUR OARSMEN.

A correspondent has put me into possession of all the facts relating to an agitation amongst a few oarsmen to amend the rule defining an Amateur as laid down by the Amateur Rowing Association. The rule so bristles with absurdities that it would be unjust to the A.R.A. not to quote it in full:—

Rule XI.—No person shall be considered an Amateur oarsman, sculler or coxswain: 1. Who has ever taken part in any open competition for a stake money or entrance fee. 2. Who has ever knowingly competed with or against a Professional for any prize. 3. Who has ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind for profit. 4. Who has ever been employed in or about boats, or *in manual labour* for money or wages. 5. *Who is or has been by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty.*

I have italicised the words the reformers wish omitted. Before commenting on the rule, a little history will be useful as showing that the spirit of arrogant snobbery that framed the rule is still rampant. On November 11, a circular letter issued by the Marlow Club, and signed by the Captain, Walter Wethered, appeared in the *Field*. The letter asked for support in the Club's effort to induce the A.R.A. to change the rule referred to. The quiet and sober letter seemed to offer the Rowing Editor of the *Field*, Mr. Brickwood, or his subordinates, an opportunity for what, I suppose, he considers smart writing, I call it impertinence—unconscious, I trust. The article begins, "On first reading Mr. Wethered's letter of September 18, it occurred to us that the writer should properly have sent it to the *Daily News* or the *Chronicle*, and not to the *Field*—the country gentleman's newspaper (!)." If this style of writing delights the country gentleman he must be singularly wanting either in humour or in that liberal education which the writer denies Mr. Wethered, for he says, "Now any man who has had a liberal education must know that *post hoc* is not necessarily *propter hoc*, as Mr. Wethered seems to imply." Whatever the Marlow Captain's logical faculties may be, he is an old Etonian, and is probably as much a country gentleman as any other reader of that catalogue of athletic prowess and trade advertisements. The writer asks, "Is it possible that Mr. Wethered is the catspaw of the sympathisers with the N.A.R.A.?" I can tell Mr. Brickwood that he is neither a catspaw nor in sympathy with the N.A.R.A., but that he and others who are well known in rowing desire the change. So much for the article. Mr. Wethered wrote a reply. This was not published in the *Field* of November 18. There was a curt notice to the effect that he had written. He then wrote saying that it was not fair not to publish his reply. Then on November 25 the reply

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appeared. No apology from the country gentleman, but a note that reeked with supercilious condescension. "Mr. Wethered is very anxious that we should publish this letter, and as we have no wish to take any unfair advantage of him we give it space." Now, it must have struck anybody of even ordinary education that the reply gave in a most able way the salient features of the reformers' case, and from certain references it was tolerably clear that a high authority on rowing had assisted the writer. I am surprised that even a person of a liberal education of a kind that mistakes rudeness for wit could have been blind to this. Writing for country gentlemen must blunt the powers of observation.

To return to the rule. It is obvious that manual labour includes artisans, mechanics, or labourers. The phrase "menial duty" is one that disgraces any sporting rule. Briefly, the case for the reformers is that the rule is arbitrary and unfair, and introduces unnecessary social distinctions. Such a rule is found in no other legislation in any kind of sport either here or abroad. I shall deal in detail with the reformers' case next week. There is a great deal of prejudice to be overcome. The country gentleman's newspaper flatters itself that it has squashed the reformers. But just as the country gentleman has had to be undeceived in other matters, his newspaper will now have to be disabused with reference to rowing.

Really golfers agitate themselves a great deal over rules and etiquette. I suppose they do not find the game itself sufficiently exciting. Just now the question of a caddie showing a blind hole is under discussion. Of course he may give the direct line, but his master should tell him to move before playing his stroke. If his master does not do so, he is guilty of a gross breach of etiquette, and the only course is not to play with that man again. There is one case when a caddie should not give the line, and that is when there is a well-known object to be played. For instance, in playing home at North Berwick, at one hole the cleek-shot from the tee, which ought to reach the green, is played straight at the Bass-rock.

The meeting of the London Athletic Club and Cambridge University was very interesting. The C.U.A.C. is the first club to lower the colours of the L.A.C. in these contests. Lutyens ran grandly in the mile, and he should lower the amateur record before long. Horan, in the three miles, ran to beat S. Thomas, and he did so. Thomas did not seem to have recovered from his race with Pearce. In the quarter Ovenden, of L.A.C., ran better than he ever has done and beat Lewin, who has to learn to run a fast quarter. Fitzherbert, the Freshman, is equally ignorant, and spoilt his chance by going too hard at first. Williams, a Freshman, ran well in the hundred. He has the advantage of coming to the University at an age when most men leave. The hammer was in the programme, and will be there until there is a new Treasurer of the C.U.A.C. This is the only reason I have for wishing the Rev. E. H. Morgan to resign.

Both the Universities brought off their trial eights last week. The Cambridge strokes were better than the Oxonians. At Ely there was a splendid race, while the one at Oxford was a farce. And yet the Dark Blues have all the best material. There is a perfect glut of heavy weights in their market. Stewart (who rowed five for the team at Henley), Tew, and Oakley are all fine oars well over thirteen stone, and Crum, captain of the Eton eight that won the Ladies', and Willimot, are above middle weight, and rowed well. In all probability, the Oxford eight will include:—Cotton (bow), Stewart (five), Pilkington (seven), Pitman (stroke), while the other three I have named will most likely get seats.

At Cambridge the lighter men rowed well, but there were no welter weights worth anything. Bieber and Mansfield might come on with a lot of care; Broadrick, Bland (an Eton fresher and a nephew of the Old Blues), the Barclays, Owen, and Game, who has put on weight during the Long, all rowed well. Both strokes showed coolness and pluck, but the loser scarcely rowed a fast enough stroke at first. The President had enough difficulty to get the eights together, owing to the other events on the river this term. He had only ten days with them. But this is nothing to what his troubles will be in finding a four, five, and six next term. Affairs look bad at Cambridge. Twelve of the sixteen oarsmen were from the Hall and Trinity, proving what I said the other week, that there was no rowing outside these Colleges. Jesus has now forsaken the river.

As to billiards, Diggle is improving rapidly. Peall gave him 500, and caught him the first afternoon by the help of two big breaks. Afterwards the younger player held his opponent, and finally won easily. In the monster match between Roberts and North, the champion has been irresistible. He has been making breaks of three figures with as much ease as any other player makes a break of twenty. There is no hesitation, and he and the marker have a merry race. A spot barred tournament, 12,000 up, on handicap terms, has been suggested between Roberts, Diggle, Dawson, Peall, North, and Mitchell. I should add Coles. But as the object is to find out who is the second best player, why not cut Roberts out and let the rest play level?

The hard ground on Saturday makes it impossible to say much of the Rugby players. A number of games were abandoned, and those who played had too much respect for their limbs to do much. I was glad to see Brooke, the Old Leysian, in form again. Association players were not so troubled. The Old Westminsters took a fairly strong team to Oxford, but the Dark Blues were too good for them. Smith did a lot of work forward for the University. I am sorry to see Sykes was hurt in the Casuals and Crusaders game. The victory of the Arsenal over West Bromwich was a great joy to the local supporters; but it was not a League match, and the visitors were not going to damage themselves on the hard ground.

MAMMON.

CONVINCED AGAINST HIS WILL.

THE following communication has reached me, amongst many others, concerning the latest performance of the Chartered of South Africa in springing upon their shareholders, and carrying at the recent meeting, the astounding arrangement with the United Concessions Company, Limited, by which a million Chartered shares will add more water to the capital of this stupendous undertaking. My correspondent is a shareholder in the Chartered Company, and is evidently at last "Convinced against his will":—

"I am not in accord with you in your general condemnation of the proceedings of the Chartered Company of South Africa, and I attended the great meeting of the Company last week fully prepared to find that the Directors would give sound reasons for inviting the shareholders to present the Rudd Concessionaires with a million shares in the Company's capital. I came away, however, entirely disappointed. Very little was said as to the merits of the proposal which we were assembled to consider. The Chairman scarcely alluded to it, the Duke of Fife let it alone altogether. The Company's Solicitor, who was put up to defend it, took care to skim lightly over all that was material, and to conceal the weak spot by a cloud of irrelevant observations. A large majority of the meeting evidently thought that any one who expressed dissatisfaction must be either a Radical or one of the hostile Concessionaires (the Matabeleland Company). All opposition was therefore shouted down, and the resolution carried with apparent unanimity, after one or two feeble protests. I venture to say that when the shareholders apply their minds instead of their prejudices to the matter, they will be surprised at their own want of judgment. They have voted an enormous price to buy up a charge on the Company's profits, alleged to have been created by an agreement, made no one knows when, or where, or by whom, and of which no minute or memorandum of any kind appears to exist. Was ever such a thing heard of before in business? I do not doubt that there was an understanding among the founders of the Company that those of them who held the Rudd Concession should be paid for making it over to the Company. But was it ever definitely agreed, as now alleged, that the payment should be not merely 50 per cent. of the profits earned under the concession, but 50 per cent. of all the profits that the Company should ever make from any and every source? This is the real question. If such an agreement was made, it is evident that it was one of the most reckless and improvident kind on

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the part of those who were acting on behalf of the Company. The shareholders were not bound by it until they confirmed it; and why should they have confirmed such an utterly unreasonable bargain? If the contract is binding on the Company, it is probably wise to buy off the lucky possessors of it in the way proposed; but not a shred of evidence was produced at the meeting that that particular arrangement (50 per cent. of all the profits wheresoever and howsoever acquired) was ever made by any one for whom the Company is in law or in honour responsible. The solicitor told us that if the agreement did not exist, we must be trespassers as against the Concessionaires; but as it is clear that we are working the concession with their full assent, this proposition is ridiculous, and is a sample of what goes down at a Company meeting even in the heart of the City of London. Of course, we must pay for the concession; but a million shares—worth at the market quotation more than a million sterling—is an extravagant price for the transfer of a nominal right which is at present, and for a long time is likely to be, wholly unproductive of profit. I have no interest whatever in the Matabeleland Company, but am

A B.C.C. of S.A. Shareholder.

The Temple.

I fully agree with the writer, but why does he not see a little further? The so-called verbal agreement or understanding was made between Rhodes, Rudd, & Co., of the Chartered Company, and Rhodes, Rudd, & Co., of the United Concessions Company, Limited. I dare say the little deal suited the book of these gentlemen, and the shareholders, like a flock of sheep, followed their lead. But it is difficult to have much sympathy with shareholders in the Chartered Company. They are and will be fools for their pains.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

My dear Ben,—What I have been preaching for some considerable time has at last come about. Although delayed by a series of untoward events, which culminated in the partial breakdown of certain Trust Companies, a very substantial improvement has now set in. It has been most marked in American Railroad stocks and bonds, but nearly all the other markets, with the solitary exception of the Mining market, especially the Kaffir Circus, are better. Home Rails have shown a hardening tendency, and important advances are marked in Argentine, Uruguay, and Chilian bonds, the revival in the South American department, which I have repeatedly foreshadowed, thus showing indications of material progress. Less justified, but none the less a fact, is the remarkable strength exhibited by the Foreign market generally, while an important rise has also been initiated in various South American Railway securities. Gilt-edged securities have been in great request, the present buying movement emanating from investors. After a period of prolonged depression such as that through which we have passed, confidence is but slow to grow, and a demand for the high-class stocks generally precedes a movement in the second and third-class securities. Yet the last-named two classes present just now the best opportunities for profitable investment, having suffered most from the depreciation. Not that I advise promiscuous speculation in these. The development of a large "Bull" account in such stocks would be fraught with great danger as long as the markets retain any part of that nervousness which has been their characteristic until quite recently. But exceptional opportunities are still offering for purchasing such securities for investment at very low prices, and those who do so, paying for and taking up the stocks, will see a big profit on them at no distant date.

The Rise in High-class Stocks.

The deep-seated distrust amongst the public has yet further accentuated of late the disproportion between the present values of first-class and second-class securities, and the difficulties of investors to get a reasonable return upon their money with what they would consider safety, have thus further increased. Home Railway Debentures and first-rate Preference stocks, as well as English Corporation stocks, have risen to a level which allows of but the very inadequate return of say from 2⅞ to 3¼ per cent. Colonial Government stocks thereupon came into request, as yielding a better return, say from 3½ to 4 per cent., and the public were thus induced to overcome the distrust of such securities which the excessive borrowing of the Australian Colonies and the Australian Bank crisis had not unnaturally created. It would, however, be greatly to be deplored, if prices of these securities were to be pushed up to any great extent, as the Colonies would then be encouraged to fresh borrowing, while their only salvation lies in a policy of retrenchment. In order to facilitate to my readers the selection of well-secured stocks offering at least equal security, combined with a better yield, I drew up a list of nineteen stocks—chiefly Debentures—on October 19, and it is evident, from the active dealings which followed the publication of this table (since repeated in a different form), that investors were not slow to profit by it. Out of the nineteen stocks, thirteen have advanced from 1 to 5 points, as will be seen from the following comparison:—

	Price October 19.	Price December 4.
Antofagasta Railway Four per Cent. Debenture stock	93½	96
Antofagasta Railway Six per Cent. Guaranteed stock	101	106
Bank of New Zealand Estates Five and a-Half per Cent. Debenture stock	105	108
Chili 1893 Four and a-Half per Cent. bonds	73½	78
De Beers Mines Five and a-Half per Cent. Debentures	102	103½
Law Debenture Corporation Four per Cent. Debenture stock	103	101½xd.
Nitrate Railway Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures	95	97½
New Zealand Government Four per Cent. Inscribed stock	104½	106
A. & F. Pears, Limited, Five per Cent. Debenture stock	107	108
Trustees, Executors, &c., Corporation Four per Cent. First Debentures	95	99½
United Railways of Havana Five per Cent. First Mortgage bonds	92	93½
United States Debenture Corporation Four and a-Half per Cent. Debenture stock	90	93½
Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds (1925)	109	111

In consequence of the great improvement in the financial position in the United States, which has followed the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill, investment in the bonds of American Railroads has also become more popular, and advances have already taken place in several of the three classes of these securities, of which I published a list last week. To this table, and to that of South American Railway Debentures published on November 23, I would specially invite the attention of my readers who are seeking sound and progressive investments.

Home Rails.

No disposition has, so far, been shown by holders of Home Railway stocks to part with the same, and prices have in most cases been maintained, while some, notably South-Western and Metropolitan Districts, have advanced. I have repeatedly pointed out that there is no reason for feeling "Bullish" on the position of Home Rails in view of the heavy losses which have fallen upon the lines through the disastrous coal strikes, but as holders have disregarded these losses, it is not likely that they will sell out now. It is at the same time necessary to consider the effect of this loss of traffic upon the dividends for the current half year. In this direction the estimates arrived at by a correspondent, which I append, will be found useful:—

The following estimate of the losses, direct and indirect, sustained by the following representative Railway Companies owing to the coal strike, now happily ended, may interest some of your readers. In most cases I have allowed for a saving of 33 per cent. in working expenses; but from the monthly state-

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China and Glass. — Messrs. Goode, Artists and Designers solicit an inspection of their collection in their recently-extended South Audley-street premises, now by far the largest and most important in Europe. Messrs. Goode guarantee the excellence of all their productions, and invite a comparison of their prices with those of any co-operative stores.

ments published by the London Brighton and South-Eastern Railways it is clear that in their cases, at any rate, diminished earnings have coincided with increased expenses:—

—	Amount required to pay 1 per cent. for the half-year on Ordinary stock.	Loss in gross revenue.	Estimated loss in nett revenue.	Estimated reduction of dividend per cent.
	£	£	£	£ s. d.
Great Eastern	62,864	157,382	104,921	1 13 6
Great Northern	89,620	251,041	167,361	1 17 6
Great Western	110,497	212,880	141,920	1 5 9
London, Brighton, & South Coast ...	40,187	78,688	78,688	1 19 6
London and North Western	197,412	436,641	291,094	1 9 6
London and South-Western	58,367	13,734	9,156	0 3 1
Midland	165,612	804,694	536,463	3 5 0

The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway has also been a heavy loser, but that unfortunate Company will be unable to make any distribution at all either on its 1889 or 1891 Preference, while its ordinary stock is, of course, quite out of view of any dividend. The dividends on many of the above Companies will be further reduced by increased Pref. and pre-Pref. charges, but that, of course, does not fall to be considered in the scope of a letter such as this.

How far an improvement in the traffic for the remaining five weeks of the year will make up for some of these losses in consequence of a large coal business remains to be seen. As the passenger movement shows a falling-off, and will probably remain poor, too much must not be hoped for, and holders will therefore do well to prepare for a reduction in the dividend by approximatively the above amounts. That would mean, roughly, a dividend at the rate of 2 per cent. for the current half-year on Great Eastern, against 3½ per cent. in 1892; Great Western, 5¾ per cent., against 7; North-Western, 5¾-6 per cent., against 7¼ in 1892; South-Western, 7½ per cent., against 7¾ per cent. in 1892; and on Midlands, a dividend for the current half-year at the rate of 3½ to 3¾ per cent., against 6¾ per cent. for the second half of 1892. Such estimates, being based upon somewhat uncertain data, are not, of course, altogether reliable, but they give at least an indication of what is to come. My estimate of the dividends on Brighton "A" of 5½ per cent. for the year is still fairly correct. A substantial backwardation had again to be paid on this stock last settlement, and the name of one of the directors, Sir Julian Goldsmid, was passed for a considerable block. The making-up price was, moreover, 2 higher at 146¼, so that the Bears have not scored nothwithstanding their ceaseless efforts to depress prices. The course of prices in the near future will be governed altogether by the traffic returns, and it remains to be seen what the addition of a considerable coal business will do for the line. Should the coal strike, in Scotland come to an end, a revival in the stocks of the "Two Macs" would be on the cards.

Metropolitan Districts.

There was a time—when Metropolitan District Ordinary were in the forties—when I expressed myself very strongly on the folly of holding this stock, which had then not the ghost of a chance of a dividend, considering that even the prospects of the Preference stock were of the gloomiest. The Company had, in fact, passed through very bad times. The completion of the Inner Circle had brought nothing but disappointment, entailing, moreover, the issue of £1,250,000 of Four per Cent. Perpetual Guaranteed stock. Then followed, in 1885, the cutting of omnibus rates by the London Road Car Company, with the result that the Five per Cent. Preference stock occasionally did not receive a dividend; and, in fact, got none at all in 1889. Even the severe competition of the omnibuses was, however, eventually compensated to some extent by exhibition traffic, and the Company began to pull round again. From ½ per cent. in 1890 the dividend on the Prefs. rose in 1891 to 2½ per cent., and in 1892 to 3 per cent. The dividend for the current year will hardly work out to more than 2½ per cent., but the circumstances were exceptional. Better times appear now to be at hand. From December 1 the omnibus fares have been restored, and the effect upon the District Company should be very important. Early in 1894 Olympia will reopen with the Constantinople performance; the Earl's Court exhibitions are to be perpetuated, and a new line from Ealing to Harrow on the Hill is projected which would undoubtedly benefit the District Company; while the projected Central Electric Railway has for the present been shelved, it being obviously impossible to raise the capital for such an undertaking at present. With considerable traffic increases assured, the District Company has, therefore, better times before it. Nor is the Ordinary stock so very far off a dividend now. The interest on the £1,500,000 of Five per Cent. Preference stock requires a payment of £75,000 per annum. Of this 2½ per cent., or £37,500, will have been earned in 1893, leaving £37,500 to be made up before the full Preference interests can be met. It requires, therefore, little more than a traffic increase of £700 per week net to place the Ordinary stock within sight of dividends. Add to this that there is no "Bull" account, that stock is scarce in the market, and that a strong "Bull" syndicate has been formed, who will, I am told, take up all their purchases, and it is not surprising that the price of Districts has advanced to 28. They touched 39 in 1889, when no dividend on the Prefs. was paid, and were quoted as high as 43 in 1887, 60 in 1885, 72 in 1884, and 85 in 1880. There is here a considerable margin for improvement, and I should not be surprised to see a sharp rise any day.

A Rise in Yankee Stocks.

A further marked advance has been established in the whole active list of American Railroad stocks, extending to over 4 points in Louisville, 3¼ in Atchison Second Mortgage Bonds and Union Pacifics, and 2 in Milwaukees, all of which are stocks specially recommended by me last week. The upward movement was engineered from the other side of the Atlantic, but it was well responded to here by some large operators and by a moderate amount of public buying. On the Stock Exchange this sharp movement appears to have caused some dismay. The jobbers make wry faces, for those who were not on the "Bear" tack were certainly not "Bull," and they do not, therefore, benefit by the rise. But they had plenty of notice of what was coming, and they have their own confirmed pessimism to blame for their disappointment. The favourable October statements of the Atchison and Louisville lines created a very favourable impression. The former was a most unpleasant surprise for the "Bears," and the circumstance that the gross decrease of 388,600 dols. of the Louisville and Nashville for October worked out to a net decrease of 127,678 dols. was also encouraging. Traffics in the near future will, perhaps, but slowly improve, as the uncertainty respecting the fate of the new Tariff Bill may curtail business. I should not, however, be surprised if this reform were pushed through much more quickly than is generally expected, as President Cleveland will evidently throw his whole influence into the scale. Then there is the question of the various projected reorganisations, especially of those of the Erie and Union Pacific. The report that the Union Pacific sub-Committee was considering the issue of a 2 per cent. "blanket" mortgage for the Company's Government debt, seemed to suggest that Mr. Pierpont Morgan had come to some preliminary understanding with the Government respecting its attitude to the Union Pacific. Another statement transmitted by the usually well-informed New York correspondent of the *Financial News*, that the Louisville had paid off on Friday last the loan made in July against the 22,000 shares, with option of sale at 65, and that the stock had been returned into the treasury, indicates a distinct improvement in the financial position of this Company, and fully bears out my recent remarks. An encouraging feature is the statement made in the American Press that since the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill not less than five of the largest iron mines on the Lake Superior ranges have resumed operations or given notice of intention to do so.

Fur-lined Overcoats, Ulsters, Overcoats, and Capes are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

The Managers of the Norrie Mine attribute their resumption directly to repeal. The mines are the Minnesota, on the Vermillion iron range, which in prosperous times employs 5,000 men; the Norrie, on the Gogebic range; two shafts of the Lake Superior, on the Marquette range; besides one or two smaller ones. With regard to any selection to be made for investment, I still hold to the view that amongst the dividend-payers Milwaukee, Louisville, and Atchison Second Mortgage bonds, and amongst the low-priced securities Erie, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas and Texas, Union Pacifics, and Denvers are the most promising for a rise, but it will be advisable to buy on reactions, which cannot fail to make their appearance. Denver Prefs. have risen as much as 2 points, the shares ½, and there seems a reasonable prospect of this Company in time retrieving its fortunes again. The publication of the October working statement of the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé, showing a gross decrease of 333,639 dols., and a net increase of 99,637 dols., created a very favourable impression. I am told that the temporary weakness of the Second Mortgage "A" bonds some weeks ago was caused by the changing of their investments by Boston holders, who were tempted to go into other Atchison bonds, and also into Colorado Midland Fours, which now have risen to 47 on advices that these will be benefited by the general improvement in Colorado. I do not think well of the exchange, but what is still more anomalous is that investors should buy the Four per Cent. General Mortgage bonds at 79, yielding only about $5\frac{3}{16}$ per cent. on the investment, while the Six per Cent. Guarantee Fund Notes, which rank ahead of the General Mortgage bonds, stand only at 97, yielding therefore $7\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. per annum, when the profit on redemption in five years at 103 is considered. It is true that the certificates of the Guarantee Fund Notes are for not less than 5,000 dols., but there are capitalists enough who can take that amount as a minimum, when so advantageous an exchange can be effected. A very active demand has made itself felt for bonds, and in the list which I gave last week Denver and Rio Grande Four per Cent. First Consolidated Mortgage bonds have risen 3 to 85; Louisville Unified Four per Cents., 2 to 80; Denver Four per Cent. Improvement bonds, 6 to 75; and Erie Second Mortgage bonds, 3 to 80. One of the cheapest gilt-edged bonds is undoubtedly the new Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Consolidated Mortgage, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio at ½ premium on the issue price of 101. Fifteen per cent. is paid up, and 43 per cent. is payable on December 18, 43 per cent. on January 10, 1894, while interest commenced on November 1, 1893. The security of this bond is excellent, and it is well suited for permanent investment. Grand Trunks are being kept down by the large accident and working expenses, and by the fact that the traffic decreases, which I predicted, have already made their appearance, but Canadian Pacifics are distinctly better, considerable buying orders having been received from Montreal.

Argentines and Other South Americans.

The Committee of the Argentine Chamber of Deputies has passed the Romero-Rothschild convention, and it may, therefore, be assumed that the ratification by Congress will not be delayed much longer. That, at least, is the market view, as indicated by a fresh rise of from 2 to 3 in Argentine Government bonds. The most important point for investors to watch now is the position of the Argentine guaranteed railways, as the Minister of Finance, Señor José Terry, has expressed himself unmistakably to the effect that he will settle these guarantees as soon as ever the Rothschild convention is ratified. That means a large amount of arrears to be paid to these Companies, and probably a composition of the future guarantee payments in Government bonds, in which case a sharp rise in all these railway stocks may be anticipated. The tap, which has been on in Uruguay bonds, appears at last to have run dry, and the price has risen sharply 3 to 36½. Buying orders have come from Montevideo, and a further important advance is expected. Mexican Government Six per Cent. bonds have risen again to 69½, the issue of a loan of £3,000,000 by Messrs. Bleichroeder and the group of bankers connected with them being expected in January. Peruvian Corporation stocks, on the other hand, have been weak on various rumours. The Directors' report, which has just been issued, is unfavourable, but it contains nothing which was not already known. Costa Rica and Venezuela bonds are also better, and a strong recovery of from 2 to 3 has taken place in Chilian bonds. Affairs in Chili appear to be improving, which ought to benefit the various undertakings carried on in that country, and especially Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Guaranteed Six per Cent. stock, now quoted 106. The position in Brazil does not appear to approach a solution yet, but Brazilian bonds are better. Continental Government stocks are keeping their price remarkably well. It is evident that Italians are being "pegged," or else the suspension of the Credito Mobilaire, following upon the Bank scandals, would have smashed this market. The position in Greece continues very doubtful.

The Kaffir Circus.

The operators, who have been "Bulling" Chartered shares, are bitterly disappointed that, notwithstanding all the victories, the shares remain weak at 22s. They are realising what it means to play with cards which the insiders are able to shuffle at their own sweet will. There are, however, signs of an incipient improvement in Randt Gold Mining shares, in sympathy, chiefly, with the greater activity of other departments. It is hardly probable that the November output will again top the October crushings, but the position of the leading Witwatersrand Mines is in itself so favourable that no record crushings are wanted to justify a rise. What is chiefly against them is the distrust, with which the manipulations of certain big financiers connected with South Africa are viewed. These men appear to be determined to "best" the public whenever an opportunity presents itself. Some of the "Bear" reports are subsiding, after having done their part, and properties which have been attacked in the most unscrupulous manner are stated, on official information, to be in a very different condition from that which was alleged by the rumour-mongers. Thus the news from the Glencairn Gold mine is to the effect that there is no difficulty in the finances, that the output is expected by February to reach 4,000 oz. of gold, and that the large cyanide plant is in course of erection. The shares have thereupon recovered to 26s.—still a very low price in view of the great prospects of this mine. New Rietfontein have recovered to 2⅞, and Crown Reefs and Robinson have been a strong market. Latest cablegrams from the Geldenhuis Deep Mine state that the Main Reef has been struck 8 ft. wide, and that it assays 16¾ pennyweights. This is very encouraging for Deep Level properties generally, and lends strength to my remarks of a week ago concerning the cheapest of these, viz., the South Simmer and Jack, the shares in which now stand at 21s. Amongst Diamond shares De Beers are steady, but Jagersfontein are depressed, operators being very distrustful of the manipulation of these shares. Holders of shares in Transvaal Land Companies are waxing very impatient. Last week I gave expression to the disappointment of Oceana shareholders, who are temporarily deprived of their dividend in Coal shares. This week I have received several communications concerning the Transvaal Lands Company. One of my correspondents sends me a very long criticism of the management of this concern, for which I cannot, unfortunately, find space. He complains of wasteful management, and insists that expenses should be kept down while a waiting game has to be played, the only compulsory payments being a fee of £2 per farm payable to the Transvaal Government, say about £165 a year, and some further expenses for completing the Government survey of about twenty-seven of the farms. Directors will do well to take heed of these complaints, if they will not get into worse trouble with the shareholders than they had at the recent meeting. I am afraid that shareholders of the Transvaal Estates and Development Company will not either find much to encourage them in the report just issued, as there is a small adverse balance of £360 for the year, but there is evidence of the directors trying to keep expenses down, and, after all, the value of the properties of all these Land Companies in the Transvaal is steadily improving,

and, in the end, the shareholders will, no doubt, realise a big profit on the price at which the properties stand in their accounts. At the meeting of the Oceana Development Company, the distribution of 23,000 shares in the Coal Company was duly authorised, so that there is nothing now in the way for the Oceana Directors to also declare a similar bonus. I have received the following communication from a correspondent who writes from Glasgow, signing himself "Jacob":

Glasgow, November 30, 1893.

It may be worth mentioning that the Cassel Gold Extracting Company of Glasgow, Limited—the parent Company of the African Gold Recovery Company—are distributing to their shareholders in the way of a dividend, amongst other shares, 10,000 shares of the African Gold Recovery Company. This is the weight that has been resting on the Recovery Company for some time, and accounts undoubtedly for the moderate price of the shares of the Company. Each holder of twenty Cassel shares will get one share in the Recovery Company, so that we will see 10,000 shares of a Company split up into "lots" of two, three, four, five, and perhaps as many as ten to twenty to some few holders. Anything might be expected of the Cassel Company's directors, but that the Recovery Company's directors should have so little care for its shareholders is passing strange. Of course, the bulk of these shares will probably be sold; so an opportunity may offer itself for any one to get possession of a good holding in the Recovery Company at an extremely low price. Under the circumstances, it is not clear how low the price may go.

This, then, is the explanation of the persistent sales of African Gold Recovery shares, which took place some time ago, probably on the part of insiders who knew what was coming.

The Jarvis-Conklin Trust.

It appears from a notice which has been sent to the Press that "the Committee of English representatives of the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company, consisting of Messrs. T. R. Wilkinson, McLean Brodie, J. Arthur Binns, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, and E. J. Chappel, who were invited to confer with the receivers of the Company, are now on their way to England, and that particulars of the proposed plan of reorganisation will be issued at an early date." This announcement does not appear to have been very favourably received by the Debenture-holders, chiefly because the Committee appears to be entirely self-appointed, while some of them are, no doubt, as shareholders or officials personally interested in some form of reorganisation being carried out. From a number of letters, which have reached me, I select the following for publication:—

Bournemouth.

I am going to invoke your powerful aid in behalf of myself and several other ladies who are Debenture-holders in the Jarvis-Conklin Company. We were always under the impression that our interests were secured by the placing of mortgages in the hands of trustees. We now find that these mortgages have not been assigned to the trustees, nor registered in their names, and are, therefore, an incomplete security according to American law. We also find that Messrs. Jarvis and Conklin have been appointed sole receivers, not only of the general affairs of the Company, but on behalf of these very Debentures, on account of which trusts were set up to meet the very contingency which has arisen, viz., the absolute failure of the operations conducted by these gentlemen. In the daily papers there is a notice to the effect, that certain self-appointed gentlemen who crossed the ocean a week or so ago to examine into the affairs of the Company, are coming back with a scheme of reorganisation in their pockets. It seems to me that as a Debenture-holder, I have no interest in any scheme of which the repayment to me of the money which I have lent the Company does not form a part. It also seems clear to me that our best chance of getting our money out of these mortgages is to have a receiver appointed on our behalf, and not trust to Jarvis and Conklin, who are responsible for the present state of affairs. I have great confidence in your judgment, so advise us.

I am glad to see that my lady correspondent has a very clear head for business. Her suggestion is quite correct and fully justified. The Company has come to grief through the want of foresight of Messrs. Jarvis and Conklin, and there are rumours that the collapse came about through dealing in the stocks of and guaranteeing the bonds of Western enterprises, of which the members of the Committee can know but very little. There is only one course to be taken by the Debenture-holders—viz., they should insist upon the appointment, in their interest and on their behalf, of an English receiver, and they should have nothing to do with a cut-and-dried reorganisation scheme. Very large amounts of Debentures have been persistently worked off in this country, much against my views, which I have freely imparted to all those who have sent inquiries. If there is need of a Committee, half of its members should be appointed by the English Debenture holders. But the latter should require a great deal more information than the self-appointed Committee can give and a good deal of independent testimony, before agreeing to any scheme of reconstruction. In fact, if I were a Debenture holder, I should want to be paid off!

Miscellaneous Mines.

Indian Mining shares have maintained the firmer tendency which they have shown of late, Champion Reefs gaining ½, on hopes of the declaration of a dividend, while South East Mysore, Balaghat, and Nine Reefs scored smaller improvements. Amongst Australian Mines New Queen and Craven's Caledonia (Charter's Towers) have improved, while Carringtons are the turn easier, further advices being awaited from the mine respecting the prospect of the work. The output of the Mill's Day Dawn United for the fortnight was 1,719 oz. of gold, from 1,835 tons, and a dividend of 3d. per share has been declared. The news from the Western Australia Goldfields remains favourable, but that is no reason why investors should subscribe without the most careful investigation to a new Company, the "Western Australian Goldfields, Limited," the prospectus of which is being circulated privately, even though the names of relatives of members of the West Australian Government are on the prospectus. American Mines have been steady, and slight advances are shown in several instances. Columbian Hydraulics are up 2s., Achilles ⅛, but Frontinos are lower. There has been an inquiry for the shares in the new Idaho Exploring Company, the 5s. shares, 4s. 8d. paid, being quoted 6d. to 9d. During the week a large number of advertisements have appeared from an outside broking "corporation," advising a purchase of West Argentines at 2s. Those who have bought at that figure have paid too much, as the shares throughout hee week have been obtainable in the Stock Exchange at 1s. 7½d. I have to remind Mr. Charles Harrison Smith, the liquidator of the unfortunate Ida Gold Mining Company, that the shareholders are expecting the fulfilment of the promise of the Directors that part of their money should be returned. The calls were forced in with the utmost rigour in September. I must now request the liquidator to make a statement as to when he will make a payment to the shareholders.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

J. W. B.—1. Thanks for the *West Australian*, but I have nothing to withdraw of my comments. 2. I can say nothing as to the dividend being paid by the Newspaper Company in question, but I should sell the shares if I had got them. *Cheltenham.*—The remark that there was an ever-running tap in Uruguay bonds means that, whenever there was any demand it was at once satisfied by some large seller, who was apparently too weak to hold. This "tap" appears at last to have dried up, and the price is now moving upwards. Hold both Uruguay Government bonds and Railway stocks. The Crown Reef is a good South African mine, and the shares should be held. *R. M. K.*—It is an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that Argentine Government bonds will further improve when the Rothschild convention has been ratified. As regards the Trusts, await the course of events, but do not support the wreckers. *W. C. S., Alexandria.*—You should hold all these stocks—they should recover again; but you have been very unfortunate. *Moonstone.*—The "Moniteur des Tirages Financiers," Place Richelieu, Paris, contains the list of drawings of French Lottery bonds. The subscription is 4 francs a year and postage.

Feeding Dogs.—Prof. Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., writes: "A sound, well-balanced canine dietary is the secret of success with 'Spratt's Patent.' I have no hesitation in asserting, with regard to biscuit diet, Spratt's Fibrine Cake is far and away the best in the English market. Some of the dog biscuits I have examined might be composed of pipeclay and sawdust for the nutritive properties they possess. Cheap and dirty means expense and disease." See each "Dog Cake" is stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "X." This is all important.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

B.H., Birmingham.—I cannot undertake to send extracts from Truth to any one. If you read the paper regularly you will soon see my view of outside stockbrokers. *Peruvian.*—Hold the Peruvian Debentures, and see under "Foreigners and South Americans." *Tutissimus.*—I never have liked this concern, and you should have no more to do with it, if you can insure elsewhere. Try the Law Debenture Corporation. *Once Bitten.*—You are quite right to be careful. The Union Bank of London (*a*) and the National Provincial Bank of England (*c*) are both high-class Banks, and perfectly safe. The Bank marked *b* has stood a severe ordeal well, but it cannot compare with the above-mentioned two in solidity. Yes, the Society in question would affect the Bank *b*. *Bess.*—Better hold Middlesbrough Lands now. *F. D. P.*—Thanks. It is really time that Mrs. A. Gordon Edwardes, of Avondale, 30, Regent's Park-road, N.W., should cease her efforts at unloading Founder's shares in the Alliance Financial Company, Limited, upon the public. If she does not, she will get herself into trouble. The letter you sent is one of many of absolutely the same contents which are reaching me from all sides. In my opinion these shares are worthless. *Highlander.*—It is a wealthy American Life Office and at present quite safe, but you must be aware that American institutions are not quite so reliable for a permanency as English ones. *Bess.*—No, there is no such book. But surely your friend's solicitor or stockbroker will know. *An Old Reader.*—The rule of outside brokers dealing on the tape prices on the cover system is, as you no doubt are aware, that a correction on the tape cancels the deal. I am afraid you have no remedy. *A Reader of* Truth *for Years.*—1. I should say that there is no risk in the transaction referred to, but I do not like the concern. 2 and 3. When you are dealing with outside brokers, you must be very careful. The firms in question appear, however, to fulfil their engagements at present. *A. W., Metropole.*—1. Hold the Trust stocks, they are recovering. 2. Hold for a recovery.

Home Rails.

A. C. D. As a speculative purchase I consider Metropolitan Districts the most promising. The course of Caledonians will depend upon the settlement of the coal strike in Scotland, and Brighton "A" will be governed in the near future by traffics. I gave my views of American Rails likely to advance last week, and a sharp rise has since taken place, especially in those named by me. You should read my remarks under Yankee Rails regularly. Certainly hold Bell's Asbestos.

American and Foreign Rails.

Feg.—Nitrate Rails have had a considerable rise, and are somewhat speculative. At 16 they yield, on the basis of a continued 20 per cent. dividend, 12½ per cent. per annum, but the fresh reduction in the tariff is an unfavourable point. *W. M.*—No reason to sell any American Rails now, even though Nos. 1 and 4 are not the happiest selection. I do not like No. 2, but as they are insured, there is no reason to sell now. Certainly hold Mexican Four per Cent. Gold bonds (3); they have had a marked recovery. Hold also No. 5. *Parachute.*—You should hold the Prefs. No. 1 for a further recovery; they will eventually probably secure a dividend again, although not just yet. I do not like No. 2 at all. Sell if you can. It is most unfortunate that you got into this Company. *Quintilian.*—Yes; I should hold both No. 1 *a* and *b*, but I do not see any reason for buying more, as a better selection can be made. Certainly hold the American Rails No. 2 *a* and *b*, also Canadian Pacifics (2*a*). For the investment of the £1,000 in question, I should prefer to your selection No. 3 *a*, *b*, and *c*, a purchase of Six per Cent. Atchison Five-year Guarantee Fund Notes at 97, an excellent security, redeemable after five years at 103, and therefore yielding 7¾ per cent. per annum on the investment. You cannot get less than certificates of 5,000 dols. or £1,000. *J. L. B.*—I drew up the list of three classes of American Railroad bonds published in last week's issue as the best selection to be made just now. The bonds mentioned by you should be held for a recovery. They are not, of course, gilt-edged, but should also improve. *W. M., Chelsea.*—You should have nothing to do with the Special Guaranteed Trusts of Bond, Fraser, & Co., of Broad-street Buildings, or with those of any other syndicate touts, against whom I am continually warning my readers. *A. B. C.*—All your American Railroad stocks Nos. 1 9 ought to be held. If you were to sell out now with a view to getting in again, you might have to pay a good deal more. I mentioned the stocks I like best last week, and I do so again in to-day's letter. *Bedford Park.*—Hold the American Rails, they are likely to improve with the rest of the market. These remarks about a reconstruction of the Grand Trunk are absurd. At present price hold the Guaranteed. *W. B. L.*—Affairs in Spain are not prospering. That is the chief reason for the fall. *Snow.*—This interest will no doubt be provided under the reorganisation scheme, which is being talked of, and you should certainly hold the bonds. 2. No, you should hold the Denver Fours, they have already improved. Hold also Nos. 3 and 4. *Advocate.*—I should certainly hold the Brazilian Railway bonds. Whenever the civil war comes to an end, there will be a sharp recovery. *Old Soldier.*—You will find that this kind of bankers' advice is very unreliable. Hold your Mexicans by all means. All danger is past, and they will go higher. I say again, sell the Home Railway stock and re-invest in the stocks mentioned. As it is, Argentine Funding are already up to 71½, and you could have bought materially lower. *Urquhart.*—No. 1 is to be exchanged for Four and a Half per Cent. new bonds, now quoted 101½, but I expect a considerable advance also of Nos. 2 3. For your re-investment you might select from the first-class stocks which I mention again to-day under "The Rise in High-class Stocks." *Omega.*—Yes, you would do well to make the re-investment into Nos. 1 and 2. With regard to No. 3, this Debenture stock has paid only 3½ per cent. for the last year, but will in another year probably pay the full 5 per cent., and should, therefore, also suit you, if you want it for permanent investment. It is an English Company, and you might send for the Directors' report, just issued. London offices, Dashwood House, Old Broad-street, E.C.

Mining Shares.

Ponto.—Hold both Mining shares, they will no doubt improve again. *Borderer.*—1. These Lottery bonds are but a poor investment, and you should under no circumstances deal through the firm mentioned, who will charge you from 20 to 40 per cent. above the market price. 2. Be very careful; Mining Companies formed privately for working goldfields are dangerous. I know nothing of the concern mentioned. *Rad.*—Advices from the mine are favourable. Hold, but do not average yet. *H. S., Hull.*—The unfavourable reports concerning the Glencairn Mine have been officially contradicted, and you should hold your shares, as prices will greatly improve eventually. See under "The Kaffir Circus." *Odonto.*—There has been protracted depression in the Mining Market, but, now that the other departments are reviving, a recovery is probably not far off. You should hold all your eight different shares for a rise. Hold also Peruvian Debentures. *N. N.*—Kimberley Roodepoort, Carringtons, Craven's Caledonia, Zouts and Balkis, ought all to be held for a recovery. *Camp.*—Hold Nos. 1 and 2 for an improvement. I do not know the manufacturing concern No. 3. You might risk holding Barrett's Berlyn Gold (4). Hold United Main Reef (5) for an improvement. Forbes Reef (6) are saleable only at about sixpence. Hold! Which issue of No. 7 do you mean? *H. C. E.*—Despite the "puffing" by outside brokers, West Argentine (1) may be a fair venture for a small sum of money. The "puffers" say the price is 2s. This is not so, as during the whole week the "House" dealers have been sellers at 1s. 7½d. No. 2 are a fair venture. Nine Reefs (3) will probably improve in price during the next few months. Yes; the American Rails No. 4 will probably take a jump. *Speranza.*—1. New Chimes have had a big tumble in price. Hold for a higher figure. 2. Buffelsdoorn are a very promising share. 3. No reason to sell now. Do so after a rise. 4. Yes; both should improve now. 5. Certainly keep New Primrose. The next dividend will be declared on December 31. *M. S., Chesterfield-street.*—The best thing is to let that wretched concern, the French Bob Extension Gold Mining Company, die! *Sharcholder.*—The rumours respecting the Glencairn have been officially denied. See under "The Kaffir Circus," and hold. *R. S., Cavendish-square.*—Hold Kimberley Roodepoort, they will recover with the other markets. *Ben.*—Hold; they have fallen with the rest of the Kaffir market. *S. R. P.*—Yes; South Simmer and Jack are a good purchase for a smart rise. *Aaron.*—There is no option but to hold both Nos. 1 and 2, they will recover with the rest of the market. *Robinson.*—Certainly not; you should hold, this mine is likely to do well. *Thackeray.*—Yes; these Deep Mining Levels are a fair mining speculation. *A Reader of* Truth, *Birmingham.*—Hold Poormans. You will find a comment on No. 1 under "Miscellaneous Mines." Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are fair mining risks, but no catch. I do not care for No. 6. *W. O., Pwllheli.*—New Primrose ought to stand much higher. The mine is doing well, and the only reason, why the price is so low, is the general depression in the mining market.

Industrial Companies.

P. B. P.—Hold the Brewery Prefs. for a recovery. *Carrig.*—These shares are very cheap, and pay good dividends. I do not see any reason for selling. *Aston Magna.*—1. I do not like this Syndicate at all, and should advise you to sell at once, if you can. 2. A fair investment, but I should prefer Milwaukees or Atchison Second Mortgage "A" bonds. *Nemo.*—Hold Johannesburg Waterworks shares, and see remarks under "Various Investments." *R. D.*—The course of events has been very disappointing, but the shares should be held now. *Mountain.*—Hold No. 1. I do not care much for No. 2. I suppose that the Coal stock, No. 3, is likely to recover now. Hold No. 4. There seems a prospect of further recovery of No. 5.

Mixed Investments.

Darlington.—1. These Preference shares are all right now, but it is an industrial concern, dependent upon advertising and fashion, and therefore not suitable for permanent investment. 2. Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds are a good investment, but they have just risen five points. *Loxfield.*—1. Affairs in Australia will only slowly improve, and the recovery of the Company in which you are interested must, therefore, also be slow. It will be preferable to hold some time and sell on an improvement. 2. No reason to sell the American Rails now. Hold. A reconstruction of the Erie Company would help them materially. 3. Hold for a recovery, then sell! *Peter.*—You should hold Mexican National (1); the line is doing well. No reason to sell No. 2-4, which are improving; or No. 5. I consider No. 6 a good investment. With patience you will probably get a return on your Copper shares.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13½ Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Various Investments.

Silver has declined slightly during the past week, being quoted fractionally below 32d., and rupee paper has also receded, the sales of India Council bills having fallen off again. Mexican rails have improved moderately, in sympathy with Mexican Government bonds, it being suggested that Messrs. Bleichroeder would not have undertaken the new loan, if trade was not improving and prospects brighter in the country. This could, however, only have a bearing on the First Prefs. The Mexican National Railway is, according to a consular report just published, apparently doing very well considering the bad times. The Bi-metallic League want me to announce that they have opened City offices at 26, Lombard-street, under the management of their general secretary, Mr. Henry McNoel. I herewith fulfil their wish, although I am not in accord with the views of these good people. I am receiving numerous communications from victims of the rotten concerns promoted by Jabez Balfour and his crew. The following, from "A Sufferer," is a specimen of these bitter complaints:—

"A demand for payment of a call of £5 per share in the House and Land Investment Trust Company has now been issued, and I do not feel like paying it without an indignant protest. It has been proved that for years before the issue of these shares the whole concern was being kept up by a system of fraud, and that there was neither likelihood nor expectation at the time that the promises made to accepting shareholders would be fulfilled; therefore there can be no justice in the law that permits further robbery on the too trustful victims of this gigantic swindle. Is it possible that a proceeding so unjust can be enforced? If so, it is time, laws were altered and some connection established between law and upright dealing. If some high in authority and position had suffered a little of what we humbler individuals have done, I believe means would have been found to make the arch-deceiver, Jabez S. Balfour, surrender to the last penny, instead of fattening and luxuriating amidst costly surroundings on the spoils he has stolen from those who are enduring retrenchments, cruel pinching, and starvation at home.

I am exceedingly sorry for the poor victims of that scoundrel, Jabez Balfour, and his confederates, and I trust that means will yet be found to bring him to justice. As to others implicated, the Attorney-General's answer in the House appears to foreshadow some action by the Public Prosecutor. But redress, I am afraid, is out of the question. With regard to the House and Land Investment Trust I may, however, mention that my suspicions were aroused years ago, and although I had no proof of roguery, I have consistently advised all those who made inquiries not to have anything to do with it. The affairs of Trust Companies are simmering down, the shareholders apparently commencing to see that it is not to their interest to encourage the shrieking fraternity. As a consequence, Trustee and Executors' Corporation shares have improved to 5¾ discount, and there has been an almost general recovery in Trust stocks. At the same time it will never do, to acquiesce in all the proposals of Directors with the meekness, with which the shareholders of the Foreign and Colonial Debenture Corporation have assented to amalgamation with the Debenture Corporation without any investigation of the real state of affairs, accepting blindly the huge loss resulting from this operation. It really looks as if Mrs. Greenhough's pungent remark at the meeting of the General Assets Company that the "t" should be left out of the title of the Company, thus constituting it a Company of "General Asses," was of very general application in the dealings of shareholders with their Directors. I wish there were more Mrs. Greenhoughs in the City to object, as she did, to being "led like sheep by a shepherd who does not seem to guide them safely." By the way, a correspondent, in referring to some recent remarks of my esteemed colleague "The Linkman" as to the West End having travelled down east to the City to make money, but that it had returned ruined, ventures to opine that the less West Enders say about that the better. He says there was no need to travel to the City for that purpose. Ladies in want of investments had but to go to their West End Bankers to be advised to put their money into the stocks of a certain Trust Company. These investors, says my correspondent, now find that the brokers who advised them through their bankers were brokers to the Trust Company, and their principal partner a Director of the same. It seems that the West end is no longer to have a monopoly of successful Music Halls, as it is rumoured that the Directors of the Eastern Empire Music Hall will shortly announce a first quarterly dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. It appears that the actual profits are largely in excess of this figure, the hall, which was opened early in August, having become very popular in its own thickly populated neighbourhood. The capital has been kept down to the moderate figure of £20,000 in shares of £5 each, fully paid, and there is a mortgage charge of £16,100. The bulk of the Company's property is freehold, and the shares, which are quoted 4¾ 5¼, are commencing to attract attention. The opening of the City Safe Deposit at No. 15, Throgmorton avenue, E.C., on Tuesday, places a splendidly fitted-up building at the disposal of stock-brokers and other City men, and I fancy they will not be slow in availing themselves of the facilities offered. I shall have more to say on this subject next week. I see that the *Financial Times* devotes a well-reasoned article to the discussion of the position of the Johannesberg Waterworks Company, and, while leaving open the question of the water supply in view of possible competition, comes to the conclusion that as an Estate Company alone "it is quite conceivable that the Company possesses a landed property which, lying in the midst of a flourishing gold-field with a long life before it, may be regarded as of great and improving value," and that "those must be possessed of strange ideas of relative worth who consider that the shares of a Company owning an estate in a flourishing urban district are dear at 15s." I have received from Messrs. F. C. Mathieson & Sons, of 16, Copthall-avenue, E.C., a copy of a useful compilation containing a list of principal Railways, Corporations, &c., whose securities are eligible for investment by Trustees, unless expressly forbidden by the instrument (if any) creating the Trust and the clauses, under the Provisions of the Trustee Act, 1893. This list will be found very handy by Trustees. I cannot advise my readers to invest their money in "Venice, Limited." I never much like investments of this description, having in my mind several that have turned out anything but fortunate ventures to their shareholders. And in this case I think that the idea has already been worked for all it is worth. "Venice" in London was an undoubted success, though hardly as great a one as some people have been led to believe. The somewhat similar performance that was run in Chicago also drew large receipts—but whether these large receipts also meant large profits it is difficult to say. If they did, then I am surprised that its promoters do not themselves run this new "Venice" in Paris instead of appealing to the public for funds. Out of the £150,000 capital asked for £75,000 is to go as purchase-money to the "vendors and promoters." I see that the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that less than £10,000 was originally paid for what £75,000 is now asked. Of this I know nothing, but until such a statement is officially contradicted, and until the same paper's other criticisms respecting the working capital are proved to be incorrect, I strongly counsel my readers to keep their money in their own pockets. "Diamonds and Gold in South Africa" is the title of a book on these subjects by Theodore Reunert (London: Edward Stanford), which contains much interesting information on the Diamond and Gold Fields of that part of the world.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

P.S., Tuesday.—The reaction which has taken place in the American market is a healthy one, and will, no doubt, in due time be followed by an improvement. Such setbacks afford the opportunity for purchases. There is certainly nothing in the manly tone of President Cleveland's message to Congress to justify any misgivings. The Mining Market is hardening, City and Suburban, Geldenhuis, and New Primrose now having taken up the running.

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QUEER STORY.

A COUP DE THÉÂTRE.

"WHAT, rehearsing alone?" cried Margaret Arnott, as, coming in unannounced, she surprised her old schoolfellow, Clara Rendall, apparently talking to herself. The young lady, however, was merely reading out in a pompous voice the address on an envelope she held in her hand, changing the "Esquire" at the end to an initial "Mrs." Clara faced round, blushing and disconcerted. Being, however, a singularly cool and collected young person, she recovered herself instantly and cried lightly, "Rehearsing? Yes, and no. For my part in our theatricals—no. For my part in life—yes. Listen!" And then she recited with exaggerated unction:—

MRS. RICHARD CHOLMONDELLY SPRAGG,
Northumberland House,
Empress Gardens, W.

"How does that go?" she asked, somewhat offensive-defensively.

"Whom does it go to?"

"Me," retorted Clara, defiantly, looking straight in her friend's face, but colouring in spite of her bravado. "Note it, my dear, for my future address."

"Clara! You—you have not accepted Mr. Spragg?"

"That is just what I have done."

"But, Mr. Berkley!"

"Heigho! Poor George!" Clara answered with a sigh, looking down at a letter she had just put into an envelope. "Poor old George!" she reiterated. "And poor me, for that matter."

"Why? What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened; that's just it. Nothing has happened, or ever will happen as far as I can see; and we can't go on being engaged for ever."

"Do you mean you have broken with Mr. Berkley only because he's poor?"

"Only because *we're* poor. I have my family to consider," Clara, who had never in all her life considered any one but herself, answered with a martyred air. "We are so poor that I *had* to do something, and, as I'm not learned enough to teach, nor clever enough to write, nor enough my own mistress to make a fortune on the stage—where I should have made an immense success—Oh, yes, I should," she interjected, with a positive nod. "Well, as I can do none of these things to relieve my family of myself and of a hundred other burdens and bothers, there was nothing for it but to make a good marriage!"

"To Mr. Spragg!"

"To Mr. Spragg," echoed Clara, in an even voice of perfect composure.

"But you do not love him?" objected Margaret, feebly.

"I suppose I love him as much as any married couples love each other a year after marriage. The Seagrens, for instance, or the Brownlows, or the Lepels, or the Rev. Godfrey Pelham and his thorn in the flesh. See how *those* Christians love! I must look forward, my dear, like a prudent woman. If I married for love, I should have run through *that* settlement in six months; whereas £10,000 a year—even from land—will take a deal of getting through."

"Clara, you have no heart."

"Oh, well, I don't know," the girl answered with philosophic calm. "I must have had what you call a heart to engage myself to George—a man with hardly anything to look forward to except his father's death. But Madame Rombeaut's bills are enough to crush the heart out of anyone. Just wait till I have £10,000 a year, and can afford to keep a heart again, and you'll see what a creditable turn-out it will be."

"But suppose it bolts with you after marriage?"

"Oh, if I have one at all, I'll have it in hand," she said lightly, with an involuntary glance at the letter she had just put into an envelope. Then, taking it up again, she said, "Listen how I have put matters to dear old George:—

DEAR OLD BOY,—All is at an end between us! It is not possible to express the pain it gives me even to say this. . . . .

And I *am* miserable about it," she interjected, with a defiant upward look into her friend's face.

"Evidently," Margaret rejoined, dryly.

"I am, really," reiterated Clara, with a look of wide-eyed wretchedness into space. But next moment she proceeded to read on with perfect composure:—

It is not possible to express the pain it gives me to say this—but to do it! ! ! Yet I must do it. I cannot help myself. I *have* to sacrifice myself in order to save my family from ruin by a rich marriage——

Here, again, Clara felt it necessary to pause to interpret. "But I *am* doing it for the sake of my family. I can't go on being a burden to them any longer. It was only last week papa said he could not pay Madame Rombeaut's last bill—for the commonest necessaries of life!"

"I quite understand. Well? Go on. 'I must sacrifice myself by a rich marriage to save my family Madame Rombeaut's bills.' We've got so far," Margaret said, with perfect gravity.

"Margaret, you are too absurd!" Clara answered, frowning and laughing simultaneously. "There! I shall not read another word of it, if you take it in that way."

"Go on; don't be silly. Of course you can't tell him the truth, and I suppose that's as near it as you can go," Margaret said, undisturbedly. And, after a little petulant demur, Clara continued:—

The change is not in me, dear George—for my heart is yours only, and always—no, the change is not in me, but in our circumstances, which compel the sacrifice. Other girls may marry for love, and to please themselves, and for their own happiness, but I must give myself up, and give you up—a thousandfold worse sacrifice!—for the sake of others. *Not*, remember, for the sake of the man I am forced to marry—who is nothing to me but a profession and a provision—but for my family's sake. Good-bye, dear old George! Good-bye for ever! Pray do not come to see me, and so only make my distress insupportable; for my fate is unalterable, and can but be embittered by remonstrance or remembrance of what might have been. Believe me, dear old George, always till death, your loving friend, at least,

LOULOU.

The young lady was quite moved by her own eloquence, and looked up with moist eyes into her friend's face for applause of her lovely composition.

Margaret, however, said only, "It would just serve you right if Mr. Berkley showed the letter to Mr. Spragg."

"Fancy George doing that—or any man! Only a woman would do it, or think of it," she added, with a triumphant laugh at the happiness of the retort.

"Depend upon it, Clara, if Mr. Spragg finds out you accepted him before breaking with Mr. Berkley, he will jilt you as lightly as you jilted his rival."

"You have no right, Margaret, to talk in that coarse, vulgar way after I explained everything to you. Mr. Spragg is not likely to 'jilt' me, as you call it, because of any discoveries he may make. I haven't left him much to find out, I can assure you. I told him with perfect frankness that I had a host of admirers, as any girl in my position and—well, with my attractions—was entitled to have; and if he finds out that George was one of them, he cannot say that I didn't confide it to him."

Margaret laughed at this specimen of her friend's chivalrous frankness, but said presently, with impressive gravity, "Clara, take my advice and burn that letter, and the other also to Mr. Spragg."

"I hadn't begun my letter to Mr. Spragg. I directed the envelope first just to see how the address looked. But I must write to him to thank him for *such* diamonds, dear! Oh, you *must* see them. I'm going to wear them in 'Checkmate.'"

Her eagerness to escape further remonstrance upon her change of engagements was much more her motive for carrying her friend off to her room than even her anxiety to show the diamonds.

Upon reaching her room she must needs array herself for Margaret's admiration, not in the diamonds only, but

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—"The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878. Kinahan's Glenisle Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

in the frock she was to wear them with in "Checkmate." In the very act of putting it on, however, she was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Yes!"

"Please, Miss, Mr. Spragg has called."

"Oh, bother! Tell him I shall be down in a few minutes."

As she was proceeding leisurely with her toilet, Margaret suggested, "You had better see him at once, hadn't you?"

"Little you know how to manage men," Clara replied, laughing, while she surveyed herself deliberately in the glass. "I never saw the man I couldn't twist round my finger; and it isn't by being at their beck and call it's done, I can assure you. Besides, I mean to begin with Mr. Spragg as I intend to go on—never chucking and never slacking the rein, but keeping a light, firm, and even hand, which just feels the mouth without fretting it. Oh, you'll see, my dear, Mr. Spragg will go like a lamb in harness."

"Please, Miss," cried the maid, entering precipitately, without even knocking. "Please, Miss, Mr. Spragg says he must see you instantly. He's in such a rage about something, you'd think he was gone out of his mind."

After a long and perplexed look at her blanched face in the mirror, Clara cried excitedly, "He has read that letter!"

And so in truth he had. Upon being shown into the drawing-room he made first for the mirror to admire therein his over-dressed little person. In it he saw, if he did not recognise, the hard, worn face of a man who had discounted his youth by dissipation. Presently he turned to look out of the window, and, as he approached it, the envelope addressed to himself caught his eye, as it lay on a small writing-table beside the letter to George Berkley, which Clara, in her haste to show her diamonds, had not replaced in its own envelope. Having sufficiently admired the "sweet Roman hand" of his adored on the envelope addressed to him, he laid it down, and then perceived the letter, which he naturally assumed was meant to be enclosed therein, and meant therefore for him. "Dear old boy." Yes, it was for him, beyond a doubt. "Dear old boy: All is at an end between us." Good God! What had happened? What had he done? Had she heard—but no, it was not possible. Besides, he had broken utterly with the woman. What could it mean? "It is not possible to express the pain it gives me even to say this—but to do it! Yet I must do it. I cannot help myself. I have to sacrifice myself in order to save my family from ruin by a rich marriage. The change is not in me, dear George." George? George? Who the—the letter was to another fellow whom she was throwing over to sell herself to him. What an infernal girl! Mr. Spragg ground his teeth and stamped furiously on the floor before he could bring himself to read on. "The change is not in me, dear George—for my heart is yours only and always—no, the change is not in me, but in our circumstances which compel the sacrifice. Other girls may marry for love, and to please themselves, and for their own happiness, but I must give myself up, and give up you—a thousandfold worse sacrifice!—for the sake of others. *Not*, remember, for the sake of the man I am forced to marry—who is nothing to me but a profession and a provision—but for my family's sake." What a woman! What an escape! What! He—*he* Richard Cholmondelly Spragg accepted only "as a provision and a profession," odious, but necessary to save her pauper family from the workhouse! To sell not herself only, but her love and her lover, for money!

At this point rage so overmastered Mr. Spragg that he rushed at the bell, and nearly tore it down. When the maid appeared he shouted at her, "Tell Miss Rendall that I wish to see her at once—at once!" in such a tone that the maid might well have thought he had suddenly gone out of his mind. He had enough time, however, before the maid returned, to master his frenzy of fury sufficiently to go back to the table and read there the rest of the letter. At length the maid returned to say, "Please, sir, Miss Rendall was rehearsing for some private theatricals; but she will be down in a minute now." And, indeed, Clara, having made this diplomatic preparation for the *coup de théâtre* she had had the presence of mind to think of, almost immediately swept into the room. She was in her stage dress, and as she was a superbly handsome girl, with a perfect figure and a skin which could stand even the fierce light of day, the low frock became her to perfection. As she sailed into the room he hurried towards her, gasping almost inarticulately, "This is your writing!—this is your letter!" holding out the document, and glaring at her like a tiger in act to spring.

"Certainly," she replied, with confounding calmness. "Did you suppose it was meant for you?"

"I—I supposed it was meant for this envelope, which is addressed to me," he stammered, taken utterly aback by her imperturbable coolness.

"Oh! Perhaps the mistake was excusable; but nothing can excuse the scene you have had the bad taste to make before the maid," Clara said, superbly.

He stood blinking blankly at her, hardly believing the evidence of his eyes or ears, for a moment before he could say: "And this letter. What can excuse this letter?"

"The letter!" Clara rejoined, with a shrug of supreme scorn. "The letter, as any one but you must have perceived, is a stage-letter, which comes into my part in some private theatricals Mrs. Arnott is getting up. I wrote it out to save myself the trouble of getting it by heart."

"Oh, I see! I really beg your pardon. How stupid and brutal I have been. Can you ever forgive me? And so George Berkley, of the Foreign Office, Sir Geoffrey Berkley's son, whom I fancied I knew, is a mere character in a play. How strange! He will hardly believe it himself when I present him with this letter," he said, putting the letter into its own envelope, pocketing it, and quitting the room, before Clara had recovered from her stupefaction.

As Mr. Spragg never had a scruple of delicacy or discretion, Clara's hopeless spinsterhood is no doubt due to his venomous circulation of her *coup de théâtre*.

MUSIC.

M. PADEREWSKI, who has had a very successful tour, is now in Scotland, but he will speedily return to London, as on Saturday next he will play at the Crystal Palace. Of course he has chosen his "Polish Fantasia," which afterwards may, I should imagine, be accorded a rest. There is other music in the pianoforte repertory quite equal to that even of M. Paderewski. On Monday he will appear at the Popular Concerts, when Mr. Lloyd will sing, in English, of course, six of the great pianist's new Polish songs. On the 20th M. Paderewski will play at Hampstead, after which he will return to Paris for Christmas.

It is said in certain brightly written notes, which are understood to be from the pen of Sir A. Harris, that at some of the performances of the Carl Rosa troupe, two men dressed as beefeaters are now placed on either side of the proscenium, mounting guard during the performance. If the statement, which seems to come from good authority, be true, it is a silly practice, and one which I should imagine can hardly appeal even to the smallest provincial mind. In the old days, of course, the guards used to keep order on the stage, to which certain gentlemen of fashion were then admitted, and even in our own time Austrian soldiers were on the stage during the performances of opera in Venice, to intervene should any political allusions be indulged in. But the British beefeaters were abolished when it was found how sorely it distressed elderly men-at-arms to remain standing throughout a long performance. Stuffed figures would, I should fancy, answer the purpose equally well.

The "Royal Punch and Judy Show," as the Royal box at the new Queen's Hall was irreverently called, has been pulled down, and at the public opening of the hall on Saturday the space was thrown into the dress circle. The change is an undoubted improvement. The inaugural programme included Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise,"

with Madame Albani, Miss Margaret Hoare, and Mr. Lloyd as chief vocalists; and a miscellaneous concert, in which Mr Dawson played Beethoven's E flat concerto. The choir was collected hurriedly, and the performance was by no means without flaw, although, as the regular season does not start till January 20, there will be plenty of time to organise a proper chorus. I, however, very greatly doubt whether it is wise to choose Saturday nights for these entertainments. Saturday afternoon is a favourite time, but Saturday evening concerts never have paid in the West-end, and even last Saturday, with Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd in the cast, the hall was not anything like full.

On the other hand, at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon an enormous audience was drawn to the Wagner programme, which included the whole of the third act of "Tannhäuser," with Mr. Lloyd as the hero, Mr. Black as Wolfram, and Madame Valda as Venus and Elizabeth. These two parts should have been played by Frau Moran Olden, who, however, was too ill to leave Germany, and as Madame Valda only knew the text in Italian, while the rest sang in English, the effect was not a little extraordinary. Señor Sarasate gave his last chamber concert on Monday afternoon, and in the evening at the Popular Concerts a string quartet by Bazzini was produced. The quartet is a curious mixture of styles, the Italian element being strong in the variations which form the chief feature of the slow movement, while the Gavotte is quite old French, and the finale pure Haydn. Herr Ries, who had been an invalid for a week, and had thus been obliged to break a record of thirty-four years as second violin, was now convalescent; but, on the other hand, Signor Piatti, the violoncellist, was temporarily ill, and was replaced by Herr Klengel.

The well-known organist, Mr. H. C. Tonking, last week gave a very largely attended organ recital at the Albert Hall, his programme including works by Smart, Widor, Handel, De Soyres, and others. To Mr. Tonking visitors to the approaching Doll Show at the Albert Hall will also, I am glad to say, be indebted for, I hope, a good deal of music. Mr. Tonking likewise was the moving spirit of the concert given at the Albert Hall on Tuesday in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the District Railway employés.

M. Jean de Reszke has, I believe, decided not to return to the United States next year; and, indeed, in the winter—that is to say, of 1894-5—he proposes to play Tristan at the first performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" at the Paris Grand Opéra. Contrary to report, however, there is little chance of his attempting the rôle at Covent Garden next season. But he will probably sing Siegmund in "Die Walküre," and to witness the Polish tenor's first appearance in this part in New York a fortnight hence the faithful Mr. Higgins is, I learn, about to sail.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I am rejuvenated; my pulse is beating again with youthful ardour, and I am once again ready to sally out in the train of Sir Nigel Loring and the other doughty knights of Mr. Conan Doyle's creation in search of honour and advancement. Christmas and the publishers are in part responsible for this state, and I know no better method of rousing the red ashes of youthful ideals into a bright flame than to feed them with the stories and legends which are just now poured out for the benefit of the rising generation. I should, however, scarcely think that the method in which the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" sets about some such rejuvenation is likely to bring about a similar result; it is too introspective. She has produced a quasi-autobiographical sketch (1) of her own childhood; yet, delicate as is the treatment, and true as much of its incident seems, still she forces one to look through the glasses of maturity through which she herself views the remembrance of the emotions of childhood—the trifle which appalled, the event which awoke a childish sympathy. No; my method is to go straight to the fountain-head of my own memories, instead of analysing them, though I must admit that it is almost impossible to do so without comparing past and present. Thus if one commences with the original book, my memory gives me something far different from the ornate decorations which Walter Crane groups around each letter of the alphabet (2), something more in the style of those brilliant illuminations which cluster about the pages of the toybooks which come in such variety from Messrs. Dean & Co., where the clown tumbles madly through every page, and animals wander unchecked by an unalluring desert of printed matter. Writing from my own recollection, it is clear to me that these are part of my past, and to clinch the matter comes the old-fashioned Venetian Blind book where a tug at a slip of paper brings a fresh picture on every page. The toy books which other publishers produce are perhaps slightly quieter in their colouring, not quite so noisy in their tone, but through them all runs the mad spirit of unmeaning riot without which a nursery would be solemn as a cloister. It is curious that there should be so much of the comic incident about productions for the very young, for, unless in some of the annuals such as that published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. (4), there is left no room for pathetic incident. Perhaps the publishers think that it is their duty to counteract the effect of the dismal pictures of every-day life which even infant eyes too often see; perhaps they find it impossible to procure anything which will at all compare with what has been done in the past, for, even when the old tales are illustrated, Cinderella in the ashes is as spick and span as an Adelphi heroine in distress, and Humpty Dumpty falls off his wall with a face expressive of the keenest delight. Perhaps the most modern of them all, a pleasant conceit which will make thousands of children laugh on the dullest of days, is a quaintly-coloured series of plates, where upon turning the book upside down you get an entirely fresh picture (5). It is different with the fairy tales. Even the new ones seem to have something of the spirit of the old, and the old in their charming dress are newer than ever. Who, for instance, will ever dare swear that the touch of age is upon Hans Andersen, especially as he comes to us this season (6), or make declaration that the Countess D'Aulnoy has ceased to charm. It is to these that the child turns from the toy-book to find the non-sentient alive and the non-understandable made known. I think that I was as other children, and of fairy tales I could never have enough, so that I am disposed to welcome the "Winged Wolf" (8) for a boon companion, to shiver at the approach of the malignant gnomes that Mr. R. Nisbet Bain brings from their habitations in "Norwegian Caverns" (9), and, finally, to laugh heartily over the charming illustrations with which Chinese artists have embellished the story of "The Strayed Arrow," and the not less curious adventures which are told in the accompanying narrative (10). About all of these there is something far superior to the book which brings me back to the next stage in the evolution of the child, the sort of book which is chosen by a kindly-disposed though weak-minded aunt as a birthday present, and is read to him in patches by the governess, who gets far more consolation from the reading than the child. It consists of a love story in which two grown-up persons take part, and the youthful interest is imparted by a party of children who disport themselves aimlessly and harmlessly through the pages (11). In the volume which brought up this memory, however, there is a greatly redeeming

(1) "The One I Knew Best of All." By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. (London: Frederick Warne & Co.)
(2) "Walter Crane's Absurd A. B. C. (London: George Routledge & Sons.)
(3) "Fun and Frolic for Children." "Venetian Blind Toy Books," &c (London: Dean & Co.)
(4) "Odd Corner Annual." (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(5) "Topsys and Turveys." By P. S. Newell. (London: Fisher Unwin.)
(6) "Hans Andersen's Stories and Fairy Tales." Translated by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D. With 100 Pictures by Arthur J. Gaskin. (London and Orpington: George Allen.)
(7) "D'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales." Translated by J. R. Planché. (London: Routledge & Sons.)
(8) "The Winged Wolf and other Fairy Tales." Collected by Ba Sheen Kaf. (London: Edward Stanford & Co.)
(9) "Weird Tales from Northern Seas." From the Danish of Jonas Lie. By R. Nisbet Bain. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)
(10) "Chinese Nights Entertainments." By Adele M. Fielde. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
(11) "Toddleben's Hero." By M. M. Blake. (London: Methuen & Co.)

feature in the illustrations. Such books as these foreshadow schooldays, and with school opens out the reality of life, before which the fairy tales fall back and are forgotten, until in later years we turn back to them once more to find that their charm is as fresh as ever and the spell they cast as enthralling. School days and our companions; it is possible to live them again in companionship with "Rex Singleton" and "Jim" (13). Take either of the two and the life comes back, not quite so intuitively as in "Tom Brown," but still with that touch of schoolboy frolic and freshness of enjoyment which makes them pleasant reading, altogether different from the sort of thing which marks the doings of "The Boys at Penrobin" (14). Give this to a healthy lad and he will dub the hero a muff; he is not educated to appreciate the study of a neurotic youth who, sensitive as a girl, doubtless seems a natural type to the lady who has drawn him from her imagination. Fortunately for me I have met few characters amongst the myriad who throng the new fiction for boys this year who exhibit at all the neurotic temperament, though a few years ago they were common enough. The type seems now to have been relegated almost entirely to the girls' school room, a matter I can scarcely understand. Can any one explain why there should be no adventure series for girls? At present girls, the hardy, the adventurous, with spirits as high and physical strength equal to that of their brothers, seem to me to be absolutely uncatered for. For instance, one girl's book I have read opens with a fog and ends with a wedding. The heroine, Golden Guendolyn, looking like a princess, and taking all hearts by storm, is persecuted by a wicked guardian, who squanders her £60,000 at Monte Carlo, and finally locks her up as mad until she is rescued by her lover (15). Yet through it all Guendolyn is passive as a doll, a punching block for the hand of fate. And this book is a type of hundreds. In another, without quite the morbid sentimentality of the last, the factory girl, beautiful of course, marries the master for the sake of her family, and runs away from him to find that she has loved him all the time (16). This, too, is typical of hundreds, but why authors and publishers should fancy that the average girl is enamoured of this sort of thing I fail to understand. As it is they go for consolation to their brothers' library, and find there the healthy change which gives them what they need. Such change there is in plenty. It is the wealth of adventure which has brought me into the state which I have already mentioned. One can go with Mr. Overton to seek adventure in everyday life (18) to find it, or, better still, lose oneself in a world of adventure with Mr. Henty, who is as prolific as ever. Just take one year's record of what he has done for Young England. Three big volumes are before me. One tale, in which an English lad with French relatives takes his share in the struggle of the French Huguenots for religion and freedom, and, after numberless hairbreadth escapes, makes a magnificent escape from Paris on St. Bartholomew's Eve (17). Another takes the reader to the formation of the Indian Empire, and the inevitable boy hero fights like a hero in the Sikh war, and comes with honour through the Indian Mutiny(18). And not yet tired of fighting, Mr Henty leads his admirers with another adventurous youngster through the famous campaigns of Charles XII of Sweden against the Russians and Poles (19). And all this is capped by shorter contributions to such a library of entertainment as is comprised in the series of "Stories for Boyhood and Youth." Here is not adventure alone, but a scrap of everything for everybody, even the New World being laid under contribution by the reproduction of some of the best things from Poe, Longfellow, and Hawthorne (20). Should you not tire of fighting by land, there is yet a story, fresh as ever, of the conquest of Mexico (21), or vivid, thrilling as anything that ever came from a well-practised pen, the story of the backwoods, of Indian warfare in the vast inland forests that once stretched from the Alleghanies to the prairies of the far West, from the cane swamps of the Southern States to the great lakes in the North (22). And still the store is not exhausted, for the Maories have to contribute their share, until the hero who undergoes danger amongst them and assists at an auction of missionaries' bones, returns to England, rich in gold and experience (23). Of course, there are some boys to whom fact is more welcome than fiction, to whom the knowledge of things that are, appeals more strongly than the efforts of the most brilliant imagination. It is for their benefit that Mr. Frith has told the story of the locomotive, and told it with a wealth of illustration and detail, and an absence of technicalities that leaves nothing to be desired (24). It is for this class, too, that "Footsteps to Fame" has been written, but without the same success (25). It seems as if the author has swallowed a biographical dictionary, a Church of England Catechism with a few democratic axioms, and brought forth the whole mass in a state of semi-assimilation. The book is, however, free from the record of the pietic money-grubber so dear to Smiles. Then, finally, I come to what is best in the whole lot of the adventure series—the stories of derring-do at sea. At one time it is possible to be pirate hunting on the China Coast with three as honest specimens of boyhood as ever graced a midshipman's uniform (26), at the next with a search party in the polar seas battling with bears, harpooning walrus, and rescuing relatives (27). Mr. Fenn gives an air of reality to his boys, and their very faults make them the very pleasantest of companions. About his books, too, there is the smell of the brine which we are accustomed to get when we take up Mr. Gordon Stables' never-wearying yarns, such as that he has given the youngsters this year (28). Even if this were the total no boy need deplore any lack of adventure, but when added to these is Jules Verne's story, distinct from anything he has done before, for Verne never repeats himself (29), and the still more enthralling history of the "Desert Ship" (30), I have come to the conclusion that there is ample material to last him a decade. The last book alone will mark a period in the existence of anybody who is fortunate enough to get it as present or prize. It is the story of a treasure hunt, as exciting as anything Verne ever wrote and with the reality of Robert Louis Stevenson. Need I say more to recommend it to you?—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, yours sincerely,

DESMOND O'BRIEN.

(13) "Rex Singleton." By Mrs. Lysaght. "Jim." By Ismay Thorn. (London: Gardner, Darton, & Co.)
(14) "The Boys at Penrobin." By Mrs. G. Forsyth Grant. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell.)
(15) "Golden Guendolyn." By Evelyn Everett Green. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)
(16) "A Bitter Debt." By Annie G. Swan. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)
(18) "After School." By Robert Overton. (London: Jarrold & Sons.)
(17) "St. Bartholomew's Eve." By G. A. Henty. (London: Blackie & Son.)
(18) "Through the Sikh War." By G. A. Henty. (London: Blackie & Son.)
(19) "A Jacobite Exile." By G. A Henty. (London: Blackie & Son.)
(20) "Fifty-two Stories for Boyhood and Youth." "Fifty-two Stories for Girlhood and Youth." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. (London: Hutchinson & Son.)
(21) "The White Conquerors of Mexico." By Kirke Monro. (London: Blackie & Sons.)
(22) "The Men of the Backwoods." By Ascott R. Hope. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(23) "Supple Jack, a Romance of Maoriland." By R. Ward. (London: Chapman & Hall.)
(24) "The Flying Horse." By Henry Frith. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(25) "Footsteps to Fame." By Hain Friswell. (London: John Hogg.)
(26) "Blue Jackets." By George Manville Fenn. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(27) "Steve Young." By George Manville Fenn. (London: S. W. Partridge & Co.)
(28) "Just Like Jack." By Gordon Stables. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)
(29) "The Castle of the Carpathians." By Jules Verne. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)
(30) "The Desert Ship." By John Blundelle Burton. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—You never saw anything half so tempting as the London shops are now, with all their bright array of Christmas gifts. It is really difficult to keep even a shilling in one's pocket, for every window one passes is a fresh temptation to spend it. Walking down the Brompton-road the other morning we saw an unwonted display of fine furs, including a whole bear and some other smaller animals. The window belonged to

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

the new drapery department recently opened by the management of Harrod's Stores. Another window was full of evening blouses and ball dresses, some of the former in surah, bengaline, and china silk, tastefully trimmed with velvet, brocade, lace, embroidery, jet or coloured beads; some of the latter in pale brocades, plain silks, or crépons, all in very soft, sweet tones of cream, ivory, blue, pink, maize, green, or white. We went inside to investigate, and found that the other contents of the department rivalled those of the attractive windows, everything being well up-to-date, of the newest materials, and in the smartest styles. The Bromptonites who used to have to go to Oxford-street and Regent-street to look at the new fashions, can now do so at their own doors. It is now possible to get everything one wants at these Stores, including furniture, ironmongery, plate, glass and china, stationery, provisions, and even dress, furs, bonnets, hats, boots, shoes, and underwear. Children's dress is made quite a specialty, and the little garments are, as always, fascinating from their very diminutiveness, and, in addition, attractive, because they here represent the most recent improvements in cut, material, and form.

Maud and I, having decided on giving father a pocket-book for a Christmas-box, turned into Drew's at Piccadilly-circus after this, and took some time to choose what the dear old man's should be. The newest colour, we were told, is a beautiful wine-tint, richly red and very glossy. They call it Burgundy, and it is rightly named, for it is just the colour of that delightful wine. The newest pocket-books at Drew's are made with a fold for bank-notes, which is so well planned that no one not in the secret would suspect its existence. Some of the cases and purses are in malachite green, others the beautiful mottled pale grey and black of the boa-constrictor skin, and others in tan colour. Monograms can be added in gold or silver. Some of the purses are very richly ornamented with repoussé gold or silver. The things are all made by British workmen in Hatton-garden, which is comfortable for the purchaser to know, as most people like to feel that their money is going for the good of their compatriots. We were shown a simply perfect bag for a lady, in hazel-nut-coloured alligator skin, with solid gold fittings. The blotter was covered with sealskin, from which the fur had been removed, and everything was absolutely plain and simple, yet very handsome, just the conjunction that one adores. We saw some excellently-planned hunting-bags for men, and should have liked to buy for Fred one of those that open square and take a saddle as well as hunting rig and the etceteras needed for a day or two in the shires. This sort of bag is appropriately called the Melton.

A very interesting object to which our attention was called was a tea basket made specially for the King of Italy to take with him when he goes hunting. It is made on the plan of Drew's En Route tea baskets, which hook on to the door of a railway carriage, or of any ordinary carriage, and contain every requisite for tea. The King of Italy saw one that his nephew had bought, and immediately ordered six for himself, five of them being intended for presents to his hunting friends. He desired that receptacles for beef-tea, cognac, eggs, sandwiches, etc., should be added, so that the fittings of each of his baskets number forty, with the saucepans, goblets, and plates, all being in silver.

Having selected our small purchases here, we went on to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, in Regent-street, and saw a number of most temptingly-attractive presents for Christmas-tide. A sweet little diamond brooch has three swallows perched on a golden rail, each holding in its beak a letter of X M S. Another shows a design of mistletoe, the berries in pearls and the leaves in diamonds. The word Xmas is in diamonds and blue enamel. The variety of designs seems endless, one brooch having the mistletoe leaves in dull green chrysoprase. There are bracelets and brooches in the fashionable golden cornelian, some with mistletoe or holly in diamonds and pearls, and very cheap, the prices ranging from £3 upwards. A double diamond heart is surmounted by a true-lover's knot in red enamel. On another brooch the hearts are in blue enamel, the knot above being in diamonds. Flexible chain bracelets are quite as various, some having only a couple of hearts in golden cornelian or chrysoprase, while others have them in diamonds or pearls, and a more costly pattern has rings of diamonds interlinked, with precious stones set also in diamonds. Some of these are rubies, some pearl, some emerald, and others turquoise. A very new and pretty design has a heart of golden cornelian, not set in diamonds, but with a separate outer heart of these. The Man in the Moon carved out of cornelian and set in a crescent of diamonds makes a lovely brooch. Quite a novel one has a cornelian heart with a setting of yellow diamonds and white ones alternating.

Among the loveliest things we saw were brooches in the form of butterflies and dragon-flies, made of opal matrix, a material which is in exquisite tones of blue, green, and pearl, all intermingled and shoaling into each other with glints of ruby and rays of pure white light glancing back and forth. You have never seen anything more purely poetic than these lovely things. The bodies of the butterflies and dragon-flies are in diamonds, their legs and antennæ being in gold; the wings alone are in the opal matrix.

Many English husbands follow regularly the time-honoured custom of giving their wives a new dress on Christmas Day. Sometimes it is velvet, sometimes brocade; or it may be silk, satin, or some fancy stuff. Silk gowns are no longer the indispensable items in the wardrobe that they used to be, woollen fabrics being now thought smart enough for any kind of afternoon costume. We have just been looking over Egerton Burnett's patterns, and were particularly struck by the beauty of the embroidered hopsackings. Small sprigs are scattered over them in some soft, pale colour, such as heliotrope on black, amber on brown, pale blue on dark, &c. His serges are always infinitely various, some of them being very soft and finely finished, while others, made of equally pure wool, are in the wide rib, with the rough finish that is so much approved of by some of our best-dressed women. The fancy black dress fabrics are even more than usually attractive this year. One of them resembles a serge, with sprigs in the shape of a lavender leaf in satin, and dots scattered about the surface. Another is simply a honeycomb in soft, deep black. It is so supple of make that it would fall in lovely folds. Another has cells like those of a honeycomb, with a dot in satin occupying the centre of each cell. Some have straight stripes, others diagonal, and one of the prettiest has lines across it that look exactly like feather-stitching of the finest kind. Whipcord cloth is in quite a range of fashionable colours. I notice a sort of speckled tartan which looks rather smart. It is called the Glendevon. A very soft make of hopsack is in serpent-green, cardinal, white, tan, myrtle, brown, navy blue, and black. The Argyll is an up-to-date diagonal woollen, with silky flecks of black upon a ground of red, grey, or brown.

There are other men whose Christmas-box to their better halves invariably takes the form of a new hat or bonnet. Such donors as these should see the lovely hats that Madame Lili has in her beautiful house in Grafton-street. A big picture hat is in emerald-green velvet, with black ostrich feathers arranged in the most picturesque way possible as trimming. It is almost in the well-known "Duchess of Devonshire" shape, being turned up at the left side with a knot of black satin ribbon and a plume of black feathers. Another hat, equally large, is in black velvet, with a loose O'Shanter crown of cream-coloured point lace and bows of black ribbon, half satin, half moiré, tying on bunches of pompon dahlias. Some of these dear little flowers, which are beautifully made, rest on the hair beneath the hat-brim. A large black felt hat, with the brim

Riding Habits.—A speciality in Riding Habits. Has been declared the best, without exception, by all ladies who have seen it. Quite new. Patented. Made only by G. S. Woolmer-Hayden & Co., Ltd., 16, Gt. Marlborough-street, Regent-street, London, W.

The most beautiful of Winter Garments are those of Nature's own production—Furs. For an elegant fit, genuine and best furs, go to Nicholay's, Manufacturing Furriers, 170, Oxford-street, London. Seal Jackets re-made to fashionable shapes. Moderate prices.

slightly curved up all round, has the crown in rose-coloured mirror velvet caught with large jet cabochon pins. The edge of the brim is a line of black feather trimming. A most becoming little toque is in green velvet and sable, with a leather crown. This is quite a novelty, is it not? Steel buckles and pins with cut steel heads are a feature in millinery this winter. They form part of the trimming of a brown velvet and chenille bonnet, the latter material being shaded in brown and green—another novelty. Very new, indeed, is a heart-shaped bonnet in prune velvet with a large bow of black moire silk and pompon dahlias in tones of gold and brown. A small square bonnet is made of red velvet edged with jet and trimmed with black feathers. We also saw some very tempting theatre bonnets for taking with one to Paris, and Madame Lili has some lovely teagowns, which I should like to describe to you, only that my letter is already so long.

Coming out, we walked down Albemarle-street, and promptly fell in love with a tall rushwork harp in Goodyear's flowershop. We went in to inspect it more closely, and he told us that he had devised it for standing at the back of a cottage piano, the back facing the room in the orthodox manner. It was draped with yellow silk and ribbons, and had receptacles for plants in pots, the green of which stood out beautifully against the yellow silk and the rushwork. The harp was about a yard and a quarter in height, and was one of the prettiest floral decorations I have ever seen.

As you are so anxious to have my advice again about Christmas cards, &c., I may at once say that my opinion respecting them has undergone no change since last year. I still think that Messrs. Raphael Tuck are at the top of the tree in this business as regards both originality and beauty of design. Their treble folding screen called "The Minuet Tableau," representing six quaintly-dressed figures dancing the minuet with hands extended to their opposite partners, is one of the most delicately-wrought and highly-finished works of art in the Christmas card line I have seen for a long time. This "Minuet" card will make a charming little souvenir for some of our grown-up friends, as it is both ornamental and artistic. The six figures are dressed in white and grey, with powdered hair, and the background is in white and silver. I also admire exceedingly the Photogravure series, especially the juvenile groups, "Romeo and Juliet," and the reposing Cupids. This style of Christmas card is mounted on coarse early English paper, and is quite worthy of framing. There are several other conspicuous novelties issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck, and some rural scenes, with little thatched cottages surrounded by trees with foliage of finely-grated cork, are decidedly new. Quite charming, too, is the Salon series—comprising unique trefold cards with embossed borders of daisies and pansies, whilst others with jewelled horse-shoes are specially suitable for sending to friends of a horsey turn of mind. Raphael's Madonna Ansedei is a lovely bit of colouring, and the stained-glass window in the background is most realistic. There are over 2,500 different designs issued by this firm, so you ought to have no difficulty this year in finding plenty to suit you though you may be bothered with an *embarras de richesses*. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., Limited, have brought out a lot of clever mechanical cards which are sure to prove a great success, for naturally nearly all children appreciate the comic side of nature. These include some capital toy cards, such as rocking-horses, see-saws, and performing dogs, which are made to move by means of a leaden pendulum. The idea is quite new, I think.

Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co. are always well to the fore with their beautiful cards, booklets, and books, and I cannot speak too highly of two excellent productions of the latter class. "Love and Sleep" and other poems by Lewis Morris, and illustrated by the late Alice Havers and Harriet Bennett, is most beautifully got up. Then for people who prefer to make their Christmas rather a time for serious reflections than for social rejoicings, I can recommend a second book, called "The Love of Christ." It is charmingly illuminated and cleverly illustrated. These books are sold in substantial card boxes for rough handling through the post. The cards, too, of this firm are of a very useful type and a large quantity of them are made for the purpose of holding one's ordinary visiting card, which is hidden in a cosy pocket of violet forget-me-nots and other flowers. To those of our grown-up friends who do not indulge in the fashionable printed name and address form of conveying their Christmas greeting, these sensible cards will prove very acceptable. This firm's calendars, too, are very cheap and pretty, especially those made to hang up.

From an immense variety of cards issued by Messrs. Parkins & Gotto you will, I am sure, admire their greeting cards. The words can be of your own choosing. There is some individuality about a pretty card of greeting, every detail of which has been the careful choice of the sender. The screen-shaped ones are very dainty, whilst those with openwork at the top have a very light and delicate air. One of them is in pale hedge-rose pink, with the lattice-work on the top in gold, and a spray of wild roses at one corner. The back is ornamented with a monogram in pink and gold. Do you like the book-shape? It is rather quaint, I think, especially one I saw that has the cover in green, starred with white and with a sort of white cloud in the centre, on which appear the words "A Yule-tyde Greeting." For your hunting friends there is a plain white card with a fox's head and brush in the two colours of the animal—grey and brown. Golden daisies with ruby centre ornament an otherwise very quiet *eau-de-Nil* card, and within the fold of it appears the apt quotation:—

> Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,
> And in each morrow find a New Year's Day.

Some of the brocaded papers, so to speak, make a very effective background for the lettering and floral adornments. They are strewn with tiny sprigs in slight relief. A lovely double card has pinked-out edges, and bears on the cover the letters "Xmas" carried out in pink and blue forget-me-nots, with slender brown stems. The part the foliage plays is a subject for congratulation to the artist. Another good idea is seen in a pale mauve card, scattered over with single petals of hyacinth in the same tint. Perfectly sweet is a bright blue card with a greenish tone in it, a little bunch of snowdrops laid across the top, and the words "All good wishes" appearing in pure white. The edges of this charming card are scalloped in paler blue. On another a sky-blue horse-shoe with gilt nails has a white background, and across it is a spray of gilt oak-leaves and acorns with silvered nuts. A brown-paper card is a novelty. It does not, however, look in the least degree cheap. A spray of holly, with brown and green leaves contrast effectively with the yellowish-brown of the card. Another new kind has a border of flowers at the edge, in imitation of embroidery up the sides of a curtain. Another is edged with an imitation of satin-stitch in the form of white forget-me-nots attached to each other with button-hole stitching. I am sure you will admire a pale green tapestry card flowered in dim white, and lined with rose-pink. The texture looks like linen. In making your choice your only difficulty will, I think, be that of deciding which is prettiest among so much that is attractive.

To turn to matters culinary, rabbits are not appreciated as they deserve, as they may be dressed in so many different ways, and form a delightful variety in our every-day diet, while from an economical point of view they leave nothing to be desired. They are now in perfection, and I should like to induce you to try the following recipes:—

Remove the fillets of three young rabbits, flatten them slightly with a cutlet-bat dipped in cold water. Make four or five incisions across the thick part of each fillet, and insert a thin scallop of truffle, in such a manner that the half-circle shows; turn the thin end under the upper part of the fillet, and place them in a well-buttered sautépan with the ends curved inward. Dust them with pepper and salt, cover with a buttered paper, moisten with a very little oyster liquor, and simmer in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. Dish them on a plain border of forcemeat (made with the legs of the rabbits), garnish the centre

MESSRS. REDFERN beg to announce that the models of Gowns, Coats, Mantles, &c., designed and prepared for winter wear, are now ready, and display the combined ideas of the latest London and Paris Houses.—27, New Bond-street, W.

with a ragoût of oysters and quenelles, and pour the oyster sauce round.

For the ragoût, blanch a dozen nice oysters, without allowing them to boil, drain and beard them. Make the sauce with the oyster liquor, add a little cream, and season it with pepper, salt, and lemon juice; strain it into a bain-marie and make very hot with the oysters and quenelles, which should be moulded with a teaspoon and poached in a little stock.

These fillets of rabbit larded are delicious:—

Trim the fillets of a sufficient number of young rabbits and lard the thick part with tiny strips of fat bacon. Slice an onion, a small carrot, and a stem of celery into a braising stewpan, add a bouquet of herbs, two cloves, a blade of mace, and six or eight peppercorns, cover them with slices of bacon and arrange the fillets on the bed of vegetable; cover with a round piece of greased paper, pour in sufficient stock to reach the fillets, and braise them very gently for an hour. Then remove the paper, glaze the larding, and return them to the oven without the lid for five minutes; now glaze them again and arrange them in a circle on a bed of dressed spinach. Pour a little glaze gravy round, and they are ready to serve.

You must also try these Fillets à la Provençale:—

Trim the fillets of three young rabbits, make an incision halfway through the thick end of each fillet, and put the small end in this. Fry them very slightly in a little butter for two or three minutes, so that they do not acquire the least colour; then put them to press between two dishes, with the small ends curved to the centre to form cutlets. When they are cold and set, coat one side very thickly with the following preparation:—Mince a large Portugal onion, and parboil it in water for five minutes, strain, wring it in a cloth, and put it into a covered stewpan with a small piece of glaze to finish cooking; then mix in the yolks of three eggs, and rub it through a fine wire sieve. When the purée is firm on the fillets, egg and crumb them, and fry them a nice colour with salad oil in a sautépan. Dish them on a border of mashed potato, garnish the centre with any nice vegetable, and pour the following sauce round:—Fry a minced eschalot and ½ oz. of lean ham in a stewpan with a tablespoonful of salad oil until it is a golden colour, add a teaspoonful of chopped capers and a gill of brown sauce; stir until it boils, strain, and add a pinch of cayenne pepper and a very little lemon-juice.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

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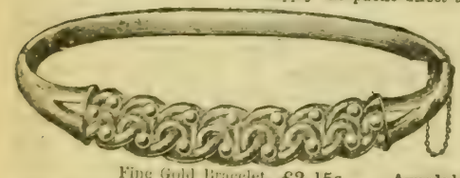
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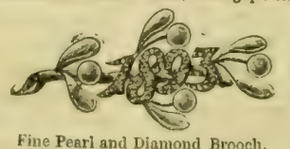
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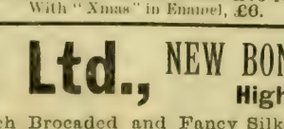
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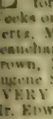

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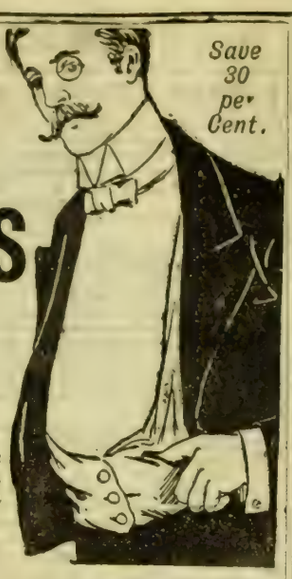

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Highly recommended by the **"Lancet"** and Medical Profession for Anæmia, Insomnia, Debility, Exhaustion, Indigestion, ...ocal Fatigue, Neuralgia, and Loss of Vital Force. Invigorating, Sustaining, and Vitalising. Checks and prevents Colds, Chills, and all ...ng Weaknesses. A Digestive, Tone Giving, and Health Promoting Stimulant for Convalescents after Accouchement, Influenza, Fevers, &c. Invaluable for Athletes, Young Children, and all below par, unstrung, fagged, and weary. Price **3s. 9d.** per Bottle, **42s.** per dozen, everywhere, or sent Carriage Paid by the

MARZA COMPANY, LIMITED, 19 & 21, WILSON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS FREE ON APPLICATION.

EXHAUSTION OF BRAIN AND MUSCLE; INSOMNIA.

These are some of the signs of NEURASTHENIA, or NERVE COMPLAINTS. The Modern Treatment is to RESTORE and BUILD UP the Shattered Nervous System by a daily use of

COCA-TONIC-CHAMPAGNE

(LAURENT-PERRIER).

"I consider it most beneficial to the health of all such "hard workers as myself. It is a most delightful drink, "which leaves no injurious effects; and of its nerve restoring "powers as a tonic, I cannot speak too highly."

George Augustus Sala

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
Pints 45/- per Doz.; Half-Pints 24/- per Doz.

THE IDEAL TONIC FOR INFLUENZA.

Descriptive Pamphlet and Full Reports post free from the Sole Consignees—HERTZ & COLLINGWOOD, 4, SUSSEX PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

PUREST IN ENGLAND. SODA, SELTZER, LITHIA, POTASH, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE, ETC.

BOURNE TABLE WATERS

Supplied in 6 Dozen Cases Carriage Paid by

Analysis, &c., on Application.

R. M. MILLS & CO., BOURNE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

West-End Agent, **D. WHEATLEY**, 16A, North Audley-st., W.
City Agents, **ALEX. D. RAE & CO.** (late Hardy & Co.), Chemists, 23, Fenchurch-street, and 6, Railway-place, E.C.;
And of all CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, &c.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS'

CASE OF SIX BOTTLES 12/6

GENUINE **NO. 4711** BRAND OF

EAU DE COLOGNE.

THE PUREST & STRONGEST, YET MOST DELICATE EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: "Anyone desirous of getting a thoroughly genuine Cologne cannot do better than send for a bottle of the '4711' Double Extract. Once having used it, repetition is a foregone conclusion."

Large selection of Choicest Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple Concentrated Extracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse.

Of All dealers in Perfumes, or at the LONDON BRANCH:

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Price Lists on application to Mr. C. REUTER, Manager. And at

COLOGNE, NEW YORK, VIENNA, RIGA, and ODESSA.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!!

FINEST COLCHESTER NATIVES

In Prime Condition, Delivered Free on Rail

At 3s. 6d. PER DOZEN.

CASH WITH ORDER.

Write for Circular.

HARVEY & CO., MERSEA, COLCHESTER.

The Best is the Cheapest!
Fixed, moderate prices for first quality.

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JAEGER

PURE WOOL

CLOTHING.

Dr. Jaeger's "Health Culture," and Jaeger Price List, sent free on application.

WEST-END JAEGER DEPOTS—
3 & 4, Princes-street, Cavendish-square (near Regent Circus);
30, Piccadilly (near St. James's Hall).
30, Sloane-street (adjoining McPherson's Gymnasium);
456, Strand (near Trafalgar-square).

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85 & 86, Cheapside (near King-street);
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Established 1796 AY, FRANCE.

CAMUSET'S CHAMPAGNE

The Lancet says:—"We have analysed it, and are able to give it unqualised praise. It is free from adulteration of any kind, and possesses a very delicate flavour."

Price, 72s. per Dozen, Cash.
Delivered at any railway station in United Kingdom.
22, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

FOR

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS &c.

SAVORY & MOORE'S

DATURA TATULA.

Cigars and Cigarettes—Boxes, 3s., 6s., 8s., and 15s., Tobacco—Tins, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and 18s. For Non-Smokers, Pastilles and Powder for Burning and Inhalation, Tins, each containing a censer for burning, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. Of Chemists everywhere.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH. WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric states of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement, and biliousness.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

London: **INGRAM & ROYLE, 52, Farringdon-st., E.C., and at Liverpool.**
" **WM. BEST & SONS, 22, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, W.**

Sole Proprietors, REID & DONALD, Perth.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely "free from any poison "or metallic impreg-"nation, does not con-"tain any injurious "ingredient, and is a "good, safe, and useful "medicine."

ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

Warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from *WHATEVER* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *CAUSE* from the blood and bones. Thousands of testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 Stamps, by the Proprietors—THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., LINCOLN.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

FARM AND COLONIZATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM WRIGHT, Esq., J.P., Wollaton, Nottingham, Chairman.
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HAROLD J. RECKITT, Esq., J.P., Winestead Hall, Hull.
JOHN BROOK BRAY, Esq., Clapham, Polegate, Sussex.
BENJAMIN GLASGOW, Esq., 77, Oxford-gardens, North Kensington, W.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of supplying RELIABLE INFORMATION to intending settlers abroad, and also to give them introductions to the Agents of the Company, who can assist them in any difficulty, and BEFRIEND them until they are sufficiently established to rely upon themselves.

EMPLOYMENT WILL BE FOUND where a living can be earned until the settler is able to farm on his own account.

ASSISTANCE WILL BE GIVEN in the choice of a farm for either special or general farming, also for cotton planting or orange growing.

The Directors and Secretary have a large experience in the requirements of settlers, both at home and abroad; the AGENTS ABROAD are men in good position, and are PERSONALLY KNOWN to the Secretary and some of the Directors.

For further information apply to
VICTOR M. HOLLINSWORTH, Secretary.
11, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY. UNION DEPOSIT BANK.

No. 17, KING WILLIAM ST., Charing Cross, London, W.C.
(ESTABLISHED 1867.)

ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods, From **£30** to **£5,000**, To Ladies and Gentlemen, Merchants, Farmers, Traders, or any responsible persons upon their NOTE OF HAND ALONE.

ALL TRANSACTIONS STRICTLY PRIVATE.

Also upon security of Furniture, Stock-in-Trade, Reversions, Deeds, Leases, Life Policies, Legacies, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Farm Stock, &c., without mortgage expenses, from one to 15 years, repayable by easy instalments, or so long as the interest is paid, the capital may remain.

NO SURETIES REQUIRED.

Distance no object. No delay, and no unnecessary expenses charged.
FIRST LETTER OF APPLICATION IMMEDIATELY ATTENDED TO.
A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.
Current accounts opened in accordance with the usual practice of other London Banks.
Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. Personal visit preferred.
Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.
Apply to the SECRETARY.

£20 TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Illd. guide, post-free, "How to open respectably £20 to £1,000." Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186A, Euston-rd., Ldn. Mngr. H. MYERS, Est. 1886.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles &c
Roberts & Co
Chemists. 5 R. de la Paix Paris
Exp. at their London House
76 New Bond St. W.
all French & Foreign Medicines &c

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*" Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors, 70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

THE LATE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
MISS EMILY FAITHFUL,
THE LATE GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,

and many other persons of distinction, have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

Himrod's Cure for Asthma.

Established nearly a Quarter of a Century.
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an Inhalation and without any after bad effects. A free Sample and detailed testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d. British Depôt—46, Holborn Viaduct, London; also of NEWBERY & SONS, BARCLAY & SONS, LYNCH & CO., J. SANGER & SONS, W. EDWARDS & SON, JOHN THOMPSON, Liverpool, and all wholesale Houses.

FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT.

PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, and ST. LOUIS RAILWAY CO.,

Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, Series "B," due 1942

Principal and Interest payable, free of Taxes, in New York, in United States Gold Coin. Interest payable Half-yearly on April 1st and October 1st.

Principal and Interest Unconditionally Guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Company.

Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS OFFER for SALE 4,000,000 dols. of the above-mentioned BONDS (forming part of a total mortgage for 75,000,000 dols., of which 20,615,000 are reserved against Sectional underlying Bonds. Of this Mortgage 22,956,000 dols. Bonds were outstanding on September 30th, 1893 which include the 4,000,000 dols. Bonds now issued), at the price of 104 per cent., equal to £208 per Bond of 1,000 dols., payable as follows:—

10 per Cent. or £20 per Bond on Allotment,
94 „ „ 188 „ on January 8th, 1894.

104 per Cent. or £208 per Bond of 1,000 dols.,

against which definitive Bonds will be delivered, bearing interest from October 1st, 1893.

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on allotment. Should the amount payable on allotment not be paid when due, the allotment will be cancelled, and in default of payment of balance due January 8th, 1894, the amount paid on allotment will be subject to forfeiture.

The subscription will be opened simultaneously in New York.

The Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Company furnishes, together with controlled lines, the direct connection of the Pennsylvania Railroad with the Cities of Columbus, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis, and with Chicago, viâ Columbus, Bradford, and Logansport.

According to a letter of President Roberts annexed to the Prospectus, dated November 18th, 1893:—

The Pennsylvania Company, which guarantees these Bonds, operates the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's system of lines west of Pittsburgh, and its Capital Stock of 21,000,000 dols. is entirely owned by the Pennsylvania R. R. Company.

The Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Company is absolutely controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Pennsylvania Company, through the ownership of over two-thirds of its Capital Stock.

The present issue of Bonds forms part of the 22,956,000 dols. four and a half per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds outstanding on September 30th, 1893, and therefore does not create any increased interest charge.

The above-mentioned letter of President Roberts also gives further particulars of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Company and of its financial condition, as well as of the Consolidated Mortgage securing these Bonds.

The Bonds are 1,000 dols. each "to bearer," but for the convenience of investors they may be converted into Registered Bonds at the Office of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company in New York.

The Bonds are not liable to be drawn or compulsorily redeemed prior to their maturity in 1942.

Calculating the present value of the dollar in London at 49½ pence, and allowing for the interest accrued from 1st October, the subscription price of 104 is equal to about 100 for Sterling Bonds, so that the Bonds pay 4½ per cent. interest per annum.

The SUBSCRIPTION in London will be opened on WEDNESDAY, December 6th, 1893, and CLOSE at four o'clock on the SAME DAY for London and the FOLLOWING DAY for the country.

Applications must be made on the accompanying form.

The Allotment of the loan will be made as early as possible after the Subscription is closed.

Copy of the Mortgage can be inspected by intending subscribers at the Offices of Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 5, Bank-buildings, E.C.

7, Lothbury, London, E.C., December 1st, 1893.

COPY OF GUARANTEE ON EACH BOND.

For a valuable consideration, the Pennsylvania Company hereby guarantees to the lawful holder the due and punctual payment by the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Company of the interest upon the within bond, in gold coin of the United States of America, upon the surrender of the proper Coupon, as the same shall from time to time become due, and of the instalments for the sinking fund as in the bond provided, and also the payment of the principal of the within bond, in like gold coin, at the maturity thereof.

In witness whereof, the said Pennsylvania Company has hereunto affixed its corporate seal, and caused the same to be attested by its Vice-President and Secretary, the day of A.D. 189 .

Attest: Vice-President.
Secretary.

Copies of the above-mentioned Letter of President Roberts may be had by applying to Messrs. Speyer Brothers, 7, Lothbury, E.C.

FOUR AND-A-HALF PER CENT. PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY COMPANY CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE BONDS, SERIES "B," DUE 1942.

Principal and Interest payable, free of taxes, in New York, in United States gold coin. Interest payable Half-yearly on April 1st and October 1st.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

No.....

To Messrs. Speyer Brothers.

..... request that you will allot ..... dols. ..... of the 4½ per Cent. Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway Company Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, Series "B," due 1942, in accordance with the Prospectus issued by you, dated December 1st, 1893, and ..... engage to accept the said Bonds or any less number you may allot ....., and to make the payments thereon in accordance with the Prospectus.

Signature .....
Name in full .....
Address in full .....
Date .....

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers may be obtained on application to

FRANCIS LEVIEN,
Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange.

Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

TO CAPITALISTS and Others.—REQUIRED, a FEW THOUSAND POUNDS, to invest in Shares or Debentures of a Government Banking Company; prospects excellent; fullest investigation courted. Principals or their solicitors only treated with.—Address, SOLICITORS, at Horncastle's, Cheapside, London.

THE LIST IS NOW OPEN.

UNHEARD OF RECEIPTS!

KIRALFY'S EXHIBITIONS!

Oct. 17.—Our receipts at the Addelphi this day for the past week alone amounted to £1,750 0 0
Weekly expenses about 750 0 0

Entire capital returned since weeks ago

1893. Total receipts IMRE KIRALFY'S "AMERICA," for the Season upwards of £150,000 0 0

1892. "VENICE IN LONDON," each £1,000 invested (or £100 shares) received (Dividends on £1,000)

June 7.—12½ per Intermediate Dividend	125	0 0
July 12.—Two thirds Capital returned	666	13 4
Oct. —DIVIDEND at the rate of £250 p.c. per annum on one third capital	416	13 4
	£1,208	6 8
March 6, 1893. Balance capital returned	333	6 8
May 27, " 12½ per cent. dividend on original shares	125	0 0
	£1,666	13 4

A further sum still remains for division.

VENICE (LIMITED). IMRE KIRALFY'S NEW VENICE EXHIBITION FOR PARIS, LONDON, NEW YORK, AND OTHER LARGE CITIES. Imre Kiralfy's coming Exhibition will involve a total expenditure of UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS. A new city will be built, and a Fairy like Garden and Grounds, with its numerous Palaces, Temples, Waterways, and Fountains, with a colossal arena and gigantic stage, amid lovely scenery and lakes. As an Exhibition of Art, Music, Drama, and Spectacle, it promises to be one of the greatest achievements of the Nineteenth Century. The most Gorgeous Pageants, Thrilling Historic Fetes, Grand Processions, an army of Living Actors, and Exciting Spectacle of various kinds on a scale hitherto unknown will be introduced.

ISSUE of CAPITAL, £150,000, in 15,000 Shares of £10 each. Payable: £1 on Application, £4 on Allotment, and Two Monthly Instalments of £2 10s. each.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., of the South Kensington Exhibitions, viz., the Fisheries, Health, Inventions, Colonial, &c., 1883-86, and the London, Paris, and Vienna International Exhibitions; Sir Arthur Sullivan, Consulting Musical Adviser.

DIRECTORS.

Imre Kiralfy, Author of "Venice in London," "Nero" at "Barnum's," America," and other famous Spectacular Exhibitions, Director-General; Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., of the South Kensington Exhibitions, the Healtheries, &c., &c.; H. E. Milner, Esq., Chairman of Earl's Court Exhibitions, 1892 and 1893, Major G. Wyndham Malet, Royal Military Exhibition, Chelsea, 1890; Chas. B. Atwood, Esq., Architect and Designer-in-Chief of World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.

COMITE D'HONNEUR A PARIS.

M. Jules Simon, late Prime Minister of France; M. Humbert, President of Paris Municipal Council; M. E. Lockroy, late Minister of Commerce; M. le Comte de Mouy, Ambassador of France; M. le General Tirr, Aide-de-camp to his Majesty King of Italy; M. Puvis de Chavannes, Président Société Beaux Arts; BANKERS—The London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury; ARCHITECT—M. Dutert (Architect to Paris Exhibition, 1889); AUDITOR—J. Newson-Smith, Esq., 37, Walbrook, E.C.; SOLICITORS—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co.; SECRETARY—C. Osborn, Esq.; OFFICES—37, Walbrook, E.C., 20, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C.

It must also be remembered that this work will be the permanent property of the Shareholders, in accordance with the contract with Mr. Imre Kiralfy hereinafter referred to, and it is intended to proceed from Paris to Chicago, New York, London, and other large cities, where an enthusiastic reception may be expected, so that Shareholders will continue to participate in the profit arising from each Exhibition.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

Imre Kiralfy's extraordinary success continues. At Chicago the immense auditorium has been daily thronged to witness his latest grand spectacle of America," upon which he has been engaged since leaving Venice in London. The following astonishing receipts show the weekly increase:

July 30th to August 4th	$27,336
August 5th to 11th	30,988
" 12th to 18th	34,043
" 19th to 25th	37,007
" 26th to September 1st	35,349
September 2nd to 8th	36,391
" 9th to 15th	39,113
" 16th to 22nd	43,558
" 23rd to 29th	48,599
" 30th to October 6th	53,432
October 7th to 13th	68,750

This Company is formed to produce in Paris, London, New York, Chicago, and other large cities in Europe and America a Grand Spectacular Exhibition by Imre Kiralfy, which will introduce all the popular and attractive features of the Venice Exhibition at Olympia in London, but upon a still more imposing scale, and with novel and extensive additions.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen has consented to act in an advisory capacity, and his experience in connection with the Paris Universal Exhibitions, 1855, 1867, and 1878, the London International Exhibition, 1863, the Vienna Exhibition, 1877; the Fisheries, Health, Inventions, and Colonial and Indian Exhibitions, 1883-86, at South Kensington, will prove of the greatest value to the Company. The Directors are also experts in exhibition management.

Mr. Imre Kiralfy's spectacle of "Venice," when produced at Olympia, London, was a source of very great attraction and delight to several millions of visitors, and proved a great financial success. Like the Buffalo Bill Exhibition, the New Venice is likely also to make very large profits upon a return visit to London.

"Within six months of the opening of 'Venice in London,' the Directors of that undertaking were able to return to its Shareholders sums equal to two-thirds of their capital in cash, with a dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum, and three months later they paid a much larger dividend, and they have since returned to the Shareholders sums equal to the remaining third of their capital, and a further sum still remains for division. These results were obtained, notwithstanding the 'Venice' Company, being tenants only, had to pay nearly £15,000 as rent, and a large amount for improvements."

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS has granted to Mr. Imre Kiralfy on most favourable terms, with special privileges and concessions, the use of the Palais des Machines, the largest of the Palaces of the great Exhibition Buildings (about six times as large as Olympia in London), also the Galerie de Trente Metres, and the Dome Central. The "Venice" colossal scenery, gondolas, stage properties, and machinery, dresses, armour, and barges from Olympia are purchased and will become the property of the Company.

With anything like the usual Paris season, with its continual flow of visitors, even these results may be altogether eclipsed in Paris alone. The Exhibition appears certain to become what the South Kensington grounds were to London.

How moderate the figures are will be seen by comparing them with the stated number of visitors to the Exhibition:

Fishery Exhibition,	1883	.. No. of Visitors,		2,703,051
Health	"	1884 ..	" "	4,153,390
Inventions	"	1885 ..	" "	3,760,581
Colonial	"	1886 ..	" "	5,550,745
Paris	"	1889 ..	" "	25,398,609

Prospectuses, with forms of applications for shares, may be obtained at the offices of the Company, 37, Walbrook, E.C., and 20, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C.

VENICE (Limited), 37, Walbrook, E.C.; 20, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

Having paid to the London and Westminster Bank (Limited), Lothbury, E.C., the sum of £ , being £1 per share, I request you to allot me shares, and agree to accept that or any smaller number.

Name .....

Address in full.....

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803. 1, Old Broad-st., E.C., & 22, Pall Mall, S.W. Subscribed Capital, £2,000,000. Paid up, £400,000. Total funds, £1,600,000.—E. COZENS SMITH, Gen. Man.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited. No. 10, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidental Means.
C. HARDING, Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—Holborn Bars, London.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
REVERSIONS PURCHASED.
Invested Funds, £16,000,000.
The last Annual Report can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.
LONDON OFFICE: 81, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ASSETS OVER .. .. £31,800,000.
SURPLUS EXCEEDS .. .. £6,400,000.
This Society originated the Tontine System of Life Assurance, under which the premiums paid form a lucrative investment, and not an expense, affording provision for old age as well as immediate family provision in the event of death.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY. LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE PROFITS.
Before assuring elsewhere, send for Prospectus and Illustrative Pamphlets.
A. MUNKITTRICK, Manager for Great Britain and Ireland.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.
(FIRE.)

BIRKBECK BANK.—(Estab. 1851). Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. Two and a-half per cent. interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand. Two per cent. on current accounts, calculated on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, can be obtained, post free, on application to FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

LONDON AND COUNTY ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, Limited.—Cash advanced from £10 to £500, without preliminary fees or deductions for interest, for short or long periods, repayable by easy instalments, at moderate rates, upon approved security. Bills Discounted. Forms free. Offices, 57 and 58, Chancery-lane, W.C.—JOHN STONE, Secretary.

BUYERS and SELLERS of quoted and unquoted Commercial, Industrial, and Mining Securities should communicate with
THE COMMERCIAL STOCK and SHARE CORPORATION, Limited, Stock and Share Dealers, 10, Throgmorton-avenue, London, E.C. Telegraphic Address: "UNQUOTED, LONDON." All Mining Shares dealt in at close current quotations. Advances made on Stocks and Shares at moderate rates. Send for List, giving numerous quotations not published by any other firm, post free.

REVERSIONS.—The Reversion Mortgage Trust purchase reversions and life incomes, or lend thereon at 4 per cent. per annum. No charge made unless business results.—Apply to Messrs. FELDMAN, 34, New Bridge-street, Ludgate-circus, London. Solicitors' and Estate Agents' attention particularly requested.

MESSRS. H. HALFORD & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. Daily CLOSING Price List and marked report on application. Speculative accounts opened on terms to be ascertained. Special business in "Options" at CLOSE MARKET PRICES. No "DISTANCES."

JOHN SHAW, STOCK & SHARE DEALER.
HEAD OFFICE:—
WARDROBE CHAMBERS, DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON, E.C.
BANKERS:—
CAPITAL AND COUNTIES, Ludgate-hill, Long Acre, Piccadilly, and Brighton Branches.
LONDON AND MIDLAND, Newgate-street and Tooley-street Branches.
DIRECT PRIVATE TELEGRAPH WIRE between LONDON and BRIGHTON Offices.
FULL PARTICULARS of SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for DEALING sent post free on application.
COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.
£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
£10 COMMANDS £1,000 STOCK.
£50 COMMANDS £5,000 STOCK.
£500 COMMANDS £50,000 STOCK, and so on in proportion.
NO OTHER LIABILITY WHATEVER.
JOHN SHAW, STOCK AND SHARE DEALER,
LONDON, BRIGHTON, MANCHESTER, AND DUBLIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING.

Sold only in 1-Ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-Ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which kee the Tobacco in fine Smoking condition.

Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS

The GENUINE bears the Trade Mark—"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE"—on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets containing 12,
And Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

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A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Malted Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted. Medical Testimony and full Directions accompany each Tin.

Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. *Sold Everywhere.*

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"Will bring a new vigour to our manhood and womanhood."
—*See Medical, Scientific, and Press Opinio*

"MERSANO" WINE

SAMPLE BOTTLE POST FREE 9 PENNY STAMPS.

"The Monarch Temperance Beverage of the World."
"Strengthening and Sustaining like the best Port Wine."

A PERFECT WINE FOR 6d. PER BOTTLE.

The following extracts are a few of the many Press notices th have appeared :—

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"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 768.—ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

LUNATIC (real name and address will be given next week)	£1 1 0
BARITONE („ „ „ „)	1 1 0

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 771.—ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

MARPLOT (real name and address will be given next week)	£1 1 0
SAHIB BAHADUR („ „ „ „)	1 1 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

I would direct the special attention of readers of this page to the announcements concerning the coming Show which will be found on the first page of this number of TRUTH. And let me again repeat the request made last week that those ladies who are dressing Dolls for the coming Show will be good enough to send them to this office, carriage paid, as soon as they are ready. At the very latest, all parcels of Dolls must be at this office by the 13th inst.; but it is hoped that no ladies who can conveniently send them in before that date will omit to do so. In a similar way, I shall be glad to receive all Home-made Toys as quickly as possible. The state of the Toy Fund continues to be anything but satisfactory; though it is hoped that a large number of donations will still be received.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 776.

The New Year is at hand, and the New Year, as we all know, is the season when new resolutions are generally made. People usually make these for themselves, but in this case it is proposed to ask the readers of this page to suggest New Year resolutions on behalf of a number of well-known people. The usual Prize of Two Guineas is, therefore, offered this week to that competitor who shall suggest

THE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS THAT CAN BE MOST APPROPRIATELY TAKEN BY 1. MR. GLADSTONE; 2. LORD SALISBURY; 3. LORD ROSEBERY; 4. MR. A. J. BALFOUR; 5. MR. CECIL RHODES; 6. LORD R. CHURCHILL; 7. MR. HENRY IRVING; 8. SIR F. LEIGHTON; 9. PRINCE BISMARCK; 10. THE GERMAN EMPEROR; 11. THE CZAR; 12. MR. JOHN BURNS.

Only one resolution must be suggested for each of the persons named, and all lists must reach me by the morning of Monday, the 18th, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 772.

I should like to consider a little longer the suggestions received before making any announcement as to the name of the Prize winner.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of ACTON, winner of Prize No. 764, are Mrs. Charles Roundell, 16, Curzon-street, Mayfair.

*** The real name and the address of IMARA, winner of Prize No. 769, are Miss A. Bruorton, 24, Cambridge-gardens, North Kensington, W.

*** The real name and the address of JACK, winner of half of Prize No. 770, are Lieut. Ronald A. Hopwood, R.N., H.M.S. *Cambridge*, Devonport.

*** The real name and the address of FELIXICUS, winner of a half of Prize 770, are Henry T. Sandford, Esq., Kit's Coty House, Bluebell-hill, Burham, Rochester.

SAHIB BAHADUR.—You are only ineligible for further prize-taking for a period of ten weeks from the date of your success.

OPERA.—Many thanks for your suggestion.

NEMESIS.—I am much obliged to you for the poem you enclosed.

FELIXICUS.—The answer to your conundrum (No. 56 on the list) should have read, "Because their good Will is well looked after by the landlords."

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 773.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

RHYMED ACROSTICS ON "CHRISTMAS."

Come, Father Christmas, and show us your quality,
Help to make merriment, fun, and frivolity
Reign in the homes of the high and the low!
Into our minds instil lessons of charity,
Selfishness drowning in shouts of hilarity,
Thrusting it down as the Christian's worst foe!
Master and man bring together in amity,
All classes shielding from strife and calamity,
Set in our hearts all good feelings aglow!
R. F.

Confound it! Always at this time of year
Hoar on the grass, and frequent frosty nips,
Remind me that the festival is near.
I don't mind Christmas much. I loathe the tips
So many ask. One's foes find civil lips.
The postman even, bringing 'ons of bills,
Makes his salaam. The nimble coin slips
And is, I fancy, shortly spent in gills.
Sages pretend things have two sides. I get the ills.
Spencer.

Creditors will soon be calling,
Handing me their bills appalling,
Rest and peace of mind forestalling.
In the night infernal bawling,
Serenades, and caterwauling,
Through my slumbers will be falling.
Most find Christmas quite enthralling,
And its rioting and brawling;
Still on me it's rather palling.
Cynic.

Carols floating on the air,
Holly gleaming everywhere,
Radiant faces, bounteous fare.
Ice-bound ponds for skaters bright,
Snowflakes falling soft and white,
Turkey, pudding, appetite.
Mistletoe, suggesting kisses,
Ardent lovers taste what bliss is,
Sleep, then, all to rest dismisses.
Svonok.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Holidays aren't always here,
Rest will return to the weary brain,
I shall enjoy my books again;
Smoke once more in my easy chair,
Times and TRUTH my wholesome fare.
Mince-pies and plum-pudding no longer are seen,
A cutlet and sole is my diet, I ween,
Slumber again is my bosom's queen.
Gyton.

Crackers, Christmas trees, and toys,
Happy children! these your joys!
Revels, pantomimes, and games,
In elder children, such their aims!
Sad! that with all our earthly ills,
The "vacant chairs," the "Christmas bills,"
Manhood's thoughts, this season fills.
Age comes! ah, then our one watchword,
"Salvator Mundi," "Christ the Lord."
Noah.

WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

Chime out, sweet bells, a merry peal, fill every heart with glee,
Heal up the breach 'twixt rich and poor, and set the slave-born free;
Redress the wrongs of those who groan beneath oppression's sting,
Increase your gifts to all in need, let caste and hate take wing.
Sing songs of gladness, and rehearse, on earth good will to men;
'Tis meet that when the Yule-log burns our love should glow; and then
'Mid greetings 'neath the mistletoe, and where the wassail-bowl
Acts as a potent charm, and crowns the feast a perfect whole.
Sing hey! for merry Christmastide, sing hey! from pole to pole!
Foy.

Christmas, glad Christmas, hurrah for its joys,
How many sick girlies and poor crippled boys
Rejoice in the thought of the coming "TRUTH Toys."
I hear, though, a whisper, "The Toys are so few,"
Surely, oh, surely, it cannot be true
That the children must suffer for what others do.
May we all try our utmost to add to the store
A Doll or one Toy, if we cannot give more,
So that this coming Christmas be glad as of yore.
Popsy.

Care and grief, away, away!
Hide you where the beams of day
Radiate gladness never.
Into shades, where blackest night
Silent sits, and dreams of light,
Take thy forms for ever.
Mirth and gladness we would see,
All things tuned to harmony,
Sadness sighing never.
Tor.

Come, old Christmas, and with thee
Hither bring stout jollity;
Rosy mirth and winsome play
In thy train, with laughter gay!
Soon must fade thy wreath of holly;
To deny thy rights were folly.
Man is dust, his joys are fleeting,
And the voices raised in greeting
Soon in silence die away.
Eglantine.

Came that sweet chant o'er dale and hill,
Haunting the glades serenely still,
"Reign peace on earth, to man good-will."
It echoes yet, that anthem grand.
See here its living witness stand—
"The war in Matabeleland!"
My brethren—thus our pastors say—
As you pray, live;* and then you may
Sing "Peace on earth!"—some Christmas-day.
* John Keble.
Rabelais.

Christmas has come, with its welcome mince-pies;
Holly and mistletoe gladden the eyes;
Revels and routs, plum-pudding and spice—
Industry taxed to make everything nice.
So let all be merry, and do what we can
To lighten the load of our poor fellow-man.
May generous hearts be everywhere found,
And prosperity's offerings richly abound,
Sending sunshine and gladness about and around.
E. Dennis.

Comes he to some, Old Year and New between,
Holly bedeck'd, gift-laden, glad of mien,
Right jocund meetings, feastings, skies serene;
In other lives, nor gifts, nor mirth brings he,
Scant feast, dead loves, lost joys, sad memory—
Task'd sore by toil's iron yoke, fate's stern decree,
Merrily clang, and clash the Christmas bells,
Ache heart, break heart, yet on their music swells.
So runs our life, but wherefore no man tells.
Perdita.

Carols and dances, light fairy feet flying,
How they come once again from the days that are gone;
Rising gently, like sunlight the evening clouds dyeing
In gleams of the morn, ere the dark night comes on.
Stay, stay in my heart then! Oh, rest in my soul then!
Time! fold thy dark wings; oh, forget thy wild way!
Morn will break at thy call—haste not to thy goal then,
Alas! all is dreaming—our dreams will not stay,
Silent Time soothes our hearts, rests our heads, seals our day.
Drumclog.

Carol once more the songs of festival,
Hang the green garlands on the mottoed wall;
Ring, happy bells, ring an exultant chime
In glad announcement of this jocund time;
Succour the poor, ye revellers, and let
The season's cheer bring solace to them yet.
May love and mirth be with us one and all,
And voices of old hatred and annoy
Sink into silence at this truce of joy!
Goggles.

Come and behold! Our Christmas presents view!
Horrors crowd on us, wars our grief renew.
Rhodes and his army over blacks victorious;
In all our land a struggle hard for life;
Spain and the Moors engaged in deadly strife;
These are the things which Christians think most glorious.
Meanwhile we'll let all thoughts of tumult cease;
All must be right, for 'tis the reign of peace;
Shall we not then indulge in mirth uproarious?
Stanchion.

Come ye, who wealth and riches can command,
Help give to those who starve in this our land.
Remember 'tis a duty that ye owe,
In aiding mortals plunged in want and woe.
Shame rests on those who hoard, and e'en deny
To feed the hungry in adversity;
Mirth is not theirs, O, ease their dire distress.
A cheerful giver God will ever bless;
So heed their cry; allay their wretchedness.
W. Tyrrell.

Christmas, come, and bring again
Holly-berries all aglow,
Roving minstrel's merry strain,
Ivy wreath and mistletoe;
Sweet reunions, friendly faces,
Tender thoughts; but bring for me
My lady's kiss and fond embraces,
And thy poet I will be,
Singing oft in measures soft of love and thee.
Collis.

THE BURNING BUSH.

Come, children, gather round us till we see
How near to heaven earth's little ones may be!
Ripe is the moment, lit the Christmas-tree.
In Nurseryland good angels come and go,
Shepherds and kings parade it to and fro,
The "burning bush" burns on before our eyes,
Moses draws nigh with all his old surprise,
And while his lambkins frisk and caper round,
Slips his worn sandals off on holy ground.
Fairy Knowe.

Crape round your holly, for your Maxim gun
Has slain poor savages who loved their own;
Red with their blood, your victory is won
In mild peace offering to Jehovah's throne.
Sweet Christmas bells! our mothers sadly moan
Their dusky warriors dead! we children cry,
"Make haste, and snatch our gold, spare life alone,
And preach no more of peace, good-will on high;
Store up your gains, and go, leave us in peace to die!"
Tulip.

Clear as chord of music swells,
Harped by an angel choir,
Ring the tongues of a thousand bells
In one harmonious lyre,
Spreading messages of peace
Throughout this world of strife,
Muffling discord till it cease
All claim on human life,
So wearily waiting release.
A. F. G.

A MEMORY.

Christmas evening, dark and dry,
Hark, the curlews calling!
Round the lough the sea-gulls fly;
Icy reeds and leaden sky;
Snow will soon be falling.
Through the dusk, to traveller weary,
Mountain, bog, and moorland dreary
All combine to form an eerie
Spectre-land appalling.
Eva Charlotte.

Children look forward to this day of days;
Half doubting, half believing, try to keep
Really awake till Claus his visit pays.
In vain! Ere midnight they are fast asleep—
Stockings unwatched. But early wake and peep
To find them crammed till they can hold no more.
Might not we wiser elders almost weep
At finding Christmas now the "annual bore,"
Save that their tiny socks hang up like ours of yore?
Med. Stud.

Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn,
Howling east wind and hail and storm;
Rattling windows, dismal rain,
In town and country 'tis the same;
Snow on the hills and plains so drear
Tell the joyous (!) season's near.
May we hope our coal will last
Another week, till strikes be past,
So we may feast instead of fast.
Cantab.

Cherrily chime the merry bells,
Happily fraught with magic spells;
Royally has the Old Year pass'd,
Icily blows the wintry blast;
Soothingly falls the flaky snow,
Tunefully passing to and fro;
Merrily out the children run,
Anxiously eager to join the fun,
Smilingly eating a yesterday's bun.
Sofalie.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Homes are bright and hearts are near,
Round the Yule-log, all aglow,
In the land of mistletoe.
Some are poor, and some are sad,
This the time to make them glad;
Men on earth, with one accord,
Angels too!—proclaim the Lord—
Saviour! King! by all adored.
Egavlas.

Care and trouble cast away,
Hear the Christmas bells to-day
Ringing out their peal.
Inspiration now they give,
Showing how in peace to live,
Teaching how to feel.
Make your fires shine clear and bright,
All the wrong will yet be right,
Show your joy is real.
Almaviva.

A SPENSERIAN ACROSTIC.

Come neare and hearken all, the while I tell
How in deepe humblesse was the Lord yborne;
Right King of all the earth, yet sin to quell,
Intil His kingdom, of all glorie shorne,
Sowneless he entered, and of man forlorne
The image took. One star as heralde came;
Men mostly slept, alas! and missed the sight,
And heard not eke the angels' glad refrain;
So was ypast unmarked of men that Christma
night.
Troy.

Come, jovial season, with thy festive board.
Heap on the logs, and raise the merry strain;
Round each gay hearth may friendship's myst
chord
Invoke love's whisper or the loud refrain.
Soft glows the sun upon the crystal plain,
The crisp, clear air responds with happy glee,
Moving in harmony the mazy train.
Around the lake are gliding, swift and free,
Symphonious with the bells that peal across the le
Skylark.

Acrostics have also been received from E. D
Manx Cat, Jo, M. W., Mrs. E. (Southsea), Ray
Thistledown, Anon, Bel Demonio, Beta, Ivy Leave
Comtesse Olga, Vicar, Vespa, Puck, Spes, Lanca
trian, Kemp Town, Girouette, Rhoda, Judex, Chol
J. D. K., Felsberg, Rose, Summer, Moyagl
W. G. B., Moonshine II., Mavis, Fay, April, Sk
lark, E. W. S. B., Imp, Traddles, Rugeley, Hedwi
W. B. W., E. D. E., Rhodes, Ye Hermit, Phi
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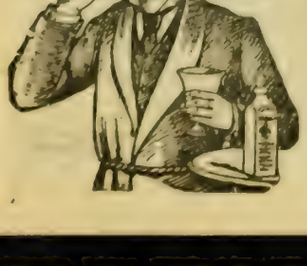
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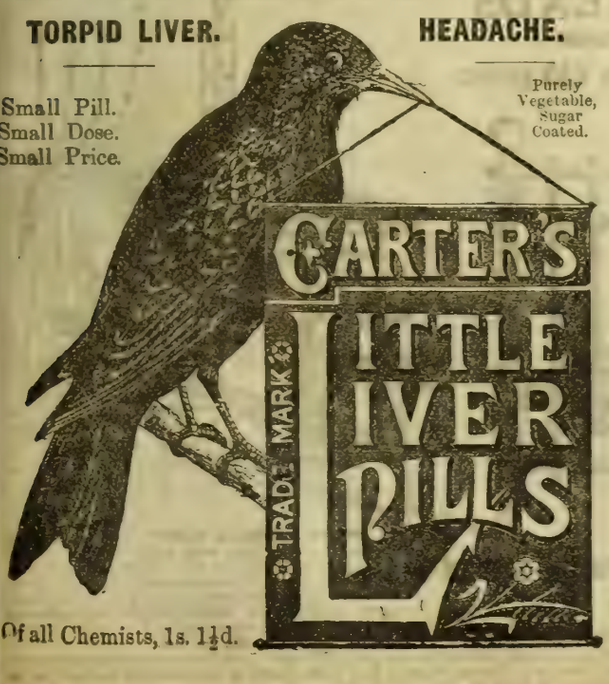

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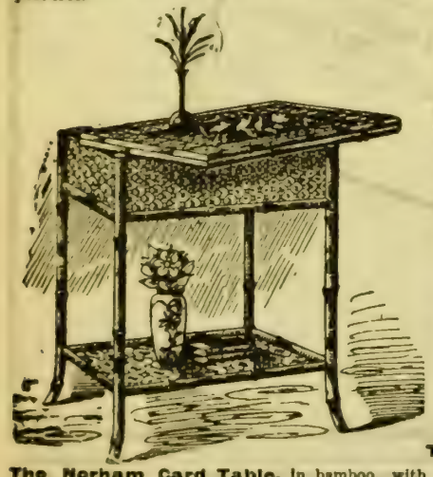

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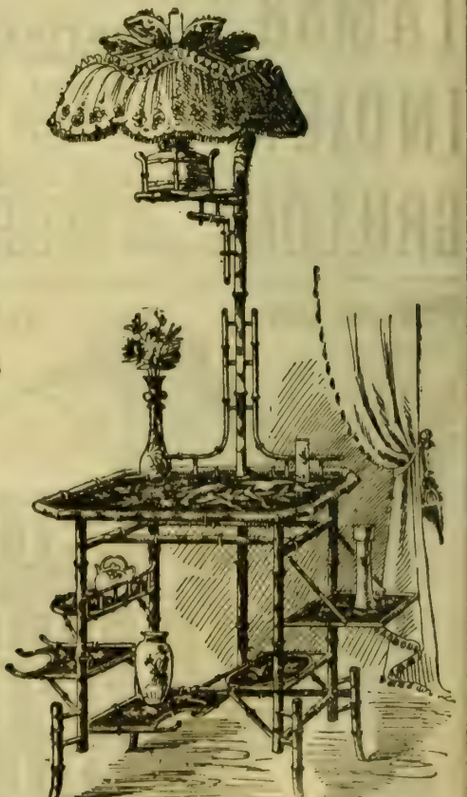

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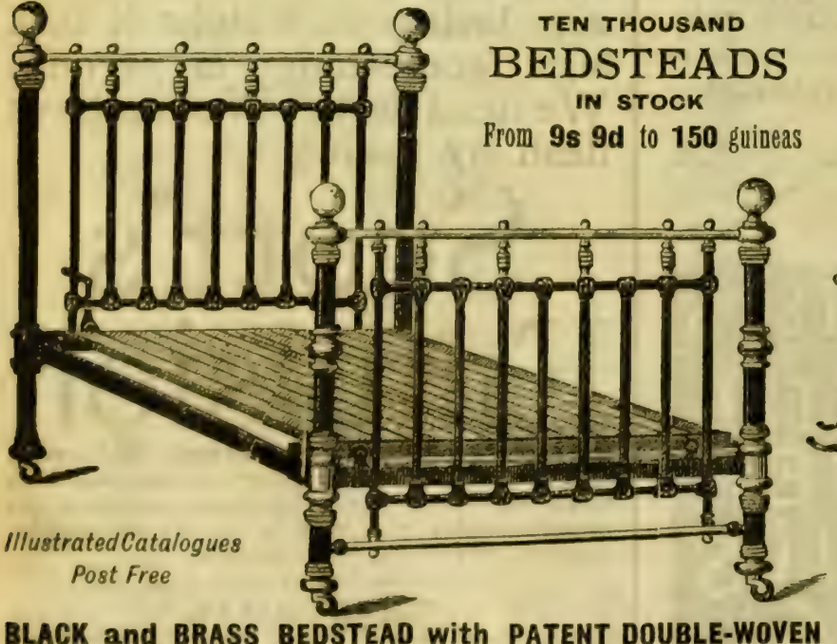

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

No. 885. Vol. XXXIV. Thursday, December 14, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

"The Spookeries,"

IS NOW READY.

In a Special Wrapper,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Profusely Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould.

The Illustrations include THREE DOUBLE-PAGED and FOUR FULL-PAGED CARTOONS, printed in colours :—

1. **"Truth" Speaks about Spooks.**
2. **Viva el Toro.**
3. **A Demonstration of Loyalty (With a Collection).**
4. **Salisbury's Stuffed Geese.**
5. **Chamberlain's Dive.**
6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

LET me again ask the readers of this journal to make special note of the fact that the Fourteenth Truth Toy and Doll Show will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, W., on Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 19th and 20th inst. It will be open to the public free of all charge on each day, between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10.30 p.m., on presentation of a visiting card at the doors. That the Show will be one of great interest and extent is certain, and I hope the attendance will even exceed that of last year, which beat all previous records.

Although the Show is on the 19th and 20th, the "Sending-in Day," as they call it at the Academy, is at the latest Thursday, the 14th, and it is imperatively necessary that all Dolls and Toys should be at Truth Office some time on that day. It will, I fear, be impossible to ensure the inclusion in the Albert Hall Show of the contents of parcels arriving after that day.

As I announced last week, Mr. H. C. Tonking has kindly consented to give recitals on the Albert Hall organ during the time the Show is open. It may be convenient to many visitors to know that there will be three recitals both on Tuesday and Wednesday between the hours of 11 and 12 a.m., 3 and 4 p.m., and 7 and 9 p.m.

Amongst the features of the Show which will be sure to attract much interest this year, it is safe to include the large assortment of Dolls and Toys which have been presented by Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg. H.R.H.'s generous present was sent to Truth Office direct from Germany, and included 107 dressed dolls of various kinds, 60 undressed dolls, and several cases of miscellaneous toys of all sorts and sizes. Mr. W. L. Cole, of Kensington, has kindly undertaken to get the undressed dolls which are included in the above gift duly attired in time for the Show.

In answer to several inquiries, I may say that the whole of the prizes intended for distribution amongst the successful competitors in doll-dressing, &c., will be on view at the Albert Hall. These prizes, which will include the gold watch presented by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, consist of useful articles made of, or mounted with, silver, and are more numerous than they were last year. Amongst them will be found silver-mounted scent-bottles, hairbrushes, and cloth-brushes; silver candlesticks, inkstands, muffineers, puff-boxes, pencil-cases, and a score of other articles. There will also be on view the Truth silver brooches (specially designed for these Shows), one of which is presented to every lady who dresses a certain number of dolls, as a memento of the occasion.

Mr. J. S. Wood, the Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, sends me a cheque for five guineas for the Toy Fund, on behalf of the 3,000 little members of "The Children's Salon." I am pleased to hear that these clever and generous young people have already contributed, by the work of their own hands in art, literature, and music, over £500 to various worthy objects, and I thank them most heartily for their timely gift to the Truth Fund.

Since my appeal last week I am glad to say that a number of additional donations have been received for the Fund; but I regret to be obliged to add that there is still a substantial deficit to be made up. I am still, however, sanguine enough to trust that the forebodings expressed by Santa Claus in these columns last week will not be realised; but clearly it is high time that intending subscribers made up their minds, and made out their cheques, seeing that the distribution of Toys and Dolls must take place next week. We are all of us, of course,

well acquainted with the often-quoted motto *Bis dat qui cito dat*, but in this particular instance I hope it will turn out to be the case that those who give last will give most!

Meanwhile I have received the following amounts:—

H. M. Weldon, £2. 2s.; Marjorie, 21s.; M. R., 21s.; Chucky, 10s. 6d.; D. T., 20s.; Graham and Jean, £1. 1s.; Leonard and Annie, 21s.; Benedict, 10s.; Gladys, 1s.; Frances, 1s.; Nurse, 6d.; L. G., 6d.; S. T., 2s. 6d.; J. T., 5s.; E. M. L., 10s. 6d.; J. T. Story, 21s.; Claude and Harold, 5s.; H. A. D., 20s.; Dorothy Maud Leon, £2. 2s.; G. W., 10s.; Dr. Balfour Cockburn, 5s.; M. F. H., £2. 2s.; A. C. Lucas, £2; V. P. S., 20s.; Pierrot, 20s.; Third part of Gladys, Howard, Marjorie, and Gilbert's money-box, 8s. 2d.; Mr. Patrick Sim, 21s.; E. M. M. Wolfe, 21s.; A. and J. D., 5s.; E. R., 21s.; O. W. W., 20s.; In memory of Winifred, 5s.; C. E. S., £2. 2s.; Dulcie's money-box, 5s.; Maud, 5s.; Mrs. Hannam, 10s.; Sir Roger Palmer, £2; Mrs. Vagliano, £2; W. A. Hammond, £2; Miss Healey, 10s.; A Dutchman, £5; Mr. A. H., £1; Mrs. Edward Spicer, £1. 1s.; Henry Ablitt, £1. 1s.; The Ghost 10s.; Helena Auerbach, £1. 1s.; T. T., 5s.; M. and E. W. Torquay, £5; Henry Martin, £1; H. C., £2; N. R. E., 10s.; W. H. H., 21s.; Mrs. Whittall, £2. 2s.; E. R. W., 5s.; Emily Lavy, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Davis, £3; Master Frederick M. Davis, 20s.; F. E. E., 21s.; Norah Moreton, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Stephen Ralli, £5; Mrs. W. H. Low, 10s. 6d.; M. S. Baker, 5s.; Mrs. Nivison, 21s.; Chas. Young, 10s.; O. H. M., 1s. 6d.; Little Geoff, 2s. 6d.; Teapot, 2s. 6d.; H. M., £2. 2s.; Journalist Junior, 2s. 6d.; A. B., 5s.; Mrs. Battye, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Lilley, 5s.; C. A. E., 5s.; B. P. L., 10s.; Tommy the Wolf, £1; Margaret, Vere, and Alan, £3; Hugo and Isabel, £1. 1s.; H. F. H. G., 5s.; Norita, £1; In Memoriam, £3; W. B. M., £1; Anonymous, Dublin, 9s.; Mr. Robert Crawshay, £5; Mrs. Stephens, £1. 1s.; Mugulla, £1; Warner Halsey, £1. 1s.; James Knowles, Esq., £5; From the members of the Children's Salon per Mr. J. S. Wood, Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, £5. 5s.; G. A. F., £5; E. D., 10s. 6d.; Fairplay, 10s.; G. G. C., £2; E. G., in memory of T. V., £2. 2s.; Dolly, 10s.; Marion, 2s. 6d.; Phyllis, 5s.; Sergeants' Mess 2nd Dorset Regiment, £1. 12s. 6d.; Threepenny Bit, £3; Mrs. Martin Edmunds, 10s.; Muriel and Violet, £5; Osborne Lodge, Ascot, 10s.; H. J. Morland, 5s.; Mrs. Le Roy Lewis, £1; Durlacher Bros., 21s.; W. G. E., 21s.; A. S., 21s; Some Lieutenants at Greenwich, £2; Mr. James Daly, 21s.; E. M., 2s. 6d.; Scamp, £1; The Rabbit, 5s.; S. K. D. and S., 21s.; Chas. A. Beattie, £2; S. B. Bancroft, £2. 2s.; Horace Farquhar, £2. 2s.; Mr. S. Nicholson, £3; Mrs. J. M. Fraser £1.

The following have also come to hand:—

Twelve cases of currants, weighing 12¾ cwts., from Mrs. P.; ninety-five sheets of foreign stamps, from "A Lover of Truth," Odessa; three dressed dolls, Miss Ransom; a box of toys, Mrs. Batchelor; a box of wool balls, Mrs. C. Woodcock; six albums, the Misses Agelasto; two scrapbooks and a doll from Miss V. Henderson, of Natal; mechanical toys, books, sewing machine, &c., &c., from Georgette; two scrapbooks from Stephanie and Oscar; two dolls from M. C. Rutherfurd; box of balls, Mrs. Woakes; two dolls, Mrs. P. Brown; Mrs. Pollard, home-made scrapbooks; one magnificent doll, with clothes *en suite* in trunk, from Miss Potter, of Pau, France; scrapbook, Miss E. V. Wilson; twelve scrapbooks, the Misses Macnaughten and friends; box of balls, E. C. G.; 100 scrap screens, from Bob, Cissy, and George; four scrapbooks, Miss E. R. Osborne; one large doll, Mrs. E. Benjamin. The toys acknowledged last week as from Dorothy Lindo should have been from Dorothy Lindo Henry.

The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle for three days during the second week of January. There is to be a lawn meet of the Duke's Foxhounds on one day of the Royal visit, and the other days will be devoted to pheasant-shooting, as the extensive preserves in and around Belvoir Park are being carefully kept for his Royal Highness. A dance will be given at the Castle while the Prince of Wales is staying there. The last Royal visitor to Belvoir was the Empress Frederick, who stayed there for a few days about two years ago.

H.R.H. and the Princess will entertain a family party at Sandringham during the Christmas holidays, including Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. There is to be another large shooting party (which will be the last for this winter) at Sandringham during the first week of January.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to leave Bagshot Park towards the end of next week on a visit to the Queen at Osborne, where they will stay until January 2, when they are to become the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham until the 8th.

Countess Erbach is expected to arrive at Osborne early next month from Darmstadt on a visit to Princess Beatrice. The Countess, who is the sister of the Princes of Battenberg, is married to Count Erbach-Schönberg.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, who have returned to Richmond from visiting the Duke and Duchess of York at Sandringham, are shortly to be the guests of Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, Dorsetshire, and of Lord and Lady Ancaster at Normanton Park, Rutlandshire.

Dowager Lady Churchill is now the Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen at Windsor; and during her Majesty's residence at Osborne the Dowager Lady Erroll, the Dowager Lady Southampton, Lady Ampthill, and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe are to be successively in attendance.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have a family-party staying with them at Trentham, where they intend to reside until after Easter. It is rumoured in the neighbourhood that the Dowager Lady Rosslyn will shortly take up her residence at Tittensor Chase, the charming place which the Dowager Duchess was so exceedingly anxious to obtain as a dower house.

Most of the principal country houses in Roxburghshire, Berwickshire, and Selkirkshire were full last week for the Buccleuch Hunt Ball, which took place at Kelso on Wednesday night, and which proved a great success, and for a splendid ball which was given at Newton Don House on Thursday night by Mr. and Lady Nina Balfour, to celebrate the début of their niece, Lady Sybil McDonnell, the daughter of Lord and Lady Antrim, who had "come out" at the Kelso ball.

Lady Sophia Allenby, the eldest daughter of the late Lord Eglinton, has petitioned the Court of Sessions for leave to disentail the large Montgomery estates in Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, to which she succeeded last year on the death of her father. These lands did not form a part of the Earldom of Eglinton estates. The Queen has granted a licence to Lady Sophia and her husband, Mr. S. H. Allenby (who is well known in yachting circles), to assume the name and bear the arms of Montgomery.

The death of Lord Strathallan (which was the result of a chill) is much regretted in Perthshire, and particularly by his numerous tenants, to whom he was very liberal and considerate. Lord Strathallan, who was for many

For Amusements, see page 1305.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1304 in the present issue.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1306.

years in the Army, resided near Buckingham for some time before his father's death in 1886, and latterly he had lived entirely on his estates, and he took an active part in supervising their management. He was a Tory, like his father, and a Representative Peer for Scotland. The Strathallan Drummonds are a collateral branch of the Drummonds of Drummond Castle, and the late Peer was heir to the Scotch titles of the Earl of Perth, but the vast estates which formerly belonged to that Earldom are now possessed by Lord Ancaster.

Mr. Æneas Mackintosh, of Balnespick, who died last week at the age of eighty-four, belonged to an ancient branch of the great Highland family of Mackintosh, and he owned an estate of about 10,000 acres in Inverness-shire. Mr. Mackintosh spent nearly half his life in India, where he made a fortune in indigo planting. He had a great reputation in the East as a very skilful tiger hunter.

Mr. R. A. Kinglake, who died last week, was the elder brother of "Eothen," and he passed his whole life at Taunton, where he was in many ways a conspicuous personage. Mr. Kinglake was instrumental in promoting the Weston-super-Mare Sanatorium, a most useful institution, and he established the Somersetshire commemoration of county worthies, by placing their busts in the Shire Hall at Taunton. The bust of Fielding was unveiled by Mr. Lowell, who delivered a most interesting address on the occasion. Mr. Kinglake had some good stories to tell of Sydney Smith, with whom he had a pleasant acquaintance during that divine's fifteen years' residence at Combe Florey.

At one of his brother's elections for Bridgwater he had advanced certain moneys. There was a petition. In those days petitions were tried before a Committee of the House of Commons. "Shall you repay this money?" the Chairman asked the author of "Eothen." It was a nasty question, but "Eothen" was equal to the occasion. "In such matters," he said, "I always act on the opinion of some independent gentleman. With your permission, I should ask you to be the independent friend, and I should pay it, or not pay it, as you might decide."

Mr. Preston Bruce, who died at Edinburgh last Friday, had been an invalid for several years past, and it was the utter failure of his health which caused his withdrawal from the House of Commons about four years ago. Mr. Preston Bruce was so very popular in Fifeshire that his seat was not contested by the Tories even at the General Election of 1886. He was an advanced Liberal, a clever man, a very good speaker, and a general favourite in society.

Northampton has sustained a loss in the person of Mr. J. Gurney, who was one of the soundest and most stalwart of Radicals. In his early years he assisted his mother in making the smocks that agricultural labourers used to wear. He became an Alderman and the Mayor of Northampton, and to him, more than to any one else, was it due that Mr. Bradlaugh was returned by the electors of that town as one of its Members. In his youth he distinguished himself by his determined opposition to Church rates. On one occasion he was indicted for resisting a distraint for those obnoxious imposts. There was, however, a Chartist on the jury. When the twelve good men and true were locked up to consider their verdict, the Chartist told the other eleven, who were for a conviction, that he would never agree. And he produced a large bag of biscuits, which he said would last him for two or three days. He then reasoned with them. Whether the reasoning or the biscuits were most potent is not clear, but, in the end, a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned.

A correspondent sends me a parody of Tennyson's well-known verses commencing "Break, break, break," the "topical" application of which will, I think, be only too evident:—

Broke—Broke—Broke—
Are the Lords of the soil and the Squires,
And alas! that my tongue should utter
The thoughts that arise in the shires.

Let—Let—Let—
Are ancestral homes not a few,
And the owners are paying their court
To the parvenu and the Jew.

And the eager crowds go on
To Ascot and Newmarket still,
But oh! for the touch of the vanished coin,
And the sound of the gold in the till!

Broke—Broke—Broke—
Are the swells of this cold clay land,
And slender's the chance that the money lost
Will ever come back to hand.

An important "Body" has sent me the following letter. I had supposed that the examination paper was a skit. If the "Body" would kindly inform me what the association called "Souls" really is, I should be greatly obliged to him, for I have never quite understood its *raison d'être*:—

DEAR SIR,—Would you kindly explain that the sham examination paper published in your last number was only a game among some young persons, and that it has no connection whatever with the club or association called the Souls?—Yours faithfully,
A BODY.

During the past year there have been thirty-four sales of Shorthorns, and 1,610 head of cattle have changed hands at the average of £25. During 1892 the average was £23. 10s. for 1,832 head. The highest price this year was 200 gs., which was paid for a bull at the sale of the late Duke of Marborough's Blenheim herd, whereas in 1892 a bull realised 100 gs. at the Queen's sale. The Blenheim sale obtained the best average of the year, £44. 11s. 8d. for forty-eight lots. The only other averages above £30 were the Prince of Wales's, Lord Bective's, Lord Brougham's, Mr. R. Thompson's, Mr. McWilliams, Mr. Barchard's, and Mr. Mills's. There has been a steady decrease in the value of Shorthorns, for,

AT BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH.—The HOTEL BURLINGTON, "*Sunny Boscombe.*" A charming Hotel, luxuriously appointed, in acres of matured grounds sloping to the sea. Every comfort of home. Most moderate charges. Bournemouth *East* Station. Tariff of Manager, or at Burlington & Buckingham Palace Hotels, London.

putting aside the extravagant prices which were common twenty years ago, the annual average between 1886 and 1890 was about £37.

Some valuable suggestions for the prevention of the frightful cruelty which occurs in the Irish cattle traffic are made in a letter I have received from Mr. S. H. Towers, of Manchester. Mr. Towers, who has given close attention to the subject, urges that the fittings of the pens which divide the cattle should be of sufficient stability to bear the weight of a number of beasts when thrown upon them in a rough sea. This can only be secured by having all permanent fittings fixed, and not, as at present, mere iron stanchions fixed into the deck with grooves for cross-timbers, which are liable to be removed or broken by struggling cattle. Another point is that boats should not be allowed to put to sea with their living cargoes when the weather is really bad, as was done with such disastrous results a fortnight ago. In the Transatlantic cattle trade a vast change for the better has been brought about during the past year or two by the enforcement of more stringent regulations, and an equal improvement might be effected in the Irish traffic. Certainly there is ample room for improvement.

I am beginning to congratulate myself upon the development among some of my contemporaries of a distinct conscience in the matter of advertisements. Additional figurantes being required for the *tableaux vivants* at the Palace Theatre, Mr. Goldschmidt drew up the following advertisement:—

> Tableaux Vivants.—Wanted, for the above, young ladies of handsome appearance and faultless figure. Apply by letter, enclosing photograph, if possible, to Herr K., Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Both the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle* refused to have anything to do with this notice, and not only refused it in this form, but would not even allow Mr. Goldschmidt to alter it to suit their views of propriety. He does not tell me anything about the *Standard*, but I feel sure he would have found them more accommodating at that office. I confess that this squeamishness strikes me as a trifle overdone. The entertainment being not only authorised, but highly praised by the Press, it appears to me to be a trifle absurd that the Press should refuse to advertise for young ladies to take part in it. However, too much squeamishness with regard to advertisements is better than none.

Often have I commented upon the failure of the provincial Press to keep itself and its readers informed upon current swindles; but nothing that has yet come under my notice shows the greenness and gullibility of the provincial editor so painfully as a paragraph which appeared on Friday last in the *Worcestershire Echo*. A local Nonconformist minister named Naish having been decorated with a Fellowship of Sturman's "Society of Science, Letters, and Art," I last week repeated for this reverend gentleman's benefit a few of the opinions from time to time expressed about this egregious imposture. The *Worcestershire Echo* seems to have reproduced my paragraph, but "inadvertently," as it hastens to explain, and on the following day the journal actually apologises in this strain:—

> From ample evidence before us we are convinced there is *quite* another side to Mr. Labouchere's version, and we only regret to have been unintentionally the medium of circulating an erroneous impression as to a society with which graduates and clergy of our own city and students of schools in this neighbourhood are connected. We need scarcely add that this expression of regret also applies to the reflections cast by Truth upon the Secretary of the Society.

I would advise the author of this piece of gratuitous abasement to immediately make known the "other side" of the case of which he is in possession. To no one will it be more agreeably surprising than to Sturman himself, who has never up to the present time been able even to attempt a reply to my comments upon his precious Society. The truth is that there is no "other side," and there can be no "other side." Sturman's antecedents are well known; the history of his "Society" and of the relations to it of Sturman and the poor old pauper octogenarian Irish Baronet now deceased, are equally well known; and, if there were any room for doubt about the character of the concern, it would be removed by Sturman's confessions to me in the interview published in Truth a year and a half ago. That a newspaper editor, presumably a man with some knowledge of the world and some power of judging evidence, should lend himself to whitewashing such a disreputable undertaking, reflects discredit upon us all.

The announcement of a new edition of Scott's novels "edited by Mr. J. M. Barrie" will not, I am disposed to think, excite any pleasant anticipations in any reasonable bosom. It is really very presumptuous for the "rising writers" of the present day to be so ready in undertaking to edit and improve upon Scott, whose own "Author's Edition" of the Waverley Novels ought surely to satisfy fully the most fastidious and exacting reader. During the last twenty years there have been an immense number of re-issues of this complete edition at all prices, and it might, therefore, now have been assumed that the world at large is content to accept the Waverley novels as their author left them. There are at the present time two large editions of the novels in process of publication, the one is the Dryburgh (illustrated), which is issued by Messrs. Black, who purchased the copyright of Scott's novels after the death of Cadell, and the other, published by Mr. Nimmo, is "edited" by Mr. Andrew Lang. No further edition can possibly be required, even if Mr. Barrie was competent to improve upon Scott, and his numerous critics and editions. He would be more usefully employed in adding himself to our stock of standard novels, as for this task he has already proved himself competent.

Under the title of "The Unseen Foundation of 'The Unseen Foundations of Society,'" Mr. F. W. Bain has now elaborated in pamphlet form his charge of plagiarism against the Duke of Argyll. He accuses the Duke of appropriating the entire thought and argument, and in

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors of C.O.M. brand.

24, Grosvenor-gardens.—To be Sold, or Let on lease, this Mansion, in perfect decorative and sanitary repair, containing 13 bedrooms, two drawing-rooms, boudoir on first floor, dining-room, library, billiard-room, and dressing-room on ground-floor. Stabling for five horses.—Apply, Messrs. Thompson, 6, Bruton-street; or on Premises.

many places the exact language, of "The Principle of Wealth Creation" (Mr. Bain's work) in "The Unseen Foundations of Society," published a few months later; and, fortified as the charge now is by nine pages of closely parallel passages from the two books, it points either to wholesale piracy or to the most extraordinary series of literary coincidences on record. Up to the present the Duke has not thought the accusation worthy of notice, although it was first dealt with in TRUTH three months ago. His silence may possibly be owing to my not having the privilege of numbering his Grace, or any of his personal friends, among my readers. But if, after Mr. Bain's pamphlet has been circulated and noticed (as it has been) in the Press, the Duke still says nothing, the public must draw their own conclusions.

Of course, it must be remembered, in the Duke of Argyll's favour, that he appears to be mentally incapable of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum* where the ownership of ideas and language is concerned. Only the other day he gave to the world, as a quotation from something said by the London County Council, what was in substance his own interpretation of what had been said, couched in his own language; and when called to account, he maintained that this was a perfectly right and fair thing to do. Conversely, of course, he may regard it as perfectly right and fair to give to the world as his own the arguments and language of somebody else. Still, the man who treats the goods of somebody else as his own would not cease to be amenable to the law because on a former occasion he had, for private reasons, passed off his own goods as somebody else's.

A Taunton correspondent asks me to notice the prospectus of a Company which is being formed with a capital of £10,000 to run two Tory papers in Somerset. It is stated in a circular that the aim of those "embarking on this important work" will be, "above all, to advance and maintain sound Conservative and Constitutional principles." Well, if political enthusiasts like to sink their cash in a hopeless enterprise of this kind they have a perfect right to do so. In case, however, any Somerset people may be inclined to invest in the concern with a view to their own personal and pecuniary advantage rather than the interests of the Tory Party, I would point out that papers started and conducted on these lines never, or hardly ever, pay. There are scores of them about the country carried on at a heavy loss, and without the slightest political influence. However, they provide a number of persons with employment.

I remember assisting as a spectator on one occasion at an exhibition of pictures by an artist who had a wooden leg, but at Bristol, just now, at No. 5, Clare-street, there is to be seen a collection of water-colours painted under much more remarkable circumstances. The artist, Mr. Bartram Hiles, has, in fact, lost both arms, and holds in his mouth the pencils and brushes he uses for the production of his pictures. Some years ago, in spite of being thus handicapped, he won a National Scholarship, and has since studied at South Kensington with a success that makes his artistic career an object of interest to many.

The University Liberals at Oxford have gained a notable victory in Congregation, which has at last decided by a narrow majority that it is desirable to provide an examination in English Language and Literature, which is to form one of the Final Honours Schools in the second public examination. This proposal has been frequently before Congregation, which had hitherto refused to adopt it, the opposition having always been both powerful and resolute. It was high time that an Honours School in English Literature and Language was established at Oxford, and, if it is properly managed, it ought to prove a complete success, without at the same time injuring the classical scholarship of the University.

A memoir of the late Dr. Hort, who was for many years Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge (in which office he succeeded Bishop Lightfoot), is to be published in the course of next year, along with a selection from his correspondence.

The late Professor Bensly's choice and valuable collection of Oriental books is to be purchased by public subscription, and it will be placed in the Cambridge University Library as a special section. This is an excellent and a really useful form of memorial to one of the most learned and enthusiastic students of the present age.

The Dons of Magdalen, Oxford, have just furnished a monumental example of the childish forcible-feebleness so characteristic of their order. A fortnight or so ago, when there was an immediate probability of Magdalen winning the Association Football Cup, the following official proclamation was issued:—

NOTICE.

In the event of Magdalen College winning the Football Cup on Friday, it has been decided by the Fellows of the College that, if any fireworks are let off, bonfires lit, or any row made, or damage done in college, in celebration of the event, that the Captain (E. F. Buzzard), Secretary (A. D. Erskine), Treasurer (C. D. Hewitt), of the Football Club (Magdalen), will go down on Saturday morning for the rest of this term, and for the *whole* of the next term. This will take place whether the Captain, Secretary, and Treasurer are here or not, as they will be held responsible in any event.

The undergraduate is not always wise, but he is invariably quick to see when his official superiors have made fools of themselves. Upon the appearance of the foregoing notice it was decided that the three officers mentioned in it should go to the President and inform him that they declined to be saddled with the responsibility here thrust upon them, and that they resigned their offices in the Football Club accordingly. This would have cornered the authorities, and would, doubtless, at the same time have paved the way for a "row" of unprecedented dimensions. A hint of what was intended probably reached the dons. At any rate last week, before the match, which had been postponed, came off, the President sent for the three intended scapegoats and informed them that he and the Fellows had thought better of the matter and would withdraw the notice. At the same time he asked the Captain and his colleagues to undertake to use their personal influence to prevent any disturbance. This was demurred to; but, after further

negotiations, a definite treaty was concluded, the President undertaking to withdraw the notice, and to sanction the entertainment of the losing teams and other guests, and the officers of the club undertaking to use their reasonable efforts to prevent undue noise.

The result is highly instructive. Magdalen won the Cup, the authorised entertainment came off, for about the first time on record there was no serious disturbance, and the next day the Dean expressed his acknowledgments of the praiseworthy manner in which the festivities had been conducted. Had it ever occurred to the authorities to approach the men in a reasonable way, with a view to obtaining their co-operation in repressing the disturbances, no doubt the same result would have been secured years ago. The spirit, however, in which College Dons attempt to manage men who are just at the most difficult age to manage, is almost invariably the Dame's School spirit exemplified by the Magdalen Dons' proclamation. Seldom has a "Governing Body" placed itself in a more ignominious position than did these old women in first launching their thunderbolt and then recalling it in trembling fear of the consequences. It may interest them to know, however, that had they stuck to their decree they were likely to have looked still more foolish, for I understand that in that event not only had it been determined that the three appointed scapegoats should resign, but that the President of the College, the Vice-President, and the Dean should be elected to fill their places. Nothing could be more reasonable or just.

It is now definitely settled that the Church Congress is to meet next year at Exeter on October 9, under the presidency of Bishop Bickersteth, and the Congress sermon in the Cathedral is to be preached by the Bishop of London. The Victoria Hall, which holds about 2,400 persons, will be available for the Congress meetings, and the local guarantee fund amounts to £1,600.

Bishop Barry, Canon of Windsor, has undertaken to assist the Bishop of Winchester in his confirmations and other diocesan work, in the place of the Bishop-Suffragan of Guildford (Dr. Sumner), whose health is in a very unsatisfactory state, and he has been ordered to give up most of his duties.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are proposing to introduce the electric light into the Cathedral, which would certainly be a vast improvement in all respects. The cost of the work, however, will be so great that it will be necessary for the Cathedral authorities to make an appeal for special funds.

With reference to my recent remarks upon the Rev. W. Carlile's offer to undertake the work of the three parishes adjoining his own without increase of salary, Mr. Carlile writes to me, first, to point out that it was not the *London* articles which evoked his offer, but certain observations of his on the evil which led to the *London* articles; and, secondly, to ask my advice as to the best way of approaching the Government in order to get his scheme carried out. In the course of his letter he says:—

> I do not vouch for its truth, and I hope it is not true, but the objection raised by some is that it is impossible to get any Bill through the House of Commons at the present moment, either private or public, which would enable the Church to purge herself of her abuses, lest she should become too good to form a strong enough case for Disestablishment. Personally, I have not the slightest fear of Disestablishment, as, if it comes, I doubt not that God would over-rule it for the highest good of the greatest number. As a Rector, and therefore a trustee of Church property, I do not feel that I could move a finger to bring such a thing about, but ought to seek to preserve the property for the purposes of the general good. . . . .

Mr. Carlile's views on Disestablishment do him credit. I heartily share his conviction that Disestablishment, whenever it comes, will conduce, under Providence, to the greatest good of the greatest number; but I would assure him that he may lay aside the idea that any efforts of the Church to purge herself of individual abuses will be thwarted by a fear that the case for Disestablishment will be spoiled. Personally, I have not the slightest fear of the case for Disestablishment being spoiled in this way. There is undoubtedly a difficulty about getting any Bills through the present House of Commons, more especially Liberal Bills which the Tory Party profess a love for. If, however, Mr. Carlile can induce any Tory foe of Disestablishment to bring in a Bill giving effect to his own private scheme, I have no doubt that the friends of Disestablishment would do all in their power to further it.

The following contrasts between the City and one outside parish, and between one parish in the City and another outside, are highly instructive:—

	Churches.	Income.	Population.
City...	60 ...	£70,000 ...	37,705
Whitechapel	9 ...	3,145 ...	74,422

	Population.	Income.
St. Alphege, London-wall	31 ...	£925
Christ Church, Spitalfields	17,467 ...	230

The Rev. John Lingham, who died the other day at Wimbledon, was an ecclesiastic of whom the public heard but little, but who exercised a very much greater degree of influence than many other divines whose names were constantly to the fore. He held the living of Lambeth for nearly thirty years, and was the intimate and trusted friend, and very often the wise adviser, of Archbishops Sumner, Longley, and Tait. Mr. Lingham was a man of many accomplishments and a profound scholar, as well as a most zealous and successful clergyman, for Lambeth was one of the best "worked" parishes in England, and the schools were a model, while the Vicar was a favourite among all classes.

An edifying incident, said to have occurred in the parish church at Colsterworth on the conclusion of the Sunday morning service, is narrated by the *Grantham Times*. The Rector is stated to have gone to the Clerk, who was in the stoke-hole, and in the presence of some of the congregation rebuked the man for finding the wrong lesson. The Clerk denied the impeachment, the Rector warmly stuck to his point, and somehow the altercation ended in the grating over the stoke-hole being kicked down upon the Clerk's face, which was damaged considerably. One can only hope that his reverence has since made reparation to the man.

If he has done so, the Rector of Colsterworth is a more practical Christian than his reverend brother the Vicar of Mickleton, Gloucestershire. It may be remembered that a labourer named Moss, belonging to this parish, was recently fined £1. 4s. by the Campden Bench for picking up four apples in an orchard which he had to

cross on his way to work. The case was referred to in TRUTH, and I am glad to record that, as the first result of my remarks, one of my readers sent direct to the man the amount of the fine, while another sent through me £1, which has been duly forwarded to Moss. Another result has been, however, that the man has been subjected to a good deal of petty persecution of which the latest instance is that Moss's daughter, who has for two years attended to the fire in the National School-room at a salary of 3d. per week, has been dismissed from that employment. Whether this is the consequence of the conviction or of the case being pilloried in TRUTH, it is an equally striking example of the way some of the country clergy practise the religion of charity which they are paid to preach.

The Rev. J. Bainbridge Smith complains to me that in summarising the other day his letter in support of the British Hospital at Smyrna I omitted all reference to a passage in it which pointed out that the hospital is not kept up by the taxpayer, but by dues levied on British shipping, which dues "leave a handsome surplus which is remitted to the Treasury in London." "An item so material ought not surely to have been kept back," says Mr. Smith. The answer is that it was not kept back, because it had been stated in TRUTH weeks before. Being obliged to deal briefly with Mr. Smith's letter, I dealt solely with the new points raised by it, and felt under no obligation to re-discuss others, which had not only been fully stated, but were actually part of my case. The very first complaint against this hospital is that it yields to the Treasury a tribute extorted from British shipping. I say further that the tribute is needlessly extorted, and the objections to it are, therefore, in no way removed by the present proposal to make the taxpayer pay back £8,000—not to the shipowners—but to the needless Hospital.

I have received a further communication from the Secretary of the London Committee of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, relative to the case of "sweating," of which particulars were given in TRUTH a few weeks ago. The Secretary encloses a copy of the following letter received by him from the Secretary of the Dublin Executive Committee:—

(COPY.)
Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund,
4, Kildare-street, Dublin.
November 27, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—In reply in reference to the allegations contained in TRUTH of 9th inst., I am directed by my Committee to inform you that the statement in question is quite fallacious.

The facts are as follows:—Eight ladies—not one—were employed in making the vestment referred to, with other work, from the first week in May until August 22.

The amount earned by the eight ladies while employed upon this work amounted to £63. 18s., or an average of 14s. a week each.

My Committee hope that the explanation will be satisfactory.—I am, &c., (Signed) W. Q. FITZGERALD, Secretary.

If the Committee are satisfied with this "explanation" all I can say is they have as enviable a faculty of being easily pleased as the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus were blessed with. I will not go the length of calling the explanation "quite fallacious," but I will content myself with pointing out that it in no way invalidates my statement. That statement referred to a specific case as to which I happened to be in possession of what the police call "information received," which I had every reason to believe—and which until proof to the contrary has been produced I shall continue to believe—substantially accurate. It may be true, as the Dublin Executive Committee state, that eight ladies were employed on a vestment, and that during the time mentioned by the Secretary they received on an average 14s. a week. There may have been some misapprehension on my part (though I have yet to learn that there was) as to the particular article of ecclesiastical man millinery which was made by the lady to whom I referred, but the essential fact remains that for five weeks' work of seven hours a day she was paid at the rate of 1½d. per hour.

The Committee will hardly, I imagine, deny that this is "sweating" of the worst kind; and "sweating" is not made less objectionable by being done in the name of charity. A letter from the lady herself is now before me in which she relates the facts, as already set forth in TRUTH, not at all in the spirit of the professional grievance monger (a type with which my position brings me pretty well acquainted), but as showing the desirability of work at a rate of pay more nearly approximating to a "living wage" being found for her. The Committee's "explanation," in short, does not touch my statement at all, and I therefore respectfully invite their attention to the precise point at issue.

People who subscribed to the *Victoria* Fund must be disgusted by the manner in which it is being managed by the Patriotic Commissioners, who seem to me to be acting *ultra vires* in deciding to keep the fund of £80,000 intact, and to expend the interest only. It seems that the weekly allowances given to widows and children are miserably and scandalously inadequate. The average amount granted weekly to widows is under four shillings, and for each child the average is about fifteenpence! The "dependent relatives" are treated even worse by the Commissioners. The generosity of the public brought the Fund into existence, and they have a clear right to know what is being done with the money. The muddling of this Fund is indeed a very fit subject for investigation by a Parliamentary Committee, as the Patriotic Commissioners are perfectly execrated at the seaport towns.

Surprise has been expressed in the Press that more money has not been subscribed to the Liberator Relief Fund. I see one very probable explanation in the fact that no accounts have yet been published, and I am in a position to answer for one subscriber who would have given more, had he been informed as to what has now been done, and what remains to be done in the way of relief. Probably there are others in the same position, and apart from the need of increasing the fund it seems time that those in charge of it rendered at any rate an interim account. I fear that the Liberator Fund has also suffered from the heavy drain upon the charitably disposed in connection with the loss of the *Victoria*. The Liberator disaster, however, though less striking than the other calamity, created far more widespread distress, and it is to be hoped that the public will yet awake to this fact.

I have received £3. 3s. from A Dutchman for Lady Jeune's Fund.

Lord Roberts having declined to accept the Government of Malta, that much-coveted post has been given to General Fremantle, a selection which, coming after "Bob's," reminds one of the jump from Alexander the Great to Alexander the Coppersmith. The appointment is seriously criticised in Service circles and it certainly seems to be a monstrous job. General Fremantle stands only thirteenth on the list of Lieutenant-Generals, and he had actually never held a District Command until he went to Scotland a few months ago. The pernicious system of preferring Guardsmen to nearly all the best commands still prevails, and General Fremantle is indebted for his good fortune a great deal more to the fact that he is a *persona grata* in what are termed "high circles" than to any special professional qualifications.

What is the "recent case" so significantly referred to in the Commander-in-Chief's Order reminding officers of their duties when serving on Boards of Supervision for competitive examinations? The only case to which the Order has any relevance is the recent examination of Militia Subalterns for Army Commissions. The irregularities which occurred on this occasion have already been referred to in TRUTH. If the Commander-in-Chief accepts the accuracy of what has been said in regard to that examination, it is grossly unjust that the results so arrived at should be allowed to stand. The whole examination ought to be declared void, and held again.

I am credibly informed that "in a Royal regiment stationed in the South of England subalterns are at present paying 5s. 6d. a day for their messing, and that they are also charged for all entertainments, even though they are not invited, at the same rate as their senior officers, from the C.O. downwards." So far as I can make out, the regiment referred to is the Berkshire. If such a state of things prevails in that or any other regiment, it is not only an irregularity, but an irregularity of a most mischievous kind, as has been again and again pointed out in TRUTH. As regards the way in which the expenses of entertaining are divided, I am afraid that there are a good many regiments about which a very similar story might be told.

My attention has been directed to the following advertisement, which has been appearing in at least one daily paper:—

MEN (Active young) out of employment, between 18-25, should apply to Recruiting Officers, St. George's Barracks, Charing-cross, or 1, Sharpe's-buildings, King-street, Tower-hill, or Hounslow Barracks, for all information. A pamphlet, "Advantages of the Army," can be had free at any post-office; weekly pocket-money 3s. to 4s. 6d.

I am sorry to say that this is another of the advertisements against which I must warn the too confiding. I have therefore drawn up the following by way of supplement to it:—

MEN (Active young) out of employment, between 18-25, before applying to Recruiting Officers should apply at TRUTH-buildings, Carteret-street, S.W., for all information. Back numbers, containing articles on the "Disadvantages of the Army," can be obtained through any newsagent, price 6d. Weekly pocket-money, 1s. 1d.

Until Christmas, Messrs. BENJAMIN, of Ulster House, Conduit-street, W., will sell their Dress-length Remnants (suitable for presents) of their celebrated Tweeds, Serges, and Homespuns, at 25s., 30s., 35s., and 40s. the dress length

Is it "khaki" or "kharki?" For a long time the question exercised me deeply. I found that some Anglo-Indians spelt the word one way, some the other. At last, however, the *Broad Arrow* delivered for my benefit a long lecture on this material, warning me of the danger which attached to handling it ignorantly. In this discourse the lecturer talked of nothing but "kharki" with an "r." I had been wavering for some time; but that settled me, for I rashly assumed that a Service journal discoursing on khaki would at least know how the word ought to be spelt. But I was wrong. A Hindustani scholar now informs me that the root of the word is *khak*, meaning dust; and that khaki has no more right to an "r" than a sofa. Then *khaki* let it be.

A Major R.A. complains bitterly to me of the stagnation in promotion among officers of his rank. He writes:—

The cause is not far to seek. The Lieutenant-Colonels of Cavalry and Infantry hold their Regimental and Battalion commands for four years only; while R.A. Lieutenant-Colonels, who are far less closely associated with those under them, are allowed five years in command. A Major of the Royal Artillery occupies a position quite unique. He performs the duties of a Paymaster and Quartermaster, duties unknown to the Regimental Major of Cavalry and Infantry. Yet with these heavy demands upon them, Majors R.A. are serving up to 48, 49, and 50 years of age before promotion.

Can any one give any valid reason why a Lieutenant-Colonel should hold his command longer in the Royal Artillery than in a Cavalry or Infantry Regiment?

The following gem appears among the Station Orders issued recently by Major-General Sanford, commanding Meerut Division:—

The General Officer Commanding desires to call the attention of Officers Commanding corps to para. 15, Section III., Queen's Regulations, and especially as regards Non-commissioned Officers and men saluting officers in plain clothes.

It may be taken for granted that in most Cantonments almost every gentleman dressed in plain cloth is a British Officer, anyhow, it is better that an *occasional civilian* should receive a salute, than that Officers should be continually passed without recognition.

What the General Officer Commanding here takes for granted is very far from the fact. A correspondent on the spot tells me that in walking the length of the Mall at night he has counted over 300 men in plain clothes, not 100 of whom were officers; and the effect of the order is that every civilian in the place is being saluted as he walks about, and that a soldier cannot move half a dozen yards at some periods of the day without raising his hand to his head. The other day a soldier was much gratified to find that he had saluted a member of a music-hall troupe which was performing in the place. All these things will doubtless appear to the G.O.C. trifles in comparison with the awful calamity of an Officer being "continually passed without recognition." I take the liberty of denying, however, that an Officer in plain clothes has any business to be saluted under any circumstances whatever.

When the Army Pay Corps was brought into existence I pointed out one or two of the reasons which seemed likely to prevent the Royal Warrant being accepted as a

WINTER VISITORS TO BOURNEMOUTH will find "The Imperial" one of the most complete residential establishments in the United Kingdom. Finest position on East Cliff. Luxuriously furnished, with appointments and cuisine of the highest order. Moderate tariff.—Apply, Manager.—W. H. DORÉ, Proprietor.

final solution of all the grievances of the Department, and already this view is confirmed by ominous growls from the new Corps. The main complaint is the old one about the slowness of promotion and the closing of the commissioned ranks to the Warrant Officers; and I am glad to hear that there is now an immediate probability of this grievance being removed, for it is one which a Liberal War Minister is specially bound to consider. There is not the slightest reason why, in this Corps alone, the attainment of a commission from the ranks should be an impossibility. One of the Warrant Officers who smarts under this anomaly recently wrote to me:—

There are now thirty Warrant Officers in the Department with a high average of service, and the highest professional qualifications, who are all perfectly fitted to fill commissioned posts in the Department—especially with the system of Army accounts now in force. More than three years have elapsed since a cheaper class of clerks was introduced for this work, but no attempt has been made to establish a subaltern rank, although quite one-half, if not more, of the Commissioned Officers are performing no other than clerical duties. This is a matter deserving public attention if only in its economic bearings, but I would submit that its effect upon the contentment and efficiency of the subordinates is equally important. . . .

That there are considerable possibilities of economy in the admission of the Army Pay Clerks to commissioned rank is incidentally shown by another letter which I have received. Speaking of the present cost of the Department, the writer says:—

In all large Army Pay Offices there are from two to six Paymasters. The work in Army Pay Offices consists almost entirely of the audit of Pay Lists and other similar accounts. It is an admitted fact that the Paymasters are of little or no use at this description of work. Their work consists for the most part of keeping the "Cash-book," writing out cheques, and signing documents. This work could be done in each large office by one officer, the other officer being available for the audit work.

There would be a large saving to the public, as well as greater efficiency in the performance of the work, if the two or three junior Officers in each large office were "rankers," paid as Quartermasters of the R.E. or R.A. are paid.

This would result in a saving of from £200 to £600 in each case where a "ranker" replaced a Paymaster. The saving would not only be for to-day, but to-morrow; as the retiring allowance or pension would also be reduced.

I regret to find that an injustice was done to Surgeon-Colonel Harvey, I.M.S., in a paragraph which appeared in TRUTH of October 9 respecting his temporary discharge of the duties of the Viceroy's Surgeon during Dr. Fenn's absence at Cabul. The truth of the matter seems to have been that Surgeon-Colonel Harvey happened to be on leave at Simla at the moment, and, being already an honorary surgeon to the Viceroy, he was asked by Lord Lansdowne to fill Dr. Fenn's place in his absence, just as any private individual might have been; but he was not officially placed on duty, and—what I take to be the best test of his true position—he drew no pay. As a misapprehension on this point appears to have prevailed in many quarters, I am glad to have an opportunity of correcting it.

Lord Clanwilliam is to vacate the Naval Command at Portsmouth in June next, and it is now definitely settled that he is to be succeeded there by Sir Nowell Salmon.

One of the Navy recruiting regulations ordains that a candidate must not have more than seven decayed or unsound teeth, and I am told that hundreds of otherwise eligible seamen are every year rejected on this ground. Could anything be more idiotic? In these days there are few young men in any walk of life who can boast of the proportion of sound grinders which is here insisted upon, and there is no more reason for requiring sound teeth in a sailor than in a clerk or a journalist. If the Admiralty are seriously anxious that no man when at sea should suffer from toothache, let them make every recruit engage to have his defective teeth stopped or pulled out. What more can they want than that? So long as a man has a sufficient number of teeth to masticate his food with that is surely sufficient.

With reference to the late scandalous job over the appointment of a Surveyor to the Surrey County Council, a report has been forwarded to me of a meeting of the Council held on July 25 last. On this occasion Mr. Roberts asked whether it was intended to bring up a recommendation from the Committee with reference to the Surveyorship, or whether it was "already settled who was to have the appointment." He went on to comment on the waste of money and the unfairness to candidates of advertising in the latter event. The Chairman, in his reply, said that it could hardly be supposed that there was a resolution already cut and dried, and I understand that Mr. Roberts's questions were groaned at. It now appears, however, that what Mr. Roberts suggested was the true state of the case; and it must be inferred that this unscrupulous job was determined upon as far back as last July, when the first steps towards filling the vacancy were taken. That is to say, the form of inviting competition and going through an election has been from beginning to end a fraud.

Complaint was made to the West Haddingtonshire County Council last week regarding the pollution of a stream at Coalstoun. According to the statements of Mr. Gordon, factor, the water, which is used for domestic purposes at Coalstoun, is at times polluted to a most offensive and dangerous extent by the sewage poured in at Gifford Village and Yester House, a little higher up the stream. Lord Tweeddale, the owner of Gifford Village, and his factor, who are both members of the County Council, seemed to think the matter was not worthy of attention, and by a majority of three the Council dismissed it. Perhaps the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, to whom a report is now to be forwarded, will give the question the serious consideration which it ought to receive.

A remarkable scene took place at last week's meeting of the Bath Town Council. An expenditure of £37,000 in extending the Pump Room had been recommended, and the various designs for the work had been sent to Mr. Waterhouse, who was appointed assessor. He advised the Council to select a design marked A, which was awarded the first prize of £100. For some at present inscrutable reason, however, the Baths Committee ignored this advice, and they chose a design marked O, which Mr Waterhouse had placed second in order of merit. There are two strange features in the business,

A great attraction this Christmas, at 173, New Bond-street, will be Messrs. CHARBONNELL & WALKER'S superb show of PARISIAN NOVELTIES. Their *salons* are filled with treasures of artistic excellence in every variety. They are too beautiful to describe, and as all the world should see them, we will only add that everything that is lovely and poetic in the shape of novelties will be found there.

the audacity of the Council in setting aside the deliberate recommendation of a distinguished expert, and the astounding unanimity with which they adopted the second design. The result was a most disconcerting fiasco. The Mayor proceeded to open the envelopes containing the names of the architects who had sent in designs, when, lo and behold! the favoured one marked "O" was found to contain only a blank piece of paper! The Council decided to adjourn for a week, in order that the mystery might be explained, but if (as is expected) the "O" design is the work of a local man, then the anxiety of the Council to adopt it will be understood, and I fancy that in future there will not be much desire among architects of standing to undertake work for the city of Bath.

Reference was made in TRUTH two or three weeks ago to the insanitary condition of parts of Camelford and Liskeard Union, but it would seem that these places are only typical of the greater part of the County of Cornwall. A copy has been sent to me of a monthly return made by the Sanitary Committee of the Cornwall County Council, and it reads like an indictment of all the Sanitary Authorities in the county. Here are a few samples. It should be mentioned that Penzance Rural, Bodmin, and Padstow, are reported as "still refusing to make returns." Probably they are wise in thus hiding their light:—

Camelford. — The insanitary condition of this place is deplorable, as is shown by Dr. Permewan's Report, who was specially commissioned by this Committee to make a personal inspection of the town. This Report is in type, and will soon be in the hands of the Local Authority.

Bodmin Union.—Very strong complaint is made of the careless manner in which typhoid has been allowed to be disseminated from Padstow to Trewetha in Endellion. In the same family two daughters have died and the father is now very ill of disease generated at Padstow. There were 5 cases of diphtheria in one house at Trebell, Lanivet; 3 of them terminated fatally.

St. Columb Union.—There have been ascertained 14 cases of diphtheria, with one death; 2 cases of erysipelas, and 3 cases of scarlet fever. How much more infectious disease there may be in the locality cannot be stated, as the Local Authority persistently refuses to adopt the Notification Act. The Medical Officer reports that isolation, disinfection, and scavenging are all inefficiently carried out for want of suitable means.

Truro Union.—The outbreak of diphtheria at St. Agnes has been a very serious matter. The insanitary condition of this place has been the constant subject of comment in these Reports. It is very lamentable that it requires the sacrifice of sixteen lives to bring this fact home to the responsible parties; but now they are keenly alive to what is necessary.

Helston Union.—Fourteen cases of typhoid fever are reported, with one death. This is owing to the insanitary condition of Porthleven, that has been so often complained of in these Returns. It appears to be quite hopeless to expect any action to be taken by the Local Authority, however bad the circumstances may be.

Penzance Union.—There have been serious outbreaks of typhoid at Sennen Cove and Marazion, and scarlet fever at Lelant.

Truro Urban shows a very low death-rate, but that does not prevent the appearance of diphtheria, 5 cases; erysipelas, 9 cases; and typhoid, 4 cases; which may be expected to continue in greater or lesser quantities, until the sewage is diverted from the rivers which flow through the city.

Paul. There have been no less than 37 fresh cases of scarlet fever here during the month, with 2 deaths; and 6 cases of typhoid fever, with 1 death. It is attributed to inadequate scavenging, and the conversion of Newlyn Harbour into an unscoured cess-pool by the completion of the northern arm of the pier.

It is suggested to me that the simplest and readiest means of dealing with the negligence of local authorities in cases like the above are these:—(1) To confer on the County Councils some of the powers of control now vested in the Local Government Board; (2) to give them the power of appointing sanitary officers, and of re-arranging their districts in the manner most conducive to economy and efficiency; (3) to require officers of health and inspectors of nuisances to obtain certificates of competency from some recognised authority; (4) to make the Infectious Diseases Notification and Prevention Acts compulsory throughout the country. Here are the outlines of a useful rural Public Health Act for next Session, of which I am pleased to make Mr. Fowler a present. That some control over the Sanitary Authorities more direct and effectual than that of the Local Government Board is imperatively required, I think no one with any experience of these bodies will question.

On Tuesday last week the new City Safe Deposit at 13 and 15, Throgmorton-avenue, was formally opened in the presence of a gathering of distinguished City men. It belongs to a private Company, of which Mr. John Morris, the senior of the well-known firm of solicitors, Ashurst, Morris, & Crisp, is Chairman, and is most elaborately fitted up. Ingenuity has, in fact, exhausted itself in surrounding it with such precautions that it completely defies fire and burglar alike. All its important parts are constructed of patent compo undrillable steel, and what with steel grilles, steel doors, time locks of triple action, and armed patrols, the safes and strong-rooms are more completely protected than a fortress. Yet every comfort is provided in the shape of waiting-rooms (including a ladies' waiting-room), private writing rooms, and private compartments, where the tin boxes, which are fitted in the safes, can be examined at leisure, while the vaults are reached either by the easy and well-lit stairs, or by the large and commodious lift.

I wonder that no safe deposit has yet been established in the West-end. Ladies would find such an institution extremely convenient for the temporary storage of jewellery or of important or interesting documents; but after all it will not take them long to drive to Throgmorton-avenue, there to deposit their treasures in one of the neat little safes, to which they will get their own key at a rent of £1. 1s. per annum and upwards. Investors have of late been reminded by an important decision of the Courts of the necessity of keeping all "bearer" securities where they know them to be safe, and I have no doubt that stockbrokers and their clients, trustees, solicitors, &c., will very largely avail themselves of the new Safe Deposit, which is so conveniently situated close to the Stock Exchange and the banking quarter.

The Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park, informs me that the Free School petition mentioned in his letter to which I referred last week, was not addressed to the School Board but to the Education Department. This misapprehension, however, has no material bearing upon the facts referred to, because I understand that the moving impulse came from prominent members of the School Board, and that documents furnished to the School Board were used by the promoters of the petition. Whether it was the Education Department or the School Board that was misled, or intended to be misled, is a matter of minor consequence.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

The Lord Chancellor seems to be afraid of overcrowding the Bench by a too free appointment of Liberal Justices. He should have regard, however, not simply to the number of names in the Commission of the Peace for a particular district, but to the number of men who actually fulfil the duties of the office. There are a good many who, having had their ambition satisfied by their elevation to the Bench, consistently neglect all Magisterial work. As a result, the public are put to great inconvenience. For example, the whole of the cases down for hearing at Atherstone Petty Sessions last week had to be adjourned for a fortnight owing to the non-attendance of Magistrates. Again, at Mansfield County Petty Sessions a few days since the business was delayed for over an hour and a half through the unpunctuality of the Magistrates. Complaints of similar incidents reach me every week. It would be easy to provide a self-working system to rid the Bench of these drones. Each attendance of a Justice at Court is recorded, and those who fail to be present at a certain number of sittings per annum should be at once struck off the roll. In cases of illness a medical certificate could be sent.

Doubtless the executive of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will give their careful attention to an inquest reported the other day from Dublin, at which the conduct of one of the Society's Inspectors was seriously impugned. It appeared that a child which had died of disease of both lungs, combined with acute pleuritis and peritonitis, was removed to the Children's Hospital under the advice of the Inspector in question, who seems to have supposed that it was being starved. On the way to the Hospital the child was taken to be weighed and photographed, for both of which purposes it was stripped, the mother being under the impression that the Inspector was a doctor, and that the weighing and photographing were part of the treatment. In other words, in his anxiety to compile evidence against the mother, this somewhat muddle-headed officer went very near committing the only cruelty towards the child of which there was the slightest evidence. A striking illustration of the results of *trop de zèle!*

The Leeds Magistrates last week took the somewhat unusual course of withdrawing a warrant on the application of the solicitor for the party whose apprehension it authorised. From the solicitor's statement it appeared that two or three months ago the wife of a man named Horrobin left him of her own accord and without his consent. On November 17 Horrobin was informed by the Clerk of the Bramley Union that his wife was in the workhouse, and that, unless he made her some reasonable weekly allowance, proceedings would be instituted. Next day the solicitor replied that the woman left her husband of her own accord, but that he was prepared to find a home for her whenever she chose to return. Notwithstanding this offer, and in spite of the fact that Horrobin had not absconded and would have answered a summons, a relieving officer of the Union on November 20 obtained a warrant under the Vagrant Act for the arrest of the husband as a person who wilfully neglected and refused to maintain his wife. The warrant thus secured was not executed, but, it was stated, was held *in terrorem* over the defendant to coerce him into making an arrangement which would meet the views of the Poor law authorities. In withdrawing the warrant, which had only been granted through a misrepresentation, the Bench expressed the opinion that there had been a gross misuse of the forms of law. Such a censure surely demands the serious attention of the Bramley Guardians, whose officials are responsible for the scandal.

In one of the Dublin Police courts on Wednesday last a young girl named Condron was charged with having been guilty of disorderly conduct. Condron earns her livelihood by selling newspapers, and the disorderly conduct alleged against her was that she carried on this business, in common with other girls, at a street corner. For this outrage on the peace and order of Dublin the Magistrate, Mr. Byrne, sent Condron to gaol for a month, and expressed a hope "that this would be a lesson to the others." I trust that the proper authority will at once order the girl's release, and that means will be found to give the Draco who passed this monstrous sentence a much-needed lesson in the administration of justice. A young girl might earn her living in the streets in a far more undesirable way than in selling newspapers.

"A Lover of Fairness" submits a report of police-court proceedings at Warrington against three licensed victuallers, who were fined for supplying liquor to constables on duty. My correspondent points out that the officers did wrong by going into public-houses for drink when on duty, and he apparently holds that convictions obtained in this way are not justifiable. I cannot agree with him. There was no pretence that the constables were acting under instructions as agents-provocateurs, and it is obviously desirable in the public interest that the Police should be prevented from drinking in public-houses during their hours of duty. With this object, it has been made an offence for licensed victuallers to serve them, and a little reflection will show "A Lover of Fairness" that it is not fair to cite the Warrington cases as proofs of "the crusade against publicans by bigoted teetotal Magistrates."

Writing to me from Wisbech, a gentleman states that his attention has just been drawn to a case recorded in my last week's "Pillory," in which the local Bench sentenced a woman to 14 days' imprisonment for keeping a dog without a licence. My correspondent explains that though the sentence appears harsh it was in reality the reverse. The woman was already in prison on a County Court committal, and as the second sentence would run concurrently with the first, it was an ingenious dodge of the Justices for giving the woman a punishment which was no punishment at all. Their ingenuity in the cause of mercy does the Bench much credit, and for that reason I record the fact. But when and where this performance was accomplished I have not the slightest idea. My correspondent says that he saw the case in last week's TRUTH, but I cannot find it there, nor for several weeks past.

THE COUPÉ COMPANY'S Telegraphic Address is "COUPÉ, LONDON."

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. I think it will be generally agreed that the Irish Judge who treats the smashing of a window as a crime of precisely the same gravity as the slaying of a man, has been deservedly awarded the premier position, though the learned Recorder of Wolverhampton and the Assistant-Chairman of Staffordshire Quarter Sessions are strong competitors with his lordship. Turning to the minor Courts, I would particularly invite attention to the contemptuous disregard of the First Offenders Act at Daventry and Worthing; to the stringent enforcement of the Game Laws for which the St. Asaph Bench is acquiring an unenviable notoriety; and to the amazing conduct of the Kidderminster Magistrates in committing a boy of fifteen to gaol for a fortnight on a charge of sleeping out. It will be seen that our old friends the Barnsley Justices once more figure in the list. During the past few years I have had occasion to say many severe things about these Shallows, and from what occurred at the last meeting of the Barnsley Town Council I find that my views are now endorsed amongst members of that body. "It was a calumny on the name of Justice," declared one Councillor, "to describe the proceedings of the Barnsley Bench by that name":—

Munster Winter Assizes. Before Mr. Justice W. O'Brien. Jeremiah Cronin convicted of the manslaughter of his brother-in-law. During a struggle with deceased, who was drunk, prisoner stabbed him, inflicting six wounds. Six months.

Munster Winter Assizes. Before the same Judge. Patrick Foley and John Williams, privates in the Shropshire Regiment, pleaded guilty to smashing a plate-glass window. Six months each.

Staffordshire Adjourned Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. H. T. Hinckes, Assistant Chairman. Wm. Henry Allen, 43, pleaded guilty to unlawfully assaulting a girl aged 11. She said he had done so three or four times previously. Two months.

Staffordshire Adjourned Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. H. T. Hinckes. Thomas Miller, 17, pleaded guilty to stealing a wrap and a scarf. Nine months.

Wolverhampton Quarter Sessions. Before Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Q.C., Recorder. John Gollier indicted for indecently assaulting two girls, aged ten and thirteen respectively. Six months.

Wolverhampton Quarter Sessions. Before the Recorder. Benjamin Newbridge charged with stealing two chandeliers from an empty house. Five years.

Pershore Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. F. D. Holland, A. G. Taylor, and R. Hinshaw. Charles Laight, charged with assaulting Wm. and Robert Annis. Defendant kicked both complainants, and also jumped on Robert Annis, who, in consequence of his injuries, was confined to bed for a week. A constable said Robert Annis was smothered in blood. Fined 15s., including costs, or fourteen days for the first assault, and £2, including costs, or one month for the second.

Pershore Petty Sessions. Before the same Justices. John Hewlett, charged with poaching. Fined £2 and costs or one month.

Kidderminster Police-court. Before Messrs. H. Dixon, J. J. Harvey, J. Bytheway, and T. Grove. Nelson Leach, aged 15, charged with sleeping out. He was found sleeping in a railway carriage, and said he had done so for several nights. Fourteen days.

Dunmow Petty Sessions. Before the Revs. E. P. Gepp, G. West, and G. M. Wilson, and Mr. E. T. Foakes. Harry Parmenter, postman, convicted of cruelty to a pony. There was a raw wound six inches long under the saddle and other wounds on the hind quarters. Superintendent Megran said he had never seen a worse case of cruelty. One wound was evidently caused by a stick, and there was not a particle of flesh on the animal's bones. Fined £2.

Daventry Divisional Petty Sessions. Before Lord Henley, Colonel Lowndes, Messrs. T. W. Thornton and C. Rodhouse. Edward Thompson and John Smith charged with stealing 4 cwt. of coal. The former had always borne a good character, and the Bench were asked to deal with him under the First Offenders Act. Smith, six weeks; Thompson, one month.

Self Grey Lamb's Wool Underclothing. English manufacture. Will not shrink and can be supplied in several substances. Price lists sent.—Sampson & Co, 268, 270, Oxford-street, W.

Barnsley Police-court. Before Messrs. C. Harvey and H. Pigott. Alfred Ball and Charles Ball convicted of assaulting an old man named Hope. They smashed open the door of complainant's house and then dragged him out and kicked him about the legs and body. Both defendants had been previously convicted. Fined 10s. each and costs.

Barnsley Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Norton, C. Harvey, and C. H. Taylor. Four youths charged with stealing an old railway sleeper which they took for firewood during the coal strike. Fined, with costs and damage, £1. 3s. each.

Witham Petty Sessions. Before Colonel Lucas, General Howard Vyne, Captain G. P. Townsend, Messrs. J. H. Salter and R. E. Rann. R. W. Franklin, convicted of assaulting W. Harris, who said defendant knocked him down, kicked him, and left him lying in the road in a pool of blood. Fined 10s. and costs.

Witham Petty Sessions. Before the same Magistrates. W. Harris, charged with stealing 7 lb. of suet belonging to R. W. Franklin. Fined £1; in default fourteen days.

Cheshunt Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. T. Micklem, R. Ewing, and H. C. Wales. William Cannon, charged with assaulting Walter Embleton. After striking complainant with his fist, defendant caught hold of his throat and gnawed him like a dog. Fined 10s. and costs.

Basingstoke County Police-court. Before Sir Nelson Rycroft and Mr. A. Wallis. Thomas Kill, Horace Taylor, 17, and Fred. Rose, 17, charged with stealing stackwood, valued at 3s., from a copse. Rose fined 10s., Taylor and Kill fourteen days each.

West Riding Police-court, Doncaster. James Robinson, charged with assaulting his wife, who said he boxed her ears, threw her downstairs, and turned her and her baby and other children into the street. Fined £1. 10s. and bound over.

Wrexham Police-court. Before Messrs. J. Prichard and E. Richards. Margaret Rowlands, charged with sleeping out. Fourteen days.

Rollesby Petty Sessions. Robert Warner, charged with being found in possession of game on the beach at Caister. Fined £5 and costs, or one month.

Worthing Police-court. Before Lieut.-Col. Wisden, the Mayor (Ald. Piper), and other Magistrates. William Effer, waiter at a local hotel, charged with stealing a gold chain and other articles. The prosecutrix did not wish to press the charge, saying she did wrong by leaving her jewellery and money about. Prisoner had previously borne a good character, and the Superintendent of Police spoke in his favour. He was under the influence of drink when he took the jewellery, and afterwards it was recovered. Three weeks.

St. Asaph Police-court. William Hall charged with poaching. Two months.

Thomas Cowap and Edwin Groome charged with a similar offence. Two months each.

Waltham Abbey Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. C. J. Bury and J. Parnell. Charles Smith and Alfred Tant charged with poaching on the land of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart. There was one previous conviction against Smith; nothing was known against Tant. Two months each, and ordered to find sureties for their good behaviour for six months.

Kilkenny City Court-house. Before Mr. John F. Smithwick and Mr. Laurence J. Power. Two women charged with having been found sleeping in an outhouse in the grounds of Mr. H. F. Considine, R.M. One month each.

A Carlisle County Magistrate has written to me with reference to a paragraph in my Pillory on November 16, in which it was stated that three men were fined—one £5 and the others £2 each and costs—for trespassing in pursuit of game. He informs me that the men in question were not summoned at the instance of any private individual for "trespass in pursuit of game," but by the police under the provisions of the Poaching Prevention Act. I willingly make this correction, but I must add that it does not in my view present the action of the convicting Justices in a more favourable light. On the contrary, I regard the Act mentioned as by far the most monstrous of all the Game Laws. It is further complained that I omitted to state that the defendants were "all of them notorious characters," and my correspondent tells me that "one of them, having begun life in a Reformatory, had from his youth up been convicted of all manner of crime short of

actual murder—being, in fact, regarded by those best qualified to judge as one of the most dangerous characters in the country." It is a pity my correspondent did not go a little further back into the history of this dangerous character, and mention for what heinous offence he was committed to a Reformatory—whether it was for stealing a few apples from an orchard, or sleeping out, or some similarly awful crime. It would seem also, if what this Justice says is accurate, that the Reformatory is an institution which very much belies its name.

His Honour Judge G. C. Walpole, of the Supreme Court, Gibraltar, has evidently not learned how to temper justice with mercy. At a recent sitting of the Court, Juan Mouchot was charged with breaking and entering a barber's shop. Seeing the back door of the shop ajar, a policemen went in, and found the prisoner, who had not, however, appropriated or disturbed anything. Mouchot's explanation was that in going home from the tavern he accidentally struck against the door, and it opened. Feeling somewhat tired, he sat down in a chair, and fell asleep until the officer woke him. This was ingenuous, but scarcely convincing, especially in view of the awkward fact that Mouchot had a jemmy in his possession. But whilst appearances were to that extent against the prisoner, in his favour a Sergeant of police testified that he had always hitherto borne a good character, and his employer, who had known him for fifteen years, endorsed this, and said he was willing to take the man back into his service. The Judge also enjoined the jury to consider well the man's previous character, and then, when a verdict of guilty was returned, showed an utter disregard of his own advice by passing a sentence of five years' penal servitude. The punishment was cruelly and preposterously out of proportion to the crime, and, bearing in mind that it was Mouchot's first offence, the Governor ought to have no hesitation in reducing the term, say, by four years and ten months.

I rejoice to see from the prosecution of one Jackson, *alias* "E. & O. Williams," at Stony Stratford last week, that the Treasury are at last showing a disposition to take up the cases of victims of the bogus employment agency swindlers. Jackson advertised to provide "evening correspondence," worth 10s. 6d. to £4 weekly, on receipt of 7d., to be "repaid afterwards;" and the replies to his advertisements were received by thousands. As his case has not yet been disposed of, I refrain from saying anything which might prejudice him personally. But if, in the meantime, the police or the Treasury want a few more similar cases to fill up their time with, I shall be happy to furnish the names of a dozen other advertisers in the same line, every one of whom I will guarantee to be a successful swindler.

EIDERDON PURE WOOLLEN FABRICS, in various weights and colourings, for Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Ladies' three-quarter Capes, Dresses, and Underskirts; also the new Ballylareen Duffle Frieze for Ulster Coats, Inverness Capes, and all descriptions of Winter Wraps where "warmth without weight" is the desideratum. The Eiderdon Rug. Samples of Boyd & Company's productions, with "The Book of the Ulster," illustrated, and forms for self-measurement, may be obtained, post free, on application to the Sole Proprietors and Makers, BOYD & CO., 77, Royal-avenue, Belfast.

The "Black Sheep at Chipping Warden," the Rev. E. Henville, is still pursuing his nefarious trade as a begging letter writer. In an effusion of this nature, dated December 1, he once more appeals to charity in terms almost identical with that of the letters previously dealt with in TRUTH, except that he contrives to get a new claim to sympathy out of the late Coal Strike. Another letter, dated December 6, presents a new feature in being in another handwriting, apparently that of one of the ladies of the family, of whom I have heard a good deal. It is unnecessary, I hope, to go again into this reverend scamp's iniquities, for the undisputed facts which I have already given show him to be a disgrace both to his cloth and to the Church, in which such a man is able to hold the position of a parish priest without interference. I trust that no one will be so misguided as to give him money.

In this connection let me once more repeat my usual Christmas warning against our old friend, Reuben May. This hoary-headed sinner is as usual to the front with his Christmas appeals. It has been shown again and again that he is quite undeserving of support, and everything that has been said about him applies just as forcibly to-day as it did ten years ago. With so many honest and well-managed charities crying for help on all sides, there can be no excuse for giving to a man of this stamp.

From Reuben May to Commissary-General Hamley is a very short step. Like the Great Arthur-street Mission through its Pastor, the "Junior Conservative Club" through its Commissary-General is now busily sending out its Christmas appeals, entreating the public to subscribe their guineas. I would not advise the public to subscribe to either, but I really think that the Mission has stronger claims, as a Mission, than the Club has, as a Club.

At this time of year the parties who advertise cheap rubbish for sale at fabulously reduced prices are unusually active. I have just received from an indignant lady a parcel of odds-and-ends which she has been induced to purchase from "The Artistic Photograph Company," 178, Charing Cross-road, by an advertisement representing that the parcel was to contain "A photographic or picture easel, beautifully made of solid oak, and hinged, value 1s.," sundry other articles valued at 6d. each, and a dozen or more miscellaneous valuables, including four steel-plate engravings, published at 3s. each. Needless to say, the beautifully made, solid oak, picture easel is an article which might be worth 2d., and the rest of the goods are in proportion. There is no law which prevents a tradesman over-estimating the value of his wares: but as the law gives no protection, it seems only the more necessary to warn the inexperienced what they may expect.

Besides the "Académie Universelle des Sciences et des Arts Industriels," referred to last week, the enterprising Martin Schmidt is running at Brussels another concern styled the "Société Scientifique Européenne." The object of this institution seems to be to obtain from such fools as have already paid Schmidt 50 francs to belong to his Académie, a further 55 francs (30 of them being an

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER restores the colour, renews the growth, arrests the fall, cleanses the scalp.

annual subscription) to belong to his Société. The game is played in the same way—that is to say, by sending circulars offering membership to tradesmen who show goods at exhibitions in any part of the world. To show the impudence of the thing, Schmidt does not even take the trouble to translate the documents of his learned Society into decent English. See this, for instance :—

Object of the Society.

To research, encourage, and reward the progress in agriculture, commerce, and industry; to help them in propagating every useful discoveries and to work to the amelioration of general well-being.

Seat of the Society.

The Society's principal siege is at Brussels, but she will establish groups, sections or associated comities, in the principal cities of the globe.

Admission.

Each person desiring to adhear to the European Scientific Society will make a demand to the Director; she will declare having read the reglement and accept it; she will give her name, prenames, professions, titles, and address and pays her subscription.

Means of actions.

She [the Society] visits the international or national expositions of the world and she represents the interests of her members who expose their products.

She organises, with the help of her members temporary or permanent expositions, national or universal. Every members of the Society have the right to expose freely in these expositions.

I would call the attention of the Public Prosecutor to a specially impudent breach of the Lottery Acts now being systematically carried on by a South Wales paper—the *Cardiff Express*. Each copy of the paper bears a number printed in coloured ink, and sundry advertisers in the paper offer prizes to the party producing a paper with a specified number. The proprietors of the paper are parties to the proceeding, for in a special notice they call the attention of the public to the system, and to certain advertisements in which prizes are offered. There can be no question, I take it, that this is a lottery pure and simple, and the sauce which has been applied to those London journalists who have organised "missing-word" and other analogous competitions, ought without delay to be applied to provincial contemporaries who break the law in a much more barefaced manner.

No journalist knows better than I do the difficulties of producing a novel and entertaining puzzle competition once a week. At the same time I cannot help wishing that my contemporaries, who make a feature of this line of business, would confine themselves to setting puzzles about the answer to which there can be no doubt. During the last few weeks I have had some hundreds of disappointed competitors writing to me about an arithmetical problem set in a weekly paper. All the writers maintain that they have given the best answer, or that the official solution is wrong. These malcontents may be right, but, unfortunately, it is beyond my power to help them. The Post Office, it is true, benefits by their communications with me, but I wish my contemporaries would benefit the Post Office in some other way.

Inquiries are constantly being made of me as to whether the next century begins with the year 1900 or the year 1901. It seems strange that anybody above the intellectual level of a nursery-maid should be in doubt on the point; but there are many people among us who seem to be under the impression that 1899 is the last year of the current century. Apparently, if £100 had to be paid to them, they would consider themselves paid when the debtor had counted out £99.

A Conservative subscriber to Truth sends me a paragraph quoting from a speech of Mr. Joseph Richardson, M.P., an account of the civility of Lord Londonderry to the Liberals at Seaham during the last General Election, when his Lordship not only lent a hall and ordered every facility to be given for the holding of a meeting, but ran two special trains for Mr. Richardson's convenience at ordinary fares. Though it is somewhat late to compliment Lord Londonderry now, I agree that his action is an excellent example to both parties, and I do not in the least object to assist in making it more widely known. Why should I? Because a man can behave courteously to his political opponents, it does not follow that he is qualified to legislate for his fellow-countrymen. There are many gentlemen outside the House of Lords, and, what is even more wonderful, outside the House of Commons.

The man who has most to learn from Lord Londonderry's action in the above instance is his brother Peer, the Marquis of Bute. This noble Lord, after allowing the use of the Drill Hall at Cardiff to a Tory caucus, at which Lord Salisbury figured, has declined to let the same building to the National Liberal Federation, except in the event of Mr. Gladstone's presence. Lord Bute evidently intends to shelter himself under the plea that what he has done for Lord Salisbury he is willing to do for Mr. Gladstone. In reality he is obviously endeavouring to impose on one Party a condition which he would never have dreamed of imposing on the other. That this is so, is shown by the fact that the hall has often been let for Tory meetings when only the small fry of the Party—Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, for instance—have been present. Perhaps Lord Londonderry has a hall somewhere which he will place at the disposal of the Liberal Federation, and if he will run special trains for their accommodation, he may rely upon winning the personal esteem and gratitude of all Radicals. But he would not, I feel sure, expect that in token of this appreciation no resolutions should be passed adverse to the legislative rights of Peers.

Mr. Newnes has sent me the following letter. As he writes "for publication" at the top, I presume that I am carrying out his wish in publishing it, together with my reply. I confess that I am lost in astonishment at his reading of "got hold of." Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, has been got hold of by the aristocracy. But assuredly no one would interpret this as a suggestion that he has received certain sums of money from persons interested in the Primrose League, in consideration of which he has uttered that which otherwise never would have come from a Liberal mouth. Mr. Buxton has been got hold of by Mr. Rhodes. But this does not mean that Mr. Rhodes has handed to Mr. Buxton a number of shares in the

Christmas Greetings.—Patterns are now ready, & will be sent post free, of these new & fashionable Cards for Christmas (specially printed). A most complete collection, comprising many striking novelties.—Parkins & Gotto, Court Stationers, Oxford st., Londn.

Ovaline Toilet Soap, made with Yolk of Egg, is a wonderful discovery for the skin and hair. As a Shaving Soap it has no equal. Price, 8d. per tablet, 2s per box.—52, King-st., Regent-st., London.

Chartered Company for a sum below their market value. The last people who have a right to be touchy are journalists. But they are often far too much given to imagine that, whilst they have a sacred mission to lecture others, they ought themselves to be treated with the reverence that an African displays in his relations with his medicine man :—

Wildercft, Putney Heath, S.W., Dec. 9, 1893.

DEAR MR. LABOUCHERE, I was more than surprised to see the paragraph in last week's TRUTH with regard to the *Westminster Gazette*.

You say practically, and even definitely as follows :—"The Editor and one or more writers of the *Westminster Gazette* have received certain sums of money from persons interested in the South Africa Chartered Company in consideration of which they have written that which otherwise would never have appeared in a Liberal paper."

You make some sort of appeal to me to investigate your charges. But I reply that they ought never to have been made, and that I am absolutely certain that there is not an atom of foundation for them. I have the most complete confidence in the probity of the gentlemen whom you attack. Your great knowledge of the law of libel will lead you, I think, on carefully again considering the paragraph, to see that you ought to take the first opportunity of making a full reparation.

So far as I am concerned, I wish to publicly state that I entirely repudiate the suspicions and suggestions which you have placed in your widely-read columns. I am sure you do not desire to be wantonly unjust, and I now ask you either to bring proofs of your charges, or else to completely withdraw them, and give some expression of regret for having made them.—I am, faithfully yours, GEO. NEWNES.

5, Old Palace-yard, S.W., Dec. 12.

DEAR MR. NEWNES,—I was even more surprised on reading your letter than you appear to have been on reading my paragraph.

I asked who on your staff had been got hold of. You jump to the conclusion that I thought that some one had been bribed. The meaning of the question is that, having perused the pernicious trash about the S.A. Chartered Company that almost daily appears in the *W.G.*, it was difficult to avoid believing that the writer had found himself thrown with a friend of the Company, and that this evil communication had sapped the writer's Liberal fibre. How else is it possible to account for a Liberal newspaper out-Heroding the Tory newspapers in laudation of a crew of filibusters, who have forced on a war, conducted it with inhuman cruelty, and now would have this country permit them to enjoy the fruits of bad faith, robbery, and murder? When I see a Liberal newspaper applauding and supporting such conduct, I feel that I am taking a kindly view in suggesting that some one connected with the paper must have been deceived by designing men.

Under these circumstances, far from wishing me to express regret for my paragraph, I am sure that, on consideration, you will thank me for it. Personally, you probably know very little about the merits of the question. I would suggest to you to read the "Africa" Blue Book of 1890, and the two Blue Books issued this year on the subject. When you have done so, I do not entertain a doubt that you will concur in my views in regard to these disgraceful transactions, and that you will no longer allow the *W.G.* to be prostituted by defending men whose deeds must inspire every Radical with detestation.—Yours very truly, H. LABOUCHERE.

JOSIAH TALKS TO THE SQUIRE AGAIN.

Said Josiah to the Squire, "Since I've worked with you for hire,
You have always kept on saying that my good 'tis you desire ;
You have never raised my wages for my hard and wearing toil,
But at Harvest Homes you've praised me for 'remaining on the soil.'
And full many a time I've heard you, at our annual Ploughing Match,
Talk about the virtues thriving 'neath my humble cottage thatch ;
And in promising your sympathy you never seem to tire,
But I don't appear to get it,"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

"For instance, at this moment there's that Parish Councils Bill,
Which, for sure, would bind me closer to the land I help till ;
Which would raise me, that is certain, and my future make more bright,
And yet, Squire, you are opposing that same Bill with all your might ;
Yes, assisted by the Parson, you are fighting tooth and nail
To defeat this act of justice, and to make it wholly fail ;
So it seems you want to keep me down for ever in the mire,
Though you *do* talk fair and friendly,"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

Said the Squire unto Josiah, "How ungrateful you must be,
Thus to want a Parish Council, and to say as much to *me* ;
For I've been your Parish Council, with the Vicar, for years past,
And this excellent arrangement ought most certainly to last.
True, we have not raised your wages, but we've served out soup, and coal,
And blankets from the dole-funds of which we have control,
And we've helped you, too, as Guardians, when your poverty's been dire :
Where's the need of Parish Councils ?"
To Josiah said the Squire.

Said Josiah to the Squire, "You have done what you have said,
You have given me some blankets and a loaf or two of bread,
And a sack of coal at Christmas ; this I don't at all deny,
But yet I'm not contented, and I'd like to tell you why—
It's because I think that no one who's worked long and hard like me
Should be forced to be a pauper and to take your charity ;
Yes, I think my hands should earn me all the little I require,
And they don't do that at present,"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

"At the best, as things are going, though I've worked with such a will,
I must end the life God gave me in the workhouse on the hill ;
And, although you may not think it, it will be with sore distress
I shall leave my little cottage and put on a pauper's dress ;
So though you, Squire, and the Parson, may declare my conduct's strange,
Yet I do not mind repeating that I long for things to change,
For I think an honest labourer should be worthy of his hire,
So I vote for Parish Councils !"
Said Josiah to the Squire.

Whether the Employers' Liability Bill should allow contracting out in cases where the men employed *bonâ fide* wish it may be a question on which, as on most others, there is a good deal to be said on either side. The proposal to forbid contracting out was carried in the House of Commons by the representatives of the nation, and it only found twenty-nine supporters in the House of Lords, where each Peer represented himself alone. That such should have been the result of a Bill coming before the two Houses of the Legislature makes it amply clear that both can no longer exist. Let us, therefore, look facts in the face. If really we believe that the popular

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Assembly ought to go by the board, then let us have the courage of our opinion, and leave legislation to Lord Salisbury and his hereditary merry men. Personally, I take another view. I would get rid of these hereditary merry men.

A Radical, and one sincerely desirous that the cause of progress may prove successful at the next General Election, I am every day more and more at a loss to understand why Government did not commence the Session of next year in the present autumn, instead of continuing the Session of this year. Had this been done, we should not have found ourselves in our present difficulty. The Parish Councils Bill is one that, in the multiplicity of its details, necessarily involves much discussion in an assembly which is largely made up of men who, if they understand nothing else, do understand these details. The most sanguine Ministerialist only expects that, allowing alone a holiday at Christmas of three or four days, the Bill will get through the Commons by January 10. Their hope seems to be that the Lords will pass a "carrying over" resolution when the Bill comes up to them, and that thus the present Session will end in time for the next Session to begin early in February. Were the Lords to do this it would show that they are prepared to sacrifice party considerations to the interests of the country. This is possible, rather than probable. Nor, if they do not, can the Liberals make any great complaint, for when a similar plan was proposed by the late Mr. W. H. Smith in the Commons, it was opposed (I never could understand why) by the Liberal Leaders.

It is always, to my thinking, a grave tactical mistake to count on Tories pursuing any course that may be of advantage to a Liberal Administration. The Tories—rightly or wrongly—are convinced that, if there were an immediate Dissolution, they would win. Their party aim is, therefore, to do their utmost to leave things as they are until a Dissolution does occur. With this object, they will endeavour to render the next Session as short and sterile as possible. Supposing that they decline to pass this "carrying over" resolution, and instead of this, discuss the Parish Councils Bill for two or three weeks, and send it back to the Commons plastered over with amendments, when can the next Session commence? Hardly before March. What with the Queen's Speech, and the requirements of finance, no legislative progress could, in this case, be made before Easter. Then would come the Budget, which I trust will be of such a nature as to make the Tories fight it tooth and nail. Where, consequently, would be the time in the Session for the main reforms to which we are pledged? It would be, to a great extent, a barren Session, and this is precisely what would suit the Tories. So to arrange matters that they can render it barren appears, therefore, to be tactics akin to a man attempting to get the better of a wall by butting his head against it, and denouncing the wall for not falling to pieces. The man may be fighting for the best of causes; the wall may be the very most objectionable of walls, but this does not alter the fact that wall would beat head.

What seems to me to be the weak point in the present Government is that, although its Members are filled with good intentions, and are ever ready to air their excellent intentions in a speech at a public meeting, they are without any clear perception how to give effect to them. The ship drifts. All is hand to mouth. To announce measures in the Queen's Speech, although the number announced may be so great that it is impossible even to hope to pass them, is regarded by the Government as equivalent to carrying the measures. Mr. Gladstone has frankly said that he lives alone for Home Rule. His energy in this direction has been wonderful, nor can it be expected at his advanced age that he can devote the same energy to the other items of the Newcastle Programme. Each particular section of his followers clamours for precedence being given to its own particular reforms. Mr. Gladstone sympathises with all the sections, and now holds out hope to one, now to the other. If a Bill is introduced, it contains rather the views of the Member in charge of it, than those of the collective Cabinet. When, after some discussion, the Minister's views do not appear to find favour, then another Minister is put up to throw the first over—a course of action which certainly does not tend to shorten debate. The assumption always is, that the Opposition will cease to oppose, or limit their opposition to such a time as may suit Ministers; and when they do not, it is deemed sufficient explanation of the miscalculation to declare that they are responsible for hindering legislative effect being given to the entire Newcastle Programme. In addition to this, the greatest atrocities are permitted in Africa by a financing Company; the Government is ashamed of them, and would willingly have forbidden them; but this might add to their troubles; they therefore prefer to wink at them, and to leave the financing Company to rob and murder as it pleases.

Any one, indeed, calling attention to these atrocities, which are a disgrace to our good name and to our civilisation, is regarded askance as an enemy of a Liberal Government; the doctrine being that, if a Ministry secures Parish Councils to English villages, even at the cost of many villages being burnt in Africa, and many Africans being shot down, African villagers ought cheerfully to consent to this, in order that English villagers may become Parish Councillors.

I do not hesitate to say that never in our times has anything so wicked been done in Africa as what is now occurring—and Heaven knows that we have already much on our consciences in regard to our treatment of Africans. The war was forced on these people by the Company in order to rob them. The Queen's specific

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pledges to their king have been ignored. Hostilities have been waged with unrelenting cruelty. Lobengula's envoys have been killed, he has been told that he must surrender at discretion, and that, until he does this, his people will be shot down like vermin. Their villages have been burnt, their cattle have been seized. The freebooters have sent home triumphant accounts how the remnant of the nation is starving and dying off from smallpox. And now side by side with this joyful intelligence to the shareholders of the Chartered Company is the further intelligence, that the capital of these people is being laid out as a town, to be owned by the Company, and that very rich gold has been discovered in some parts of the conquered country. Ahab took a fancy to Naboth's vineyard, and seized it for his personal enjoyment. This was bad enough, but what would have been thought of Ahab if he had allowed a "Palestine Exploration Company" to seize the vineyard after killing its owner, and then to invite the Jews to buy the shares of the Company, because the soil of the vineyard was so exceptionally good that the wine produced would command a huge price in the market?

Even the Tory newspapers are protesting against the anxiety of the Company at once to secure their blood money. I can understand that this a little conflicts with the theory that spoil was a mere secondary consideration with these "patriots." The Tory papers, however, should not be surprised at this eagerness. One million pounds worth of shares have just been given to the promoters of the Company. Whether these shares will ever pay a dividend by the acquisition of Matabeleland is doubtful. This the promoters know, and they want to parade the townships that they are laying out, and the gold discoveries that they are making, so as to sell their shares to fools at the premium at which they now stand, before the bubble bursts. One of the chief promoters is a Hamburg Jew. With all respect for this financing Israelite, can any one suppose that he is actuated by a burning zeal either for Christianity, or for civilisation, or for the honour of this country? With him the question is one of money, and of money alone.

There have been three ways in which Europeans have made money out of Africa: by selling its inhabitants as slaves, by selling bad spirituous liquor to them, and by killing them and laying hands on their land. Slavery is no longer permitted, and we denounce the slave-dealer as the vilest of human creatures. I doubt, however, whether he is worse than the liquor-seller, and certainly he is not worse than the slayer. What renders the liquor vendor and the filibuster more loathsome in my eyes than the slave-dealer is, that these two labourers in the African field clothe their nefarious trade with a hypocritical pretence of philanthropy, whereas the slave-dealer is at least no hypocrite. Whenever I find a man proclaiming that he has a mission to civilise or to Christianise, and filling his own pockets by his mission, I distrust him. He is, indeed, invariably a pernicious humbug. Religion may be an excellent thing for a man, but if I had been a shareholder in one of Jabez Balfour's Companies, and learnt that the Boards of these Companies began their proceedings with prayer, I should at once have sold my shares for what they would have fetched. Moreover, does not the House of Commons commence every day with prayer? Has this ever hindered that august Assembly from condoning or from ordering massacres of Africans?

If we hold that a country ought to belong to us, we must pay for the opinion, should we determine to act on it. To do our Jingoism by Company is to encourage the worst of cruelties, the basest of trickery, and the play of the most sordid of passions. The honour of the flag should never be confided to a Company; still less should it be confided to a ring of financing adventurers, who would violate every commandment of God and man, in order to send up the shares of their Company, or to make profits for themselves out of the Company that they have brought into existence. A Stock Exchange "war" with Maxim guns, and long-distance rifles against naked Africans armed with spears, is massacre, not war.

I regard a man who throws, or who causes to be thrown, dynamite into a crowd, as rather worse than a Thug. This mode of warring against Society commenced with the active outbreak of Nihilism in Russia. The Nihilists adopted the creed that as the Government of that country punished them they, therefore, were entitled to carry on warlike operations against the Government, and to kill any functionary, from the Emperor downwards, who displeased them. This doctrine of assassination found approval amongst many, because they disliked, with considerable justice, the Russian Government. I never approved of it, for it is obvious that, if private individuals may in secret conclave condemn a man, and execute the sentence, there is no sort of guarantee that the condemned man deserves death.

What precisely a Nihilist is I do not know. So far as I have been able to make it out, he wishes to destroy everything, in order to rebuild everything after his own devices. What Nihilism is in Russia, Anarchism is out of Russia, but the means it employs to propagate its faith are still more monstrous. These means are to throw dynamite bombs into crowds, in order to convince all that law and order are no protection to human life, though what is to be substituted for them the Anarchists do not explain. The idea presumably is that if law and order fail to protect people against these machinations, no one will deem them worth defending. A man may, if he pleases, call this a political creed, and insist that if caught in the act of throwing a bomb amid an unoffending crowd, he should be treated as a political prisoner. But the

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same plea might be put forward for impunity in poisoning, or arson, or in a hundred other crimes against society.

I would never show mercy to a detected dynamitard. Dynamite can be manufactured by any half-dozen men; a bomb can easily be carried about by one of them without detection. The only way, therefore, for society to protect itself is to hang every one directly or indirectly implicated in bomb-throwing. A good many persons are quite ready to aid and abet in such crimes, but very few are ready to incur the risk of being hanged. I do not see how a dynamitard can even expect mercy. Is he to kill men, women, and children at his pleasure, and is he to protest against the same fate being meted out to him, if caught?

The Anarchists who air these doctrines are mainly men who make the profession of Anarchy a business. They would not risk their own lives in giving effect to them. These men actually complain if the Police move them on roughly. Yet, if in their opinion a disagreement of view on political issues entitles them to blow up those who disagree with them, they ought to recognise that it would only be acting on their own doctrines, were the Police to throw bombs in their midst. Of course, this would never be done, but I confess that, if a man openly advocates bomb-throwing, I should not deem that he is improperly treated, were he to be given a term of imprisonment with hard labour.

Nothing can be more injurious to the cause of progress than dynamite outrages. The mass of mankind have a wholesome regard for their own skins. Such outrages are worth thousands of votes to the Tories, although I am very far from believing that they would incite to them.

It is curious that our alarmists have not discovered that the reason why the French have of late years built so many warships is because we, in defiance of our pledges, held on to Egypt. That most unfortunate occupation will, therefore, cost us about twenty millions in shipbuilding, and about one million per annum in maintaining the ships when built. This is all the more absurd as, in the event of a war with France, our first step would be to evacuate Egypt, and to block the eastern exit of the Mediterranean by means of our hold on the Red Sea.

The Triple Alliance was made avowedly to secure the peace of Europe; it was made really, under the auspices of Bismarck, to secure to Germany the Provinces that she had taken from France. Supposing that it occurs to Italy that she has nothing to do with these Provinces, and that she shifts her alliance to France and Russia, what would become of our doctrine that we are only safe if we have a Navy equal to those of France and Russia? Italy would weigh down the balance against us.

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SCRUTATOR.

MISS MARRYAT'S BOGUS BOGEY.

About two years ago, under the title "There is no Death," Miss Florence Marryat presented to the public a highly edifying record of experiences of the spirit world. As it was dealt with by my reviewer at the time, it is unnecessary for me to make now any general remarks upon this book, though I may observe in passing that it strikes me as one of the most painful records of combined imposture and self-deception to be found in this class of literature. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say that the book contains reports of Miss Marryat's alleged interviews with a large number of departed spirits under the auspices of various professional mediums. Quite recently, however, I have come into possession of evidence which seems to make certain passages of the book worthy of further notice—not merely on account of the light which the evidence throws on Miss Marryat's remarkable personal experiences, but for the sake of its bearing upon occult phenomena generally.

The passages to which I refer recount supposed apparitions to Miss Marryat of her stepson, Mr. Francis Lean, at the time of, and subsequently to, his being drowned off the coast of Peru. The evidence with which I am now able to supplement Miss Marryat's narrative comes up in the following way:—A shipmate of Mr. Lean's who was an intimate friend of the lad, and cognisant of the exact facts in regard to his death, accidentally came across Miss Marryat's book a few months ago, and being struck—as well he might be—with certain statements and, still more, certain suggestions made by the writer and by the supposed ghost, drew up on his next visit to England a statement in regard to the circumstances, which he forwarded to me. The name of this gentleman is Frederick John Davis, a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and he is prepared, if necessary, to verify his narrative by a declaration on oath. In the meantime I may say that I am personally quite satisfied of his honesty and good faith. To make the story intelligible, however, it is necessary to give Miss Marryat's statements first.

The first allusion to Mr. Lean's death is at pp. 48-9 of the book. Miss Marryat there describes how in July, 1880, she went down to Brighton by herself to complete some literary work. She says:—

> I used to write all day, and walk in the evening. It was light then till eight or nine o'clock, and the Esplanade used to be crowded till a late hour. I was pushing my way, on the evening of July 9, through the crowd, thinking of my work more than anything else, when I saw, as I fully thought, my stepson, Francis Lean, leaning with his back against the palings at the edge of the cliff, and smiling at me. He was a handsome lad of eighteen, who was supposed to have sailed in his ship for the Brazils five months before. But he had been a wild young fellow, causing his father much trouble and anxiety, and my first impression was one of great annoyance, thinking naturally that, since I saw him there, he had never sailed at all, but run away from his ship at the last moment. I hastened up to him therefore, but as I reached his side he turned round quite methodically, and walked down a flight of steps that led to the beach. I followed him, and found myself among a group of ordinary seamen mending their nets, but I could see Francis nowhere. I did not know what to make of the occurrence, but it never struck me that it was not the lad himself or someone remarkably like him. The same night, however, after I had retired to bed in a room that was unpleasantly brilliant with the moonlight streaming in at the window, I was roused from my sleep by some one turning the handle of my door, and there stood Francis in his naval uniform, with the peaked cap on his head, smiling at me as he had done upon the cliff. I started up in bed intending to speak

to him, when he laid his finger on his lips and faded away. This second vision made me think something must have happened to the boy, but I determined not to say anything to my husband about it until it was verified. Shortly after my return to London, we were going, in company with my own son (also a sailor), to see his ship, which was lying in the docks, when, as we were driving through Poplar, I again saw my stepson Francis standing on the pavement and smiling at me. That time I spoke. I said to Colonel Lean, "I am sure I saw Francis standing there. Do you think it is possible he may not have sailed after all?" But Colonel Lean laughed at the idea. . . We visited the seaside after that, and in September, whilst we were staying at Folkestone, Colonel Lean received a letter to say that his son Francis had been drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the surf of the Bay of Callao, in the Brazils (sic), *on the 9th of July*—the day I had seen him twice at Brighton, two months before we heard that he was gone.

The reader will note here that either Miss Marryat is a singularly inaccurate historian, or her knowledge of geography is woefully deficient, it being, I should have thought, a matter of universal knowledge that Callao is not in "the Brazils," but on the coast of Peru, on the other side of the Continent, and distinct from the Brazilian coast about as far as the Bay of Biscay from the Persian Gulf. That, however, is a mere detail.

The next mention of Mr. Lean is at p. 133, in a description of the various marvels wrought by a medium named Colman, who "materialised" this poor youth, and thus enabled him to communicate to Miss Marryat, and, apparently, to Colonel Lean, also, "the circumstances of his death, and the events leading to it," matters previously unknown to them. It is much to be regretted that Miss Marryat omits to state what were the circumstances narrated in this instance, for, as I shall presently show, when the materialised phantom of Mr. Lean made statements on the same subject under the auspices of another medium, their accuracy leaves much to be desired. Passing over another highly instructive passage, in which the deceased lad is described by the spirit of his still-born sister as "chevying" her round the spirit-world and ducking her in a fountain, we next come across Frances Lean at p. 241, under the mediumship of a worthy who is only alluded to as "the Doctor." As this passage contains the supposed shade's detailed account of the circumstances of his death, it is necessary to quote it in full:—

As she left us, a dark figure advanced into the room and ejaculated, "Ma! Ma!" I recognised at once the peculiar intonation and mode of address of my stepson, Francis Lean, with whom, since he had announced his own death to me, I had had no communication, except through trance mediumship. "Is that you, my poor boy?" I said, "come closer to me. You are not afraid of me, are you?" [Why on earth should he be afraid of her? Is it usual for ghosts to be afraid of human beings?—Ed. TRUTH.] "Oh, no! Ma! of course not, only I was at the Opera House, you know, with the others, and that piece you recited, Ma—you know the one—it's all true, Ma—and I don't want you to go back to England. Stay here, Ma—stay here!" I knew perfectly well to what the lad alluded, but I would not enter upon it before a stranger. So I only said, "You forget my children, Francis—what would they say if I never went home again?" This seemed to puzzle him, but after a while he answered, "Then go to *them*, Ma; go to *them*." All this time he had been talking in the dark, and I only knew him by the sound of his voice. I said, "Are you not going to show yourself to me, Francis? It is such a long time since we met." "Never since you saw me at the docks. That was me, Ma, and at Brighton, too, only you didn't half believe it till you knew I was gone." "Tell me the truth of the accident, Francis," I asked him. "Was there foul play?" "No," he replied, "but we got quarreling about *her*, you know, and fighting, and that's how the boat upset. It was my fault, Ma, as much as anybody else's."

"How was it your body was never found?" "It got dragged down in an undercurrent, Ma. It was out at Cape Horn before they offered a reward for it." Then he began to light up, and as soon as the figure was illuminated, I saw that the boy was dressed in "jumpers" and "jersey" of dark woollen material, such as they wear in the Merchant Service in hot climates, but over it all—his head and shoulders included—was wound a quantity of flowing white material I have before mentioned. "I can't bear this stuff; it makes me look like a girl," said Francis, and with his hands he tore it off. Simultaneously the illumination ceased, and he was gone. I called him by name several times, but no sound came out of the darkness. It seemed as though the veiling which he dislikes preserved his materialisation, and that, with its protection removed, he had dissolved again.

The lad is subsequently "materialised" once more, through the agency of a medium called Virginia Roberts—this time minus the flimsy white veiling, in consequence of which he did not on that occasion look like a girl; but he made no more disclosures of importance.

So much for Miss Marryat. Now for Mr. Davis. He begins by stating that he is a Master Mariner and that in July, 1880, he was first mate of the British barque *Stuart*, on which Francis Lean was serving as an apprentice. The Captain's name was Bradshaw, and the second officer was Mr. F. Kerr, who had been in the ship two years and was an intimate friend of Mr. Lean. The war between Chili and Peru was at this time in progress, and on July 9 the *Stuart* was lying off Chorillos, a small port south of Callao, waiting for a suspension of hostilities in order to discharge her cargo at Callao, which was at this time blockaded. The first part of Mr. Davis's statement I desire as far as possible to pass over, because it touches on matters of family history of a delicate nature; but I feel bound to mention that Mr. Davis says, on the strength of two years' acquaintance with Francis Lean on board the *Stuart*, that the sentiments entertained by the young man towards his stepmother were the reverse of kindly. In fact, from specific speeches which he quotes, it is clear that if, after his decease, Mr. Lean visited his stepmother in a smiling and amiable mood, and addressed her in the affectionate terms above quoted, he must indeed have "suffered a sea change" after the catastrophe of July 9. Mr. Davis flatly refuses to believe in the possibility of his addressing Miss Marryat, either in the flesh or in the spirit, as "Ma" or "Mother," or by any term of endearment. For the rest, his narrative proceeds thus:—

Captain Bradshaw went on shore early in the day [July 9] and left instructions for me to send one of the ship's lifeboats on shore shortly after noon, and I did so, the boat being in charge of Mr. Kerr, the second officer, with five men with him to row her. Shortly after the boat had pushed off from the ship, I noticed her returning, and upon getting near Mr. Kerr hailed me to ask for another man to assist in the rowing, as the boat "rowed heavily." Francis Lean was standing by my side at the time, and the look on his face convinced me that he would like to go, and I told him he might do so. He then asked permission "to get his watch and chain from his berth." I granted his request, and a few seconds afterwards he appeared on deck, carrying his uniform coat on his arm, and a pipe and tobacco-pouch in his hand. I noticed that he had his watch and chain attached to his vest. He entered the boat and took the bow oar, and that was the last I saw of him. . . .

The boat reached the shore safely, and the crew were allowed to wander around the town for a few hours. Between four and five in the evening they pushed off, so as to get to the ship before dark. The second officer was steering the boat, and Lean still rowed the bow oar. When about halfway off to the ship, a blind swell rose close under the boat's bow, and this was followed by a huge breaking wave which "over-ended" the boat. Lean was apparently killed instantly by the boat, in turning over, smashing his head in; at any rate, he never rose again. Five of the occupants found themselves clinging to the boat, and two were missing. One of the missing ones was, however, a prisoner on top of the thwarts under the boat, and, by pushing out the plug, he was enabled to breathe freely. The accident had been witnessed from the shore by the Port Captain, and a boat put off, picked up the floating survivors, and towed the boat on to a little beach when the sailor underneath was liberated, more dead than alive. When the accident occurred the boat's crew

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were laughing heartily at a tale which Lean had just told them . . . .

A reward was offered the next day, and a body was found about twenty miles away, and Captain Bradshaw rode a dreary journey to see it; but it was impossible to recognise the once handsome youth, for he was a very, very handsome lad. However, the body was no doubt his, and received a decent burial, and it was our intention to erect a monument to our comrade's memory, but the Chilians cleared us out at a few hours' notice, and we were unable to do so. . . . He was a splendid specimen of an English lad of eighteen years of age. Upright, truthful, and plucky, and full of fun and devilment, and I am sure his spirit would not lie. I think—nay, I am sure—I knew him better than ever "Miss Marryatt" could have done. . . . .

The portions of the statement which I have omitted are either irrelevant details, or comments upon the supposed revelations of Francis Lean's spirit. I have already stated that Mr. Davis is ready to swear to his narrative if necessary. I may add that he appeals for corroboration to Captain Bradshaw and the rest of the ship's company, and to the log of the *Stuart*.

Now let us look at the bearing of this narrative upon the supposed appearances of this poor lad to his stepmother after his death. To begin with, Chorillos is by the clock a trifle over five hours West of Greenwich. The accident took place apparently about 5 p.m., or a little after. Mr. Davis does not state the time that it would be required to row from the shore to the ship, but that it was a long and hard pull is shown, first, by the fact of the second officer putting back in order to get an additional hand; secondly, by the boat putting off from the shore "between four and five" in order to reach the ship before dark, the month being in July, and the latitude twelve degrees south of the equator. The boat having started between four and five, and having been capsised halfway between the ship and the shore, it is a safe inference that the time was not much, if any, earlier than five o'clock. What would have been the corresponding time at Brighton? Ten o'clock, or a little later. Yet Miss Marryat is under the impression that she saw Francis Lean on the Esplanade at Brighton before dark on the same evening. And evidently it was some time before dark. She saw him smiling at her, and she "hastened" up to him, but just as she reached him he moved off. This implies that she recognised him at a distance of some paces; and to recognise with certainty at such a distance the features of a man believed to be at the other side of the world, implies that it was still daylight. If it was twilight or dusk, the supposed recognition ceases to have the slightest significance. On July 9 the sun would set about twelve or fourteen minutes past eight, and it cannot have been much later than this that the supposed apparition was seen. At 8.15 by Greenwich time it would be 3.15 in Peru, and at that time Francis Lean was on shore at Chorillos. Even putting the apparition as late as 9 p.m. Greenwich time—when daylight would be all but gone—it would be barely 4 at Chorillos, and the *Stuart's* boat had not yet put off from shore. It would seem, therefore, either that the young man's phantom, or spook, or whatever it was, appeared at Brighton from one to two hours before his death, or Miss Marryat's eyes deceived her. Personally, I prefer the latter alternative, more especially in view of her subsequent vision of Mr. Lean smiling at her in the crowd on the pavement as she was driving through the streets of Poplar.

Now as to the circumstances narrated by Mr. Lean's shade when "materialised" by "the Doctor." On the first point the spectre is clearly right; there was certainly no foul play. Not only was there no foul play, but there was not a suspicion of foul play; nor, so far as Miss Marryat informs us, a particle of evidence to warrant her in putting the question. But the suggestion having been raised by her question, observe how the "spook" catches it up. Although there was no foul play there was a quarrel, he says—a quarrel about a woman. There was a fight, and in the fight the boat was upset, though the spook very generously admits that he was as much to blame for the occurrence as the comrades with whom he was fighting. Every word of this is pure invention, but it is a trifle beside the next statement. "How was it your body was never found?" asks the lady. She was unaware, you see, herself that the body had not only been found but buried, and for the second time she leads the poor spirit into a fatal trap. His body, he replies, had been dragged down by an undercurrent, and was floating off Cape Horn before even a reward was offered. Thus not only is the non-recovery of the body explained, but a second imputation is cast upon the dead man's shipmates. Alas, poor ghost! Cape Horn, although he does not know it, is distant from Chorillos 2,624 miles, and no current could carry a human body that distance without knocking it to pieces, even if, in order to facilitate matters, all the sharks between Cape Horn and the Peruvian coast had been exterminated. As a matter of fact, although this also he does not know, the poor ghost's body was washed ashore twenty miles from Chorillos. A reward (although he does not know it) had been offered for the recovery of his body within a few hours of the accident; and, long before any portion of his anatomy could, by anything short of a miracle, have drifted to Cape Horn, his remains, although he is unaware of it, were decently interred in the soil of Peru. In short, the statements put into the mouth of this unlucky ghost are from beginning to end a tissue of impudent lies, not only contradicted at each point by the evidence of flesh-and-blood witnesses, but preposterous upon the very face of them.

What is the conclusion? There is a choice of four:—(1) Either Francis Lean's spirit returned to this earth for the purpose of hoaxing his step-mother and suggesting slanderous imputations upon his comrades; or (2) Mr. Davis has gratuitously come forward, from no conceivable motive, to perjure himself in order to impugn the veracity of his departed friend; or (3) Miss Florence Marryat has concocted the alleged revelations of her stepson's spook for the purpose of hoaxing the public; or (4) Miss Marryat is herself the victim of an impudent fraud. The first two alternatives I dismiss at once, and the third does not seem to me more worthy of consideration. I have no doubt that Miss Marryat honestly believes that she saw Mr. Lean at Brighton and London, both on the occasions when she was awake and the occasion when she was asleep; nor do I doubt that she was introduced to what she supposed to be the materialised shade of Mr. Lean by various mediums in

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America. That she really saw in the later instances anything more spiritual than the bogus bogeys which have been publicly exposed and held up to derision a hundred times on both sides of the Atlantic, no sane person who reads these lines will doubt; nor will any sane person have any difficulty in seeing that the bogey, or "the Doctor" who worked it, knew just as much about young Lean's fate as Miss Marryat herself, and invented the rest, with the highly interesting results above described. Cordially and ungrudgingly do I acquit Miss Marryat of any intention to deceive. Nevertheless, a lady who can at this time of day put forward a bulky volume made up entirely of records of stale mediums' tricks and pretended spirit revelations, most of them of the same character as the above and many of them infinitely more grotesque or offensive, deserves, to my thinking, very little mercy. To paraphrase the familiar line, evil is wrought by stupidity or credulity as well as by deliberate intention; and that evil in all sorts of shapes must be wrought by the circulation of such a mass of pernicious nonsense as is contained in this one volume admits of very little doubt.

MORE ABOUT THE UNSPEAKABLE QUACK.

I have received, as already mentioned in TRUTH, a number of interesting communications with reference to my recent article under the above heading (TRUTH, November 16), but other demands on my space have prevented my publishing them, and now compel me to cut the discussion short. To begin with, I have had another letter from Dr. Arthur Welsford, who, returning to his original point, that the present state of the law in regard to quackery is unsatisfactory, cites the recent case of the "Indian Oculists" as evidence to the effect. The Indian Oculists were charged with obtaining money by false pretences, and the charge failed because a criminal intention could not be proved. I doubt that the law will ever be so altered in this country as to enable a man to be convicted of a crime where there is no evidence of a criminal intention. There ought to be laws to prevent unqualified persons practising surgery, and I am under the impression that there are, and if the Medical Colleges have not power to enforce such laws, they should have them, just as the Incorporated Law Society has. On one point I am glad to find myself entirely in agreement with Dr. Welsford, namely, that the Inland Revenue stamp on proprietary medicines and lotions conveys to the ignorant the impression that the compound is in some way certified or approved by Government. This is a point which has often been urged in TRUTH, and I have argued on this and other grounds that the tax on "patent medicines" should be repealed. If the medical profession will support me in demanding this, I shall be at once gratified and surprised. Dr. Welsford raises one or two other points, but these I will refer to incidentally hereafter.

The communication which interests me most is a communication from "A Quack's Ghost"—that is to say, a literary gentleman, one of the class with brains but no money, who has earned a livelihood by compiling a quack's pamphlets, circulars, and advertisements. The Ghost makes his confessions with much candour, and admits that he does not regard his ghostly career with pride; but he denies emphatically that he has been a party to anything in the shape of fraud or misrepresentation. His disclosures from Ghost-land are entitled to great weight, for they relate to a quack who spends from £15,000 to £20,000 per annum on advertising his wares, and who may, therefore, be regarded as one of the leaders of the profession. I cannot give the whole of the Ghost's communication, but here is the substance of it:—

> My quack was a man of very large ideas but limited vocabulary. His wares have for years found and still find great favour with all classes of the British public, and I assert that this would not be so but for their proved efficacy in the relief and cure of a great variety of ailments. There was no misrepresentation in the advertisements. The medical critics may say that the articles could not possibly cure the diseases which they were represented to cure. I reply, "this negative theory will not stand against the positive testimony of John Smith, Sarah Jones, and all the other customers, who bought my quack's wares on the strength of the advertisements, and *of their own free will* declared themselves cured of rheumatism, indigestion, or whatever the ailment might be." I say this of my own knowledge, acquired by personal contact with the writers of testimonials, and knowing this, I never felt any compunction about the statements made in the advertisements.
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> The charges most frequently hurled at the quack are (1) that he charges an exorbitant price for an article, the prime cost of which is small; (2) that he obtains his price by grossly exaggerating the value of his wares; (3) that he trades on the ignorance and credulity of his customers; (4) that his testimonials are either fictitious or obtained by tricks from fools. Writing after considerable familiarity with the class and with their tactics and ethics, I think that these would be the answers to the charges: (1) the cost of *selling* so far exceeds the cost of *making* the article that the price does not leave an exorbitant profit; (2) the statements as to the value of the goods are in the main based on the statements of people who have tried them; (3) the quack, speaking generally of the whole class, no more trades on ignorance and credulity than the majority of advertising tradesmen; (4) it is simply untrue that testimonials are obtained in this way. So many unsolicited testimonials are received that there is no need for it. Of course there are quacks and quacks. It is the small fry of quackery who bring discredit on the "profession." I admit that I have known some of them to be guilty of some of the charges above specified; but the men in a large way of business I believe to be innocent of three out of four of the charges, while, in regard to the first one, they are only acting on the principle which every advertising tradesman must necessarily adopt—that the customer pays for the advertisement.
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> I do not say that there is no doubt as to the morality of quackery; but the legality of it is beyond dispute, and the law allows other modes of making money which are less legitimate. Rogues, of course, try their hands at this and other businesses, and when they can be caught let them be punished as the law directs. . . . .

To my thinking, this is a very fair statement of the case. The manufacturer of a "patent" pill, a "patent" potion, or a "patent" lotion, is a tradesman, and he stands or falls by the same rules as other tradesmen. Dr. Welsford is shocked at my arguing that trade advertisements of all kinds are apt to contain falsehoods. "You tell us," he says, "nothing can be done to stop the wholesale fraud which goes on, as so many tradesmen would have to be prosecuted. This being so, the sooner this rotten state of things is mended the better for our self-respect as a nation." But to call it "fraud" is to beg the whole question. I take the first instance I can think of. London hoardings have lately been adorned with a picture representing the Prince and Princess of Wales at breakfast or luncheon. A bottle of somebody's relish or sauce is on the table, and one of the august personages is represented as expressing his affection for it. Does Dr. Welsford think that any Court in its senses would ever be induced to regard this as a fraudulent misrepresentation that the Heir Apparent had given a testimonial to this particular compound? Dr. Welsford may have seen a picture of an infant of tender years reaching out of its bath after a piece of soap of a particular make.

with the categorical statement below that "He won't be happy till he gets it." Is this a fraudulent representation that without the use of this brand of soap no infant can ever be happy? The law, let me remind the doctors again, has what Ibsen's damsel calls the "robust conscience." In all those matters, it says, "*Caveat emptor*—don't be such a fool as to believe everything a man tells you when he wants you to buy his goods. If what he says is an obvious lie, more fool you to believe it." I can hardly think of a case to which this rule of law seems more justly applicable than the one cited by Dr. Welsford in his former letter of a pill advertised to cure old age. Fancy any old fool going before a jury of his fellow creatures, and professing that he had been taken in by a statement that he could renew his youth for thirteenpence half-penny. Much sympathy he would get—or deserve!

So far, I have been assuming that the vendors of quack medicines tell nothing but lies. My "Quack's Ghost" emphatically denies this, and I see no reason to doubt him. Several doctors have written to me in an abusive strain for suggesting that aloes and ginger can possibly possess one-half or one-quarter the virtues claimed for them, and still more for hinting that regular practitioners occasionally deceive their patients, or have been even known to fail where quacks succeed. If it were worth while to quote those letters, I could now follow them up with quotations from a dozen other correspondents who narrates cures by well-known quack remedies precisely similar to the one which I gave from my own experience. For instance:—

> "Quackery," as you call it, has done more for me than half-a-dozen and more of doctors. I have been a patient at two or three hospitals, and under several private doctors. One said that I was suffering from colic, and another that I was in consumption; a third pronounced me incurable, on what ground I don't know; and, for all they could do, I might have died, but for a certain lady "quack," as you call them. I enclose you the names of all the doctors and where I have been under them, and you are at liberty to write to them to verify my statement.

Does any one outside the medical profession doubt that cases—authentic cases—to the same effect could be multiplied indefinitely? "With regard to all alleged cures effected by drugs," says Dr. Arthur Welsford in his last letter to me, "we must always bear in mind the dangerous *post hoc, propter hoc* fallacy." Of course we must; and we must bear it in mind in the case of cures effected by the regular practitioner quite as much as in that of cures effected by quack remedies.

My impression about the whole matter is this:—The science or art of medicine rests upon two grand principles—(1) Faith, (2) Aperients. Both of these are as much at the command of the quack as the regular practitioner. As regards faith, indeed, the quack has the advantage. His advertisements, his testimonials—his lies, if you like—above all the fact that he caters largely for the most ignorant class, all tell in his favour as a faith-healer, and my belief is that half the cures wrought, whether by legitimate or illegitimate means, are faith-healing, and nothing else. As for aperients, everyone knows how much store the quack sets by them, or everyone may soon know it by referring to the interesting series of articles in *Hygiene*, mentioned in my last article. The author of these articles laughs, as a regular practitioner can afford to laugh, at the quack's simple faith in aloes, colocynth, rhubarb, and calomel. But put the regular practitioner to tend patients wholesale by contract; make him an Army doctor, or a parish doctor—especially a parish doctor who finds his own drugs—and what is his prescription then for nine patients out of ten? A blue pill and a black draught. And is he wrong? No. In nine cases out of ten he is right. By the same rule, in nine cases out of ten the quack is right too. And what about the tenth case? Well, the tenth man must either recover or he must die. If he recovers, the medicine gets the credit; if he dies, no one thinks of blaming the medicine. This is most satisfactory for all parties, seeing that in all probability the medicine had nothing to do with the result in either case.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not suggest that no quack doctors are rogues. Heaven forbid! There are probably more rogues practising in this line than any other. I speak solely of the manufacturers and vendors of the various remedies loosely described as "patent medicines;" and, even as regards these, I am far from saying that some push their wares by fraudulent or otherwise objectionable means. Since this article was first written, a provincial chemist has sent me a circular from a London Company which sells a special pill. The circular invites the chemist to procure the names and addresses of any persons in the locality who have benefited by the pills, promising him in return that when the case is advertised, as it is to be, he shall have a good place in the advertisement. To further stimulate the discovery of such cases, a guinea is offered to any employé of the chemist who may assist in bringing it to light. The Company will doubtless say that they only desire to obtain genuine cases, and, looking at the statements of my Quack's Ghost, they may also say with an appearance of reason that there is no difficulty in discovering genuine cases suitable for the purpose in places where the pills are used. It is nevertheless obvious that the means of discovery employed are little better than premiums on the discovery of bogus cases. This is an objectionable mode of doing business; but I have seen even more objectionable modes adopted by other tradesmen who would strongly resent the imputation that they are not respectable. Public opinion may properly condemn such methods, and honest tradesmen will to the best of their ability set their faces against them. But, to say this is a very different thing from saying that the law ought to step in to prevent such proceedings, or any other aids to the creation of a demand for commodities which are at present lawful. When the regular practitioners ask for that or anything like it, they are asking for an impossibility, and that is all that I am endeavouring to show them.

"THE BLACK CAT."

It has been stated with a great flourish of trumpets that Dr. Todhunter's "Black Cat" is the best play that has been discovered as yet, and produced by the Independent Theatre Society. With that statement nobody can find fault, for it is perfectly true. But then, again, it has been suggested that by the successful production of "The Black Cat" the Society in question has justified its

existence. On the contrary, I should be inclined to say that the history so far of this remarkably clever play is the best possible proof of the erroneous tenets of the Society. It appears to be the first principle of the commendably earnest directors of this association never to accept a play that is not morbidly gloomy, and never to encourage an author who is not a pronounced pessimist. They not only encourage black cats but blue devils. The "unhappy ending" is with them a *sine qua non*. They have apparently sworn to oppose any form of dramatic literature that paints the healthiness of society and the cheerfulness of contemporary life. Mirth with them is misery, and their amusements are shrouded in the "trappings and the suits of woe." The more disagreeable the hero, the more hateful the heroine, the more Morgue-like the method, and the more Kensal-greeny the conclusion, so much the more popular is the play in the estimation of these very advanced and Job Trotter-like young gentlemen. In fact, if a young and clever author wants to have his play acted for one night only and put on the shelf for evermore he cannot do better than entrust it to the crematorium of the Independent Theatre Society. If he wants his play to live, to become a classic, and to afford intellectual pleasure to his fellow creatures, he may abandon all hope when he enters the gloomy gates of the fortress of destruction.

Take, for instance, the case of "The Black Cat." Suppose Dr. Todhunter had taken it, say, to Mr. John Hare, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or Mr. George Alexander, he would have received some such sound practical advice and encouragement as this: "An excellent play, my dear sir, so far as it goes, and just the play that the general public would admire and applaud. Your comedy writing is admirable, and your satirical style that of a philosophical humourist, not of a verbal juggler. You do not lead up to your jokes in the wearisome manner affected by the most modern playwrights, but they are naturally evolved from the scene, the situation, and the character. Your puppets do not sit round in a circle and bandy their jokes about like the Christy Minstrels. They act, talk, and jest like ordinary men and women in society. The subject you have selected is one that especially appeals to a modern audience, and you have argued out the eternal marriage question with admirable tact and temper, allowing each side to have a fair innings. The chaff of the advanced young man and the emancipated young woman is quite admirable, and there is every reason to believe that the playgoing public will accept your comedy scenes as the best that have been written for a considerable time. *But* (and it is a very important *but*) I can assure you, my dear Dr. Todhunter, that you have spoiled your play by appending to your excellent comedy and your domestic drama a wholly irrelevant and unnecessary tragedy, which, regret it as you may, will minimise the marketable value of your work. The play as it stands, up to a given point, is bound to succeed. Now, if you would consent not to force that tragic trump, you would take the trick instead of losing the game."

This, I venture to say, would be the managerial verdict on Dr. Todhunter's play. But then, of course, I do not know what Dr. Todhunter's intentions may be. Does he want to join the ranks of England's dramatists or not? I mean, does he want to write for the stage as it is, and in the character of an ordinary dramatic workman? If so, he has every requisite for the task. A man who could write "The Black Cat," even as it stands, is exactly the dramatist that the stage requires. Perhaps, however, this view of the learned Professor's aims and intentions is erroneous. Possibly he only wants to write in order to uphold the views of the clever, mistaken, and unpractical young men with whom he is associated. If so, he has already got his reward—the reward of a one-night success instead of the applause of thousands of his grateful fellow-countrymen. If Dr. Todhunter aims at the gratification of the minority who in their own estimation and that of their prophets and teachers are "always right," then he must be satisfied; or if, on the other hand, he would please the majority, who in the opinion of faddists are "always wrong," he will take his play back, reconsider it, alter it, make use of that admirable child in the play, the best and most naturally drawn child the modern stage has seen, conclude his play differently, unless he can manufacture geniuses to undertake it; and he will make up his mind to study the stage with a practical eye and cut his dramatic coat according to the cloth that is under his hand. To my thinking it will be a thousand pities if "The Black Cat" is driven off the boards. I would feed her up and give her a new saucer of milk, and make her into a sleek and glossy black cat, not a neglected wanderer among areas.

It was inevitable that a writer of Dr. Todhunter's great capacity and powers of observation should be perplexed. Let him get out of the atmosphere of a mutual admiration society and breathe the air of the world outside. He was told the other day that the tendency of modern audiences is towards pessimism and horrors. Let him believe it not. Public opinion is healthy, broad-chested, and virile. It detests affectation and conceits of any kind. It has not descended to the drivel of dilettanteism. Only the other day we were asked to pat Mr. George Alexander on the back for his pluck and courage in offering to exploit the works of the most pessimistic of the pessimists, to coquet with the plays of a German faddist who has only influence with a small, insignificant, and unimportant school. Mr. George Alexander is not likely to throw his lot in with the minority unless he desires to reduce his banker's account. He will be content with the result of a happy accident, he will be proud of the production of a play of curiosity, he will thank the gods for the goods they have provided for him; but being a man of the world, he is not at all likely to be the pioneer of a school that is already showing signs of dissolution. In less than a year that triumph of the new school, that advertised protest against the so-called stage conventionality, the unhappy ending, is lowering its colours and singing small. It was curious to watch the expression on the faces of the "Independents" when Dr. Todhunter's play went all to pieces. The play, up to a certain point, had delighted everybody, men and women alike, old school and new school, old guard and new guard. Why? Because it was a well-written, consistent,

and interesting play. Directly it tumbled into the convention of suicide, and it was forced into the Morgue, it dropped down dead. There are hundreds and thousands of stories that, to be logical, true, and convincing, can only end tragically and with death. There is no other ending for them in art. There are millions of dramatic circumstances in life that can only be described by a note of interrogation. But it is as absurd, and illogical, and inartistic to lay down the hard-and-fast rule that *every* play must end tragically, as it would be absurd, illogical, and inartistic to say that *every* play must end with forced and unnatural joy. As a general rule, the tendency of the human mind is towards the advertisement of joy rather than sorrow. Amusement, as a rule, depends upon merriment in preference to horror. Given fine acting, tragedy is most valuable and impressive; but failing fine acting, tragedy is a dangerous stop to pull out on the dramatic organ. At any rate, it is in the highest sense inartistic and foolish to turn a clever comedy into a tragedy because the only apparent voucher for entrance into the charmed circles of Independent Theatre society is a belief in suicide and a disagreeable faith in the ugly, the cantankerous, and the horrible. The love of saying that black is white from the mere fever and disease of opposition, is surely a silly method of obtaining notoriety.

WULFF'S CIRCUS.

It would have been cruel to the children home for the Christmas holidays if their old familiar rendezvous, Hengler's Circus, in Argyll-street, Regent-street, had been closed during the holiday season. London cannot and ought not to get on without a circus. It is as much a national necessity as a pantomime. Children of all ages love the smell of the sawdust. As Thomas Robertson once observed of old Astley's, "You may break, you may shatter the ring as you will, but the smell of the sawdust will cling to it still." And I doubt if there is a better and more convenient circus in existence than Hengler's. The building is well warmed. There are no draughts flying about. A circus is invariably associated with draughts, but this one is air-tight. And then, joy of joys, the children are allowed to go behind the scenes between the acts, to see the stables, and to rub shoulders against Mr. Merryman, Mr. Ring Master, Mr. Whimsical Walker, the Clown, the lovely lady with the silk tights and attenuated frocks, and the muscular Antinous.

Herr Wulff appears to have happily mingled the best features of the Continental circuses. The Germans are distinguished, of course, for their "schooled horses," and here they are seen to perfection. In one scene there is a regular pyramid or Christmas cake of horses, round the base of which horses race and intertwine in maddening fashion. It must have required the greatest patience in training to produce this result. It is usually said that trained horses can do everything but speak. But that difficulty has been got over by one of the clowns, who introduces a talking pony, who will be a special favourite with the youngsters. Misko is a great success already, and he is to go to the music-halls in consequence. The horses are first-rate, the riding is excellent, and the clowning clever, so that Wulff's Circus is likely to be one of the treats in store for the good child who is provided with amiable parents, an indulgent godfather, or a wealthy bachelor uncle. Let them all book a good family box for the circus forthwith.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE NAPOLEONIC RENAISSANCE.

NAPOLEON is all the rage. But, luckily, there is no masterful man of the Bonapartean type to come forward as a saviour of society. If there were, we should soon witness another Dictature, eagerly supported by all the successful Panamists, by certainly three *nouveaux enrichés* of the present Cabinet, and by Society, which is dying to have a Court. Naturally, all the Czarites would be with the masterful man. The genesis of the Napoleonic rage began with General Boulanger. But what most contributed to this fever or fashion was the retrospective exhibition of First Empire furniture and decorative art. We were sick of the trivial *petite maîtresse* styles—of the plush-lined, plush-covered, and tuft-fringed curtains, portières, table, chair, and corner-shelf draperies; the dreadful arrangements for advertising lust and luxury, and for catching dust and microbes. Cythera and Lesbos had had their way for years. Decorators had to work in a sickly atmosphere, and for *décadants* and *décadantes*. The frank, robust, solid style of the Empire came like the breath of heaven on all this sickliness. It was right up and straight down; it was conscientious; the carved bronzes with which Empire furniture was adorned were found to be masterpieces. All the bibelots and bric-à-brac which had been collected during the Second Empire, and since it fell, ceased to please. Amateurs wanted portraits from the unemotional but truthful David. What had been reckoned cold and insipid was suddenly found to be rich in strong characteristics. A passion suddenly sprang up for bolt-upright furniture in massive mahogany, and ornamented with brass palmettas, rosaces, sphinxes, and other pseudo-Egyptian designs. The Marie Antoinette style was discovered to be *un style usé*. The rococo style nauseated, and so back Paris went to the unseductive style that we associate with the Court and Camp of Napoleon. There was no time when Napoleon was First Consul and Emperor for any one to loll or trifle. The bugle call often emptied ball-rooms. The military beau of to-day might be a shattered, battered trunk to-morrow. Or he might have to quit a dance at the Tuileries to ride as fast as horse could take him with a letter to Madrid, or to Vienna, or mayhap to Dresden. Cabinet makers felt they ought to work for heroes. Clear ideas were only tolerated in the highest region. Generals and legislators knew what they were about. Decorators tried to be in harmony with them. There was no occultism or Blavatskyism in those days. One could see this from the furniture that was on view at the retrospective exhibition I speak of. Naturally, when drawing-rooms were furnished in the First Empire style the fitness of things required First Empire bronzes, marbles, pictures, and dresses. Napoleon was next evoked. The first place of

all others where he was raised from the dead was at "Le Chat Noir." The magician who revived him and his Old Guard was Caran d'Ache, and the vehicle he employed *les ombres chinoises*. We have the two extreme poles of theatrical art in "Antigone" (whose classical severity approximates to the First Empire style) and in "Les Gigolettes." Napoleon fills the intermediary space. Literature is as busy with him as the stage. He is a pleasant change after Joan of Arc, who is utterly played out from being overdone. Napoleon is served up in new year's albums *à l'Epinal* and otherwise. Gros Claude works up pictorially *la légende* for the nursery. "Le Mémorial de Sainte Hélène" is coming out in a popular 25 centimes form. "Las Casas" is cried on the Boulevards. D'Esparbès' "Légende de l'Aigle" is a splendid artistic glorification of Napoleon by an anti-Bonapartist. Poor Badinguet has no part in this apotheosis, and there seems no danger of it serving as a wave to bear Prince Victor to an Imperial throne. But I fancy there is much behind it akin to the Russomania. Napoleon stands for glory, to which the Franco-Russian alliance is thought a fresh means. "Le Chat Noir" has taken up Napoleon again. One finds him at most of the music halls. Sardou gives us Napoleon at home, and makes him most amusing as well as interesting. He is brusque, and not as moral as he might be, but is a good fellow, and might well on horseback be a hero. But the great incarnation of Napoleonic gunpowder and glory is at the Porte Saint Martin, where M. Martin Laya has brought out a most scenic and sensational piece, that would if arranged for a circus make, I have no doubt, its fortune.

Napoleon, it is now discovered, was rude to the fair sex because shy. This defect is brought out by M. Martin Laya, who goes parallel with Sardou in also making him out good-hearted and a hero with an extremely soft side. We see him at the Porte Saint Martin, from the cold grey dawn of his career to the murky shades of evening, which, however, close in a lurid apotheosis. The *tableaux* of the coronation and the Court functions are the very perfection of Tussaudism, but with living men and women instead of wax figures. I am sorry, though, that Mdlle. Tessandier was so short a time ago the defendant in that Rousseil action. She is assigned the part of the venerable Madame Mère. I don't think she has at all the physique required for the character, or that she well understands what a high-strung being Napoleon's mother was. Mdlle. Gallois is a delightful Marie Louise. She is a fresh, sonsy creature with plump white shoulders, which we are allowed to survey in the toilet scene. The Empress there is being attired for some grand function, and is surrounded by her maids of honour. They form a regular battalion of Court beauties. Napoleon comes in suddenly among them, and, delighted with the comely beauty of his wife, is in the best humour with her attendants. This scene yet more than any in Sardou's play is certain to influence all the great *couturiers* and *couturières*.

TYPEWRITERS of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane, London.

Mdlle. Tessandier has the merit of being picturesque. She has also a wondrously noble air, when one remembers what post-cards she can write. But she is not well read, and does not know how badly Madame Mère spoke French. Napoleon and his mother spoke to each other a semi-Corsican patois. One day, complaining to him of his brothers, she said: "Vous avez tort et raison: raison si vous ne les *paragone* à vous, parceque vous ne pouvez *paragone* à personne; vous êtes *une* merveille, *qualche* chose d'extraordinaire. Ma vous avez tort si vous *paragone* aux autres rois, *perche* ils sont *soupérours* à toutti, *perche* les rois sont si bêtes qu'on *peut* croire ils ont *une* voile sur les yeux, et *che* le moment de *lor choute* est arrivé pour qu'ils soient remplacés par mes enfants." Marie Louis as a harpist and a warbler of old-fashioned sentimental ditties is a success. She inspires Napoleon to toss pancakes, and is sorry he did not let her compound the batter of which they are made. He is less skilful as a cook than as a warrior. She is a good *hausfrau*, and does not know how to feign any sentiment that she does not feel. Napoleon, and the State grandeur and other obligations he imposed on her, bored her. She was sick of being a grand idol, and was glad to descend to homely reality and to Neipperg.

A controversy has been going on apropos of that awful play at L'Ambigu about the origin of gigolette. Some philologists thought it must have come from a German word, the English variety of which is giggle. It simply came from *gigot*—in old French a leg. A nurse says of a baby that keeps on kicking, *comme il gigotte*. The danseuse who kicks up her heels and knocks off gentlemen's hats with her toes is a *gigolette*, because one thinks of her legs only. An American pictorial has given one leg in thread stockings, baggy mediæval tights, and elegant garters, of a famed nymph of Le Moulin Rouge. The limb is severed from the rest of the danseuse for the sake of modest subscribers. This indelicately prudish picture I should call a *gigot de danseuse*. The *gigolette* would be the whole *danseuse* treading a mad measure. I am puzzled to think why *la gigolette*, with her cortège of outer-boulevard prowlers, should be brought upon the stage in a Boulevard theatre. At Le Moulin Rouge she is not so bad, because, whether from drink or natural wickedness, there is spirit in her *diablerie*. Nevertheless she is sickening, except to the lowest of the low, in her Montmartre lair. Those Russian officers in the suite of Avellan who were able to see her there and at the Casino de Paris thought her sickening, and were glad to go away.

That now stale *gamine*, Emilienne d'Alençon, is to earn a mint of money in a Christmas piece in which she is to represent the Bal de Quat'z-Arts. She refused another mint of money to exhibit herself with her donkey and her trick-playing rabbits in London. The donkey is not a young Duc, but a four-footed creature. Emilienne is given 100,000 francs by an artistic baroness, the wealthiest in France or Belgium, to serve as a model in her studio.

"IZAL."—The new non-poisonous Disinfectant. The strongest and safest the world has ever known. Of all Chemists, in large bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and gallon tins, 10s.

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The 8th of this month was the centennial of a Jeanne of Lorraine who made as great a mark on the destinies of France as that of this Jeanne of whom we now are tired—I mean Madame Dubarry. The two Jeannes came from the same neighbourhood. Jeanne Becu was the herald of *les nouvelles couches sociales*, and the antitype of the *maîtresse en titre* who had until she appeared at Versailles ruled Royalty. It was expected that the King should not insult the Queen by setting up as a *Reine de la main gauche* a lady who was not of top quality. Madame de Pompadour was a *bourgeoise* who gave herself the airs of a Marquise of blue blood, and had a touch of bourgeois pedantry. She was *ennuyeuse* because a posturess. La Dubarry was just what she appeared. She had high spirits, a good deal of native refinement, and was unconventional. Her sayings were original and funny, and rank however high never awed her. The conventional and stuck-up people were horrified at her pretty familiarity in talking to her King. It was France here and France there. She taught Marie Antoinette manners, and that illustrious lady often, after she came to the throne, went to see her at Luciennes. The fine ladies who went to the scaffold in 1793 affected stoical indifference, but in a light way. La Dubarry struggled and implored Sanson not to fling her on the *bascule*. Her resistance called forth sympathy, and on December 8 began the reaction against Robespierre. So this Jeanne of Lorraine finished the monarch which the other Jeanne rescued from the English, and helped to destroy Robespierre.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

AS the world well knows, dear Lady Betty, the influenza is a mushroom malady, a parvenu disease, a distemper altogether of recent origin. Every one strives to be in Society nowadays! Here is, for instance, this mere modern disorder, which is so very fastidious that it must needs scrape acquaintance with the most important and influential people in the land. It affects to more or less avoid the sturdy Anarchist and the honest pauper, but attaches itself to millionaire Dukes, City celebrities, Dowagers out-at-elbows, and the fashionable sons of fraudulent stock-jobbers. And, according to its kind, it must needs also employ the petty tricks of trade to obtain notoriety! In fastening upon prominent people such as Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. John Morley it, of course, seeks to secure a substantial advertisement, as other parvenus subscribe to hospitals and to charity bazaars to have their names popularised in print.

There is, however, a serious aspect to the case. The ill-conditioned energy of this mushroom disorder provokes the rivalry of the older maladies. There are, for instance, the cholera and typhoid, two eminently respectable diseases with traditions that can be traced almost to the Flood, which naturally resent the unlooked-for competition of this new epidemic. Peritonitis had practically retired, small-pox had settled down into dignified moderation, mumps were mere memories, and even delirium tremens was slackening in activity. Then there comes this upstart influenza, without a respectable record of any sort whatever, which arouses them all to renewed energy!

But what I object to most is the principle of the thing. Let the influenza make a legitimate history for itself in the orthodox manner; let it work its way up methodically, and if it survives the test of time it will then no doubt be accepted as a considerable malady. But this species of vulgar spurt, this morbid preference for the well-fed, the prosperous, and the prominent, is in principle altogether as objectionable in a parvenu disease as it is in a private person.

Let us be resolute. In self-defence, and moreover as a matter of duty, we must altogether ignore the influenza. None of the newspapers must ever refer to it. If any one dies of this, we must ascribe the death to another cause—say, for instance, to gout, cancer, or heart-disease. We must discountenance and discourage it in every way possible. Contempt is the most certain cure.

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Why have the London Clubs become so dull at night, is a question which is very generally asked now. Fifteen or twenty years ago the West End Clubs only, as it were, awoke towards midnight, but at this hour they are more or less deserted now. The wholesale change that has been effected in our customs of recent years goes far to explain the puzzle. Women went much less frequently to the theatre then than they do at present, and supper-parties at "Middlesex" clubs and at restaurants were almost unheard of formerly. Except in the Season, or upon the rare occasions when private parties was given in the winter, the latter part of the evening was spent by men at their clubs. Another cause is the great decrease of gambling at the clubs, this having become now more distributed throughout society than it was. Nor should it be overlooked that most West End men have now to earn a livelihood, which comparatively few had to formerly. This naturally fatigues them and forces them to go to bed much earlier than they did.

There are, however, yet many who, having nothing whatever to do, are too indolent even to amuse themselves in the ordinary ways. Though there is no City, perhaps, in the world where there is more to see than in London, the sights here are mostly of a kind which does not appeal to the regular Londoner. Docks, Museums, industries, the curiosities of a Mammoth city—what are they to him? He loves frivolity, and London is the least frivolous Metropolis that there is. Besides, he is tired of reading. Now, I propose that a species of "Crèche Club" should be organised for the benefit of this important but hitherto neglected class. Here all kinds of simple entertainments would be given throughout the afternoon, such as magic-lantern lectures, musical recitals, science-made-easy discussions with experiments, and light amusements of a similar order, suited to well-educated and intelligent, but absolutely indolent, minds. There is the more need for it that, having nothing better to do, many are now driven to spend their afternoons and their money in the billiard-room, or drift insensibly into habits of intemperance. In the proposed "Crèche Club" there ought to be no books but picture-books and the principal events of the moment should be presented in large luminous letters upon the wall where all could lazily read them without shifting from their seats. In the summer, parties might also be "personally conducted" in vans to the museums and other noteworthy sights of London and the neighbourhood. There are between twenty and thirty men of the kind in every club in town, and I estimate the gross total to amount to three thousand. There are, therefore, in the West End three thousand well-educated, intelligent, but indolent men drifting into intemperance and into the habit of petty betting merely because no one has as yet provided suitable entertainment for them!

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A fortnight ago I made it known that, through the death of the late Lady Charles Wellesley, the Duke of

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

Wheezing, sneezing, bad cough teazing, passing all belief.
"Oh! this phthisic; oh! for physic that will give relief!"
"Happy meeting, hearty greeting," said my friend of old,
"Take the lozenges of Keating—worth their weight in gold."
Words so pleasing quickly seizing, I took his advice.
Bless the lozenges of Keating! Cured me in a trice!

Wellington had inherited a picture of Copenhagen, the celebrated charger ridden by his ancestor at Waterloo. This picture, as I then said, is alleged to have been painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, and represents Copenhagen as a grey horse, whereas the popular impression is that he was a chestnut. In the portrait which there is at the United Service Club Copenhagen is certainly painted chestnut, as he is also in the picture by the late Mr. Ward, R.A. Since writing, the following letter has been addressed to me:—

"Having seen in TRUTH that there is some doubt about the colour of the horse Wellington rode when he met Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo, I beg to inform you that I have a very old picture that represents this incident. In this, the colour of Copenhagen is distinctly grey."

Upon the other hand, a certain well-known lady possesses a bracelet presented to her mother by Copenhagen's groom, and the centrepiece is a miniature of that horse, which is painted there as a chestnut. There is no doubt whatever that Copenhagen was the latter colour, but it is curious that so careful an artist as Landseer should have wilfully represented him otherwise. In a week or so, this unimportant but singular matter will be definitely decided in *Notes and Queries*.

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The shadow of Christmas hangs heavily over us, and Society is stagnant. If some Anarchist would, metaphorically speaking, cast a bomb in our midst there are many who would welcome this beneficent outrage. Out and away the best story of the week is the one told of Mr. Studd, the well-known cricketer. Mr. Studd was supposed to be at Barcelona at the time of the recent Anarchist outrage in that town. His anxious friends, not hearing of him, communicated their fears to Lord Rosebery, who promptly telegraphed to the authorities: "Studd, British subject, in Barcelona during outrages. Kindly make inquiries and wire results." To this came the reply: "The man Studd in Barcelona. He is being watched." Then later again came another message: "The man Studd attempted to leave Barcelona last night. Is now in custody." The last telegram received by Lord Rosebery was from "the man Studd" himself: "Owing to your confounded telegram, have spent twenty-four hours in Spanish gaol. What do you mean?" In cricketing language, Mr. Studd has made an excellent "score," and is also the "last man out." Lord Rosebery, though, has decidedly been "caught."

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For thirty years under Captain Sir Eyre Massey Shaw Londoners heard nothing of their Fire Brigade but its praises. The men worked well and with a will, and the administration was absolutely faultless. Just two years and a month ago the Fire Brigade Committee of the County Council drove Sir Eyre Shaw into retirement. In completing my comments upon this I remarked at the time:—"And so prematurely closes a useful and highly successful career, and London loses a capable and a universally popular public servant." How great the loss has been may be estimated now by the criticisms upon the Fire Brigade which have appeared throughout the Press during the past week. Discontent among the men, insufficiency of apparatus, neglect to provide proper clothing, busybody interference, and several further charges of equally serious importance have been made. We had a good man, why could we not have left him where he was?—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

FEEDING DOGS.—Prof. Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., writes: "A sound, well-balanced canine dietary is the secret of success with 'Spratt's Patent.' I have no hesitation in asserting, with regard to biscuit diet, SPRATT'S FIBRINE CAKE is far and away the best in the English market. Some of the dog biscuits I have examined might be composed of pipeclay and sawdust for the nutritive properties they possess. Cheap and dirty means expense and disease." See each "Dog Cake" is stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "X." This is all important.

SPORTING NOTES.

TWELVE months ago a vigorous effort was made to revive the past glories of the Ascot Cup, and if a lavish outlay of money could have achieved that object, success would have been the result of the attempt. This year the Ascot Cup was the most richly endowed race of the whole season, for the added money was £2,000, in addition to a piece of gold plate which had cost £1,000. There were stakes of greater value, but with them it was a case of the owners of the horses entered subscribing the whole or the greater part of the money, whereas at Ascot an owner practically took £2,250 to £20 about his chance, and the sweepstake amounted to £140 besides. Then there was £500 for the second horse, and £250 for the third horse. All this lavish outlay was most assuredly not justified by the paltry result, for there was no increase in the number of entries, and there actually were only four starters, while the event produced the mere show of a race, but it has lived dismally in the recollection of owners and trainers, because every horse which started was afterwards "groggy." for some time, and two of the runners never recovered from the effects of the hard ground. The fact is that these long-distance races are not in these days to the taste of owners, who regard them with indifference—or, indeed, with positive dislike—because there is not one horse in training out of every fifty which can really stay two miles in a fast-run race. The fact may be deplored, but its truth cannot be denied, and money might just as well be shovelled into the sea as wasted in increasing the value of any long-distance race whatever. It may be hoped that the Ascot authorities will not repeat the blunder, and especially as there are other directions in which the money which was thrown away this year on the Gold Cup might be very advantageously utilised. The programme stands in urgent need of a richer stake for three-year-olds and upwards, but to be run over a shorter distance than the Cup course. The Hardwicke Stakes should be converted into a race of £5,000, added to a sweepstakes of £50, forfeit £10 if declared on the first Tuesday in the January before running. This would be a really great race, and that some change is necessary in the direction of increasing considerably the value of the Hardwicke must be manifest to every one who has paid any attention to the matter, as the race is now practically killed by the new £10,000 stake at the Newmarket First July Meeting and by the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown. The Rous Memorial conditions ought also to be revised, and £2,000 should be added, while the sweepstakes ought to be the same as I have proposed for the Hardwicke. The forfeits of this stake have been going to the Rous Memorial Fund for the last fourteen years. Surely this fund has already been sufficiently endowed, and if it still wants help some better arrangement might easily be made than the one which at present prevails. The Alexandra Plate causes £1,000 to be literally thrown away every year, and this event ought certainly to disappear from the programme. As the Ascot treasury is always overflowing with money, it would not be amiss to double the amount (£1,000) now added to the Coventry Stakes and to the New Stakes, and the distance of the Gold Vase should be reduced to a mile and a half, or, at least, there should be a stipulation for three runners—the property of different owners—or no race.

The Pearl, by Newminster out of Caller Ou, who was shot last week at Malton, was at one time a famous mare on the turf. She was foaled in 1868, and was leased by the late Mr. I'Anson to Mr. Chaplin for her racing career, and she won him a number of races, including the De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes (which was then a sort of minor Stewards' Cup) and a T.Y.C. handicap at York, over which Mr. Chaplin won a very large stake. The Pearl, on the strength of a very hugger-mugger trial with Steppe, a mare which had run second to Hannah for the One Thousand, was so heavily backed for the Derby which Favonius won, that she actually

started a better favourite than Baron Rothschild's horse, but she was never in the race. The trial had been a slip-slop affair, and showed the desperate fatuity of galloping a candidate for a great race with a beaten animal. Hannah walked away from Steppe in the One Thousand, and Favonius was a stone better than Hannah, so that the trial was the merest fiddle-faddle. Neither The Pearl nor Steppe could stay, and the former was a very uncertain mare. She was expected to be a great success at the stud, and her breeding was certainly unexceptionable, but although sent season after season to the most fashionable sires, she turned out a failure, for she produced nothing better than Selby and Coromandel II. Many of her yearlings realised very high prices at Doncaster, but they did not prove remunerative investments to their purchasers.

The retirement from the turf of Mr. Charles Perkins is generally regretted, and he will be a great loss to the Yorkshire meetings, of which he was a most liberal supporter, and not one of the Northern owners was more free in entering horses in all classes of stakes. Mr. Perkins has latterly bred most of his horses, and he always had a large string of animals in training. He commenced racing in 1875 under the assumed name of "Mr. Northern," which he dropped about the time that Beauclerc won the Middle Park Plate. If this horse could have been trained as a three-year-old he would certainly have won the Derby (Sefton's) and the Leger (Jannette's), but he did not stand a second preparation, and his career was analogous to that of Chittabob eleven years later. Mr. Perkins bred this horse, who was the best animal he ever owned, and inasmuch as there is every reason to think that if he had stood training he would have beaten Donovan in the great stakes of 1889. Mr. Perkins won a number of important races with Dresden China, Jenny Howlet, Madame du Barry, Chislehurst and Dare Devil, but he could not be regarded as a lucky owner, considering the enormous amount of money he expended on his stud. Mr. Perkins is not only selling his racehorses, but also his breeding stud, in which are some splendid mares—notably Madame du Barry and Jenny Howlet, dam of Chittabob. It was with this mare that Mr. Perkins won his only classic race—the Oaks of 1880—which, however, was contested by as bad a field as ever started for a stake of this description.

Another retirement is that of Mr. Singer, who is also selling his breeding stud as well as his racehorses. Mr. Singer has obtained some notoriety from his practice of betting heavily on a system which he expected would prove infallible. There never yet, however, was a system which carried its followers through a whole season with success. Mr. Singer is the owner of Glenwood, a horse about which there was at one time so much journalistic trumpeting that some infatuated addleheads were gulled into backing him for the Two Thousand and Derby. I always predicted that we should not see much of Glenwood as a three-year-old. He was a smart two-year-old, but did not look like a stayer, nor did it ever seem probable that he would stand much work. Glenwood cost 5,000 gs. as a yearling (he was bought about the time when the egregious Ormonde "boom" was at its height), and in two seasons he has won £1,726.

I hear from Newmarket that Matthew Dawson is expected to have a dangerous candidate for the early two-year-old stakes of next season in his own filly by Minting out of Voisine, who is a very racing-like animal with beautiful action. A very high opinion has always been entertained of the Voisine filly, and it will be a real blessing for Minting if she does turn out a flyer, as Mr. Vyner's horse is in urgent need of a good lift.

Whenever a dark horse is announced to have been backed for the Derby, the speculative public are certain to rush upon the animal, and in order to save impulsive simpletons from losing their money, it may be as well to explain how it was that Lord Rosebery's Ravelston came to be supported the other day. A bookmaker was anxious to back Ladas for £1,000, and he stipulated for 3½ to 1, which was somewhat over the market price. The layer ultimately decided to make the bet, but only on condition that the backer also consented to take 50 to 1 to £50 about Ravelston, and in order to obtain the £3,500 to £1,000, these terms were accepted. But let nobody be gulled into believing that any one "knows something" about Ravelston, for such an idea would be a wild chimera. There seems a disposition in certain quarters to "write up" Ravelston, and I see it stated that although he has never been really tried, yet it is known that he can go. The real truth is that Ravelston has not yet been trained, and he has never done a gallop in his life. He is a great, heavy horse, with very "groggy" fore legs.

"The Lunar Month" for 1893, which has just reached me, is a well-arranged little book, which is published at the *Sportsman* Office, and it contains every information respecting the racing of the past season, both at home and on the Continent. The system of consecutive numbering of the events recorded is very convenient.

Wolf's Crag is to be sold at Newmarket this week, so it may be taken for granted that he will never again be seen on a racecourse. He was one of the early summer favourites for the Cambridgeshire, but he went wrong after winning the Lincolnshire Handicap, and could not be trained again. Wolf's Crag's performance at Lincoln, when he won easily, with 6 st. 7 lb. on his back, from Gangway (6 st. 6 lb.), was an excellent one, but it is simply nonsense and rubbish of the most muddish kind for people to talk of his having beaten Marcion (6 st. 12 lb.), as if the running at Lincoln could be regarded as a genuine test of the form of Mr. Vyner's horse, for he was then preposterously backward.

It is not often that one sees such fine football, or so exciting a match, as that between Cardiff and Blackheath last Saturday. The Blackheath forwards were stronger, but until the last twenty minutes the three-quarters made no attempt to play the new game. Fegan on two occasions, and Evershed once, got clean away, but no one thought it worth his while to back up. Fegan played a good game for himself, but for combination he is useless. Latter and Hubbard, on the left, scored two tries by grand passing. On the other hand, the Welsh three-quarters worked beautifully together. Their halves, who were two men picked from a local team in the absence of the regular players, showed good combination, and fed well when the opposing forwards let them. Onslow, the Blackheath back, cannot tackle, but he picks up the ball and gets his kicks in well.

In the match between London Scottish and Middlesex Wanderers, Macgregor played a pretty trick on his opponents. He caught a high kick and his opponents, who were on side, rushed up, and evidently thought he had made his mark. He had not, and just tossed the ball over his shoulder and his opponents to Campbell, who nearly got in. The Old Merchant Taylors forwards, playing against Guy's, tried giving their outsiders something to do, but as they so seldom get this opportunity they had not had enough practice to use it. In the Charity Cup Ties both the Old Carthusians and the Old Westminsters turned up with strong teams, although the latter were one short, and won their matches. These clubs only make an effort to turn up strongly in Cup Ties, and so set a bad example to other clubs. The match of the afternoon was that between the Casuals and London Caledonians, and the former had a splendid team and gave their opponents a good beating. Topham, who played for the Wolves last year when they won the Cup, was in great form, and sent in some splendid shots; and Stirling, in goal, saved very well.

Sunday golf is a great blessing to Londoners. But some strait-laced and selfish people object to it. The Ealing Club is negotiating for a lease for some links at Hanwell from Lord Jersey. At a meeting of the Club there was a majority in favour of Sunday play. No report of the meeting was published; but Lord Jersey now refuses to grant the lease if there is to be Sunday play. I trust that he will change his mind, and that the zealous busybody who communicated with him will meet with the contempt he deserves.

I should like those who complain of the practice of

Rugby referees in putting the ball into the scrimmages, instead of letting the halves do so, to have seen Mr. Lindsay at Blackheath on Saturday. He was up to the scrimmage before the halves were ready to put the ball in. In this way only the dodges that Yorkshire practised last year against Middlesex can be prevented. He rather astonished the Cardiff supporters by giving a free kick, when one of their players fell on the ball and deliberately lay on the ground until some of the team came up. He is an excellent referee.

At billiards, Roberts has suffered his first defeat this season, Mitchell beating him. The winner played a very steady game, and on Saturday he put on a fine break of over 300. The loser played an in and out game. At first he scored rapidly, and he had at one time the best of the handicap, having 1,000 in hand. Peall finds that he has to confine himself to the spot-barred game, and, showing some excellent play, he gave North, whom he met on level terms, a good beating.

The County Secretaries met at Lord's and fixed dates for next season's cricket. The first-class county question was burked, and no change in the rule as to the follow-on was hinted at. The rules are called the M.C.C. rules, but neither the Club nor any other body moves. These matters require immediate attention.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—The upward movement which was in full progress a week ago has been checked, and a reaction has taken place in several departments under the influence, chiefly, of a set-back in the American market. That this will be a temporary effect only, may be safely assumed. As I stated last week, after a period of prolonged depression confidence is but slow to grow, and any unfavourable movement in a leading group of stocks at once revives a gloomy feeling and stops dealings. To this feature must be added the near approach of Christmas and the hardening of money rates, partly owing to the proposed issue of a huge India Council Sterling loan. But there is no demand for gold in this market, and some German requirements are apparently being satisfied from New York. No actual stringency need, therefore, be expected in the closing weeks of the year. Nor need any fresh depreciation of securities be anticipated. That has, apparently, run its course, and at the commencement of the new year it is more than probable that a revival, accompanied by an advance in prices, will follow. Holders of depreciated stocks ought, therefore, to stick to them tightly, as prospects of an improvement were not so bright for many a day. I was rather amused at the argument used by a speaker on the occasion of the opening of the City Safe Deposit in Throgmorton-avenue—by the way, a splendidly-constructed building, to which reference is made elsewhere. So far from this being a bad time, in view of the prevailing depression, argued the orator, it was a good time for the establishment of such an institution, for the very reason that so many securities were unduly depreciated, that they ought to be locked up in a safe and forgotten *pro tem.*, until the resurrection of values, which would be certain to come about sooner or later. And who will deny that two or three years may not put on many millions of sterling to the present prices of stocks, which few will look at just now?

Home Rails.

The Board of Trade returns for November very naturally show the effect of the coal war, and the traffics of the English Railways improve but slowly, even now that several weeks have passed since the termination of the strikes, the Midland still showing a considerable decrease. But some of these lines return their goods traffic a week later, and increases may, after all, be experienced shortly. These cannot, of course, affect dividends for the current half year to any extent, and my estimate of reduced dividends, as given in last week's issue, will, no doubt, prove approximately correct. Holders, however, appear to stick to their stocks, regarding the reduction as exceptional. Midlands have declined 1½, but even now the quotation of 147½ does not express the full effect of the huge traffic decreases consequent upon the coal strikes. Of that effect I gave my readers early notice when the strikes were inevitable. But will it be believed, that a cantankerous individual actually writes to complain that I should have recommended Midlands in 1891 for investment, his idea apparently being that I ought then to have foreseen the coal war in 1893? The decline in the other heavy stocks is but slight. Brighton "A," although occasionally depressed by bear sales, always come up smiling again, 146 apparently being the rallying price. The immediate future of this stock depends altogether upon the "Bear" position. It seems hardly likely that holders of real stock will part with it now that a full yearly dividend of, say, at least 5 per cent. has accrued, especially as coal traffic must henceforth help the returns for some time to come; but any delivery of a block of stock would make all the difference. Dover "A" are suffering from another unfavourable working statement. Metropolitans have been extremely dull, but District Prefs. are 2 points up at 83, and the Ordinary have improved. There is very little of the latter stock in the market, and a recent buyer of £10,000 stock had great difficulty in getting it. Olympia will, I hear, open on Boxing Day with the new Constantinople performance, so that large traffics may be looked for then, altogether independent of the advance in 'bus rates, which should very shortly have an effect on the returns. The Scotch stocks have fluctuated with the varying news concerning the coal strike in Scotland. That has at last been settled, and I cannot help thinking that such a stock as Caledonian Deferred is now worth looking at.

Yankee Rails.

The reaction in the American market after the recent sharp advance was not, perhaps, unnatural, but it seems to have been overdone. I have repeatedly disclaimed any intention of advising promiscuous "Bull" speculation, but I hold to my view that purchases made for investment (the stock being, of course, taken up), especially on reactions such as that which is at present in progress, will in a few months' time show excellent results. There is, of course, no reason why any one anxious to have a little spec. should hold aloof from Yankee Rails, but he should in that case go only for short turns, buying on reactions and selling when the market is strong. The influence of weakness which is at present paramount in this market is the uncertainty which prevails with regard to the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé. President Reinhart's departure after a short week's stay seemed hurried, but, as a matter of fact, he had at the very outset booked his return passage by the same steamer. He is, however, afloat on the ocean at the time of writing, and "when the cat's away the mice will play" (with due apologies to President Reinhart). The "Bears" have utilised the position to the utmost, and no wonder, as it is a well-known fact that Addison Cammack and his crew were heavily committed on this tack. By the time this meets the eyes of readers of Truth the President will probably have reached New York, and decisive action will be imminent. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the road were to go into the hands of a receiver, the Atchison "A" and "B" Second Mortgage bonds with their full powers of foreclosure would be in a position which precludes their holders suffering to any extent, and the security of the Guarantee Fund Notes is such that they cannot be touched by a receivership. These are the only Atchison stocks which I have recommended. In the case of a receivership, the shares would, no doubt, be assessed, receiving some *quid pro quo* in the shape of bonds, &c. But this is the dark side of the picture. If the statements which have at various times been made by President

City Safe Deposit & Agency Co., Ld., Throgmorton-avenue. Safes from 1 guinea and Strong Rooms from 15 guineas per annum. Cards to view on application to R. Slagg, Manager.

Reinhart and his colleagues are correct—and I have no reason for doubting them—there will be no difficulty about the Atchison Company obtaining all the assistance it may want. The position, as far as I have been able to ascertain, is that certain London financial houses are quite prepared to renew the loan due on January 1 of two million dols. on the five million dols. of Second Mortgage "B" bonds, which were to be issued last October, if they are assured that the coupon due on January 1 on the Four per Cent. General Mortgage bonds, amounting to 2,800,000 dols., will be paid. I believe that Mr. Reinhart would have liked to negotiate another loan in order to take up the whole floating debt, and offered as security the valuable Colorado coal properties. There are also available extremely valuable mineral properties owned by the Atchison in Kansas City, but it may be as well to put off the rearrangement of the floating debt for some time, when the Company should be able to obtain better terms than could have been secured at present. My information is that President Reinhart will have no difficulty in obtaining all the assistance he may require in New York, where money is very plentiful just now, and this view is confirmed by recent cablegrams from the New York correspondent of the *Financial News*. Under these circumstances the next few days will probable be fraught with important events, and it goes without saying, that a satisfactory arrangement of Atchison affairs would induce a "Bear" squeeze in the securities of that Company. The projected tariff reform will no doubt meet with considerable opposition; but, in view of President Cleveland's uncompromising attitude, the issue is not doubtful, and a very strong revival of business should follow the passing of the measure. Some temporary set-backs in traffics may, therefore, fairly be disregarded. I entertain the same favourable opinion of the various dividend-paying and low-priced stocks which I expressed last week, for purposes of investment. A considerable business has again been transacted in American Railroad bonds, which, undoubtedly, form an excellent investment for those who wish for a substantial yield combined with reasonable safety. An atrocious traffic of the Grand Trunk fully bears out my anticipation of bad returns for some time to come. The Canadian Pacific is not doing quite so badly, and I see no reason for selling these shares now.

Foreigners and South Americans.

Rumours of a big Spanish loan to be engineered by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas have caused "Bears" of Spanish to buy back, with the result of a marked recovery. It is also reported that Morocco will make terms with Spain, but I cannot help thinking that both these points are doubtful, and, after all, the financial troubles of Spain will remain, whether she gets temporary assistance or not. As to Italy, I have no doubt that, if Signor Crispi succeeds in forming a cabinet, we shall have a temporary recovery in Italians, but the financial and banking position is so thoroughly rotten that it would be extremely difficult to save it. For all that, I should not advise "Bear" sales of Italians now. I am, for the time being, greatly disappointed in the financial outlook in Greece after the advent of M. Tricoupis. There is a drop of from 2 to 4 points in the quotations of the various issues, and I trust that wiser counsels will prevail at Athens. Turkish stocks are better, but I really cannot see the logic of this movement when it is considered that the slightest breath of trouble in the East would cause a heavy fall. The coming spring may bring a crop of such rumours, and it is no secret that the political tension on the Continent is such that an explosion may happen at any time. It is different in the South American department. There seems to be reason for the view that all the troubles, to which South American States may be a prey, have done their worst. Argentine Government stocks are easier, but as soon as news of the ratification of the Romero-Rothschild Committee comes to hand a recovery is probable. Mexican Government stocks, after experiencing a heavy fall, are better again on the announcement by the Mexican Financial Agent that the loan of £3,000,000 is fully arranged. For all that, I do not anticipate any permanent upward movement before January, just before the issue of the loan. Peruvian Corporation stocks are lower. But what about the amount of £180,000 in Chilian bonds held in the Treasury of the Corporation, only a small part of which can be claimed by the Assets Certificate holders? That sum, as well as a considerable increase in the revenue from guano, which is expected in the current fiscal year, ought to secure the Debenture interest completely, and the nervousness of certain Debenture holders appears to be altogether unjustified. Chilian bonds are comparatively firm on rumours of a new loan, and Brazilians remain dull, there being, unfortunately, no indication of a termination of the struggle between the contending parties as yet.

The Kaffir Circus.

There is but little general improvement in the market for South African Gold Mines, although such substantial shares as Langlaagte, Robinson and Crown Reefs have again hardened. There is, however, an absolute absence of speculation, and prices of the shares in many sound dividend-paying properties consequently remain at a very low level. One of these days the public will no doubt appreciate the position, but this will, apparently, not be yet awhile. Some of the crushings for November are rather disappointing, others are favourable. Thus the Simmer and Jack output was 3,450 oz., against 3,049 oz. in October. The Afrikander Mine shows a yield of 920 oz., against 931 oz. for October. The Buffelsdoorn Estate and Gold Mining Company's crushings marks further important progress, the yield being 3,520 oz. of gold, with a profit of £6,000, against 2,019 oz. in October. A further increase in the output is expected in the next few months, and so satisfactory are the reports from this Mine that early in 1894 quarterly dividends at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum are expected. That means, of course, that the present price of $1\frac{1}{8}$ is still extremely low. The production in November of the New Primrose is fully equal to the large October figures, amounting to 7,777 oz., against 7,769 oz. in October. The November crushing of the Glencairn, however, amounts to only 1,528 oz., against 2,151 oz. in October. The explanation obtained by me at the Company's office is that they have a good deal of poor ore to work through. The Manager, however, reports better prospects for the current month. The total crushings of the Witwatersrand Mines for November again beat the record, the yield amounting to 138,640 oz., against 136,682 oz. in October. Deep level properties are steady, but it is still possible to occasionally pick up such promising shares as South Simmer and Jack at par—20s. The shares of Transvaal Land Companies are steady. With regard to the Oceana Company, I learn that the accounts are now being recast, according to the Chairman's promise, and that it is intended to make a distribution of shares in the Coal Company early in the new year, probably at the rate of 10 per cent. The dividend in Coal shares on the Oceana Development shares is at present in course of payment, and it is somewhat surprising that the price of both Oceana and Oceana Development shares, being "cum dividend," does not improve, as the Coal Company is doing excellent work, and the shares are therefore a valuable asset. Chartered of South Africa shares are extremely dull, notwithstanding the end of the fight in Matabeleland. I see that the watering of the capital is also strongly opposed by the Directors of the Matabeleland Company, who allege that since their agreement with the Chartered Company in 1889, the capital of the latter has been increased from £250,000 to £2,000,000, and that had they known this to be the case, they would not have accepted 5,000 shares and the other rights specified for Barnes' concession. This matter is, however, now *sub judice*. Diamond shares have been irregular, De Beers having improved slightly on the closing of the account of a Paris "Bear" operator, while Jagersfontein are out of favour and lower. St. Augustine have arrived at the magnificent quotation of $1\frac{1}{2}$d.

Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar has for over Half a Century sustained its High Reputation as an Indispensable Toilet requisite. Rimmel's Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Powders, &c.—London & Paris.

Indian, Australian, and American Mines.

To judge from certain indications, it seems probable that low priced miscellaneous shares will for the present receive more attention than the heavier South Africans. Amongst Indian Mines Mysore West have improved 1s. to 7s. 9d., while Mysore Wynard stand at 3s. 6d., Nine Reefs new, fully paid, at 3s. Crushings of the leading Mines were most satisfactory, the Ooregum showing 6,563 oz. against 6,553 oz. in October; the Mysore 4,904 oz. against 4,860 oz. in October. Amongst Australian Mines dealings have been quiet, but the news from some of the Charters Towers properties is promising. Not only has the Brilliant Gold Mining Company crushed 3,500 tons for 3,150 oz., but the manager of the Carrington cables that he has driven levels 10 ft. each east and west in the Caledonian Reef, and that he has struck 7 in. of good stone. I see from the report of the Directors, just issued, that instructions have now been sent to the manager to continue the underlie of the Victoria Reef as well, and that they consider that at a distance of a further 30 ft. that Reef ought to be as rich as in the Victoria Mine at the same depth. The report recently made by Mr. J. J. Ham, a well known Mining Engineer, on this property, and also published by the Directors, is of an extremely favourable nature, and seems to foreshadow an important future for this Mine. When that is fully realised, the shares will, no doubt, advance considerably above the present low price of 3s. 6d.-4s. Aladdins have advanced to 1¾ buyers on the splendid crushing of 350 tons for 1,518 oz. An almost unlimited supply of this rich ore is, moreover, reported. In American mines the sensation was supplied by Montana shares, which touched 9s. and relapsed to 6s., after having been as low as 2s. not very long ago. Liverpool is engineering this deal, the motive power being supplied by reports of discoveries of rich ore said to assay 50 dols., instead of the old yield of 7¼ dols. per ton. My anticipations concerning the Springdale Mine are bearing fruit, as the Company has just paid its first dividend at the rate of 16⅔ per cent. per annum. A good demand is reported for Idaho shares, that Company having acquired a well-known gold mine in Mexico. A number of "Bear" sales appear to have been made of these shares. Tolima "A" and "B" have improved, probably because holders will not sell until the dividend is off, and St. John Del Rey have also improved. The demand for Caratals is reviving, and the official announcement foreshadowed by me as regards the arrangement with the McArthur Forrest people will probably be made this week, when a further recovery is probable. Colombian Hydraulics and Poormans are slightly better. Latest reports respecting the Macate confirm the statement which has been made that the new lode runs over 2 oz. of gold to the ton. Crushing results are expected by cable within the next few days. De Lamars have also improved, but Ripanji are down. The following circular has been issued by the Directors of the Holcomb Valley Company, Limited:—

14, Cornhill, E.C., London, December 9, 1893.

I am instructed to inform you that the Directors heard by cable from Mr. Pedley on Monday, December 4, as follows:—"All the plant works well; 140 cubic yards [washed in 165 minutes producing] £15. Pipe line will be completed by December 6. I expect to be able to work five hours per day." While the Directors have had reason to regret the delay in the erection of the machinery so far beyond the time originally estimated, the result of circumstances for which no one connected with the Company is in any way responsible, they believe that the shareholders will regard as satisfactory the indications given by the commencement of actual work, which would seem to prove the correctness of Mr. Pedley's original estimate, that the gravel would contain at least 2s. worth of gold to the cubic yard. So far as the Directors are aware, this gravel is taken from the top, and is believed not to be the richest, while its value in gold, if maintained, should leave a satisfactory profit on the operations of the Company.

This statement fully confirms the view I have hitherto taken of this property. By the way, I have two requests to acknowledge from the Far West, which, while very flattering, as showing that "Moses Moss" is not unknown in those remote regions, are, unfortunately, such as I am unable to grant. The first is a letter from Southern California, in which the writer draws my attention to a new gold mining locality on the borders of Monterey and the San Luis Obispo properties, and asking me to mention this matter to capitalists who might be prepared to employ £1,000 to £3,000 in the development. This kind of financial advice does not enter into the sphere of my activity, and I regret, therefore, greatly not being able to assist my Californian correspondent. The other communication is from an enterprising firm of stockbrokers in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and is to the following effect:—

Dear Uncle Moses,—We have noticed that, while naturally giving considerable space to South African Gold Mines, you seldom have any hints to say about those of Colorado. The comparatively new goldfields of Cripple Creek are making a marvellous output and attracting an increasing attention. We receive letters of inquiry from England, and think so pleasing a character as Uncle Moses should give us a call or allow us to correspond with him. Nephew Ben would assuredly be wiser, and probably wealthier, were he correctly instructed concerning the mining business of his American cousins' headquarters. We shall take the liberty of mailing you our Weekly Market Letter and other reliable information. We endeavour to publish the actual facts, and nothing but the truth, regarding Cripple Creek and other mining districts.

I am obliged to my Colorado correspondent for his courteous letter, and shall read his circulars dealing with Cripple Creek with interest; but this is as far as I can go for the present, until this goldfield, which certainly appears to have a future, has been further developed and its merits proved.

More about the Jarvis-Conklin Trust.

I have received further communications concerning the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trusts Company, amongst which the following seems to represent the view of a good many of the debenture-holders:—

You would confer a great benefit on the debenture-holders in the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust, who are almost entirely resident in England, by applying, as you can, a little moral pressure to the trustees. I myself am only a small holder—viz., of £430—but among my own family and friends there are upwards of £30,000 of debentures held, and, without exception, all the holders are dissatisfied with the present state of affairs. May I suggest that the two men who have presumably been responsible for getting us into this present difficulty—viz., Jarvis and Conklin—are not the men to appoint as sole official receivers in liquidation, from a lawyer's point of view? I enclose an advertisement in the Company's official publication of July 20, 1893. This advertisement was repeated in the August publication. In August a call was made on the shareholders, payable in December, and in October the Company suspended payment, because they could not pay the debenture interest. I maintain that they knew their position well, when that advertisement was issued. The floating of the St. Joseph Stockyard bonds, I am told by an American whom I can trust, should be inquired into. Messrs. Lubbock are trustees for the "A" and "B" series of Debentures, and I believe the Law Guarantee and Trust Society, in Chancery-lane, are trustees for the "C" series. The trust deeds are skilfully drawn, and I believe the trustees are under no legal liability for anything short of fraud. They will not take active measures to protect the debenture-holders in consequence. On Friday last, however, an order was made by Mr. Justice Stirling, on a motion by two debenture-holders, to prevent Messrs. Lubbock from parting with the securities they hold to the American receivers, without leave of the Court. This shows what an English Court thinks of the present state of affairs. The trustees, in my opinion, should apply in America for a third receiver to be appointed in the interest of the debenture-holders; it could hardly be refused. I wrote to Messrs. Lubbock, and on November 21 received an answer, stating they had not parted with any securities then, but implying they intended to do so. As to my suggestion of a receiver, they ignored it, and said they would await the return of the investigating committee, some of whom, at all events, are officials of the Company, and none of whom were appointed in the interest of debenture-holders. When people of Messrs. Lubbock's position publicly accept such a trust, I maintain that they are at all events under a moral obligation to protect their *cestui-que-trust*. They have not called even a meeting of debenture-holders, and declined to consider the suggestion that such a meeting should be summoned. The whole matter really rests on the honesty or dishonesty of the receivers, and there is no evidence to show that they are to be relied on. I maintain that under the circumstances to trust them is unbusinesslike and foolhardy.

My correspondent will find that I have already, in last week's issue, insisted upon the necessity of an English receiver being appointed on behalf of the English debenture-holders, and I hope that the trustees will take action in this matter. The circulars issued as late as the end of July last, in which these First Mortgages are

offered, specially mention their "complete and undoubted security," and set forth the following specific guarantee:—

> The Company, at the time the investment is made, guarantees to the investor both principal and interest of these mortgages. The guarantee given by the Company provides for the prompt payment of the interest half-yearly as it falls due, and the payment of the principal within two years from its due date, with interest meanwhile.

It is not exactly reassuring that a few months after the issue of these advertisements the Company should have suspended payment because it could not meet the debenture interest. Unless some action is taken on behalf of the debenture-holders there is a great deal of risk of the debenture-holders' interests being shelved in favour of the Ordinary shareholders. The holders of the "C" series of Debentures have been called together to a meeting on the 14th by the Law Guarantee and Trust Society. They should attend this meeting themselves, and on no account sign the proxies in favour of the Chairman or Vice-Chairman of the Trust Society, which have been sent to them.

The Syndicate Touts again.

To judge from the numbers of circulars of Syndicate Touts which are reaching me from readers of Truth in all parts of the country, these unscrupulous gentry are again making determined efforts to rifle the pockets of the public, in order to spend a merry Christmas at the expense, no doubt, of the unsophisticated fools who listen to their blandishments. As a merry Christmas for these pests must of necessity imply a sad Christmas for their victims, I will once again endeavour to spoil this nefarious game. By far the most active touts are at present Andrew Stewart & Co., 36, Gracechurch-street, E.C. Their grandiloquent circulars boast of the success of "A Special Stock Operation" in Union Pacifics bought on November 10 at 18, and sold on November 29 at 21⅛, "thereby securing to their clients a gross profit of 312½ per cent., or £31 5s. on every £10 share." I really should like to see the clients in the flesh, who have participated in this profitable operation, and, until I have had that pleasure, I advise all my readers to allow these philanthropists to make the profits for their own account. Say Andrew Stewart & Co., "Operators are relieved of all trouble and anxiety." Quite so, and I have no doubt that they are relieved of their money, too. What I cannot understand is, that respectable papers like the *Liverpool Courier*, the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, the *Western Mail*, and a number of small country papers should assist these touts, by favourable notices of their "system," in emptying the pockets of the public. The *nom de guerre* under which another active tout is carrying on a similar trade is Philip S. Hartley & Co., of 98, London-wall, E.C., "close to the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange" (!) This firm boasts of the closing of "Railway Trust Fund G" at a gross profit of 230 per cent., heading its circular "Special Christmas English Rails Trust Fund." "Where can such profits be made except on the Stock Exchange?" ask Hartley & Co., innocently, and then go on to say, "if you wish to make money before Christmas with practically no risk, read this circular and join at once." I say, on the contrary, if you wish to spend a merry Christmas give these impudent touts a wide berth. Fortunately, most readers of Truth are sharp enough to discover the cloven hoof. Thus one of Hartley's & Co.'s circulars has reached me with the following comment:—

> Although almost every day's post brings me a circular from one or other of the Stock Exchange touts, I do not remember to have seen any such circular couched in such enticing phraseology as the one I am enclosing, and it is for this reason that I venture to ask you to add Messrs. Philip S. Hartley & Co.'s names to the list of touts against whom you so deservedly warn your readers. It is a pity that nothing can be done by the law to put a stop to the issuing of these wretched circulars, especially to ladies, parsons, and military men, as has recently been done in the case of money-lenders' circulars and minors. I say ladies, clergymen, and officers, for I do not suppose that any other class of the community would be entrapped by the stupid offers of enormous profits held out by these circulars.

I beg to differ from my correspondent in one particular—that only ladies, parsons, and officers take this kind of bait—as I have unfortunately evidence to the contrary. Thus a working-man writes to me from Bury that he has lost £20 through the British and American Investment Trusts of 181, Queen Victoria-street. This unsophisticated person sent his money on October 20, and was informed on November 13 that the "Trusts" had that day operated in Mexican Second Prefs. at 40. The natural sequel was that on November 30 he received the news that the unexpected fall in Mexican Second Prefs. had compelled the closing of the operation at a total loss. Yet this precious Trust still boasts unblushingly of "the phenomenal success of our system of operating." Trust not this Trust, say I! Other active touts are the Anglo-Scottish Investment Corporation of 143, Cannon-street, E.C., who take the cake with the impudent statement that they "closed Combination E in eleven days with a nett profit of over 640 per cent., or a return of £741. 5s. for each ten shares taken in the operation." That, I should say, would be "too high" even for the most unsophisticated parson, widow, or spinster, to take in! Then there are R. Temple & Co.—established 1881, of 27 and 28, King William-street, E.C.—who have "just closed their fifty-second deal for the past twelve months with profits ranging from 50 to 300 per cent. No deal closed at a loss." They "absolutely guarantee" dividends of £2 per month for twelve consecutive months to subscribers of £2. 10s., and £16. 13s. 4d. per month to subscribers of £20. Can human credulity go farther than in the case of those who trust their money to these philanthropists? Yet I have in my possession a letter from a correspondent who sent £2. 10s. to this generous firm on July 15, and had not yet received any dividend, when I heard from him two months later. If he has not yet got his dividend or his money back, I should advise him to take proceedings against these gentry. More modest are Richard F. Sinclair & Co.—chief offices, 60, Fore-street, late of Old Broad-street—who do not lay claim to a larger profit than 80 per cent. on their last Stock Combination. I am afraid, however, that their "Mutual Stock Combination Method" is quite as dangerous as that of the more impudent touts. I wonder how long their circulars will bear the following footnote:—

> In conclusion, we wish again to repeat that we are ready to hand over the sum of two hundred pounds to any person who can prove that any client of ours has ever yet made a loss through subscribing to our Stock "Combinations."

Presumably Sinclair & Co. are still new to the trade. I wonder, by the way, what has become of W. Freeman, Jos. Gledsdale, and T. Nelson, whose doings I had to criticise some time ago, and if the enterprising persons, who ran these concerns, have now transferred their interest to any of the above active touting firms? The approved method of syndicate touting is to change, chameleon-like, skin and name, whenever the game gets too hot. After a time the number of victims grows to such proportions that it is no longer safe to advertise that no syndicate has been closed at a loss, and one after the other the poor deluded sufferers, having come to the conclusion that they have been swindled, make things unpleasant to the syndicate financiers. In my opinion, the Public Prosecutor could not be better employed than in investigating the doings of the half-dozen or so philanthropists who are, to use a vulgar expression, running this show!

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

Bonds.—You should under no circumstances buy these through the firm referred to. They can, of course, be bought through respectable bankers at market price. I shall have more to say on this matter shortly. *R. D.*—Hold your Argentines. They will improve as soon as the Romero-Rothschild arrangement is ratified. *Tipperary.*—I really see no reason why you should change your Transvaal bonds at present. *Aberystwyth.*—Yes, these documents ought to be delivered in both cases, or you should stipulate for same. Costa Rica "B" bonds, Uruguay bonds, Antofagasta Six per Cent. Guaranteed Capital stock, and Argentine Funding bonds would give you what you want.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Antipodes.—One of the general run of reconstructed Australian Banks; impossible to tell yet how it is doing, but prospects seem to be fair. *H. A. J. I., Pembroke Dock.*—Richard F Sinclair, & Co., of 60, Fore street, E C, are Syndicate touts recently established, with whose "Special Combinations" you should have nothing to do. *Colonel, Great Malvern.*—Andrew Stewart & Co., of 36, Gracechurch street, E.C., are comparatively new-comers amongst the Syndicate touts, and it is astounding that a number of country papers should condescend to give them notices. This firm, no doubt, obtained your address from the list of shareholders in some Company. *Assurance.*—The first-named Late Assurance Society (1) is a second rate office, and you might do well to get also the terms of such first class offices as the Sun Life Office, or the Provident Life Office of Regent-street. The Society (2) referred to I should not recommend; the rate quoted is too low for safety, and is apparently subject to increase in later years. *R. J.*—I have stated your case in connection with the British and American Investment Trust (a high-sounding name adopted by a Syndicate tout) in to-day's remarks on these touts. But if you were a regular reader of TRUTH you would not have fallen into this trap, as I have continually warned my readers against these gentry. Your solicitor should request the return of the money. *Chatham.*—All the London Banks mentioned are high-class and quite safe. It is not, however, advisable in your position to hold important amounts in Bank shares with large uncalled liability. I am very pleased to hear that my warning enabled you to withdraw from the House and Land Investment Company before the crash came. *G. F. T.*—A first-class London Bank. *Williams.*—This circular looks very suspicious, and you should not entertain the matter. The position cannot get worse, and you had better hold now.

Home Rails.

Dennistown.—If you are prepared to hold for some time you might safely average Caledonian Deferred Ordinary. The Scotch coal strike appears to be on the eve of settlement. The Midland and South Western Junction Railway is doing badly, and is in the hands of a receiver. There is nothing for it but to wait. *Milo.*—You might buy Brighton "A" for the investment of the small amount. *H. A. L., Brighton.*—Yes, there is a good deal in what you say. The 1889 Preference stock is better secured, hence its higher price.

American and Foreign Rails.

Verdad.—Of the two securities, I consider Atchison Second Mortgage bonds far cheaper than the shares, the former paying interest, the others not. Norfolk Prefs. should also improve, but I naturally gave the names of stocks which had the best chance. *I. F., Doncaster.*—The immediate future of Grand Trunk First Prefs. is not favourable, as working expenses are heavy and traffics are falling off. If you hold, as you propose, for six months, some improvement may occur, but that cannot, of course, be predicted with any safety. *Sportsman.*—Erie are likely to recover materially, and should be held. Prospects of Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are very poor, and you should sell on any recovery. *Uniqubart.*—All the American Railroad bonds mentioned by you (Nos. 6-9) are sound investments and first-class. No. 9 is the least gilt-edged, and I should prefer the new Baltimore and South-Western Four and a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio, to it. *Peter Simple.*—1. I fancy it would be worth while to join the reconstruction. 2. The accounts of the New English Bank of the River Plate have just been issued, and you will be able to judge for yourself. 3. Costa Rica Rails ought to be held. This line looks very promising. 4. Certainly hold Erie. There seems a prospect of a reconstruction without an assessment of the shares, in which case they would go much better. *Betanophtol.*—You are, of course, aware that events altogether unforeseen have occurred in the shape of the Baring crisis, the collapse of Murrieta & Co., the heavy fall in silver, and the temporary collapse in Mexico. Matters will, however, right themselves again. Mexico is now pulling round, and the Inter-oceanic Company will eventually recover its position. With reference to the Meat shares and St. Louis Brewery, a turn will, no doubt, come, and I shall not fail to discuss the position as soon as it is possible to speak with some certainty. See remarks under "Various Investments." The Exploration Company in question has proved unsuccessful, but the concern is being kept alive, and may yet have a better future. Such undertakings must, of course, be looked upon as a speculation. *Camberley.*—You need have no fear on this point. See remarks under "Yankee Rails." *Spurn.*—Yes, I should hold all the American Rails Nos. 1—4. I do not think that No. 5 is a good spec. just now. *Mater.*—1. You should hold North British for a recovery. 2. Hold Erie for a rise.

Mining Shares.

Inona.—I really do not know what to tell you. Some months ago I advised my correspondents to sell as there is a considerable liability (£4 per share), and there are very few buyers. A further fall has since taken place, but I am still inclined to say sell. *Vieille Moustache.*—You will have found some remarks on the Company in last week's issue, under "The Kaffir Circus," and again to-day. It is difficult to pronounce on the Patent question, but the Company appears to be fortified by the opinions of eminent Counsel and will no doubt make a good fight.

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

Industrial Companies.

Scone.—No; I should not recommend the shares in the two Companies named for investment. I think that the shareholders in the French Company have the prospect of eventually getting a decent dividend. *Sheffield Steel.*—The new performance at Olympia will, I understand, be inaugurated on Boxing day, and prospects appear favourable. You should certainly hold your shares. *H C., Dublin.*—I have warned my reader repeatedly in the past not to be led away by the glowing prospectuses of the Tyre Company, which has been brought out in Dublin, and has since collapsed. My opinion of the John Griffiths Cycle Company, Limited, is unfavourable, and I should advise you not to put your money into it. *Rastus.*—The American meat trade has suffered greatly from over-competition, hence the non-success of these Companies; but I still think that the shares will recover, and I shall not fail to draw attention to the matter, whenever it may be safely stated that better times are assured. The management appears now to have been reformed. *X. Y. Z.*—You had better hold, the turn cannot be far off. *Exam.*—I really should not like to offer an opinion, as this class of industrial property is very speculative, and does not usually work so successfully when formed into a Company as it did under private management. Write to the Secretary for the reason of the decline. *A Constant Reader, Wandsworth Common.*—You should hold all the Brewery stocks Nos. 1-9, as they will improve considerably upon present values. 10. You do not appear to have much choice, and cannot get more than a small yield. I should say English Co-operative stocks and Indian Guaranteed Railway stocks, such as Bombay and Baroda, Great Indian Peninsula and Madras Guaranteed, would be best.

Mixed Investments.

Widow.—1. I have advised the sale of Italians ever since they stood at 95. They have since fallen to about 80, and rallied to 82⅜, and I still am of opinion that they should not be bought. But as there may be another rally you might risk holding and sell on a further advance. 2. As I stated some weeks ago, prospects of traffics of the Canadian Pacific are not favourable in the immediate future, but there is no reason for selling. *North British.*—You have certainly been unfortunate in your investments, but the times have been so bad, that all but gilt-edged securities have fallen heavily. You will do well to hold all the stock A-G, as a recovery is probable, and a further decline most unlikely. The shares A should recover with any improvement in the position of Chili. The Company "B" has, I think, turned the corner, and you will find some remarks in to-day's issue. There is no reason to sell "C" now, and the Exploration shares "D" cannot go lower, but may recover again. A dividend on "E" will be paid in January. This Company has suffered from the depression of trade. The position of "F" is not nearly so bad as is at present being represented, and "G." will receive a bonus of 10 per cent. in shares in January. *W. G. W.*—No reason to sell your investments A, C, D, and E. Great Eastern Ordinary stock ("B") yields at present but a very low return, but it may be right to hold for permanent investment. Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Four per Cent. Debentures at 96, and Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Four and a-Quarter per Cent. First Mortgage bonds guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio, new issue, through Brown, Shipley, & Co., at about 101½, should suit you. *Barcelona.*—1. I should say that a purchase of Antofagasta Six per Cent. Guaranteed capital stock at 106 would answer your requirements. 2. I am afraid there is no option but to hold for the present. *Peter.*—Pears Five per Cent. Debenture stock might suit you. *Constant Reader, Dorchester.*—1. No market. 2. If you can get out of it, do so. 3. The Company has disappointed the shareholders. *W. T., Warrington.*—Nos. 1 to 5 are good investments. I do not like No. 6. *Cyanide.*—I note your favourable view of the Cassell Company (Gold Recovery), but there is no market for the shares here.

Various Investments.

There is hardly any change in silver, which stands at 32d. Rupee Paper is equally dull. In the meantime the India Council have been compelled to make an issue of Sterling bills, payable in London, in order to raise the money, which they have been unable to obtain in the usual way by selling bills on India. Altogether the Micawber-like policy adopted by the India Council has landed them in a very awkward position, and authority is now sought from Parliament for a huge Sterling loan. I am glad to see that an extradition treaty with Argentina is to be concluded, if only in order to get hold of that scoundrel Jabez Balfour. With reference to the House and Land Investment Trust Company, one of the swindling concerns with which that dishonest financier was connected, I have received several communications thanking me for the warning which I gave in reply to all inquiries some considerable time before the collapse. One of my correspondents, who hails from Northampton, is good enough to express himself as follows:—

> I take this opportunity of thanking you very much for advice given me some two years since, as, acting on it, I was enabled to withdraw from the House and Land Investment Company before the crash came.

I am glad to find that my advice was appreciated and acted upon. I see that that ill-conceived scheme "Venice, Limited," upon which I commented last week, has been withdrawn. The Directors have very properly returned the application money, stating that, at the request of the promoters and on the advice of Mr. Kiralfy, they have decided not to proceed to allotment. The prospectus of the "London Music Hall, Limited," which has just been issued, calls for some comment. The purchase consideration of £80,000, payable as to £55,000 in cash, and as to £25,000 in cash or Debentures and shares, appears altogether excessive, and it is, moreover, absurd to hold out the success of the Empire, Alhambra, or Tivoli Music Halls, as in any way foreshadowing similar results in this concern. The estimate of profits given by the accountants is also altogether illusory, as it lacks a sound basis, being arrived at merely from "the capacity of the Hall at prices suitable to the locality." I should advise my readers to leave this Company alone, and that is also my view with reference to the "Norwich Grand Hotel and Empire Theatre Company, Limited," which it is sought to float with a capital of £70,000 in shares and £30,000 in Debentures. It seems to me extremely doubtful that a concern of this kind, and so heavily capitalised, would pay in the very respectable but intensely dull town of Norwich; and the comparison with the Longtown Hotel Company and the Empire Palace, Limited, is really too far-fetched. Why have not the results of the Alexandra Hotel and Continental Hotel Companies, over which the Chairman, Lord Saye and Sele, also presides, been given? The vendors, moreover show little confidence in the future of the Company, as they stipulate for a purchase consideration of no less than £70,000 in cash and £20,000 in cash, Debentures, or shares. The report of the Imperial Bank of Persia is not cheerful for those shareholders who read between the lines. The amount available for distribution is only £51,638, which just suffices to pay 5 per cent. dividend for the year. But the report adds that the great fall in silver has affected the capital, and that if it were necessary to recall all funds, at present rates, there would be a deficiency of about £200,000. The proper policy would have been not to pay any dividend until provision had been made for this deficiency, which practically reduces the capital from £1,000,000 to £800,000. The item of £650,000 for 150,000 fully paid Ordinary shares in the unfortunate Persian Bank Mining Rights Corporation, which has now become quite valueless, does not, fortunately, figure as an asset, but £88,349 as expenditure and advances in connection with the Road Concession do, and in the light of the fate of other Persian concessions it is difficult to say if there is any value in this at all. The report of the Committee appointed by the creditors to advise with the liquidator of the unfortunate New Oriental Bank Corporation discloses a shocking state of affairs. Four of the Directors owed between them £77,835 to the Bank at the time of the stoppage, out of which Mr. G. H. Tod-Heatly's debt alone was fully secured and was eventually repaid. Another serious irregularity was the ruinous financing of concerns in which Directors were interested, amongst which figured the Gatling Arms and Ammunition Company, the Anglo-Asiatic Syndicate, the Kooteray Smelting and Trading Syndicate, the Real Estate and Mortgage Bank of Melbourne, not to mention such concerns as the Stock and Share Auction Company, and other abortive undertakings. The whole report is a catalogue of deeds of mismanagement and irregularity, if not worse, with the result that the whole capital of £612,000 has been lost, and a deficiency of £1,497,000 created, which will have to be borne by the creditors, who will not receive more than 12s. in the £, or 6s. in addition to the 6s. already paid. I may remind my readers who inquired for my opinion that I have persistently advised them to have nothing to do with this bank, which was notoriously carried on in the most reckless manner, and many have thus had the opportunity of clearing out before the collapse came. Full explanations of the position were given at Monday's meeting of the St. Louis Breweries, Limited. The Company has undoubtedly suffered from exceptional troubles, the beer war in St. Louis being followed by the severe commercial crisis in the United States. The management must also be blamed for spending money too freely on improvements, and it is satisfactory to find, not only that the American bonds promise to pull in expenses of this kind, but that a special resolution moved by Mr. Macaskie on behalf of the Investigating Committee of shareholders, was passed recommending the restriction of this vast expenditure, and a reduction of the Directors' fees and of London expenses. If Mr. Macaskie (who has passed from the Committee of Investigation to the Board) proves half as active in deeds as a Director, as he was eloquent in words, the shareholders will soon see dividends again. The statements made at the meeting should also allay the uneasy feeling which has of late prevailed, and which is chiefly responsible for a fall in the price of the shares, that must appear altogether unjustified.—Your affectionate uncle,

MOSES.

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QUEER STORY.

BISHOP BELLERBY'S TOUR.

WHEN the Right Rev. Stephen Bellerby, D.D., had been Bishop of Bampton rather more than a year he began, metaphorically speaking, to feel the weight of his mitre. The candidates for his first Trinity ordination had dispersed to their curacies, wondering if all the Bishops were so genial and so ready to make allowances for nervousness under *viva voce* examination. The candidates for his second quailed before him, and those who, having entered the diaconate the year before, now aspired to the priesthood, said confidentially one to another that it was a pity the pride of office had so soon spoilt his Lordship's temper.

The Bishop himself knew that he had been snappish, and regretted the fact exceedingly. He even confessed his fault—to his physician—and as a penance was ordered to take more exercise and go away for a change.

"Bowles says it's my liver," he said to his nephew, who lived with him.

Many a man fancies his liver is out of order; no one likes to be told that its sluggishness is the cause of his bad temper, and the Bishop spoke irritably.

"Bowles is an old fool," replied the young man, soothingly. He believed that Bowles was right; but, nevertheless, as he told his conscience, even an old fool must be right sometimes. "But why not take his advice and go to Shrimpton for a fortnight? The change is sure to do you good. You won't be worried there——"

"Shan't I?" interrupted the Bishop. "Much you know about it. The local clergy will be down upon me as one man to ask me to preach for their building-funds—they all have building-funds. How can a man in my position go for a real change? I am tired of being 'our good bishop' week after week, and month after month. It was bad enough when I was Dean of Halswater, but the fulsome adulation I have had to put up with lately is sickening, positively sickening. I need a mental tonic. I want to exchange ideas with other men simply as their fellow-man. But I suppose I must wait till my turn comes for the House of Lords."

"Why not try a tricycle tour?" suggested his nephew.

"What, in these?" asked the Bishop, holding up his apron, and scowling at the gaiters, which had been his pride but one short year ago.

"No, of course not," said his nephew. "Your old cycling suit is somewhere about, I think. Or, if it isn't, you can get another."

Even when Dean of Halswater the Bishop had been a cyclist, but on his promotion he had given up his favourite pastime as lacking in dignity. He had never ceased to regret his decision. He was a strong and somewhat fleshy man, still on the right side of fifty-five, and, after a little consideration, he resolved to carry out his nephew's suggestion. As he had no wife to interfere with his plans, the necessary arrangements were soon made, and, early one fine morning, the Bishop stole away from the back entrance of his palace alone and unseen.

For some days all went well with him. He was not once recognised, and he believed that even his profession, with all outward badges of which he had dispensed, was not suspected by any one with whom he had conversed. He thought, too, that as a man he had favourably impressed his fellows, so he felt satisfied with his experiment and was sure he was better, physically and mentally, for his tour. Late in the afternoon of the sixth day he was riding cautiously down a steep hill, quite two hundred miles away from his Cathedral city, when his brake gave way, and he lost control of his machine which presently upset. The Bishop fell on his head, and lay insensible in the middle of the road.

* * * * *

When the Bishop came to himself he found that he was lying on the grass by the road-side. Some one had evidently moved him. He sat up and looked around but no one was in sight.

"I suppose," said he to himself, "that some good Samar——"

He checked the supposition in the middle of the word as he became aware that his episcopal person was covered only by a few rags, carelessly thrown over it, which fell from his shoulders when he sat up. The Thieves had been there, the Priest and the Levite might have passed, but the Samaritan was yet to come.

It was growing dusk, and the breeze was chilly. The Bishop shivered, drew one of the rags over his shoulders again, and considered the situation. His tricycle had disappeared as utterly as his clothes. Probably the villain who had stripped him had ridden off on it. His head ached, and he rather thought one of his ankles was sprained. Should he try to hobble along in search of help or wait and appeal to the pity of the first passer-by? Good heavens! Suppose the first passer-by should be a woman? The Bishop blushed, and hastily examined the poor substitutes for his neat cycling suit.

There was an old shirt—it seemed to be tolerably clean, but the Bishop shuddered as he put it on—a pair of trousers, very ragged, and something which might once have been a coat, but there were no socks or boots. When he was dressed he stood up, and found that his ankle, though painful, was still capable of contributing to his support.

Not without difficulty he reached the bottom of the hill, where he found a brook. He stooped over it to wash the blood and dust from his head and face, but started back in horror. Surely a most disreputable-looking tramp had crept up behind him and was looking over his shoulder? But no; it was only his own image that had startled him, and, with a deep sigh, he began his ablutions. Then, after a drink from the clear stream, he waded through it, and manfully began to climb the opposite hill, thinking that, as the road over which he had come was very lonely, his best chance of finding speedy help lay in pressing on.

The Bishop was surprised to find how hard even the grass by the roadside was to his bare feet. It was late in the summer, and presently he came to a place where the hedges had been trimmed. In the gathering gloom he stepped continually on hidden thorns, and at the end of half a mile he sat down in despair on a gate. There was a haystack in the field behind him, but no sign of a house anywhere. How would it be to rest under that stack until some one passed, or even all night if necessary?

Less than five minutes afterwards he was comfortably established under the lee of the stack, and snugly covered up with hay. For a while he lay almost contented with his new circumstances, but presently fresh fears assailed him. He was racked by mysterious pains, and he began to think his fall must have injured him internally, but soon a light dawned on him.

"I really believe it is nothing but hunger," he said to himself. "I had no idea it could make one so uncomfortable in so short a time. I wonder if that scoundrel carried anything to eat?"

There was a pocket attached to the tail of the scoundrel's coat in somewhat better condition than the rest of the garment. In it the Bishop found some bread, a bit of cheese, a pipe, tobacco, matches, and a small glass flask containing whisky.

The bread was stale, the cheese was hard, the whisky was raw, and the tobacco was strong, but the Bishop enjoyed them all immensely. The food gave him fresh courage, and he began to think of trying his fortune on the road again.

"Just ten minutes more," said he to himself, but in ten minutes more he was as sound asleep as ever he had been in Bampton Palace.

* * * * *

The Bishop dreamt that he was riding a tricycle with broken spokes, which kept hitting his thighs as the wheels went round, but when he awoke he found that his dream was founded on fact. It was broad daylight, and a stout and angry-looking farmer was standing over him and prodding him about the legs with a stick.

"Hi! Wake up there!" said the farmer.

"I am awake," replied the Bishop, "and I'll trouble you to let my legs alone, my friend."

"None of your impudence, now," retorted the farmer. "Just get up and come along with me. Pick up your nasty pipe, too; we'll take that along. What the country's coming to, when such chaps is allowed to tramp about it setting ricks afire, I don't know. But I'll teach you!"

The Bishop, on the point of indignantly denying the implication about the rick, caught sight of the tramp's well-blackened clay at his feet, blushed guiltily, and remained silent. He remembered now that he had fallen asleep with that clay between his teeth; and though the rick was not burnt, it certainly might have been. For a moment he feared that the farmer meant to impart the promised instruction by personal chastisement, which it would be unseemly, though necessary, to resist.

"Look here, my good man," he said, haughtily, "do you know what I am?"

"Yes," replied the farmer, promptly. "A lazy, dirty, good-for-nothing, loafing vagabond, and you'll just come along with me quietly and go before the Bench at Claxton for sleeping out, or I'll break every bone in your idle body." The Bishop breathed a sigh, partly of resignation, partly of relief. It would be humiliating to appear before the Magistrates, though, of course, his troubles would be as good as over as soon as they heard his story, but anything was better than having to fight that farmer.

There was a dog-cart waiting at the gate in charge of a labourer, who grinned most offensively when he saw the captive. "Jump up, Jim," said the farmer, "and take care this wastrel doesn't give us the slip."

Jim proved worthy of the trust reposed in him. Whenever the Bishop made the least movement, he said surlily, "Ah! would you?" "None o' that, now," or "You'd best not try it on."

The Bishop in vain declared that he had not the least intention of trying it on, and, equally in vain, strove to propitiate his guardian by general conversation. The man, except when he repeated one of his formulæ of warning, kept stolidly silent, so the Bishop abandoned his attempts to make friends, and buoyed up his soul with faith in the quickness of Magisterial discernment.

When the farmer pulled up at Claxton police-station, the Bishop was ordered to get down and stand still. He meekly did so, and then Jim took him by one arm and the farmer by the other. Three small boys who stood near audibly wondered "What he'd been a-doing of," and one of them suggested murder in such a tone of conviction that the Bishop was quite glad when the door of the station-house closed behind him.

"Morning, Jubber," said the farmer to a Police-sergeant whom they found writing within.

"Morning, Mr. Pratt," said the Sergeant, looking up from his work. "What have you got there?"

"Tramp," replied the farmer. "Found him sleeping under my new rick on the Four-acres. Nearly set it a-fire. Here's his dirty pipe."

"Ah!" said the Sergeant, glancing carelessly at the prisoner. "Going to charge him, I suppose?"

"Rather!" replied the farmer, vindictively. So the

FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

Bishop was charged with that heinous offence known as "sleeping out," and the farmer departed, after facetiously telling the Bishop not to fret for him, because he'd be sure to see him again when the Court met.

How soon would that be, wondered the Bishop, and what time was it now? Instinctively he moved his hand towards the place where his watch should have been, and then, realising the futility of his action, sighed so heavily that he attracted the Sergeant's attention.

"Hullo! my man," said he, looking up once more from his writing. "I was forgetting you. It's hardly worth while putting you into a cell, though. The Court meets in an hour. You can sit down there if you'll keep quiet and not interrupt me. I'm busy."

"Thank you," said the Bishop, sinking wearily into a chair. The Sergeant eyed his prisoner keenly for a moment, scratched his ear thoughtfully with the pen-holder, opened his mouth as if about to speak, changed his mind, and resumed his writing.

The Bishop began to consider what he had better do. The Court met in an hour; good. The Magistrates, as educated gentlemen, might be expected to know another educated gentleman when they saw one—but no; the Bishop remembered that reflection in the water and corrected himself—not when they saw one, but as soon as they heard one speak. Good heavens! though, he wouldn't be allowed to speak until after that farmer had told his story. There would be a reporter present to a certainty, and the clay pipe, perhaps even the whisky flask, would get, possibly pictorially, into the papers. That would never, never do. Even imprisonment would be easier to bear than that. A cold perspiration broke out on his brow, and he determined to try the effect of his educated voice on Mr. Jubber.

"Sergeant," he said, in his most mellifluous pulpit-tone, "do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the Sergeant gruffly. "And don't want. "'Taint law or manners to go into a man's previous convictions before his case is heard."

"But I am a—a clergyman, Sergeant," persisted the Bishop, "and I met with an accident yesterday afternoon."

"Clergyman, are you?" said the Sergeant as indifferently as if he had one in custody every day. "Why didn't you say so before? Here I've been and entered you on the charge-sheet as labourer—but I don't suppose it matters."

"Not at all," said the Bishop. "I am a labourer, you know, in a certain sense. But I want to tell you my story. I was——"

"Stop," interrupted the Sergeant. "Don't you know that anything you say to me is liable to be used in evidence against you? Keep your defence for the Bench, man."

"But I don't want to go before the Bench," objected the Bishop.

"I daresay not," said the Sergeant drily.

"And I was wondering if you would be good enough to ask one of the Magistrates to come here and see me privately," resumed the Bishop.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Jubber impatiently, "I let you sit down here on condition you didn't interrupt me. If I'd known you was a parson I'd never have done it, because a parson can't keep his mouth shut any better than a woman, and so if——"

"You believe I am a clergyman, then?" interrupted the Bishop, too much amazed to be careful of giving offence.

"Well, you say you are, and you ought to know," said the Sergeant. "It's once a parson always a parson, isn't it, even if you do go the wrong side the hedge? Now, be quiet or I'll lock you up."

The Bishop went down into the silence of despair. If Jubber believed him to be a clergyman, and yet held him guilty—after all though the man was right. He was guilty. He had slept out, not willingly, of course, but because he could not find a roof to shelter him—which was, no doubt, precisely the reason why nine vagrants out of ten committed the same offence. The Bishop was a just man, and the conclusion was obvious. He had broken the law. As Stephen Bellerby, labourer, he would take his punishment and hold his tongue for the honour and dignity of the cloth.

Just as he came to this heroic resolution some one knocked at the outer door, opened it, and entered before the Sergeant had time to finish uttering a gruff "Come in!"

The newcomer was an athletic-looking clergyman, so young that the mundane bloom of undergraduacy had not yet faded from his cheek, and the Bishop's heart leapt for joy. The Curate—the Bishop knew him for a Curate at a glance—had no doubt come to see if he could do any good among the prisoners. The heroic resolution was rescinded, and the Bishop determined not to submit to martyrdom without another struggle.

"Jubber," said the Curate before the Bishop could speak, "what is this I hear about you not being willing to play on Saturday? Who's to keep wicket, I'd like to know?"

"Well, sir," replied Jubber, putting down his pen, "it's this way. There was a little unpleasantness over at the 'Crown' about three weeks back, and Tom Sleeman was in it. In the way of duty I had to summons him for being drunk and refusing to quit. Perhaps you didn't notice, sir, the way in which he winged in them short-pitched ones last Saturday?"

"Oh! but I did," said the Curate. "I remember telling him to be careful or he'd break the stumps. We really can't afford a new set just now."

"No, sir," returned the Sergeant doggedly, "and no more can't I afford a new set of teeth. It was my head the spiteful beggar wanted to break."

The Curate was a man of experience—in the management of cricket-teams—and he knew that a wicket-keeper with a grievance needs humouring. He turned his head aside so that Jubber might not see him smile, and caught the Bishop's eye fixed on him appealingly.

"Hullo!" said he, turning to Jubber again. "I didn't notice you had company. Who is he? Tramp, eh? Sleeping under rick, was he? Says he's been a clergyman? Poor devil. Um! Drink, I suppose."

Then, after fumbling in his pocket, he held out his hand to the Bishop.

"I'm sorry to see you here," he said kindly. "Perhaps this will help——but, by Jove! No, it can't be. I'm hanged if it isn't though!"

He became dumb through sheer amazement, and the Bishop saw his chance—a better one than he had ever hoped for.

"Do you know me, then?" he asked, in a trembling whisper.

"Yes, I think so—er—that is, I'm sure I do, my lord," stammered the Curate. "You ordained me last Trinity Sunday by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Wroxeter."

"Then, for heaven's sake tell that numskull policeman what I am, and get me out of this," thundered the Bishop, in tones worthy of a longsuffering, but at last indignant, prelate.

* * * * *

The Curate managed it. With a tact and discretion beyond his years he managed it. He told Pratt nothing, but appealed so eloquently to his better feelings that he consented not to prosecute. He so worked upon the misgivings which assailed Jubber as soon as he knew his prisoner's real station in life, that the Sergeant burnt the charge-sheet containing the name of Stephen Bellerby, and hurriedly wrote out another. He smuggled some decent clothes into the police-station, took the Bishop to his lodgings, fed him and condoled with him to his heart's content, without once allowing himself the luxury of a smile.

He never even shared the joke with any one, except the Bishop's nephew, whose acquaintance he made when the grateful Bishop gave him the valuable living of St. Neot's, Bampton. He is popular in his parish, and those who at first blamed the Bishop for appointing so young a man now credit him with almost superhuman powers of discerning hidden merit.

The Bishop has made no further attempt to divest himself of the advantages of his station in his intercourse with his fellow-men. As a corrective to the adulation of

his friends, he reads the *Bampton Sentinel*, whose editor has a poor opinion of Bishops.

The thief was not traced. The Bishop's nephew, who has a frugal mind, said that he ought to be if only for the sake of recovering the tricycle, but the Bishop settled the matter in four words. The first was "Oh!" the third "the," and the fourth "tricycle." The second? Well, the second, perhaps, was excusable.

ART NOTES.

IT was undoubtedly valorous of Mr. D. S. MacColl to exhibit a collection of his water-colours at the Goupil Gallery, but, most assuredly, it was not discreet; for he has, in fact, delivered himself into the hands of the Philistines by his one-man show. As long as he confined himself to writing articles on art, which passed as oracular because they were so delightfully unintelligible, all was well. But since he has essayed to show by the exhibition of some four score of his drawings what is the practical outcome of his art-teaching, he has fatally committed himself.

For now we see what "pirouetting on paper" and "capering on canvas" really mean. We have practical demonstration of how "chattering sunlight" is to be depicted, and what the art which aims at being "a sort of gesture" can effect. And the result, I am bound to say, cannot but prove reassuring to those who stand in the old artistic ways. However loudly Mr. MacColl may blow his trumpet in future, the walls of the Burlington House Jericho are not likely to totter and fall. For, much though there may be to deride and deplore in the conventionality and puerility, and I fear I must add the vulgarity, of the academic art of the period, better by far will it be for us to keep it and make the best we can of it, rather than accept in its place that state of smudgy and smeary artistic anarchy which D. S. M. seems so anxious to introduce.

It will be gathered from this exordium that I am not altogether favourably impressed with Mr. MacColl's artistic "impressions." His art criticisms have often surprised me, but his water-colours, I am bound to say, have made me sad. Perhaps the most depressing feature of the Show is the unmistakable evidence it contains that the artist has not even done as well as he might. It is clear from such drawings as "On the Beach, No. 1" and "Carting" that Mr. MacColl can, when he pleases, invest his works with a luminosity and freshness and vigour which to a considerable extent redeem their lack of form and detail. But in far too many of his drawings he seems of a set purpose to have contented himself with making a number of more or less smeary experiments with washes of colour on pieces of white paper. That these may have been interesting to him to make is probable; that, being made, they have afforded pleasure to some of the more devoted of his disciples, is possible; but that there is anything in them calculated to interest, or instruct, or delectate the average natural man I venture most emphatically to deny.

Mr. MacColl, I have reason to believe, is a young man, but even in the presumption of youth he should not throw his water-colour box in the face of the public. As an art critic his procedure is altogether different. In preparing his articles he at any rate takes pains to write in good English what may or may not be good sense. He does not send in to his Editor a succession of meaningless sentences, unpunctuated, unbalanced, and unformed. He does not imagine that an unorthographic muddle of words can be quickened into sense by a profuse peppering of adjectives however luminous, or of capital letters however big. In short, he does not presume to discharge his dictionary or his thesaurus at the heads of his patient readers. Then why, I would ask him in conclusion, and in all seriousness, has he been ill-advised enough to produce chromatic smudges and defiantly exhibit them as Works of Art?

The drawings alluded to above are hung on the walls of a well-lighted little gallery, which Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. have just had constructed at No. 5, Regent street. Many other pictures, including several well-known Whistlers, a characteristic Mauve, and a Joseph Israels of exceptional merit, are to be seen in an adjoining room. Nor should the visitor fail to notice a delightful reproduction of a water colour by Outin. Many triumphs have been achieved in colour printing, but it seems to me that the climax of success has been reached in this particular instance.

MUSIC.

M. PADEREWSKI.

M. PADEREWSKI has again been the musical hero of the week, and whether at the Crystal Palace or the Popular Concerts the same tale has to be told of seats sold out days in advance. There is no doubt that the imposition of a guinea for the best places at the St. James's Hall recital, a month or so ago, is to a great extent responsible for the rush to hear the Polish pianist at a cheaper rate. At St. James's Hall on Monday certain enthusiasts of an economical turn of mind arrived, it seems, at the doors at one o'clock in the afternoon, deeming a wait of seven mortal hours as nothing to the chance of securing a shilling seat. At the Crystal Palace on Saturday, for once in a way, the back of the orchestra was brought into requisition, and every place was filled although the programme contained nothing more exciting than the Polish Fantasia, which several of the audience had already heard both in Norwich and London. However, although purely rhapsodical, M. Paderewski's Fantasia grows on acquaintance, particularly as to the lovely andante and the spirited finale. Of course, the real test will come when it is played by somebody else than the composer, an experiment which, however, in such very difficult music, the average pianist is not by any means anxious to try. M. Paderewski afterwards played a trio of smaller pieces, including M. Rubinstein's Valse Caprice, which the composer himself found a hard nut to crack, and for an encore the second of Liszt's rhapsodies.

Last year it is understood that M. Paderewski made no charge for playing either at the Philharmonic or the Popular concerts, but this year, it is said, Mr. Daniel Mayer, his manager, receives for him a fee of 120 gs. each night. Elsewhere M. Paderewski is usually his own impresario, and he makes out of it a good deal more money than any reasonable fee would cover. At his last recital at St. James's Hall, for example, the takings were over £1,000. In the provinces, however, the admission prices are very much lower than in London, although, as the halls are larger, the difference in the total receipts is not so great as might be imagined. The Free Trade Hall, Manchester, where he plays this week, for example, holds 4,000 people, nearly twice as many as St. James's Hall, so that the best reserved seats can be sold at a handsome profit for six shillings each. Six shillings was also charged for the best places on his return visit to St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, a room which comfortably holds 3,500 people. If, when he comes back after the New Year, M. Paderewski removes from St. James's Hall to the new Queen's Hall, his tickets are likely to be sold at a far more reasonable rate than before. During his present English tour, however, he has, I learn, taken something like £20,000, a figure which I doubt any other pianist has exceeded in this country.

On Monday at the Popular Concerts Mr. Lloyd introduced M. Paderewski's new album of songs, six in number, the English version by Miss Alma Tadema. The songs are likely to be far more popular than the Polish Fantasia, and two of them, the "Piper's Song" and that entitled "Pain have I endured," which on Monday was repeated in response to reiterated demands for an encore, will certainly win the favour of the public without any trouble. One or two of the others are diffi-

OVOCA.—A perfect Old Irish WHISKY. Medically recommended. Absolutely pure, genuine. Thoroughly matured, palatable. Of all Wine Merchants. Wholesale only, A. MILLAR & Co., Dublin.

cult, but nevertheless interesting; while in the music there is often a curious mixture of the Polish and the German elements. My provincial friends bid fair to have a treat if the suggestion be carried out, that Messrs. Paderewski and Lloyd shall tour with these songs and some pianoforte works in the spring.

The Royal mourning has disturbed the arrangements made for the Court festivities at Christmas. There was, as I have already mentioned, an idea to have an operatic Company to Windsor before the Queen went to Osborne, but this, of course, is now abandoned; and the production by Princess Henry of Battenberg and some of the junior members of the Royal Family of two operettas by Signor Tosti has also been postponed. This is fortunate for the composer, as I understand the second of the series, set to a libretto by Mdlle. Descours and M. Marras, is not yet finished. The earlier of the operettas, however, entitled "A Passing Shadow," the libretto by Mrs. Arthur Hervey, is complete, and the Royal amateurs already have their parts.

I am told that the lecture delivered last week before the Royal College of Organists by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, and entitled "Two Years' Music in Australia, by One of the Survivors," is very smartly written, and it certainly ought to be published. Mr. Clarke took up the running of the Victorian Orchestra after Mr. Cowen left Melbourne, and his experiences should be well worth recording.

The revival at the Albert Hall of Handel's "Jephtha" was interesting, although the work would seem to be more suitable for a smaller building, if only because it contains a maximum of airs and a minimum of choruses. I rather fancy, too, that if he had enjoyed the opportunity Sir Arthur would have touched up the additional accompaniments which he wrote for the Barnby choir in 1868-9. However, it is as well that the present generation should have a chance of hearing Handel's last oratorio, and Mr. Lloyd's singing of "Waft her angels" was worthy of the best traditions of English vocalism. This air has always been a prime favourite of British tenors, from Beard, in Handel's own day, to John Braham and Sims Reeves.

At the Albert Hall, by the way, there is now in progress a series of Sunday afternoon organ recitals, which appear to have considerably exercised certain worthy clergymen. The reason why is not at all easy to discover. The organ pieces are interspersed with songs, usually of a sacred—or, at any rate, of a sombre—character, and even applause is forbidden. It is said that the thing which chiefly called down the anathemas of the clerical malcontents was a trombone quartet. I am, personally, not quite prepared to say that a trombone quartet party is altogether the sort of company which a tired man would like to entertain very late at night. But there is nothing impious in a trombone, and, indeed, it is a Biblical instrument, figuring in Holy Writ under the name of the "sackbut." At any rate, the Sunday afternoon organ recitals seem to have hit the public taste, for it appears that the average attendance is about 5,000 people, nearly half of whom were admitted to the gallery free, while the rest pay small sums ranging from threepence to a shilling for reserved seats. The biggest run is on the threepenny seats in the balcony and the sixpenny places in the arena, but there is a certain amount of speculation on the weather, as a wet day, such as we had last Sunday, nearly empties the hall.

The veteran Mr. W. Kuhe, who is as well known in London as at Brighton, where he so long resided, attained on Sunday his seventieth year, and a large number of eminent musicians called at Elm Park-gardens to congratulate him. Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir George Grove, neither of whom was in town, sent telegrams, but among those who personally attended were M. Paderewski, Señor Sarasate, M. Otto Goldschmidt, Sir J. Barnby, Messrs. Santley, Cowen, Oudin, Salmond, Felix Moscheles, Borwick, Randegger, Brereton, Vert, Mayer, Hipkins, Shakespeare, Albanesi, and Tividar Nachez.

Except that the tenor did not appear to have any natural histrionic talent, and might justifiably be advised to turn his attention to concert work instead of opera, the performance of Schumann's "Genoveva" by the students of the Royal College of Music at Drury Lane last week was really excellent. The stage management, for which Mr. Richard Temple (late of the Savoy troupe) was responsible, particularly showed an immense improvement upon the make-shifts which have done duty elsewhere, while Miss Bruckshaw as the heroine and Miss Lunn as the witch were both remarkably good. "Genoveva," of course, is unsuitable for performance on the ordinary operatic stage owing to a clumsy libretto and music which is rarely dramatic, but it certainly deserves a hearing, and so much interest was expressed in the performance last week that Sir George Grove will probably repeat it.

Sir George Elvey, who died of influenza on Saturday, was a discovery of Queen Adelaide, and when Highmore Skeats the younger died in 1835, that Queen sent for Elvey from Oxford, where he was then a lay chorister at Christ Church, and promoted him to the post of organist at St. George's Chapel. This office he held for very nearly half a century. Elvey was much liked and respected by the Prince Consort, who in those days took a great deal of interest in the Windsor choir and its music. The best of Elvey's compositions were the anthems and chants which he wrote for the St. George's Chapel choir, which in its day has included a very large number of boys who eventually became eminent organists. Elvey was knighted in 1871, shortly after the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, for which occasion he composed a wedding march. Elvey himself was wedded four times, on each occasion to a lady of fortune, and shortly after his last marriage to Miss Savory, a sister of Sir J. Savory, once Lord Mayor, he retired from his duties at Windsor, and has since lived on his country estate in Surrey.

The German version of "Utopia, Limited," is expected at the Friedrich Wilhelmstrasse Theater, Berlin, next week, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, who is now in the German capital, is understood to take great interest in it. On the other hand, in "The Mikado" the Germans have introduced a feminine Nanky Poo, and it seems that according to German law the composer can do little more in the matter than vigorously protest.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—The ages of doubt are also and always and by no inexplicable paradox the ages of superstition. When a great creed is on the rocks, and there is a general *sauve qui peut* of her passengers, drowning faith will cling to any spar or straw which any hand or any wave tosses within her reach. Hence the superstitions which Father Austin in his interesting biography of a thaumaturgus, the Passionate priest, "Father Charles" (1), ridicules and denounces. To the profane the ridicule and denunciation of any pretence to miraculous power made by any church or sect or cult other than the Roman Catholic reads a little like an advertisement of the pill Mr. Bright described as "good against an earthquake, to be had only at the old-established house. None others genuine. Beware of spurious imitations." And, to say the truth, this profane impression is deepened when you come to the record of Father

(1) "The Life of Father Charles," of the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Father Austin, C.P. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)
(2) "Do the Dead Return?" A Record of Experiences in Spiritualism. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(3) "Pictures from Greek Life and Story." By the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. With illustrations. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)
(4) "Alfred, Lord Tennyson." A Study of his Life and Work. By Arthur Waugh, B.A. With illustrations. (London: William Heinemann.)
(5) "Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth." By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.G.S., &c. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)
(6) "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." By W. Clark Russell. (New and cheaper edition.) (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(7) "A Laodicean." (8) "Two on a Tower." (9) "The Return of the Native." (New edition.) By Thomas Hardy. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)
(10) "Poems." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (11) "Poems." By John G. Whittier. (12) "The Scarlet Letter." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. (London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
(13) "Arts and Crafts Essays." By Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. With a Preface by William Morris. (London: Rivington, Percival, & Co.)
(14) "Platonica." A Study. By Ethel M. Arnold. (London: Osgood, [illegible] & Co.)

Charles's miracles, which reads precisely like the testimonials in an advertisement to the efficacy of a miraculous pill. How Father Austin could suppose that any one, not an old woman, and a Catholic old woman at that, should accept such a testimony as the following as conclusive of Father Charles's miraculous power, I cannot conceive:—

"An educated and wealthy Quakeress and a rich Presbyterian gentleman, to my knowledge," states Father Sebastian, C.P., "came to Father Charles to be cured every time they became unwell, instead of sending for a doctor"—

an economical arrangement, by the way, which did not commend itself to Father Charles's own faith and prudence, since he called in a doctor himself when he was ill. The evidence for the few other miracles recorded is too slight and loose to float a pill; whereas, had the Father really possessed miraculous powers, the numbers of the cured and the evidence of the cures must alike have been overwhelming, since you are told that crowds came daily for years to be healed at his hands.

"It was well answered," says Bacon, "by Diagoras to him that showed him in Neptune's temple the great number of pictures of such as had scaped shipwreck and had paid their vows to Neptune, saying, 'Advise now, you that think it folly to invocate Neptune in tempest!' 'Yea, but,' saith Diagoras, 'where are they painted that are drowned?'"

If the multitudes that must have been sent unhealed away were set against the "beggarly array of empty" sick-beds, said to have been emptied by the father with the help of a blessed candle, the evidence of his miraculous power would assume its due and absurd proportions. For my own part I am free to confess that the evidence for spiritualism given in a book of odd and great interest, written by a clergyman of the Church of England, "Do the Dead Return?" (2) seems to me—*by comparison*—overpowering. Talking of the breaking up of great faiths, I remember once at Rome being strangely struck by what to you will seem the commonplace thought, "Not one worshipper of Jupiter left, to whom so many nations for so many generations built great temples, raised costly statues, offered hecatombs of sacrifices, numberless as the sands, and the prayers and tears of many million sorrows!" (Of course, I am excepting that prudent Scotchman who always took his hat off to a statue of Jupiter, because there was no knowing when he might again come into power.) Well, this, no doubt commonplace, reflection occurred to me again with great force to day on reading in Professor Church's charming "Pictures from Greek Life and Story" (3)—an admirable Christmas present, by the way, to make any boy or girl—the history of the sacred island of Delos. To how many nations, and for how many generations was this little island, but five miles in circumference, so sacred that, so to say, it was paved with their gold and clouded with their incense. On one occasion alone, says Professor Church, the Persians "offered the huge, the almost incredible amount of three hundred talents of frankincense on the altar of its patron god, Apollo." To-day, its sole inhabitants are a handful of sheep!

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be,
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

In quoting "In Memoriam" I ought to mention that Mr. Waugh's In Memoriam to Tennyson, which I noticed on its opportune appearance after the poet's death—"Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Study of his Life and Work" (4)—has appeared in a third and improved edition. No one will be found to question the claim Mr. Waugh makes in the preface to having given us "a more complete, more detailed, and more accurate study of Tennyson than any at present in possession of the public," while the beauty and number of the illustrations, and the admirable get up of the volume would make it also a most welcome Christmas present. Its price, let me say, is but 6s., and that of "Pictures from Greek Life and Story" but 5s. To the scientifically-inclined youth and maiden Sir J. W. Dawson's encyclopædic and admirably illustrated "Salient Points in the Science of the Earth" (5), price 7s. 6d., would be as acceptable a gift as you could offer; while the more frivolous would rejoice greatly over Mr. Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor" (6), now in a cheap edition (3s. 6d.), or in the cheap editions of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels, to be had at the same price, "A Laodicean" (7), "Two on a Tower" (8), "The Return of the Native" (9). More presentable, but less serviceable in their handsome bindings of red, white, and gold, are what I might call Christmas editions of "Longfellow" (10), of "Whittier" (11), and of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" (12), all profusely illustrated in the American style, and each 6s. A characteristically beautiful book is "Arts and Crafts Essays" (13), price 7s. 6d., all by experts of a rank so high as to be guaranteed by Mr. William Morris, who writes a preface to the volume. Here are books "for man or woman of all sizes," as Autolycus says; but for your own reading I would strongly recommend a little novelette by, I believe, the sister of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and—what will mean more to you—the niece of Matthew Arnold. "Platonics" (14) is a most suggestive story of singular promise written on a text which is certainly original: "There are some women whom no man's love can altogether compensate for the loss of a woman's." Original also, I think, is the idea subtly worked out, of a woman retiring into herself as into a Protestant convent of renunciation, a more heart-devouring solitude than the Trappist's.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely, DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Do you like gaiters on women? To my mind they are one of the too numerous things in which theory and practice are irreconcilable. Theoretically, a pair of gaiters are most excellent in damp or muddy weather. They protect the ankles and a portion of the boots. But, oh! the sight some ankles are, thus armed against our climate! I saw a pair on Wednesday which have left a permanent impression on my mind. They were waddling out of Charing Cross Station on the most substantial pair of ankles that ever supported a worthy, respectable woman. Strange—is it not?—that respectability so often fights shy of the beautiful and the æsthetic! Those rotund gaiters fascinated me. I had to watch them, and would probably have followed them home had not Maud, noting my look of misery, probed my mind on the subject, and laughed at me until I joined in too.

But there are very different gaiters to be seen. They may possibly be very respectable, but that is not essentially the first attribute that they impress upon the spectator. Daintiness, slenderness, coquetry, and costliness, are all eloquently expressed. A pair I have seen are in tan-coloured cloth of the very finest, fitted to a nicety to pretty feet with arched insteps, and lined with white satin. The buttons are placed very close together, the edges of the gaiters being well boned. They are buttoned with the aid of a hook, of course, just like boots.

Walking up Grosvenor-street one day in last week, we noticed that one of the houses near the square is furnished with a pair of reflecting outside mirrors, like those so universally seen in Holland. One was placed at the proper angle for showing to the inmates of the dining-room any one on the door-step, while the other supplied information of the same sort about the area-steps. New idea this, is it not? It would hardly be approved by the occupants of the basement floor.

We were on our way to Goode's splendid show-rooms in South Audley-street, where we wanted to look for some suitable present for Lilla. According to her usual custom she had taken care to let us know the exact sort of thing she wished to be given—viz., something novel in

HUNTING SEASON, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—JOHN BUSVINE, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

dinner-table decoration, either for flowers or in lighting. We saw so many charming things that it was very difficult to choose. The most graceful was, perhaps, an arrangement in tall white arches of glass for the electric light, the arches being connected by slender chains and provided with flower vases, all in purest crystal. With the pillars and arches wreathed with smilax, or with ivy, the effect of this would be beautiful. Another attractive decoration, also in pure white glass, consists of tall candlesticks, of different height, connected by chains of twisted glass, like ropes. These can be varied in a great number of ways, sometimes composing quite a "twenty cover" line of flowers and lights, and yet being compressible into a small space. The chains are detachable, so that they can be suited to a table of any shape.

A village Maypole is carried out in green glass, the ropes of verdure hooking on to small vases or candlesticks placed in a circle round the Maypole. This is a good idea. The newest lamp-shade is in palm-leaves of green silk, edged with a twist of pink beads, each leaf curving outward so as to form the shade. Smaller leaves finish the top, also with an outward curve. A bow of pink ribbon is tied round the leaves where the stalks meet each other. A lovely pure white silk shade covered the chimney of a white china lamp wreathed with wild flowers, and with a figure from "Midsummer Night's Dream" on the pedestal. There is a set of four of these, all different. Lovely lamps they are, and I do not know which I liked best of them, the perfectly white shade, or a softly tinted "rainbow" one in palest tones of green, pink, mauve, yellow, and pearl. For everyday use, the shades made of tapestry silk are the best for wearing well, and have a handsome appearance. A number of small tea or card tables attracted us, so good were the shapes. One of these, by being merely turned round, causes a portion of the top to rise, thus avoiding the necessity of a spring or anything likely to get out of order. A big white china bowl is carved in bas-reliefs, and has a wavy outline of brim which is particularly light and pretty. It is on a gilt stand. Two exquisite figures in pure white china are of a highly-decorative order. Wedgwood plaques with the well-known airy-looking figures on a background of deep, soft black, stone blue, or grey-green, are rather novel and very artistic. There are vases also in a similar style. Small white china troughs are designed for the dinner-table, being capable of arrangement in any combination, whether for a square, round, or oval table. Like the jardinières, lamps, or candelabra they are intended to accompany, these are decorated with hops, thistles, or wild flowers. Lord Elgin has just ordered a set with the thistle, as becomes a true Scotsman.

We noticed some charming pottery from Friesland, done by peasants whose trade was wood-carving, and who took to modelling in clay. The colours are beautifully blended.

We have just been poring over Howard's catalogue of his artistic furniture in Berners-street. The book is quite a work of art, the illustrations being printed from copper-plates on thick paper with a creamy surface, neither rough nor glossy. As you know, one of the Pater's weaknesses is for furniture, and nothing would give him greater pleasure than to furnish a house every year or oftener. He is also, as you are aware, very patriotic, and one of the circumstances that increases his appreciation of Howard's furniture is that by far the greater part of the goods are manufactured in England at their own steam factories and workshops. Their carved oak for large halls, dining-rooms of town and country houses, also libraries, is a study in itself, so skilfully is it adapted to modern needs, and combined with up-to-date ideas of comfort and luxury. The old fashioned oak chairs were not exactly models of ease for the occupants; but that is all changed now. Staircases are designed to suit the various styles of houses, and the decoration of walls is another point on which special attention is by no means thrown away. On page 4 appears a beautifully-executed sketch of a baronial hall, the details of which are principally Elizabethan. The beautiful ceiling is of solid modelled plaster. The carved chimneypiece is of yellow Mansfield. Antique oak is the material of the woodwork, and the beauty of the entire combination is not to be guessed without a sight of the sketch itself. In the library furniture a feature is made of well-ventilated bookcases, proof against mildew as well as dust. The easy-chairs are so luxuriously and sumptuously soft as to tend to perfect repose of body during hours of study. As to the sideboards, they are of an elaborate description, the carving on some of them being very fine indeed; others are curiously inexpensive, considering the amount of work bestowed upon them. The design on page 11 is a phototype reproduction of one by Mr. Randall, which was accepted and hung in the Royal Academy of 1891—a highly successful arrangement of various coloured marbles and painted glass. Another design by the same artist is for the side of a ball-room, executed in rosewood and pearwood, with silk panels painted with various subjects.

The smaller articles include writing tables, a peculiarly lovely one being in satinwood inlaid with rosewood and decorated with paintings in the French style. The top is finished with a little gilt rail, and the back is as decorative as the front, a fact that enables the possessor to place it in front of a window, or in any other position where the back is likely to be visible. Small tables in a variety of styles are well suited for presents. Screens are seasonable, are they not? Easy-chairs and settees are nice presents for the comfort-loving, especially when they are stuffed and upholstered so luxuriously as Howard's—veritable downy hollows of ease and perfectly delicious to the invalid. So many couches and so-called easy-chairs are delusions and snares, are they not?

I observe that in the "In Memoriam" notices that follow the obituary lists in the daily papers widows often revive the memory of lost husbands, but I have not seen a single instance of widowers referring to their late wives in this manner. How is this to be accounted for, do you suppose?

Truefitt's window is full of deliciously dainty things for presents, silk and satin sachets painted with flowers and tied with ribbons to match the blossoms; hand-glasses and brushes, with the backs hidden behind painted satin, and many another device for making the toilet-table look its very prettiest, to suit its fair proprietress.

We saw a perfectly sweet bodice at Russell and Allen's as we passed, in sapphire blue velvet broché, in a small and regular design upon a ground of black silk. The revers were of black satin lined with the same material in white, and bordered with dark brown fur. The space between the revers was filled in with black satin, almost covered with jet, and the sleeves from the elbows matched this. A band of black satin brought from the centre seam of the back half-way up the bodice, formed a diagonal belt, meeting at the waist in front and finishing in short ends, richly fringed with jet. Lovely, isn't it?

We are just going to pack our hampers for sending to friends in the country, who are sure to send us good things of the rural kind, such as turkeys, Devonshire cream, hares, pheasants, plump capons, grapes, apples, and pears. It is nice to be able to fall back upon such stores as are available in town, and which are a good contrast to the unsophisticated naturalness of what we receive.

Of course, you are coming up to town for the "Truth Toy Show," which, doubtless, you have heard is to be held again this year at the Albert Hall, on the 19th and 20th. From what I am told, I expect one of the chief attractions will be the toys which have been kindly sent by H.R.H. the Duke of Coburg, and amongst which, I hear, are some splendid models. Germany is the

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land of toys, and, therefore, a present from the head-quarters of Toyland cannot fail to be specially useful. The dolls, too, are sure—as they have now for many years—to come in for a large share of admiration if they turn out to be as magnificently and cleverly dressed as they have been on so many former occasions. Again the liberal anonymous friend to the poor little workhouse children has once more come to the fore with his munificent donation of 11,000 new sixpences. By the bye, I do hope that some one will buy the St. Bernard dog that has been offered by a friend, and which has been referred to in a recent number of TRUTH. It is really a very kind thought of the owner to present it to the Fund. I venture to suggest that whoever buys the dog should name it either "Charity" or "Truth."

The prizes are, I am told, to be of the same substantial description as those of last year, and they are, I hear, to include silver card-cases, silver purses, and a lovely square perfume-bottle, almost entirely enveloped in filigree silver. Then there are jardinières in silver for ferns, silver-backed brushes and combs, and even "milk cans" in the same metal. The Goldsmiths' Company, in Regent-street, who are supplying these really useful prizes, have again very liberally presented a dear little gold keyless watch, which is to form the first prize, and for which, doubtless, there will be great competition.

I wonder if the original suggestion made by one thoughtful friend of TRUTH will be followed by many others—I mean the idea of sending pheasants for distribution amongst the various workhouses. The poor people who inhabit these far from lively abodes would be sure to appreciate any such addition to their ordinary daily fare, in the same way as the children delight in Tom Smith's gift of crackers.

I paid my usual visit (at this time of year) to Charbonnel & Walker's, in Bond-street, and the manageress was only too delighted to show me all the latest novelties in "Sweet-land." I found that some of the gigantic receptacles for the tempting goodies can be made into very magnificent and costly bonbonnières, holding, as some of them do, over twenty-four pounds of sweets. Fancy a "quarter of a hundredweight of indigestion!" By the way, indigestible things are almost invariably the most inviting. Some of the newest designs for these bonbonnières are revivals of the modes of Louis XIII. I admired one or two caskets in old-fashioned crimson plush with heavy golden bullion designs upon them; but I must say that the lovely delicate satin boxes so beautifully embroidered appealed more to my taste than the rather heavy-looking plush one. Some embroidered opera hand-bags and an enormous octagon box, which measured over three-quarters of a yard across, were charming specimens of artistic taste and beauty of design. The embroidery this year is mostly worked upon gold tinsel brocade, which naturally (especially by gas-light) shows up to great advantage, and (I am told) keeps its colour remarkably well.

There were some curious surprise boxes, but a "Coffre de Chinois" is rather a gruesome idea I think. A bull's-eye lantern had its "eye" charmingly painted, and tiny unclothed boys and girls daringly "faced the light." A dapper little French sailor-boy, seated on a coil of rope, holds aloft his nation's flag; but I was informed by Madame that it would not in any way wound their feelings to change the flag for one of any other country. A large owl, perched on a holly tree, calmly blinked at his "sooty neighbour." This enterprising sweep was roasting chestnuts over a chimney at the top of a mansion which was intended for French bon-bons only. You would, I am sure though, have pounced at once on a sweet-looking glove-box, especially if some one very nice had promised to partly fill it in the literal way with some gloves, as well as with the proper quantity of chocolates. In looking round at the delicate sachets, screens, and artistic works of art generally, I asked if the things about did not after a time show signs of wear and tear, and if so, what then became of them? "Oh!" replied Madame, "we always find them highly appreciated at the French Hospital where they are sent." In all humility I should like to suggest that this excellent example might be followed by some of the West-end houses, for fancy articles which were too soiled and unsaleable would be eagerly sought after by some of the inmates of our English Hospitals.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE, So long as the old truisms hold good that "accidents will happen" and "circumstances alter cases," so long will the impossibility of life as an exact science exist. We cannot turn ourselves into machines to go by clockwork—to be wound up and worked into doing the same appointed things at the same appointed times. How fully we women understand the chances, changes, and surprises of even the most ordinary life, brought home to us as they are by the personal experiences of every day! Are not our daily lives one long struggle with the unexpected, with the unforeseen that cannot possibly be otherwise than unforeseen? Is there any such slave of circumstances, notwithstanding her apparently commanding position, as the mistress of an establishment? Her duties are infinite in their variety; not a day passes without producing its own special ones, which are usually entirely different from those of the previous days. If possessed of a systematic mind, the utmost she can aspire to is to be methodic in the want of method which is the necessity of her position.

At this season, of all others, one's thoughts naturally turn to the subject of these onerous and varied duties, generally accepted as our feminine specialities. How they crowd upon us! No coming event approaches Christmas in its power of casting its shadow before—such a very long way before. To say nothing of the Christmas literature, which now, one might almost say, brings the holly within touch of the hay, the shopping is a matter of four or five weeks in advance. What a business it is, what gigantic proportions it has the power of assuming! Just now, how little time there is for anything else. I wonder what will happen when, in addition to all our present occupations, we have seriously taken on that reformation of men which is apparently to be the mission of the coming woman. No doubt the men, from our point of view, do need a good deal of reforming; but, then, we too may need it from theirs. By the way, what a much greater taste for reforming men than her own sex, the advanced woman has. And our Mother Eve took so very much the other side in the beginning.

What weather we have been undergoing, most dreadful for the inhabitants of an island whose rulers are on the other side of a boisterous channel! And dreadful for the unhappy ruler, too, whom public affairs oblige to defy the weather. For the last three weeks the Irish seas have been simply terrific in their moods. Have you ever had experience of a gale in our Channel? Though one's experiences of life may be incomplete without it, still the case is one in which incompleteness is hardly to be deplored. I cannot imagine that Mr. Morley, after his last crossing of the Irish Sea, has any great enthusiasm for spending Christmas, as had been his arrangement, at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. The Lord-Lieutenant returned last week to the Vice-regal Lodge, after entertaining and being entertained by his friends in England, or rather should it not be said, after Lord Houghton had entertained his friends and been entertained by them? The Viceroy of Ireland always plays a dual part, as the unchanging representative of the sovereign and the changing nominee of the Government. There is no parallel case for such an involved position, except in the comic creations of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. The peculiar circumstances which have arisen with regard to the present Viceroy and Irish society, make the position more curious than ever. Were the Viceroy to indulge in auto-biographical form his literary proclivities, the "Strange Case of the Lord-Lieutenant and Lord Houghton" might even surpass in interest that of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." There is a rumour that, after Christmas, a Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball will be given at the Viceregal Lodge for Lord Houghton's three little girls. Whether or not politics will disturbingly intrude themselves into the children's world remains to be seen. What a pity if all the Bo-peeps, Jack Horners, Buttercups, etc., must have a political tinge. There is no doubt that politics are, as Wordsworth says of the world, "too much with us, late and soon"; it is bad enough for the "grown-ups," but surely the age of innocence might be spared. Talking of that golden time, a sweetly-pretty little boy is now the Premier Duke of our country. In such a case the human weakness for Dukes seems more comprehensible than in the cases of the many elderly, ponderous, and distinctly unromantic-looking persons who are more ordinarily associated with the ducal title. Some one has said that the types of dukes and of family butlers are singularly alike. It is not really very strange that they should be, since an unusual idea of dignity and personal responsibility is peculiar to the occupiers of both these positions. The Duchess of Leinster has not been very well; her father and mother, Lord and Lady Feversham have been staying at Carton since the Duke of Leinster's death. Sir J. West and Lady Ridgeway

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bade farewell to Irish society last week, when they gave an afternoon party at the Under-Secretary's Lodge in the Phœnix Park. The house is a very comfortable one, more so than the statelier residence of the Chief Secretary. It is quite near to the Viceregal Lodge, and stands in a prettily-planted lawn. There was a beautiful display of flowers from the conservatories. The rooms were crowded with guests in every variety of winter costume, which with the present fashions can be very varied indeed. Do you detest the big sleeves as much as I do? How they disfigure the human form divine! What sin will our sex not commit in the name of fashion? Lady Ridgeway was charmingly dressed; she will make a good "governess" of Man. Between ourselves, the Under-Secretary is not too pleased to exchange our greater island for the limited confines of Man, even with its blessing of an established Home Rule. It is something to have an official part from us with regret: it is not a compliment invariably paid us by our rulers from over the sea.
—Yours, ever, CLARE.

Do you want to know how to make a lovely plum-cake? This one is well suited to the festive season:—

Beat 1 lb. of fresh butter, with 1 lb. of fine pounded sugar, in a basin until it is quite white and creamy; add nine eggs, beating each one in separately. Then add 8 oz. of Jordan almonds, which must be blanched and pounded. Now have 1½ lb. of picked sultanas and 6 oz. of shred candied peel, rubbed in a little flour to prevent them sinking to the bottom. Mix them carefully with the other ingredients, add 6 oz. of glacé cherries (cut in halves), the grated peel of two fresh lemons, ½ oz. of mixed spice, a wineglass of brandy, a small teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder, and 1¼ lb. of flour. Mix all thoroughly together, put it into a greased and papered tin, and bake in a moderate oven from five to six hours. It is important that the oven should be kept at an even temperature, and that the door should not be opened during the process of baking. The cake must then be turned on to a wire sieve, and left until next day to cool. Now cut the top level, and put a thick layer of almond icing on it, which is made in this way:—Pound ½ oz. of blanched bitter almonds, mix them with 1 lb. of ground sweet almonds and 2 lb. of sifted icing sugar; mix it into a stiff paste with the juice of a lemon and the yolks of three or four eggs. The cake must now be left until next day to thoroughly dry the icing. Then put 1 lb. of sifted icing sugar into a large basin, make a well in the centre, and place there the whites of two fresh eggs; work it with a wooden spoon until it is white and thick, adding the strained juice of a lemon at intervals; spread it with a palette-knife all over the cake, and again leave it to dry. Then cover it with a thinner coating of icing made with ¾ lb. of sugar, and when that is dry it may be piped with white or pink icing, worked with a little more sugar to make it stiffer.

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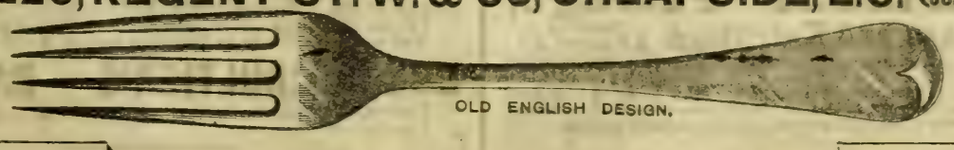

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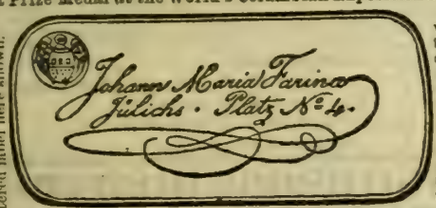

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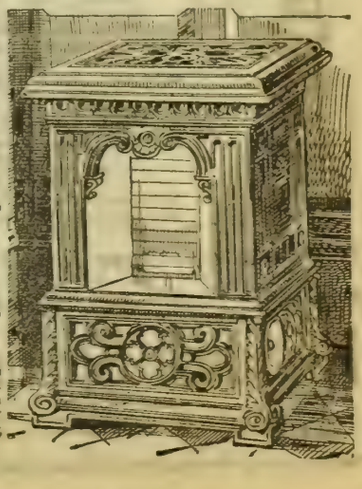

THE NORHAM CARD TABLE in bamboo, with lacquered top; lined cloth; well for cards or papers, and undertray; top measures 24 by 14 in.; if open, 28 by 24 in.; 30 in. high.
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THE ARCADIAN OIL WARMING STOVE, in glazed Doulton ware, constructed on scientific principles, absolutely safe, entirely free from smell; costs one farthing per hour.
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WHAT IS THE HOMACOUSTIC?

THE HOMACOUSTIC is a contrivance connected with Speaking Tubes, which entirely supersedes for indoor purposes not only the Telephone, but all other existing arrangements for indoor inter-communication.

THE HOMACOUSTIC
Is Automatic, not Mechanical. Once fixed always in Working Order. Its first cost is its last cost.

WITH THE HOMACOUSTIC
There is no blowing into pipes. The automatic whistle is always in position. One speaks and listens at the same time. The tube is closed when not in actual use. Ordinary speaking tubes can be utilised.

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Places the speaker in communication with any Number of Rooms.

THE HOMACOUSTIC
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The Burglar Bewildered.

HOW?

THROUGH THE

HOMACOUSTIC

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— WITHOUT THE —

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Independent of its protective advantages, the Homacoustic is invaluable in all private houses for everyday use, and in all properly arranged business premises it is an absolute necessity.

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Groups of Flowers in Electric Blue on Ivory Ground.

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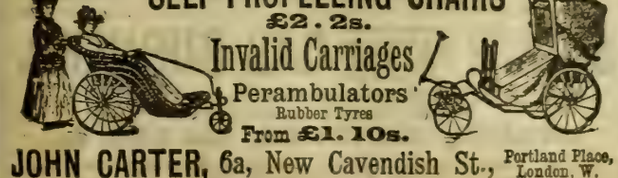

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MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.
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Are now Reduced from 1/6 to 1/- per box.

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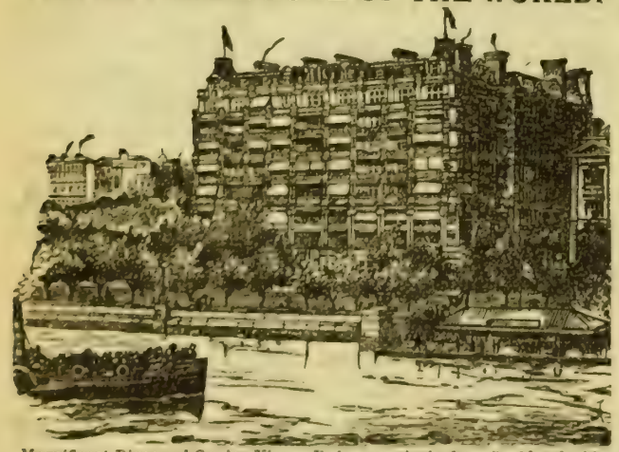

Magnificent River and Garden View Bedrooms, single, from 7s. 6d.; double, from 10s. 6d. Small and large suites, with bathrooms, &c., attached, from 25s. No charge for Light, Baths, and Attendance. Shaded Electric Light everywhere. No gas. The building is absolutely fireproof.
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AN EXCELLENT MEDIUM MILD INDIAN CIGAR.
A most delightful weed. Sample four or five 1s., or free by return post 12 stamps.
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For Christmas Presents par excellence. Descriptive Price List post free.

£20 TOBACCONISTS Commencing. Illd. guide, post-free, "How to open respectably £20 to £1,000." Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186A, Euston-rd., Ldn. Mngr. H. Myers, Est. 1886.

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Daily yield 507,600 gallons F. at 120.
FOUNDED BY THE ROMANS IN THE 1ST CENTURY.
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BATHERS DURING 1890—97,299.
These Baths are unrivalled in Europe for luxury and extent, and contain all that modern improvements can provide for the comfort and relief of the invalid or the enjoyment of those in health.
Reclining, Deep, and Swimming Baths. Thermal Vapour Baths, for Painful conditions of Joints, &c. Douche, Inhalation, Aspiration, Pulverisation, &c., and Ear, Eye, Throat, &c. The Aix les Bains Massage System and Doucheurs and Doucheuses.
The Medical profession sends patients who suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Eczema, and other skin affections.
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Very agreeable to take.
A LAXATIVE AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE FOR
CONSTIPATION,
HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE,
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Box 2s. 6d., stamps included.
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LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.
This most excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Indigestion, and almost certain remedy for sea-sickness, can now be had of all Wine Merchants, and at prices much lower than formerly.
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The best Burners that have ever been invented.
BRILLIANT, WHITE, SILENT LIGHT.
GAS LAMPS, GAS FITTINGS, GAS FIRES, &c.
Send for Price List, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, W.C. 1a, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; also at Liverpool and Amsterdam.

OUR PUZZLES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME-MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

It has been decided to hold the Fourteenth TRUTH Toy and Doll Show at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th of this month. The Show will, as on all previous occasions, be open to the public free of all charge, between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10.30 p.m., on presentation of a visiting card at the door. It need scarcely be said that a large attendance of the readers of TRUTH and of their friends is hoped for. The Albert Hall is a very commodious building, and there is little chance of any recurrence of the inconvenient crowding which marked the TRUTH Shows at the Polytechnic and the Grosvenor Gallery. There will, it is thought, be ample room for the visitors who may attend. The Show is likely to be a specially interesting one, and the Albert Hall is, of course, very easily reached from all parts of London. As there may be possibly some ladies who have not returned the parcels of Dolls they have been dressing, it may be added that all such parcels should be returned *immediately* to TRUTH Office, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W., as it will otherwise be impossible to include their contents in the forthcoming Show.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 773.

The Prize for the Best Rhymed Acrostic on Christmas has been awarded to R. F.

PRIZE ACROSTIC.

Come, Father Christmas, and show us your quality,
Help to make merriment, fun, and frivolity
Reign in the homes of the high and the low!
Into our minds instil lessons of charity,
Selfishness drowning in shouts of hilarity,
Thrusting it down as the Christian's worst foe!
Master and man bring together in amity,
All classes shielding from strife and calamity,
Set in our hearts all good feelings aglow!

R. F.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 777.

In compliance with a number of requests received by me, the Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week to the competitor who best succeeds in writing

A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS BOXES, IN WHICH THE RECOGNISED LAWS OF BALLADE COMPOSITION MUST BE OBSERVED.

Instead of giving a technical description of what, in a rhyming sense, a Ballade is, it will be a simpler plan, I think, to print below one of the many Ballades written by Mr. Andrew Lang, which may be taken as a model so far as the order of the rhymed endings is concerned:—

BALLADE OF YULE.

This life's most jolly, Amiens said
Heigh-ho, the Holly! So sang he
As the good duke was comforted
By these reflections, so may we!
The years may darken as they flee,
And Christmas brings his melancholy;
But round the old mahogany tree
We drink, we sing *Heigh ho, the Holly!*

Though some are dead and some are fled
To ends of autumn over sea,
The lucky berry keeps its red,
The merry children keep their glee;
Thus heard with artless accuracy
This gift for Maud, and that for Molly,
And Santa Claus he turns the key
On Christmas Eve, *Heigh ho, the Holly!*

Amid the snow the birds are fed,
The snow lies deep on lawn and lea,
The skies are shining overhead,
The robins tame that was so free,
Far North, at home, the "barley bree"
They brew, they give the hour to folly.
How "Rab and Allen cam' to prie"
They sing: we sing *Heigh ho, the Holly!*

Envoi.

Friend, let us pay the wonted fee,
The yearly tithe of mirth: be jolly!
It is a duty so to be,
Though half we sigh, *Heigh-ho, the Holly!*

Competitors can, of course, select any rhymed endings they please, but those selected must rhyme together, as the rhymed endings do in the lines quoted above. Any suitable metre may be employed; and competitors need not make any of their lines end in double syllables, such as "holly," unless they wish. All the "Ballades" must relate in some way or another to the given subject of Christmas Boxes; and no Ballade can be received for competition after the morning of Monday, the 25th, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 772.

I hope to be able to announce the winner in this competition next week.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The real name and the address of SAHIB BAHADUR, winner of a half of Prize No. 771, are F. H. Jackson, Esq., 65, Warwick-road, Earl's Court, S.W.

*** The real name and the address of LUNATIC, winner of a half of Prize No. 768, are Lieut.-Col. A. G. Begbie, Glenwood, Westcombe Park, Blackheath.

*** The real name and the address of BARITONE, winner of a half of Prize No. 768, are H. Blane, Esq., 22, Howard-road, Cricklewood, N.W.

*** The real name and the address of MARPLOT, winner of a half of Prize No. 771, are H. Magill, Esq., 35, Forburg-road, Upper Clapton, N.E.

JACK.—Many thanks for your excellent suggestion.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 774.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM THEIR SUBJECTS TO—1. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA; 2. THE KAISER OF GERMANY; 3. THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA; 4. THE KING OF SPAIN; 5. THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND; 6. THE KING OF ITALY; 7. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY; 8. THE SHAH OF PERSIA; 9. KING LOBENGULA.

1. A Jew's eye. 2. A box of seidlitz cooling powders. 3. A Horoscope. 4. A Moor's head. 5. Skates. 6. The nomination ensuing for the Papacy. 7. A Noah's ark resting on Mount Ararat. 8. A wax doll. 9. Fifteen shillings (compensation, a sovereign minus a crown).—Jacob Faithful.

1. A book on the liberty of the subject. 2. The continent of Europe. 3. A small house on the above-mentioned continent. 4. The best toy in the TRUTH show. 5. The best doll in the TRUTH show. 6. A tiny cottage on the same continent. 7. A private box at Drury Lane pantomime. 8. A private box at the Alhambra. 9. Mr. Selous's head.—Shlowmow.

1. Turkey with French sauce for his Christmas dinner. 2. A game of patience. 3. A bottle of Stickphast to keep his nationalities together. 4. A pair of Morocco shoes. 5. A waterproof overall. 6. A pair of bellows to raise the wind. 7. A little credit. 8. Une chatte de Perse. 9. A bottle of Elliman's embrocation.—Ross.

1. A codified history of what the liberty of the subject should be, for personal study. 2. A 1,000-ton gun for amusement. 3. A complete history of the London police. 4. A copy of the "Marseillaise" in French. 5. Bound copies of the *Queen* newspaper since its existence for personal perusal. 6. A cheque for a million pounds sterling. 7. A ton or two of Condy's fluid. 8. Some boxes of Pears' soap for immediate use. 9. His photograph with "Abercorn" and "Fife" as the three Graces.—A Daft Scot.

1. A dynamite-proof suit. 2. Buy him the yacht *Vigilant*. 3. (He accepts nothing) More love and devotion. 4. An English doctor. 5. A Gondola. 6. A daughter-in-law. 7. A set of scavengers to clean Constantinople. 8. A case of Pears' soap. 9. Revenge.—Foula.

1. A silver death's-head. 2. An efficacious sleeping draught. 3. A quiet and peaceable death-bed. 4. A sword for future protection. 5. A substantial dowry. 6. Malta. 7. Egypt. 8. One of England's most beautiful duchesses. 9. The head of Mr. Rhodes on a charger.—Wot Cher

1. The Life of Howard, philanthropist, and regenerator of prisons, who is buried in Russia. 2. The Life of Numa Pompilius, second and peaceful King of Rome. 3. The Life of the Emperor Charles V., who exchanged the throne for the cloister. 4. An address praying his Majesty to abolish the national disgrace of bull fights. 5. The History of the War of Independence, in which the Dutch, first among modern nations, defended the cause of liberty. 6. An address praying the King to withdraw from the Triple Alliance and avoid national bankruptcy. 7. An address praying the Commander of the Faithful, by precept and example, to establish monogamy; and instead of four wives permitted by Mohammed, to restrict every true believer to one wife. 8. An address praying the Shah to copy the constitutional government of the countries he has visited. 9. A monument of the bones of slaughtered Matabele, called "The Colossus of Rhodes!"—J. McGrigor Allan.

1. A new novel containing no plot. 2. A bomb-proof post bag. 3. A cruet, Sir! (Kreutzer). 4. A few sweets, but no Moor. 5. A prayer-book to counteract the Dutch dams. 6. A new bank in a nice "loanly" spot. 7. A pipe of peace. 8. A purse not bound in Russia. 9. A new kingdom without gold reefs.—Stanchion.

1. A French uniform. 2. The iron mechanical soldier. 3. A draught from the waters of Lethe. 4. Good health. 5. A Dutch doll. 6. A cheque. 7. A disinfectant. 8. A cake of Pears' soap. 9. A bottle of whiskey and a moral-pocket-handkerchief—emblems of Christianity and civilisation.—Ivy Leaves.

1. A bag of Louis d'ors. 2. A to-the-welfare-of-the-Fatherland-hearts-devoted army corps, equipped in bullet-proof uniform. 3. A bunch of blue ribbons to tie up his bonny moustachios. 4. A toy bomb with real gunpowder. 5. The best doll from the TRUTH Show. 6. The site of the ancient Roman Empire. 7. A plum pudding. 8. The heads (in baskets) of the husbands of the fifty prettiest women in Persia. 9. A pot of Allen's anti-fat.—Jagger

1. A copy of Magna Charta. 2. A sleeping draught. 3. A free Press. 4. A few automatic machines. 5. A replica of H.M.S. *Pinafore*. 6. A guide to the Vatican. 7. A few sultanas. 8. A cure for Persian cat-arrh to be Shah! 9. A suit of clothes.—Phos.

1. An Ottoman, to be sat upon as occasion requires. 2. A new and improved Sedan. 3. A medal from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. 4. Barcelona nuts to crack. 5. A Dutch doll, a Holland pinafore, and a pot of orange marmalade. 6. Smiles on Thrift. 7. A Russian bear with his claws cut. 8. A portrait of Alexander the Conqueror—up to date. 9 A bottle of Anti-fat.—Tilly Slowboy.

1. A cheque on the Imperial Ottoman Bank to cover advances. 2. A perambulator. 3. A Gladstone bag. 4. An edition de luxe of "Bound in Morocco." 5. A model of a London gin palace. 6. A new Garibaldi, warranted to wash. 7. A Harness's electropathic belt. 8. The Elgin shield. 9. Half a crown.—Opera.

1. A Turkey—ready plucked. 2. A rod of iron—as a ruler. 3. A receipt for satisfactory Diet for Hungary folk. 4. A model stepfather. 5. A magnet to attract Dutch metal. 6. A drag for the State chariot. 7. A Gladstone-bag and a ticket (non-return) to Asia. 8. A return ticket to Europe. 9. A patent Rhodes-crusher.—Maid.

1. A French blouse, made Toulon and Toulouse. 2. Another box of radish seed, but inexplosive, and intended merely to suggest a more Raddish policy. 3. A copy of a well-known trio in "Princess Ida," which points a political moral, to wit:—"This helmet, I suppose, Was meant to ward off blows; It's very hot, and weighs a lot," &c., &c. 4. "Reading without Tears," royal 8vo, morocco extra, 7s. 6d. 5. A copy of "My Dear Old Dutch." 6. The proceeds of a Mansion House subscription. 7. The humble apology of Mr. George Edwardes, mounted and framed. 8. A few dozen of "sherbet" (Ayala, 1884). 9. A few "mineral claims" in Matabeleland, since his claims to Matabeleland will probably be in vain.—Girouette.

1. A picture (" Horrors of War ") by Wenashaydn. 2. A pair of sieben meilen stiefel (seven mile boots); they carry their wearer at each stage seven German miles. 3. A hunting rifle—newest improvements. 4. A nice pony, warranted not to shy at anything. 5. Two sets of dolls, showing how rich people live—and poor people die. 6. A flock of geese laying golden eggs. 7. A medicine chest for sick man. 8. A big box of insect powder. 9. A bit of land—where the white man (Christian) ceases from troubling and Lobengula may have rest.—Jack Cade.

1. A knout (that won't hurt anybody). 2. A new edition of the Law of Strikes. 3. A cigar that the Empress can't smoke. 4. Gibraltar. 5. An enormous sponge. 6. A case of the best Scotch whiskey. 7. The British female flogger. 8. A flannel nightcap. 9. A coffin.—Ye Hermit.

1. Some silver keys to open the dungeons of the political prisoners. 2. A richly-upholstered easy-chair. 3. Some Hock (Hoch). 4. A Christmas-tree to which the children of the grandees will be invited, and the young King will have some juvenile companions. 5. A pile from the Bank of Amsterdam. 6. A strong massive cedar cabinet that may be for some time a fixture. 7. As he has Turkey, a goose might vary the menu. 8. A chalet, for resort in the hot weather. 9. A kraal in some "vast wilderness" to which no European *Roads* can come.—Esperanza.

1. A statue of Liberty, modelled after that of his French allies. 2. A pocket-mirror framed in diamonds, that he may survey himself in his various uniforms. 3. As he's hungry (Hungary) a few German sausages. 4. A jewelled sword to suit a boy's martial inclinations. 5. A large doll's house, containing a Dutch doll, to be mistress over her other dolls. 6. A few "plums" (£100,000). 7. A portion of grease (Greece) to cook his Turkey. 8. Some Richmond "maids of honour." 9. A Maxim gun, to make him a better match for the English.—Excelsior.

1. Turkey. 2. A book on "Speech-making extraordinary." 3. A good dinner to a "Hungary" Monarch. 4. Requires no Moor presents. 5. A prospective husband. 6. A treatise on "Politics begin at home." 7. A box for the Gaiety theatre. 8. A new loan. 9. A few useful "Maxims."—Ken.

1. A new Constitution. 2. A silver plough. 3. A Reform Bill. 4. Rocking-horse. 5. A bow (beau). 6. A surplus. 7. Turkish delight. 8. The *Koh-i-noor*. 9. One hundred Maxim guns.—Lindors.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 770.—PARODIES OF "AFTER THE BALL."

*** As there is some available space this week, a further selection of the Parodies received is printed.—The Puzzle Editor.

"Trust her not—she is fooling thee." (Longfellow, "Hyperion.")

I thought her angel—call'd her one too;
She vow'd she would forever be true;
I said: At last I have found my guest;
Of all Eve's daughters, the fairest, best;
A faithful heart to be all my own,
Me, no rival can ever dethrone—
Yet who can tell how much may befall—
My eyes were open'd—After the Ball.

Chorus.

After the ball was over,
Fred told me at break of day,
She's on with another lover,
She'll serve him the self-same way;
So pick up the fractur'd pieces
Of your heart, both big and small,
And as time your pain decreases,
You'll bless the Ball.

Disguis'd I saw—my feelings, pray guess—
Officers waltzing, fresh from the mess,
Their whiskers fann'd by the balmy breath
Of her who had vow'd to be true till death.
The worst she favour'd above the rest,
Clung to the warrior's padded breast,
Look'd, sigh'd, whisper'd, kiss'd—Oh, why recall
My mad jealousy—After the Ball?

Chorus.

When next we met, she asked, "Why so cold?
What is the matter?" She soon was told.
"All men are traitors," she groaned and grieved:
"We poor women are ever deceiv'd."
More such compliments by the false jade,
Which I to her could truly have paid!
"Return my letters—your gifts I'll keep all."
And so we parted—After the Ball.

Chorus.

J. McGrigor Allan.

OVER THE WALL.

Came a fair maiden. I, on my knees,
Told her a story, thinking to please;
Told her a story—the best I could tell—
Told her I loved her both wisely and well;
"Nay," said the maiden, "can it be true?
Why! I love some one much better than you.
Yes, I've a sweetheart, my all in all,
And—there he is looking—over the wall!"

Over the wall her lover
Looked on, alas!
Whilst I knelt grieving
There on the grass;
But soon his head was aching,
For, like a ball,
I'd heaved a brickbat
Over the wall.

Cried that fair maiden, "Fool that you are!
Do you know what you've done? you've killed my papa;
You told me a story, and—and—as a sell,
I made up my mind I'd tell you one as well;
And now if you'd ever win me for your wife,
Just hurry and bring back my father to life.
Oh! what shall I do if he's gone past recall?
But no—hark! he's groaning—over the wall."

Over the wall I bounded,
Over so quick,
There lay her poor father—
There lay the brick—
But ere I revived him—
Fate saddest of all—
Two bobbies had got me
Nabb'd—over the wall.

Malignant.

AFTER THE STRIKE.

Came a sweet lassie voicing it clear,
"Tell me a story, do, mother dear."
"Tell thee a story—aye, that I will,
Not about goblins haunting a mill,
But I will tell thee one that is real
'Bout those coal owners, hearts hard as steel;
Once they were humane, now, oh! what like?
Ask the poor miners after the strike."

After the strike is over,
After the owners whine,
After the miners conquer,
After the diamonds shine;
Many a lass will caper,
Dance with her lad and tyke,
Many a home will flourish,
After the strike.

O'er those dank coal mines, grimy and gray,
Mourned men's hearts sadly, filled with dismay,
Armed 'gainst the owners, who cause this strife,
Proud of their loved ones, dearer than life.
Courage! No fainting or funking they cried,
But like true heroes stand side by side,
Waltzing 'round Dives, Dick, Tom, and Mike,
Kissing brave lasses after the strike.

After long weeks, then the secret rolls out,
Owners blurt forth they've been held by the snout;
This they discover, and not too soon,
They have been playing block coal buffoon.
Darling I've finished—kiss me and go,
Call all men brothers, both high and low,
Kiss them and say thus, Love me love my tyke,
Ho! for black diamonds, after the strike."

Foy.

Came a little youngster climbing on my knees,
"Tell me a story, do, uncle, please.
"Tell you a story, a story to-day,
What shall I tell you, what shall I say?
Yes, I will tell you now of football,
Tell of the scrimmage, tell of the maul,
Look at this scar here, look at this patch,
These are my trophies—after the match.

Chorus.

After the match was over, after the game was done,
Wended we sadly homewards, aching in every bone,
Many a shin was broken, our face wore many a scratch,
But the referee was the saddest—after the match.

Our team was the "Rushers," that was their name,
You have heard of the "Rushers," they're known to fame;
I was their goalkeeper, slipped many a shot,
And, I assure you, there were a lot.
Our colours were scarlet, yellow, and green,
The showiest colours that ever were seen,
Our play it was waggish, doubtless to watch,
There weren't many left of us—after the match.

Chorus.

Now I am aged, with many a year
My limbs are feeble, my eyes are blear,
Yet I could often wish for a game,
My love for football is still the same.
Where are the "Rushers," where are they all?
Gone are my cronies, both great and small,
Yet I can feel, now, back, shin, and scratch,
Which I ne'er felt then—after the match."

Lancastrian.

Sport is a pastime, to Englishmen all,
Kicking or batting, that's after the Ball;
So in my glory, I longed for the game,
But when I got kicked, was sorry I came;
Say! would you like to be feeling the pain,
Smothered in mud and rolled in the same?
Out upon crutches, that's nothing at all,
Compared to the kicking—after the Ball.

Chorus.

After the play is over,
After the goal is won;
After the ups and downers,
After the damages done;
Many a leg is aching,
Ere there is time to recall;
Being kicked and bashed and battered,
After the Ball.

One burly fellow, much bigger than you,
Fell down upon me, I thought it was two;
Kicking and plunging, in such a rough way,
You'd hardly believe it was part of the play.
Nay; but you have to, and mustn't complain,
Growl to be kicked at, they'll do it again;
Nothing to laugh at; some didn't fall—
In for the fun of it—after the Ball.

Chorus.

Next time when playing, a rowdier crew,
I went for slogging, and desperate, too;
Tripping and trundling over them all,
Till I came a whopper on top of the ball.
Say what you like though I've broken my back,
Blacked both my eyes, and got twisted my neck;
Home on a stretcher, my coat for a pall—
That was the goal I got—after the Ball.

Chorus.

Sol

A tom-cat was perched on an old maid's knee,
And he purred away in a very high key:
"Why live alone, in this big single flat,
With no one beside you but me—a tom-cat?"
"Hush! my dear pussy, and I'll tell you how,
Me and my chap had a bit of a row;
He left me forlorn—I will try to recall,
How he sloped with another girl after the ball."

After the ball is over, when the dudes are weary and worn,
Many are seedy and thirsty, just at the break of morn;
Many the bunions are aching, if you could feel them all,
The effects of the splay-footed waltzer—after the ball.

The electric light flashed like the rays of the moon,
The band was discordant, and quite out of tune;
My sweetheart appeared, saying, "Excuse me, my own,
While I get a B. and S., I'll leave thee alone."
But I followed and found he was kissing another,
No longer my wrath I attempted to smother;
So I gave him a whack with my fan—that is all,
And I found I had broken it—after the ball.

Long years have elapsed, my sweet pussy, since then,
And now I have nothing to do with the men—
Though he tried to explain how he got rather tight,
And kissed in mistake his big sister that night.
I'm sure 'twas a piece of impertinence and cheek,
To think I'd believe a story so weak;
That's why, my dear pussy, you're dearer than all
The Johnnies who go rolling home after the ball.

G. B. Scott.

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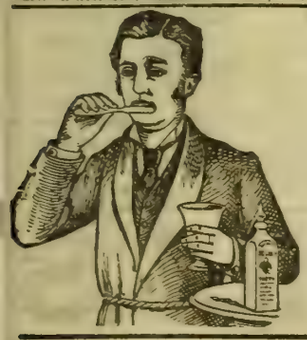

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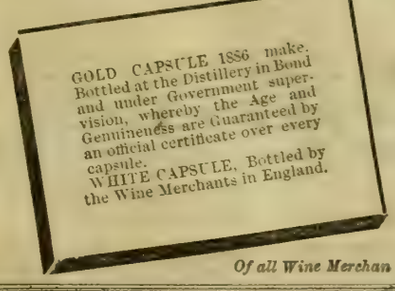

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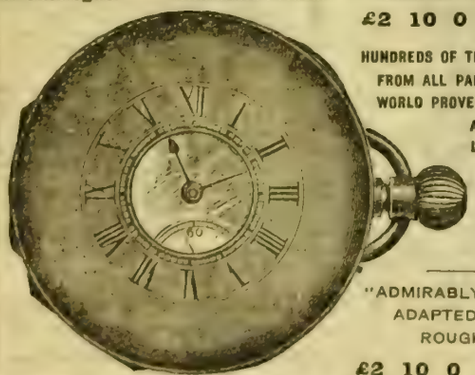

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· TRUTH ·

"Cultores Veritatis Fraudis Inimici."—*Cicero.*

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NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

"The Spookeries,"

IS NOW READY.

In a Special Wrapper,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Profusely Illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould.

The Illustrations include THREE DOUBLE-PAGED and FOUR FULL-PAGED CARTOONS, printed in colours:—

1. **"Truth" Speaks about Spooks.**
2. **Viva el Toro.**
3. **A Demonstration of Loyalty (With a Collection).**
4. **Salisbury's Stuffed Geese.**
5. **Chamberlain's Dive.**
6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

ENTRE NOUS.

IT may be well to remind those of my London readers who get this number of Truth on Wednesday morning that the Toy Show is open at the Albert Hall to-day (the 20th), from 10.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. To publish a detailed account of the Exhibition this week is impossible, but a full description of it is being written, and will appear in the next number of Truth. Meanwhile, whilst thanking the many kind friends who have assisted in making the Show so great a success, I would venture to point out that, although we cannot receive more Toys, we should be glad to get more money for those that have been purchased. One more little effort, if you please. The smallest contributions thankfully received, but large ones more thankfully.

The St. Bernard Pup which was so kindly presented to me to be sold on behalf of the Truth Toy Fund has found a purchaser, I am glad to say. Mr. Harry Quilter, the well-known art critic, has given me seven guineas for it, and I hear from him that the dog has already eaten a copy of the *Times* and a considerable portion of a Persian rug in its new home; so it may be assumed, I think, that it is in fairly good health and spirits. Mr. G. W. Marsden, the gentleman who presented the pup, writes to tell me that, although he cannot always promise a similar gift to the Toy Fund, he will try and manage it every year, if I will, on my part, endeavour to sell the animal. This I most readily undertake to do; and I hope, for the sake of the Toy Fund, that the Fates will smile propitiously year by year on Mr. Marsden's amiable designs, and those of the mamma of the prospective puppies.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's Toy Fund:—

Collected by Gladys and Hilda Bookless, £2. 10s.; E. G., 10s.; H. C. S. D., £1; T. Atkins, 5s.; "Elmfield," 5s.; Maude, 5s.; G. P., £5; David and Leslie, Brisbane, £1; Norman Lord, £5; D'Arcy and Molly, 3s.; J. W. P., £2. 2s.; Anonymous, 5s.; B. W. A., £1; Ashton, Arnold, Gladys, and Phyllis Barton, £1; Two Amateur Liberals, 5s.; T., £2; M. W. C., 2s. 6d.; R. C., £5; C. E. R. B., £2. 10s.; Guy Burnett, 10s.; Horace, Eugene, and Dorothy, £2. 2s.; Miss Auguste Marryat, 5s.; E. C. T., 5s.; R. H., 3s. 6d.; "Cambridge," £1. 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Watkin Homfray, £1. 1s.; Mr. Jeremiah Colman, £5; Eva, 5s.; Bon Port, 5s. 6d.; White Violet, £1; W. Price, 21s.; Anonymous, 5s.; Lo Bengula, 2s. 6d.; L. L. C., £2; B., 4s.; Fitzroy C. Fletcher, £1; A Friend (Windermere), £1; Half-Pay, 2s. 6d.; Amy and her Mother, 3s. 6d.; Miss J. Rogan, 5s.; Lord Durham, £5; Lawrence and Arthur, 5s.; M. J. E. (China), £1; Arthur Evans, £1. 1s.; Officers H.M.S. *Collingwood*, £3; A. H. S., 10s.; Mr. Granville Leveson Gower, £1. 1s.; "Winter," 10s. 6d.; Messrs. Atkinson & Dresser, £1. 1s.; "The Rat," 3s.; Tyne, £2; A. E. B., 5s.; Admirer, £1; J. M., £25; E. A. T., 2s. 6d.; Admiral, 10s.; X. I. T., 10s.; R. Maude, £1; Masters and Miss Mannel, £2. 2s.; Officers H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, £2. 1s. 6d.; H. M. P., £1; A. L., £1; Miss Pott, £1; Nan-Fat, £1. 1s.; In memory of Harold, 10s.; Granny's Darling, 5s.; M. P., £1; the Hon. Hugh Childers, £2. 2s.; Mrs. H. Keith, £1; Miss Frances Goldsmid, £3; Lobengula, £1. 1s.; Flora Macdonald, 5s.; In Memory of Mary, £1. 1s.; J. E. M., £2; Arthur and Charley, 2s. 6d.; Disney and Barry, £1; Miss Johnstone, 10s.; C. H. D., 7s. 6d.; Justin Huntly McCarthy (in threepenny-pieces), £2. (The donation of £5 for the Toy Fund acknowledged last week as from G. A. F. should have been G. A. Z.)

The following have also come to hand:—

Six dolls and one scrapbook, J. K. and A. B. Lawree; parcel of needlecases, Messrs. J. James & Sons, Redditch; two scrapbooks, N. R. E.; one large doll, Miss N. Tankard; four dolls, the Mayoress of Beverley; two dolls and scrapbook, the Misses Amphlett; one doll, Miss J. Vaughan; parcel of scrapbooks, Mrs. P. Bookless; one doll, Miss M. Tankard; one box of Christmas cards, Anonymous; one scrapbook, Miss Weedon; three dolls, Lucita, Bee, and Anita; eight balls, Mrs. H. Walford; packet of Christmas cards, Mrs. Paternoster; five scrapbooks, M. W. C., Stockport; two dolls, Annie; two dolls, Miss Marler; twelve woollen toys, E. C. J. M.; forty-eight scrapbooks, Yoko; eighteen scrapbooks, Mrs. H. S. Hairsine; Pierre and Jean Vanden Neat, two large cases of toys; two dolls, Mrs. Gilbey; four dolls, Mrs. Welch Miller; parcel of scrapbooks, May, Edith, and Charlie Lister; parcel of scrapbooks, &c., J. M. T.; seven dolls, Anonymous; three scrapbooks, Miss L. Herskind; one doll, Miss B. Lee; one case of dolls, Lady Oppenheimer; three scrapbooks, Miss J. English; one scrapbook, Miss B. S. Woolf; one scrapbook, Dorothy Fox; one parcel of dolls, Juno; one doll, Anonymous; seventeen dolls and seventeen bags of sweets, each containing a sixpence, Mrs. W. Q. Pogson; one box-top and books, Jane and Helen Walker; one doll, Mrs. Pierce; one dozen musical boxes, Messrs. Paillard & Co.; six scrap-rolls, four scrap-cards, Florence, Eva, Edie, Bertha, and Mabel; two dolls, Mrs. Minton; one box of balls, Mrs. R. Shaus; one scrapbook, Gladys Rose Allen; three scrapbooks, Miss M. Jackson; three boxes of dolls, &c., Mrs. Hermann Borner; balls and books, Mr. W. Davey; two scrap-screens, Miss Jessup; one game, Mr. Henry Thompson; 200 sets of badges from the Directors of the Hurst Park Club; a box of dolls, and a box containing small hampers of sweets and toys, from Mrs. Anderson.

The Queen, who left Windsor on Monday for Osborne, intends to stay in the Isle of Wight for about nine weeks, after which her Majesty will return to Windsor for a month's residence at the Castle before her departure for the Continent, which is provisionally fixed for Monday, March 19.

I announced several weeks ago that her Majesty is to visit Coburg towards the end of April, when on her way home from Florence. The betrothal of Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg and the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse will shortly be announced, and, according to present arrangements, their wedding is to take place during the last week in April, when the Queen is at Coburg. The ceremony will be attended by her Majesty, the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, the Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and some members of the Russian Imperial family.

The Queen will spend four weeks at Florence, residing at the well-known Villa Fabbricotti, near Fiesole, and, if all is well, she is afterwards to pass a few days at Venice before leaving Italy for Germany. The Queen will be accompanied to Florence by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and her Majesty is to be attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, the Munshi, and one Maid of Honour.

Clarence House has been granted by the Queen to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught by warrant; but an arrangement has been made for the Duke of Coburg to have the use of the house whenever he visits London, and certain rooms are to be reserved exclusively for him. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have hitherto occupied apartments in Buckingham Palace during their visits to London, which, however, was a very inconvenient arrangement, which the Queen long wished to terminate, and it is also deemed desirable for them to have a permanent residence in town. After the death of the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught had the first offer of her apartments in St. James's Palace, but he did not care for those quarters. Clarence House is officially regarded as a part of St. James's Palace. It was occupied by William IV. before he came to the throne, and then by the Princess Augusta, after whom came the Duchess of Kent. The Duke of Coburg enlarged the house by adding a floor at the top, for which he paid himself. It is now a most excellent house in all respects, and superbly decorated and furnished

Her Majesty was very ill-advised when she built the Prince Consort's mausoleum in the middle of the swamp by which Frogmore is surrounded. It was observed on Thursday that in many places the fresco painting of the interior is seriously discoloured from the damp, which appears to have done much damage during the last twelve months, although immense fires are constantly kept burning in the mausoleum. It would have been impossible to have selected a worse site for such a building, and in wet weather the road and paths by which it is approached are nearly impassable

During the last month Torquay has been at various times agitated by a wild report that the Queen contemplates paying a visit to the town in the course of the winter. How this tale originated it is impossible to conjecture, for, of course, it is the purest of fictions.

Lord Houghton returned to Ireland without experiencing a severe gale in the Irish Channel, which has had a succession of storms for the last month. He will spend Christmas at the Viceregal Lodge with a family party. During the past week the Lord-Lieutenant visited the theatre, where he was well received; and this week he attends a performance of the "Messiah," under the auspices of the Dublin Musical Society. At this season, Viceregal duties are not very onerous; the head that wears a Viceregal crown has no cause to lie "uneasy."

Let me recommend Lord Houghton, if he wishes to be popular among the ladies, to keep his nose warm. The ladies whom Lord Londonderry kissed on their presentation to him, frequently complained that his nose was so cold, that this diminished the value of the kiss. Lord Houghton would do well also to cultivate a lofty and haughty air in carrying on the foolish business of Viceroyalty. An Irishman was comparing Lord Spencer and Lord Londonderry. "Give me Lord Spencer," he said; "he was a real Viceroy. When I was presented to him, he looked at me from over his beard, as if I were dirt beneath his feet, but Lord Londonderry shook hands with me, and was quite familiar."

Irish Viceroys are stripped of their sovereign attributes so soon as they reach English waters. The following story is told of Lord Houghton and a lady with whom he was acquainted. They both found themselves on board the Holyhead packet. During the voyage from Ireland the lady treated the Viceroy with ceremonious respect. So soon, however, as the packet entered Holyhead Harbour she said to him: "Now, Bobby, you are no longer a Viceroy, so take my bag and make yourself useful."

The late Lord Bective was one of the most generous and considerate landlords in England, and he took an active part in the management of his large estates, and was always ready to render any assistance in his power to his numerous tenants. He had long been a prominent breeder of Shorthorns, and his herd is one of the best in the world; as well it might be, considering that the "foundation" cow cost him upwards of £8,000. Lord Bective sat in Parliament as one of the Members for Westmoreland for twenty-two years, the seat having previously been held for sixteen years by his father, Lord Headfort. He contented himself with supporting the Tory Leaders by his vote, and never took any leading part in political life, for which he had neither taste nor inclination. Lord Bective's large estates in Westmoreland and the West Riding of Yorkshire came to him from his grandfather, Alderman Thompson, who originally purchased the Underley Hall domain. The Alderman left an immense sum of money to be invested in land, which was

For Amusements, see page 1363.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1366 in the present issue.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1364-5.

to be settled in the same way as the Underley estate, and this was most judiciously invested by the trustees in purchasing a property in Lancashire (which has since increased enormously in value) and in consolidating the other estates. Lord Bective was a great favourite with all classes in Westmoreland, and his death has caused sincere and profound sorrow throughout the county. His daughter, Lady Henry Cavendish Bentinck, inherits all his estates.

Professor Milligan, who died last week at Edinburgh, was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics in Scotland. He held the Chair of Biblical Criticism in Aberdeen University with conspicuous success for nearly forty years, and since the beginning of 1886 he had been the very efficient Principal Clerk of the General Assembly. Professor Milligan was a very learned man, an admirable and a most popular writer on theological subjects, and a most excellent lecturer and preacher. He had long ago obtained a European reputation as a profound and accurate Biblical scholar. His Croall Lectures on "The Resurrection of Our Lord" have been translated into many foreign languages, and he was on terms of friendship with many of the leading German writers on theology.

Sir John Don Wauchope, who died at Edinburgh last week, had been one of the best known and most useful public men in Scotland during the last thirty or forty years, and he has filled several important offices with great efficiency. Sir John took a very zealous interest in affairs of all kinds, he had been particularly active in educational matters, and he was prominent in county business. He was, at heart, always a strong Liberal, but apt to be uncertain in his politics, and in 1874 his ecclesiastical friends induced him to oppose Gladstonian candidates on account of the alleged "Ritualistic" sympathies of the Prime Minister. In 1880, however, Sir John was one of Mr. Gladstone's most ardent supporters at the Midlothian election; and he continued Liberal until the split of 1886, when he joined the Unionist party, to which his popularity and influence rendered him a valuable adherent. He owned a large family estate in Midlothian, which came to him from his father, Mr. Wauchope, of Edmonstone, and he inherited the baronetcy on the death of his kinsman, Sir William Don, in 1862.

Lord James Butler, who died last week at an advanced age, was formerly a well-known member of society in Dublin, where he lived for many years. In very early days he was an aide-de-camp at Dublin Castle, and during the first Abercorn Viceroyalty he held a leading place in the Viceregal household. He was married to Lady Rachel Russell, the Duke of Bedford's daughter, sister of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn. Lord James was a great "collector," and possessed many artistic and unique treasures of varied kind. Twenty years ago there was no happier hunting-ground for the "collector" than Ireland. It was then discovered by the "dealer," and is now somewhat worked out. For all that, throughout the country, and even in Dublin, there are still artistic treasures of many kinds to be chanced upon.

Alas! the "Body" cannot throw any light on my query, What is a Soul? Will no one enlighten me? Would the Association receive me into membership?

DEAR SIR, I have to thank you for your note on the sham questions. But you ask a question far more puzzling than they are. What is a Soul? I have not an idea. I know one or two who I believe are Souls. Outwardly they look like other people, but what systems they practise I do not know. Yours faithfully, A BODY.

Discussing the other day the question, "Should women smoke?" my Paris correspondent stated, on the authority of a Minister of Queen Christina, that that Royal lady is "an inveterate and veteran smoker." The Minister, however, must have slandered his Royal Mistress. On even better authority, I have since learned that, so far from being a veteran smoker, the Queen-Mother of Spain knows not the taste of tobacco smoke. Personally, I should not think worse of her if she did; but a lady who does not smoke would, doubtless, object to be accused of the habit, and I hasten accordingly to correct the error.

A large farm on one of the estates of one of our greatest "territorial magnates" has just been let on lease at a reduction of exactly 33 per cent. from the rent which was paid by the outgoing tenant. This fall shows the flagrant humbug of the remission system which has lately been adopted by so many landlords. The owner of this estate has been praised by the papers every half-year for his "liberality" in remitting 10 per cent. of the rents; but when one of his farms comes into the market it appears that he can only find another tenant by submitting to a reduction of 33 per cent. It is therefore clear that the outgoing tenant has been for years paying 23 per cent. more than the market value of the farm, and this kind of thing is going on all over the country. Who can wonder that we hear so much about the manifold distresses of tenant farmers?

The agricultural depression, however, has not interfered with the shows of the leading societies. The Chester meeting of the "Royal" was a great financial success, there being a profit of about £2,400, although a much larger sum than usual had been given in prizes. The Edinburgh show of the Highland and Agricultural Society has turned out well, there being a surplus of nearly £2,200.

A great success attended the Ascot Ball, which was held last Tuesday in the Grand Stand, although the weather was very wet and stormy. The decorations were much admired, and the supper was very good. Large parties were brought from Easthampstead Park by Lady Downshire, and from New Lodge by Lady Emily Van de Weyer.

The officials of the Tay Fishery Board have succeeded in obtaining about 575,000 ova for the salmon hatchery at Dupplin. They have been fishing for this purpose in the Tay, near the mouth of the Almond, on thirteen days during the last month. It is very satisfactory that not a salmon which was landed displayed any signs of the fungoid disease, and this is the first season for fourteen years that no affected fish have been met with during the annual netting for ova.

BOURNEMOUTH.—"ROYAL BATH HOTEL." "Hôtel de Luxe of the South." Sea frontage, 1,000 ft.; grounds, 5 acres. Due south. Moderate charges. Tariff on application. Comparison invited. Electric light throughout. Only Hotel on "East Cliff."

An Up-to-Date Christmas Carol.

Hark! the home-made bombs are bursting,
Dealing death and terror round;
Men for blood of men are thirsting,
Wheresoe'er the Cross is found.
Even whilst our bells are jangling
Tidings of goodwill and peace,
With our Maxim guns we're mangling
Savages without surcease.
Aye, the bullet's heartless "tang"
Drowns the song the Angels sang.

Even whilst we glibly utter
Festive wishes by the score,
Starving victims moan and mutter,
Dying at our very door.
And where Santa Claus is spreading
Mirth and pleasure as he walks,
Closely in his footprints treading,
Gaunt and grisly Famine stalks.
Shrieks of hatred and despair
Drown the Carols everywhere.

"Peace on earth!" around is ringing,
Echoing from cliff to cliff;
This it is the Spaniard 's singing
As he's shooting down the Riff.
And the Chartered robbers mustering,
Loudly chant, "Goodwill to men!"
As, still bent on filibustering,
They hunt down the doomed Lo Ben.
Bethlehem's star shines overhead,
O'er the dying and the dead.

Christendom, where'er it stretches,
Joins to sing the Evangel's lines;
Think you, though, they reach the wretches
Moiling in Siberian mines?
Is the outlook less alarming,
As the Yuletide tapers burn?
Does one nation cease from arming,
Or its swords to ploughshares turn?
Is there one that takes account
Of the Sermon on the Mount?

Shall we, resting from our labours,
Carry out the words we speak?
Shall we better love our neighbours
At the close of Christmas week?
For, if not, then, for the greeting
Which we utter near and far,
We'd much better keep repeating,
"Oh! What hypocrites we are!
Hypocrites in self engross'd;
Meaning least when saying most!"

In the obituary notices of Miss Ada Swanborough I have not seen it recorded that she once played Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Bancroft, then the Marie Wilton of the Strand. It occurred in this fashion. On the occasion of the tercentenary ceremony in honour of one William Shakespeare, all the theatres in London resolved to honour the bard. The little lively and burlesque loving Strand was not behindhand, and the management announced certain scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." This was Mrs. Bancroft's first, and I think only, excursion into Shakespeare-land, but the popular burlesque actress played Juliet on this occasion so charmingly, that she determined from that moment to abandon the frivolity of burlesque for some serious work. At least, she says so in her book of recollections.

The elaborate ballets of the present day bore me somewhat, I must admit, but "Don Quixote," at the Alhambra is a great deal more than a mere gorgeous Terpsichorean spectacle. There is a lot of really good old-fashioned pantomimic fun in it, for Mr. Fred Storey, who always amuses me, plays the part of the famous Knight with irrepressible spirits and humour. And those who are connoisseurs in choreography certainly ought to make a point of seeing "La Salmoiraghi" (Phœbus! what a name!), the new *première danseuse*, who has already danced herself into considerable popularity. There will be a good chance of seeing "Don Quixote" on Boxing Day, when a special *matinée* is to be given.

Mr. J. W. Godward is an artist who has been rapidly coming to the front of late. As a painter of marble surfaces he shows a skill second only to that of Mr. Alma Tadema himself; and one or two of his pictures are generally to be seen at the Exhibitions at No. 7, Haymarket. One of the most charming of these, called "Betrothed," a beautiful Roman girl lying in happy meditation on a leopard-skin and cushion spread on a white marble terrace, has just been reproduced in photogravure by Mr. Thos. McLean with conspicuous success. At a time when Romney is so very much in vogue again it is not surprising that Messrs. R. & D. Colnaghi & Co., of Pall Mall East, should have commissioned Herr D. A. Wehrschmidt to engrave in mezzotint one of the most characteristic works of the master in question. The picture chosen is the well-known and much-admired portrait of the Hon. Charlotte Clive, and the reproduction admirably preserves the charm of the original. Messrs. Frost & Read, of Bristol, have also just published an original mezzotint by Mr. John Finnie, R.P.E., of which only 125 signed artist's proofs were printed before the plate was destroyed. "Leafy Trees and Sparkling Brook" is the title of this charming print.

With a view of repeating past successes, Messrs. Leggatt Brothers, of 46, Fenchurch-street, have again produced one of Mr. Frank Paton's etchings to serve as a Christmas card. "The Pleasures of Hope," as the etching is called, is already a familiar object in our shop windows, and, granted that Christmas cards must be sent at all, some such artistic production as this cannot fail to be welcome.

Etiquette, it would seem, does not permit a Duke when charged with literary piracy to defend himself. In consequence of this the Duke of Argyll has been sitting in silence for some months under the imputation that he had incorporated a great part of Mr. Bain's work in "The Unseen Foundations of Society," and even now has only been able to repudiate the accusation by the pen of Mr. Murray, his publisher. However, at whatever date it comes, and through whatever channel, it is a great thing that the denial has come, and I am delighted to know that the Duke of Argyll, although he has no objection to put forward his own language and ideas as the language and ideas of another party, has not so far tampered with the rights of property as to put forward another party's ideas and language as his own.

At Boscombe, Bournemouth.—The Hotel Burlington, "*Sunny Boscombe.*" A charming Hotel, luxuriously appointed, in acres of matured grounds sloping to the sea. Every comfort of home. Most moderate charges. Bournemouth *East* Station. Tariff of Manager, or at Burlington & Buckingham Palace Hotels, London.

I hope that the matter will now be fully threshed out. We are face to face with one of the most extraordinary literary coincidences on record. By some agency, ostensibly occult, the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Bain have evolved, one after the other, but independently of outward communication, the same arguments and ideas, clothed in all but identical language. What is the explanation? Is it to quote the *Borderland* "Problem"—"Clairvoyance, Telepathy, or Spirits?" Personally, I incline to the Spook theory, and I would suggest that the question should be referred, with the consent of all parties, to Mr. Stead, assisted by his lady assessor, with the view of his discovering, if possible, the Spook which spoofed the Duke, and bringing him to justice.

In the meantime, however, I hope that it will be observed that, even by Mr. Murray's admission, Mr. Bain's work was published before the Duke of Argyll's had gone to press. Whatever merit, therefore, the work possesses belongs to Mr. Bain and not to the Duke—or the Spook. It also follows that the numerous journalists and reviewers who hailed "The Unseen Foundations of Society" with extravagant laudation as marking a new era in economic thought should forthwith transfer their eulogies to Mr. Bain. I should add that at the last moment before going to press, and after the foregoing remarks were written, I have myself received a letter from Mr. John Murray in answer to what has been said in TRUTH. I will publish it next week, but at present I cannot make room for it.

Major Walter, a neighbour of mine at Twickenham, has published a book called "A True Life of Shakespeare," and I see it stated that the Duke of Clarence, who was a brother officer of the Major, observed "I like the book." With all respect to the late Duke, I hardly think that this is of much importance, beyond showing a kindly feeling towards a friend. More important is it that Canon Liddon, Mr. Spurgeon, and Archdeacon Farrar have also spoken in high commendation of it. The book is well and profusely illustrated, and gives all that is known, or supposed to be known, about Shakespeare and his surroundings, and any one desirous of giving a Christmas present to a friend could not find a better one.

Sumptuous is not one of the adjectives I frequently use, but I certainly think it can be fairly applied to the two volumes just published by Mr. William Heinemann on "Rembrandt: His Life, his Work, and his Time." This is an English edition of the celebrated French work by M. Émile Michel, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who has been its editor, may be especially congratulated on his successful completion of a task of no ordinary difficulty and delicacy. The English "Rembrandt" has, in fact, been made more interesting than the French original edition by the addition of a number of important reproductions of celebrated pictures by this great master, which belong to collections in this country, whilst the editor has also shown his good judgment in omitting one or two of the original illustrations. Altogether, the work is a masterpiece.

Mr. Gladstone has presented the Rev. James Dunn, the popular and zealous Vicar of St. John's, Bath, to the Crown living of Croft, near Darlington, of which the net value is £670 a year, with house. Mr. Dunn is a decided High Churchman, indefatigable in his parish work, and exemplary in the discharge of all his duties. He has worked very hard at Bath for many years on a miserably small stipend, and his preferment has given much satisfaction there, and indeed throughout the diocese of Bath and Wells. Mr. Dunn's politics are strongly Radical.

The Bishop of Winchester visited the Isle of Wight last week for the purpose of instituting the Rev. Andrew Milroy, Vicar of St. Mary's, West Cowes, to the important living of Carisbrooke with Northwood, which is one of the most valuable benefices in the island, and to which he has been presented by the President and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Milroy, who has been working hard at Cowes for several years, was formerly Preacher at the Rolls Chapel. His preferment has given much satisfaction at Cowes, where he is highly esteemed and very popular.

The Dean and Chapter of Lichfield have recently put into operation an old statute of the Cathedral which provides that they "shall duly and periodically visit and examine" the Vicars Choral. The latter have accordingly been called upon to furnish written answers to a long series of questions respecting their mode of life, individual religious practices, and methods of carrying out their duties, and also to attend before the Dean and Chapter for oral examination. It is stated that this practice had long fallen into abeyance, and I shall be surprised if the Vicars Choral do not strongly resent its revival. If the Dean and Chapter insist upon it, they ought to be compelled to themselves submit to a similar inquisition at the hands of the choir. I dare say the results would be as interesting in the one case as the other.

Great satisfaction has been given by the appointment of the Archdeacon of Armagh, the Rev. William Meade, to the Bishopric of Cork, for it is in every respect an admirable one. Archdeacon Meade had a distinguished College career, and as Rector for several years of Ardtrea, Co. Tyrone, he did excellent parish work and gained the goodwill of all parties and classes. In addition to his work as Archdeacon of Armagh, Mr. Deane has rendered valuable service to the Irish Church as one of the Secretaries of the General Synod.

The late Bishop Trollope was a High Churchman of the old school, whose wide sympathies caused him to be thoroughly fair to men of all parties, and he was universally beloved and esteemed. The Bishop was a fine scholar, a distinguished antiquarian, an active and successful parish clergyman, and a first-rate man of business. His name was a household word throughout

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Lincolnshire for splendid munificence. The Bishop was a zealous promoter of judicious Church restorations, and he was mainly instrumental in founding the Poor Benefices Augmentation Fund, to which he was a most generous contributor. He represented two of the most ancient Lincolnshire families, the Trollopes of Casewick and the Thorolds of Syston. The Bishop held the living of Leasingham for fifty years, and in 1877 Bishop Wordsworth nominated him to be Suffragan of the Diocese the duties of which office he always discharged mos admirably.

From fully a dozen different sources I have received accounts of the astounding behaviour of the Rev. A. F. Tollemache, Vicar of Whitwick, on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. C. Burton, a member of the Leicester County Council, who was well known and highly respected in the neighbourhood. The interment took place at Whitwick Cemetery, and it was intended that the first part of the burial service should be held in the parish church. When the church was reached, however, it was found that the Vicar had locked the gates, and on being appealed to he declined to open them, and asserted that he had "excommunicated" the deceased, and that he had had a communication from the Bishop of Peterborough approving of what he had done. Canon Denton, who was attending the funeral, expressed some doubt as to the alleged communication from the Bishop, and Mr. Tollemache thereupon called him a "rascal" and a "liar." After further altercation the body was taken to another church, a mile and a-half away, where the service was read. The funeral procession then returned to the cemetery, where Mr. Tollemache caused another painful scene. He stood in his robes by the grave and insisted upon conducting the service, reading in opposition to the clergyman who was properly officiating. This performance he varied by singing a verse and a-half of "Rock of Ages," and by several times blowing a policeman's whistle, which he produced from his pocket.

It is, of course, only charitable to assume that this Vicar is not in a condition of mind to be rightly responsible for his actions. It is therefore satisfactory to note that a letter has been received from the Bishop of Peterborough, intimating that prior to the burial scandal he was in correspondence with the brother of the Vicar regarding the latter's strange conduct. Needless to say, the Bishop denies that he sent any communication approving of Mr. Tollemache's action at the funeral.

In reference to the remarks about the Liberator Fund in last week's TRUTH, I am glad to hear from the Rev. J. Stockwell Walls that an interim report, with a cash statement, is in the hands of the printers, and is on the eve of being issued to the subscribers. I hope that it will be of a nature to encourage further subscriptions.

I am sorry to hear from persons interested in the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney that there is little probability of any good resulting from the strong hints on the need of reform in that institution dropped by the late House of Lords Committee. Mainly as the result of these hints, a Committee of Inquiry was appointed under the presidency of Lord Aberdeen, and the Committee has issued a rose-coloured report deprecating all change. The public is thus invited to choose between the opinion of a strong and impartial Parliamentary Committee and that of a private Committee intimately connected with the hospital. If that choice were difficult to make, it would be facilitated by the fact that Lord Aberdeen—a man who never acts without good reason—dissents (in company with Lord Arran) from the report, and has resigned the Presidency of the Hospital. It is also significant that this report was presented to a meeting of Governors without any previous notification that this would be done. Such proceedings can only lead to one result. The income of the Hospital has already suffered heavily by what has happened, and, unless the present mistaken policy is reversed, it is bound to suffer more.

The report on white lead is, that it is impossible that it can be used in manufacture without poisoning the user. With women the poisoning is more fatal than with men, and with women more fatal than with girls. Precautions cannot prevent the poisoning. On reading this I naturally expected that these admissions would be followed by a recommendation on the part of the Commission to prohibit the use of this dangerous stuff in manufacture. I was mistaken. The Commission limits itself to the recommendation that girls alone, under twenty years of age, should not be poisoned. A question, however, occurs to me:—If man, woman, or child is poisoned, or is injured in health, would not an action against the employer lie under the Employers' Liability Bill, should that Bill become law? I should fancy that it would. If a Railway Company were to use an engine that in a given time killed or destroyed the health of the engineers, it would surely be held that this involved negligence. What, then, is the difference between killing by an engine or by white lead? Should my law not be correct, then the law ought to be changed. Many persons suffer in health from match-making. I would give every one of these persons an action against his or her employer.

A hint to doctors and patients. One of my lady readers, having consulted by letter a London specialist, who had several times attended her, was much annoyed the other day on hearing from him in reply that in his absence from home her letter had been "*in the ordinary course of business* opened by my wife, who naturally was authorised to open and attend to my correspondence in my absence." Why "naturally," and why "the ordinary course of business?" Ladies—and I may add gentlemen—when consulting a doctor, expect from him inviolable secresy. This is equally expected whether the medico is consulted personally or by letter. It seems to me, therefore, that doctors have no right to hand over their correspondence to third parties, even their wives, whom their patients may not desire to take into their confidence. In case, however, the "ordinary course of business" is as described above, patients will do well to ascertain before writing to their medical advisers whether they are at home.

I have received from M. J. E., China, £1 towards Lady Jeune's Fund.

A correspondent has sent me the following verses, with his apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling :—

"Jobs."

There's a fiend that troubles man,
Which is "Jobs";
Muddles everything he can,
Our "Jobs";
And his ugly head he rears;
'E's been thriving now for years,
With a smile round both his ears,
Ain't yer, "Jobs"?

Then 'ere's to "Jobs" the master—
British "Jobs," "Jobs," "Jobs";
'E's the cause of all disaster—
Champion "Jobs," "Jobs," "Jobs";
'E's known about Pall Mall,
And in Whitehall as well,
But his real home's in——
Ain't it, "Jobs"?

Oh! it's interest wins the race,
Helped by "Jobs";
And a blockhead gets a place,
Backed by "Jobs";
'E may wear a 'andsome coat,
But a lie is in his throat;
There's a lot o' men of note
Pushed by "Jobs."

'E gives a pretty wink,
Captain "Jobs,"
When he sees a warship sink,
Don't yer, "Jobs"?
Just arsk him to explain,
When our ships upon the main
Steers themselves aground again,
Call on "Jobs."

When the soldier's badly fed,
Look for "Jobs";
When a bay'net twists like lead,
That's old "Jobs"!
'E's been at it now for years,
Leaving such-like souveneers,
'Mid a sea of blood and tears,
Ain't yer, "Jobs"?

What 'e doesn't know o' war,
Gen'ral "Jobs,"
You can ask the blackamore,
Can't they, "Jobs"?
Oh! 'e's fickle but 'e's wise,
'E's a terror for 'iz size
When—'e—wants—to—advertise,
Ain't yer, "Jobs"?

Then 'ere's to "Jobs," the master—
Wicked "Jobs," "Jobs," "Jobs"!
The demon of disaster—
British "Jobs," "Jobs," "Jobs."
And the purpose of this ode
Is served if it 'as showed
That of debt we owe a load
To King "Jobs"!

The following incidents, which lately occurred in a Militia Battalion in the Home District, may possibly be found to have a bearing upon the alleged dearth of Militia officers. The command of the Battalion, falling vacant by the retirement of the Colonel, would *primâ facie* have devolved upon the senior Major, an officer of long and exemplary service. The Major was, however, given to understand by the General Officer Commanding the Sub-district, that he (the General) intended to make it a rule that he would only have ex-Line officers in command of Militia Battalions under him. Whereupon the Major, not caring to remain longer in the Battalion, if he was to be permanently excluded from it, sent in his papers.

The second Major being an ex-Line Officer, it was to be supposed that he would now obtain the command. Not at all. A fortnight ago, an Officer from a Line Regiment, and, strange to relate, an old brother officer of the G.O.C. was gazetted to the command. I understand that the junior Major has now followed the example of the senior Major, and resigned. The net result is thus, that two perfectly eligible officers have been driven from the Service in disgust, in order that one favoured individual, destitute of all claims, may be jobbed into a particular post. Thus are the interests of the Service, as well as the just claims of individuals, sacrificed to private ends.

For some reason unknown, there seems to be in India a particular difficulty in getting poor Tommy Atkins decently buried. A newspaper cutting just forwarded to me relates how a funeral-party arrived at a graveyard at Gharial to bury a private of the King's Royal Rifles, but found on their arrival that no grave had been dug; so the coffin had to be set down while the mourners went to work and dug the grave, after which the service was performed by the Captain of the deceased's company, no clergyman being in attendance. I refer to the occurrence specially, because another of the same nature was reported from another Indian station only two or three months ago, and such incidents point to culpable negligence on the part of those responsible for the funeral arrangements.

The latest testimonial that is being promoted in the Army is to a garrison schoolmaster at Gibraltar, who is shortly going home on relief; and I understand that the school children—in accordance with the precedents lately set on the most auspicious national occasion—have been directed to ask their parents for the funds requisite for the purpose. The Duke of Connaught—not to mention any other—has a great deal to answer for.

A military correspondent points out to me, with reference to Jubilee pardons for fraudulent enlistment, that the condition as to forfeiture of service depends upon the Army Act, and that though the Queen could pardon a man so as to release him from direct punishment, she could not over-rule the Army Act. Very well; but the question which I have raised is not whether the condition as to forfeiture of service was inevitable or otherwise, but whether it was clearly brought to the knowledge of soldiers before they were led to confess. There is, however, another point of more practical bearing. It seems that, by an Order promulgated about the same time, the forfeited service can be recovered by three years'

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exemplary service—*i.e.*, three years clear of an entry in the regimental defaulters' book. The knowledge of this may help some of the men who, as in the case from Egypt to which I referred, are only now discovering that they have to reckon their service from their pardon in 1887.

Here is another piece of information on the same point which may be of use. At the time of the Jubilee, the 2nd East Yorkshire were at Bombay, and before any fraudulent enlisters confessed, the Commanding Officer made a special inquiry as to whether by doing so they would lose anything. He was officially informed that they would not, and this seems to have been on the authority of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, then Commander-in-Chief at Bombay. Two or three years ago, when the 2nd East Yorkshire were at Sheffield, some of the men whose time was expiring found themselves in the same predicament as the man in the 1st Battalion, to whose case I referred a fortnight ago. Some official correspondence took place on the subject, and the grievance was redressed. I may say that I have this on indisputable authority, as may be proved by reference to the official correspondence on the two occasions, which is presumably preserved at the Depot. Surely what was sauce for the 2nd Battalion should be sauce for the 1st

At Shorncliffe the other day the spectacle was to be witnessed of about thirty N.C.O.'s below the rank of Sergeant, belonging to the Provisional Battalion, drilling in the ranks of a squad of recruits. The reason of this is said to have been that at guard-mounting parade the same morning a Lance-Corporal—a lad of about two months' service—on the order to shoulder arms brought his rifle to the same shoulder as the rest of the guard, instead of the N.C.O.'s shoulder. Upon the strength of this delinquency the Adjutant forthwith ordered all the N.C.O.'s two extra drills with the recruits. Such an order seems peculiarly ill-judged. The Corporals and Lance-Corporals are supposed to exercise a certain amount of authority over privates of all classes, and their authority is certainly not likely to be enhanced by inflicting upon them a wholesale degradation.

Several Medical Officers write confirming the views which were the other day expressed in Truth in regard to the system of medical inspection practised in the Foot Guards. The subject, unfortunately, cannot be discussed in any detail, but I am glad to find that there is as strong a feeling against the practice in the Army Medical Staff as there must be in every other quarter, and I trust that the matter will not be lost sight of.

The last reports of the Board of Visitors of Woolwich Academy and Sandhurst College teach very forcibly all that I have so repeatedly insisted upon as to the futility of a military education based upon the "education of a gentleman," as understood at the so-called "Public Schools." As regards Woolwich, it is here officially asserted that electricity and higher mathematics should be taught as absolutely necessary; that commissioned officers of the R.A. and R.E., when they leave the Academy, require further instruction, especially in mechanics, steam, electricity, and hydraulics; that R.E. officers need a more extended knowledge of artillery subjects, and R.A. officers a higher mathematical knowledge, and so on. As regards Sandhurst, after discoursing on the undue extravagance which prevails, and pointing out that the Cadets devote four hours twenty minutes per diem to study in summer, and four hours five minutes in winter, the Visitors recommend that there should be a short course of Military history and geography, and report that the study of French, German, and free hand drawing needs encouragement.

The conclusion to be drawn from these reports is that the teaching of both the military schools is defective in almost all essentials, and that our officers are to a corresponding degree ill-educated and inefficient. So it must continue to be while the entrance to these schools is regulated, not with a view to obtaining lads well grounded in the subjects on which military education rests, but with the view of maintaining the aristocratic traditions of the Service, and suiting the convenience or the whims of one class of schoolmasters. For the perpetuation of this state of things up to the present time we are largely indebted to Mr. Stanhope, who at the beginning of 1891 boldly declared that the first need of the Army was "Public School Boys," and that the object most to be desired was "that the successful candidates for the Army should have a sound and liberal education in all subjects in which boys were ordinarily instructed." I would specially invite Mr. Stanhope's successor to study the results of this theory of military education.

By the way, H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, when haranguing the Sandhurst Cadets the other day, deplored the painful fact that some cadet had so far forgotten what was due to his position as to communicate with the Press on matters affecting the administration of the College. Who this audacious youth can have been I cannot imagine, nor what journal he can have communicated with. Nevertheless, I would advise him to persevere steadily in his evil courses. Commanders-in-Chief and others in authority may not like too much light let in upon their doings; but Cadets and all others under authority may depend upon it that by assisting to let in such light, whenever needed, they are serving the public interest equally with their own.

The ancient Israelites, when compelled by their Egyptian tyrants to make bricks without straw, were hardly worse off than the servants at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, who are compelled to lay and light the fires of their masters without wood. Every cadet has his allowance of coals from the College, but the servants of the place are expected to provide him with firewood. The idea apparently is that they should go out and collect it in the College grounds; failing which, they have to get it where they can. Such a system is a disgrace to the authorities, and ought to be stopped at once.

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Some bitter growls have been reaching me lately a the favour shown to the Lieutenant-Colonels of the British as compared with those of the Indian Service. The recent *Gazette*, which recorded the promotion of thirty Lieutenant-Colonels of the British Army, had nothing to say as regards their Indian comrades, although there are several who have held their regimental commands upwards of four years, and many more whose commands have actually expired. If all cannot be promoted at the same rate, one would have thought that it is the Indian officers who ought to set the pace.

When Mr. Campbell-Bannerman next desires to enhance his popularity with the private soldier, he could not do better than relieve the cavalry trooper of the expense to which he is at present put in providing articles absolutely necessary for the maintenance of harness and accoutrements in proper condition. This grievance, as I can personally testify, is a constant source of irritation. Why should a man have to purchase out of his own pocket necessaries like saddle-paste, rubbers, sponges, dandy-brushes, oil, &c.? As well might he be expected to supply forage or ammunition.

The *Western Morning News*, having at last realised that the grievance of Naval Instructors in regard to their new uniform lies, not in having to wear it but in having to pay for it, admits that there is "some cause for complaint," but goes on to argue that Instructors are better paid than Lieutenants of corresponding service, and that "the grievance is not a very serious one after all." The Naval Instructors in regard to whom this complaint has been made are men forty-five years old and upwards, at which age a Naval Lieutenant is either retired or promoted. As to the seriousness of the grievance, I would suggest that the proprietors of the *Western Morning News* should forthwith order the editor of that journal to provide himself with a cocked hat and a gold-laced coat for wear in the office, and dock him of three months' salary to pay for these habiliments. I will then take his opinion upon the "seriousness" of these proceedings.

Another Dockyard-town journal made the other day a woeful display of ignorance in an attempt to put me right respecting the relative ranks of Corporals R.M.L.I. and Bombardiers R.M.A. TRUTH does not appear to be aware, says this wiseacre, "that there is such a rank as Lance-Corporal, and that this corresponds with the rank of Bombardier." No; I at once admit that I am not aware of this last point. A Gunner R.M.A., passing for promotion, passes for the rank of Corporal, not that of Bombardier, and is not usually promoted a Bombardier till about a year and a-half after he has so passed. He is sent to sea in command of detachments, which no Lance-Corporal R.M.L.I. would be, and he is in every respect on the footing of a full N.C.O., which a Lance-Corporal is not; for instance, he can only be reduced by a Court Martial, while a Lance-Corporal can be ordered to remove his stripe by his Commanding Officer. A Portsmouth journalist ought not to be ignorant on these points.

I understand that the Admiralty order on which I commented giving the seniority to Corporals R.M.L.I., supersedes a previous order directing that Bombardiers R.M.A., would rank with Corporals according to date of promotion. This is the only just and fair arrangement and it is not easy to see why it should have been revoked.

I have received from Dr. Charles Leet a copy of a pamphlet, entitled "Shipowners and Ships' Surgeons," in which is reprinted the article "Doctors at Sea," which appeared in TRUTH of August 24. Modesty forbids me to speak at any length on this brochure; but I may say that I entirely agree with the views expressed in it, and I trust that it will be widely read and will bring forth good fruit. I am glad to see that Dr. Leet has found "a prominent Board of Trade official" to endorse my opinion, which is that all ships' doctors should be responsible to the Board of Trade, who should through them have control of all questions affecting the health and comfort of crews and passengers.

At this time of year, petitions from Dockyard employés on various matters affecting their interests are sent in to the Admiralty through the heads of Departments; but I understand that before these petitions are transmitted they are copiously annotated by the officials with observations of the "private and confidential" order. Any one can see that this procedure destroys half, or more than half, the value of the document. The object of such a petition is that the employés may address themselves directly to the Admiralty. If intermediate officials, who may possibly consider themselves affected by the petition, are to make their comments upon it, common sense and common justice demand that the petitioners should be allowed to comment on these comments. If one party is to have the right of making "private and confidential" remarks at the expense of the other, both should have this right.

A correspondent sends me the following denunciation of the chimneypot hat and a suggestion as to what would best replace it. Certainly, Naval Officers look very well in frock coats and forage caps, whilst the cap is far more convenient than the tall hat:—

Is it absolutely beyond the ingenuity of man to invent a covering for his head which shall not be a nuisance to himself and to everybody else? The tall hat is destroyed by a little rain, is blown into the gutter by a little wind, it has to be protected in a shower by an umbrella which endangers the eyes of every passer-by, and yet, with every inducement to find a substitute, no one has been able to discover a head-dress which would meet all the requirements. The real difficulty is the frock coat, and, as that is a fixture, the head-gear must be adapted to it. Attempts have been made to cut down the tall hat, but the result has been so terrible that nobody has been found brave enough to make a fright of himself in public. This has not been from vanity, for, as we all know, men have no vanity, which is a property belonging to women only; but from the fact that the low-crowned hat made the best-looking man into a cad. There is one head-dress, and, I believe, one only, which can be set above a frock-coat, without detriment to the dignity or appearance of a man, and that is a forage cap or a yachting cap, which is practically the same thing. For civilians, of course, it should have no gilt or ornamentation. Some years ago, and to some extent even now, this cap used to be worn with the undress frock-coat of Infantry Officers. In their case it was often ornamented with a gold band and gold on the peak, and nothing was more becoming than the combination of the cap and the frock-coat. What a fright an officer would have looked with a tall hat! And it is only habit and custom that prevent us from looking frights. Try this combination in front of a glass, and I think you will be satisfied with the result. I should add that it is worn by Naval Officers

While upon this subject, may I say a word about our evening clothes? They are fairly satisfactory, and may be left alone; but do let us make some change in the butler and the waiter, so that the guests may be known from the waiters with certainty.

The Out-door Officers of Customs having formulated their petition, the "Boatmen" are now anxious to make their voices heard. Considering that only in August the Treasury went through the form of making them concessions, the present hardly seems an opportune time to re-open their case. But I have said again and again that the position of the "Boatmen" is a disgrace to those who are responsible for it, and it is absurd to suppose that their complaints can be silenced by a trumpery rise of pay which works out at the rate of about 2¼d. per week. It would even seem that, after the 2¼d. has been given with one hand, it is being taken away with the other, for I hear that at one port (Grimsby) the working hours per week have been screwed up within the last few months from eighty to ninety-six. Sooner or later the whole terms under which these men are engaged will have to be revised, and it would be much better for all parties that it should be sooner rather than later.

An Uppingham ratepayer sends me some letters which have appeared in a local paper regarding what are called the "erratic deeds" of the Uppingham Guardians. It is complained that whilst money is lavishly spent in some directions, the Guardians are exercising a harsh economy in another by reducing the paupers' rations. Whether this complaint is well founded, I cannot pretend to say. I can, however, heartily support the further attack which is made on the Guardians for refusing to admit reporters to their meetings. It is really high time these Boards were deprived of the power to exclude the Press, and hide their doings in darkness.

With reference to the complaint which I mentioned last week as to the pollution of a stream at Coalstoun, Haddingtonshire, by sewage from Yester House and Gifford village, a correspondent assures me that the water is not used for drinking or other domestic purposes at any point between Yester and Haddington, where it falls into the Tyne. Moreover, the stream is a very fast running one—there being a considerable fall between Yester and Haddington—and consequently the accumulation of sewage is difficult, if not impossible.

A local correspondent sends me some additional facts with respect to the account which I gave last week of the proceedings on the selection of designs for the Pump Room extension at Bath, which put a somewhat different complexion on what passed. He states, in the first place, that Mr. Waterhouse in awarding the first premium did not understand that the Committee desired to give special attention to a proposed building over the old Roman bath, rather than to the Concert Room, and that, upon this being explained, Mr. Waterhouse stated that he should award the first premium to the design marked "O," which he had originally placed second. In the next place, I am informed that the architect whose design was thus selected—that of the City Surveyor of Works—so far from being a *persona grata* to the Council, is so far the reverse that one or two prominent members were decidedly disconcerted by the result. I give this version of the story for what it is worth, but I hope that it may be the authentic one.

I have been asked to rebuke the shopkeepers of Aberdeen for the cruel way in which—so it is alleged—they overload young girls who deliver goods for them. Under ordinary circumstances I should not have deemed this a matter calling for my attention; but my correspondent remarks pathetically that the clergy and religious lights of the town are so busy in combating the polka and enormities of that class that serious social evils flourish unchecked. I, therefore, undertake the duty of the "Meenisters" by informing the shopkeepers that they had much better dance the polka with their shop-girls than set them to walk excessive distances with loads beyond their strength.

Not many months back the inhabitants of Coalville in public meeting assembled, protested against George Smith—the scourge of gipsy children and dwellers in movable dwellings—distinguishing himself from other George Smiths by assuming the title "Of Coalville." But protest is all in vain, for the signature "George Smith of Coalville" has continued to display itself in the newspapers up to the present date. The assumption of this title by Smith is quite unjustifiable. He is not a native of Coalville. He lives at, and advertises from, as all the world knows, "The Cabin, Crick, Rugby," and is no more George Smith of Coalville, than George Smith of Timbuctoo, or Constantinople. The Coalville people are now anxious to know how they can deliver the town from the stigma which Smith insists upon inflicting on it Perhaps an injunction would be granted in Chancery to restrain Smith from styling himself "Of Coalville.' Failing this, I fear there is nothing for it but a short Act of Parliament.

Some few weeks back I mentioned that a question as to the right of Railway Companies to charge for "excess luggage" had been raised by a dispute between Mr. Hastie, a solicitor, and the Great Western Company. Lest any of my readers should be tempted, on the strength of what was then said, to contest the claims of Railway Companies, I hasten to mention that the question between Mr. Hastie and the Great Western was the other day decided by Judge Lumley Smith in favour of the Company. It was held that the charges made in that case were entirely in accordance with the Company's Acts, and the Judge refused leave to appeal

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A lady sends me an article from a Hampshire paper in which the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is praised, whilst such objects as the Society for the Protection of Birds has in view are more or less disparaged. It is, of course, desirable, as the writer urges, that the former excellent Society should stick to its own special and recognised field of operations. But there is plenty of room also for the second Society, and it is difficult to understand how anybody who supports the one can fail to approve of the other.

Since the conclusion of the Zierenberg case, applications have been addressed to me from at least a dozen different quarters to investigate the doings of other alleged Zierenbergs. All in good time. With Christmas so close at hand, I may perhaps be allowed to take a week's rest. After that I shall be ready to do my best.

A summons under the Food and Drugs Act concerning the alleged adulteration of certain vinegar was recently dismissed by the Manchester Magistrates on the strength of a certificate from the Somerset House Analysts. The City Analyst, Mr. Estcourt, had previously furnished a report of a different tenor, and in a letter to a local paper he points out that whereas he gave the details of the analysis upon which he founded his opinion, the Somerset House authorities simply stated an opinion without supplying any details of the analysis upon which such opinion was based. Mr. Estcourt complains that this reticence on the part of the officials is habitual, and that they never convey the least particle of information as to new processes either of analysis or adulteration. It is, I think, usually wise for a Judge to decline to enter into an explanation of reasons for his decisions. The rule ought not, however, to be applied to analytical work. Certainly it is well calculated to produce such an impression as Mr. Estcourt says is prevalent with reference to "the recognised incompetency of the Somerset House Laboratory officials."

The nearer the Church the further from God; and I suppose, on the same principle, the nearer the County-court the further from payment of debts. A worthy tradesman of Spalding supplied to the local County-court, during the years 1870-2, books and forms for the use of the Court to the value of over £30. At the end of 1872 he delivered his bill at the County-court Office, and from that day to this he has been vainly endeavouring to get his money. His last application was made to the Treasury, and the answer received was that the claim had been disallowed when last sent in, twelve years ago. The ground for disallowing it seems to be that it was barred by the Statute of Limitations; but, as the man very reasonably asks, how could he help that? How was he to recover his money? Was he to county-court the County-court? If so, he could only sue the Court before itself. If he got judgment, was he next to ask the Court to commit itself on a judgment summons for non-payment, or to issue execution against itself, and sell itself up? The thing sounds absurd, but it is no joke for the unfortunate creditor, and it is a scandal both to the Court and to the Treasury that the debt should have been left unpaid, still more that refuge should now be taken in a legal technicality for the purpose of permanently evading payment.

The saying that what is one man's meat is another's poison has just received a novel illustration at Birkenhead. A Borough Magistrate was asked to order the destruction of four pieces of beef which had been exposed for sale at a local butcher's shop. The butcher's defence was that he bought the beef at the Liverpool abattoir, and he called two of the city Meat Inspectors, who stated that although the animal had suffered from pleurisy and several hard tubercles were found on the outside of the lungs, they passed the carcases as fit for human food. One of these officials explained that when the tubercles were hard and not "soft and cheesy," it was their practice not to condemn the carcases, but to cut off the diseased piece. On the other hand, the Birkenhead Meat Inspector and the Medical Officer of Health and three other medical witnesses deposed that the meat was totally unfit for human consumption. Dr. Vachor, an authority on the subject, said the meat might cause tuberculosis in persons liable to contract such a disease. On this testimony the Magistrate, of course, made the desired order. The case ought to lead to some reform in the system of meat inspection at Liverpool; indeed, it is hardly conceivable that the people of that city will any longer tolerate a state of things under which flesh considered good enough for their consumption is legally condemned as unfit for human food in the neighbouring borough.

Amongst the numerous Police-court cases to which my attention has been called during the past week is one in which the Liverpool Bench sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment for loitering "with intent," and stealing a packet of sweets. The correspondent who sends me the report thinks that the punishment was excessive, presumably because the prisoner had over £30 in his possession, and said he did not know what he was doing. The evidence as to his movements, however, indicated that he very well understood what he was about, and the fact that he had so much money in his pocket was, if anything, an aggravation of the offence. I cannot, therefore, concur in my correspondent's censure of the Bench.

A month or so ago I referred to the monstrous sentence passed upon a well-known Alderney man, Mr. Daniel Sebire, who, as it appeared, was being vindictively prosecuted and punished for a technical offence on account of his efforts as a reformer, which have made him obnoxious to the official ring. That this view of the case is taken by a large section of the community was shown the other day, when Sebire, on being released from prison, was welcomed back to his home by a cheering crowd like a popular hero. Meanwhile, Sebire's opponents have presented a petition to the Judge and Jurats of Alderney, praying for his expulsion from the Douzaine. As I suggested at the time, it was probably chiefly with this object that his conviction was procured.

There has lately been a good deal of talk at Leighton Buzzard respecting the manner in which justice, or what passes for justice—is dispensed by Mr. A. Macnamara, the Chairman of the local Petty Sessions. At a recent

SHIRTS FOR EVENING WEAR, with Pique and Fancy Fronts. Dressing Gowns and Jackets. At-home Dinner Jackets.—SAMPSON & Co., 268, 270, Oxford-street, W.

CREMER'S ENTERTAINMENTS.—PARKINS & GOTTO, of Oxford-street, having acquired the goodwill of the business of the late Mr. Cremer, of Regent-street and Bond-street, have re-engaged all the best artists, and are now booking orders for the holidays.

sitting of the Court Mr. F. Spiers, a well-known tradesman in the town, was summoned for cruelty to a horse; and the Bench not only inflicted a penalty which was heavier than the circumstances of the case justified, but the Chairman followed up the decision by some most uncalled-for and gratuitously offensive remarks to "this man Spiers." On previous occasions, it seems, Mr. Macnamara has similarly insulted local tradesmen and others; and, after perusing reports of his utterances which have been submitted to me, I am not at all surprised to learn that there is a growing feeling in the town that an end ought to be put to the "Squire's" domination of the Bench.

A question has been asked in the House of Commons with regard to the case of Mr. G. E. Horrobin, of the Bramley Union, to which I referred last week. Sir Walter Foster's reply was based upon what he described as "a very full statement of the facts," which the Local Government Board had received from the Guardians. Considering that it was the action of the Poor Law authorities which was impugned, it is absurd to suppose that information derived from that source alone could enable the Department to express an opinion of any value on the matter. Why was not inquiry made of the Mayor of Leeds, who occupied a perfectly impartial position between the parties, and who came to the conclusion, as he said in Court, that "a gross misuse of the forms of law" had been made by the Union against Mr. Horrobin? As a matter of fact, the version of the case which I gave last week is fully borne out by the correspondence between Mr. Horrobin's solicitors and the Clerk to the Guardians, which has since been published. And from what I hear, this is by no means the first occasion on which the officials of the Bramley Union have done gross injustice by obtaining warrants against men under the Vagrants Act without ascertaining whether a warrant—or, indeed, any other proceeding—was necessary.

A very unsatisfactory decision of the "not guilty but don't do it again" kind was given in the Glasgow Central Police-court last week. A policeman was charged with assaulting a man named Donaghy, and the latter's evidence was supported by that of his sweetheart. On the other side a number of the defendant's fellow-constables denied that any assault had been committed. After hearing the police testimony given on behalf of the Zierenbergs I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that there are members of the force who will affirm or deny anything, as it may suit them. No doubt there are some of this type in Glasgow; at all events the Magistrate said he believed Donaghy and his sweetheart were telling the truth. As to the evidence of the constables, "he did not want to say anything," but "as there had been so much of it he must find the charge not proven." To dismiss a case on the strength of untrustworthy evidence because there had been "so much of it" is certainly a curious proceeding.

The Coupé Company's Telegraphic Address is "Coupé, London."

The following is my Legal Pillory for the week. My readers will, I think, agree with me in regarding the Warrington case as by far the most scandalous in the list. To begin with, a mere fine was an utterly inadequate penalty for the abominable cruelty which the woman Atkins practised on the poor little workhouse waif whom she had "adopted," and if the Magistrates had done their duty this child torturer would have had to spend her Christmas in gaol. But whilst the Bench are greatly to blame for their misguided lenity, what shall be said of the Guardians who entrusted the child to the tender mercy of Mrs. Atkins? It appears that once the Board had, "after due deliberation," sanctioned the adoption of the little girl, they ceased to exercise any supervision over her, and she was left month after month to a life of slavery and ill-treatment which was only ended at last by the intervention of the N.S.P.C.C. The conduct of the Guardians and their officers cannot be too strongly condemned, and the Chairman of the Bench was absurdly mild in letting them off with the remark that they had "acted unwisely":—

Stockport Police-court. Before Messrs. T. Kay and T. P. Torkington. Samuel Hulme and Margaret Johnson, a woman living with him, charged with cruelty to five children. Two of the children had been brutally beaten by Hulme, and they were all grossly neglected, living under most filthy and wretched conditions. Hulme fined £1 and costs; Johnson, 10s. and costs.

Birmingham Police-court. Before the Mayor, Messrs. Lawley Parker, Fallows, and Bloor. Frederick Precious, pugilist, and Albert Allan, convicted of assaulting John Aston. Without provocation, Precious struck complainant in the face, knocking him down, and then held him down and punched him, while Allan kicked him on the top of the head and cut it open. Complainant had to have his injuries attended to at the hospital. Precious fined £1 and costs; Allan 10s. and costs.

Bradford West Riding Police-court. John Bateman, charged with assaulting his wife and his daughter. He struck his wife and knocked her head against the furniture, and, when the daughter went to her mother's assistance, he gave her two black eyes. He had previously ill-treated them, and a separation order was granted. Fined £2 for assaulting his wife and £1 for assaulting his daughter.

Warrington Police-court. Before Alderman Harrison and other Magistrates. Alice Atkins, charged with ill-treating Mary E. Connor, aged eight. Connor, a puny little girl, had been taken out of the workhouse and adopted by defendant with the sanction of the Guardians. The child had to get up and light the fire, wash dishes, scrub the floor, and do other work before going to school. She had been repeatedly beaten by defendant, and when rescued she had two black eyes, scratches and scars on her cheeks and nose, cuts on her hand (caused by Mrs. Atkins with a knife), and bruises on her arms, legs, and body. Fined £2 and costs.

Stockport Police-court. Before Mr. James Leigh and Colonel Wilkinson. John Ryan, charged with sleeping out. Ten days.

Heanor Petty Sessions. Before Messrs. R. S. W. Sitwell, J. J. A. Woolley, and W. Smith. Edmund Nix, aged about 70, charged with stealing 14 lb. of coal. Fourteen days.

Birmingham Police-court. Before the same Magistrates. Edwin Miller and Thomas Manning, convicted of stealing three pairs of boots from a warehouse. They broke a window and abstracted the boots. Three months each.

Before the Stipendiary and other Magistrates. Samuel Jones (18), charged with stealing an orange, valued at a penny. Seven days.

Bradford Borough Police-court. Before Mr. Skidmore (Stipendiary), the Mayor, and Mr. W. Oddy. Five persons, four being youths, convicted of gambling by playing cards in the public streets. Three of them were sent to gaol for a month each without the option of a fine; a fourth was fined 18s. or fourteen days; and the fifth 13s. or ten days.

Liverpool County Sessions. Before Mr. Hugh Perkins and other Magistrates. Ellen Winstanley pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of boots. Six months.

Northampton County Petty Sessions. Before Sir George Gunning and other Magistrates. Eli Martin, shepherd, charged with stealing a bit of coal, valued at sixpence. He said he had had a great deal of trouble lately and had lost two children. This put him to great expense and led him to commit the offence. One month.

Grimsby Borough Police court. Before the Mayor and other Justices. James Howard, master of a fishing smack, charged with assaulting two of the hands named Finning and Walker. He knocked Finning down, knelt on him, and hit him in the face, and then kicked him in the eye with his sea boot. Walker was assaulted whilst in the rigging. Fined six guineas.

Grimsby Borough Police court. Before the Mayor and other Justices. John Johnson late cook on a smack, charge with stealing a coil of rope Two months.

Dennis Brown, charged with absconding from a smack Twenty one days.

Loughborough Police court. Before Messrs. J. Underwood, T. Conner, D. Tabberer, R. J. Goodacre, and G. Stevenson. Joseph Benford, Joseph Greaves, and Sarah Ann Benford charged with assaulting Elizabeth Ann Withers. The female defendant held Withers and kicked her, whilst the men struck her about the head with their fists. The Bench considered it a very bad case. Fined 40s. each and costs.

Watford Divisional Sessions. Before Messrs. J. F. Watkins, R. W. Henderson, W. R. Woolrych, E. H. Loyd, F. S. Knyvett, and the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert. George Chambers and Luke Franklin, charged with poaching. Chambers, 14 days; Franklin, one month.

Bromyard Petty Sessions. Before Mr. W. H. Barneby, Colonel Bourne, Captain Enderby, and other Justices. William Green, charged with cruelty to a horse, which was found down a clay-pit in his brickyard. The animal was in the pit from Sunday till Wednesday, and rubbed off portions of its flesh in its struggles to get out. Fined £2 and costs.

Halesworth Petty Sessions. Wm. Hines, army pensioner, charged with stealing a pair of garden shears. Nothing was known against him. Twenty-one days.

Weobley Police-court. Before Messrs. W. Prescott, G. W. Marshall, and W. F. Walker. John Brace, charged with assaulting Lucretia Neville, who said he rushed at her and knocked her into the ditch, and then kicked her. She had to go to the doctor. Fined £1 and costs.

Sleaford Police-court. Before Colonel Wilson, Captain Reeve, Messrs. H. Smith, E. J. Lucas-Calcroft, and C. Sharpe. Henry Wildmore, charged with trespassing for game. Fine and costs, £2. 14s.; in default, twenty-one days.

Rawtenstall Police-court. Before the Mayor (Alderman Worswick) and Mr. J. E. Holt. James Allen, charged with assaulting James Lord by knocking him down and kicking him in such a savage manner about the head as to render him unconscious. Fined £5, including costs.

Cranbrook Police-court. Before Major Atkin-Roberts and Colonel Ready. William Weeks, charged with stealing 2 cwt. of coal. Six weeks.

Bath County Police-court. Ernest Hobbs, a lad, charged with stealing a coat. One month.

A singular course was adopted at Munster Assizes on Friday in a case in which one Kelly pleaded guilty to the abduction of a girl of thirteen. The Judge told the prisoner that he had committed a very grave offence against public morals and against the innocence of "that young woman"; but instead of inflicting the term of hard labour which Kelly richly deserved, his Lordship consented to liberate him on bail (to come up for judgment if called upon) on his undertaking to marry the girl and "make an honest woman of her." His Lordship's action was doubtless well-meant, but to my mind it was most ill-advised. It enables Kelly to entirely escape the punishment which the law provides for his crime, and the chances are that a further wrong will be done to the girl by making her unhappy for the rest of her life. What good can be expected of a marriage contracted under such circumstances by a child of thirteen?

Much indignation has been excited at Exmouth by the conduct of the police in arresting an innocent girl on a charge of child-desertion. It appears that the police not only made a stupid blunder by taking the girl into custody, but added to the wrong they had done by detaining her in the cells after they knew that she could not be the guilty party. She was arrested on Thursday evening, and the same night her employer showed that she could not possibly be the offender, and offered substantial bail for her release. A Superintendent named Jesse declined, however, to liberate her, and she was kept in the cells till mid day on Friday. She was then taken before a Magistrate, and after a statement on behalf of the police that "a mistake had been made" she was at once discharged. It is to be hoped that Superintendent Jesse's official superiors will take serious notice of this monstrous "mistake."

I understand that the extraordinary narrative which I published three weeks ago respecting the arrest and imprisonment of a collier named Smith at Ashton-in-Makerfield, near Wigan, has led to an investigation by the county police authorities, but up to the present no report on the subject has been issued. It is stated, however, that the constable who played a prominent part in the story has been removed from Ashton. Smith's fellow-colliers have given a practical proof of their sympathy with him by subscribing a sum of £20 for him, and I have been asked for advice as to the disposal of this money. On the whole, I think it would be wiser to hand the £20 over to Smith rather than to engage in litigation. At the same time his friends should see that a full statement of the case is laid before the Home Secretary, and also the Standing Joint Committee.

A scandalously severe sentence was passed last week at Beccles Petty Sessions on two gamebeaters who had been convicted of stealing a pheasant. The prisoners had been employed as beaters by Mr. Hayley, of Worlingham Hall, and they concealed a pheasant in the park, and were detected when taking the bird away. Both men were sentenced to three weeks' hard labour, but, considering the circumstances, they ought surely to have been dealt with under the First Offenders Act. I suppose, however, that the Magistrates are themselves game-preservers, and that they were therefore stimulated to undue severity with the object of warning other beaters. The Home Secretary would do well to release the men, as they have been more than sufficiently punished by this time.

It is unwise of the average policeman to attempt to emulate the remarkable feats of Sherlock Holmes. A shop was lately broken into at Walsall, and three and sixpence stolen from the till. Lynx-eyed investigators found a button outside the shop, and noted that inside there was a board with cobbler's wax upon it. These were only slender clues, but they were enough for the subtle reasoners who had the matter in hand. A young man named Raines had a button missing from his coat and some cobbler's wax adhering to that garment; therefore he was charged with the crime, and last week stood his trial at Staffordshire Assizes. It is hardly necessary to say that he was not convicted upon such flimsy evidence; for, as Mr. Justice Cave pointed out, there are

MESSRS. HARBOROW, Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirtmakers by appointment to the Royal Family, have opened new premises, 6 and 7, New Bond-street, in connection with their old-established business, 15, Cockspur-street.

thousands of buttons of the pattern in question, and plenty of persons might be discovered in Walsall with cobbler's wax upon their clothes. His lordship, indeed, declared that he had never seen a more scandalously got-up case in his life; it was what was called a police case and nothing more. No doubt it is some consolation to the police to reflect that if they egregiously blundered so did the Magistrates in sending this "scandalously got-up case" for trial.

If it is, as I am given to understand, a maxim of the Equity Courts that those who come into Court must come with clean hands, there never were, I should imagine, a more unpromising batch of parties to a Chancery suit than the "Female Bridegroom" and her relatives. Equity has, I take it, done all that could be expected of her in sending the whole family away empty. What chiefly comforts me, however, in regard to this action is that it distinctly stays the onward march of Woman. We may have lady stockbrokers, lady barbers, lady Government clerks, lady County Councillors, lady smokers, but we can't yet have a female bridegroom, nor, by inference, a female paterfamilias. Equity itself draws the line here.

It would seem that Mrs. Anna Ruppert is making a bold effort to rehabilitate herself after her late prosecution at Dublin and her exposure in the English medical papers. I have received from all quarters copies of the circulars which she has been issuing by post. A "free lecture" which she gave a day or two ago at the Lyric Theatre, supplemented by the attractions of "one of the best Regimental bands" and an offer of a "box of soaps and face powder worth 2s. 6d." to every lady in the audience, has also been trumpeted far and wide. It seems desirable, therefore, to remind the public, especially lady readers of Truth, that this person has been convicted at Dublin of infringing the Poisons Act, that charges of the gravest character have been made against her in the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*, and that a cautionary notice against her was some time ago issued by the Berlin police. That ladies' papers in London should, in the face of these facts, continue to puff Mrs. Ruppert is simply scandalous, and that a half-page advertisement of her lecture should have been allowed to appear in a paper usually so careful as the *Queen* is certainly calculated to cause astonishment.

A case has recently come under my notice in which this woman was consulted by a young lady suffering from a troublesome skin complaint. Mrs. Ruppert obtained from her considerable sums of money, and did her considerable harm—as might be expected from what has already been proved in regard to her preparations. A relative of the young lady came to the rescue, and insisted on a return of the money, and eventually obtained a repayment, not of the whole, but of some £8 or £9. An analysis of the mixture for the hair made for the purposes of this case disclosed the presence of twelve grains of protochloride of mercury to ten ounces of mixture. It looks as if the example of the Berlin police might be followed with advantage in London.

I would warn "Clergymen of all Denominations" against the insidious proposals addressed to them by "The London Dress Company" from 1, Finsbury-square, E.C. "Knowing the great distress existing throughout the country," this philanthropic firm has, it says, "decided to give a share of its profits this winter to any deserving fund nominated by a clergyman from whose parish an order is booked." The share is to be calculated at the rate of 1s. upon every order for "a full dress length, of the finest quality," price 10s. 6d.; and a "Chartered Accountant"—blessed word!—is to "go through our books and certify as to the number of orders received from each district." The "London Dress Company" which issues this seasonable circular possesses apparently nothing in the nature of a warehouse. Its name is inscribed upon the door of a ground-floor office at the corner of Finsbury-square, and on the same door is the name of the "National Finance and Advance Company." If the "Clergy of all Denominations" are capable of appreciating the significance of these facts, they will think twice before assisting to book orders for this firm of Christian philanthropists.

Shuckburgh, the Bristol usurer, whose bogus testimonials and disreputable proceedings in other directions have been so fully exposed in Truth, is on the same tack as the "London Dress Company," or the "National Advance Company"—whichever it may be. To the last of his touting circulars, which are specially designed to ensnare poor clergymen, he attaches the following notice:—

> During the winter months it is my custom to give small sums to any deserving charity throughout England, same being guaranteed on the word of any clergyman. Clergymen having any deserving case, and on giving me particulars, I shall be pleased to help.

If any clergyman can make this canting rascal disgorge a part of his ill-gotten gains for any deserving object, by all means let him do so. But let there be no mistake about Shuckburgh's character or his motives. He has already been shown in a court of justice to be an unscrupulous blackguard, and this piece of humbug proves him to be a brazen hypocrite as well.

The other day a young author, who had been victimised by a shady firm of publishers, called my attention to an advertisement of the firm in question on the front page of the *Athenæum*. Side by side with it I found an advertisement of the Society of Authors warning budding literary genius to consult them before concluding agreements with publishers. Thus side by side were displayed the bane and the antidote. It occurred to me, however, that the *Athenæum*, as a high class literary journal, would have done better to refuse shady publishing firms the use of its columns, and thereby further the ends which the Society of Authors has in view.

The Earl of Mar requests me to state that he has addressed to the so-called "Society of Science, Letters, and Art (of London)" a request that his name as a patron

of the "Society" may be withdrawn. His lordship adds that he originally countenanced the concern, some years ago, in the belief that the object was a good one, but that he has merely expressed approval of the object, and never been in any way connected with the direction. This I can readily believe. I hope that Lord Mar's action will lead the other prominent persons whose names have been mentioned to dissociate themselves from Sturman.

Apropos to my recent articles on Doctors and Quacks, an Irish reader of TRUTH utters a vigorous complaint concerning chemists' charges for making up prescriptions. He founds his complaint on a bill of £38 recently delivered by a chemist for medicines supplied during eight and a-half months. On one date appear the following items:—6d., 1s. 8d., 2s. 2d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 6d., 6d., 6d. It will surprise no one to hear that the unfortunate patient to whom drugs were administered on this scale is now no more. Personally, I should be disposed to dispute this bill, and if that course is taken I shall watch the result with interest. But what surprises me even more than the chemist's bill is that any doctor in his senses should prescribe medicines at this rate—if any did.

To no swindles is my attention more frequently drawn than to the advertisements of "new second-hand" plate for sale by private individuals, the private individual being frequently a lady desirous of disposing of duplicate wedding-presents. There is an enormous trade done in this way, exclusively in cheap rubbish which is manufactured for the purpose. In some cases the dealers themselves set up a private house and advertise their goods in various characters. In others they send them to bonâ fide private individuals to be disposed of on commission. Such a system is distinctly fraudulent, since no one in his senses would buy the goods at the prices asked, if he knew with whom he was dealing. I would, therefore, point out that this trade is carried on exclusively through the medium of the Press, and that it rests entirely with newspaper proprietors to continue it or stop it. This hint seems specially needed in Ireland; for n one recent copy of a Dublin Conservative paper I find no less than eleven of these advertisements, all plainly bearing their character on their faces.

One "C. Brandram," giving an address at a Post-office, has been advertising in some of the London papers for "Educated Young Gentlemen—Musical preferred." It may interest educated young gentlemen of musical proclivities to know that "C. Brandram" (whose professional name is "Charles E. Kemble," and who last hailed from 1, Canterbury-street, New Brompton, Kent) requires first and foremost, not a musical gentleman, but a premium of £5. On payment of this sum he is willing to confer a permanent appointment as his concert assistant at a salary of £3 a week with board and lodging. In a letter written to a gentleman who desired to interview him before concluding an engagement on these terms, Mr. Brandram Kemble writes:—

> Coming for an interview would certainly be useless, as I want a young man to do some business for me at once.
>
> It is a most tiresome and difficult task in these days to convince people that anything is genuine, especially where money is required, but if it would be of any use to you I would divide the £5 into three parts, and you would pay one third instead of half on coming.

Why on earth a man who is to be boarded and lodged free for a week and to be paid £3 at the week's end, should start by paying £1. 13s. 4d. to the party who is to board, lodge, and pay him, is extremely difficult to understand. It is a comfort to hear from Mr. Brandram that a difficulty is nowadays experienced in getting money out of people by such ridiculous pretexts, and it will always be a pleasure to me to aid to the best of my ability in increasing this difficulty.

Mr. Baldwin, the "Professor of Escamoterie," to whom I lately devoted some space, is relieving his feelings, I learn, by abusing TRUTH in his advertisements and in the course of his entertainments. At Southampton the other night his emotions so far mastered him that he said that I, or any one who accused him of claiming spiritual powers, must be "an arrant ass." This may be good enough for a provincial audience, but those who know anything of the controversy between this excited conjurer and TRUTH, know well enough that the point against him is that, both he and his wife were represented as possessing mystic or supernatural powers in an article in the last issue of *Borderland*; that although he knew beforehand that this article was to appear, he offered no disclaimer of the powers there attributed to him until after the article had been dealt with in TRUTH; and that when he then published his tardy disclaimer, he was contradicted by his own handwriting in his letter to Mr. Stead quoted in the article. Does Baldwin now repudiate his letter to Mr. Stead? Does he assert that he ever disclaimed or objected to the *Borderland* article until he found that instead of serving as an invaluable advertisement it was likely to do him more harm than good? Can he answer the questions I have put to him in regard to sundry objectionable features in his public performance? If not, the less he says about his controversy with TRUTH, the less likely is the epithet "ass" to recoil on himself.

I am getting a good deal of information about the Baldwin performances from distant parts of the world, and it all confirms what I have said as to this worthy pair doing everything in their power to insinuate, notwithstanding their printed notices, that Mrs. Baldwin is gifted with occult and inexplicable powers. How much of the occult or inexplicable there really is may be seen from the following letter from Kimberley:—

> During his sojourn in Kimberley "Professor" Baldwin and his wife performed the "clairvoyance" trick in practically the same manner as that described in your article—which is justly termed

"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, andcheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

"The Latest Spiritualistic Fraud." He announced that Mrs. Baldwin could only do the "clairvoyance" business on two occasions during his visit, seeing that it was a great strain upon her mental power. Believing the man to be a rank impostor, I attended the two séances which were held in the theatre here. At that date (May, 1891) the Manipur fighting was taking place in India, and as I happened to have two brothers engaged in the hostilities, I wrote upon my visiting card, "Is my brother R——, at Manipur, all right? Is he there at the present time?" In due course my card was pressed against the forehead of Mrs. Baldwin (who was seated on the stage covered with a sheet), and in a sepulchral tone I was told by that lady that my brother was well, and that at that particular time he was recruiting his health in Bombay. I accordingly put myself in communication with my brother, and in a couple of months' time I received a letter from him from Assam to the effect that he had never been near Bombay since 1879. To give the devil his due, I must admit that this clairvoyance trick was cleverly performed by the Baldwin couple; indeed, one of the most ignorant of the Kimberley Borough Councillors publicly presented Mrs. Baldwin with a diamond as a thank-offering for a piece of gratuitous advice which she had given him regarding some business speculation.

Baldwin appeared to me to be an exceptionally 'cute Yankee; he never stayed more than a week or so in any one town in this country, and always, of course, made a point of picking out of the hundred or so questions about twenty which the merest tiro at legerdemain could easily answer.

I remarked the other day, apropos of petitions to public bodies, that "you may get women and unedu. cated men to put their names to anything." "Is not this," asks one of my readers, "somewhat rough on women? Surely your compositor must be responsible for this slip?" No, it was not the poor compositor this time. I assume full responsibility. I don't mean, of course, that you can literally get any woman to sign anything. But I certainly mean that, given a fairly plausible petition, and a canvasser who understands his business, he ought to be able to get the signatures of nine out of ten women that he calls upon—married or single.

A truly delectable exhibition was offered last week to the people of Burnley by William Heaton of that town, who claims to be "the most expert slaughterman in the three Kingdoms," and who has, in his own words, "thrown down the gauntlet to all comers, even to our Yankee friends and others in the Colonies, and failed to meet a foeman worthy of his steel." In order to prove that he "meant Business and not Bounce," Heaton undertook to give two exhibitions of his prowess, each consisting in the slaughtering of "one beast and five sheep" in forty minutes. The public of Burnley were admitted to this elevating entertainment at 3s., 2s., and 1s., and very enjoyable they must have found it. We are, indeed, a civilised nation, and well may we raise our hands in pious horror at Spaniards and Frenchmen who can find entertainment in the public slaughtering of bulls.

Mr. Staples has now nearly completed his picture of the House of Commons, having had sittings from most of the Members who are portrayed in it. On Friday Mr. Gladstone gave him a sitting at Downing-street.

It has been generally rumoured in the Edinburgh Parliament House during the last week that Lord Watson is about to retire from his judicial duties in the House of Lords, and that he will be succeeded by Lord Advocate Balfour. In this case Mr. Asher will become Lord Advocate, and he would probably be succeeded as Solicitor-General for Scotland by Mr. Ure, who unsuccessfully contested West Perthshire last year, and Linlithgowshire a few months ago. It would most likely be arranged for Mr. Ure to replace Mr. Balfour as member for Clackmannan and Kinross, which is a perfectly safe Liberal seat.

I understand that the Garter recently conferred upon the Marquis of Breadalbane was at first offered, with a Marquisate, to the Earl of Bessborough. The head of the house of Ponsonby was deeply touched by so striking a proof of Mr. Gladstone's regard, but he did not see his way to accept the offer. This refusal, coupled with his Lordship's absence from the Home Rule Division in the House of Lords, gives colour to the report that he wishes henceforth to be classed as a Unionist.

A friend calls my attention to the following lines of Tom Moore, published in 1834. They seem sufficiently up to date to bear republication, so little has the Peerage progressed in sixty years:—

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

Of all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,
The oddest is that of reforming the peerage;—
Just as if we great dons with a title and star
Did not get on exceedingly well as we are,
And perform all the functions of noodles by birth,
As completely as any born noodles on earth.

How acres descend is in law-books displayed,
But we, as wise acres descend, ready-made;
And by right of our rank in Debrett's nomenclature
Are, all of us, born legislators by nature;—
Like ducklings to water instinctively taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making;
And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.

Th' Egyptians of old the same policy knew,—
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too;
Thus making from father to son a good trade of it.
Poisoners by right (so no more could be said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made of it;
While fam'd for conservative stomachs, th' Egyptians
Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions.

It is true we've among us some peers of the past,
Who keep pace with the present, most awfully fast,
Fruits that ripen beneath the new light now arising
With speed that to us, old conserves, is surprising,
Conserves, in whom—potted for grandmamma uses—
'Twould puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices;
'Tis true too, I fear, 'midst the general movement,
Ev'n our House, God help it, is doomed to improvement,
And all its live furniture nobly descended,
But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended—
Yet distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,
When—as playful old Nick for his pastime they say
Flies off with old houses, sometimes in a storm—
So ours may be whipt off some night by Reform—
And as up, like Loretto's famed house through the air,
Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,
And radical phizzes, unused to the sky,
Shall flit round like cherubs to wish us "Good-bye!"

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I am asked to correct another misapprehension to which I have unwittingly given currency respecting the designs of Dr. Hertzka and the "Freeland" colonists. Mr. Phipson, of the Nationalisation of Labour Society, explains in a letter to me that Dr. Hertzka insists before all things upon the duty of a kindly and considerate attitude towards the natives, whom it is hoped to convert into valuable friends of Freeland—perhaps even Labour Nationalisers. Mr. Phipson also points out that the natives of Africa have no more right to exclude those who desire to settle on unoccupied or unused portions of the globe than have European landlords. Of course not; and I may add that the idea that they possess such a right is far less likely to occur to them than to the European landlord.

Nevertheless, what they have heard or seen of the habits and motives of European settlers in other parts of Africa may possibly lead these natives to view with suspicion, and perhaps hostility, the approach of white men, even in the most pacific guise. News travels in rapid and inexplicable ways in Africa, and it is possible that the history of Lobengula may already have been published in the Kenia Highlands. If it has, the intelligent Highlanders will be aware that it is one thing to admit white settlers to unoccupied lands in their vicinity, and another thing to keep them there, if they see a chance of bettering their position by moving into lands occupied by some one else. Suppose, for instance, that the lands already in the occupation of the Kenia Highlanders should hereafter turn out to possess a promising gold reef in the neighbourhood of the Chief's kraal, or even that it should turn out that this region is more healthy and fertile than the vacant plots about to be taken up by the Freelanders. What are the chances that sooner or later the Chief's headquarters will be Buluwayo'd? That is the question which I should put to myself were I a Kenianite. And, supposing that Kenianite civilisation has advanced as far as the rule of three, I should answer it in this way:—

Mashonaland : Matabeleland :: Freeland : Kenia Highlands.

Of course, I know that Dr. Hertzka and his colleagues will repudiate with indignation the suggestion that a regenerate apostle of universal brotherhood could ever hunger after a gold "claim," much less lift his hand against an African brother, with a view to his own profit. It may be so. It may be that Dr. Hertzka has found the secret of expelling the old Adam, and not only expelling (which is a comparatively easy matter), but preventing his return. It may be, though the history of previous Socialistic experiments in the same direction does not make this hope exactly a certainty, that a means has at last been found of making white men cease to hunger for gold, and refrain from making away with their neighbours, black or white, who stand in the way of their enriching themselves. If so, I have no doubt that a method will also be speedily found of enabling the Ethiopian to change his skin. When that is done, white man and black man will dwell together in unity, and the Millennium will dawn—in Africa, of all places.

I published two letters last week that had passed between Mr. Newnes and myself. Here are four more to complete the correspondence. Why Mr. Newnes should have taken it into his head that "got hold of" is equivalent to an accusation of monetary corruption entirely surpasses my comprehension. Who on his staff had been got hold of by some one connected with the Chartered Company? I asked. Well, let us suppose that the gentleman on the staff responsible for the defence of the Company had been in South Africa, had found himself thrown with Mr. Rhodes, had been entertained by him, and had acquired his facts from him, and from his entourage. This I should call being "got hold of." The gentleman might be the most honourable and honest of men, but his mind would have been influenced — perhaps unconsciously to himself. This sort of social hypnotism is the commonest of occurrences. Who ever heard of a war correspondent not taking the side of the General on whose staff he rode? This is so invariable a rule, that the truth as to the incidents connected with a war can only be ascertained by balancing the accounts of the correspondents on each side. In this Matabele war we have alone the accounts of the Chartered Company itself, and the comments of those who have been thrown with some of those connected with the Company. I entirely decline to accept either accounts or comments as gospel truth. We ought to have Lobengula's side, all the more as it is clear, even on the admissions of the Chartered Company, that the war was forced on the Matabele, and that, having been forced on, it was conducted with the grossest inhumanity by a body of men, who looked to the reward of their civilising labours in the loot that would be acquired when the Matabele were either killed or had been induced by the threat of being killed to turn their swords (as Mr. Buxton puts it) into mining shovels. What the difference between this and the scheme of civilisation adopted by the Spaniards towards the Indians of South and Central America is, I do not know; nor, indeed, does any one know:—

Wildcroft, Putney Heath, S.W., December 13, 1893.

DEAR MR. LABOUCHERE,—Your letter entirely evades the only point in mine. I did not refer to the question as to whether you or the *Westminster Gazette* are right on South African matters, nor was I in the slightest degree interested in knowing the books which had led you to hold the views you do. I only stated that I, with many others, regarded a certain paragraph as a charge of corruption against members of my staff of the *Westminster Gazette*, and I falsely hoped that when this was pointed out to you, you would apologise handsomely for having created such an impression.

With regard to your remark as to my knowledge of the merits of the question, that was quite unnecessary, as every one is well aware that you hold the fixed opinion that you are the only person living who knows anything at all about this and many other subjects.—I am, faithfully yours, GEO. NEWNES.

5, Old Palace Yard, S.W., December 14.

DEAR MR. NEWNES,—Between thinking that I am the only person who knows anything about the Matabele question, and that you know very little about it, there is a distinction. You say that you are not in the slightest degree interested in

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knowing the books that have led me to hold the views that I do on the subject. These books are "Blue Books." They are issued in order that all—and especially M.P.'s, and journalists who take upon themselves to instruct the public in regard to the Matabele war—should be acquainted with facts. As you have undertaken this task, it is to be regretted that you should not feel any interest in these official records. It accounts for your having been led into error.

I—By cannot be answerable for impressions created in your mind by words used by me. The signification of English words and phrases is not dependent, as you seem to think, on individual impressions. With a charitable desire to clear your mind of a mistaken impression, I explained to you, in my previous letter, the meaning of the phrase "got hold of," and I had hoped that I had convinced you that it involved no implication of monetary corruption. But that you should have expected me to have apologised to you for your own want of knowledge of the signification of the phrase is as singular an illusion as ever lurked in a human brain.

I would again recommend you to read the "Blue Books" on recent transactions in Matabeleland, and to this I would venture to add the suggestion that you should devote a little time to acquiring a clear knowledge of the meaning attached to English phrases. This you will, as a member of the House of Commons and as a journalist, find most useful.—Yours truly,

H. Labouchere.

Wilderoft, Putney Heath, S.W., December 15, 1893.

Dear Mr. Labouchere, I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness in advising me on various matters.

I appreciate it all the more because the advice was absolutely unsolicited. But as you have placed me under this obligation, I desire to discharge it by giving you in return also some advice, which I hope will prove most useful to you, both as an M.P. and a journalist.

Do not assume, without the slightest grounds for doing so, that another man knows less about a subject than you, or has not read certain books which he ought to have read.

Do not when tackled upon one subject refuse to face it, and enter into a controversy on another, which has nothing whatever to do with the question raised.

Do not calumniate honourable men, and when called upon to apologise take refuge in the pretension that your words do not mean that which you must know every one would take them to mean.

I do not know whether you desire to continue this mutual improvement correspondence, but, if so, there are several other points on which I might be helpful to you.—I am, faithfully yours,

Geo. Newnes.

5, Old Palace Yard, S.W., December 18.

Dear Mr. Newnes,—Not on various matters, but on two—(1) to read the Blue Books on South Africa before instructing the public upon matters in that part of the world; (2) to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language, in order not to mistake the meaning of phrases in that language. My well-meant endeavours, however, to be useful to you appear to be wasted. On both subjects you are impenetrable to reason and to advice. This I regret, for on general politics you are an excellent M.P., whilst every one owes a debt of gratitude to you for affording them such excellent reading in the *Strand Magazine*.

With the compliments of the season, and a sincere hope that you will pass a more pleasant Christmas than the Matabele, and that no Chartered Company will confiscate Wilderoft under the pretence that civilisation and Christianity will be advanced by the Company owning it, and either shooting you and your staff, or making you and them dig its garden, I must take leave of you.—Yours truly,

H. Labouchere.

The following frank confession of a filibuster's faith is to be found in Mr. Selous's last book on South Africa. It is set forth apropos to the treaty with reference to Manicaland, concluded in 1890 between Mr. Colquhoun, on behalf of the South Africa Company, and the Chief Umtasa, by which, says Mr. Selous, "the British Company acquired and took possession of a large slice of very valuable auriferous country to which the Portuguese had previously laid claim." Upon this proceeding the filibustering Nimrod thus moralises:—

My idea of the whole controversy is this. On the one hand the Portuguese claim to Manica was a very hazy and unsubstantial one, much more so than I had previously believed; besides which, having held the country, as they said, for four hundred years, and done so little with it, they had forfeited all right to be allowed to hold it any longer.

On the other hand, the British Company knew that they could colonise the country and develop its great natural resources, and being determined to take possession of it, were anxious to do so legally, if possible under the rights acquired by a treaty with Umtasa, though possibly, had no such treaty existed, the British flag would still have waved on the hills of Manica.

In other words, A, having decided to his own satisfaction that he can make a better use of B's property than B himself can, determines to take possession of B's property—legally if possible, but, if not, otherwise. As a parallel to this artless statement of the case, a correspondent forwards me the following passage from Thackeray's "George de Barnwell," where the same views are expressed in language even more to the point:—

When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the ancestral halls of the De Barnwells, I felt that it was the Nemesis come to overthrow him. "Dog," I said to the trembling slave, "tell me where thy gold is. Thou hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the poverty on which thou tramplest, in aiding science which thou knowest not, in uplifting art, to which thou art blind. Give gold and thou art free." But he spake not, and I slew him.

There is one little fact transmitted to us by telegram from Matabeleland which ought to open the eyes of the investing public. The Burghers of Mashonaland declare that this country was so rich that they only went to Matabeleland in order to hinder the Matabeles from doing them out of their El Dorado. The telegram now announces that they intend to remain in Matabeleland. What, then, becomes of the fabled wealth of Mashonaland? What, too, of the statement that they only made war against Lobengula because they feared that he would drive them out of that country? Not one of these Burghers has any intention of cultivating land or of mining in either. They went to Mashonaland in order to get claims to land or mines with a view to selling them to fools in England, who took them on the assurances of the Burghers. No one would buy these properties in Mashonaland, so they stole Matabeleland in the hopes of being able to humbug fools into buying properties there. Both countries are far too near the tropics to be healthy for Europeans. Whilst, as for gold, it is there in sufficient quantities to pay were it in the Isle of Man, or some place near at home, but the reefs are not rich enough to give middlemen profits, in view of cost of labour, &c.

The *Times* has published a letter from Bishop Knight Bruce, of Matabeleland. His Lordship dates his letter from the Camp of the Filibusters, but explains that he is not only their Bishop, but also the Bishop of the Matabele. Although he does not seem greatly distressed at one portion of his flock being engaged in massacring the other portion, he furnishes some information respecting the wounded. After stating that "amongst the wounded is one Matabele," he goes on to say, "I hope the Matabele take away their wounded. I can find nothing about them." This, the *Westminster Gazette* observes, "is satisfactory, so far as it goes." Satisfactory, possibly, to Mr. Newnes, but not to me; nor, indeed, to most people, I should fancy. At the particular engagement to which the Bishop refers, I gather from

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his letter that there were 500 killed and wounded. Of these one wounded man is discovered by the Bishop, and he can find out nothing about the others. What would have been thought if a similar statement had been made by a French *Aumônier* after an engagement between the French and Germans, in which the French had had the upper hand and held the field of combat, the *Aumônier* seasoning his report with the pious hope that the Germans had carried away their wounded? The only conclusion would have been that the French had killed the wounded Germans. And is this more improbable when the victors are filibusters, the riff-raff of Africa, accompanied by a native force of savages, and fighting for pay from confiscation of their enemy's property? The Bishop on the spot seems to have much the same opinion respecting the fate of the wounded Matabele as that which I have been told it is scandalous for me even to suggest.

But there is another piece of evidence. As I previously said, Mr. Rhodes telegraphed to his *locum tenens* at the Cape, that, before the fight at Buluwayo, he estimated that 3,000 Matabele had been killed and wounded. On the lowest estimate this means that 1,000 were killed, and 2,000 were wounded. The Company, after the fight at Buluwayo, telegraph home that fifty wounded Matabele were treated in Buluwayo. Probably these were wounded in the fight there, but assuming that they were a portion of the 2,000 wounded before the fight, what has become of the remaining 1,950? This statement is convincing proof, that the greater number were either killed or left to die of their wounds, for never yet in the history of war has a defeated force, pursued by cavalry, carried away its wounded.

Why should this be surprising? It is now admitted that in the massacre that took place before the war commenced, when Captain Lendy and the Burghers of Victoria attacked the unresisting Matabele because they had not covered thirty miles in one hour, there were no wounded, and that most of the dead Matabele had four or five bullets in them. If this does not mean that the wounded were killed, I fail to see what it does mean.

The South Africa Chartered Company reminds me of Livy's famous description of Hannibal:—"An inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy, no truth, no reverence, no respect for an oath, no scruple of religion." Hannibal, indeed, even from a Roman historian's point of view, compares advantageously with the Company, for against "remarkable faults he had remarkable qualities." He did not butcher helpless savages, but he vanquished in fair fight the Roman legions; nor did he add to his want of religion the pretence that he was warring in the cause of religion. Moreover, he spent his substance for his country, and did not use his country in order to amass money for himself.

At a gathering last week in the Colonial Institute to hear laudations of Uganda, which a few months ago was described by the Jingoes as a "pearl," but which seems to be off colour just now, Lord Lorne read from the *Zanzibar Gazette* an extract from a speech alleged to have been made by Sir Gerald Portal at Zanzibar on his return from the "pearl." We are asked to believe that Sir Gerald said that Uganda is a fine country affording fields for cricket and football, and would restore to vigour the jaded constitutions of Englishmen residing in Zanzibar. If, therefore, "by any means he had helped to place this country nearer the reach of the latter, he would indeed feel that his work had not been done in vain." "How," said Lord Lorne, "in the face of that the Government can get out of Uganda, I do not know." The audience laughed, and well they might laugh. Probably Sir Gerald Portal never talked so foolishly and so indiscreetly. The idea of our annexing a country at vast expense in the centre of Africa to provide the English at Zanzibar with a playground for cricket and football is the *reductio ad absurdum* of African annexations.

Government has very rightly declined to accept the view that it is not to be trusted in regard to the requirements of the Navy, and that it ought at once to satisfy the cravings of the Opposition to know the number of ships by which our naval force is to be increased. This singular demand proceeds on the assumption that the Admiralty Board when in Liberal hands, is not prepared to meet the exigencies of national defence, and that it ought to submit its intentions to Lord George Hamilton. His lordship has assigned to himself a pension of £2,000 per annum for the term of his natural life, because he for some years received £5,000 per annum as First Lord of the Admiralty. If all naval requirements were dealt with in this profuse spirit, it is evident that the Navy would absorb the whole of the Budget. Were this eminent patriot to announce that, in view of the increased expenditure that he demands, he is prepared to give up this preposterous pension, I should have more confidence in his good faith. I suppose that the cost of a small torpedo boat when in commission would be about £2,000 per annum. We must cut our coats according to our cloth, and surely the very smallest torpedo-boat would be more useful to the country, than giving Lord George Hamilton £2,000 per annum for doing nothing.

For my part, I have confidence that her Majesty's present advisers will not add one farthing to our burthens by building ships in excess of our requirements, and that they will not be induced to squander money, because a number of half-pay Admirals and such like alarmists urge them to convert all our goods and chattels into battleships. I wonder at sailors insisting that, if we have an equal number of ships with our enemy we shall be victorious, and that if we have one less we shall be vanquished. This is very different from the old boast of the sea-dogs who fought and conquered in days gone by. They did not count up the number of the ships opposed to them, and surrender if they discovered that they had one gun less than the enemy. A good, efficient Navy let us have by all means; but to play a game of brag with the world by building ship against ship spells ruin.

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Every now and then some one crystallises the description of a situation in a telling phrase. This was done by the Frenchman who, after the Balaclava charge, observed, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Just so, the attitude of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons at present is magnificent, but it is not business. Like the Roman sentinel, we are prepared to die at our post. I, however, whilst admiring this sentinel, think more of soldiers who take care to occupy a position in which they can inflict death on their opponents. We are now discussing the Parish Councils Bill. The Opposition insist upon the discussion being minute, and consequently lengthy, and they insist that it cannot be brought to an end (allowing a day or two as a holiday at Christmas) before we are well into January. Very possibly they may have arrived at this conclusion because this will embarrass the Government. The motive, however, is not of much consequence, if they can bring about what they profess to anticipate.

Now, let us assume that the Bill does not get through the Commons until the third week in January. If we have taken months over the Bill, we cannot be exceedingly indignant if the Lords take weeks over it. Allow three weeks. This brings us into February. The Bill would then be sent back to the Commons plastered over with amendments, and the discussion of those amendments would take time. We should probably agree with some and disagree with others. It is possible that the Lords would stand to many of those on which there is disagreement between the two Houses. The Bill would, therefore, be returned to the House of Commons with the amendments still in it against which that House had voted. Sometimes, under those circumstances, there is a conference between the two Houses. There would not, however, be time for this, as a new Session has to meet in time to wind up the financial business of the year before March 25.

Various expedients are suggested. One is all-night sittings. Against this there are so many objections that I doubt if it would be possible. Another is the closure in some way or other. By a resolution, as in the case of the Home Rule Bill, the Parish Councils Bill might be divided into compartments, and a fixed time set down for each compartment; or the House might declare that the Bill is to be reported from Committee (*i.e.*, the Committee stage closed) on a certain day. Both are very bungling plans, for the opponents to the Bill would go on discussing each clause as it comes up, with the result that many clauses would not be discussed at all. That this was done in regard to the Home Rule Bill was used as a plea by the Lords for rejecting it, and it must be admitted that there was a certain amount of reason in the plea. Honestly, I do not think that any important clauses in a Bill remodelling the whole of the rural life of the country ought to be passed without some opportunity for discussing them.

There is a standing order which allows the Chairman of a Committee to put any clause, or any portion of a clause, whenever he considers that there has been sufficient discussion. But this has been held to mean that the clause, or the portion of the clause, must not be put if there be any amendment of importance which would be shut out. This standing order cannot, therefore, greatly aid in reducing the length of discussion on the clauses of any Bill.

All things considered, therefore, it appears to me that our difficulties have been caused (1) by continuing the Session of this year instead of commencing in October the Session of next year; (2) by not having sufficiently taken into account that the Parish Councils Bill was too big a Bill for an autumn Session, if the Tories insisted on minute discussion of its details, as they were certain to do. We can, it is true, sit until it is passed, but this is snipping at our nose in order to spite our face; for we sit on this Session only by putting off the commencement of next Session, although the original source of our difficulties is that this Session began too late, and although it is obvious that if we are to have much legislation next year, the Session of that year must begin early.

We have, in fact, got into such a mess, that no course is without objections, and, this being so, we ought to take that which is the least objectionable. This would be to prorogue on Friday next, after having carried over the Parish Councils Bill to next Session; commence the next Session in the second week of January; at once pass in the Commons a drastic Registration and "One Man" Bill; introduce a Democratic Budget; then go on with the Parish Councils Bill and send it to the Lords; accept no amendment of the Lords on any of our Bills; and when they are thrown out on account of this, go to the country on the large issue, whether the Lords, or the Representatives of the people, are henceforward to govern. On this Plan of Campaign I believe that we should win at a General Election; whereas, if we potter on in a half-hearted way, I should, were I a betting man, be inclined to put my money on the Tories.

In the complaints on the part of the Tories at being allowed no remission from their legislative labours, there is some point, although a good deal of exaggeration. Their contention is that it is desirable that the House of Commons should be composed of all classes, and that men of business and men engaged in county matters ought not to be obliged to sit in permanence at Westminster, because they cannot do this without neglecting their own affairs or those of their counties. The reply of Ministers to them is that they have obstructed legislation, and that they have only themselves to thank for the lengthy Session, to which they answer that they have not obstructed. Thus the eternal issue between the "ins" and the "outs" is raised.

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At the bottom of this issue is the question, whether a Legislative Assembly, composed of men who insist upon expressing their views upon most matters submitted to it, can fairly discuss all that is submitted to it in a year within the limits of, say, eight months. When this Assembly has to deal with all Imperial and all local matters, I say that it cannot. And this is why I would have Home Rule all round, leaving Imperial matters alone to the Imperial Parliament. I defy any one to frame rules that will enable a dozen quarts of liquor to get into a quart pot. As the pot cannot be enlarged, it is necessary to distribute the liquor amongst various pots. Until we realise this self-evident proposition, and act on it, we never shall make reasonable legislative progress. The Tories do not want such progress to be made: we do. Why, then, are we so foolish as not to provide the only machinery that can render progress possible? The Tories used to be taunted with being the stupid party. I am beginning to think that this term ought to be applied to us.

We profess that we are most anxious for Radical reforms. Yet we think it sufficient to blow a trumpet round the walls of the Tory Jericho, and then to blubber and whimper because the wall does not fall down. So incredibly simple are we, that if ever we do manage to make a hole in this wall and creep through it into the town, we allow ourselves to be turned out of it by a number of hereditary chuckers-out whom we maintain as part and parcel of our "glorious" Constitution. This dove-like simplicity may be an excellent quality, but doves find that they are put in a pie and eaten. I should like to see a little more of the wisdom of the serpent.

That the Tories would like a Dissolution is natural. They are out, and they want to be in. If the election went against them they would not be more out; if it went for them they would be in. So strong is their desire to enjoy the sweets of office, that Mr. Goschen threw out last Friday that very possibly there would be an immediate Dissolution. The next day the Tory papers improved on this: accepted Mr. Goschen's possibility as a certainty, and roundly asserted that there would be one. Now, when the Lords threw out the Home Rule Bill, it is possible that our tactics ought to have been at once to have paved the way for an appeal to the country by passing Acts to make the appeal a real one, and then to have appealed. This course was not, however, adopted. Other valuable Bills were brought in, and there is not the slightest likelihood of an election at the present moment.

The Tory papers prove that there will be one, because, according to them, Ministers will have next Easter to deal with a falling revenue and an increased expenditure. These cunning Ministers, therefore, will make their appeal to the electorate before they impose new taxes. To what does this really amount? That whenever revenue falls and expenditure increases, a Ministry ought to shirk their responsibilities, and, even though they may have a majority in the House of Commons, dissolve in order to evade unpopularity. A more astounding theory of representative government I never heard. If Sir William Harcourt meets our requirements by such alteration in the incidence of taxation as puts the burthen of taxation on the shoulders best able to bear it, the Budget of next year, far from weakening the Ministry in the country, will greatly augment its popularity. The country is Radical. The addition of one Radical to the Tories, by Mr. Chamberlain having gone over to them, does not alter the fact. Why, then, is there ever a Tory majority? Because our official leaders, although wondrously Radical when in Opposition, tame down when in office. This sickens and disheartens Radicals, and they turn out the Ministry, not because the country is Tory, but because the Liberal Ministry is not Radical.

SCRUTATOR.

IS THE ZIERENBERGS' RIGHT PLACE A HOME OR A JAIL?

IT appears to be generally recognised that the exposure of the charitable doings of Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg, which I have been instrumental in bringing about, is a benefit to the public and to the cause of charity. This has, indeed, been conveyed to me in so many flattering terms from so many unexpected quarters, that the first thing I feel it my duty to do is to thank my contemporaries of the Press, as well as many private correspondents, for their remarks upon the result of the Zierenberg action.

Having said so much, let us look at this result. What has been proved? In 1863 Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg, two Germans, apparently of Jewish extraction, came to this country in a condition bordering on destitution. They left Germany, there can be little doubt, to avoid their creditors. The woman is said to have obtained employment of some sort soon after her arrival, but the husband makes his first appearance in the character of a begging-letter impostor. His *modus operandi* was to send out to charitable persons as his wife's work slippers bought wholesale for the purpose, with a piteous story of sickness and destitution as inducements to purchase. Did a recipient of this appeal call personally to investigate the case, Zierenberg was found in bed, apparently prostrate with sickness. By such means as these enough money was raised to enable the wife to open a Berlin-wool shop in Pimlico. Viscount Stern assisted them from time to time with small advances of £5, in response to piteous appeals from the woman, usually about rent-day. A business was next started by Zierenberg himself in Ivy-lane. It ended in a fire, a disputed claim on an Insurance Company, and a bankruptcy immediately after the fire and before the dispute was settled. The fire claim was decided by the arbitrator to whom it was referred to be a fraudulent one; the bankruptcy resulted in the creditors, who had supplied Zierenberg with the goods supposed to have been burnt, getting 1s. 3⅝d. in the £. This was in 1874. Another business was started in New gate-street. Within a year another bankruptcy was threatened. Zierenberg made an assignment of every-

thing he possessed for the benefit of his creditors; and, in order to induce the creditors to accede to this arrangement in preference to making him a bankrupt, Mrs. Zierenberg agreed to add an assignment of all that she possessed. What was this? It purported to be an interest in a house in Berlin and a farm in Pomerania. The house in Berlin is now shown to have been purchased by her, prior to her leaving Germany, for a sum of about £300, subject to a mortgage, and to have been further charged by her for subsequent debts to the amount of about £295. The original mortgagee is further shown to have foreclosed in 1864 or 1865, when the house was sold up for less than the amount of the mortgage debt; so that nothing was left for the subsequent mortgagees, let alone for Mrs. Zierenberg herself. Consequently, the trustee under the assignment of 1875 found that there was nothing to be got out of this house, nor did he get anything out of the alleged farm in Pomerania, as to Mrs. Zierenberg's interest in which nothing has been discovered to this day. In other words, the bogus assignment which Mrs. Zierenberg purported to execute in 1875 was nothing but a fraud designed to prevent her husband's creditors from making him bankrupt a second time. Zierenberg himself played up to this fraud by scheduling among his assets large sums, alleged to be due to him by parties owning such names as "Smith, of New York," and "Friedlander, of Berlin," parties to whose whereabouts he could afford the trustee no clue, and who, as a matter of course, were never found. The net result of this liquidation was that the creditors, who were led to expect payment in full, got nothing. Then it was that this worthy pair entered upon their benevolent mission on behalf of "Female Inebriates." St. James's Home was started in 1876, a few months after the liquidation. Nothing more significant was told in the whole course of the trial than the evidence of Mr. Viney, the trustee under the assignment of 1875, as to the circumstances under which the Home came to be started. Seeing that the debtor and his wife had lost everything, down to their household furniture, and were apparently without any visible means of subsistence, Mr. Viney inquired on one occasion what they were going to do next. The reply of the lady was that she thought of starting a home for female inebriates. The last resource! Everything else having failed, having played out the begging-letter trick, having defrauded their creditors, having been defeated in a conspiracy against an insurance Company, bankrupt, penniless, and characterless, these two pauper aliens now embraced the sacred cause of philanthropy, and prepared to devote the rest of their lives (and fortunes) to the benefit of suffering and erring womanhood.

What success attended the venture I need not tell my readers. From the first the Home paid its way. For sixteen years it continued to grow. A year ago, when my alleged libel upon the institution was published, four or five houses had been acquired on long leases. They were the private property of Mrs. Zierenberg, and were let by her to the Home at a profit rental of £200 a year. Large sums had been spent upon improving the property, all of it belonging to Mrs. Zierenberg. This property included the machinery and plant of a large laundry, worth some two or three thousand pounds, and doing business to the amount of £40 or £50 per week, which had been specially subscribed for by the charitable public. What sums the Zierenbergs had invested is not known, but they have admitted that stock to the amount of £500 had been sold for the purpose of the action against Truth. In addition to all this, they have lived free for sixteen years. The "Home" boarded, lodged, and clothed them from 1875 downwards. It provided them with servants, with carriages and horses (for, after a few years in the philanthropic line, the "Lady Superior" could not do without her brougham) and with abundant pocket-money; Mrs. Zierenberg's private account showing receipts rising from £300 and £400 a year in the earlier period up to £800 and £900 in the later years. All these items represent annual profit from the concern, in addition to an accumulation of property in their names which, on the facts actually known, would not be worth much less than £12,000, and which may be worth very much more. In order to conceal this state of things, the impudent fiction was devised that Mrs. Zierenberg—the penniless wife of the fraudulent bankrupt of 1874-5—was a lady of large property, devoting her fortune to charitable work. To give colour to this fiction, the annual balance-sheets of the concern—now proved to be among the most worthless documents ever issued to the world over the signature of chartered accountants—showed year by year large advances, purporting to be made by this pauper adventuress in her character of "Lady Superior." In the very first year of the undertaking this woman, who a few months before had been making an assignment of fictitious property, in order to deceive her husband's creditors, figured in the report as a benefactress to the Home to the amount of about £900, and year by year this pretence was carried on until her total donations amounted to above £4,000; while even Zierenberg, the fraudulent bankrupt himself, figured from time to time as advancing substantial sums in order to carry on the good work. A double end was served by this trick. In the first place, any question as to the purity of the motives of Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg was precluded, and a noble example was set to those to whom the worthy pair appealed for assistance in their charitable work; in the second, the lady's claims upon the assets of the concern were placed upon an unassailable foundation, and a complete answer was furnished to any suggestion that the property of the institution ought to be vested in trustees. Such suggestions were, in fact, made more than once, and were peremptorily negatived by the "Lady Superior." She had even the courage to maintain this attitude when the same suggestion was made to her in the witness-box. The place, and everything in it, was her property, that was the substance of her reply on all occasions, and she was certainly not going to hand it over to trustees. Her property, mark you.

Now, how was this property—not only the available assets of the Home, but the profits in cash and in kind drawn from it by this enterprising couple since the year 1876—amassed? I need not deal with the explanations

given by Mrs. Zierenberg and her husband in the witness box; the jury have refused to accept them, and they could not but do so, for the greater part of the woman's statements were negatived by clear evidence before the case ended, and the rest were so incredible in themselves, and so discredited by collateral evidence, that no intelligent person would attach any weight to them. Her means were, beyond all doubt, derived solely from the Home, and they were derived in three ways: first from paying "patients" received there; secondly, from the donations and subscriptions of charitable people, which for many years were acknowledged at the rate of about £1,000 a year, but which possibly far exceeded that amount; thirdly, from the laundry. As to the first source of income, it is unnecessary to say more than that the reception, or at any rate the detention, of inebriate patients in an establishment of this kind was carried on in gross violation of the law. As to the charitable subscriptions, I need only point to what has been said above in proof of the unscrupulous frauds which were perpetrated on the contributors. The cardinal feature of the swindle, the chief source of income of late years, and at the same time the seat of the most abominable of the iniquities which have been perpetrated in the Home, was the laundry. In the article which contained the alleged libels by me upon the Zierenbergs, it was asserted that the place was essentially a commercial undertaking, comprising the additional features of a casual ward, a sweating den, and a gaol. Each one of these epithets has now been justified, and more than justified, in open court. The place was a private casual ward, because any homeless and friendless girl who knocked at the door—misled by the name, "St. James's Home," displayed over the portals with a careful omission of the qualifying words "for Inebriates"—was received, and set to pay for her board and lodging by her bodily work. It was a prison, because, once inside, whether entering voluntarily or brought by other persons, no woman ever left until the "Lady Superior" chose to let her go; because those so imprisoned were forbidden to communicate with the outside world, except under the sanction and supervision of this same woman and her officials; because they were kept to hard labour, subjected to prison diet and discipline, and punished when refractory with prison punishments. It was a sweating den, and worse than a sweating den, because not only were these wretched women forced to toil and slave their whole lives long for the enrichment of the two owners of the place, but they worked for absolutely nothing but their board and lodging, and these of the meagrest, the profits of the business being enhanced in proportion. But the abominations that have been brought to light in the course of this trial do far more than establish these points and justify the alleged libel. They show that the poor creatures imprisoned here were herded together without regard to health or decency; that brutal cruelty was systematically inflicted for no worse fault than desiring to leave the place, or in some other way offending the tyrants who ruled it; that mere children, whose presence in such a place at all was an outrage, were thrown into intimate association with the vilest and most abandoned of their sex; that girls, whose only fault was that they were homeless, or decent women, who had no worse failing than the desire for drink, were mixed up indiscriminately, forced even to sleep in the same narrow bed, with creatures utterly foul and polluted in mind and body: that dirt, disease, and nameless evils besides, were common features of the life there. Finally, they show that bankruptcy, fraud, imposture, were but minor traits in the character of the man Zierenberg and his wife. The mere keeping of such a place, the mere perpetration of the outrages and abominations that went on there, for the purpose of robbing the wretched inmates of their labour, and robbing the charitable to whom their condition was supposed to appeal, would be bad enough. It has been proved, however, that the man himself used brutal and cowardly violence to the poor wretches on whom he was living; and that his wife was equally guilty of personal violence and cruelty towards them. Both inside and outside the dirty music-hall which they at one time carried on as a branch of their "Temperance" work, they allowed decency to be shamelessly outraged, and religion to be ridiculed and insulted. Finally, they have both crowned their performances by wholesale and shameless perjury, of which the verdict of the jury virtually pronounces them guilty. When it is remembered that all this was done in the name of religion and charity, that their appeals and public utterances were interlarded with blasphemous cant, that this man Zierenberg assumed the character of a Christian minister, and preached the Gospel, nay, actually administered the Sacrament, in the very hall where the worst indecency and profanity had received his approbation overnight, it will be admitted that two viler specimens of humanity have seldom been held up to public scorn and loathing.

The most disquieting feature in the scandal is, not so much that this den of infamy should have been carried on all these years in the name of "charity," and with the assistance of a number of amiable but indolent people, who interpret "charity" to mean the giving away of money without intelligent effort to discover what becomes of it, but that a place like this, and people such as these Zierenbergs, should have earned, and retained up to the time of the trial, the confidence and support of a number of persons occupying distinguished and responsible positions in Church and State. I do not envy the reflections of some of these gentlemen after what has now been established. Prominent among them was Canon Fleming, who appeared as a witness for the plaintiffs, only to admit, when cross-examined, that if various things had happened, which are now shown beyond all question to have happened, he would not have approved of the management of the institution. A still stronger partisan of the Zierenbergs was the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, another of their witnesses. In times past I have been instrumental in obtaining some support for charitable work in which Mr. Chapman displayed an interest, but after this demonstration of the value of his judgment it will be long indeed before I should again venture to recommend to the support of the benevolent any religious or charitable

HOUSE DRAINAGE.—Sanitary work of every kind contracted for.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-street, Westminster.

work on this reverend gentleman's recommendation. Another witness who has no doubt helped in time past to put many pounds into the Zierenbergs' pockets is a Mr. Mark Knowles, a barrister, whose professional position would naturally be taken as some guarantee for the possession of common sense and of acquaintance with any facts for which he accepted responsibility. In this and all other similar cases the appearance of men of character and position as the sponsors for one of the most disreputable swindles ever established affords deplorable evidence of the recklessness with which such men allow themselves not only to be humbugged, but to be made the means of humbugging others. Of Mr. Chance, the former Magistrate at Lambeth, I do not wish to speak too severely, for he was only acquainted with the Home in its earlier years, and, though he was no doubt deceived as to the merits of the institution as an Inebriates' Home, he did detect the unsatisfactory manner in which it was constituted and controlled, and he did make a practical recommendation for improving it in that respect. But of the Magistrates who have succeeded Mr. Chance at Lambeth, and who have again and again been appealed to against the flagrant illegalities perpetrated at the "Home," it is difficult to speak too strongly. And this brings me to one of the most serious features in the whole case—namely, the relations of the Zierenbergs with the police. It has been shown—though only partially, for it must be remembered that not half the evidence which I was prepared with was actually given at the trial—that the police on duty in the neighbourhood were in the habit of conducting or directing vagrant and homeless girls into Mrs. Zierenberg's trap; and it was also shown, as perhaps the most scandalous violation of the law in the whole case, that in cases where women wrongfully imprisoned there had succeeded in making their escape, they were actually *arrested and brought back by the police.* The Zierenbergs also put into the box in support of their case a number of policemen. A great part of this evidence had reference to the highly moral and satisfactory way in which the music-hall was conducted; and in view of the opinion arrived at by both the Judge and jury, it is not too much to say that the whole of the constables who gave this evidence stand at present in a most unfavourable light. It is not for me to go into the motives for the cordial co-operation of the police in the carrying on the work of Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg, either at this Home or the adjoining Music-hall. This is a matter for the authorities at Scotland Yard and the Home Office. I trust that their attention will be given to it, and that steps will be taken with the view of preventing such a scandal as that of the police aiding and abetting the grossest violation of the law, as well as the systematic swindling of the public.

The most important question, however, of all is, whether there is any means of preventing the recurrence of such abuses and frauds as are exemplified in this case. That is a question which I have at the moment neither room nor time to discuss. I may, however, notice one point. It has been remarked in the *Times* that it is not desirable that the exposure of such evils should be left to the private enterprise of a newspaper proprietor. In this I entirely concur. I may add—and, perhaps, my opinion in this respect will be held to possess special weight—that if it is to be left to newspaper proprietors it will be done very seldom. Sir Edward Clarke put it to the jury on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Zierenberg that the article complained of was published in the ordinary course of business, and not from any exalted motives. I do not quarrel with this view of it. Unlike Sir Edward Clarke's clients, I do not profess to be a philanthropist, though it need not follow that I am on that account a worse specimen of humanity. Speaking, then, not as a philanthropist, but as a newspaper proprietor, I take the liberty of saying that no proprietor of a newspaper of established sale and reputation would knowingly incur the cost of a Zierenberg action as a mere matter of business. That a successfully defended libel action may occasionally benefit a newspaper, I should be the last to question. But that an action extending over twelve months, involving hard preliminary fights on interlocutory points, elaborate inquiries covering a period of twenty years in England and Germany, the production of some sixty witnesses, the briefing of three eminent counsel, and a twenty days' trial, and with a doubtful prospect at the end of it all as to the recovery of any costs from the other side, that such an action as this can yield any return commensurate with the outlay from a commercial point of view, I absolutely deny. If, therefore, the public desire to see frauds and illegalities of this class systematically checked, I would recommend them to establish some properly authorised official for the purpose, and not to rely too much on newspaper proprietors or other private citizens undertaking the task as a matter of business. The time has come, in my opinion, for the chaotic operations of voluntary charity to be subjected to some kind of public supervision; and the most striking lesson of the Zierenberg case is that such supervision may be as necessary for the protection of those whom a "charity" is ostensibly designed to benefit, as for the protection of the benevolent persons who furnish the means of carrying on the work.

THE FARM-PUPIL SWINDLE.

The Canadian Government, I am glad to learn, are by no means indifferent to the proceedings of Messrs. Howden, Aspdin, & Armstrong, *alias* the Anglo-Canadian Farm Pupil Association of Sheffield, and in view of the special activity of these gentry at the present moment, the representatives of Canada in this country are making special efforts to disseminate their useful warnings against all agencies which undertake, for cash down, to plant "pupils" on farms in the Dominion. In my last article on the Anglo-Canadian fraternity (Truth, November 30) I referred to reports in the Canadian papers of the disappearance of a young Englishman named Raffles Moore, who had recently come out from England as a pupil of this Association. Since that I have received a letter from Mr. Raffles Moore himself, dated November 23, and narrating his experiences, which entirely coincide with those of Major-General Bradford's son, already described. As regards his relations with the Association, Mr. Moore confirms what has appeared in the local papers,

except that his payment (as a two years' premium) was £30. This sum, like Major General Bradford, he paid direct to Aspdin, "J P" in England. He was furnished with a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, who was to meet him at London, Ontario; but, on reaching that place, he found a message requesting him to proceed to Sarnia. This he did at his own expense, and after waiting two days at Sarnia he was joined by Dr. Armstrong. Against this divine he makes allegations of a most serious nature, which for the moment I will pass over. Dr. Armstrong had no vacancy ready for Mr. Moore, and he could only direct him to wait where he was. The young man did this for about a week, and then, not caring to remain idle, he found himself work with a farmer up the country—which, I may remark in passing, he had much better have done in the first instance, without any payment to the Anglo-Canadian concern. Not being satisfied with this work as a permanency, however, he presently went in search of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, who was now at Mooretown. Armstrong kept him at an hotel for a fortnight, and then dispatched him to a farmer who, the Doctor stated, had 400 acres and a saw-mill. On his arrival, Mr. Moore found that the farmer had only 150 acres and no saw-mill, and, what was more, had an English pupil on the premises already, and no room for another. The young man then returned to Armstrong, who said he would find him another place. Pending that result, Mr. Moore telegraphed to his friends in England the significant message:—"Starving—no work—Armstrong a liar." His friends sent to Armstrong for an explanation, and the Doctor thereupon turned the "pupil" adrift. He writes to me on November 23 that he is without money or friends, that he is dependent for the moment on the kindness of strangers, and that he has heard of other pupils of the Anglo-Canadian Association in much the same plight. Such are his statements. I have, of course, only his authority for them; but the facts are substantially the same as those narrated by Major-General Bradford's son, and if the one is true (as no doubt it is), the probability is that many other stories might be told to the same effect.

A lady writes to me from a country rectory, and, no doubt, with the best intentions, forwarding a copy of a letter relating to a young man who went out nearly two years ago under Howden's auspices, and who is still in every way satisfied with his bargain. My correspondent adds that Dr. Armstrong received his present living from his Bishop, and that he also fills the post of Rural Dean. The last-mentioned facts only make it the more imperative that Dr. Armstrong should answer the allegations against himself and his Association put forward in TRUTH of September 7 and November 30, more especially in view of the contents of the letter which I have just received from Mr. Raffles Moore. As to the reference to one farm-pupil who has been satisfactorily placed, I am not so insane as to suggest that this Association has for years been accepting premiums of large amount and doing nothing in return. It would not surprise me to find that dozens of cases could be produced in which pupils have been placed more or less satisfactorily. The allegations, however, against Howden & Co. are:—(1) That all such agencies are a fraud, inasmuch as at the best they can do no more in return for a premium than the Canadian Government is prepared to do free, and inasmuch as the Government is in a much better position to do it effectually; (2) that the Anglo-Canadian Association is less entitled to confidence than any other of its class, because it is sailing under false colours; (3) that in numerous cases, as might be expected, these people have utterly failed to carry out their undertakings. They make no attempt to answer these allegations, and in this they are wise, for the allegations are necessarily unanswerable. On the other hand, they continue to ply their trade with unabated vigour. I have now in my possession letters and circulars despatched by Howden on November 30 and December 2. In these, not content with repeating all the illusory promises which I have already quoted as to what the Association is prepared to do, he boldly advises the young man to whom he is writing, that if he has not money to pay the premium, he should borrow from his friends ("as many of our pupils do"), "as good wages are paid in Canada," and he can consequently rely on soon repaying the loan. While on the one hand I see such statements being industriously circulated, and on the other receive from Canada such evidence as that of Messrs. Bradford and Moore, I shall not cease to warn parents, guardians, and intending emigrants against any dealings with Howden or his colleagues.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

TOUJOURS NAPOLÉON.

I SUSPECT that a Napoleonic candidate for supreme power in France is at nurse in Russia. If I am right the aspirant is Prince Louis, who is going to retire from the Russian service. When he entered it he was received as, through the Würtembergs, a cousin of the Imperial family, invited in a friendly way on a visit. He pleased his august host and hostess. The course he took in the Caucasus, which was reported by the Grand Ducal Governor, raised him still higher in their opinion. Prince Louis has there been Colonel of a crack Cavalry regiment. If he had been preparing to urge a suit for the hand of a Grand Duchess hereafter, he could not have acted with more judgment. The Czar is now a moral man. He has given up deep potations of champagne, card-playing, and the rest, attends devoutly to his religious duties, and has no favourites. Prince Louis is austerely virtuous, copies his mother's religious practices, acts as if he were enrolled in the tierce order of St. Francis, to which she belongs, and is not less studious than his great-uncle was in the Quai de Conti phase of his career. It might be a good political speculation of the Czar to give him his eldest daughter, with a dowry that would keep up both in Imperial style, and send them to live in France and Italy as unofficial diplomatic representatives. Prince Louis can

FAMILY WASHING ONLY.—Collection and delivery twice daily. For families leaving Town, work delivered day following collection, and with three days' clear notice, household work collected and delivered prior to families arriving in Town. Under new management.—Belgrave Steam Laundry, 196, Ebury-st., Belgravia, S.W.

be ostracised under the law to banish perpetually the heads of dynastic families. But it would require a special decree to exile him, he being only a younger son of the late Prince Jerome. In the present state of Russo-mania, such a decree would not be signed were he openly to come forward as the protégé of Alexander III. I suspect the dramatic authors who have in the matter of the Napoleonic rage been heaping fuel on the fire, have had a hint from the Princesse Mathilde of the favour in which her nephew stands at Gatchina. She is very fond of him, but she is almost hostile to Victor.

Talking of the great-uncle, the Porte St. Martin is giving Martin Laya's Napoleonic epopee in fifty tableaux and three parts on Thursdays and Sundays—the half and whole holidays of the Paris schools. Cambronne is *nature* in the evenings in the din of Waterloo, but in the matinées he is, the advertisements state, arranged *ad usum delphini*. When called on to surrender by an English General, he answers *pepo*—a babyish word to express dislike for food. Taking the ball of fashion on the hop, M. Leopold Flameng is exhibiting a picture in his crispest style under the name of "Isola Bella." Nittis could not have better rendered the sky and atmosphere of that sweetest scene on earth, the middle reach of Lake Maggiore. The painting is not a mere landscape, Napoleon and Josephine with a military Court, and some Italian and other ladies in brilliant toilettes, are in the terraced garden of Isola Bella, listening to Grassini singing. Josephine begins to fear she has met a rival, and is not mistaken. A table is laid for a refection, and affords the artist an opportunity to show his skill in a still life fantasia. The Generals and ladies do not seem interested in the singer. But the coming Cæsar is. What the courtiers want is, Joseph-like, to divine his dreams, to interpret and to act according to them. Flameng consulted endless portraits and old engravings. Perhaps he would have done better to place his figures under the shade of the cork trees and parasol pines. The light of an Italian afternoon in April or May is a little crude for flesh tints. The concert takes place on one of the terraces facing Lavino. A bit of the lake is visible. Domodossola and the Alps form the background.

Bonaparte, or Napoleon, being the topic of the hour, the Duc d'Enghien is also dragged from his grave. It is curious how the old social influence of the Princes of Condé, when it was thought to be quite a thing of the past, oozed up out of the solitary grave of the Duc d'Enghien—the best Bourbon of his particular line. It is more curious how the impression of that influence should have been conveyed through him to subsequent generations. That his execution startled up old French Royalists, and society and Court circles all over Europe, is not wonderful. Most English Milords and Miladis who went to travel on the Continent when the Bourbon Condés lived in greater state at Chantilly than the King did at Versailles were entertained by them. Among the guests of the Duc d'Enghien's grandfather were the Emperor Joseph, the Archduchess Maria Christine, Gustavus III., and the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, afterwards Emperor Paul and Empress Maria Feodrovna. But what is surprising is that historians should since have looked upon Napoleon as a monster for his high-handed mode of dealing with the Duc d'Enghien, and that posterity should have accepted the verdict. The hecatomb of French soldiers (1,800,000) in the Napoleonic wars is generally overlooked by those who dwell upon the D'Enghien affair. Martin Laya, in his "epopee," does not in this respect follow the snobbish multitude. He has a charming *mot*, to paint Napoleon as one of those shepherds who lead peoples to the shambles. At a grand review in the Place du Carrousel, the Emperor comes on a veteran who, though he helped him to carry the bridge of Lodi, is still in the ranks. He promotes him in less than two minutes, grade by grade, up to the rank of Captain. "Sire," cries the grateful and enthusiastic old soldier, "I should like to die for you." "Mon ami," returns Napoleon, patting him on the shoulder, "cela viendra."

To return to d'Enghien, who has been resurrected with Napoleon: he did conspire with Georges Pichegru and some others, who, in inventing the infernal machine of the Rue St. Nicaise, were the forefathers of Ravachol. Most Royalists then sympathised with the St. Nicaise-street conspirators, and the leading ones were prepared to take advantage of the explosion. The Grand Duchy of Baden could scarcely be called a neutral territory, it being a satellite of France. Ettenheim being near Switzerland, Belfort-Strasburg was a convenient place to wait in and watch while the Rue St. Nicaise set were acting. A hundred years ago there was little scruple about cutting through the meshes of international law, for which Nelson showed utter disregard at Copenhagen, and the Austrians in invading, without declaration of war, the territories of Bonaparte's German allies. The Duc d'Enghien, I suppose, is like Marie Stuart. However in the wrong he may have been, posterity will go on seeing him as he appeared to European Society, whose eyes were still filled with the dust of Condé prestige.

The great question regarding the Duc d'Enghien has been what became of the lock of hair, the watch, ring, and some other trinkets which on being called on to meet his doom, he asked to be sent to the Princesse Charlotte de Rehan-Rochefort. He and she had been living together romantically at Ettenheim. She was educated at an English boarding-school, took her ideas of life from the novels that preceded Scott's, and was a high-hearted, warm, and imprudent person, but interesting. A Captain with the ominous name of Noireau commanded the firing party at the execution. To him the souvenirs were handed. He kept the trinkets as prizes of war, but gave the lock to Savary, who sent it on to the Prefect of Police. It was in the archives of the Prefecture up to 1871, when it was destroyed in the fire that burned down that building. De Neuville, the artist was shown it by M. Piétri. I heard him say that it was reddish, and of coarse quality—in short, like copper wire. The interest attached to it was so sad and suggestive that one must feel sorry at its being lost. The Princesse Charlotte de Rehan-Rochefort, twenty

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

years after, when she was living at Chantilly as a sort of daughter-in-law of the Prince de Conde, wrote to Captain Noireau to ask him for the souvenirs to which she was entitled. Rochefort says he has her letter, and professes to give a copy of it. It strikes me as being genuine, the manner in which she writes to the thievish Captain to get him to disgorge is so wrapped up and ladylike. It has a flavour of the old-fashioned English manner, though in French.

The Princesse Mathilde quarrelled with Taine for writing down her uncle, in order, as she thought, to court the Duc d'Aumale, and pay for the Orleanist vote which brought him into the Academy. I fancy that Sardou will never again bask in the light of her countenance. Reading so much about "Mdlle. Sans-Gêne," she said she must see it. Her literary friends, knowing how she worships Napoleon, and feeling how Sardou demolishes in some respects *la légende*, tried to dissuade her. But she was not to be prevented. The anger came up into her face in the scene in which Napoleon and his sisters wrangle. It all seemed to her flat blasphemy, and, fearing she might lose self-command, she rushed from the theatre. But, as she left prematurely, her carriage had not yet come to take her home. So her cavalier obtained for her the loan of that of the pretty Mdlle. Verneuil, who personates Caroline Murat, aunt of the Princesse.

It appears that German dramatic authors are now divided into two schools, the Ibsenites and the Zolaites. "Solitary Souls," which has been interdicted at "Les Bouffes du Nord," in its adapted form, is by the Ibsenite Hauptmann. Ibsen being just now in favour here, it had at the rehearsal a literary success. The plot is simple, and the *dramatis personæ* are well defined. Why this play should be forbidden I am at a loss to think. Here is the subject. Doctor Johannes Vockerat, a German scientist, receives into his house Anna Mahr, a Russian studentess, she being too impecunious to put up at an hotel on her way to the Zurich university. Frau Katherine Vockerat is an excellent *Hausfrau*, but has not a soul above housekeeping, and is as dull as ditchwater. Her husband, father, and mother are good, narrow-minded Evangelicals, highly respectable and prim. Anna electrifies the soul of Johannes, and teaches him to revolt against those conventionalities which are death to the higher life. This life alone is worth living. He experienced the delight of having an intellectual companion in petticoats, and begs her to stay, and stay, until his Katha grows uneasy and then restive, and then miserably jealous. She only bargained for Anna staying a few days, but has had her for weeks and months. The tie between the scientist and studentess is purely Platonic. Nevertheless, its consequences are disastrous, and the happiness of all, save Anna, who is able to live as a solitary soul, is utterly wrecked. Vockerat, having no fault to find with Katha, —she living according to her light and conscience— cannot find it in his heart to divorce her. And if he did what would be the use? The allowance he would have to make her and her children would leave nothing for Anna, who, on the whole, is better off as a solitary soul than clogged with a miserably-poor husband. The wife calls in the parents-in-law as allies. They inform Dr. Johannes of the scandal to which his intellectual union with Anna has given rise. Anna then determines to push on to Zurich, to soar higher in the cerulean blue of idealism and intellect. Before leaving, she exhorts the Doctor to accept Katha as a means of mental and soul discipline. He will thus profit by her prosaic talk and her chit-chat on darning stockings and such other domestic matters. Johannes accepts her advice. But the light of his life goes out with Anna's departure. Katha becomes unendurable: snappishness alone relieves her stagnation. The one solution—and it means nothing so far as Johannes himself is concerned—is suicide. He, therefore, drowns himself in a lake.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

THIS is indeed retribution, dear Lady Betty. Last week I attacked the influenza; this week it has attacked me. It has also brought several of its poor relations. Being occupied in playing the part of unwilling host to these unwelcome guests, I need scarcely offer further excuse for writing an unusually short letter. The influenza is perhaps a trifle better than Christmas; if the former enables me to forget the latter I shall have, therefore, no great cause to complain.

* * * * *

Apropos of the influenza, I hear that the epidemic has been exceptionally severe at Harrow School, where eight of the masters out of twelve have been laid up with it. Sixty-two of the boys have also been attacked. There had been an intention to break-up on Saturday—that is a few days earlier than the appointed time—but to do this it was first necessary to obtain the sanction of all the Governors.

Writing from a bed of illness, my thoughts naturally turn to sickness. It is generally understood now that the attack of typhoid fever which carried away the late Duke of Leinster was brought about through eating oysters. The origin of Mr. Portman's illness can be traced to a similar cause. This supposed unwholesomeness of oysters is ascribed to last summer's drought. If there is anything in the theory, whitebait should be more dangerous, for these fish can be seen any day feeding in thousands at the mouth of the Thames sewers.

* * * * *

In connection with the controversy which I mentioned last week regarding the colour of Copenhagen—the horse the Duke of Wellington rode at Waterloo—I have received several letters, which finally decide the matter. Amongst them are the following:—"In the general Stud-book Copenhagen is described as 'ch c'" (chestnut colt). This appears to put the matter beyond any doubt. It is curious that he should be found in the Stud-book at all, as his dam is described as h-b (half-bred); but the reason, no doubt, was the horse's celebrity."

The second is to the same effect:—"Copenhagen's name will be found in the Stud-book. He had run in races before he descended, or, perhaps, ascended, to the position of a charger. He was a chestnut. It is a curious fact that the leader in another great war, the Emperor William, was carried for a considerable time by the Colonel, a Liverpool steeplechase winner, half-bred nominally."

* * * * *

The mention of the Duke of Wellington's horse leads not unnaturally to the statue of the Duke which formerly figured above the gate at the top of Constitution Hill. It will be a surprise to many to learn that one of the chief causes which led to its removal was the strongly-expressed repugnance of the Queen at having to drive through the

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gates of her Palace under a horse with a figure of one of her subjects astride upon it. This is, of course, merely a matter of sentiment, but such a circumstance did not and does not exist in any other capital in Europe.

Another curious fact is that the only picture of the Great Duke at Apsley House is a copy of a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the original of which is in the possession of Sir Robert Peel. It was Sir Robert, moreover, who presented to the late Duke of Wellington the copy which I refer to. In the gallery at Apsley House there are portraits of Napoleon, the Emperor Alexandra, the King of Russia, and the Emperor of Austria, all full-length pictures. It is strange that in his own house there should not have been a portrait of the Great Duke himself up to a comparatively recent time.—Believe me to be, truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

SPORTING NOTES.

NO sooner had Sir Hugo been entered for the autumn handicaps and for a number of stakes than it was discovered that he could not be trained again, and it has been the same thing exactly with Marcion. A few weeks ago Mr. Vyner's horse was entered for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot and other events to be run next year and in 1895, but now all hope of his standing another preparation has been abandoned, and he has been relegated to the Fairfield Stud, where he is to stand at 200 gs., which seems to me to be an outrageously high fee for an untried horse of his age, to which it must be added that, although Marcion did win the Ascot Cup, yet neither in that race nor in any other did he ever meet a really good animal. The papers deplore that the expected meeting between Isinglass and Marcion in next year's Ascot Cup will not take place, but I do not for a moment believe that there would ever have been any such encounter, as, for reasons which I shall presently mention, it seems in the highest degree unlikely that Mr. McCalmont will start his horse for that race. It may be hoped that the unfortunate collapse of Marcion will cause the question of the disgraceful state of the Ascot course to be seriously taken in hand by the authorities. Four horses ran for this year's Ascot Cup, and not one of them was afterwards worth anything on the turf.

La Flèche is apparently to be kept in training for another year, which does not seem a sagacious arrangement, as she is far more likely to deteriorate than to improve during the next four or five months, and her prospects of distinguishing herself as a five-year-old are not brilliant. She is sure to be over-weighted in handicaps, and her only weight-for-age engagements are the Newmarket Champion Stakes and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, in both of which races Isinglass and several of the best four-year-olds are entered. I should fancy that La Flèche will probably "go for" the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap if she is at all fairly treated in that race.

The Newmarket sales presented the usual features of an apoplectic plethora in the catalogue, and a paralytic tenuity in the ring, and an enormous number of lots were sent back unsold, the reserve in many cases being foolishly and absurdly high. During the four days only two animals were sold for upwards of 1,000 gs. Queen Adelaide, who beat Busybody for the Dewhurst Plate of 1883, and who ran third for the Derby in 1884, was sold for 1,550 gs. to Mr. Chaplin, and she goes back to the Blankney Stud, where she was bred. She ought to prove a good bargain, being in foal to St. Simon. Mezzotint, own sister to Blue Green, was sold for 2,000 gs. to M. Lebaudy. She is in foal to Bend Or. A number of mares were bought for Lord Derby's new stud at Knowsley.

In the early part of last year Lord Harewood's "dark" colt Flaxby, by Barcaldine out of Carillon, was backed for a good deal of money for the Derby. I warned my speculative readers at the time to leave Flaxby alone, as it was very doubtful whether he would ever stand training, and my unfavourable opinion has been thoroughly justified by the result, as he never started for any race whatever, and was sold last week at Newmarket for 20 gs. A very high opinion was at one time entertained of Flaxby, and he was heavily engaged as a yearling.

Baron de Rothschild's La Nièvre (own sister to Le Nord) is growing into a very beautiful filly, and if she is kept in this country next spring, instead of being started for her French engagements, she will be a dangerous candidate for the One Thousand and for the Oaks. La Nièvre is entered for the Grand Prix, but in England she has no engagements after the Oaks until the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood. I should fancy that La Nièvre will be started for the One Thousand, whatever policy may be adopted with her as regards the Oaks, as the Newmarket event does not seem likely to take a great deal of winning, the best of the sixty-six entries being Venia, Wedding Bell, Mecca, Jocasta, Schoolbook, Vulpecula, and Sanderling, and some of these fillies went off very much in the autumn, while others are certainly non-stayers. Go Lightly's nomination is void, as she was entered by "Mr. Abington," but she remains in the Oaks, having been engaged in that stake by her breeder, Mr. J. S. Harrison; and Melancholy, Letterewe, Sweet Duchess, and Grania are also entered at Epsom. There is sure to be a very extensive weeding out on January 2 for both the Derby and the Oaks, as there will be an extra sum of £25 to be paid on each animal which is left in for either race after that day. In the official handicap of the two-year-olds Glare was estimated to be the best filly, being placed 11 lb. behind Ladas. Mecca and Maundy Money were 6 lb. worse than Glare, and 1 lb. behind them came La Nièvre, Letterewe, and Sweet Duchess.

Mr. D. Cooper's Saintly, by St. Simon out of Lonely, by Hermit, is one of the nicest and most promising yearlings at Newmarket, and it is by no means improbable that she will win the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln, which race was carried off last March by her stable companion, Glare, who next season will be hard to beat in any five-furlong event for which she may be started. Saintly was practically bred by Lord Cadogan, as Lonely was in foal with her when she was sold to Mr. Cooper for 2,000 gs. at the Newmarket winter sale in December, 1891. On that occasion Lonely's foal by Isonomy (Isola) was bought for 400 gs. for Lord Penrhyn, but she has turned out a failure, having started three times last season without winning.

I hear from Newmarket that Isinglass is likely to turn out a magnificent four-year-old, and it is generally believed there that Buckingham is very little inferior to Mr. McCalmont's horse. It will be remembered that at the sale of Lord Calthorpe's stud Buckingham was sold to Captain Machell for 3,150 gs. This horse has not run this year, and it was supposed that he could not be trained, but although he may possibly have been unsound during the spring, it is quite certain that he has been all right for a long time past, and he is now in regular work at Newmarket. If there was nothing wrong with Buckingham at any time, and if he is really a good horse, it was extraordinary for him not to have been brought out for some of his valuable engagements during the early part of the season. It is also odd that Buckingham has not been entered for any of the stakes which have closed during the last six weeks. I expect that this horse will be engaged in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and also in the City and Suburban, and Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap. Buckingham has always been mentioned of late as being without engagements, but the fact has been overlooked that he was nominated for both the £10,000 stakes, which are to be run at Newmarket next year, by Captain Machell, so the entry remains good. The Bedford Cottage stable has an excellent chance of winning these races, having both Isinglass and Buckingham entered. I should suppose that Mr. McCalmont will start Isinglass for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, as there is such a very

Kinahan's LL Whisky.—"The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies." Kinahan's LL Whisky. Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878 Kinahan's Cloc-le Whisky. The Finest Scotch Whisky sold.

moderate entry for that race, and then let him go for the £10,000 race at Newmarket and for the Eclipse Stakes. If, however, Buckingham is really a good horse, then he may very likely represent Bedford Cottage in the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £10,000 at the First July Meeting, as he would meet the other runners with an advantage in the weights of 9 lb. as compared with Isinglass, who has 12 lb. extra to carry, whereas Buckingham's penalty is only 3 lb. These two horses have only the three-year olds to fear, and all the Derby colts are entered in this stake. Having regard to the very rich engagements which were long ago made for Isinglass, I shall be surprised if he runs for the Gold Cup at Ascot, as a preparation for such a race might very likely impair his speed, and that trophy will in all probability be won by Callistrate, for I understand that M. Abeille's horse is to remain in England with a view to his being trained for this and other long-distance events.

THE A.R.A. AND AMATEUR OARSMEN.

An ounce of fact is worth a ton of fiction. And I have been fortunate enough to receive from the Rev. Vicars A. Boyle, Vicar of Burton-on-Trent, that ounce of fact to assist me in my attack on the A.R.A. with reference to the unjust and ungentlemanly rule by which those who earn weekly wages and are engaged in manual work are excluded from competing as amateurs. The vicar writes: "In Burton there are three rowing clubs—the Burton, the Leander, and the Trent. The members of the Trent R.C. are for the most part young men employed at manual labour and earning weekly wages. The members of the other two clubs are amateurs within the definition of the A.R.A. There is at Burton an annual regatta held under the A.R.A. rules. It follows that at this regatta the majority of the Trent R.C. are excluded from competing. It is fair to say that the Burton and Leander R.C.'s have done their best to induce the A.R.A. to alter the objectionable law, but in vain."

My correspondent thinks that the Universities and "amateur" gentlemen athletes have a grievance against those who are employed in manual labour, which may explain, though, as he justly says, it cannot excuse the selfish exclusiveness of the A.R.A. rule. The date of the rule is about 1880, a time when professionalism began to exist in a veiled form, and was unrecognised in Association football, and the Vicar considers that the rule was framed to prevent such a degradation of amateur rowing. To a certain extent he is correct, but if he refers to the *Field* of November 11 he will see an article which explains that the object of the rule is to mark the distinction "between the *bonâ-fide* and the bogus amateur who exists in other branches of sport, and to prevent the splendid and unsullied old English sport of amateur oarsmanship sinking to the low and disreputable level of the athletic 'Hammytoor' (as he calls himself)." What do we find in other sports patronised by the "people"? the writer of the article rhetorically asks. And his answer is that a coal-waggoner is amateur swimming champion for four years, pedestrians enter under false names and "rope" and "ramp," cyclists run for the makers in whose employ they are, and win or lose to suit their books, and all the winners sell or pawn their prizes; while footballers live in winter by the payments they receive. Then the writer goes on to other matters. The argument that he wishes to enunciate—although apparently he has not the ability to do so—is that the healthier state of rowing is due to the fact that the A.R.A. definition of an amateur is different in the point in question from the definition adopted in other sports.

To establish this position the writer has to prove that in each branch of sport which he enumerates the evils are caused by those who are engaged in manual labour or menial duty, or, as he contemptuously calls them, the "people." He attempts to do so by sneering at a coal-waggoner who swims—a most excellent recreation on the score of cleanliness alone for one who has been doing such work. He has to prove that a coal waggoner is *ipso facto* a bogus amateur. He dare not suggest such a ridiculous proposition. Then, as to pedestrians, not a word does he use to hint that the rogues he refers to are limited to the "people." So far as the cyclists are concerned, the writer literally gives himself away. To demonstrate the degradation of the sport, he takes that class of rider known as the maker's cyclist. From the very nature of his occupation it is clear that he is not engaged in manual labour, and therefore, on the writer's own showing, the "people" are in this case not responsible. I may point out that such a rider is a professional under the A.R.A. rule, which also provides against boatbuilders' oarsmen. No one wishes to alter the rule in these respects. The question of football is more complex. In the Association game professionals are recognised, but the Rugby game is the only pastime in which "pros." are not supposed to exist. However, the writer does not attempt to show that the troubles there spring from the class he despises. He simply fails to prove his case. He knows perfectly well, if he has any knowledge of anything but rowing, that the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists' Union would have very little to do if the wrongdoers were confined to those who are engaged in manual labour. A more miserable apology for the present rule was never attempted. A more ridiculous defence of those who deny justice to the young fellows at Burton and other places was never put in print.

I have dealt with this article at length, because it is semi-official, and may therefore be taken to be the true expression of the anti-reformers' views. Mr. Brickwood is the Rowing Editor of the *Field*. He must have known and approved of the article if he did not write it. He is on the Committee of the A.R.A., and on the Sub-committee that is considering the revision of the rules. In fact, that intemperate and illogical article was written at the time when the Sub-committee was just about to settle down to its duties. No wonder, then, that the amateurs at Burton have made their protests in vain when their appeals are sent to men who talk of those engaged in manual labour in this snobbish and despicable manner, to men who are so illogical as to welcome as an amateur the shop-assistant, while his brother, if he be a master carpenter, is an outcast. Is this the way to foster sportsmanslike and honourable feelings amongst men? It is the grossest hypocrisy for Mr. Brickwood to write of the unsullied old English sport of amateur rowing while there is this disgraceful blot on the rules of the A.R.A. I trust that I have said enough to show that the defenders of the rule have utterly failed to sustain their position. I shall at an early date deal with the case for the reformers, and show what precautions are neccessary to avoid the dangers and difficulties that are experienced by the A.A.A. and N.C.U. in their respective spheres of sport.

Affairs in the billiard world have been rather quiet lately. Coles and Roberts have begun the first money match of the season. But I doubt if the stakes influence either the public or the players. The public want to see the players in form, and to secure the patronage of the public the players have to play up whether or not there is a stake. On Saturday evening Roberts put in a run of heavy breaks, and gained quickly on his opponent. Dawson and North were engaged in an interesting series of spot-barred games last week, and the former, by playing most consistently, won eight out of the dozen played.

The North did not have everything its own way in the Rugby match with the South at Manchester. Better goal-kicking by the Southerners would have altered the score. The names of those selected to play for England are a sufficient indication of the success of the players in the game. I congratulate Hooper, of the Middlesex Wanderers, on getting his cap. He has worked his way steadily up the ladder. Tucker, of Cambridge, is rather fortunate. I have not heard any reason why Evershed should not be playing. On his form against Cardiff he was worth his place. There were few good games in the Metropolis. The Kensington forwards wisely kept the ball to themselves, and so prevented the Scottish outsides from doing

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much damage, although they could not avert defeat. Croydon have come on as much as the Old Merchant Taylors have fallen off, and by good all-round play they scored their first victory over the Old Boys.

The most interesting Association match was the English Cup tie between the 2nd Scots Guards and the Royal Arsenal. Extra time had to be played to bring the result to a definite conclusion. Private Hyslop and Lieut. Gosling were in grand form for the soldiers, and if the latter had not injured his leg, the result might very easily have been the defeat of the professional team. Stirling also played a fine game. I hear that the Guards will start further teams if the necessary permission is granted. The increase of recruits is directly traceable to the popularity of football. I only hope no red-tapeism will be introduced to stop it. On paper the Old Carthusians should have been able to beat the Caledonians, but as it was not a Cup tie they did not come up to the mark.

At a meeting of the Southern Counties' Amateur Swimming Association, I am glad to see a rigid set of rules was passed to regulate amateur races at those galas which professional swimmers organise. Permits, if the A.S.A. approves of the scheme, will only be granted under stringent rules. These galas are frequent on the South Coast during the summer, and the manner in which they have been conducted has caused a justifiable slur to be cast on amateur swimming. It is wonderful how many swimmers who call themselves amateurs have been able to get about from place to place, and there is no doubt that more than expenses have often been paid. But it is practically impossible to prove a man's guilt. Under such circumstances, the burden of proving his innocence should be cast on the swimmer who indulges in such doubtful practices. At present this is not the rule, but some such law is necessary if swimming is to be freed of certain pests.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN.—Although prices are fairly maintained in many directions, the volume of business is decreasing, as usual, when Christmas draws near, and the Christmas boom, which had been predicted by some, is not yet in sight. The view is now being expressed that the hoped-for revival will make its appearance in January, and there will most certainly be money enough about in all conscience by that time to support such a movement. The one condition, which is still absent, however, is some degree of confidence on the part of the public, the fresh disclosures in connection with Trust Companies keeping the distrust alive. The purchases by the public are, therefore, still confined to high-class securities, enormous sums remaining uninvested. The nervous condition of the American Market has affected most other departments to some extent, but a distinct improvement is shown in Home Rails owing to better traffics, and there is also a more hopeful tone in the Argentine market, as the Romero-Rothschild Convention has at last been ratified by the Chamber of Deputies. In this department, and in that of Mexican Government stocks an important movement will probably be seen shortly. In the meantime investors will do well to cast about for some of the many depreciated securities, especially amongst South Americans, which will, no doubt, be favourably affected by the improved financial position in Argentina and Mexico. Investors need not necessarily place all their money into gilt-edged stocks, although in the case of persons with small means who are dependent upon the income from their investments alone this is distinctly desirable. Those who are better placed and possessed of larger means should invest the greater part of their capital in high-class stocks, so as to have it absolutely safe, but there is no reason why they should not also buy second-class or more speculative stocks as long as there is so large a supply of these at exceptionally low prices.

City Safe Deposit & Agency Co., Ld., Throgmorton-avenue. Safes from 1 guinea and Strong Rooms from 15 guineas per annum. Cards to view on application to R. Slagg, Manager.

The Demand for Gilt-edged Stocks.

The continued demand for high-class securities is one of the features of the present time. As Consols (Two and a-Half per Cents.) stand at 97, it is, perhaps, not surprising that some demand should manifest itself for Metropolitan Two and a-Half per Cent. Consolidated stock (1919-49) at 91 x.d. British Corporation stocks came in for a good deal of inquiry some months ago, and cannot be bought now to yield more than 3 per cent. on the investment. Then come Colonial Government stocks, which have materially advanced of late—perhaps, in the case of Australian securities of this kind, quite as high as they ought to be without encouraging these Colonies to fresh borrowing, the abstention from which, combined with retrenchment, is so important a condition of their return to financial soundness. In this department a yield of from 3⅞ to 4 per cent. is to be obtained with reasonable safety. Home Railway Debentures and Preference stocks are at almost prohibitive prices, and the guaranteed stocks of Indian Railways also stand at a high level. No wonder, therefore, that the markets are being searched for other well-secured stocks which may give a somewhat better yield. I explained a fortnight ago, with the aid of a comparative table, that out of nineteen high-class stocks which I mentioned on October 19, thirteen had risen from 1 to 5 points, and of these three have again improved during the last week, Western of Buenos Ayres Five per Cent. Mortgage bonds (1925), rising to 113 against 109 on October 19, Nitrate Railway Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures to 98½ against 95 on October 19, and De Beers Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Debentures to 104½ against 102 on October 19. A proof of the high appreciation in which gilt-edged Home Securities are held is also furnished by the extraordinary success which has attended the issue of £360,000 of Four per Cent. Perpetual Debenture stock of the Gordon Hotels, Limited. Although, in addition to the 5 per cent. payable on application, the whole balance of 95 per cent. was due on allotment, the applications amounted to over £1,800,000, the amount being, therefore, applied for five times over. The security, of course, is excellent, the Debenture stock being a direct obligation of the prosperous Gordon Hotels Company, which is paying 10 per cent. dividends on its Ordinary capital, and being, in addition, specially secured by a first mortgage on the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland-avenue, London, and the Cliftonville Hotel, Margate (both freehold), with a floating charge covering the furniture, fittings, and stores in these hotels. The old Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Debentures of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, being quoted at 122, at which they yield £3. 13s. 9d. per annum on the investment, it is not surprising that the new Four per Cents. should have been so eagerly sought after at par, and they still look cheap at the premium of 3-4, at which they are now quoted. Other gilt-edged stocks, which yield good results with every safety, are the First Mortgage bonds of leading American railroad Companies. A return of from 3⅞ to 4⅜ per cent. can be obtained from these, and for particulars I need but refer to the table published on November 30. Of South American Railroad Debentures I gave a list on November 23, since which time an advance has taken place in most of the stocks mentioned. A yield of from 3⅞ to 5¼ per cent. per annum can be obtained in these with reasonable safety. I have in the foregoing fully set out information which is again and again sought by my correspondents. The latter will, by an intelligent study of the various tables referred to, be able to select for themselves suitable investment stocks. What they should do, is to keep Truth on file. They will thus be able to refer at once to the various lists, which afford full information as to the security of the stocks, their prices, and yield on investment.

Home Rails.

At last the improved coal business of the Railways, caused by the termination of the coal strikes, is making itself felt in the traffic returns, small increases taking the

place of the large decreases even in the case of the Midland, North-Western, and Great Northern. Prices are steadier in consequence, although the dividend disappointment in January has yet to be got over on the part of those holders who are not already prepared for it. It will be useful to give the estimates of the dividends, such as they are at present fixed by the talent of the Home Railway market in the "House," side by side with dividends paid last year, and I have, therefore, compiled the following table :—

	Dividends Paid by the Companies per cent. per annum.			Estimated Dividends per cent. per annum.		
	First Half 1892.	Second Half 1892.	Year 1892.	First Half 1893.	Second Half 1893.	Year 1893.
Metropolitan Ordinary ...	3¼	3¼	3¼	3¼	2¼	2¾
Metro. District First Pref.	3¼	2¾	3	2¼	7¼	2
Brighton Ordinary	3¼	9¼	6½	4¼	7	5¾
Brighton "A"	1½	12½	7	2½	8	5¼
Sheffield	¾	3	1⅞	Nil.	Nil.	Nil.
South-Eastern Ordinary ...	1¾	6¼	4	2¼	5¼	3¾
Great Eastern	¾	3½	2¼	¾	2	1⅜
North-Eastern	3	6¼	4¾	4¾	7¼	6
Chatham First Pref. ...	3⅜	4½	3 1/16	2¾	3	2¾
South-Western	4¼	7¾	6	4¾	8	6¾
Midland	5¼	6¼	6	4¾	3¼	4
Great Northern	3	5¼	4¼	3	3	3
Great Western	4¾	7	5⅞	4	5½	4¾
North Western	5⅜	7¼	6¼	5½	5⅜	5½
Caledonian Ordinary ...	4	4¼	4⅛	4	4½	4¼
North British Deferred ...	Nil.	⅜	⅛	¼	Nil.	⅛

It will be seen that the chances of Sheffield "A" getting any return are greatly diminished by a considerable deficiency. All the "Heavies" are suffering severely, and the poor traffics of the Great Eastern continue notwithstanding the termination of the coal strikes. The North-Eastern alone has been doing well, and on the basis of the estimates yields between 3⅞ and 4 per cent. per annum on the investment. It is not surprising, therefore, that Berwicks have been in favour. The impression has been growing of late that there is no further fall in Brighton "A" for the present. The price has risen to 147¾, and the "Bear" account was shown at the last settlement to be as large as ever, the backwardation touching ½ on the second day. There are rumours about, moreover, that the dividend will be a good deal better than the estimate, mysterious reports being set about of some fresh development. Metropolitan Districts are strong at 28, and if any further improvement were to take place in traffics (which have increased by £200 upon the returns of the previous three weeks, presumably in consequence of the raising of the 'bus fares), a marked advance would probably follow.

Yankee Rails.

With the exception of Erie and Atchison descriptions, in which a strong undercurrent is noticeable, notwithstanding repeated "Bear" raids, American Railroad stocks have again suffered a moderate decline. The uncertainty which surrounds the tariff question in view of a protracted contest in Congress is one of the features which have weighed on the market, unsatisfactory traffic being predicted in consequence. Some of the returns have, in fact, fallen off materially, but it is supposed that working expenses have also been cut down, and it would not be surprising, therefore, if the net result were not to prove so disappointing as the gross returns suggest. Money, moreover, remains a drug in the New York market, and the gold shipments from that side have ceased, at least, temporarily. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to join in the pessimistic views which are being aired in certain quarters, and I should say that there is a good deal in the following argument of a Wall-street contemporary, the *Daily Indicator*:—

> The demand for the very best class of investment securities is admittedly out of all proportion to the supply. The same information comes to us not only from bankers in this city, but from Boston and Philadelphia and other financial centres. There is money to invest in securities that will yield a return, and it will not be long before the capital which finds no room in the particular field selected will be turning towards stocks that have a future. The investor, finding that he cannot get a security that will return him his 4 or 5 or 6 per cent. per annum in the shape of interest or dividends, will not hesitate to take hold of a railroad stock which is almost certain to return him from 20 to 30 per cent. in a year or two years in appreciation in price. The infallible sign of a general upward movement in the stock market is the quiet exhausting of the gilt edged bond and stock supply by careful investors. A "Bull" market is in view. The cry "Hold your wheat" has been started again among the Western wheat growers, but we doubt if it will avail much. The same cry has too often proved an injury to the farmer, and if it should not prove so this time it will be because he hasn't much wheat to hold. The price of wheat is certainly low enough to justify the belief that before the next crop is harvested it must advance very considerably. Still, the fact stands that the price is bound to be lower, when there is wheat to sell than when there isn't.

These are not times for sanguine anticipations, yet there is a good deal of sound common-sense in the Wall-street writer's argument. Money will be a drug in the market here in January, as it will be in the States, and the Stock Exchanges generally discount the future at a very early period. As regards wheat, the stocks now kept back will have to come forward sooner or later, and the freight on them is, therefore, certain to be earned by the Companies eventually. The position is one eminently for investors to consider. I do not recommend promiscuous speculation, or the running of "Bull" accounts; but I say again, that any one who secures well-selected investments in Yankee Rails on the present reaction, taking the stock up, will see very considerable profits in the course of two or three months, and the chances are that January will already usher in an upward movement. Grand Trunk stocks have experienced a sharp break in consequence of forced sales of pawned stock and of unfavourable views of the position, there being a probability of a further series of traffic decreases. That, by the way, was fully foreshadowed by me. The guaranteed stock will probably get its full interest this time, but the market estimates that the First Prefs. will get nothing. With reference to Canadian Pacifics, prospects are by no means bright either, but this department is not quite so hopelessly demoralised as the Trunk market, in which hardly a jobber has a sixpence left to call his own.

Atchison and Erie.

With regard to more immediate market influences, the Atchison difficulty will apparently be removed from the list of troubles of the Yankee Market. According to the statements made by the New York correspondent of the *Financial News*, President Reinhart has fully provided for the interest on the "Fours" due on January 1, and there is very little doubt now that the wreckers will be foiled in their attack upon this Company. As a New York contemporary puts it, the Atchison Company carried, with the assistance of the London financial houses, between 5,000,000 dols. and 6,000,000 dols. of floating debt during the recent panic, when everybody knew that there was 7,000,000 dols. of notes coming due in November, but the Board also successfully provided for the extension of those notes. This means at least 12,000,000 dols. of financing through the toughest panic and the most prolonged strain that financiers in the States have ever been called upon to wrestle with. It is a memorable achievement, and one which completely answers the persistent and prejudiced criticism of the people, who can see nothing good in the Atchison Road or the Atchison management. For this reason the Atchison Second Mortgage bonds must be considered remarkably cheap, and the Guarantee Fund Notes are, of course, fully secured, even should a receivership come about, which does not appear at all likely under present circumstances, the period of panic having passed away. The success of the Erie reorganisation would, no doubt, exercise a very favourable influence on the American

Feeding Dogs.—Prof. Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., writes: "A sound, well-balanced canine dietary is the secret of success with 'Spratt's Patent.' I have no hesitation in asserting, with regard to biscuit diet, Spratt's Fibrine Cake is far and away the best in the English market. Some of the dog biscuits I have examined might be composed of pipeclay and sawdust for the nutritive properties they possess. Cheap and dirty means expense and disease." See each "Dog Cake" is stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "X." This is all important.

Market generally. The chief features of the plan which has been drawn up by a Committee of the Erie Board, consisting of Messrs. J. G. McCullough, M. K. Jessup, A. E. Orr, Abram S. Hewitt, J. Lowber Welsh, W. A. Wheelock, and President John King, *ex officio*, have already been stated by me. They consist of the reduction of the interest on the Second Mortgage bonds to 5 per cent. —a further new issue being authorised—in consideration of the bonds receiving full foreclosure powers, the arrangement at present in force not enabling holders to foreclose until six coupons have been defaulted upon. It is, of course, in the interest of the Second Mortgage bondholders that the reorganisation should succeed on account of this very helplessness of theirs in the face of default, but I am, all the same, of the opinion that the shares should bear part of the burden. It may, in fact, be taken for granted that the shares would not have escaped without an assessment, if they were not, as to seven-eights, held on the other side of the Atlantic, while the majority of the "Seconds" are located here. Reorganisation and other committees are becoming too numerous to mention in Wall-street, and some of the boldest of the dissatisfied holders of Kansas Pacific consols are arranging for a committee to petition for the removal of Russell Sage as trustee and the appointment of two new trustees. Russell Sage, since the death of Jay Gould, has been the sole trustee under the mortgage, and the dissatisfied ones maintain that he has failed to comply with the terms of the mortgage in regard to the investment of the proceeds of land sales. He now has, they say, 700,000 dols. or 800,000 dols. cash from land sales which should be used to purchase and retire the consolidated bonds. Purchases of these have been made heretofore as high as 108 and 110, and they are now quoted at 83 to 85. "Brother Sage," says a Wall-street contemporary, "must feel it acutely to have his superior wisdom and judgment questioned in this way by these aggressive and unterrified bondholders of a cold, ungrateful world."

Foreigners and South Americans.

The events of the week in this department have been the announcement of default by Greece and the ratification of the Romero-Rothschild Convention by the Argentine Chamber of Deputies. I have hitherto entertained the view that M. Tricoupis was an honourable man who would not lend himself to any dishonest practices. His last performance has roused general indignation. It is hardest of all upon the Monopoly bondholders, whose special hypothecation is coolly disregarded—a precedent which is extremely dangerous, and is not unnaturally meeting with protests on all sides. If the Greeks do not come to their senses, they ought to have the quotations of their loans expunged by every bourse in Europe. Italians have improved and reacted. There is nothing in the financial or political outlook in Italy to justify any improvement in the Rentes. Spanish have improved, but it is difficult to see any valid reason for this movement. Egyptians and Russians have declined on realisations for French account. The news of the ratification of the Romero-Rothschild Convention for the settlement of the Argentine National Debt has caused Argentine Government stocks to improve, it being understood that similar action by the Senate will follow. In that case it will be possible to pay the interest on the various loans due on January 1 according to the Convention. What this will be for the various loans I fully stated, together with the yield, on November 23. It is to be hoped that the Argentine Government will now also at once proceed to deal with the Railway guarantees, which have been allowed to remain in default for two years, although it had been provided in the original Rothschild agreement that they should be paid in Funding bonds. Considering that these guarantees were entered into by the Government under special contracts, and that they attracted many millions sterling from English investors, they ought really to be redeemed in cash in full. The Argentine Republic has reaped great benefit from the railway system so created with English capital, and it will be impossible to re-establish Argentine credit, unless these guarantees are fairly dealt with. Uruguay bonds are firmer in sympathy with Argentines, and Peruvian Corporation stocks have also recovered from the lowest point touched, the statements made at the meeting being to some extent reassuring. The most active market, however, has been that for Mexican Six per Cent. Government stock, which rose at one time to 68 on repurchases by "Bears" and realisation of profits, reacting to 67¼. The January coupon has now been officially announced, but there is still a nervous feeling about, which will, however, doubtless disappear when the new loan is actually brought out. It has been remarked that at present sellers come forward whenever the quotation approaches 68. Brazilians are firmer on the hope—as yet very slender—that the civil war will come to an end shortly. Chilians are distinctly stronger.

The Kaffir Circus.

The South African Gold Mines are doing as well as the most sanguine could expect, and the Randt Mines send record crushings month after month. Yet there is no activity in the market, and, with the exception of advances of ¼ in Crown Reefs, City and Suburban, Langlaagte, and a few others, dealings have shown great dulness. That pernicious Chartered of South Africa trouble may in part be blamed for the prevailing depression, these shares having now been knocked down to 22 by the unfavourable advices from the seat of war in Matabeleland. Liberties have again been taken by the "Bears," with Glencairns, but that is a very dangerous game in the face of the favourable official advices. The African Gold Recovery Company announce that 36,810 oz. of gold have been recovered by means of their MacArthur-Forrest cyanide process at the Randt, and 3,500 oz. in other districts, total 40,310 oz., during November, being 26½ per cent. of the Randt output for November. How important this process has become to the gold mining industry may be seen from the figures of the Langlaagte Estate Company, which has, mainly through its instrumentality, assumed the premier position as a gold-producer on the Randt. There has of late been a great deal of talk, eagerly fostered in interested quarters, that the validity of the McArthur-Forrest patents will be contested in South Africa. So far, however, no such step has been taken, neither has any one Company as yet refused to pay royalty. It may of course come to that, but the Directors appear to be very confident that they will be victorious in such a contest, being justified on all points by the opinions of eminent experts and counsel. The following letter bears on this and other questions raised in Truth of December 7 by a correspondent signing himself "Jacob":—

Glasgow, December 15, 1893.

Your friend Jacob attaches too much importance to the recent division of a few thousand African Gold Recovery shares amongst the Cassel Co. shareholders. They were spread over nearly a thousand shareholders, and the matter had already been discounted. The present low price of the A. G. R. Co. shares is more attributable to depreciatory rumours about the patents circulated by parties who grudge the moderate royalty charge, and would like to evade payment. It is easy to raise doubts and create alarm, but shareholders should recollect that the patents were thoroughly investigated and approved by counsel when purchased by the various Companies; and those people who have an intimate knowledge of the subject have absolute confidence in their stability. The position and prospects of the African Gold Recovery Company are excellent. The McArthur-Forrest process has created a new industry of great utility, and the increase of the South African returns is mainly due to its instrumentality. The recovery by the process for November is 40,310 oz. as against 38,000 oz. for October. By its means the Langlaagte Estate Company has assumed the position of leading gold producer with 5,820 oz., recovered by cyanide from tailings and concentrates out of a total of 12,039 oz. The Crown Reef Company also won 3,023 oz. by cyanide, and almost every other important Randt Company is deriving benefit. African Gold Recovery shares pay excellent dividends, are cheap at present price, and should advance on merits and prospects.—I am, &c.,

F. N.

The shares of Transvaal Land remain dull in sympathy with Gold Mines. Oceana are absurdly low. The Directors of the Central African and Zoutpansberg Exploration Company have issued their annual report, in which favourable statements are made concerning the exploration and development of the various territories in which the Company is interested and which include large holdings in the Katanga Company, the Companhia

da Zambezia, &c. M. E. Foa, the Company's Manager in East and Central Africa, is shortly expected in this country and will address the shareholders at an early meeting. De Beers and Jagersfontein Diamond shares have improved, but the recovery is so far a feeble one.

Miscellaneous Mines.

The greatly increased number of inquiries which I have received during the past week concerning Mining shares, especially in the miscellaneous department, shows that the public are commencing again to pay attention to the latter. Indian Mines, however, have, so far, been dull, and declines are marked in Mysore, Mysore Reefs, Nundydroog, &c. I still consider the prospects of Gold fields of Mysore as promising. Speaking at the meeting of the Nine Reefs Company, Mr. John Taylor said: "At the South Shaft the Goldfields Company is undoubtedly opening out a very nice mine, one which will be heard of much more before long, and heard of very favourably." Shareholders of the Mysore Company have been favoured with a long pamphlet attacking the policy of the Directors and the Managers. I have several times protested against the heaping up of the capital of the Company, and I believe its affairs should be more economically managed, but if a shareholders' committee is to be formed, as suggested, the very greatest care should be exercised as to its constitution. Generally speaking, I have not much faith in shareholders' committees. A correspondent, signing himself "West Wynaad," sends me a lengthy communication in which the management of the Mysore West and Mysore Wynaad is criticised, and a scheme for amalgamation of these two Companies is propounded. I really cannot find space for this letter, but the matter seems worthy of consideration. Amongst Australian Mines Aladdin's continue to attract attention, the excellent crushings and the richness of the ore, which is now being opened up, justifying higher prices. Both Wentworth Priority and Ordinary shares stand at low and tempting quotations. At the meeting of shareholders of the Carrington (Charters Towers) a very hopeful feeling prevailed, and it is quite on the cards that this will be proved a rich gold-bearing property. Achilles Gold shares have again risen $\frac{1}{16}$ on the announcement of a first crushing of 245 tons for 320 oz. Active dealings have taken place in some of the cheap American Mines. Montanas have recovered to 8s. on the confirmation of the richness of the ore now being crushed. De Lamars have risen 1s. 6d., American Belle and Elkhorn 1s., while Glenrocks and West Argentine have improved. There have also been considerable dealings in La Plata at from 9d. to 1s. It is pointed out that the whole capital at this price represents only £18,000, against which they own their Leadville property, now worked on lease, and 100 claims in Mozambique, the located portion of which the engineer describes as the pick of Massi Kessi Goldfields. From the Holcomb Valley property a further cablegram has been received to the effect that 252 cubic yards treated yielded £30. This shows the gravel to be worth 2s. 4½d. per cubic yard, while the previous return showed a value of only 2s. 1½d. per cubic yard. On the basis of these returns the Company would earn good dividends. The latest advices to hand leave no doubt as to the richness of the gravel, the average of which is even higher than Mr. Pedley's original estimate, which was 2s. per cubic yard. The shares are quoted 9d. to 1s., and are extremely scarce, being considered a good purchase in view of the fact that the Company has ample funds and the shares are fully paid. Other cheap shares, such as Caratals and Idahos, have also been dealt in to a considerable extent. I hear that there is likely to be a considerable movement in Caratals, large purchases having been made by insiders at the recent low prices. El Callao are better, and some hopeful reports are being set about with reference to the Palmarejo. It is to be hoped that the unfortunate shareholders will at last get some good news, but I am not sanguine on the point. Advices from the Springdale Mine continue satisfactory, and it is believed that the results from this property will tend to bring these shares into favour. Mr. Charles Harrison Smith, the liquidator of the unfortunate Ida Gold Mining Company, has not taken any notice of my request that he should make a statement as to when the surplus, which the shareholders have been led to expect, will be returned to the latter. I hereby reiterate my request in the name of several indignant shareholders.

Some Questions Concerning the Jarvis-Conklin Trust.

A great deal of correspondence continues to reach me from holders of Debentures in the Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company, all of whom agree that it is necessary for the holders on this side to act in concert in order to protect their interests. It is also desirable that the greatest publicity should be given to the matter, as, at the meeting of the "C" Debenture-holders, convened by the Trustees (the Law Guarantee and Trust Society) on Thursday last week, Mr. Gray and two other holders complained that they had received no notice of the meeting. The Debenture-holders are certainly not fully alive to the importance of looking after their interest, as out of the £123,000 issued, only £16,650 was represented at the meeting. As under the trust deed one-fifth in value of the bonds issued in the series must be represented to form a quorum (£26,600), no action could be taken last Thursday; but the meeting has been adjourned until Thursday, the 21st inst., at two o'clock, at the offices of the Law Guarantee and Trust Society, when according to the terms of the deed the meeting can come to a binding decision, whether the one-fifth of the value be represented or not. I hope, therefore, that next Thursday the Debenture-holders will make an effort to attend in larger numbers, as affairs have arrived at a very critical stage. The following letter refers to an important point:—

> I have read with great interest the remarks anent this Company in your last issue. With your knowledge, which in matters financial has so often proved to be "extensive and peculiar," you may perhaps be able to solve a question which to me seems inexplicable.
>
> Why do the Law Guarantee and Trust Society persistently refuse to do what they are bound to do under the terms of their trust deed, viz., rescind the assignment of the mortgages they hold in trust for the Debenture-holders? Everybody who knows anything about American law knows that this course, if adopted, would effectually protect us.
>
> There is a reconstruction scheme talked about. Perhaps you know its purport and effect, and whether it be likely to influence our trustees.—Yours, &c.
>
> A "C" Debenture-holder.

As was stated by the Chairman at the meeting, the Trustees hold securities to the value of £123,141, consisting of first charges on mortgages on freehold real estate, together with certificates to the effect that the value of such assets was at least two and a-half times the amount of the advances made upon them, and it is undoubtedly imperative that these assignments should be duly registered. I have been at some trouble to inquire into the matter, and after reading the documentary evidence in an action which has been brought by a "C" Debenture-holder against the Trustees, it is evident to me that the Law Guarantee and Trust Society were advised by their English Counsel to record these mortgages, and that they gave their New York agents orders to carry out this obvious course, although not having seen the trust deed, I cannot say whether it is compulsory on them to do so or not. The correspondence shows that they received a communication from Mr. Jarvis (which is unfortunately omitted from the list of letters), upon which they began to waver in their views upon the necessity of recording. Called upon for their advice the New York agents were ready with all manner of reasons against recording. They wrote that the Trustees were "fairly protected," and that they ran "no considerable risk" (whatever that may mean) in allowing things to remain as they were. In a subsequent letter, which seems to have determined the society not to record, the New York agents stated that they had just seen the receivers, and that "the main serious thing was to re-organise." It appears that they then thought they ought to have some agreement with the receiver about collecting the interest on the mortgages. Then came suddenly the action above referred to, which found the Law Guarantee and Trust Society committed to a course which I cannot help thinking is opposed to their better

judgment. They very properly then appealed to the Debenture holders, but as they have not apparently placed this very important matter of recording the assignment before them, I herewith do so. It is obviously not a question of being "fairly protected." The Debenture-holders ought to insist upon their full rights. As I am writing, the heads of the proposed plan of re-organisation are published, but the English Debenture-holders should not assent to any such scheme without being in possession of the fullest information on the position of the Company, and that can only be obtained by independent investigation. In the meantime it is the duty of the Trustees for the Debenture-holders to see that the latter should be fully protected. That they are not so at present with Messrs. Jarvis and Conklin appointed as sole receivers, and the assignment unrecorded, is obvious, and the Debenture-holders will have themselves to blame if they do not now insist upon a different course being followed. By the way, a correspondent writes to me for information concerning the "Y" series of Debentures of which he is a holder, the New England Safe Deposit and Trust Company being the trustees. Perhaps one of my readers can enlighten him.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

J. A. L.—1. I should prefer the Chilian bonds, there being less risk, although there may also be less recovery than in Brazilians, should the civil war come to an end. 2. You should hold Erie Second Mortgage bonds. The interest will not be scaled down to less than 5 per cent., and the bonds will receive full foreclosure powers. 3. With the measures taken by the Mexican Government to maintain the national credit, the bonds named by you should also be safe. *Nemo, Highbury.*—I should say that the vigorous and universal protest against the scandalous treatment of the Monopoly bondholders by the Greek Government will have some effect. *Military Chaplain.*—New Zealand finances are greatly improved, and these securities may now safely be held. Nor need you for the present sell the other Australian stock. *Archipelago.*—You should hold your Peru Debentures. The selling has been overdone. They might be averaged.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

S. E. Co.—This concern has got well through recent troubles, but I do not care for this kind of investment, and think you would do well to change it for one not open to doubt. *W. P. S.*—Thanks. You may rely upon my following the Jarvis-Conklin matter carefully. *Irish Reader.*—You should have given orders to close the stock when it advanced. This you do not appear to have done. *G. C. Y.*—I have never advised the purchase of American Investment Deferred, but you should not sell now, as most Trust stocks are unduly depreciated, and a recovery is eventually on the cards. *G. E. W.*—I referred to the report on the disastrous New Oriental Bank liquidation last week under "Various Investments," and I am doing so again to-day. *H. C., Boston.*—Both Philip S. Hartley & Co. and Percy Barclay & Co. are syndicate touts. Have nothing to do with them, and read my remarks in last week's issue under "The Syndicate Touts Again." I cannot reply by letter. *Nemo, Blackpool.*—I give you *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—"Don't!" You will find it very difficult to make any money on the cover system with outside brokers. All the men mentioned by you are advertising outside brokers, some of them very shady. I do not know the solicitors. *Inquirer, Naval and Military Club.*—I should not advise you to deal with these people. *Bon Mot.*—1. No; I do not recommend transactions through Percy Barclay & Co. 2. Yes. 3. The system of the syndicate touts was fully commented on in last week's issue under "The Syndicate Touts Again." *Sufferer.*—I note your experience with the Provident Association of London, and shall have more to say about this concern shortly. *Cromedge.* Of the two I should prefer the "Guardian." *Tyse.*—I cannot possibly tell you if these German lottery intermediaries are reliable. Some are and some are not, and I do not recommend this kind of gambling, which is, moreover, illegal in this country.

Home Rails.

Pulteha.—It is not unlikely that the Sheffield stock in question will recover again somewhat, but the stocks referred to by you are undoubtedly more progressive. *S. N.*—Yes, Metropolitan District Railway are a good "lock up" for a substantial rise.

American and Foreign Rails.

Nassau.—I should hold Atlantic Firsts. In any reorganisation of the Erie these will have to be dealt with fairly, and the price should then recover. *S. S. C.*—The Brazilian Railway stocks, Nos. 1 and 2, have chiefly fallen of late through the civil war, and should therefore be held for a recovery. Argentine Great Western Debenture-stock will, of course, benefit by a settlement of the Railway guarantees. Hold these two. *Tyke.*—1. There is no reason to sell your Nitrate Rails now. They have paid you 20 per cent. ever since you bought them. 2. Both New Primrose and Nigel are good Gold Mines, temporarily neglected. One of these days they will advance sharply. *Medicus.*—1. No reason to sell these bonds now. I never liked the Canadian bonds, No. 2, but cannot advise you to sell now after the heavy collapse. *Blackbird, Armagh.*—The Brazilian Railway stocks, Nos. 1 and 2, are rather speculative, as a recovery must depend upon the end of the civil war. Carthage and Adirondeck Four per Cent. Railway Bonds guaranteed by the New York Central (3), at 101, are gilt-edged. You may safely buy No. 4, but No. 5 is more speculative, although progressive. The Brewery shares No. 6 are a fair industrial investment. *Mero.*—It is expected that No. 1 will at no distant period receive the full dividend again. No. 2 is rather speculative owing to the civil war in Brazil, but should do for a "lock up" for a small amount. 3. Grand Rapids and Indiana First Mortgage Seven per Cent. bonds are quoted 112-117, the Muskegon Division Five per Cent. bonds 90-95. *Athenæum.*—All the gilt-edged American Railroad bonds mentioned by me are easily saleable. This applies more especially to New York Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds. Bonds not quoted on the London Stock Exchange are, of course, more difficult to deal in, although they may be perfectly safe and have a market in New York. *Alexis.*—1. Yes, Peruvian Debentures might be averaged. No. 2 is a fair speculation. 3. Always take good profits when you can get them. 4. Erie Second Mortgage bonds should be held. 5. Atchison Guarantee Fund Notes are safe in any case. See remarks under "Atchison and Erie."

Mining Shares.

D. S.—Yes, Buffelsdoorn shares have a good future in view of the rapidly-increasing output. See remarks in last week's issue under "The Kaffir Circus." *Caractacus.*—I must leave you to make the discovery yourself. *Cromer.*—I think all the South African Gold Mining shares mentioned by you should be held. The decline is unjustified, and sooner or later the prices will right themselves again. *D. C. P.*—The shares have fallen in sympathy with the rest of the market, and should be held for a recovery. *A. C. F.*—From the official information, which I have published in the last two issues of Truth under "The Kaffir Circus," you will gather that the position of the Glencairn Mine is not so unsatisfactory as the "Bears" would like to make it out, and with some more patience you will see the shares rise again. Just now the Mining Market is so weak that all kinds of lies are finding ready credence. *Bunker.*—Same reply as above to "A. C. F." as to Glencairn. A stockbroker may only charge commission, not profit, and if he is a member of the Stock Exchange, the committee would interfere. *Constancy.*—You should hold Kimberley Roodepoort for a recovery. *Paul Jones.*—Watch the market carefully, and when South African Mines generally experience a strong recovery, which they will be sure to do sooner or later, take the opportunity to average. *Monmouth.*—All the South African Gold shares in question should be held for recovery. *Pioneer.*—Amongst the most promising coming Mines are South Simmer and Jack at about 20s, and Buffelsdoorn at 22s. 6d. *W. B., Peckham.*—The last news from Balaghat is not particularly encouraging. To the South the Coromandel Company's prospects are improving, but to the North the Nine Reefs workings are disappointing. It may be well to look on for awhile as regards Balaghat shares. 2. There is no option but to hold this stock. *W. W. B.*—I am surprised to hear that Newfoundland Colonisation and Mining shares have recently changed hands in Ireland at 2s. 3d. It is satisfactory to learn that the soil is considered "superior to any in Nova Scotia." *Sergeant, Liverpool.*—The only Great Laxey Mine known on the London Market is the Great Laxey Mining Company, Limited, which owns a silver lead mine in the Isle of Wight. These shares are quoted 2⅜-3¼. *Keynote.*—1. Yes, Nigels look a promising purchase. 2. If you hold Mosman's keep them for the present. They are fully worth the present figure of 4s. 6d. *Monmouth.*—*A.* Hold Glencairns; *b* and *c* should also be held for an improvement. I do not think much of *d*. *Ajax.*—The Forbes Reef Company was previously reconstructed in 1889, and owns a property of upwards of 50,000 acres in extent. The shares at present are unsaleable, but I believe it will pay holders to take their proportion of shares in the new Company. *Loughtonian.*—1. No, don't buy American Belle; buy Macate Gold instead. I see no temptation to buy Nos. 2 and 3, but No. 4 would be a fair "lock up." No. 5 are a fair venture for a small amount, now that the Company's affairs have been thrashed out thoroughly. Wentworth ordinary (6) are cheap. Leave Nos. 7 and 8 alone; buy Holcomb Valley instead, to which I have before referred. 9. Yes, you should claim the certificate. *A Gambler.*—The news from the Holcomb Valley property is very satisfactory, and an advance in the shares seems imminent. *T. T.*—Yes, Caratals should be held for a substantial advance. *Southport.*—Yes, you might average Holcomb Valley, as the news of crushings is favourable.

Industrial Companies.

H. C.—I have already expressed a strong view against the London Music-hall, Limited, in last week's issue under "Various Investments," and I agree with a good deal of what you say, although some of the expressions used by you would, if published, bring you in conflict with the law of libel. *New Reader.*—It is certainly difficult to form any conclusive opinions of such local undertakings. There is, moreover, no market for the shares. *A. D. A.*—I do not care for either of these stocks very much;

but there is no reason to sell now that the price is down so much. *A d.*—Write to the Secretary for the information. It is not to be procured here, as it seems to be a kind of private Company.

Mixed Investments.

Chatham.—You want apparently gilt edged stocks, and might select either from the table of American Railroad Bonds, Class L, published in Truth, November 30, and yielding from 4 to 4½ per cent. per annum; Antofagasta Four per Cent. Debenture stock, at 96; or, if you require a home security, the new issue of Gordon Hotel Four per Cent. Perpetual Debenture stock, already at 3-4 premium, should suit you as a high class investment. *The Indoor Investor.*—1. This kind of financial Company has been very heavily hit, but I should say that it is advisable to hold now. You have no option but to hold the railway stock: there is a chance of a recovery, but you ought never to have invested so much in such a security. The shares you refer to are somewhat speculative; and, after your experience, you ought to put the further money you have to invest into gilt-edged stocks, being satisfied with from 4 to 4½ per cent. interest. See remarks under "The Demand for Gilt edged Stocks." *Bee.*—1. It is impossible to give an opinion of such an industrial concern without special information from investors, and the question is, if you can trust your informant. 2. Gordon Hotels are doing well, The Ordinary shares are a fair industrial investment, and the Debentures gilt-edged. 3. Investors who have bought Brighton "A" should hold them, prospects are brightening. *Doubtful One.*—1. In your position you should spread the investment of the £5,000 over gilt-edged stocks, and be satisfied with moderate interest. My lists of gilt-edged investments and of American Railroad bonds will assist suitable selection. Also see remarks under "The Demand for Gilt-Edged Stocks." 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. I do not like this bank. Withdraw the deposit if you can. Thanks for the extract concerning the Free Church meeting. *Jeremiah.*—No. 1 is a good American bond; No. 2 a fair Brewery investment. I do not like Australian Land Companies of the class of No. 3. *Palla.*—Hold Nos. 1 and 2 for an improvement. No option but to hold Nos. 3 and 4. Things are not so bad as represented. 5. If you mean the Teutonia Gold reconstructed in 1891, this mine is full of water and the shares are unsaleable. 6. Do you mean the Anglo-Argentine Bank? The Gympie Great Eastern (7) is now known as the Australasian. The quotation is 1s. 6d. Prospects disappointing. 8. For the investment of your £3,000—£4,000 see my remarks in to-day's letter under "The Demand for Gilt-edged Stocks." *M. S. T.*—Certainly hold Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Sell Nos. 4 and 5. I do not know anything of the Dairy Company (6). Ask the Secretary. You ought to have sold Salt Union Prefs. (7) long ago when I advised this. Hold Nos. 8 and 9. The Day Dawn Block and Wyndham (10) is not doing well, but if you sell, you will probably not get more than 4s. 6d. Richer stone may be met with at any moment, and at present price it seems a good risk to hold on awhile. The Amador (11) has been liquidated and is now known as the Jackson Goldfields. Sell when the market for the shares becomes active again. *Peter.*—A fair investment, but no catch.

Various Investments.

Silver has hardly moved from the price of 32d. during the week, and Rupee Paper is slightly firmer at 65⅝. There is very little change in other so-called silver securities, Mexican First Prefs. having reacted to 54½, after a temporary improvement. It is evident that it is not so easy to bring home responsibility to Directors even of concerns of the notorious Balfour group, as shown by the result of the actions of the Official Receiver brought against Directors of the Lands Allotment Company. In one of these the defendants were held not to be personally liable as, although they had acted *ultra vires*, there was no evidence of fraud, and in the other action two of the Directors were pronounced as not being responsible, because they had not been present at the meeting when a certain investment was decided upon. Clearly the law on the responsibility of Directors ought to be amended, if this decision is upheld. I have received a communication from Mr. R. Mansell-Jones in which he says that, as inventor and proprietor of the Tyre patents which the Acme Pneumatic Tyre and Brake Company, Limited, was formed to acquire, he had not obtained the stipulated consideration from the promoters, and that he had therefore rescinded the contract. I cannot trouble about the squabbles between vendors and promoters, but if any readers of Truth are shareholders in this concern (which I do not think is the case, as I have throughout warned them not to have anything to do with the various Tyre Companies) they had better look after their interests. The Eastern Empire Music Hall has, as I anticipated, announced a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum in respect of the last quarter's working, payable on January 1, so that purchasers buying this month will get the benefit of the distribution. It is stated that a sum equal to another 7 per cent. on the capital has been carried forward, which makes the shares look cheap at par. A correspondent writes to find fault with the capitalisation of Saville Brothers, Limited, the prospectus of which Company was issued last week, and objects also to the circumstance that the Trustees for the Debenture stock holders should be, in addition to Sir Wm. H. Humphery, Bart., Messrs. E. Savill and Philip Savill themselves. This objection is undoubtedly justified, as such Trustees should always be independent persons. Several communications have reached me concerning the ill-fated New Oriental Bank Corporation, all, of course, commenting in indignant terms on the monstrous state of things disclosed by the reports of the Committee just issued. I expressed my view of this shocking case of mismanagement and irregularity, if not worse, very freely last week, and I hope that responsibility will be fixed where this is possible. A stockbroker calls my attention to the doings of an individual who, after writing on crested notepaper from Reading and subsequently from a West-end Club, and telegraphing an order to sell £1,000 Egyptian Unified and to buy 200 Atchison shares, subsequently disappeared and could not be heard of either at Reading or at the Club. It is believed that this would-be victimiser of stockbrokers is a traveller trying to sell encyclopædias for a London firm. Perhaps the publication of these particulars will act as a warning to other stockbrokers.—Your affectionate Uncle, MOSES.

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QUEER STORY;

A CHRISTMAS CONFLAGRATION.

EVERY country district in England, even at the end of this nineteenth century, nurses its plentiful store of legends and superstitions; but I do not think there is any part where they linger quite so much as in our beautiful and romantic Western counties. There is not a village where you cannot, if you have a mind, pick up half-a-dozen wonderful stories relating to the neighbourhood; hardly a poor man above middle age who is not an interesting raconteur of such things, if you know how to draw him. I myself have always taken a pleasure in doing so when I have had the opportunity; and though, perhaps, not more than one in ten of these legends is worth retaining in one's memory, yet that tenth one is frequently so quaint, so fanciful, and even so dramatic, that it fully counterbalances the tedium of listening to the other nine superstitious commonplaces.

The story which I am now about to relate was picked up in Devonshire several years ago, and is certainly worth repeating on account of an extraordinary modern ending to a very old-standing tale. This ending I can vouch for; because I saw it with my own eyes. While as for the preliminary events, which are said to have occurred early in the last century, I can only assert that they are an article of faith in every poor family on that country side.

Several years ago there stood in the village of P—— a large stone mansion, built in the Jacobean style, which had long been tenantless, and was rapidly falling into decay and ruin. Its situation was delightful, on a rising slope, facing the south, and looking over a fair expanse of park and wood, with a silvery lake in the foreground, and a glimpse, through a break in the trees, of soft, blue distant hills. It was the property of an absentee landlord, who had a larger place in some other county, and who somehow could not find a tenant for this beautiful demesne; his agent

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said because the house was too old-fashioned and the climate too damp; the villagers (whose heads are full of nonsense), because it was haunted.

This latter idea was based on a legend connected with yonder large wood, in the distance, facing you, but slightly on your left as you stand upon the doorstep of P—— Manor. It is named Hawker's Wood, and comprises some seventy acres of excellent timber and brushwood. It is part of the P—— estate, and has been let for several years to a neighbouring landlord, who has the sporting rights over the manor. But the villagers one and all assert that, if people had their due, this Hawker's Wood would be common, for the benefit of the poor in the place. For they say (and nothing will get the idea out of their heads) that one Squire Plarsk, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, made over the said wood by deed, on his death-bed, to certain trustees for the use and benefit of the poorer inhabitants; and that his son Squire George — commonly styled "the wicked Squire" — destroyed the deed in question and appropriated the wood to himself.

This Squire George appears to have been not only dishonest and wicked, but to have been endued with a sort of devilish humour and sardonic sense of dramatic effect. For, instead of burning the deeds then and there, as a less artistic villain would have done, he kept them concealed for some months, until Christmas Day came round; and on that festive occasion, having followed the example of his ancestors from time immemorial and invited his tenantry to the roasting of an ox whole at a huge bonfire in the park, he secretly consigned the packet of suppressed deeds to the flames of the conflagration. The attorney who had drawn them up, and who was a villain second only to his employer, stood by with Squire George and watched the villagers unconsciously celebrating the destruction of their rights, as they danced and sang round the bonfire; and the two men exchanged many diabolical jests appropriate to the situation.

Some said that the knavish attorney had better reason to jest than had his employer; for—so these wiseacres asserted—he had over-reached the Squire and substituted forged documents for the real, intending to retain the latter as a means of levying blackmail in the future. However that may have been, they had never again been produced; and though some few villagers obstinately clung to the conviction that they were still existent, if one only knew where to find them, the large majority adhered to the ordinary legend, that they had actually perished in the flames.

The only punishment, apparently, that fell on the wicked Squire in this life was that of a childless marriage. For he died without leaving any legitimate issue, though more than one poor family in the neighbourhood boasted that the blood of the Plarsks flowed in their plebeian veins. But that he was suffering adequate penalties for his wickedness in the other world was clearly evinced, not merely by the plain pronouncement of Scripture on the fate of such characters, but by a more readily demonstrable proof of the tortures which his unquiet soul endured. This proof was, that every Christmas night, at twelve o'clock precisely, all the windows of P—— Manor lighted up with a sudden blaze, and against the shining background of flame was to be seen the dark form of Squire George in the act of burning the deeds; while a ring of swarthy figures—not innocent country folk now, but hell-born devils—danced round and round with shrieks of unholy merriment.

The old gamekeeper on the estate, an honest and trustworthy fellow, assured me solemnly that, on several occasions, while out night-watching, he had witnessed the scene which has just been described. I did not doubt his good faith in the least; but I had my own theory about the natural phenomena which had probably taken him in, and none the less easily, it might be, because he had been "keeping Christmas." For what more likely than that the flashing of the moon on the windows had dazzled the drowsy watcher's superstitious eyes? Or that the shadows of flitting owls—which infested the old place—had been mistaken by him for human figures; and their weird screeches for the devil's unholy merriment?

I was rash enough to hint this to him, as a possible explanation of what he had seen. But he naturally treated the idea with contemptuous scorn.

"Nay, nay, sir," he answered, with a shake of his hoary head. "If you'd jest seen it yourself you'd never talk such silliness as that! Besides, don't you think I've been out often enough at night to know what the moon shining on windows is like, and to be tol'bly well acquainted with the hoot of an owlet? No, no, Master Charles; you take me for a fool, I'm thinking."

"Not at all, Bracebagge," I said, apologetically. "I know you to be very far from that. But I confess I should like to see this wonderful spectacle with my own eyes."

"Would you really, now?" he inquired, fixing his eyes upon me.

"I should, indeed," I repeated, emphatically.

"Well," he said, slowly, "if that's really your mind, I don't know why you shouldn't. Christmas Day will be here in less than a week, and, should you be agreeable, I'd take you out and show you the sight from the same point where I've seed it from myself three times. Then you'd be sure there's no mistake."

"Done!" cried I. "I'm your man, Bracebagge." And then I added, as I thought I detected a curious look in his eye, "All fair and square, of course? You won't play a trick upon me, by sending some of your friends into the Manor House with lights or anything of that sort?"

He smiled, rather scornfully.

"Practical jokes ain't my way," he answered. "Least of all would I jest wi' such a fearsome subject as the flames of eternal torment. You may trust me, Master Charles. I give you my promise."

This quite satisfied me, for I knew my old friend to be probity itself. I, therefore, arranged with him definitely, before I left his cottage that evening, to make our projected little excursion on the night of Christmas Day. As I walked home after doing so, I reflected to myself that it was a foolish and somewhat fatuous undertaking; for, of course, the apparition of Squire George and his attendant evil sprites, against a background of supernatural fire, was sheer nonsense—utter impossibility. At the same time, I must confess that when the appointed day and hour arrived, I did feel just a little bit excited, and not quite as calm or confident as sober reason would have had me be.

I called for old Bracebagge at his cottage, and we walked together to our intended point of view, a grassy knoll surmounted by a clump of beeches, exactly facing the manor house, and about three hundred yards away. Here there was nothing to intercept our line of sight, not even a tree; so we seated ourselves upon the waterproof rug which I had brought out with me, lit our pipes, and waited, for it still wanted nearly half-an-hour of midnight.

It was rather a windy night, and the whistling of the wind in the woods at our back caused a decidedly eerie sound. My companion, also—in order, perhaps, to work up my mind to a more receptive pitch—beguiled the interval by relating all the most gruesome and thrilling supernatural legends that he could produce from the capacious store-room of his memory. And I won't deny that I began to feel a trifle creepy. I tried to shake the sensation off, but without effect, and at last I became quite ridiculously nervous.

Before he had finished his last yarn, over which he was awfully and solemnly deliberate, the church clock struck twelve, its clanging tones being borne to us with an almost startling distinctness on the breath of the rising gale.

"Now," I interrupted him, laying my hand upon his arm, and giving vent to a very forced laugh, "now, I suppose, we may expect the Squire and his evil spirits—eh?"

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"They'll not be long," he answered, solemnly. "And when they come, you'll not laugh no more."

Five—ten—fifteen minutes went by. The old Manor House stood there, sombre and dark before us, a black obstructing mass against the starlit sky. Not a sign of light or flame was to be seen. The uniform blackness of the gloomy mansion was unbroken from end to end . . . . Of course, I might have known—I *did* know—that this would be the case. I never expected anything else. For all those nonsensical tales about Squire George's Ghost, and—ha! Old Bracebagge gripped my wrist, and, pointing to the house, said in an impressive whisper:—

"Look, Master Charles! Look!"

With a sudden, thrilling sensation, which I cannot attempt to describe, I saw a strange, weird light flash brightly in the great window of the central hall. I rubbed my eyes and fixed them intently on the spectacle, to assure myself that it was not some trick of my imagination. The light rapidly increased; in a minute or two I could see flames leaping in the hall, showing up its interior with vivid distinctness. There loomed the dark, oak staircase, in the very middle, it seemed, of the blaze; there, the mammoth statue of the original Squire Plarsk in a niche on the opposite wall; there, the ponderous chandelier suspended from a massive beam in the ceiling.

We watched this wonderful sight, spellbound. The blaze spread with extraordinary quickness to the rooms on either side of the hall, and by-and-by they were flashing in the windows on the first floor. My companion gripped my arm again, and this time I could not restrain a shudder. For in the room above the doorway—the room which was always pointed out as Squire George's bedchamber—dark figures were visible, hurrying to and fro, and giving utterance to the most blood-curdling shrieks that ever smote on mortal ear.

"That be no owlet's screeching, be it?" whispered old Bracebagge to me, with a touch of triumph in his tone.

I shook my head. I could not speak. My whole attention was riveted on the awe-inspiring sight. Lurid smoke was now rolling up in dense columns to the sky; the roaring and crackling of the flames resounded clearly; and yes! there was the crash-crash-crash of glass, as the fire burst through the huge panes of the windows. Then the shrieking of the demons took a definite form—an articulate sound. And "Help!" "Help!" "Help!" was dinned into my ears in tones of agonised terror.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling, an intense conviction, born in a moment, that I was witnessing no supernatural flames, I sprang to my feet.

"See! see!" I cried. "The manor is really on fire; and there are men within being burnt to death. We must try to save them."

Old Bracebagge endeavoured to restrain me. He evidently thought that I was mad to entertain such an idea. But I shook myself free from his detaining hand, and started to run across the intervening stretch of meadow. As I neared the manor and felt the warm breath of the flames on my cheek, I saw one of the shrieking figures leap from the upstairs window and fall with a thud to the earth. Then, except for the roaring of the fire, silence!

I rushed in, scarcely able to bear the scorching heat and nearly blinded by the smoke, to the place where I saw him fall. A man's helpless figure lay huddled on the doorstep. Half dragging, half carrying, I staggered with this burden to a safe distance from the fire and laid it down upon the lawn, just as old Bracebagge came up.

"By the powers," he exclaimed, as he bent down and examined the prostrate man's face "if it bean't poor Tummas Node!"

* * * * *

The man Node, although severely scorched by the fire and badly damaged by his leap from the window, ultimately recovered. And it was from his lips that we learned the explanation of the above startling episode.

It appeared that he was one of the small knot of villagers upon whom the alternative form of the legend—viz., that the deeds were still existent—had taken a strong hold. And he had got it into his head, somehow or other, that they were lying concealed in the manor house, and that the aim and object of Squire George's annual apparition on Christmas night was to point out to the villagers where they lay hidden; for that, until they were unearthed and justice done, his troubled spirit would never be allowed to rest.

He had brooded over this for some months, and had half decided to put his belief to the test by secreting himself in the manor on the night of the next Christmas. It is probable, however, that he would not have found courage for this—to him—perilous venture, had it not been for the following circumstances.

He himself and a companion still more wild, by name Jem Mace, had been caught, for the third time, asserting their rights to Hawker's Wood by appropriating certain pheasants from that covert. For this offence they were sent to hard labour for fourteen days, and their term expired about a week before Christmas. Smarting freshly from the sting of their wrongs, they vowed most solemnly that, if only to spite their persecutor, they would dare the desperate deed and conceal themselves in P—— Manor on the approaching Christmas night.

They had both been on the drink since their incarceration, and thus were more than usually reckless. Moreover, to fortify themselves yet further, they had taken a bottle of spirits with them on their momentous expedition. Not finding the Squire and his attendant devils turn up as soon as expected, they organised a search on their own account, and actually happened upon a hollow panel near the head of the stairs, close to the place where the deeds were supposed by some to be concealed in an iron-clamped oak chest, minutely described by the legend-mongers.

They forced the panel with their tools, and—much to their surprise, Node confessed—*did* unearth an oak chest nearly corresponding to that of the story. And what is more, on prising it open, they found it full of legal documents of various kinds—one packet of which, after careful examination, Node's companion confidently declared to be the deeds for which they were searching. They left the other papers littered about the stairs, and taking the precious packet into the nearest room, sat down there to drink to their marvellous discovery.

What happened exactly after that Node could not coherently explain; he was too drunk to have grasped anything. He supposes, however, that sparks from their pipes must have fallen on some of the papers, and so started the fire. At any rate, when they realised their danger and tried to escape, they found the staircase in flames. . . . . Node escaped, as I have described. Poor Mace, who seems to have been more hopelessly intoxicated, was left lying senseless on the floor, and perished in the flames. And it goes without saying that all the papers were destroyed.

Sceptical people threw doubt on Node's story. And I myself, as far as I could gather, should suppose that Jem Mace had scarcely been in the state to pronounce accurately on the contents of a legal document; especially as, by the older custom, it would have been engrossed in Gothic characters. This, however, has to be admitted—that among the débris on the stone floor of the hall a number of iron clamps and a very old-fashioned padlock, such as was much used in those days for strong boxes, were actually found.

There is one point to record more peculiar still. When old Bracebagge learned that it was Jem Mace who had met with such an awful end, he said to me: "You can't deny that the Almighty's finger is in *that*, anyways, Master Charles!"

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Don't you know?" he explained. "Squire George had never no child by his wedded wife. But he got my

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lady's maid into trouble; and what came of it was—Jem Mace's grandfather!"

Further investigation satisfied me that this was quite correct.

MUSIC.

THE DEPARTING SEASON.

ALTHOUGH Academy performances are not usually very exhilarating functions, yet they are always welcome to at least one small section of the musical community, for they mark the close of the season. This year the honours have fallen to the Royal College and the Guildhall School. The Royal Academy people do not appear to have bestirred themselves very much, for they do not give any operatic performance this winter at all, and their concert programme, apart from a couple of short pieces by students, was chiefly made up of pianoforte concertos, in one of which Miss Sybil Palliser, a promising young daughter of the late Sir William Palliser, was announced. The Royal College Directors, on the other hand, have given a creditable representation of Schumann's only opera, "Genoveva," and also announce an orchestral concert, while the Guildhall students are about to represent "Philémon et Baucis" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and last week they gave the first hearing within living memory to Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety. Sir J. Barnby, who on the whole secured an excellent performance, was apparently playing against time, and the rapid pace at which he started some of the numbers seemed to indicate his fears lest the winning post should not be passed before eleven o'clock, the hour at which he had mentally undertaken to send the young people home to their beds. It is a remarkable fact that out of the nine ladies independently chosen as the best in the school to undertake the chief female parts in the "Messiah," five were pupils of Mr. Hermann Klein, while two of the others merely took part in the duet, "O Death, where is thy Sting?" which, so far as this deponent goeth, may now safely be relegated to the oblivion to which Sir Michael Costa assigned it. Indeed, the experiment of giving the "Messiah" in its entirety once tried need not be repeated, except, perhaps, at the Handel Festival, where people want a good deal for their money. Even at the record pace occasionally adopted by the conductor few of us would care to do another three and a-half hours of this music.

The departing season has been notable for the enormous amount of money spent upon music during the autumn. It is curious that a dull season should be the best of all for concerts, but the fact is indisputable. Of course, it is easy to explain the thing away. During the "mourning" seasons for the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Clarence it was very readily, and perhaps very truly, said that music was benefited at the expense of the theatres. But so far as the recent autumn is concerned there has been dulness everywhere, save at concerts. No doubt the good time which music has enjoyed has to a certain extent been attributable to the absence of competition. As this year there is no Signor Lago in the field, Sir A. Harris has not attempted opera at all. The crowd of impecunious and other Continental pianists and performers who annually invade this capital have, moreover, this winter been discouraged by the concert agents, so that the serial concerts have had a practical monopoly. The London Symphony, Albert Hall, Crystal Palace, and others have, consequently, enjoyed piping times, while the Popular Concerts, although, as usual, the subscribers have displayed their usual lack of interest in the novelties and the new artists, for which they are perpetually clamouring, have had some fine houses, the largest, of course, on the Paderewski night.

News came from Berlin on Monday that Dr. von Bülow had suffered a relapse, and that his case was considered almost hopeless. Many, no doubt, have felt the sharpness of the doctor's caustic tongue, but he has for nearly a quarter of a century been one of the foremost personages of musical Germany, and every one will hope that the alarmist reports as to his state of health will prove to be exaggerative.

The Philharmonic Society, despite the fact that their dates had already been fixed elsewhere, have resolved, during the forthcoming season, to give their concerts at the new Queen's Hall, whither also the Bach Choir have removed, and where Mr. Boosey, a week or two hence, proposes to try a ballad concert. That the Philharmonic, the oldest and most conservative of our musical institutions, should thus depart from St. James's Hall, is a matter which will, I fancy, not escape the notice of the directors of the Piccadilly building. It is surely within the wisdom of British architecture to ventilate the old building without in the winter causing the winds of heaven to whistle across the hall, and in the summer without extracting the needful fresh air from the room. The chief trouble, as the neophyte almost might perceive, lies with the never-used entrance on the left, or Regent-street side, of the orchestra. This place ought to be bricked-up; but, instead, a curtain is hung across the door, and the draft is such that whenever any of the end doors are opened people who have paid half-a-guinea for their seats are compelled to muffle themselves up in furs or overcoats. When St. James's Hall enjoyed a monopoly of fashionable concert-going this was all very well, but now that the warmed corridors and luxurious fauteuils of the Queen's Hall have given people an idea of what comfort really means, to suppose that delicate ladies will be willing to clothe themselves as for a sleigh drive in order to listen to classical music is absurd. Many of us have a sort of home affection for St. James's Hall, hallowed as the building is by thirty years' recollections of the best music heard within its walls. We may, therefore, fairly again ask whether it be really quite beyond the resources of British genius to prevent the winter draughts and summer stuffiness, the dinner smells, and the sounds of quadrille bands and Christy Minstrels heard in the midst of the most delicate violin solos.

The recent Bristol Festival has resulted in so serious a deficit that it has been found necessary to call up 45 per cent. of the guarantee. Meanwhile, at the meeting last Thursday the situation was boldly faced, and the Committee were requested to bring up speedily a scheme by which the affair might become self supporting. This it certainly never can be while the present absurd plan is continued of importing a band from Manchester for a few days, and taking no successful steps to introduce novelties. After the last Festival an official notification was issued to the effect that the negotiations for novelties had proved abortive, as in fact they always will be until a resident band is retained to adequately rehearse British music. Meanwhile, Bristol, one of the greatest cities in England for choirs, already has a local orchestra, which the adherents of the Manchester band will not support, while the local patriots who pay for Riseley's concerts avoid the festival. It ought certainly not to be difficult to reconcile the two conflicting elements. As to the alleged statement of the chairman that the Bristol people "obtained at an average of 8s. 7d. a concert which cost 13s. 2d. to provide," if the figures be correctly quoted, the reason of the deficit is obvious. The expenses are far too great. At the Albert Hall, where the best choral concerts in the world are given, the average is less than 4s., and at the Crystal Palace little more than 2s. a head. To suppose that any concerts can possibly pay at a cost of 13s. 2d. a head is supremely ridiculous.

The brains of Dr. Boïto and Signor Sonzogno—and,

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erhaps, what is more to the purpose when such hopeless mateurs with firearms as these two excellent musicians re considered, the brains of their seconds are safe on heir heads, and Europe has been spared the spectacle of wo respected men of middle age popping at one another n account of a mere criticism upon an opera about hich probably not one Italian in a hundred cares a straw. Dueling, as exercised in *bonne vieille* days, is always more aughter provoking than dangerous; but when two grey-aired and respectable men of music propose to indulge in hese escapades, it is high time that the weapons should e limited to the wooden swords of the jesters of old, or he air bladders of the clowns of a modern circus. The redit of stopping this nonsense is due to Signor Giulio icordi, the music publisher, and the only man who, in absurd a business, seems to have kept his level head.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is back again from Coburg, but will eturn to Berlin next month for the final rehearsals of Ivanhoe."

That rising young musician Mr. Edward German con-ucted the final Crystal Palace concert on Saturday, when is own Symphony, produced at the last Norwich Festival, as repeated, the slow movement and scherzo again roving the favourites. The concerts are now suspended ll February 17, by which time the pantomime will be ver and Mr. Manns will be back from Scotland. The ief novelty of the new season will be Dr. Dvorák's Fifth ymphony, which, despite its author's recent manifestoes, ill not, I learn, be based on American negro melodies.

An amusing story is told about Herr Brückner, one f whose symphonies Dr. Richter has introduced here, hile another, recently given at Vienna and lasting a hole evening, is happily yet unknown in this capital. err Brückner, it is said, had appeared before the ustrian Emperor, who, in accordance with custom, ade him make any request he might choose. Herr rückner, it is alleged, in reply, asked Francis Joseph order Professor Hanslick, musical critic of the *Neue Freie Press*, to write a little more favourably of the rückner compositions. What the Emperor thought, and so what Dr. Hanslick would have replied had the order een given, can only be conjectured.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—That "History repeats itself," which is supposed to be a French maxim, and which certainly is to be found in Montaigne, robably forced itself as a reflection upon the earliest istorians, and is anyway expressed in these very words by hucydides. It is necessarily true of any people whose haracter and environment are both fixed. As nothing ould be more fixed than the character and environment of he Irish, nothing can be more dismally monotonous than heir history, which goes round and round, like the hildren of Israel in the wilderness, always moving, but ever advancing, in a Dantesque "Inferno" circle. (By he way, I might say in passing that a cheap edition, s. 6d., of Carey's translation of the "Purgatory and aradise" (1), with Doré's illustrations, might commend self to you as an appropriate Christmas present.) But o return to Ireland: I could not help thinking, as I read Ir. Barry O'Brien's magnificent edition of "Theobald Wolfe Tone's Autobiography" (2), how fate has fought always against all external attempts to wrench that country out of this pit of wretchedness; while all internal attempts thereat in every generation for seven centuries have been foiled by a single masterly policy, "*Divide et impera*." But is it masterly? Surely Goethe is right when he says it is the policy of a hand to mouth politician rather than of a far seeing and far reaching statesman.

> "Divide and rule!" the politician cries:
> "Unite and lead!" is the watchword of the wise.

To me the diplomacy by which Wolfe Tone united and led the Catholic and the Presbyterian is even more striking than the diplomacy by which he obtained from France those fleets and armies, while both contute the Duke of Argyll's really grotesque estimate of this "low adventurer." The Duke of Wellington, though as prejudiced politically against Wolfe Tone as the Duke of Argyll himself, formed a very different estimate of the man:—

> "Wolfe Tone," he says, "was a most extraordinary man, and his history is the most curious history of those times. With a hundred guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended, he went to Paris in order to overturn the British Government in Ireland. He asked for a large force, Lord Edward Fitzgerald for a small one. They listened to Tone."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, again, though no less prejudiced, is much more competent to speak to Tone's character and career than the Duke of Argyll, and he speaks to them thus:—

> Though Wolfe Tone's name is little known among Englishmen, he, brave, adventurous, sanguine, fertile in resource, buoyant under misfortune, was near being as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome.

Englishmen have now an opportunity of judging between these conflicting witnesses and of reading "the most curious history of those times" in as ably edited and as finely got up an edition of the "Autobiography" as the heart of man could wish for. Another autobiographical work that I am sure would interest you is "Essays, Speeches, Memoirs, and Correspondence of Moltke" (3). It is most astonishing, and to men of middle age encouraging, to think that if Moltke had died at sixty-seven he would have been known chiefly or only as a fifth-rate author! And the fifth-rate author too may derive encouragement from finding that Moltke got sixty years ago from his German publisher precisely the same letter that every English publisher to-day writes to every English author:—

> "All the sorrows of a young author who is spoiling for a publisher have visited me," writes young Moltke. "Thoroughly impressed by the value of our work, we are astonished to hear the booksellers talk of unsuccessful ventures, of the depressed condition of the book trade to which we have just purposed to add a new impetus by our manuscript."

These volumes, I ought to say, contradict the Field-Marshal's own modest estimate of the interest of his early years.

> "Fate willed," he writes to a would-be biographer, "that I was not to be placed in such circumstances as to excite universal interest till I was advanced in age. Nobody would be interested in my earlier years."

Of another statement in the same letter:—

> "The character of a man is a riddle difficult to solve, even for his relations, how much more so for strangers,"

I am reminded in reading an extremely interesting book, "Voltaire's Visit to England, 1726-1729" (4). Sam Johnson, who was what he loved, "a good hater," and who had a truly Christian hatred of Voltaire, states positively:—

> Pope discovered by a trick that Voltaire was a spy for the Court, and never considered him a man worthy of confidence.

His authority was probably Ruffhead, and Ruffhead's authority was probably Warburton; yet the scandal is

(1) "The Vision of Purgatory and Paradise." By Dante Alighieri. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Carey, M.A., and Illustrated by Sixty Designs by Gustave Doré. (Popular edition.) (London: Cassell & Co.)
(2) "The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone." 1763-1793. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien. Two vols. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)
(3) "Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke." The Essays Translated by Charles Flint McClumpha, Ph.D.; the Speeches by Major C. Barter, D.A.A.G.; and the Memoirs by Mary Herms. Two vols. (London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)
(4) "Voltaire's Visit to England." 1726-1729. By Archibald Ballantyne. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.).
(5) "A Song for the Season" and other Poems. By Geoffrey Lane. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)
(6) "Escarlamonde" and other Poems. By Douglas Ainslie. (London: George Bell & Sons.)

SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE OF SUPERIOR MERIT.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer has immense sales everywhere. It never fails to restore grey hair to its natural colour and beauty.

false on the face of it. Is it credible, or even conceivable, that so malign a man as Pope, with a pen like a stiletto, should have written always so highly of Voltaire if he had believed the Frenchman's friendship to have been espionage? Apropos of Pope and Voltaire, it is odd that Mr. Ballantyne does not himself see the bearing and the humour of Bolingbroke's comparative criticism of the French and English poets. "They are," said Bolingbroke, "the two finest geniuses in Europe; but there is much more philosophy in the head of the English poet than in Voltaire." The philosophy is, of course, to be found in the "Essay on Man," and the whole substance of the Essay was supplied to Pope by Bolingbroke. Hence what Bolingbroke pronounced so fine a picture was but the reflection of his own face in a glass. Mr. Churton Collins does not evince a similar complacency upon finding himself, as he supposes, Poped and pumped by Mr. Ballantyne. "My thunder by G——!" he shouts in the "Athenæum." I must say, however, that Mr. Ballantyne seems to have disposed of the charge that he simply expanded in his "Voltaire's Visit to England," Mr. Collins's "Voltaire in England," without acknowledgment or substantial enhancement. Finally, let me recommend to you an exceedingly smart, but cynical, volume of verse, "A Song for the Season" (*), which holds the mirror up to society and certainly "shows Scorn her own image." "Escarlamonde" (*), too, will, I think, please you by, perhaps, its very ambition, for ambition is a virtue in a young poet. Perhaps time may prove him what he claims to be, the avatar of Tibullus.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND B. O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—We have done so much and seen so much since last I wrote that I have plenty to tell you in this letter. On Monday afternoon we attended the entertainment provided at the Chelsea Town-hall by Mr. Harrison Watson for the charity which provides some poor East-end children with breakfasts and dinners in the winter. The programme, very prettily got up in pale pink and blue, set forth the names of no less than thirty-one different artists, who nearly all fulfilled their promise of giving their services for the charity. The hall itself was filled with little round tables, quite in the style of a real *café chantant*, so that the audience could sit comfortably and have tea or coffee while they were amused by the shifting scene upon the stage, which, by the way, was prettily decorated with palms and shaded lamps, a large centre piece being in preparation for the dance which is to take place on January 8 for the same charity. Miss Cissy Loftus delighted us with her clever imitations of some well-known artists, and we were glad to hear the Fisher-Parkoa duettists, of whom we had heard so much, and Mr. Gus Elen, whose coster songs have made such an impression. Miss Kate James did her clever doll dance. Two little girls, the sisters Germaine, danced very gracefully in Japanese costume, and sang in sweet childish voices some little ditty which they timed with their fans. They also executed later in the programme a very pretty skirt dance, which brought down the house. Miss Nancy McIntosh, Miss Edith Chester, and Miss Letty Lind were unable to be present, but we had some charming singing by Mr. Sydney Barraclough, Madame Hope Glenn, Miss Agnes Janson, and Mr. Hirwen Jones. Punch and Judy was provided for the youngsters. The arrangements were excellent. Nice girls in dark skirts, long white aprons, and pink or blue blouses of striped silk crépon, with Alsatian bows to match in the hair, waited on the visitors, and found some difficulty in threading their way with cups and saucers among the crowd that surged round the platform. Mrs. Vincent Glass's new "Olde Tyme Dance," specially arranged for this occasion, was extremely pretty, the girls dancing round a tree trunk covered with ivy and crowned with shaded roses, which was placed in the centre of the stage. This and her well-known Royal minuet, danced in powder costume by her pupils, and played upon by the lime-light in all sorts of beautiful colours, were thoroughly appreciated by a very smart audience. Mr. Luther Munday was stage manager, the excellence of the arrangements including even those for reaching one's carriage or obtaining a cab with ease.

On Thursday evening we went to the Prince's Cinderella, and found floor and band all that could be desired. The attendance was not large, numbers of people who had taken tickets being unable to be present because of the prevalence of influenza. This disagreeable ailment was the principal topic of conversation, rivalling even the weather in universality. The absentees, however, left all the more room for dancing, and I have never seen the Barn dance to better advantage on this account. Many of the dresses were very fresh and pretty. One particularly was much admired, being a poetic mingling of white satin, the same material in pale yellow, green crêpe, and ruches of violets, these forming a border to the vandykes in which the crêpe overskirt ended over the yellow satin. A little bunch of violets was tucked into the beautiful hair of the wearer, who was one of the best dancers in the room. A tall, fair woman looked brilliant in petunia velvet and satin. Blondes should be grateful to all such tints as these, so well do they set forth soft flesh tints of pink and cream. Pale brocade, with jewel-like gleams of blue, pearl, and opal, the seams sewn with sequins, was worn by a lady with one of those interesting faces that one never tires of looking at. Soft laces fell from the short sleeves over her arms, and drooped from the shoulders over the bodice. We liked a dress, very plainly made, of white satin hemmed with beaver and edged with the fur round shoulders and seams. A tall girl, with a good figure, who danced well, wore pink tulle and brown velvet—a very good combination. The orchestra looked very picturesque with abundant green leafage and tall lamps shaded with gold and crimson, the red coats of the "Bijou" musicians adding a fine note of colour to the scene. Upstairs among the pictures was the buffet, tended by the white-clad maidens of the Oriental Association, and decorated with large, lovely pale mauve and yellow chrysanthemums.

The next day we went with Mrs. Fourstars to Parkins & Gotto's to choose toys for the children. They have such lovely ones there—really good, you know—and one can obtain duplicates of old favourites, which is always an advantage, as children get so attached to their toys, and are so conservative about them, in one sense of the word. If an accident happens to a cherished woolly dog that walks and barks, or to a pair of kittens that mew and play the violin, there is wailing and sorrow in some nurseries I know, only to be mitigated by the production of a *fac-simile*. One of the new toys we saw was Robinson Crusoe, a fur-clad figure, with a pair of hatchets in his belt, his umbrella in one hand, and a spear for fishing in the other. Crusoe turns his head, whirls his umbrella, and digs imaginary fish with his spear. The Jumping kangaroo is a mechanical toy, which exactly imitates the rather ungainly motions of the zoological emblem of Australia. The animal is very well modelled and covered with skin of the natural grey tint. The Guards' Band is a delightful toy. The musicians, in correct uniform, with their music-stands, are grouped round a bank, on which stands the conductor, under a tree. They play "God Save the Queen," and a bit from "Cavalleria." The Royal Circus will be a source of endless amusement to the fortunate children who are given it. It has a revolving platform which, when set in motion, works the music supposed to be supplied by a miniature orchestra on an elevated plateau. There are horses in every attitude of the manège, clowns, riding-

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masters, grooms and equestrians, flags, trapeze, &c., all of which can be arranged and re-arranged by the small proprietors, who can thus devise and carry out a quite extensive programme. The new racing game "Ascot" appeals as much to the adult as the child. It is a long green baize racecourse, perfectly straight, and the horses, whether moved by clockwork or by an ingenious arrangement of winding thread, never come in twice in exactly the same order, and during the race itself precede each other or fall behind with all the fluctuating uncertainty of a real race. The Ostrich Farm is a most interesting toy, and the Tiger and Elephant Hunts are equally so. The Eastern Showman, with his dancing bear, monkey grinding the organ, and another monkey riding the camel, is very clever. We lingered, fascinated, over the dolls' houses, a very large one, completely furnished and fitted with electric bells, subjugating us completely. On the dinner table, fully laid, were decanters and glasses full of sherry, which can never be emptied. Near the houses we saw a walking doll, which, with a little assistance from its small human mother, moves its feet in the slow, cautious way in which some babies learn to walk. This doll also moves its head while walking. Very clever, indeed, is the Sleepy Banjoist, a beautifully-dressed boy player with grotesquely blackened face. When wound up he begins to play, but gradually drops off to sleep, his eyes closing and his fingers dropping away from the keys. The call-boy's bell is heard, when the banjoist half wakes, but shuts his eyes again. Another bell rouses him a little more, but his eyes close, and he seems so overcome with sleep that it is quite infectious. At the third sound of the bell, he wakes up and begins to play again. Pierrot and Pierrette are a pair of the same order, the movements being very good. They play the violin to each other, the heads moving, Pierrette kissing a white-gloved hand and dangling a daintily-shod little foot. A French chef cutting a water-melon is also amusingly realistic.

On Thursday afternoon we went to see the Earl of Essex married to the beautiful Miss Grant, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride looked very pretty, but her following of small children wore rather theatrical costumes. There was a very smart congregation, the American colony being well in evidence. The long pelisse reigned supreme among the guests, the one Duchess present (indigenous to American soil) wearing one in black moiré, trimmed with sable. Another well-known Transatlantic belle had her pelisse in grey-blue velvet and sable. Two beautiful Englishwomen wore respectively a bright green watered velvet pelisse and one in rhododendron pink velvet. You may imagine from this short sketch what a brilliantly garbed congregation it was. Most of the hats were large and of the "picture" order. One of the exceptions was a bonnet of green velvet and violets, worn with a grey velvet costume, sable-trimmed, by an American lady. Velvet was worn by the mile at that wedding, and fur by the furlong. As to the diamonds—well, you must just in your own imagination pin them into every pair of bonnet-strings, fasten the feathers into hats with them, clasp laces and furs on every neck with them, and when you have thought of every conceivable position for them, add a supplementary scatter of the gems, not forgetting to decorate one of the guests with a long chain of them, probably intended to support a muff, though none was worn.

I went with a little, little pocket-handkerchief to the Comedy Theatre the other evening, not knowing that I should want an ample supply of cambric, though we had been told that Miss Winifred Emery makes her audience weep, and sheds real tears herself every night in "Sowing the Wind." I am one of the comfortably hard-hearted people who can sit through the ordinary tragedy without the slightest emotional disturbance, but on this occasion I discovered that lace is a very disagreeable material for drying one's tears upon. We were favoured, by the way, with a sight of the book of words for the matinées of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with illustrations by Hugh Thomson. The pictures are charming, even the rats being invested with an individuality of their own, while the children are so quaint, so chubby, so altogether delicious, that no "grown up" can look at them without immediately wearing a smile or executing a laugh.

I happened to see a beautiful gown at Mrs. Blackborne's the other day that had just been finished for Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The material was a very handsome brocade, the ground a pale pink, subdued still further by a design in curved lines in pure, silvery white. A small carnation in two shades of red, the stem and leaves in green, was brocaded upon this ground. The skirt was very full, the side seams opening over fluted satin of the deep carnation pink, and caught with cut crystal beads. A ruche of the satin showed a little at the edge of the dress, and gave a very pretty effect. The bodice of the brocade, draped across, had a shaped berthe of the deep satin edged with crystals, and veiled with very fine old Mechlin lace, which looked its loveliest upon the satin.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Here we are face to face with another Christmas, and what a short time it seems since the last! We only really arrive at a just appreciation of the swiftness of the flight of time when somewhat advanced towards the middle distance in the valley of years. Time begins to pass so quickly then, compared to its happy, leisurely way of progressing in the days of childhood and early youth. One wonders if old age is all a whirl? Though the old look so sedate and slow, are the years carrying them along as on the wings of the wind?

There is no doubt that Father Christmas is not up to date with his ideas of jollity and frolicsomeness, his wreathed brows and wassail bowl, and his general air of rejoicing. He surely proclaims life to be worth living, and not that only, but worth enjoying also. He defies the most aggressive pessimism, and boldly confronting a correct gloom and modish despair, comes up in his own time and place, year after year, smiling and unconquerable. The confidence of a good backing inspires him, than which none can be greater. Even at the end of the doubting, desponding, cynically-disposed nineteenth century, can it be doubted that he would be returned by an overwhelming majority were he to stand election for his place. So long as there are children Father Christmas, with all his works and pomps, has us securely in his grip. Let us writhe as we may under his institutions, including plum-pudding and mince-pies, we must, more than metaphorically, swallow them. While we grin and bear it, however, the children laugh, and if nothing else be wholesome at Christmas their laughter is.

Of course you are shopping hard still, hardest of all during this week, probably. For is it not the most striking peculiarity of Christmas shopping, that no matter how soon one begins it there is always the same overwhelming amount to be done at the end? I often wonder if it would answer just as well to begin at the end. Not to have time for weighing and balancing, above all for doubt. It is difficult enough, as a general rule, to know what one wants one's self, but when, as at Christmas time, one has to try and think of what everyone else wants is it not too dreadful? One undertakes, as it were, a kind of variety entertainment in putting one's self in everybody else's place, and then working out the situation. And how excruciating the effect on the brain! The bothered, bewildered state that one is in after a day spent in all sorts of different shops trying to make purchases from the different points of view of all one's relatives and friends, who are within the circle of one's Christmas duty or generosity. How worse than useless is any attempt to shirk the responsibility of choice in presents by seeking the help of shop assistants. What preposterous suggestions they make, false to every principle of common sense, but generally true to the good old one that there is nothing like leather. Imagine a tea-basket for Fred, and the latest improvement in Gladstone bags for Aunt Julia, who has not left her room for many years!

It is customary to pity the friendless and lonely ones of the world; I am not at all sure that they may not turn the tables on us at this season. One cannot but feel at times—for instance, when adding up one's accounts at the end of each day—that there are mitigations in the lot of a foundling. Are not Christmas boxes more given, on the whole, to relatives than to friends? Which makes them so different from other presents; less spontaneous, more a matter of duty. Does it also account for what may be heard addressed to the shop assistants on all sides at this season, "I don't want anything dear, but something inexpensive. It is not for myself; something for a present, you know"? And the assistants always do seem to know.

Society does nothing but grumble at its own decay, and takes no pains to try and "rise on stepping stones" of its dead self "to higher things." Perhaps sociability may return later on, and the New Year bring better counsels and more amiable

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One so seldom sees turkey dressed in any other way than "roast" or boiled, that I should like to persuade you to try the following recipes:—

Pluck, draw, and truss a nice young bird, and fill the breast with the following stuffing:—Parboil six minced onions in water for five minutes, strain and press the water from them, simmer them for ten minutes in a stewpan with a pint of milk, now stir in as many bread-crumbs as the milk will absorb, add 4 oz. of butter, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste; cover closely for five minutes then mix in two whole eggs and two yolks. Having fastened the stuffing securely in the bird, spread two large sheets of white paper with butter, cover them with sliced onion, carrot, and celery, place the turkey on the vegetable, and cover the breast of the bird, first with thin slices of lemon, then with slices of fat bacon. Now fold the paper and vegetable carefully over, tie it securely with string, and roast it nearly three hours in a moderate oven, basting very frequently with good fat. Before serving, remove the paper and vegetables, when the turkey should be quite wh and very juicy. Pour tomato sauce over. Fry a sliced oni in 1 oz. of butter until a pale brown colour, mix in a tab spoonful of flour, add the contents of a tin of tomato, a simmer until the water has evaporated, then rub them throu a hair sieve, return the purée to the stewpan with a small pie of glaze and a little stock.

Another way is:—

Pound 1 lb. of scraped veal in a mortar, add ½ lb. of scrap fat bacon and 4 oz. of butter; pound again, then work two whc eggs and two yolks thoroughly with it, season with salt a pepper, and mix a dozen blanched and bearded oysters careful into it. Sew the forcemeat securely into the breast of the turke and wrap it entirely in two sheets of greased kitchen pape Place the turkey in a braizing pan or fish kettle, that will onl just hold it, with a sliced carrot, an onion, a few stalks of celer a blade of mace, a few peppercorns, a bouquet composed of for sprigs of parsley, two of thyme, and two bay leaves, add suff cient white stock to nearly cover the bird, bring it slowly to th boil, then simmer very gently for nearly three hours. Take from the liquor, remove the paper and string, and serve wit oyster sauce. Put two dozen oysters with the liquor into a ste pan, bring them slowly to boiling point, strain at once an remove the beards. Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, mi in two tablespoonfuls of flour and the liquor from the oysters stir until it boils, add the oysters, a gill of cream, salt and peppe to taste, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, make it quite hot i a *bain-marie*, and on no account allow it to boil.

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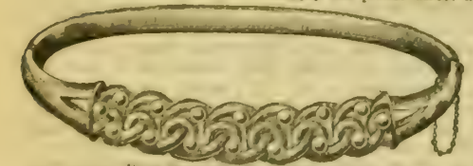
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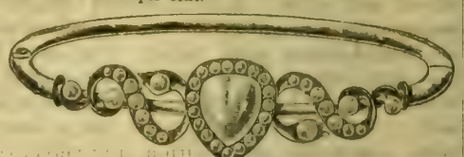
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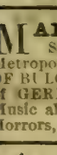

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SUNDAY, DEC. 24th, and CHRISTMAS DAY, A FAST TRAIN leaving CHARING CROSS at 10.0 a.m., and CANNON STREET at 10.5 a.m., for ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, RAMSGATE and MARGATE. Several Extra Trains will run between other Stations, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.
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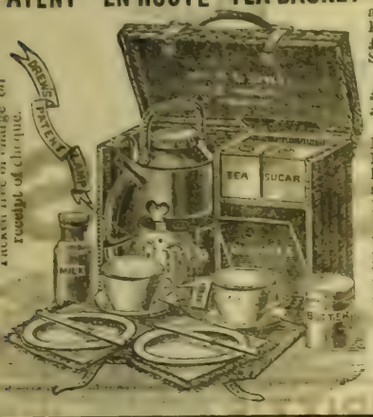

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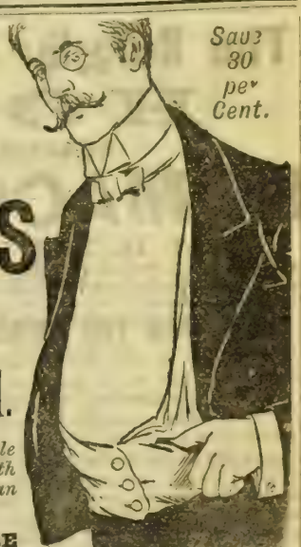

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BOROUGH of DOVER. FIRST ISSUE of STOCK (Free of Stamp Duty).—Issue of £70,000 £3 per cent Redeemable Stock, under e Provisions of the Public Health Acts Amendment Act, 1890, and the gulations made thereunder by the Local Government Board in pursuance of a ment order of that Board. Interest at £3 per cent. per annum payable half-arly. The first Dividend on the amount of Stock allotted will be payable on e 1st April, 1894, after which Dividends will be payable on the 1st April and October in each year. Minimum price of Issue to be at par, payable as lows:

On Application 5 per cent on the amount of the Tender, on Allotment 5 ach of the amount tendered for and accepted as when added to the deposit ll leave cse to be paid for each £100 of Stock allotted on Thursday, the 15th y of February, 1894 40 per cent., on Thursday the 15th day of March, 1894, per cent., payment in full may be made on allotment, if desired, in which se three months interest will be paid on the 1st April, 1894. Otherwise the st payment of interest will be calculated from the dates of the payment of the lotment and its respective instalments.

Dividend Warrants can, in accordance with the regulations of the Local overnment Board, be transmitted by post if so desired by any Stockholder, and ll be payable at the Head Office of the London and County Banking Company, mited, Lombard street, or at any of the Branches.

The London and County Banking Company, Limited, are authorised by the rporation of Dover to receive Tenders for the above £140,000 Dover rporation Stock, bearing Interest at £3 per cent. per annum, payable lf-yearly.

The issue of the Stock is required for the purpose of repaying £71,770, the lances of existing Loans borrowed at a higher interest, and to carry out Works Street Improvements and for Local Public objects sanctioned by the Local overnment Board.

The Stock and Dividends will be charged as follows:—

£1,780 Stock upon the Borough and Liberty Rates.
£14,580 Stock upon the Borough Fund and Borough Rates.
£147,700 Stock upon the District Fund and General District Rates.

The total Debt of the Corporation exclusive of the above £71,770 to be paid is £12,200, but of this amount £1,000 will be repaid by the Sale of Surplus nds within three years, and the balance is being repaid by regular annual talments.

The present rateable values are as follows:—

The Borough and Liberties £227,001.
The Borough £147,027.

The power of rating is unlimited. The population of the Borough at the last nsus was 33,300 and is steadily increasing.

The growth of the population and rateable value is shown by the following ures:—

1881. Population 30,270. Rateable value of the Borough £128,857
1891. 33,300. £145,466

Complete systems of Sewerage and Water supply were executed in the rough in the years 1853-5, and the whole of the original debt borrowed for ese purposes was extinguished in 1883. The Water Works have produced ring the past six years an average surplus and revenue of £1,000 in aid of the neral District Fund, while the Water Rates on houses rated at £60 and wards are less than 4d. in the £.

The General District Rate for 1893 is 1s. 6d. in the £, which is three-fifths 1d. above the average Rates during the past five years. It is believed that ere is no other Borough on the South Coast which has such low Rates as ese.

Among the Properties and Revenues of the Corporation charged by the ock are:—

1. The Town Hall and adjacent buildings and land, and sundry other properties used for Municipal and Sanitary purposes.
2. The Water and Drainage Works, which are above referred to.
3. The Coal Dues raised under Local Acts, which realise a nett Income of £4,200.
4. The Market and Museum buildings, and the Market Tolls, which produce a surplus revenue of £100 per annum.
5. Private Improvement Expenses raised under the Dover Corporation (Sea Defences) Act, 1877, charged on the properties specially benefited, and representing the interest and sinking fund on balance loans now due (included in the amount to be raised by Stock) of £7,200.

The Contributions in aid of Rates paid by the Treasury and County Council ring the last financial year ended 25th March last amounted to £3,800. This m was not exceptionally large.

The Stock will be redeemable at par, at the option of the Corporation after e expiration of 20 years from the creation thereof, provided the Stock is not oner extinguished by purchase, either in the open market or by agreement th the Stockholders. It must be redeemed or purchased and extinguished thin 50 years from the creation thereof.

The regulations of the Local Government Board require the Corporation to ovide a Stock Dividends Fund for payment of the Interest on the Stock and a ock Redemption Fund for the redemption and extinction and the purchase d extinction of Stock.

Returns relating to Stock and the Redemption Fund will from time to time made to the Local Government Board.

The Books of the Stock will be kept by the London and County Banking mpany, Limited, at 21, Lombard-street, London, the appointed Registrar, ere transfers of Stock will be made free of charge.

A quotation in the Official List of the London Stock Exchange will be applied r in due course.

Tenders, on the form accompanying the Prospectus with the required deposit, ust be delivered at the Head Office of the London and County Banking mpany, Limited, 21, Lombard-street, London, by Two o'clock on Thursday, e 4th day of January, 1894, at which time and place they will be opened in e presence of representatives of the Corporation and of such applicants as ay attend.

Tenders, with the relative deposit, must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and arked outside "Tenders for Dover Corporation Stock."

The Stock will be alloted to the highest bidder, but no Tender will be accepted a lower price than £100 per cent.

Tenders at different prices must be made on separate forms.

Tenders including fractions of one shilling other than sixpence will not be eferentially accepted. Tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject proportionate diminution.

Tenders must be for sums of not less than £10, and in multiples of £10.

Where no allotment is made the deposit of £5 per cent. which must accom-ny each Tender will be returned in full, and in case of partial allotment the lance of deposit will be applied towards payment of the first instalment.

Scrip Certificates will be issued by the London and County Banking Company, mited, upon allotment.

If default be made in any payment at the proper date the deposit and instal-ents previously made will be liable to forfeiture.

The Stock will be inscribed in the Stock Registers on or after the 15th March, 94, but Scrip paid up in full, in anticipation, may be inscribed forthwith.

Prospectuses and forms of Tender may be obtained from the London and County nking Company, Limited, 21, Lombard-street, E.C., or any of its Branches, om Messrs. Grieveson Grant & Co., Stockbrokers, 61, Old Broad-street, ndon, and at the Offices of the Town Clerk, Dover.

Dover, 14th December, 1893.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to DVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than eir own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the ock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

List of Members of the Stock Exchange who act as Stock and Share Brokers ay be obtained on application to

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Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets containing 12,
And Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

By Royal Warrants of Appointment to HER MAJESTY the QUEEN,
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales; H I M. The Empress Frederick; H.M The Queen of Denmark; H.R.H. The Duchess of Teck, &c.; and under the Patronage of th Courts of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and Greece, &c.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

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MATERIALS

For WINTER, comprise a large and choice collection of Hopsacks, Whipcords, Amazons, and all the Latest Novelties for the present Season for Ladies', Children's, and Gentlemen's Wear.
ANY LENGTH SOLD. **NEW PATTERNS POST FREE.** NO AGENTS.
The ROYAL NAVY BLUE SERGES will not turn a bad colour with Sun, Rain, or Salt Water.
Carriage Paid on Orders of £1 in value to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Goods packed for exportation.
SPECIAL RATES for the CONTINENT, INDIA, and the COLONIES. *Mention this Magazine.*

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SOAP MAKERS
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To HER MAJESTY

The Queen

and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS The

Prince of Wales.

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 773.—ACROSTIC ON CHRISTMAS.

R. F. (real name and address will be given next week) £2 2 0

"TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

As this number of TRUTH will be in the hands of many London readers on Wednesday morning, the 20th inst., it may be well to mention here that the TRUTH Toy and Doll Show is open to-day, Wednesday, at the Royal Albert Hall between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 10.30 p.m. The Exhibition is a first rate one, and it is hoped the attendance will be very large. Next week a full and detailed account of the Show will be published in TRUTH.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 778.

It seems certain that the present Government intends to increase the number of ships in our Navy to an appreciable extent. Various rumours as to the number of ships to be added have appeared in the papers, but in several quarters it has been stated that not less than seven first-class line of Battle-ships will be laid down. Assuming that this is to be the case, it is proposed to offer the usual Prize of Two Guineas this week to the competitor who suggests

THE BEST NAMES FOR THE SEVEN FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIPS IN QUESTION.

It may be well to state that the suggestions should not be of a satirical or humorous kind, but such as could be, if necessary, turned to practical account by the Admiralty. Each competitor must only suggest seven names in all, and the lists must reach me at the latest by the morning of Monday, January 1.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 772.

I may say, in regard to this competition that the suggestions were not, generally speaking, of a very practical character. Some, however, may possibly be turned to account in connection with a future Toy Show, it was too late to act upon any of them on the present occasion. Meanwhile, it has been decided to divide the Prize between "MERLE" and "C."

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS.

I think that if the services of a good ventriloquist could be obtained it would be most amusing and interesting. He could make the dolls speak, from the smallest to the largest, and much merriment might be got in this way. Doubtless, if this idea was carried out, a request made in TRUTH would bring offers from some who would be very pleased to give their services gratuitously for such a good work.—C.

We have all heard and read of Edison's phonograph, but how few have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing it at work. I think if some well-known public personage could be induced to entrust one of these instruments with a short address appropriate to the occasion, that its reproductions to the audience would add immensely to the attractions of the Doll Show.—Merle.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 773.

The Prize in this competition has been awarded to TILLY SLOWBOY, who as Christmas presents for the given potentates (see TRUTH of December 14) suggested the following articles: 1. An Ottoman, to be sat upon as occasion requires. 2. A new and improved Sedan. 3. A medal from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. 4. Barcelona nuts to crack. 5. A Dutch doll, a Holland pinafore, and a pot of Orange marmalade. 6. Smiles on Thrift. 7. A Russian bear with his claws cut. 8. A portrait of Alexander the Conqueror—up to date. 9. A bottle of Anti-fat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EAST ANGLIA. Thanks for your letter. I can assure you that there is in the present case no possibility of the collusion you fear. Special precautions are taken to guard against it.

M. W. The Puzzle was given about two years ago.

JINKS. It will be attended to in the general article next week.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 775.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

BOUTS-RIMES ON THE WORDS — MAXIM, TON, TAX HIM, RUN, STRIKING, SPOOK, VIKING, CROOK.

BUXTON'S ENTIRE GUIDE TO HOT GOSPELLERS.

Would you spread the British Empire and Christ's Kingdom here by Maxim?
First give some King in Africa bad rifles by the ton,
Swindle him, pick a quarrel, kill his envoys, and then tax him
With making war, and shoot his folk, like rabbits, as they run.
The Church will bless the likeness of your work to Paul's, as striking
(The Nonconformist conscience has gone hunting of the Spook*);
The Press will call you—Pirate?—nay, but "reincarnate Viking";
For money rules the world, nor stinks, though won by hook and crook.

* Personally conducted by Mr. Stead, M.S.H. Master of Spook Hounds).

Skriker.

THE NEW SCARE.

The B.P. must furnish the Maxim,
The cruiser, the eighty-one ton;
He cares not how much we may tax him,
To any extent he will run.
His patience is really quite striking,
He's mild as a seventh-rate Spook,
And will find (for he will be a Viking)
The money by hook or by crook.

M. T. P.

A CAPITAL OFFENDER.

"The devil take the hindmost," is his maxim,
He weighs his gains ill-gotten by the ton;
With broken faith or contract should you tax him,
He laughs: he takes such trifles in his run.
His conscience, though his starving hands be striking,
He scorns, as if the shadow of a Spook,
And, fit descendant of the robber-Viking,
Becomes a millionaire by hook or crook.

Arthémée.

The coal dealer said, "It's an excellent Maxim,
That nineteen hundredweight go to the ton."
I replied that I would 'fore a Magistrate tax him
With fraud. He immediately started to run;
What, then, shall we do, while the miners are striking?
(Say! shall I inquire through Planchette from a Spook?)
With such robbers, far worse than a Goth or a Viking,
When he must have fuel by hook or by crook!

C. G.

"Live and let live!" hug to heart the old Maxim!
Think of the miner while burning your ton.
Ride the good steed, but, ah! don't overtax him,
Lest at the fence he come down with a run.
Strike if you like, but there's measure in striking,
Fight your chimera, or flirt with your Spook,
Loud sings the surge, and the heart of the Viking
Laughs as he breasts it by hook or by crook.

Fairy Knowe.

A PESSIMIST'S VIEW.

Life, to its core, is but a bore, though led by line and Maxim,
Its pleasures drain but by the grain, its sorrows by the ton;
Hopes cheat man sore, spread wings and soar, hard toil for bread doth tax him,
Friends at his side have changed or died, as on its circles run;
He strives for fame, he's not to blame, but can do nothing striking,
Write fairy page, for youth or age, or legend grim of Spook.
Such then life's plan, yet faint not, man, stand strong like hoary Viking,
Who fought at odds, 'gainst man and gods—no lot but has its crook.

Percutor.

Come, all ye sucking Dramatists, and hear my golden maxim,
A pennyweight of foolery is worth of sense a ton,
Your patron, Bull, is scant of brains, be cautious how you tax him,
Or I bet my bottom dollar that your blooming piece won't run.
Why! dear old Will's a case in point, the work he did most striking
Was the story of the Danish prince and his paternal Spook;
Yet a little bird has told me he dropped money o'er that Viking,
While he pouched the "oof" with Falstaff and young Harry on the crook.

Mechanic.

THE AFTERMATH IN MATABELELAND.

Mow down your Matabele with a Maxim;
Scatter your shot and powder by the ton;
Then, when you've done that, "civilise" and tax him—
Whatever of him hasn't cut and run.
And if, some midnight, just as twelve is striking,
You're haunted by a Matabele Spook,
Call up the hardy spirit of the Viking
To banish him, by hook or else by crook.

Rabelais.

RECIPE FOR A MODERN NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

If you like a varied flavour, mix the clatter of the Maxim
With the dull and heavy booming of the sixty-seven ton
(The dish is rather costly to John Bull, but we can tax him);
Add the splash and whirr of Whitehead speeding forth upon its run.
Use with care the shock and quiver of the ram as it is striking
(Just a touch is quite sufficient); beg from *Borderland* a Spook,
Season freely with his wisdom, mixed with courage of a Viking,
Serve up hot to your opponent till he strikes, by hook or crook.

Jack.

RE LOBENGULA.

With shells convince, convert him by a Maxim,
Confirm his faith with round shot by the ton;
With every crime imaginable tax him,
Then "bind him over," he's too fat to run.
Put up your Dukes! strike hard, and keep on striking,
Till every brave he boasts turns to a Spook.
To-day we play the buccaneering Viking,
To-morrow raise the Gospel shepherd's crook.

Dandelion.

Here's a sound economical Maxim:
"If a man has got wealth by the ton—
Is in fact a monopolist—tax him!"
That's the way our finance should be run.
Your plutocrat's wrath will be striking,
He'll swear like a damnified Spook,
For his motto is that of the Viking,
"Get plunder—by hook or by crook."

Merton.

Kill them with powder and shot and your murderous Maxim,
What does it matter though blacks should be slain by the ton?
Cares not your chief though his country with murder should tax him,
Is there not gold to be got when the savages run?
Oh, not a cent! It's for England and glory you're striking!
Then bathe in their blood in a way that would frighten the Spook
Of a decent Fijian or semi-barbarian Viking,
For gold must be got, and you'll get it by hook or by crook.

Tor.

What! *vi et armis!* this your mode? Is this your Christian Maxim?
"All's fair in war." Is nigger's flesh, when felled, so cheap per ton?
The savage greedy? we, methinks, can ill afford to tax him
With lust of land or tyranny—this plea for years we've run.
Will no one show us what we are—in words convincing, striking?
O TRUTH, raise up some monitor, evoke some startling Spook,
The *casus belli* to declare—the ghost of some old Viking.
Aut ci aut dolis—Anglice!—of course, by hook or crook.

Danehill.

A SHORT WAY (THE BRITISH) WITH THE ABORIGINE.

We preach a God of kindness with a Maxim,
We flood his kraals with Bibles by the ton;
We take his land away, and then we tax him!
He cannot fight, we will not let him run.
We lay the blame—our honesty is striking!—
Upon our ancestors' collective Spook;
For, since we are descended from the Viking,
We needs must plunder still by hook or crook!

Tubs.

A MODERN MAN-O'-WAR.

Upon the mizen and the fore are Gattling guns and Maxim,
And in each turret, fore and aft, is a one-and-eighty ton;
To pay for such a Man-o'-War, the landsman, don't they tax him.
Yet, if the ship e'er puts to sea, perchance ashore she'll run.
When safely moored at anchor, the appearance is most striking;
And I am confidently told by my especial spook,
That such a sight was never seen in days of Norse and Viking—
But, in these times, show must be made by any hook or crook.
Ellon.

Though the Navy be our safeguard, though you recollect the Maxim,
"Penny wise and one pound foolish," still, at pounc sand pounds per ton,
Mighty warships weigh so heavy, when his rulers come to tax him,
That the Britisher may shirk it, and from such expenses run.
What shall be the nation's future? Who can tell? It would be striking,
If but 'Julia" could forecast it, Mr. Stead's familiar Spook!
Shall we rule the waves triumphant, like the old sea-roving Viking?
Or, disabled, shall we yield the sword and take the shepherd's crook?
Azzolino.

It will soon become a maxim,
"Coal will be two pounds a ton."
Poor consumer! how twill tax him,
Make him wish away to run;
While the colliers are striking,
He would fain become a spook,
But they'll bounce him like a Viking,
Have his cash by hook or crook.
Selah.

AN ELEGIAC.

Martyr'd Matabele! mowed down by the murderous Maxim,
Laid low by the lethal lead vomited forth by the ton;
Oh! brazen colossus of Rhodes, with murder and rapine we tax him,
Floating a company, making rivers of red blood to run.
Silent the moon looks down, his beams on dead warriors striking,
Spectres of slaughter'd are there, each shadowy form like a Spook,
Gaunt, and tall, and grim, like the ghost of an old Norse Viking,
Or shepherd seen through a mist, bearing a spear for his crook.
Hippo.

They are chasing poor old Lo Ben with a Maxim,
They've been firing bullets at him by the ton;
For with daring to reside at home they tax him,
But wouldn't I like to see him make them run!
Now this noble black presents a picture striking,
But his enemies of him would make a Spook;
Still his guards are each one bold as any Viking,
So I hope he'll get his rights by hook or crook.
Shlowmow.

Economy in '93 should e'er have been our Maxim,
Especially when coals were raised to "two pound and two" a ton;
But the ordinary Briton waxes wrathful when you "tax him,"
With his late financial failures which have had so long a run;
Then the progress made in psychical research is really striking,
For we've now a choice variety of every kind of Spook
From "the skeleton in armour" of a pre-historic Viking,*
To the up-to-date "Mahatma" that we raise by hook or crook.
Dick.

* Longfellow's poem of that name.

We have quelled the noble savage with our milita
Maxim,
That can rattle out its messages of bullets by t
ton;
Then when he's completely conquered we shall ta
and we shall tax him,
Give him Missionaries—and whisky—in t
ordinary run!
On the "Nonconformist conscience" the effect
really striking,
Every time we chance to change a Matabele t
spook;
"Such a massacre" it screams, "would shame t
hardest-hearted Viking!
Oh! this bad old English policy of 'grab,'
hook or crook!"
Burgage.

Stanzas have also been received (in addition
those acknowledged last week) from A. A. A., Chi
Nincompoop, Singelet, Nibs, Tulip, Hen Robi
Pen Insula, East Anglia, Sol, Crossways, A Con-Ra
Tiennius, Fay, Excelsior, Stanchion, Dabs, Ke
Usk, Sartor, Almaviva, Lunatic, Barnsdule, Sela
Danehill, Scio Marta, Cheficus, A. J. W., Bang
Comtesse Olga, L. S., E. N. S., Humanity, Zobeed
Ivy Leaves, Yunij, Geranium, Bulrushes, C. Reve
Solebar, Over Sixty, New Chum, Old Bird, Gracele
H. B. Aitch, Spookers, Attila, Santos, Hope, Nem
Spook, E. Culverhouse, Jubas, H. S. B., Sinona, V
Marshall, Shellback, Luna, Egavlas, Nasl, Felsber
Sofalit, Cochran Field, Sheedah, Esperanza, E
celsior, Fraser, Ivanhoe, Sibyl, Esau, Blarne
Fattymugg, Whig, Braeo, R. M., Infelix, Ara
John Ridd, Caterham, W. W., Anna, Peewi
Mostyn, Swish, J. B. B., Argentina, M. B., Hol
Berry, S. C., Jumps, Widder, Platinum, Cygn
X. P. A., Jabberwock, Democritos, Earnest Selin
Richman, Tousie, Hope, Jetithea, Phos, Moonshin
Espérance, Vox, Flicker, Maia, Thorgrim, Sema
Quartus, Nodding Violet, J. McGrigor Allan, V
taire, Gwynant, Bel Demonio, Ku-Klux-Klan, We
Old Dutch, Malignant, Era, Lifting Jack, Chauc
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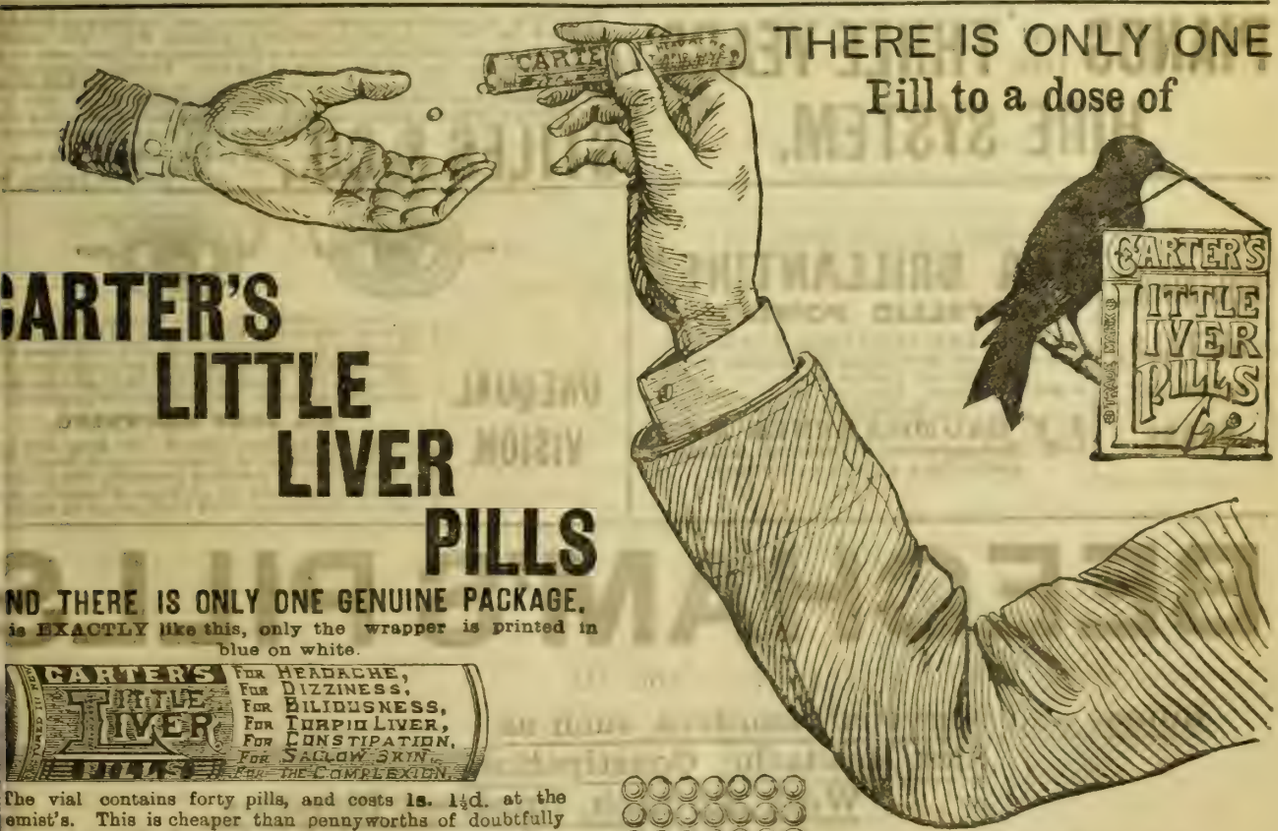

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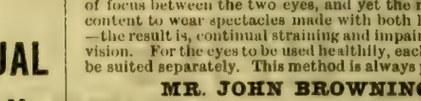

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NOTICE.

THE SEVENTEENTH

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "TRUTH,"

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5. **Chamberlain's Dive.**
6. **A Royalty Raree Show.**
7. **Work for the Girl-Flogger.**

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent direct to the Editorial Offices, Carteret-street, S.W., *and not to the Publishing Offices in Bolt-court, Fleet-street.*

No communication can be dealt with in the current issue of Truth *if received later than the* First Post *on a* Monday.

A Detailed Account *of the* Fourteenth "Truth" Toy *and* Doll Show *will be found on pages* 1401-1406 *of this number.*

ENTRE NOUS.

THE Queen and the Prince of Wales have been for some time contemplating an important alteration in the device of the Civil Division of the Order of the Bath. Instead of having only a plain gold medal, without any enamel, it is proposed to make the device the same as on the Military Division—*i.e.*, a Maltese cross in white enamel, but without the wreath which that division has. The change would be a great improvement, as the present device of the Civil Division is by no means effective.

The Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud will probably go to Italy about the end of next month in order to recruit their health after the influenza, from which they have all been suffering at Sandringham, and they will afterwards proceed to Athens on a visit to the King and Queen of the Hellenes. The Princess and her daughters are most likely going to San Remo when they leave England.

It is probable that the Prince of Wales will postpone his usual trip to the Riviera until the middle of March, instead of going abroad towards the end of January, as H.R.H. has a number of engagements in London during the month of February.

The Dowager Lady Churchill, who is the Lady-in-Waiting on the Queen at Osborne, is to be replaced next week by the Dowager Lady Erroll, after whom will come Lady Ampthill.

I am not one of those who regard Royalties as more of angels than the rest of humanity. Therefore, far be it from me to blame the Duke of Saxe-Coburg for retaining £10,000 of his £25,000 annuity. If the country is prepared to give it, naturally he is prepared to accept it. With all respect, however, to his Royal Highness, I see no more reason that we should pay it than that the inhabitants of Saxe-Coburg should contribute to the maintenance of the Queen. I have always opposed the annuities. Those who take an opposite view in respect to them hold that they ought to be voted in order to enable their recipients to maintain the state and dignity of an English Prince. But on what theory we ought to contribute to maintain the position of a German Sovereign I fail to see. The Acts securing an annuity to the Duke of Edinburgh expressly state that if at any time he shall become a Sovereign, Parliament shall have the right to discontinue the annuity. This, of course, was a polite way of expressing the opinion of those who framed the Acts that in the event of this contingency occurring they ought to cease. The Government has a perfect right to hold a contrary opinion. But it has gone further than this. By a stretch of its executive authority it has declared that one annuity is to continue, and it has declined to allow Parliament to express an opinion thereon by submitting the issue to the House of Commons. This I could have understood had a Tory Government been in power. But from a Liberal Government it would have surprised me, were it not that I have arrived at an age when nothing does surprise me.

The Duke of Cambridge intends to proceed to Cannes about the middle of January, and he will remain abroad for several weeks, and proposes to visit Naples and Malta before his return to England.

As usual, the Castle Season will begin at the end of January or thereabouts. The same State Officials will re-assemble who have re-assembled for so many years to organise the usual Court ceremonials. There is no doubt that these latter will be held, nor that the veteran Household Officials will attend, as they have attended them each year for the last quarter of a century or more. The doubt only comes in when the attendance of Society in general is in question. To boycott or not to boycott the coming season? that is the question. Shall the next be as the last was? The answer remains in the hands of those in high places who, it is an open secret, worked the boycott of the Viceroy last year.

The usual unique Christmas party is being given this week by Lord Justice FitzGibbon, at his Howth Villa. These symposiums are remarkable for assembling under the roof of one of the most genial and liberal-minded amongst the occupants of the Irish Bench a very full representation of the wit and wisdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Amongst the guests who accepted the Lord Justice's hospitality are Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Morley, from the leisure of Monte Carlo; Mr. David Plunket, from the hard labour of Westminster; Lord Wolseley, Lord Morris, the Lord Chief Justice, Professor Mahaffy, &c. This example of mutual peace and goodwill, of social harmony notwithstanding political differences, is pleasing and valuable at this time. It might well and advisedly be said, "Irish society, please copy."

Large parties will be entertained for the Grantham Hospital Ball, on Thursday night, by the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and by Lord and Lady Brownlow at Belton Hall.

Mr. Algernon Peckover, of Wisbech, who died a few days ago, in his ninety-first year, was the father of the new Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. He was all his life a banker at Wisbech. Mr. Peckover took a very warm interest in all the educational and charitable institutions of the district, and was a most munificent benefactor to them. He subscribed £5,000 towards a high-grade school, and gave £3,000 to the Wisbech Museum. Mr. Peckover, who was a staunch Liberal, and a prominent member of the Society of Friends, was a man of considerable literary culture, and distinguished as a botanist and as an antiquarian.

A weekly journal announces that "a lineal descendant of the great Warren Hastings" has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment as a rogue and a vagabond at Wellington, New Zealand. Whoever this offender may be, he certainly is not "a lineal descendant" of Warren Hastings, who died *s.p.*, leaving all his property to his widow, and after her death the beautiful domain of Daylesford, where he passed the last twenty-four years of his life, was sold, and it has since changed hands several times.

An Irish gentleman, describing himself as "a practical, large rent-paying farmer of thirty years' experience," sends me some results of sundry experiments which may be of interest to agriculturists in England as well as in Ireland. He seems to have had great success in growing flax, and he maintains, on the strength of his experiments, that, if the management of the crop were properly understood and a market for it created, flax could be grown more profitably in the South of Ireland than in the North. His own experiment, I should state, was made in County Cork, and northern labourers were imported to instruct his men in the art of raising the crop. By their testimony it was the finest crop they had ever seen, and was secured for half what it would have cost in the North. The crop was sold in Belgium at a large profit. My correspondent further claims to have shown by experiment that New Zealand oats can be grown with profit on the poorest soils, and that they can be sown as late as May. He further recommends New Zealand potatoes to the Irish farmer. Does the Department of Agriculture know anything about these things? If not, why not?

I declined some weeks ago to devote any more space to the subject of Australian and Tasmanian wool, but as a correspondent has taken the trouble to write all the way from the Antipodes in reference to what he has read in Truth on these questions, I have not the heart to refuse to add the following particulars which he contributes:—

> The "record" price given for a merino ram in Victoria was £3,000, and I heard of another being sold for £1,500. The 3,000-pounder was bred by the late Hon. J. Cumming, of Terrinallum station, and the competition for the ram was chiefly between his brothers Thomas and William. Eventually it was knocked down to Thomas. I am not sure whether the ram was bred on Terrinallum, but it was undoubtedly of Tasmanian descent. It is not true, so far as this Colony (Victoria) is concerned, that merino wool becomes hairy. Tasmanian rams, however, are brought in order to secure greater density.

To facilitate the slaughter of the pheasant species, some benefactor of the human species has, I see, invented a "Non-straying Mixture," warranted "to bring pheasants home and keep them there." This reminds me of some of the inventions in the Island of Laputa. Surely the best means to keep pheasants at home is to tie them by the leg or keep them under a coop until the time comes for them to be shot. All danger of these inconsiderate creatures spoiling "sport" by assuming the habits of wildfowl would thus be effectually eliminated.

Why, however, does anybody go to the expense and bother of hatching out birds and keeping them on the premises—whether by means of coops or "non-straying mixtures"—until they are ready for shooting, when they can be bought ready-made for the purpose? One enterprising tradesman was advertising the other day:—

> 2,000 full-wing young cock pheasants for shooting. Also 2,000 last season pheasants; price low this season.

"Cock pheasants for shooting," means, I take it, birds properly bred and fattened, and educated up to the business. And a great convenience it must be to those who have to entertain Royal and noble sportsmen, to be

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For Amusements, see page 1417.
For the Truth Hotel List, see page 1418 in the present issue.
For Hospitals and Appeals, see page 1419.

able to lay in the raw material for big bags at a few days' notice. What I want to know is, why the shooting of beasts cannot be brought up to date, as the shooting of birds has been? Why does not the Zoological Society undertake to send out lions, tigers, and big game generally, properly fattened up, and not too fresh, to be "battued" in the parks of the aristocracy and plutocracy? Why should it be necessary to travel all the way to South Africa, and undergo all sorts of fatigue and inconvenience—possibly even personal danger—in the pursuit of "sport?"

At the German Imperial hunts it is now the practice to keep a careful record of the names of the sportsmen and of the game killed by each of them. A guest may get possession of the antlers of a stag, the horns of a buck, or the tusks of a wild boar, if he wants to carry any such mementoes of the sport; but the body of an animal cannot be obtained unless its full market value is paid to the Treasury of the Court Hunting Office. Even the Emperor is subject to the rule, and the whole of the game which is killed is sold *en bloc* to dealers, under the superintendence of the Chief Forester in whose district the hunt has taken place.

A correspondent writes from Paris:—

The right of shooting and hunting in the French State forests, in the departments of the Seine et Oise, Seine et Marne, and Oise, is to be let by auction in Paris shortly for a term of five years. These forests have been let for several years past to a number of tenants, the aggregate rental being upwards of £32,000 a year. Among them are St. Germain, Rambouillet, Compeigne, and Fontainebleau, which are about the best sporting domains in France, all kinds of game being very abundant in them.

The great forest of Chantilly, which was formerly the scene of the gorgeous hunting parties of the Princes de Condé, is now the private property of the Duc d'Aumale, and it is to be hunted in future by a pack of staghounds, of which the Duc de Chartres will be the master. The Prince de Joinville has for some years kept a celebrated pack of hounds at Arc-en-Barrois, in the department of the Marne, with which he hunts the wild boar, of which there are great numbers in his extensive forests.

I am sorry to find that I did some injustice to the people of Burnley and Mr. William Heaton, the champion slaughterman of the three Kingdoms, in the remarks upon Heaton's performance which appeared in last week's TRUTH. What Heaton did, it appears, was not to slaughter "one beast and five sheep" in forty minutes, but to "dress" the carcasses, which were brought in dead for the purpose. That, of course, is a very much more refined and elevating kind of entertainment. As the same time, I am bound to say that the blame for the misunderstanding lies less with me than with the announcements of the show, which certainly convey the idea that the beasts were to be slaughtered *coram populo*.

The Americans are a great nation. One World's Fair in twelve months is not enough for them. So no sooner are the shutters put up at Chicago than San Francisco is organising a show of the same kind on a suitable scale of magnificence, to be opened on January 1. On behalf of the people of California, the Editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and President of the Exhibition, invites from me "an expression of sympathy with the effort of the State to place itself in line with the rest of the civilised world." I deeply sympathise with this laudable effort. A few words of congratulation from me, says my Californian contemporary, will heighten the local feeling of satisfaction on this great occasion. I hasten to congratulate everybody concerned. Not the least I congratulate myself on living in a land where two "World's Fairs" in half a century have been found more than enough.

I learn that the authorities at the British Museum have been so fortunate as to obtain a copy of Landor's "Simonidea," which has been for more than half a century the rarest of all his works. About fifteen years ago a distinguished expert reported so far as he could ascertain after exhaustive researches, not a single copy of "Simonidea" was in existence. This volume, which was published at Bath in 1806, contains a number of elegiac pieces, both in English and Latin, a selection of English love poems, and some Latin verses, described by Landor himself as "more pure in their Latinity than in their sentiment," of which he presently became so much ashamed that he destroyed every copy of "Simonidea" which he could lay his hands upon.

The following is the letter from Mr. John Murray which I was unable to publish last week. It is unfortunate that the efforts which I and others have made during the last three months to draw the Duke of Argyll's attention to this extraordinary literary coincidence, should have been so long in producing any result. This delay has contributed as much as anything else to strengthen Mr. Bain's case. In my first reference to the matter, I assumed that the Duke would say what he now says. It is not for me to anticipate Mr. Bain's rejoinder, but the coincidence was an extraordinary one, and he was fully justified in calling attention to it:—

50, Albemarle-street, W., December 18, 1893.

SIR,—In TRUTH of December 14 you call attention to an attack on the Duke of Argyll by a Mr. Bain. As publisher of the Duke's work, "The Unseen Foundations of Society," I would ask you to give publicity to certain facts bearing on Mr. Bain's charge of plagiarism, and would ask your readers to draw their own conclusion.

1. The Duke's book was offered to and accepted by my firm in May, 1891. It was then nearly completed, and had been "type-written."

2. Mr. Bain states that his book "must have been published in June, 1892." By that date eleven chapters of the Duke's book (360 out of 580 pages) were in proof or in the printer's hands. In other words, out of Mr. Bain's forty-six specific charges, thirty-four deal with passages which were actually in print, or with the compositor before Mr. Bain's book appeared.

The rest of the Duke's manuscript was practically completed by this time.

3. It would be wearisome to examine in detail all the passages quoted by Mr. Bain. By way of example I will merely cite the first, in which he accuses the Duke of borrowing his phrase "neglected elements."

This was the title of a lecture delivered by the Duke in Glasgow on November 15, 1889, and published shortly afterwards. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

4. When my attention was called to the publication of Mr. Bain's pamphlet, I bought a copy and sent it to the Duke of Argyll. Up to that time he had never heard of Mr. Bain; up to the present time he has not seen Mr. Bain's book.

These facts have been communicated to Mr. Bain, who is, I believe, in India. Doubtless an answer from him is on its way home.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN MURRAY.

AT BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH.—The HOTEL BURLINGTON, "*Sunny Boscombe.*" A charming Hotel, luxuriously appointed, in acres of matured grounds sloping to the sea. Every comfort of home. Most moderate charges. Bournemouth *East* Station. Tariff of Manager, or at Burlington & Buckingham Palace Hotels, London

Mr. Charles Eastlake states, in a very interesting article in the *Building News*, that Greuze was paid only 18 gs. for his famous picture the "Cruche Cassée," which is now in the Louvre. His works have greatly risen in value, as fifty years later £700 was paid for one of them, and in 1846 the late Lord Hertford gave £1,050 for a "Psyche," while within the last twenty years another of his pictures has realised £6,720.

It has been definitely settled that the Bayreuth Festival Plays are to begin next year on July 19, and there will be twenty representations, the last being fixed for August 18. "Parsifal" is to be given nine times, "Lohengrin" six times, and "Tannhäuser" five times.

There is no grumbler like your disappointed actor. Mr. Richard Mansfield, an Anglo-American who failed to convince the English public that he was a Kean, Macready, or an Irving, and who played Richard the Third in the manner of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde, seriously proposes a poll-tax on all distinguished actors who visit America. He thinks that a prohibitive tariff on the Pattis, De Reskes, Calvés, Kendals, Bernhardts, Coquelins, and Irvings will give work to the unemployed American actors and aggrandise the fame of Mr. Richard Mansfield. A more absurd proposition was never made. America is never likely to boycott artists of distinction, and the increased prices that they command is a perfectly natural feature in dramatic trade. The rule in America about prices is a very sensible one. There is a low normal price for every seat in a theatre, and it is increased whenever a star is announced. This is the rule that is observed in all provincial theatres in England. A special attraction commands special prices.

The best thing that has been said as yet on Mr. Richard Mansfield's boycotting proposition has been said by Mr. Stephen Fiske, the clever editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, an able journalist who once made a considerable mark in London:—

> Actors have no country. They are judged by their art, not by their nativity, and are equally applauded or ignored according to their abilities, whether they come from England, America, France, Italy, or Germany. Strictly speaking, there are no American actors, because we have not yet created a distinctively American school of acting. The large majority of our actors are either English or of English parentage. Booth and Jefferson were the sons of English actors; Fanny Davenport was born in London; Mansfield in Heligoland; McCullough was an Irishman; Mary Anderson has chosen England as a residence thus the principal professionals whose names have cropped up in the discussion are English, you know. The reason why foreign managers, actors, and actresses come here and make money is because they are better than we can yet produce. The reason why most American managers, actors, and actresses fail when they go abroad is because they are not yet up to the European standard. If Irving were an American, he would be a success in London. If Bernhardt were an American, she would be a success in Paris. Because the one happens to be English and the other French, there is no prejudice against them in America. For various reasons—and principally because our people are too independent to be satisfied with making believe to be other people on the stage—America has not yet devoted itself to the development of native actors. That will come later. In the meantime, we are like a boy at school who draws rough sketches on his slate. These make his schoolmates laugh or cry. But it would be very unfair to raise the cry of prejudice because the boy's slate was not admitted among the masterpieces of the galleries of Europe.

The following letter is deserving of attention, for it is addressed to me, not by the British Matron, nor by Mrs. Grundy, but by a French lady residing as a schoolmistress in England. What she says proves, not for the first time, that the French, although they make far less parade of them, have in some respects much stricter notions of propriety than ourselves—stricter even than those of Cambridge Dons:—

December 16, 1893.

Sir,—Does the University of Cambridge deserve to be called "Alma Mater," when her examiners in French implicitly recommend the reading of Molière's "Don Juan," Regnard's "Les Folies Amoureuses," Beaumarchais' "Le Mariage de Figaro," and La Fontaine's "Les Amours de Psyché"? *Vide* French papers set for the June and December (1893) Higher Local Examinations. Surely the candidates (of whom many are young ladies) should be given a chance to read the books, extracts of which they are likely to be called upon to translate. I ask the examiners, Are English young ladies supposed to read French books which our various councils of French secondary education *d'outre-mer* have never ventured to include in any programme?—Yours obediently, Anglo-French.

When noticing the other day a pamphlet in which a German Professor ridicules German grammars written by English schoolmasters, I remarked that equally good subjects for ridicule would probably be found in English grammars written by German professors. In support of this, a reader sends me the following samples of English "as she is wrote" in a grammar lately published at Berlin:—

To all my questions he told nothing.
I am not only looking at them, but I view them with all examination.
Speaker alouder.
Would it not be good if some ships more were put in?
All he sets to sale of meats is very attractive.

The following come from a new Austro-English grammar:—

I canot suffer that you deduct still 2 sh.
What a bird is that!
It is ¼ 9 o'clock.
Where is it said the spirit of the King to be?
Alpine flowers descend precipitately to its shores.

The moral of this is the old one, that the only safe guide to the language of any country is a native of that country.

The official list of proposed Select Preachers at Oxford during the next University year has just been drawn up, and it includes the names of the Bishop of St. Asaph, Canon Scott-Holland, and the Rev. Charles Gore.

Canon Scott-Holland is to be in residence at St. Paul's during January, and he will preach in the Cathedral on Sunday afternoons throughout the month.

The Bishop of Rochester has arranged to hold a visitation of the diocese in October next year, and he intends previously to visit every parish and mission district. It would be a good thing if other prelates would make themselves thoroughly acquainted with their dioceses in this way, for there is a great and manifest advantage in a Bishop paying a personal visit to every parish. The same course has been adopted by the Archbishop of York and by the Bishop of Winchester.

C.O.M. Whisky.—This well-known Brand, 50s. per case, free to every Railway Station.—Andrews & Co., Dame-st., Dublin, Proprietors C.O.M. brand.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer restores the colour, renews the growth, arrests the fall, cleanses the scalp.

It is seldom indeed that we hear of a benefice which has nearly doubled in value within a few years, but this is the happy case of the Lord Chancellor's rectory of Rawmarsh, Yorkshire, where the stipend has increased from £1,000 a year to about £1,900, through the investment of the proceeds of the rents of mines on the glebe land. This living recently became vacant by the death of Sir William Mahon, who was presented by Lord Lyndhurst in 1844. An excellent arrangement has been made by Lord Herschell and the Archbishop of York, the result of which will be the reduction of the stipend to £1,000 a year, while the surplus is to be apportioned among certain poor livings in the neighbourhood. The new incumbent is to be the Rev. T. P. King, Rector of Hanley, Staffordshire.

A good deal has been heard of late of the means taken by "depressed" clerics to augment their incomes, but the following statement made by a correspondent of a trade journal surpasses anything in this line that I have yet come across. The letter is dated "Sunderland":—

> There is a rector of a parish within four miles of here, the living of which is over £400 per annum, who regularly buys Ceylon or Assam dust (a chest or two at a time) from a firm in London, and he hawks it about amongst his parishioners out of a black bag—a pound or two here, there, and anywhere that he can propagate his doctrine of "domestic economy" to his own profit. "It is," he says, "so much better than the leaf tea sold by the local grocers."

For a Rector with £400 a year to go into the grocery line seems as unjustifiable as it is undignified. Possibly his reverence flatters himself that he is doing a service to his parishioners. In that case I would ask whether the local grocer, who will not get much benefit from the business, is not a parishioner also? But perhaps the grocer is a Dissenter.

A most extraordinary fiction about Bishop Blomfield, the Suffragan of the diocese of St. Albans, has been going round the papers. It is alleged that he is "a wonderful humourist," and he is credited with having in his more youthful days posed a Bishop at Fulham Palace by asking him, "How long he thought it took Nebuchadnezzar to get into good condition after being out at grass?" It is hard that a devout Prelate should be credited with this somewhat profane and far from brilliant jest. The real fact is that this question was put to the Bishop's father, the celebrated Bishop of London, by Wyndham Smith, the son of Sydney Smith, who was generally known as "The Assassin," and who figures in "The Book of Snobs." Wyndham Smith was a man of decidedly moderate humour, and his jesting usually took a very sour turn. On Thackeray asking him one day at the Garrick Club if the report was true that he (Smith) was really going on the Turf in earnest, he replied: "You may be quite sure that I shall not go on the Turf until my father is under it."

With reference to the attitude of the Roman Catholic priesthood towards lotteries, which has lately been the subject of much remark, a member of that Church writes to point out to me that gambling is not sinful, but only becomes so when indulged in to such excess as to produce injury, whether to the gambler or to other parties. As regards gambling generally, this is only the doctrine which was preached by the late Archbishop Magee, and which, as a humble disciple of that great man, I have on many occasions re-echoed. As regards lotteries, however, it has to be remembered that the State has made special regulations against them, on strong evidence that they have been the causes of widespread misery and demoralisation. It is illogical, as I have often said, to legislate thus against one form only of gambling; but, while the legislation stands, it seems to me that clerics, of whatever denomination, set a questionable example when they take the lead in breaking the law.

For a mere journalist to preach to a priest on the duties of the priesthood may seem incongruous, possibly presumptuous. We are all of us occasionally the better, however, for a little outside criticism, if it be delivered in the right spirit. I would, therefore, point out to the Roman Catholic lottery promoters that many things which are neither *malum in se* nor *malum prohibitum* are yet inexpedient for ministers of religion. It is neither contrary to law nor to morals to go to a race meeting or a music-hall. Yet, I take it, neither the Archbishop of Canterbury nor Cardinal Vaughan would consider it wise to drive a four-in-hand to Epsom, or take a front seat at the Alhambra. Though doubtless both would personally enjoy either position, they would forego their personal enjoyment out of regard for "the weaker brethren." In the same way many clerics, who would not dogmatically pronounce it wrong to taste alcohol, become abstainers as an example to their flocks. I think they are to be commended. So is the parson who abstains from cards and gambling on similar grounds. But, what, then is to be thought of the cleric, who, so far from abstaining, incites his flock to indulge in these dangerous pleasures in order to bring grist to the ecclesiastical mill? If it is expedient to run a lottery for the good of the Church, *a fortiori* it would be expedient to run a public-house, a gambling saloon, a race-course, or a music-hall for the same end. None of these things are immoral in themselves, and as compared with lotteries they have the advantage of being legal. I make these suggestions from no spirit of hostility to the Roman Catholic priesthood in the United Kingdom, for, doctrine apart, I highly admire their zeal and their self-sacrificing spirit.

I have received the following amounts towards this year's "Truth" Toy Fund:—

T. Walmesley, £10; A. Z., 10s.; A Few Admirers, S.-o.-M., £1. 10s.; Larry, 5s.; A. T., £10; C. H. T., 10s.; Ina, 5s.; W. M. Neill, 21s.; W. U., 10s.; Sir George Maude, £1; S. Lewis, £5. 5s.; H. D. and A. D., 10s.; R. W. S., 10s.; Betty, £1; Donald and Harry, £5; E. H. P., 10s.; Cicely and Philippe, 21s.; Joseph Pulitzer, £10; the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, £2; Gwendoline Wavell, 21s.; E. H. and L., 2s. 6d.; Officers of the 10th Royal Hussars, Cahir, £5; the Misses A. and W. Cookson, £2; A. M. B., £2. 2s.; Little Mary (Penzance), 5s.; John D. Watey, 100 threepenny-pieces; "A Mite," 4s.; E. P. S., 2s. Collected in the boxes at the Toy Show, Royal Albert Hall, £31. 10s. 0½d.

The Coupé Company's Telegraphic Address is "Coupé, London."

Here is a queer story about the Indian authorities and the Rupee. An officer married a lady who was entitled to a pension from the Madras Military Fund. On the lady proceeding to India, the pension was paid to her at the rate of one rupee for 2s. 3½d., or under nine rupees to the pound. Simultaneously, the lady's husband received a letter from the same office informing him that his marriage donation of £40 to the Staff Corps Pension Fund would be stopped monthly from his pay at the rate of one rupee for a fraction less than 1s. 3d., or almost sixteen to the pound. In other words, a rupee when you receive it is reckoned as worth just 1s. 1d. more than when you pay it. At this rate, somebody in India ought to be making a good thing out of the depreciation of the coin.

The Regulations with regard to remittances home by officers and soldiers serving in the East require (para. 260) that when depositing with the Paymaster the amount to be remitted, the officer or soldier shall specify "the full name and address of the person in whose favour the remittance is to be made." Until recently, all parties remitting were allowed to give, under this regulation, the name of an agent or bank. Within the last two or three months this privilege, though still continued to officers, has been refused to N.C.O.'s and privates, who are only allowed to give the name of the relative for whose benefit the remittance is made. What is the reason of this distinction, and what justification can be offered for construing the Regulations in one way in the case of officers and another in the case of N.C.O.'s and men? The question is of some moment, for I understand that where the money is remitted direct the payee, owing to the formalities to be gone through, often has a difficulty in obtaining payment.

The *Broad Arrow* surmised in a recent paragraph that subalterns would be vastly amused at the remarks in Truth on the subject of subalterns being charged for entertainments at the same rate as their superior officers. Reluctantly I must disclaim the humorous intentions credited to me, as well as that "acquaintance with ordinary mess life which is startling in its bold originality;" for the passage which the *Broad Arrow* found so entertaining was marked as a quotation, and was, in fact, written by one quite as fully acquainted with mess-life as the editor of the *Broad Arrow* is ever likely to be. What I should like to know, however, is where the humour of the situation comes in. A paragraph in the Queen's Regulations expressly provides that the expenses of entertainments shall be divided among officers in a progressive ratio, based upon the amount of their pay. Complaint is made to me that in a certain regiment this Regulation is disregarded, and that subalterns are compelled to pay as much as the Commanding Officer. Had it been said that this was a matter for the Colonel or the senior officers to laugh at, I could understand it. But why are the subalterns to laugh? Perhaps they will ask the editor of the *Broad Arrow* to show them the joke.

"A Parent," who, I may add, is a seasoned warrior himself, writes thus on the same subject:—

Anent your very timely remarks as to the injustice and illegality of subalterns being made to pay equally with their seniors for the extravagances which certain weak-knee'd Commanding Officers unduly favour, I may tell you that the Battalion to which you refer is not by any means the only sinner against paragraph 69, sec. vii., of the Queen's Regulations. . . . What is the use of this paragraph if the War Office authorities wink at its evasion? They shelter themselves behind inspection returns and reports which can be evoked at will, and no questions are asked. Were some of the offending Commanding Officers relieved of their commands for violating certain Regulations knowingly, and *for the benefit of their own pockets*, much good of a sorely needed character would accrue to the Army generally.

Here is another matter concerning the *Broad Arrow*. To save that journal from again falling a victim to its morbid delusion that a civilian is necessarily misinformed on all matters pertaining to the Army, I leave my correspondent to speak for himself. The letter refers to the *Broad Arrow* of December 16:—

Dear Truth,—The *Broad Arrow* this week gravely puts forward the statement of a correspondent which it thinks "throws a new light on the employment of Army Service Corps officers on the General Staff," viz., that "the best paid appointments are only given to the Senior Officers of the Corps, who accept them at a loss of pay." What are "the best paid appointments?"

I think I know what this correspondent was "driving at," but the Editor whom he addresses has evidently not the faintest notion. The former was, no doubt, referring to the senior officers of the Permanent List (not the senior officers of the Corps); but all the appointments held, or that could be held by them, are paid alike, as the *Broad Arrow* should have known, and the senior officers of the Corps suffer no loss of pay when on the Staff.

None of the Officers desired to "pose" as Staff Officers; but it is clear that the Editor of the *Broad Arrow* "poses" as an authority on matters which he knows nothing about, though he ought to.

He is an ancient Dogberry who seems determined that he shall be written down an ass.—Yours truly, Staff Officer.

It may be hoped that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman will take steps next year to abolish the Honorary Colonelcies, which are an abuse of the most flagrant description. A Parliamentary paper was issued the other day which shows that no fewer than sixty-six officers are receiving £1,000 a year each for doing nothing whatever. Let there be good-service pensions by all means, but every one knows that these Honorary Colonelcies are not usually obtained by the most deserving officers, but very much more frequently as the result of interest and favouritism. It is high time that such outrageous squandering of the public money should cease, and the abolition of these sinecures is a very proper work to be performed by a Liberal Ministry.

Some few months back a hint was given in Truth that there were certain matters requiring the careful attention of superior authority in regard to the management of the Station Hospital at Gibraltar; but, from the growls which

Cremer's Entertainments.—Parkins & Gotto, of Oxford-street, having acquired the goodwill of the business of the late Mr. Cremer, of Regent-street and Bond-street, have re-engaged all the best artists, and are now booking orders for the holidays.

Pfungst Frères' Extra Quality Champagnes.—This select brand can be supplied through any Wine Merchant, or by the Agents, J. L. Pfungst & Co., 23, Crutched Friars, E.C.

continue to come in from that quarter, I perceive that no material improvement has yet taken place. Among matters specially deserving attention is the treatment of the nursing sisters, who seem of late to have been tyrannised over in much the same spirit as that by which the Indian nurses are threatened, orders having been issued which most unjustifiably interfere with their liberty when off duty. Inquiry will, however, show that a feeling which is certainly not one of contentment, prevails in most branches of the establishment.

Apropos to the Indian nurses, I have received a communication from a well-informed quarter which throws some light on the recent manifesto of the P.M.O. I gather from it that there have been for some time in the Service a few young ladies whose demeanour has not on all occasions been marked by the gravity and decorum appropriate to a serious profession; and that it is to be supposed that the wise virgins are suffering for these foolish ones. Granted that this is so, it is no justification of the order that has been referred to in TRUTH. If any damsels have conducted themselves at dances, dinner-parties, or elsewhere with unbecoming levity, such conduct, if repeated after due warning, may be a very good reason for removing them from the profession. But it is no reason for forbidding the whole body of nurses at large to participate in those amusements or entertainments which are open to ladies at large.

Two warriors at Gibraltar request me to settle a dispute for them. Warrior No. 1 asserts that if a soldier goes for treatment to a civil doctor, and, getting no benefit from the treatment, reports himself to the regimental medical attendant, "he is not liable to any punishment for having been treated by a civilian doctor." Warrior No. 2 says that under these circumstances the soldier "is liable to be punished for concealing his complaint." These two disputants, like a good many others, it will be seen, do not contradict one another in terms, but are each asserting different propositions, both of which may possibly be true. I never heard that a man can be punished merely for consulting a civilian doctor; on the other hand, he can undoubtedly be punished for concealing a disease. If a man really has a definite disease, and goes to a civilian doctor in preference to the regimental doctor, I suppose it would be considered that he had concealed his disease, and that he would be punished accordingly. It seems to me, therefore, that Warrior No. 2 is nearer the truth than Warrior No. 1. As a rule, I object to decide points of this kind, but I make an exception in this case, hoping that I may be the means of averting bloodshed.

By an order recently issued the privilege is, I understand, conceded to Staff-Sergeant-Farriers of wearing a crown above their former badges. The natural result is that Staff-Sergeant-Wheelers, Collar-makers, Rough-riders, and Heaven knows how many beside, are all clamouring to know why they can't have crowns too. I am very happy to make their wishes known. Now that the sovereignty of the people is established (nominally), I say let anybody wear the crown who has a fancy for it, though I have no aspirations that way myself.

At Shorncliffe the other day persons going in the afternoon to obtain medicines which had been prescribed for out-patients, found the compounder of medicines absent, and several applicants had to wait an hour or two before his return. This, it appears, was owing to the official in question being engaged drilling with a detachment of the Medical Staff Corps, including cooks, clerks, and orderlies. Surely, if a dispenser of drugs which may be urgently required, is taken away to be drilled, some one ought to be put in his place. I am told on what seem to be good grounds, that the whole work of the Corps for the afternoon is disorganised by this drill, which seems to be a very useless kind of performance at the best. It falls particularly hard on the orderlies, who are most severely worked. There were recently four orderlies of the M.S.C. in the hospital at Shorncliffe each with thirty patients under his care, and occasionally they are on duty for thirty-four hours at a stretch, which is in itself a most objectionable state of things.

One of the newspapers announces that the majority of the old huts at Shorncliffe have been replaced by brick buildings. The statement is not accurate, but even if it were, there is too much reason to believe that the change from the old huts to the new is not altogether a change for the better. I hear from Shorncliffe precisely the same reports that have previously been received from Aldershot as to the unfitness of the new buildings for the purpose they are designed to serve. A conspicuous defect is in regard to the heating. The old huts, if not always weather-tight, could generally be kept warm, but in the new ones the magnificent and highly-ornamental stoves supplied are said to be most ineffectual for practical purposes. In an exposed situation like Shorncliffe this is a most serious consideration.

I was asked the other day by an Artillery Officer why the illustrated papers, when depicting military manœuvres, always represent the horses as being either lashed or spurred, and generally urged onwards in the most reckless, not to say cruel, fashion. Perhaps the special artists implicated can explain this. I am bound to add, however, that having studied this aspect of illustrated journalism since the question was put to me, I find that it seems to be *de rigueur* to depict all drivers in the act of using whip or spur, or both, and all horses as prancing or plunging or dashing along at express speed, whether they be cavalry chargers or the poor beasts that draw the pirate 'buses.

An Irish Militiaman asks me why, out of the modest bounty of twenty shillings paid to him at the end of his training, five should be stopped for clothing. It is more

than I can tell, and I doubt that any plausible answer can be given. A man can hardly take five shillings' worth of wear out of his uniform in twenty-seven days, and even if he could, it is a shabby thing to make a soldier pay for his clothing unless unreasonable damage is done. From the same source, I hear that instead of a shilling per day pay, the men only get 6d., and that of the 6d. stopped only 5d. is ever accounted for (4½d. for messing and ½d. for washing). Theoretically, this is precluded by the man's account for the month being presented to him for signature; but are the authorities aware that it is a common practice to obtain a man's signature to a blank sheet? If not, let them ask at the Curragh.

I may add that the Curragh is not the first place from which questionable practices in regard to Militiamen's pay have been reported to me. I have heard before now of Militiamen in English battalions—one with its head-quarters in London—being made to sign accounts drawn up in pencil, of their being simply bounced into signing fictitious accounts representing them as receiving more than the amounts paid, and so on. My information on these points comes, it need hardly be said, not from Militiamen, but from independent witnesses, and I have little doubt that inquiry conducted in the right way would show that a substantial portion of the money which the State supposes itself to pay its Militia finds its way into other pockets.

The growls which I continue to receive from the Royal Engineer Civil Staff point to a very unhealthy state of things in that corner of the Service, and I think that sooner or later the Staff will have to be mended or ended. In one case that has come under my notice a gentleman, supposing, in accordance with the official programme, that he had a certainty of gradual rises from £250 to £500 a year, married at an early stage of his career, and what is the result? By the time he reaches £280 he finds that he has little chance of getting beyond that point before he is forty, and then only a prospect of slow promotion from £300 to £400. In other branches of the Service persistent agitation generally leads to a redress of grievances of this kind; but the Royal Engineer Civil Staff are the pariahs of the Corps to which they are attached, being regarded with jealousy and disfavour by their military colleagues, and having consequently little hope of sympathy from the Commander-in-Chief, the honorary Colonel of the Royal Engineers. It is well that young Civil Engineers who meditate joining the Staff should appreciate all this.

Complaints of the detention of men abroad beyond the expiration of their eight years' service are not confined to India. I hear that in Egypt there are at present a considerable number of eight years' men who see no prospect of getting away, and many more who ought to be moving now if they are to be discharged by the expiration of their time. The position in Egypt seems to be specially hopeless because the troops there are dependent on the Indian troopships, which, of course, are all full up by the time they reach Egypt. A special vessel ought to be sent out to fetch these men home, and it is a mischievous as well as a dishonest policy which detains men abroad in this way when they have a legal right to be brought home.

The mischief which this system does is very clearly shown in a letter which I had the other day from a man who volunteered for foreign service: "I was warned by my friends," he says, "not to cross the sea on account of the uncertainty about getting back again, but I disregarded these warnings, and now I am paying the penalty by a year's service in India which I never bargained for. You will not be surprised to hear that I have done my best to dissuade my friends at home from being as foolish as I was." Far from surprising me, this is precisely what I should have expected. It never seems to occur, however, to gentlemen at Whitehall that by breaking faith with men in this way you give the Service a bad name. Not only do men like my correspondent exert themselves to warn their comrades against volunteering to go abroad, but all soldiers discharged under a feeling of resentment at unjust treatment become so many agents to counteract the efforts of the recruiting officer.

Much has been said in Truth at one time and another as to how Army Canteens ought *not* to be managed. Any one desirous of learning how the thing ought to be done could not do better than study a certain Canteen in the North-Western District, which is managed by a Captain in a crack Cavalry Regiment. The buying is all done in the best London and Liverpool markets, all middlemen's profits are saved, business is conducted on a strict and methodical system, which precludes all pickings and perquisites, and, as a result, highly advantageous terms are secured to the customers of the Canteen, without by any means sacrificing profits. It would add enormously to the comfort of Military life and the well-being of the soldier, if means could be found of securing something like a uniform system on these lines throughout the Army, and such uniformity could easily be secured if the matter were taken up in an intelligent spirit at the War Office.

A disposition is manifest, and ought to be peremptorily checked, to convert the Engineering Inspectors of the Local Government Board into a military force. This tendency is apparently due to Major Tulloch, for since that officer has been at the head of the staff none but Royal Engineers have been appointed, with the single exception of Major Tulloch's own son. The latter gentleman doubtless possesses such brilliant and matchless qualifications that it was deemed desirable in the public

24, Grosvenor-gardens.—To be Sold, or Let on lease, this Mansion, in perfect decorative and sanitary repair, containing 13 bedrooms, two drawing-rooms, boudoir on first floor, dining-room, library, billiard-room, and dressing-room on ground-floor. Stabling for five horses.—Apply, Messrs. Thompson, 6, Bruton-street; or on Premises.

interest to suspend the elimination of civilians, rather than the State should lose the privilege of paying a salary to this phœnix. There can be very little doubt, however, that the public interest demands the appointment of Civil Engineers in all cases. The first qualification for the post is a familiarity with the municipal engineering work which it is the business of these Inspectors to inquire into. Military engineers cannot possibly possess this familiarity, while there can be no difficulty in finding civilians who do. I would, therefore, exhort Mr. Henry Fowler to take the earliest opportunity of reversing the course lately adopted.

With reference to the question of identifying recruits in order to check fraudulent enlistment an officer writes:—

> I am surprised that no one has suggested the Bertillon system of anthropometry. Properly worked it is, I believe, infallible in detecting individuality, for no two persons are at all points exactly the same. There ought to be no more difficulty in arranging in the Army for a central bureau where cards of measurement should be lodged on enlistment, and to which reference could be made in doubtful or suspicious cases, than there is in working the system in France, England, and India for the detection of criminals, who, in their struggle for existence, change their names, their venue, and even their personal appearance.

In point of fact, a suggestion in this direction was made in TRUTH, apropos to Mr. Grant Macdonald's idea of a central depot for recruits, where records for each man's identification would be kept.

I may add that I received the other day from Major W. B. Ferris a copy of a pamphlet, in which he advocates what is practically an adaptation of the Bertillon system, with finger-tip impressions substituted for photography. Major Ferris claims for his method that, besides affording, under a proper system of classification at a central bureau, a rapid and unerring means of identification of any man who has once been enlisted, it will involve very little labour—the necessary work being already half done in the measurements of recruits which are actually taken—and that the cost will be insignificant. He reckons it in India at half an anna per head. When such offers as these are made there can be at least no excuse for not giving them a trial in the face of the enormous loss now annually recorded from fraudulent enlistment.

A nautical correspondent tells me that, among the cargo on a British vessel which lately called at Beira, was a large bale of Army uniforms, comprising those of Guardsmen, Hussars, Lancers, Infantry, and almost every branch of the Service, the majority, however, being those of Line drummers. This is how "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" gets the martial habiliments on which I have recently discoursed. A traveller tells me that all up the coast, from Port Elizabeth northwards and in British, Boer, and Portuguese territory, he has seen the natives disporting themselves in the tattered and grimy garments which were once "the Queen's uniform."

At Pembroke Dock, where the Welsh Regiment is at present stationed, there is a Dockyard Church with a Naval Chaplain attached to it, and a very sparse congregation. There is also an Army Chaplain, but what he is supposed to do I have not been able to discover. Notwithstanding this plethora of official spiritual advisers, the soldiers on the station have been attending the services at the Parish Church, on account of which a payment of £36 per annum is, I believe, made to the Vicar. I do not quarrel with this payment; but I would ask, Why keep up a Military and a Naval Chaplain under such circumstances? At all the smaller dockyard and garrison towns a single Chaplain could perform the whole of the duty, and in many cases arrangements could easily be made for the parochial clergy to undertake it, as is now done at Pembroke Dock.

During the last two or three weeks I have received a number of valuable hints from different quarters as to possible economies in military and naval expenditure. As regards the Navy, which is the matter of chief interest at the present juncture, a point worthy of much consideration is the opening of the rank of Lieutenant to Warrant Officers. Two birds may be killed with this stone. The training of a Lieutenant costs the country about £1,200, exclusive of any special training in gunnery, navigation, or torpedo work. The training of a Warrant Officer costs the country £100 or £150. On every Warrant Officer promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, therefore, the country would save from £1,000 to £1,100. That is the first bird. The second is a double-headed one—the present dearth of Lieutenants, and the discontent prevailing among this class of officers. To meet the present deficiency, it is contemplated, I understand, to increase the number of cadets entered in the *Britannia*. That, however, only means additional expense, and my impression is, that if the supply of Lieutenants is to be kept equal to the demand, more money still will have to be spent in improving the pay and position of this rank.

It may be asked whether the Warrant Officers of the Navy are qualified to undertake the duties of a higher rank. On this point there can be no doubt, for, owing to the lack of Lieutenants, their duties have for many years past been actually filled in the manner proposed. Figures supplied to me show that nearly 8 per cent. of Lieutenants' places have been of late occupied by Warrant Officers. No evil consequences of any kind

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MAX GREGER'S PURE HUNGARIAN WINES strengthen and sustain. The pure produce of the famous Carlowitz district.—MAX GREGER, LTD., Wine Merchants to the Queen, 2, Old Bond-st, W.

have been found to follow from this. It is a standing grievance in the Navy that there is no road open from the ranks to a commission, and this grievance represents a third bird which would be killed by this one stone. If the Naval Lieutenants themselves object to such a change, whether from snobbishness or from a fear that their ranks will become even more congested than at present, let a new commissioned rank, corresponding to that of the Army Quartermasters, be created for the benefit of the "rankers." It is quite certain that something of the sort will have to be done, for if we cannot get enough Lieutenants as things are, the difficulty will constantly increase with the increase of the Navy now being forced upon us.

It has just been officially announced at Portsmouth that in April an examination is to be held for second-class naval draughtsmen, and this arrangement of the Admiralty has caused very great surprise, which is a natural feeling, considering that there are at the present time between forty and fifty eligible candidates for such places who have already passed. Under these circumstances, it is in the highest degree foolish and absurd to hold an examination, and especially as there are not likely to be more than five vacancies during the next three years.

The alarmists who profess to be so exercised about the strength of our fleet in the Mediterranean would do far more good by turning their attention to the West and Southern coasts of Africa, where our naval force is apparently insufficient for the performance of its ordinary duties in time of peace. It is a statutory rule, embodied in a station order, that every ship on the West Coast is to do a cruise to St. Helena or Ascension once a quarter to give the crews a breath of fresh air and a run ashore; but, owing to the insufficiency of the ships on the station, it has lately been impossible to carry out this rule. As a consequence, the crew of H.M.S. *Blonde*, which arrived on the station in October, 1892, have only had two excursions of this kind in fourteen months, and one of these was an accidental visit to Las Palmas with an astronomical expedition. In June last the *Blonde* visited St. Helena, and there is no chance of her again leaving the West Coast till March, when she is promised a run to the Cape. By that time the crew will have been boxed up on board for nine months, the greater part of the time having been spent in mounting guard over one wretched trading house on the Liberian coast.

Any one can see that this is a pernicious state of things from every point of view. It plays the mischief with the physique of officers and men, and I am told that the average loss of weight on board the *Blonde* has been about one stone per man. It is the dullest and most demoralising work, if it can be called work at all, and must breed bitter hatred of the service. It has prevented, in the case of the *Blonde*, the ship's company going through the annual musketry course, and the annual prize-firing—the most important of all exercises. I have referred specially to the *Blonde*, but nearly every other ship can tell a similar tale. The *Thrush*, just ordered to the Cape, had had up to that time a wretched commission, and the *Phœbe* has not fared much better.

A Naval Officer gives me one or two promising suggestions for remedying these evils. In the first place, more ships are required, and to the provision of any needful number of ships of the kind required for such work no man of any party objects. In the next place, the West Coast of Africa should be made into a separate station, with its limit at Loanda, and a proper naval station and dock at Ascension. My naval friend would utilise St. Helena for leave-giving, preferring that the dockyard should be at a spot where there are no distractions on shore. The Cape and the East Coast, up to Zanzibar, including Madagascar and Mauritius, he would make into a separate station. Finally, no ship's company should serve on the West Coast for more than eighteen months, and no ship should be left there, or anywhere else, more than a year without going to the dockyard for a thorough overhaul. In view of the importance of the Cape route to India, now happily becoming more and more widely acknowledged, I trust that these suggestions will attract attention, for they are the first steps towards securing to us a commanding supremacy around the whole length of the African Coast—a matter of infinitely more consequence than the chimera of supremacy in the Mediterranean.

I hear that some time ago upwards of 50,000 lb. of Navy beef and pork were sent out to Sierra Leone, but it was then discovered that the meat was not required, and it was returned to Deptford, where it was forthwith condemned, the result being that provisions which a few months before had cost the country just £1,100 were sold for £100. It would be interesting to learn who were the purchasers of these stores, and by whom and for what reason they were condemned.

A few months back attention was called in Truth to the heavy cost of copying and parchment, and other needless extravagances in the Probate Registry. Since then a Departmental Committee has reported in favour of copying by typewriters on stout paper, and this change would effect a saving of nearly £1,300 per annum, but up to the present time no arrangements have been made for giving effect to the proposal. If the action

Winter Visitors to Bournemouth will find "The Imperial" one of the most complete residential establishments in the United Kingdom. Finest position on East Cliff. Luxuriously furnished, with appointments and cuisine of the highest order. Moderate tariff.—Apply, Manager.—W. H. Doré, Proprietor.

Typewriters of all makes for Sale or Hire. Machines bought or taken in part exchange for new ones. Documents copied with accuracy and despatch.—N. Taylor, Manager, National Typewriter Exchange, 74, Chancery-lane, London.

is to be taken at all, it should be taken forthwith, before another year's work is commenced upon the old lines.

In this connection I would also point out that the Chief of the Copying Department (salary £600 per annum) is a gentleman seventy years of age, with fifty years' service in the Department to his credit. Doubtless he is personally a worthy man, and officially a deserving servant, but it is contrary to public policy to keep any official at work to such an age, and the more deserving an official the stronger his claim to retirement and rest in his old age.

Among the humbler servants of the State who have a strong claim to better terms for their labour are those employed in the mechanical work in connection with the Post Office telegraph and telephone lines. The majority of them are merely casual hands, liable to dismissal at any time, and receiving on an average about 4s. a day, out of which have to be met the exceptional expenses attendant on an occupation involving perpetual changes of lodging. In view of the last condition and of the fact that the work necessitates severe exposure to weather, the pay is certainly poor, and a further grievance is that it is paid fortnightly. There ought to be an established staff sufficient to meet the ordinary requirements of the department, with a progressive scale of wages, paid weekly, and an assured pension, and all casual hands who may be from time to time taken on ought to be admitted to the staff at the first opportunity.

Although not myself an enemy of School Boards, nor apprehensive of their influence upon the happiness of the nation, I cannot refrain from reproducing the following advertisement, which appeared the other day in the *Church Times*:—

HASTE TO THE RESCUE! 'THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! THE LAST APPEAL! Wanted at once a Certificated TEACHER who, for the love of Mother Church and her little ones, is disposed to make sacrifice at first in undertaking the duties of a very small village school in a remote, poor country parish, to prevent a School Board, which is imminent. Better prospects when the school is once started.—Please communicate without delay with Rector, Thwaite, near Bungay.

Is it not, I would ask, an extraordinary thing that if School Boards are so inimical to the public welfare, and if the nation is only to be saved by keeping primary education in the hands of the Church of England, there should be no one to save us from the dreadful fate impending but the poor under-paid schoolmaster? Out of all the plutocrats who own (nominally) allegiance to the Church—out of all her well-paid army of officials—there is not one to whom this Rector thinks it worth while to appeal. No! The person to make a sacrifice for "Mother Church and her little ones" out of his modest pound or two a week is the luckless "certificated teacher."

One of the most outrageous abuses of the powers of Water Companies that have ever been reported has just been shown up by Mr. Archibald Dobbs. The offenders are the Southend on Sea Water Company, who, by some extraordinary oversight on the part of the Legislature, have the power to refuse to supply water except by special agreement in any case where any part of the premises is used for a trade purpose requiring water. The London Hotel at Southend came under this clause, and Mr. Brown, the proprietor, accordingly had to sign an agreement under which he took his water by meter, and paid about £20 a year. This went on for a time without objection. Then it occurred to the Water Company that they might as well have £40 a year from Mr. Brown as £20, so he was informed that the price of his water would be doubled, and a new agreement on that basis was presented to him for signature. He declined to sign, but was told that if he did not do so his water would be cut off. He still declined, and his water was cut off. He could not of course exist, or carry on his business without water, so he had to submit at this point, and pay the £40 demanded.

It appears, therefore, that this Water Company, armed with their statutory monopoly, have the power to extort from any customer who happens to carry on a trade, *precisely what they like*. They are in exactly the same position as if Parliament had conferred on them the power to point a pistol at the tradesman's head and demand his money or his life. And they are apparently not above using this power. Why did the Company suddenly double the price of this unfortunate publican's water-supply? There can be no pretence for saying that the cost of supplying him had suddenly doubled. The reason, doubtless, was that they perceived he was doing a good business and could afford to pay, so they determined to make him hand over a slice of his trade profits to them. An act of brigandage pure and simple! Such a state of things ought to be put right at once. I gather from what Mr. Dobbs says, that it must have been by an oversight on the part of the Local Government Board that such a clause was allowed to appear at all in a private Bill. The Local Government Board ought, therefore, to introduce a Bill repealing this clause. It is an intolerable state of things that the whole of the tradesmen of a flourishing town should be left, bound and helpless, at the mercy of a gang of incorporated banditti.

Is it possible that old people taking refuge in a workhouse are deprived of any flannel underclothing they may possess? A case has been brought under my notice from Norwood in which an old lady in a very infirm condition is deterred from going into the workhouse on account of an alleged rule to this effect. If such a rule exists, it is a detestable piece of inhumanity. If it does not, the fact cannot too soon be made known, for the deserving poor have already quite enough genuine grounds for dreading the workhouse. There is no need to add imaginary terrors.

SANITARY SURVEYS.—Fee for inspection and Report in London, 2Gs.—The Sanitary Engineering Co., 65, Victoria-st., Westminster.

A legal authority directs my attention to sundry questionable proceedings said to be common with trustee-solicitors, whereby both trust estates and the Inland Revenue must suffer considerably. As legal technicalties are involved, it will be safest to give my informant's allegations in his own language:—

> When on the death of a *cestui que trust*, succession accounts are rendered to the Inland Revenue Department, as far as I know the bills against the estate are not required to be taxed. Nor, again, are solicitor-trustees required to account for commissions received. It is all very well to say that the new *cestui que trust* can have this done. In most cases the new *cestui que trust* is absolutely in the hands of the trustee, and, as often as not, is a child or a woman.
>
> Within my own experience a trustee of this sort had paid himself or his firm £1,900 out of a not large estate. Of this amount, at a guess, £1,300 might represent his profit costs. No doubt he had also received commissions. The bill was left untaxed, the commissions were not accounted for, and the Revenue lost duty at 4½ per cent. on the amount which might have been taxed off the bill, as well as on the commissions.

I would suggest to the Inland Revenue authorities that they should at once insist on taxation in all such cases, and also upon a statutory declaration from every solicitor-trustee that neither his firm nor any individual member of his firm has received commissions without duly accounting for them. And there is no reason why the Revenue authorities, who are not generally at all delicate about standing on their legal rights, should not go back a few years, and look up some of the payments which have been thus evaded. But what I would chiefly advise is that people should not make solicitors trustees, except where they are near relatives who can be trusted to do the right thing, or are associated with other trustees competent to keep a tight hand upon them. Doubtless before long we shall have a public trustee, when many of the difficulties which now attend the creation and administration of trusts will be ended. The sooner the better.

A taxpayer who, like many of us, considered himself to have been arbitrarily and illegally assessed by the income-tax authorities, has been invoking all the powers of the State to upset a decision of the Special Commissioners of Income Tax. As might be expected, he was not successful, though he had a Cabinet Minister to back him up, and though he laid his case in turn before the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, and the Prime Minister. As Mr. Gladstone put it in a letter to the aggrieved taxpayer, "as the law now stands, the Commissioners are the only authority in whom is vested the power of determining the amount in which persons are to be assessed." Mr. Gladstone refrains, however, from expressing any approval of the state of the law, and if he and his colleagues would create some right of appeal from the decrees of these autocrats, I think it would be generally recognised as a salutary reform.

I remarked the other day that it was strange that any educated person should fall into the error of supposing that the present century ends in 1899, but there is no doubt that many who ought to know better do thus err. A correspondent tells me that among such is no less a person than the dramatist Kotzebue, who makes this mistake in his short play, "Das neue Jahrhundert." This only shows that one may be a great dramatist without knowing much about arithmetic. Ignorance often crops up in unexpected places. Miss Costigan, it will be remembered, was able to make a success as Mrs. Haller without ever having heard of Kotzebue.

The advertisement columns of the daily papers afford a perennial food for meditation. Here is an instance:—

> LADY HELP required, 21 to 28, or widow, 30 to 39, by an elderly Lady, where a servant is kept. Must be able to amuse by music, singing, a good reader, with little needlework. Wages £13; a rise after six months.—Apply, with music and songs, three to seven o'clock, &c.

Why this selection of the mystic seven years from twenty-one to twenty-eight in the case of a maid, or the period from thirty to thirty-nine in the case of a widow? But, above all, why a beggarly 5s. a week to a lady, who is expected to be not merely a servant, but a needlewoman, a cultured companion, and a vocal and instrumental musician? Why is an educated lady expected to work harder than a maid of all work, and to work for less?

Some of my readers doubtless recollect the man Kensit, of Paternoster-row, who was gibbeted in Truth some two or three years ago as a vendor of obscene literature in the Protestant interest. Of late this individual has been advertising a "Protestant Truth Society," with himself as Secretary. A lady who wrote to him for information about this concern received the following answer:—

> The Protestant Truth Society.
>
> Secretary, John Kensit.
>
> Object—The extensive circulation of Protestant literature. Means used—Public meetings, depots for the sale of Protestant literature, circulation through the post, aggressive action, and free distribution.
>
> 18, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.,
> October 15, 1890.
>
> Dear Madam,—The Society has not yet been in existence one year and, therefore, our first report is not yet ready. We are quite in infant form and cannot give President, although I hope very soon to give the name of an active, earnest, prominent man as such. Our funds at present have been very small, and I have held the office of both Secretary and Treasurer, honorary. The Society has been formed really to help me in the matter of free grants and otherwise assist the circulation of literature I have published. No money is paid for rent, salary, &c., but entirely given to the work.
>
> I enclose you prospectus, and will send you report, &c., when published.—Yours, [illegible] J. Kensit.

From this and "the enclosed prospectus" I gather that the "Protestant Truth Society" is J. Kensit, *plus* any noodles who will send him money for the objects of the "Society;" that the Executive of the "Society" is Kensit; and that the objects of the "Society" are to purchase and distribute the publications of Kensit. If sectarian bigotry induces "Protestants" to pay money to Kensit on such terms, they deserve to lose it. This,

A Fair Beautiful Skin.—By washing with Sulpholine Soap the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion is ensured.

For Throat Irritation and Cough, Epps's Glycerine Jujubes will always be found effective. Sold only in boxes 7½d., or tins 1s. 1½d. labelled "James Epps & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

however, is by no means the same thing as saying that Kensit deserves to get it.

My readers will also remember one Davey. His exploits were described in TRUTH. Having swindled various persons, he became the tenant of a house in Portland-place, whence he attempted to rob several Members of Parliament by pretending that he was hindering the publication of defamatory libels concerning them. The last time that I heard about him he was in Chicago "on the swindle." He was there representing himself as an eminent medical man, and an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. It would seem that Davey, on leaving Chicago, went to New York, where he resided at the Brunswick Hotel, and as a visitor frequented the Union League Club. From the New York papers I gather that an Englishman is now in the Toombs Prison under the name of Robert Williams, and they say that there is little doubt that this Robert Williams is Robert Williams Davey. The following is the description given of Williams or Davey :—

He is above middle height, portly and erect, and wears a tawny beard fashioned to a point. His face is one of intelligence and refinement, and only in his eyes is there any indication of obliquity of character. He is entered on the prison books as aged forty-seven.

If the American authorities have got hold of Davey I trust that they will keep him, for a viler and more pernicious scoundrel never landed on their shores.

Our old friend the Spanish prisoner, who holds the clue to a treasure which has been buried at different times in all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Continent of Europe, is a bold man. He is now addressing himself, with the same old tale, to various respectable citizens of Manchester and Salford. One of them writes :—

I don't know why the Spanish prisoner has singled us out for his attentions, unless he thinks that we must all be flats here because we return your friend, Sir H. H. Howorth, to represent us at Westminster.

This is unkind to Sir Henry Howorth. If I may suggest a more charitable explanation, perhaps the Spanish swindler thinks that in a Conservative constituency his circulars are not so likely to fall into the hands of readers of TRUTH. In this, however, I can assure my Spanish friend that he is mistaken.

The following mysterious advertisement has been appearing in certain provincial papers, *e.g.*, the *Bradford Observer* and the *Bradford Argus* :—

The Directors notify the rate of interest to be allowed on deposits for the month of October, 1893, as follows :—

One month's notice	3 per cent.
Three months' „	4½ „
Six „ „	6 „

James Campbell, Secretary.

BROWNING SUPPLY CO.,
Goring, Sussex.

Lest any one should be moved by this announcement to entrust the Browning Supply Co. with deposits of cash, the following information concerning this institution may be of service. Goring is a small village comprising two shops, a public house, and a few cottages. The name of the "Browning Supply Company" does not appear there. A man named Clifford Clarke, however, who is also known as "Campbell," is reported to be the manager of this Company. He has lived in furnished apartments in Goring for the last eight or nine months. He does not openly carry on any business, and he has on several occasions figured in the County Court. These facts, few as they are, will, I trust, be sufficient not only to prevent the Browning Supply "Directors" from receiving any further deposits, but also to prevent newspapers at Bradford and elsewhere publishing any more of the "Secretary's" advertisements.

If our Post Office should ever adopt the United States law against using the mails for fraudulent purposes, there is another leaf which might with advantage be borrowed from the American Statute-book at the same time. This is a provision for checking the practice, which most swindlers adopt, of having their letters addressed to them at shops. It is thus described in an article by Mr. Willdey, of the General Post Office, on "Foreign Post Offices," published in the *United Service Magazine* :—

The Postmaster-General may, upon evidence satisfactory to him that any person is using any fictitious or assumed name, title, or address, in conducting by means of the Post Office any business scheme or device in violation of the provision of this Act, instruct the postmaster of any place at which letters arrive addressed to such fictitious names to require the person claiming or receiving them to attend at the Post Office and be identified; and if he fail to appear, and it be satisfactorily proved that the letters, cards, or packets are addressed to a fictitious, false, or assumed name or address, such letters, &c., shall be forwarded to the Dead Letter Office as "fictitious matter."

Mr. Willdey states that a flourishing American fraud, known as the "green goods" swindle, has been very successfully dealt with under this law, and hardly a day passes but what I have cases under my notice which show how useful a similar law would be in England.

I hear it frequently asked whether a man against whom a verdict of "not proven" is found can be tried again for the same offence. I am told by Scotch lawyers that this is as impossible as if the verdict had been "not guilty."

Among the usury performances that have lately come under my notice is one in which a youth, who was a clerk to a firm of stockbrokers, borrowed on October 12 £5 of one "Talbot," alias the "Moorgate Mutual Society," of 28, Finsbury Pavement, and gave a bill for £8, payable November 30. In addition to this, 5s. was deducted from the advance for "expenses," so that the victim was actually to pay £3. 5s. for a loan of £4. 15s. for seven weeks. This works out at the rate of considerably over 500 per cent. per annum. When the bill fell due, it was open to the debtor to renew it for a month by paying a further £3. A better instance of the pernicious trade done by sharks of the "Talbot" class could not be found; for this Shylock had a declaration from his victim that he was a clerk in a City house, and knew, therefore, the deadly temptation towards which he was driving the wretched lad.

It will be noticed that my Legal Pillory is this week conspicuous by its absence. In this season of peace and goodwill toward men I am loth to mar the enjoyment of my friends the Great Unpaid, and so, for this week only, I have decided to let their blunders go unchronicled. Those who ought to have been placed in the Pillory will, I trust, show their appreciation of my clemency by endeavouring in future to administer the law in a truer spirit of justice and mercy. Nothing will be more gratifying to me than to find evidences of improvement in this direction, and I shall be delighted to welcome the time when there are no longer any Magisterial mistakes or misdeeds to correct and censure. But I fear that time is not yet.

"It was stated that his family were in a state of starvation, having neither fuel nor food in the house." I quote this sentence from the report of a case recently heard by Messrs. C. Wykeham Martin, N. Story-Maskelyne, J. H. Sadler, and E. C. Trepplin at the Wootton Bassett Petty Sessions. The defendant, one Goulding, was summoned for non-payment of arrears of poor-rate, and it might be imagined that the disclosure as to his poverty and the suffering of his family was followed by the dismissal, or at all events the adjournment, of the case. But this was not what happened. If Messrs. Wykeham Martin and Co. experienced any feeling of compassion for poor Goulding and his family, they effectually smothered such unmagisterial sentiment, and "issued an order for distress" in the usual way.

On November 2 I referred to certain disclosures which were made at an inquest concerning the death of a lady inmate of a "Medical Boarding House," carried on by Dr. C. D. Sherrard at Avalon House, Eastbourne. Dr. Sherrard, it may be recollected, informed the Coroner that his treatment was "moral and spiritual," and a letter was read in which he said "he was sure God would not allow anything to happen in that establishment." I ventured to suggest that the Divine supervision of the establishment should be supplemented by that of the Commissioners in Lunacy. It is satisfactory to note that this suggestion has borne fruit, and that Dr. Sherrard has been committed for trial under a summons issued at the instance of the Commissioners for keeping a lunatic in his house without a licence.

There seems to be as much variety about the sentences passed on Naval deserters as in the decrees of Petty Sessions. For a seaman or marine tried and sentenced on the *Victory* at Portsmouth the regulation sentence is 28 days' hard labour. For a marine tried at headquarters at Plymouth or Chatham the sentence ranges from 56 days to 6 months; while men tried on their own ships at either of these ports usually get 90 days. All these anomalies can be verified from recent records at Lewes Gaol. There cannot possibly be any excuse for them.

It is high time that some practical steps were taken to put a stop to the operations of the gentry who go about collecting money for "Volunteer" Fire-brigades. The man Skevington, the ringleader in this line of business, is still as active as ever, notwithstanding the many warnings that have been published against him, and I hear from a gentleman in Marylebone that he has within the last week or two collected large sums in that neighbourhood. The County Council have been applied to again and again on the subject, but they are, of course, powerless to stop the touting business, and, limited as their powers are, I take it that they could not even provide money for the prosecution of any of the parties. What is required is a private citizen with sufficient public spirit to set the law in motion.

Bumble seems to regard any conveyance as good enough for a sick pauper. The other day a scandal occurred in a Suffolk Union through an aged and ailing couple having the bad grace to die soon after a bitterly cold journey to the workhouse in a tumbrel. Now the Bath coroner has had to inquire into the death of an old man who, whilst suffering from general debility and chronic bronchitis with an enfeebled heart, was removed to the workhouse in an open bread-cart. It was a miserable day, rain and snow were falling, and on the way the deceased complained of the cold. A short time after his admission to the workhouse he expired, and, although the doctor did not definitely say that his end was accelerated by the exposure, his removal in such weather in an open bread-cart was none the less reprehensible. It is made all the more inexcusable by the fact that the Bath Union actually possesses a special conveyance for sick and infirm paupers

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A lady residing on the South-Eastern line asks me to make public the following information. I hope that it may prove useful:—

I constantly hear of people getting out at Cannon-street Station instead of Charing-cross, owing to the close resemblance between the two Stations. It would be very good of you to let people know, through the medium of your paper, that there is not any difficulty in distinguishing the two Stations if the lamps on the platforms are carefully noted. At Cannon-street each lamp has a single light, at Charing-cross each has three, arranged in the form of a cross.

A would-be corrector writes to inform me that I err in stating that an Out-door Officer of Customs cannot get beyond £100 per annum. After reaching that point, he says, the Out-door officer can pass another examination and become an Examining Officer. This is trumpery quibbling. My statement had reference to the class of Out-door Officers, and I gave correctly the limit to which that class can rise, contrasting it with the corresponding limits of an Excise Assistant. As I also pointed out, the entrance examination for Out-door Officers is stiffer than that for the Excise. Consequently, the fact that the former must pass a second examination in order to get

Ovoca.—A perfect Old Irish Whisky. Medically recommended. Absolutely pure, genuine. Thoroughly matured, palatable. Of all Wine Merchants. Wholesale only, A. Millar & Co., Dublin.

Annual Sale.—From 1st January until 6th inclusive, Messrs. Benjamin, of Ulster House, Conduit-st., W., will sell their sample garments at an average reduction of 50 per cent.

into the next class only accentuates the contrast between their position and that of the Excisemen. In the Customs a man by every possible exertion, and with all possible luck in his favour, can only reach a salary of £110 in eleven years. An Exciseman would, in the ordinary course of things, reach £137. 10s. in the same time.

I have been asked to notice two little works by Mr. H. C. Richards, "The Candidates' and Agents' Guide in Contested Elections," and "The Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act, 1883, Annotated and Explained." (Jordan & Sons, Chancery-lane.) The books are well written, and may be studied with advantage. Possibly it was thought that they would be rendered specially interesting to me by a recollection of my former encounters with the author at Northampton—though he did not, of course, acquire any experience of corrupt and illegal practices in that pattern constituency. Mr. Richards explains that his object is to be "the means of saving candidates and their agents from the pitfalls into which enthusiasm and lack of legal knowledge may otherwise lead them." That Conservative candidates and agents stand in urgent need of such salvation was conclusively shown by certain revelations before her Majesty's Judges at Rochester, Walsall, and Hexham; and Mr. Richards sets forth a good deal of information which may be profitably studied by those members of his Party who wish to walk in the path of electoral purity. It seems to me, however, that in the following passage he somewhat gives away the character of the Primrose League:—

> Yet so absolutely independent ought the Primrose League to be, that there never should be any chance given for holding the Member or Candidate responsible for the acts of the League or any of its members, either on the ground of Agency or otherwise.

The Editor of the *Siam Free Press*, I regret to learn, is again in trouble. The attempt to coerce him into silence by personal outrage having failed, he is now being harassed by a series of libel actions. These actions are brought by officials of the Siamese Government on the most flimsy pretexts; and from the particulars with which I have been furnished, it is pretty clear that the object of so much litigation is to suppress the paper. Fearless and independent criticism is, no doubt, badly wanted at Bangkok, but the powers that be are evidently determined not to permit it. I think if I were in my contemporary's position, I should seriously consider whether it was worth while continuing what must be, in such a country, a hopeless struggle.

A correspondent writing from Trinidad, apropos to the recent discussion of coolie immigration in TRUTH, points out that there is one aspect of the system on which nothing has been said—namely, its effect on the employer of coolies. We have almost forgotten nowadays the arguments which brought about the abolition of slavery in the British Empire, but one of the strongest of them was the demoralising effect upon the slaveowner of the exercise of proprietary rights over his fellow creatures. The evidence of this has always been visible enough wherever slavery has prevailed. The Trinidad colonist to whom I refer points specially to the fact that the master of coolies is next door to a slaveowner. It is true that, as the coolie is only bound for five years, the employer sees one-fifth of his slaves emancipated every year, but he is able at once to supply their places. It is also true that he cannot flog them to make them work; but he can send them to gaol if they refuse to do his bidding. He differs, therefore, from a slaveowner only in that the terror of the gaol is substituted for the terror of the lash. In this way, says my Trinidad correspondent, the tradition of slavery has been so kept alive among the governing class that if slavery itself were re-established to-morrow, it would be welcomed by most of them as an old friend.

History repeats itself. There is a letter of Charles I. to the Duke of Buckingham, in which there is a phrase in regard to Ireland which would fit in with the present state of things in Parliament:—

> As for hens, I can say but little yet, Ireland being the only egg we have yet sitten upon, and, having a thick shell, we have not yet hatched it.

Last summer Mr. Gladstone's exertions were prodigious. For months he held the field, night after night, in a discussion that tried the staying powers of younger men, but which apparently produced no ill effect upon him. But the laws of nature are unalterable, no force can be exerted without a waste of force. In youth, and, indeed, up to the confines of old age, abnormal exertion has no ill results, for it is met by recuperation. In extreme old age, it tells. No one can watch Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons without perceiving that the work of the summer has greatly aged him. Now, although I do not always agree with him in everything, there is no man for whom I have a greater admiration, for I believe that no man has so truly devoted himself during a long life to his country's interests. I do, therefore, hope that his *entourage* will insist upon his passing the two most trying months of the winter—January and February—in a mild climate, as has been his wont in past years. That the House of Commons is apt to get out of hand in the absence of its Leader is true; for, whatever the ability and tact of his *locum tenens* may be, he is without the authority that is involved in actual leadership. But this consideration ought not to weigh in the balance against Mr. Gladstone's health. The Tories, though they attack him, are proud of him as a living evidence of the staying

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"TRUTH" will be sent weekly to any address in the United Kingdom for 7s. for 3 months; 14s. for 6 months; or 28s. for 12 months. The subscription for the Continent, America, and the Colonies (India and China excepted) is 3 months, 7s. 7d.; 6 months, 15s. 2d.; 12 months, £1. 10s. 4d.; and to India and China, 3 months, 8s. 2d.; 6 months, 16s. 4d.; and 12 months, £1. 12s. 6d. All subscriptions are payable in advance, and cheques and P.O.O.'s should be made payable to the MANAGER, "Truth" Buildings, Carteret-street, S.W.

qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they would be the last to wish that he should not continue to surprise the world by his perennial vigour for many a year, although possibly they might prefer that he should become the Patriarch of Hawarden rather than the Athlete of Westminster.

When Voltaire's admirers insisted upon his coming to Paris, and taking part there in theatrical performances and meetings of the Institute, we know what were the results. Yet Voltaire did not do in a week during his stay at Paris what Mr. Gladstone often does in a day. It is all nonsense to suppose that a man of eighty-five can incur the responsibilities and worries involved in the rule of an Empire, and the work of defending his policy in an Assembly where his opponents are nearly as numerous as his supporters, without serious risk, and I confess that I do not like to see Mr. Gladstone exposed to this risk. He incurs it from a sense of duty. I am by no means certain that the country has a right to demand that the risk should be continued, and I for one should—politics apart—rejoice were he to follow the example of other veterans who, when younger than he is, withdrew from the strife and turmoil of Party to a well-earned repose. At least, however, if he does insist on devoting himself to his country's service, we ought to see that the burthen lies as lightly upon him as possible.

Constantinople has not the importance it had in the days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. We spent one hundred millions on the Crimean War in order to restrain Russia from acquiring influence in Turkey, and we gave up subsequently all that we secured by that war. We are not likely to do the same again. At present, Russian war vessels in the Black Sea may not enter the Mediterranean; but I suspect that, in the event of a naval war between us and Russia, the Sultan would allow the vessels of the latter Power to pass the Bosphorus, assuming that Russia did not find her most prudent course to be that of making certain that our vessels could not enter the Black Sea. The Embassy at Constantinople, however, is an important one, and I think that Sir Philip Currie is an excellent selection as our Ambassador to Turkey. He has had a large experience, and has tact and ability. I see that certain Tory newspapers rejoice because, having been Lord Salisbury's private secretary, they feel confident that he will support a Tory policy. Our representatives abroad, they ought to have known, have no Party leanings. They honourably carry out the instructions transmitted to them from whomever may be Foreign Secretary.

Of course, every one who is not prepared to agree to any expenditure on armaments, no matter whether it be required or not, is reviled by the Jingo organs under the comprehensive epithet of a "Little Englander." It may be well, therefore, that one of these "traitors to the country" should himself explain his views. I—a "traitor"—will do so. I fully recognise that, being inhabitants of an island, which is the capital of a vast Empire situated in various parts of the globe, it is absolutely necessary for us that we should have a Navy adequate for the protection of our shores, and for keeping sea communications open between the component parts of the Empire. But I utterly and absolutely deny that this Navy must be so large that we shall be able to block all the ports of our opponents in a war, no matter how many the opponents may be. This would be to impose on us in peace the cost of war, and against this Sir Robert Peel—another traitor, presumably—always protested.

During the last few months the Conservative organs and the Conservative speakers have fanned the flames of a panic. What are the facts? They were explained by Sir William Harcourt. We have a Navy far superior in number of ships, in speed, in guns, and in tonnage to that of any two other naval Powers. In 1895 we shall have a Navy still superior in tonnage, but inferior in number of ships, assuming that we do not build one single vessel. But we shall during this time be building vessels. To this I have no objection; indeed, I regard it as a necessity of our geographical position. What I do object to is building more than are needed to maintain our present relative position with that of other Powers. If to hold this opinion is to be a traitor, I accept the term.

So, too, with regard to expansion of empire. Our Empire is the largest that the world has ever seen. The cost of defending it is thrown on the inhabitants of the British Isles. Assuredly it is possible to rest and be thankful for what we have, without endangering its safety by everlastingly grabbing more. Still more reasonable is it, in view of the want and misery that call aloud at home for redress, not to expend our means in meddlesome philanthropy outside the limits of our Empire; all the more as generally this philanthropy is a mere cloak for speculators to drag us into connivance with them in robbery and murder with the object of filling their own pockets.

What I would have is a reduction in our Army to meet extra expenditure on our Navy. Our Army is a toy, and an expensive one. With a strong and efficient Navy, it is not needed. All that is required is a sufficient number of soldiers to man our garrisons, and I believe that this demand would be satisfactorily met by having a body of marines that could serve alike in garrisons and on board ship.

Ovaline Toilet Soap, made with Yolk of Egg, is a wonderful discovery for the skin and hair. As a Shaving Soap it has no equal. 6d. & 8d. per tablet, 1/6 per box.—52, King-st., Regent-st., London.

Minton's (Limited). Minton's China.—A visit to Messrs. Mortlock's extensive collection in Oxford-st. and Orchard-st. will conclusively prove the superiority of taste and lowness of price for which this house has been so celebrated during the last century.

In the recent debate on our Naval armaments I observed that several speakers alluded to the necessity of remaining during a war masters in the Mediterranean, as though this were a matter of paramount importance to us. I should have said that it was far more important for us to remain masters outside the Mediterranean during a war, and in the Mediterranean after the war. Suppose a war with France and Russia. Both Powers have a seaboard in the Mediterranean; for the contingency of the Russian Black Sea Fleet passing through the Bosphorus would have to be regarded as a possibility. If, then, we wished to remain masters during the war, we should have to occupy the Mediterranean with such a force as would blockade Toulon, Ajaccio, Algiers, and the mouth of the Dardanelles.

How many ships would this require? Would it not be strategically wiser to blockade the Mediterranean itself, by a fleet at Gibraltar? for this is practically the only exit from that Sea, no ships being likely to pass through the Suez Canal if we retain our hold on the Red Sea. This plan of campaign I unhesitatingly assert is the only practical one that recommends itself to the minds of our Naval experts. Our remaining masters in the Mediterranean after the war would depend upon the outcome of the war, and not upon our being masters in it during the war.

But how about Egypt? Would not France land an Army there, if we had no Fleet in the Mediterranean? Unquestionably she would, and this is precisely the reason why we ought to bring our occupation of that country to an end. It is our strategical weakness; not our strength. Admit that it would be a blunder to endeavour to hold the Mediterranean, instead of blocking it and communicating with the East by the Cape, we should actually have to pursue a course fraught with danger, on account of this occupation. And yet the only plea for an occupation is that it would in the event of war prove useful to us!

It would seem that the Europeans in South Africa are not quite so unanimous in their enthusiasm for Mr. Rhodes as his friends here would have us believe. It would be odd if they were. Lobengula's territories extend over an area larger than France and Spain, and although some Europeans may have shares in Mr. Rhodes's Company, all have not. If Mr. Gladstone were to propose that he should kill off the inhabitants of some vast district and only allow in it such European settlers as might be ready to pay to a Company of which he was the financier a heavy price for carrying on any avocation there, the popularity of the G. O. M. would not long survive.

Here is an extract from a letter written by Mr. O'Reilly, one of the most respected members of the Cape Parliament, to the Rhodes Reception Committee at Cape Town:—

As it appears from a report of the proceedings, published in this morning's *Cape Times*, that the meeting was pleased, in my absence, to put my name on the Committee appointed to carry out arrangements for a public banquet to be given to the Hon. C. J. Rhodes on his return from Mashonaland, I am, now reluctantly obliged to ask you to have my name removed, and to state my reasons why. Personally, I have the greatest respect for Mr. Rhodes, and in my heart I am thankful for the escape, so far, of the Europeans engaged in the late operations in Matabeleland from any disaster; but I cannot familiarise myself with the thought that the destruction of many thousands of the Matabele nation in defence of their own country, and without, in my opinion, any sufficient cause or provocation, by the man slaying machines of the Chartered Company should be taken hold of as a fit occasion for the display of public rejoicings on the return of the Chief Director of the Joint Stock Company carrying on business under the style and firm of the Chartered Company of British South Africa, Limited. I feel the incongruity of such rejoicing all the more keenly when I contrast the truly noble and chivalrous bearing of the Matabele chief and nation protecting every white man and woman at Buluwayo, sending the missionaries away out of danger, and not only protecting their lives, but guarding the properties they had to leave behind against loss or injury, with the yet unexplained and uncontradicted atrocities of the force of the Chartered Company under Captain Lendy, within a few miles of Victoria, which were the precursors of the subsequent expedition against Lobengula, together with the infamous arrest and cruel shooting down at Tati, in the midst of an armed camp, held by a force of several hundred of Imperial troops, of two innocent ambassadors carrying messages of peace from the Matabele chief to her Majesty's High Commissioner, accompanied by a white man who had just been permitted by the Matabele chief to leave Buluwayo in safety, and by a brother of Lobengula, as a guarantee of their sacred character as truce-bearers. Under the circumstances, I cannot possibly allow my name to be connected with the public demonstration which you and others of the citizens of Cape Town have chosen to inaugurate on the occasion of Mr. Rhodes's return from the country where the above scenes were enacted.

Here, too, is an extract from an article in the *Standard and Diggers' News*, of Johannesburg, a newspaper which, from its well-known independence, and the ability with which it is conducted, carries great weight:—

SALVATION BY SLAUGHTER.

That picture of Fallen Majesty fleeing at snail's pace in a waggon of his, to which faithful subjects are yoked, his oxen having failed, has its own pathos; and once again the temptation is to sympathise with the foe, chivalrous to the last, upon whom the necessity to fight has been so ruthlessly forced by Cecil Rhodes and his Company-mongering colleagues. True, it is well that civilisation should take the place of savagery, and that the back-stretches of the Continent should be thrown open to the disciples of development and lovers of the methods of peace. But the manner of doing it, and the excuse for the shedding of blood, must always be considered before even Civilisation's Cause can be declared righteous, and before Civilisation's sword can descend with justice upon the Dark-skins. In the present instance, what has been the justification for knocking the Matabele nation to pieces? The Chartered excuse is that sundry Mashonas were ruthlessly slaughtered by assegais of the Matabele—at Victoria, before the eyes of the white men—a thing against which the soul of white men was, they say, bound to revolt. Perhaps true. But it was not enough, for this offence, that the Chartered revenge was taken by slaughtering the Matabele raiders before they could repent them of their sins and take themselves off. No! The revenge must be carried further—the Company being put to it for gold-ground—and the whole Matabele nation must be wiped out, notwithstanding its King offered cattle to expiate the misdeeds of the young men, notwithstanding the heads of his nation desired peace and were still content to let the white man wander their country wherever they would. Consequently, from the date of that Victoria episode—surely the place was unhappily named after a Sovereign lady so noted for peace and fair play in all things—the business of revenge-reaping has gone on apace, and a punishment has been meted out that has been more merciless than anything the sable savage himself could have contrived. Not an iota of mercy has been shown: the man-slaying machines of the Company have hewn down guilty

SELF GREY LAMB'S WOOL UNDERCLOTHING. English manufacture. Will not shrink and can be supplied in several substances. Price lists sent.—SAMPSON & Co., 268, 270, Oxford-street, W.

SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE OF SUPERIOR MERIT.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer has immense sales everywhere. It never fails to restore grey hair to its natural colour and beauty.

and innocent alike, and the Company now makes for its final triumph in the capture of Lobengula, the King.

The end, as an end, is perhaps well in its way. The means towards that end can never be justified, and certainly can never secure South Africa's approval—if we except, of course, the manufactured approval of the share-holding section at Cape Town where they made ready to *fête* Mr. Rhodes and his friends. Fortunately for the credit of the country, this has not, however, been a South African war, and South Africa is in no way committed. Cecil Rhodes and his Company have for the most part waged it, and South Africa has had, *nolens volens*, to look on, yet full of a sense of shame and disgust at the brutality of the whole business, and knowing all the time that the battling was but "business" under the thin disguise of necessity, the object of it all being to bring money into the coffers of a Company and to shed glory and greatness on a single man. That South Africa has disapproved the "war" from first to last has been manifested in many ways. Protests have gone up against it from Mashonaland itself, and in Colony and State not a pen, save those of a servile subsidised Press, has written a line of legitimate laudation. The fact is, South Africa has beheld slaughter for slaughter's sake, punishment for profit's sake, and war for wealth's sake; in short, has witnessed a scene that was not South African, a scene in which it saw neither justice nor generosity, and which it dared not condone. It has seen the Victoria raiders shot down before they could accomplish the distance of grace that was, in a weak moment and by way of display, granted them; it has beheld Lobengula's messengers to the white people murdered where they stood, mute, and full of dark dismay; it has seen a King forced into a quarrel which he would gladly have compromised, and all along the line advantage taken of the fiery mood of a few of his young men; to-day it beholds that same King hounded down in his helplessness, like a buck by dogs, while Rhodes sails south to take the credit of it all, and to prove to the Colonial mind that "alone he did it," that he has to thank the Imperial forces for nothing, that he has "saved South Africa."

Manifestly it is salvation of a kind which South Africa could very well do without. If, in its stead, Mr. Rhodes confined himself to the proper discharge of his official duties nearer home, and cared more for colonising than for Company-mongering, then the Colony would be much better pleased, and it would have been spared from witnessing with shame this scene of spoliation and slaughter for spoliation's sake—a scene that must for all time rest as a stain on South Africa's 'scutcheon—put there, not by its own hand, but by the red hand of the ruthless adventurer and the titled fortune-hunter, friends of Cecil Rhodes, for whom he stands as sponsor, and for whose benefit he makes South Africa a mere stepping-stone for selfish ends, sacrificing meanwhile the genius that is within him.

I was highly amused at the privilege debate last week, for had the Conservatives really known what Mr. Knox had said, their indignation would have been less, if, indeed, they had not commended him. Speaking at the Memorial Hall, Mr. Knox alluded to the supineness of Liberals in respect to the Matabele raid, both in the House and out of it, and suggested that, with regard to the former, this might be due to their having become shareholders of the Chartered Company by an allotment of shares, which, as the shares shortly after their issue were at a premium of 300 per cent., would have put in their pockets £3 per share, had they sold them. Mr. Knox distinctly disclaimed any implication of personal corruption, for he expressly said that these M.P.'s, if really they had obtained an allotment, paid, like all other allottees, the par value of the shares. The whole suggestion came, therefore, to this: That Liberal M.P.'s might have been allottees of shares of the Company, and, if they had been, and had sold at market price, they would have made £3 per share, and that, if so, a sense of gratitude towards the Company might have exercised an hypnotic effect on them. Mr. Balfour urged that Mr. Knox ought to withdraw this suggestion. How could he? for this would have been to have affirmed a negative.

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I really do not know whether any Liberal M.P.'s were allottees of the shares of the Company; whether, being allottees, they sold their shares or kept them; or whether they have trafficked in the shares. They may have done either, and they may have made money or lost money by the speculation, without any imputation of personal corruption. What I say amused me was that Mr. Knox made the suggestion not against Conservative M.P.'s but against Liberal M.P.'s, as a mode of accounting for the tacit support that many of them have given to the Company's war against the Matabele.

SCRUTATOR.

THE CHILDREN'S "CARR."

MR. J. COMYNS CARR is the true friend of the children. He has given them one of the most charmingly graceful and exhilarating entertainments that the stage has seen for many a long year. Those of us who have well-stored memories go back to the Planché-Vestris days at the Lyceum, others recall the fairy and children's scenes in E. L. Blanchard's early Drury Lane pantomimes, but nothing was ever better done than this version of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Buchanan, who has given us a far more poetical version of the old legend than Robert Browning did. Every child ought to be taken once or twice during the holidays to the morning performances at the Comedy Theatre. The artistic child will feast its little eyes on the pictures of old Germany and the exquisitely coloured Mediæval dresses designed by clever Mrs. Comyns Carr. Drawing-books and copy-books ought to be filled by the youngsters with sketches of the tiny inhabitants of this ideal Nuremberg. The sentimental child—for I presume there is such a thing as a sentimental child in these days tucked away in a silent corner—will never forget, whilst memory lasts, those two pictures, one of the enchanted children following dreamily in the wake of the picturesquely ragged Piper, the other of the released children chanting their song of joy, and striving to bind the dear old fantastic magician with rose-tendrils to this happy earth. Scenic charm, beauty of costume, allurement of poetry and melody of music have seldom been so happily combined as they are in these beautiful stage pictures. And then the little lame boy! Who will ever forget the effect of the tenderly-pathetic interludes in which he is engaged? Miss Gladys Doree is a little wonder. Mr. Comyns Carr has accidentally discovered a wonderful stage child, a child with a voice that has a throb in it, a child as natural and childlike as possible, and altogether distinct from the self-conscious little brat of the order of the infant phenomenon. There is not a trace of the Crummles family or the caravan about this genuine little artist, who seems to have come straight from the nursery, and as yet to be utterly uncontaminated by the tricks and artifices of the theatre.

Let all the children who have the innocence and faith of

children hurry to see this little lame boy, before too much applause and adulation turns its baby head. The innocence cannot remain long; that is impossible. On the occasion of the first performance this child was simply a revelation. But let not the comic children despair. They are not all required to fill their drawing books with sketches, or to pipe their little eyes. Already they fill the theatre with the tiny treble of childish laughter when the dear little fat Mayor of Hamelin appears in the person of a clever descendant of the "great little Robson," and, take my word for it, when the fanciful part of the entertainment is over, there will be merriment and to spare over Mr. Lionel Brough as Mr. Barlow—the "Barlow in Maschera," as witty Frank Burnand calls him—and over little Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford in their early century costumes. Now that pantomimes are all procession, and the clown and hot poker and the sausages and the buttered slide are voted out of date, it is delightful to get one theatre where the children can enjoy that essence of all fun—mischief. How they roar when Tommy puts a squib into Mr. Barlow's egg; how they scream when the sand tumbles out of the tutor's University cap; how they yell when the pedantic Dominie sits down on a darning-needle; how they shout when Tommy has to kneel down and gets a taste of Dr. Barlow's birch! Pictures of pure mischief are just what the children enjoy to their hearts' content. Many a modern child may not have heard of Sandford and Merton, may never have read their catechisms, may never have delighted in the famous illustrations to the old book; but they cannot fail to be amused by the practical jokes played on their tutor by these audacious young rascals in the new stage version, or the shameful puns with which that arch-punster Mr. Frank Burnand decorates the text.

Much has been said about the music that has been used for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." It may be very bad taste on my part, but I consider it most appropriate, and exactly the kind of music that such a subject requires when it is specially prepared for the edification of children. Those dreadful gentlemen, the critics, seem to be in a pother because the melodies are not up to the musical standard of Wagner, Brahms, or even Mascagni. If they were, in all probability the children would not either understand or appreciate them; but I will fairly confess that when I went out of the theatre I found myself humming over the song of the children, which is carefully introduced to the prettiest pictures of this enchanting little play. To have given elaborate or classical music to children would surely have been a mistake. What was wanted was attractive melody, and this is exactly what Mr. Allwood has supplied. But then I am told, "pretty, no doubt, but it has all been done before." But do children know that? Are their little brains the storehouses of musical melodies? Everything has been done before, and I cannot see why young children, or old children either, for the matter of that, should be solemnly told they ought not to enjoy that which obviously gives them pleasure. What is the matter with Mr. Allwood's music that it should be ridiculed or pooh-poohed, when the children are moved to tears by it, and go home humming the pretty intermezzo?

I am bound, in all candour, to confess that the majority of the company act their parts far better than they say them. Miss Lena Ashwell, who plays the Mayor's daughter in an enchanting robe of green and blue—who says that green and blue do not mix!—is a miniature Ellen Terry, with all her coaxing moods and gracefulness; but the poor girl was either horribly nervous at the outset or else she has no ear. No one ought to be allowed to sing out of tune where all is so harmonious and melodious, but certainly the maiden and her lover tenor set my teeth on edge. Poor Mr. Frank Wyatt looked the Pied Piper of Hamelin to perfection. He might have stepped out of Pinwell's famous picture, but this capital artist suffers from stage-fright, and he got it to such an alarming extent that he not only forgot his words, but actually could not read them off the printed text. The tenor was rather a heavy gentleman, and I kept wondering why the services of Mr. Jack Robertson could not have been secured for Conrad the Cooper. You all remember how charming he was in the opera that was presented at the Court on the first night of the last triple bill. It was natural when the play was so delightful that the audience should amuse themselves with selecting ideal representatives for the various characters. The choice for the Piper—failing, of course, poor Fred Leslie, who would have played and sung the part to perfection—fell pretty unanimously on Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Of course they remembered his Gringoire, and what a picture he would have made of the Piper! Yes, I think with Mr. Tree as the Piper, Mrs. Tree—who sings charmingly—as the Mayor's Daughter, and Mr. Jack Robertson as Conrad, a perfectly ideal cast would have been secured. But, as that was absolutely impossible, it is nonsense talking about it, "except for fun," as the children say, and the little ones are quite contented with the cast as it stands. The popular manager of the Comedy Theatre has this Christmas well earned the title of the "Children's Carr." The children will drag it cheerfully to success, pelting the popular manager with roses and greeting him with hearty cheers.

PITFALLS OF INSURANCE POLICIES.

A group of cases has recently come under my notice which contains lessons for insurers of all classes, and also suggests a doubt as to whether Insurance Companies always deal in the fairest possible way with their customers. In the case which I will describe first, Mr. W., a commercial traveller, was insured against death, and partial or total disablement, by a policy of the Accident Insurance Company, Limited. Among the conditions endorsed in the policy were:—(1) That the insured was not to travel beyond the limits of Europe without the permission of the Directors and the payment of any extra premium required; and (2) that in the event of any accident to the insured, notice in writing must be given to the Company at its London office within fourteen days of the occurrence. In the course of his business Mr. W. had to travel to Arabia and the Red Sea coast. He duly obtained permission of the

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Company and paid for the purpose an extra premium of £1, which transaction was embodied in a "Special Stipulation" attached to the policy. Mr. W. then proceeded to Aden, where he met with an accident which confined him to his room for five and a half weeks. At the end of that time he forwarded to London a medical report and certificate of what had occurred, and lodged with the Company a claim for compensation. After some preliminary communications, in the course of which the Company requested the attendance of Mr. W. at their office, though he was still engaged at Aden, the objection was raised that notice of the accident had not been given within fourteen days, as required by the policy. As a matter of fact, there being only one mail from Aden per week, and eleven days being occupied in transit, it was an impossibility for notice in writing to have been given within that period, except by the despatch of a special messenger by a special steamer. The Company, however, stuck to their point. In accordance with the clause to that effect, the dispute went to arbitration, and everybody unconnected with Insurance Companies will be pleased to hear that the arbitrator eventually gave his award in favour of the claimant, with costs. It must be borne in mind that at no time was any question raised by the Company as to the bona fides of the claim; reliance was placed solely upon the technical point that the condition in regard to notice had not been complied with, and this notwithstanding that this condition was clearly inapplicable to the policy as varied by the "Special Stipulation" permitting the insured to travel to Arabia and the Red Sea. It would be no impossibility for a traveller in some parts of Arabia to have no means of sending a written message to St. Swithin's-lane within a month. That is to say, if the condition as to notice was to be read as applicable to the "Special Stipulation," the policy was worthless for the purpose of a journey to Arabia, and the Company took the sum of £1 from the assured under an agreement which on their view of it might easily render the policy worthless. On this view of the matter, I think most people will share my surprise in finding that any Insurance Company should attempt to evade its liabilities by raising such a point.

In the second of the cases to which I have referred, a different question is raised. Here Mr. S., a tradesman, effected an insurance with the Goldsmiths' and General Burglary Insurance Association, Limited, of 85, Gresham-street, E.C. The policy contained an arbitration clause of the usual character. In the course of time, thieves broke in and stole. Mr. S. sustained a loss which he estimated at £32. 19s., and a claim to that amount was made upon the Company. The claim being disputed, Mr. S., in accordance with the Arbitration Clause, appointed an arbitrator, and, through his solicitors. Messrs. Steadman, Van Praagh, Sims, & Co., of Old Broad-street, gave the Association notice to do the same, In serving the notice the solicitors wrote:—

> In view of the smallness of the claim, we shall be glad if you will select a gentleman who will arbitrate without a fee, or for a nominal fee. Our client, in appointing the arbitrator he has, has had this in view.

In reply, the Secretary wrote that the Association had appointed as their arbitrator Mr. Bompas, Q.C., who had acted for them in that capacity before. Being doubtful whether Mr. Bompas, Q.C., was precisely the man who would act "without a fee or for a nominal fee," Messrs. Steadman & Co. wrote to inquire whether the Company had arranged any scale of fees with Mr. Bompas for references of this kind, and, if so, what the scale was. Here is the reply:—

> Dear Sirs,—We duly received your letter of the 23rd inst., and, in reply, I may say that no scale of fees has been arranged between this Company and Mr. Bompas, but we send you by separate post a copy of the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* containing a reference to a former arbitration case, which will give you an indication of our procedure in such cases.—Yours faithfully,
>
> Jno. H. Haig, Secretary.

The "indication" thus afforded was as complete as Messrs. Steadman & Co. could possibly have desired. The copy of the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* referred to (dated February 6, 1893) contained a report of an arbitration in a case of "Leapman *v.* The Goldsmiths' and General Burglary Insurance Association, Limited." It appeared that in this case Mr. Bompas, Q.C., acted as arbitrator for the Company, and Mr. Edward Pollock for the insured. After a four days' hearing, the arbitrators, being (as almost invariably happens) unable to agree, the question at issue went to Mr. Channell, Q.C., who had been appointed umpire. Mr. Channell gave his award in favour of the Company, and assessed the costs of the arbitrators and umpire at £283. 3s., which sum was to be divided between the parties, while the rest of the costs of the arbitration were to be borne by the unsuccessful party. It thus appeared that the costs of the arbitrators and umpire were at the rate of about £70 per day, apart from all the other costs incidental to the arbitration. Such was the significant "indication of our procedure in such cases," to which the Company now called the attention of Mr. S.'s solicitors. Not unnaturally a gentleman making a claim for £33 was not over-anxious to enter upon a "procedure" which, even in the event of his succeeding, would probably involve him in costs to at least the amount of the sum recovered, and which, in the event of his failure, would land him in an expenditure only to be reckoned in hundreds of pounds. As a matter of course, Mr. S. abandoned his claim without more ado.

Whether the Company anticipated such a result when they forwarded the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette*, and called attention to the case indicating their "procedure in such cases," I cannot say. Inadvertently or not, however, their Secretary has given an unfortunate opening to an unfavourable interpretation of their motives. It may be said, of course, that the Company possibly had had good reasons for trying to frighten the claimant. The force of that I fully appreciate. It is easy to understand that a Burglary Insurance Company undertakes a very peculiar risk, and must make it known that it will not be trifled with. But this is beside the point which I wish to raise. Given on the one hand a perfectly bonâ-fide claim, and on the other hand a perfectly bonâ-fide ground for disputing it, is it, I would ask, fair to the insured that the Company should have the power of holding over him such a weapon as was employed so effectually in the

above instance? In my opinion nothing can be more unfair. If an arbitration is to mean an expenditure of £70 a day, no man in his senses will press a disputed claim unless his case is flawless—and what case ever was?—or the amount at issue is of serious magnitude. Here, again, the full effect of the policy could hardly have been appreciated by the insured at the time he entered into the contract. On the face of it, arbitration is a cheap and speedy mode of settling a dispute without recourse to litigation. As such the insured regards it; but in point of fact in the case of all small claims the arbitration clause sets up a tribunal which will charge £20 for doing what could be done in a County Court for 20s.

In a third case which has come under my notice a question arose as to the insurance of a horse. By the policy, which was granted by the Horse Insurance Company, of Queen Victoria-street, the animal was insured to the amount of £20 against accidental death, or "accident necessitating the immediate destruction of the horse," or death "from disease (glanders and farcy excepted)." While so insured, the horse was attacked by disease of the fetlock joint. Two members of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons pronounced the animal unfit for further work, and advised its destruction. Such was its condition that on its way to the Veterinary College to be examined, the police stopped the animal and threatened the owner with prosecution. The owner requested the Company to send a surgeon to examine the animal, but they declined to do so, and warned him that if he had the horse slaughtered without their consent he would forfeit all claim on the Company. The only concession they offered to make was to pay him £1. 4s. (subsequently raised to £2. 8s.) in settlement of all claims, the first offer being probably less than the market value of the carcass. Here, again, the insurance was rendered valueless in a manner never anticipated, although the assured fondly imagined that he was insured against the loss of the animal through disease as well as by accident. The occurrence of three such cases as these within a space of two or three months is highly significant. No doubt people accept insurance policies of all kinds—life policies, probably, more than any—with a culpable indifference to the precise conditions attached to them. At the same time insurance policies too often contain pitfalls which even the most careful may overlook, and which would not be there if Companies were more scrupulous in their dealings with the public. Some useful examples of pitfalls are shown in the above cases, and I hope that insurers and insured will give them attention.

PIANOS FOR CIVIL SERVANTS AND OTHERS.

On March 9 last, under the heading of "The Royal Arms and Civil Service Traders," I directed attention to the circulars which were being very widely disseminated by "The Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, Limited," then held (on one evening a week) at Exeter Hall, Strand. I pointed out that the document was headed with the Royal Arms, that on its face appeared the names of the directors—Messrs. H. Day, of the Office of Works and Public Buildings; E. T. A. Kennedy, of the Inland Revenue; and W. Russell, of the War Office—and that it was accompanied by various "Opinions of the Press," many of which it was afterwards admitted were not intended for the Civil Service, &c., at all, but had been given to some other Society, with which Mr. G. Russell Nash, the Secretary of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, Limited, had been connected. The objection chiefly then taken was against the use of the Royal Arms, combined with the announcement of certain Government Offices, the more particularly as "ladies and persons" were invited to deposit their money at 3 per cent. On March 16 I gave the gist of a lengthy letter which had been addressed to me by Mr. Russell Nash, in which he dealt with these and other points in a manner which he considered satisfactory, and I did not. I also then pointed out that some little time back piles of his prospectuses had been issued to postmasters for distribution, and one of the Post Office employés who wished to have a Broadwood pianoforte was recommended in preference an instrument of the house of Munt, the Munt piano being charged at £31. 10s., whereas the purchaser alleged that he had afterwards discovered that a Munt piano of the class he had selected was supplied to agents at 17 guineas. Upon writing to the Secretary peremptorily requesting a modification of the agreement, the purchaser received a reply "We cannot take any notice of your absurd letter of the 10th inst., addressed to Craig's-court, and it is unnecessary to say that we cannot allow ourselves to be blackmailed by any ridiculous threats."

The publicity thus given to these matters seems to have had a very good result, if only because it set in motion the Music Trades Association, a body which represents the leading dealers in musical instruments throughout the provinces. It should at the outset be admitted that these traders may have had some personal reason for objecting to the proceedings of Mr. Nash's Association, but they nevertheless appear to have set about their business in a perfectly proper manner. A catalogue of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association was obtained, and it was found that upwards of seventy names appeared in it of manufacturers whose goods the Civil Service, &c., was supposed to supply at reduced prices. Mr. T. G. Dyson, secretary of the Music Trades Association, thereupon sent a circular letter to the manufacturers, or at any rate to most of the leading firms whose instruments the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, Limited, pretended to supply. The first portion of the circular ran as follows:—

> I have before me the abridged price-list of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, Mr. G. R. Nash, Secretary. Your name and a list of a few of your styles, with prices, appears therein. Will you kindly say if this is with your sanction?

The abridged replies occupy a couple of pages of close print in a circular which has since been issued to the members of the Music Trades Association, and they seem to throw some little light upon the Munt-Broadwood incident. Out of forty firms who have replied to Mr. Dyson's circular, half of them disclaim having given any authority whatever to the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association. Mr. Nash would probably be

indignant if it were suggested that the names of these firms, some of whom are among the leading manufacturers of the trade, were used merely as baits. But before going further it would, perhaps, be advisable to allow the manufacturers to tell their own story, so that between them and Mr. Nash the public can judge for themselves. Messrs. Broadwood & Sons' name, as we have seen, does not appear in the list at all, although Mr. Nash or his Association appears to have provided a substitute in Mr. Munt. Messrs. S. & P. Erard, who were established in the last century, and are one of the oldest firms in the pianoforte trade, write as follows :—

We are very much indebted to you for your courteous letter. We have immediately made inquiries, and regret to say we are unable to obtain a copy of the abriged price-list of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association. We have, however, written to them to-day threatening proceedings unless the announcement to which you refer is immediately withdrawn.

Another of the oldest and most respected of the London pianoforte manufacturing firms, Messrs. Kirkman & Son, who were established as harpsichord makers in 1730, write :—

We beg to say that we know nothing of either Mr Nash or of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, and certainly the parties had no authority to advertise our name.

Herr Bechstein, one of the leading pianoforte manufacturers of Berlin and piano maker to the Emperor, writes on October 6, 1893 :—

The Civil Service Musical Instrument Association applied to me for my trade terms, and, as their circular (enclosed) had come to my notice, I replied refusing to quote them any terms at all or have anything to do with them.

Messrs. J. & J. Hopkinson, another old and leading firm of pianoforte manufacturers, write :—

We have given Mr. Russell Nash no authority to advertise our pianos in the price-list of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association. We have supplied Mr. Nash with a few instruments, but we strongly object to his method of business. We have closed his account, and shall, therefore, refuse to let him have any more of our pianos.

Messrs. John Brinsmead & Sons seem also to have supplied instruments, although they disclaim having sold any pianos to the Association at trade price. They say :—

We know nothing whatever of the price list to which you refer, and we have never authorised Mr. Nash of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association to use our name in any way. We refused to supply pianos to Mr. Nash at trade price, and we consider him entitled to 25 per cent. discount and 5 per cent. for cash only off the enclosed list prices.

Messrs. Challen & Son, another old and respectable firm of pianoforte manufacturers, established in 1804, had expressly forbidden the use of their name, although, according to the peculiar ethics of Mr. Nash, it nevertheless appeared. The correspondence is instructive as showing the manner in which these Civil Service people carry on their business. Messrs. Challen write to the Music Trades Association :—

We beg to state that the announcement in the said list respecting our pianos is not only without our sanction, but contrary to our expressed wish. Some little time ago Mr. Nash asked us to supply him with blocks, which we declined to do, and we therefore are unable to account for the way in which he has been able to insert our designs that you state are in the list. We have written to Mr. Nash requesting the withdrawal of any statement in his catalogue respecting our pianos.

Mr. Nash's reply to Messrs. Challen's letter is quite refreshing in its impudence. He says :—

I shall be glad if you will specify more particularly the reasons for your complaint, as I fail to see how the fact of the advertisement and sale of your instruments can be regarded as detrimental to your interests.

Messrs. Challen, in reply, rightly said they did not think it necessary to specify their reasons. The advertisement was inserted without their permission, and, "as we declined to supply you, we must request the withdrawal without delay."

The Estey Organ Company, one of the largest manufacturers of American organs, write :—

We beg to inform you that we have not given Mr. G. R. Nash, of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, any power to quote our organs in his list, nor do we intend to do so.

Herr H. Wolffram, the well-known pianoforte manufacturer, of Dresden, writes :—

I beg to inform you that the insertion of part of my price list in the catalogue of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association has been done without my knowledge and consent, and I was not aware of it until I received your letter. I consider contact with the Association detrimental to my reputation with the legitimate trade.

Mr. Justin Browne writes :—

Mr. R. Nash has repeatedly written to me for price lists, &c., and in answer I have flatly refused to trade with him. From this you will know that certainly I have not sanctioned his placing my pianos on his list.

Messrs. Arthur Allison & Co. declare they have no knowledge whatever of the Association, and "consider it a most impudent proceeding" to publish their name. Messrs. Chappell & Co. were "not aware of our name appearing in the list named, and do not remember having given permission." Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., music-sellers to the Queen, "have no knowledge of the particulars of our goods appearing in Mr. G. R. Nash's price list, consequently we have neither forbidden nor sanctioned the mention of the same." It would be mere waste of space to continue the list of more or less explicit denials which if these eminent manufacturers have written truly, and if the Secretary of the Music Trades Association has quoted correctly, would seem to indicate that many of the most prominent names in the catalogue have been placed there absolutely without the knowledge of the firms themselves, many of whom have declined to do business at all with these people.

I do not wish to do Mr. Nash or the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, Limited, an injustice, and it is only fair to say that some of the names quoted in their catalogue appear to be printed with the more or less direct sanction of the firms. Messrs. Collard, for example, in declaring that they have not seen the price list to which Mr. Dyson alludes, ask, "Do you know anything detrimental to the general trade through the way in which Mr. Nash conducts his business?" Several other firms also ask for inquiries without giving a direct reply. On the other hand, the Smith Organ Company, Herr Ritmüller, the Neumeyer Piano and Organ Company, Messrs. Monington & Weston, Messrs J. Strohmenger & Sons, and others, frankly admit that they have given authority for the use of their names and the publication of their price lists. To these firms and their goods most right-minded people will, I think, be of opinion the operations of Mr. Nash and his Association should henceforward be limited. At any rate, it is without doubt a most improper proceeding that any Limited Liability Company which places the Royal Arms at the head of its prospectus, and boasts as its Directors

members of the Offices of Works and Public Buildings, the Inland Revenue, and the War Office, should advertise the names of firms who absolutely refuse to supply them, and in some cases have—doubtless for very good reasons—directly forbidden the use of their names. What, for example, would be the proceeding of Mr. Nash and the Association if a person to whom their circulars had been addressed were to desire to buy through their agency a piano by Messrs. Erard, Messrs. Kirkman & Sons, Messrs. Hopkinson, Messrs. Challen, Herr Bechstein, or any of the other eminent houses who have declined to supply goods? In Messrs. Broadwood's case, as I have stated, the Post Office employé in the country was recommended in preference an instrument of the house of Munt, which, as I remarked on March 16, was "no doubt a highly respectable and honourable firm, but hardly as yet occupying the same position in the world as Messrs. Broadwood." Would Mr. Munt, again, serve for Messrs. Erard, or for Kirkman, Hopkinson, or Bechstein? And the pity of it is that by the use of the Royal Arms, and the mention of the names as Directors of gentlemen occupying posts in the Civil Service, buyers in the country, and, indeed, the public generally, might reasonably imagine that this enterprise was some sort of Government institution, instead of a mere Limited Liability Company, registered on November 2, 1892.

LETTER FROM THE LINKMAN.

I AM still pursuing, dear Lady Betty, the influenza microbe which, Livingstone-like, is exploring my interior. With the deplorable experience of Lobengula before me, I am not likely, I need scarcely say, to grant any voluntary concession, for concessions are the thin end of the wedge of conquest. I am harassing the microbe with medical Maxim guns and all the latest scientific appliances. It is said to be in full flight, and if I overtake it, whether wounded or otherwise, it shall receive no quarter. The latest intelligence from Dr. Monier Williams, who commands the expedition, is altogether reassuring. The medical artillery appears to have worked terrible havoc, and I am expecting at any moment to hear that either my microbe has surrendered, or that it has been slain. The full official account of the campaign will be issued at its conclusion under the alliterative title of "Marmaduke and the Microbe."

All the same, it is very annoying to have a vagrant insect wandering about one's system. I am not a public thoroughfare.

* * * * *

Before Sir Francis Clare Ford was offered and accepted the post of British Ambassador at Constantinople in succession to Sir William White, representations were made to Lord Salisbury—who was then in office—by the Turkish Ambassador, Rustem Pasha, recommending that Sir Philip Currie should be appointed to the post. When, then, a vacancy again occurred there a few weeks ago, on account of this, and for other reasons, it became almost certain that Sir Philip would be promoted to the Embassy. His appointment has, therefore, caused no surprise.

Sir Philip Currie is making arrangements to assume his new duties in the course of next month. Constantinople is perhaps the most important Diplomatic post in the Service, especially under existing circumstances, when the British Ambassador has to combat the united influence of Russia and of France. It has, however, material advantages, for the attractions of the post taken together are more considerable than those of any other Embassy. Besides the salary (£8,000 a year) there are two palaces, one in Pera, the other at Therapia, on the Bosphorus, kept up by a special delegate of the Office of Works, a steam launch, a magnificent ten-oared Caique, both maintained by the Government, and a number of gorgeously clad Cavasses, also paid for by the Department. It is, however, an expensive post, if administered in a becoming manner, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Prince of Ambassadors, spent both his public and private income in his hospitalities. In this respect Sir Philip Currie has the advantage of a considerable private fortune, for in addition to the legacy of his father, by which he substantially benefited, he inherited not long ago the fortune of his brother, the late Mr. George Currie. His brother, Mr. Bertram Currie, of Glyn, Mills & Co., is an intimate friend and adviser of Mr. Gladstone.

Though Sir Philip has never yet served abroad, his undoubted ability, his great knowledge of foreign politics, his experience of the world, and his tact, will together insure for him success in his new appointment. Sir Philip is, moreover, to be congratulated upon another event, which will almost at once take place, and which will make this assurance double sure.

The post of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, rendered vacant by the resignation of Sir Philip Currie, will be given to Sir Thomas Saunderson, at present Senior Assistant Under-Secretary. By right, had the order of promotion not been interfered with, this should have fallen to Sir Henry Percy Anderson. It is only a fortnight ago, however, that Sir Percy was promoted to the Junior Secretaryship. Sir Thomas Saunderson possesses a marvellous memory, great mastery of detail, and is a rapid worker. He acted as British Commissioner in the recent Behring Sea Arbitration. He was also Secretary to the Alabama Arbitration, when he accompanied the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Lord Tenterden to the Conference.

* * * * *

The concert given on Wednesday evening at the Imperial Institute appears to have been an unquestionable success. Over three thousand members and their guests were present besides the Prince of Wales, whose interest in the welfare of the Institute seems to grow in proportion with the opposition which it excites. A duet, "Aimer c'est Vivre," sung by Messrs. Fisher and Farkoa, elicited two encores. "Christmas Bells," sung by Mr. Norman Salmond, was also excellent.

* * * * *

For the fifth year wishing you the full realisation of all the delicious dreams and fancies that have naturally and artificially gathered around the season of Christmas,—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

MARMADUKE.

MAMMON.

From MOSES MOSS *to* BENJAMIN BOSS.

Sunday.

MY DEAR BEN,—I have but little to say to you to-day. In anticipation of a protracted holiday, hardly any business was transacted during the week, and with the end of the year approaching and the settlement imminent dealings will no doubt remain almost entirely confined to the balancing of accounts. The fast waning year 1893 does not close so satisfactorily as might have been hoped from the process of recuperation which appeared to be in progress at its commencement. The effects of the Baring collapse of November, 1890, were thought to be wearing off; but these hopes were disappointed, while, in the shape of the Australian Bank suspensions, the Liberator collapse, the break in silver, the American crisis, the coal strikes, and finally the troubles of the

CITY SAFE DEPOSIT & AGENCY CO., LD., Throgmorton-avenue. Safes from 1 guinea and Strong Rooms from 15 guineas per annum. Cards to view on application to R. SLAGG, Manager.

Trust Companies, fresh untoward events cropped up to keep the feeling of distrust alive amongst the public. Investors have accordingly remained out of the market for all but the gilt-edged stocks, which latter, as I explained last week, have appreciated to an extent which makes it almost impossible to obtain a decent return for money in this category of securities, and, as a consequence the members of the Stock Exchange were left in control of the more or less speculative securities, and, impoverished as they are, the result was not satisfactory. As soon as a buyer turns up the jobbers put prices up, only to lower them again at the double-quick as soon as a seller comes along. On balance the jobber has, however, kept on the "Bear" tack, and has thus, in his little way, and on the whole unwittingly, accentuated the depression. The future of the markets is, however, in the hands of the public. One of these days a strong revival will come about, and second and third-class stocks will appreciate, but I do not pretend to know when. What I do say, however, is that exceedingly cheap purchases are at present to be made in almost every department of the Stock Exchange, and that such stocks, well selected and taken up by the investor, will yield him a large profit in the comparatively near future. I do not advise speculation from account to account in the present state of uncertainty and of aggravated distrust. But the opportunities for the wealthy capitalist are exceptional for making, in addition to his holding in gilt-edged securities, some very promising speculative investments. As regards the small man, his opportunities are not so numerous, but, if he wants to have a little gamble, he will probably do better in cheap Mining shares than in any other stocks. He should, of course, keep well within his depth and venture but a small sum, paying for his stock and putting it by, prepared to exercise some degree of patience. While risking little, he would have the chance of making a good deal as soon as the market for these shares gets active, of which there are at present some distinct indications. And now, my dear Ben, as I shall not have an opportunity again of addressing you before the turn of the year, let me wish you and all those who honour me by reading my letters to you, a happy and prosperous New-Year. May, in the course of the year 1894, the balance at their bankers increase, so that they may be able to invest a portion of it in progressive stocks likely to rise to a higher level. And may we, before all, be spared such visitations of financial troubles in the New-Year as have deepened the depression during 1893.

My Letter Box.

The following are replies to inquiries from various correspondents:—

Government, &c., Bonds.

R. W.—Yes; both Costa Rica and Guatemala Internal are fair investments for a moderate amount. *Spinster.*—Western Australia will possibly benefit considerably by the new goldfields, and if she does not borrow too much, her finances would right themselves. I refer you to my remarks in last week's issue under "The Demand for Gilt-edged Stocks," and to the various tables of investment stocks therein mentioned.

Banks, Trusts, and Financial.

Nil Desperandum.—1. I should say that it would be desirable to wait until February with the remittance in question. 2. The bank in question is a good one. *R. F. W.*—Certainly not; have nothing to do with Richard F. Sinclair & Co., of 60, Fore-street, and read remarks in Truth of December 14 under the heading of "The Syndicate Touts Again." *A. N., Bournemouth.*—I see no reason for selling Invercargill Debentures, as New Zealand is doing well now; but the amount is somewhat large, and you had better refer to my article on "The Demand for Gilt Edged Stocks," in last week's issue, and to the tables of stocks therein mentioned for the reinvestment of a portion. The Trust Company's shares are at present greatly depreciated, and it would be advisable to await a recovery before selling. Argentine Funding bonds should be held as likely to go much higher. *P., Glasgow.*—Thanks for your information. I quite agree with you that the case against the Syndicate Touts should be taken up by the Public Prosecutor, and it will, no doubt, in time come to that. *G. C., Boston.*—If you are an old subscriber to Truth, as you say, you ought to have got a good many references to Percy Barclay and Co. They are Syndicate Touts. Have nothing to do with them! *E. T. B.*—I am inclined to say hold the Trust shares, as a recovery is not improbable. I cannot reply by letter. *P. M., Newry.*—Yes. Harvey, Macdonald, & Co., Limited, who have favoured you with a circular, are Syndicate Touts, to whom I have repeatedly had to refer in uncomplimentary terms. *J. F. L.*—If you were a regular reader of Truth you would be aware that my opinion of the Provident Association of London is not favourable, as they do not fulfil the promises made in their prospectus. You should try to get back as much as you can. *G. M.*—I am obliged for particulars of the case in question, but I cannot naturally form an opinion on this matter without the names of the parties. *R. J., St. Bury.*—The documents are returned, and I hope that you will bring these Syndicate Touts to book.

Home Rails.

R. W.—Your only course is to hold until the line is completed. Prospects appear to be fair enough. *D. O.*—Thanks. Yes, Brighton "A" have gone exactly as I anticipated in view of the large "Bear" account; but I should not buy at the advanced price. *G. H.*—1. I am glad to hear that you got into Brighton "A" as low as 143⅞ a few weeks ago. Don't you think that it is a good profit to take, as things go? 2. I do not think that either Great Northern Deferred or Great Eastern are very promising just now. 3. Hold these American Rails for the present for a recovery in January. 4. Yes, you can do it on a 5s. stamp by having it put as against a nominal consideration.

American and Foreign Rails.

Ubique.—1. It is a bad time for selling Brazilian Railway stocks now. You had better wait for a better opportunity. This also applies to No. 2. If you want to buy bonds, my tables of a few weeks ago will give you the necessary information. *A Constant Reader.*—Yes; the exchange into Canadian Pacifics would be desirable, although the latter Company is not doing well just now. *Fin de Siècle.*—Both Mexican Central Four per Cent. Gold bonds and Mexican National "A" bonds have been affected by the fall in silver. There seems a fair prospect of a recovery, especially as matters are righting themselves in Mexico. *J. E P, New Wandsworth.*—It is impossible, within the limits of a reply in this column, to give you all the information you seek. If you will call upon the Managing Director or Secretary of the English Association of American Bonds and Share Holders, 5, Great Winchester-street, you will receive the most detailed information. *Emily.*—The Romero-Rothschild convention has been ratified by the Chamber of Deputies, and the Senate will, no doubt, follow suit. Should no further revolutionary movement develop, there would be nothing surprising in a rise of 10 per cent. in the Funding bonds, provided that we do not get a fresh panic of some sort. *E. D. B.*—You ought to have told the brokers at the first that you intended to run a speculative account, although they certainly ought to have objected as soon as you informed them. I do not see that you have any remedy, although it was very sharp practice. Did you give them references? *Not Caught.*—1. Thanks, the matter will be attended to. 2. I am doing my best with repect to the Syndicate Touts, and I hope that eventually a prosecution will be instituted. There is, of course, a good deal in what you say with regard to those who are caught by these gentry, that "their extreme greed outweighs their commonsense and prudence."

Mining Shares.

M. H.—You should hold both Roodepoort and Clewer Estates for a recovery. I do not like the other Mine and South African Land Company, but Buffelsdoorn are a good purchase. *Beer.*—Yes, I consider Macate and Holcomb Valley shares a good purchase. I do not advise buying the third mining shares mentioned just now, although they may eventually come round. *Cymro.*—The capital of the South Simmer and Jack is £150,000, and they expect to strike the reef in about four weeks. I am sorry not to be able to recommend individual mining brokers. *H. E. C.*—There is no option but to hold Kimberley Roodepoort. The decline is not justified, and when the exceptional depression in South Africa passes away, they will recover. *Shareholder.*—They are now boring for the reef again on the Golden Gate (Charters Towers) Mine, and there seems a reasonable prospect of finding it. Hold! *Lober.*—The charges against Mr. W. J. Collins are being investigated, and you must have seen the full statement of the Directors of the Wentworth Company at the meeting. Whether the statements in question be true or not, however, there is no doubt that the Wentworth and Aladdin Mines have a great deal of rich ore, as shown by the crushings. You should not throw away your shares. *Nemo, Stamford-road.* Same reply respecting the Kimberley Roodepoort as above to "H. E. C." *Parrhesia.*—I fully agree with your remarks concerning the Oceana Company. These shares are certain to reach a much higher level again. Why not spread the amount over Oceana, Glencairn, and Buffelsdoorn? The latter mine will probably have a bumper crushing for December. Even with restricted labour (the floods preventing travelling), and the treatment of tailings interfered with by the same cause, they got 3,520 oz. of gold in November. Johannesburg papers report that the reef is 5 ft. wide in the development at the 460-ft. level. Don't you think Trunk First Preis, without the chance of a dividend, quite high enough? *Buzz.*—1. Yes. 2. You ought to get delivery in a fortnight,

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen. 16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Kleanrusha, Polish.)

unless the registration is done abroad. 3 and 4. Yes, this would show a profit. 5. Yes, in six months' time a dividend is probable. *Peace Valley.*—You should not sell Ripanji now; there seems to be some prospect of a recovery.

INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Nitrate Rails will probably maintain their 20 per cent. dividend. The Deferred are, of course, more speculative. Sound, yes, but generally "Bearish." *Westend.* I am afraid that the prospects are not favourable. *T. T.*—Both these Companies are speculative industrial concerns, subject to some extent to the changes of fashion. *Red.* It is impossible for me to judge of the soundness of all the numerous Building Societies, and I know nothing about the one referred to. That really requires local knowledge. As a class, however, Building Societies are not to be recommended.

MIXED INVESTMENTS.

S. W.—No reason to sell Nos. 1 and 2 at present, the interest appears to be safe. No. 3 appears to be a fair speculative investment. *Search.* Nobody can guarantee you an advance of 10 per cent. in any stock, and I do not think Midlands will perform that feat yet awhile, in view of the dividend disappointment. The banks mentioned are high class London institutions, and you should hold the shares.

I must append to these replies to my correspondents the remark that, having, on account of the holidays, to conclude my letter earlier than usual, I shall have to defer the answering of the late arrivals amongst these communications until next week. I shall also have to put off the discussion of the various contentious subjects, such as Jarvis-Conklin question, the affairs of the Equitable Mortgage Company, and of various Trust Companies, as well as a further castigation of the Syndicate touts. We must all of us have our Christmas leisure, and Uncle Moses is no exception from the rule. —With best wishes, your affectionate Uncle,

MOSES.

P.S.—The markets finished up gloomily before the holidays, the American department being under the influence of a Bank failure in New York and of the death of Mr. George Magoun, the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Atchison. This latter unfortunate event complicates the position of this Company, and may render a friendly receivership necessary; but holders of the Second Mortgage "A" and "B" bonds should remember that they have full foreclosure powers, so that in a reorganisation, which would, of course, follow, the full weight must fall upon the Ordinary stock, which would be heavily assessed. The bonds have already declined so much that a receivership appears more than discounted, the interests on these being fully safeguarded.

THE "TRUTH" TOY AND DOLL SHOW AT THE ALBERT HALL.

IN one of the many Christmas numbers of the season, in what purports to be an up-to-date continuation of the "Christmas Carol," we are introduced to old Scrooge (of the firm of Scrooge & Marley) in a very embarrassing predicament. Disturbed at his office on Christmas Eve by two emissaries of the Charity Organisation Society, who find him up to his knees in Christmas cards and barrels of oysters and prize turkeys, with which he is packing hampers for his life, he is sternly upbraided by his visitors for debauching the district with his ill-advised charity and open-handedness. In vain he alludes to the festive season as an excuse for his generosity. He is told in effect that the "Dickens'" Yule-tide is played out; that Society is far too advanced for such old-fashioned sentiment now; that Father Christmas is a boisterous old bore who ought to be summarily suppressed. Nor does he fare better when, depressed by these assurances, he goes round to see his once jovial friend, old Fezziwig. There, instead of the rollicking Christmas party he expected to find in progress, he is shown into a chilly drawing-room, in which the eldest Miss Fezziwig is reading Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" to a select circle of cultured acquaintances in black mittens and blue glasses. Even "Tiny Tim" has developed into a profound disciple of Schopenhauer, and gives pessimistic lectures at the Old-street Hall of Science, whilst honest Bob Crackit himself has joined the Anarchic wing of the Ball's pond Socialists. In short, it is on all sides impressed on Scrooge that Christmas, with its generous instincts and charitable impulses, is as much out of fashion as crinolines or hackney coaches. And undoubtedly this is what a noisy and persistent set of so-called "superior persons" is never tired of telling us. The young men who "sip absinthe and read Huysmans"; the young women who smoke cigarettes and call the author of "The Doll's House" "Master;" the neo-Pagans who swear by Mallarmé; and the Decadents who dote upon Verlaine—all these join in the assurance with wearisome iteration. But I fancy it would have somewhat staggered these exceptionally disagreeable and cocksure young persons if they could have been made to pay a visit to the Albert Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday last. I could not help wishing, in fact, as I looked down from the gallery on the scene in the arena, that the subscribers to the Independent Theatre (personally conducted, say, by Mr. William Archer) could have found it convenient to attend. For they would have seen a sight that could have scarcely failed to serve as a moral tonic for them. They would have had proof positive that Christmas, with its generous associations, so far from being played out, is more warmly cherished than ever; and they would have learned that, notwithstanding the morbid materialism they would thrust down our throats, there is still to be found in our century-end society disinterestedness and charity and sentiment enough to make TRUTH'S FOURTEENTH ANNUAL TOY AND DOLL SHOW an unequivocal and unprecedented success.

For let it be said at once that the forebodings expressed by Santa Claus in these columns a fortnight ago were not fulfilled. The necessary number of dolls and toys was, after all, forthcoming, and not one of the 27,000 expectant children in the Hospitals and Workhouses of London has been disappointed. In the appearance of the Show there was nothing whatever to even suggest that a crisis had been passed through. Never had the group of pyramids which rose from the table-land of the arena been more closely faced with dolls; never had the surrounding stands been more densely crowded with toys; never had the skill, and patience, and taste of the hundreds of contributors been more generally exemplified. The general verdict of the public seems to have been that the dolls were dressed better than ever. As usual, these dolls—some four thousand of them—were concentrated on the tables and pyramidal structures in the centre of the floor. All round, following the boundary-line of the amphitheatre stalls, were the home-made toys, the presentation toys, and those purchased with the TRUTH Toy Fund. In front of the organ towered a veritable trophy of toys, topped by the hundreds of boxes in which Tom Smith's crackers were contained, whilst at the base were arranged the gifts of Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg, of which I shall have more to say later on. Other prominent features of the Show were the glass cases containing the Prizes; and the eleven thousand newly-minted sixpences, which, as usual, attracted exceptional attention; whilst a dozen large boxes of currants and the pheasants sent for distribution amongst the London Hospitals were piled on either side. At the back of all, suspended high in the air, was an enormous banner bearing the legend, "TRUTH Annual Toy Show" in Brobdingnagian white letters on a red ground, and smaller flags profusely displayed round the arena added to the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil*. But it is not my intention to enlarge upon the general impression produced by the Show. I, in fact, exhausted all the adjectives available for such a purpose as this some years ago; so instead of trying to convey what would be at

FEEDING DOGS.—Prof. Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., writes: "A sound, well-balanced canine dietary is the secret of success with 'Spratt's Patent.' I have no hesitation in asserting, with regard to biscuit diet, SPRATT'S FIBRINE CAKE is far and away the best in the English market. Some of the dog biscuits I have examined might be composed of pipeclay and sawdust for the nutritive properties they possess. Cheap and dirty means expense and disease." See each "Dog Cake" is stamped "Spratt's Patent" and a "X." This is all important.

best a very imperfect impression of the inspiriting animation and kaleidoscopic brilliancy of the scene when the Show was at its height, I will follow the traditional maxim of Astley's, "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses:" that is to say, I will cut short my exordium and get to the dolls.

Of the very large home-dressed dolls which now form such a specially attractive feature of each successive TRUTH Show, the number exhibited was rather larger than that of last year, whilst the average of excellence attained in dressing them was assuredly as high as ever it has been. It fortunately does not rest with me to decide which of these dolls was the best. The delicate duty of judging between the rival *belles* of the Show is very properly considered too difficult a task for any one person, however well qualified, to attempt single-handed, and a jury of ladies takes this important work in hand. All I propose to do, meanwhile, is to allude, necessarily in a brief manner, to such of the dolls as for some reason or another attracted special attention. Amongst these, the two large dolls dressed by the Misses Glave to represent the Queen and a Débutante she is in the act of receiving deserve very early mention. Nowhere was the crowd of visitors thicker than in front of this interesting *tableau poupée*. The doll representing her Majesty was dressed after a well-known cabinet photograph of the Queen by Waléry. The black silk robes, lavishly covered with rich white lace; the ermine-trimmed train; the broad blue ribbon of the Garter; the Koh-i-noor, just a little, perhaps, "off colour;" the not too becoming diminutive crown, reproduced by the late Sir Edgar Boehm in the Jubilee coinage designs—every detail had been most carefully worked out. And behind her Majesty was a model of the Coronation chair, with a velvet cushion broidered with the Royal arms and cipher. Equal care had been displayed in dressing the *débutante*, who bent to kiss the Queen's hand; and it would be difficult to praise too highly the way in which this singularly happy thought was elaborated. Another doll that secured a large share of popular favour was Miss Mayhew's "Princess May on her Wedding Day," in the dressing of which the full details of H.R.H.'s hymeneal costume had been most carefully followed. Miss Mayhew, in fact, challenged criticism by boldly exhibiting side-by-side with her doll, a picture from one of the Ladies' papers of the Duchess of York in her bridal array, and the closest scrutiny only seemed to emphasise the exceptional fidelity of the copy she had made. Of what I may call current royalty there was no further specimen, but Miss B. Corey, a well-remembered contributor to former TRUTH Toy Shows, sent a delightful representative of legendary monarchy in the shape of "a rightdown regular royal Queen"—of Hearts. In her gorgeous robes, stiff with jewels and bullion, this sovereign lady looked so splendidly regal that it was perhaps a little difficult to fancy her indulging in the pastry-making proclivities attributed to her in the still popular nursery lyric. One could not, moreover, but pity the larcenous Knave who, by his appropriation of the royal tarts, so grossly abused the confidence reposed in him by his autocratic mistress. He must have been indeed a temerarious varlet to brave the displeasure of such a queen. The "Nini" doll is now expected year after year as a matter of course, and it is always eagerly looked for by connoisseurs in doll-dressing. This year it is called "Lady Lennie," and her ladyship is certainly worthy of the series of waxen *grandes dames* which have preceded her. "Nini's" dolls are always in the very latest fashion, and this year the *vieux rose* costume with its front of rich art needlework, and the Punchinello hat trimmed with sable, worn by "Lady Lennie," made her certainly the most stylish doll in the Show. Female critics who were well qualified to judge, spoke, too, with almost rapturous enthusiasm of those of her ladyship's garments which do not meet the eye. It was not all outward show with her, for her *lingerie* also was a dream of luxurious delicacy and taste.

In most striking contrast with "Nini's" lady of fashion was Miss M. Field's "Quakeress," a delightfully demure looking damsel in dove-coloured silk, with the orthodox poke-bonnet, and a handkerchief-bag depending from her neatly-mittened fingers. As it happened, doubtless by a humorous fancy of the "Hanging Committee"—I mean, of the ladies who arranged the dolls—Miss R. Behrend's "Eric" was placed between "Lady Lennie" and the unassuming "Friend"; and it was not difficult to imagine this dashing youth in doublet and hose, with his hat cocked most becomingly on his handsome head, being much exercised by the very different kinds of attractions at his either elbow. Like Garrick, wooed at once by Comedy and Tragedy, Master "Eric" must have found it hard to decide between the rival claims of the World and the Meeting-house; though I venture to think that had the dolls been left upon the tables at the Albert Hall until that legendary hour on Christmas Eve when they for a brief period come to life, it would have been to the fair Quakeress that he would have paid his suit. Another Quakeress was sent by Mrs. Arlosh, who labelled her doll "Mrs. Elizabeth Fry," the philanthropic lady upon whom it has always seemed to me Thomas Hood was unduly severe in his "Odes and Addresses." Mrs. Fry, it will be remembered, used to spend much of her time in visiting the prisoners in Newgate, and if she was half as pretty and fascinating as her representative at the Albert Hall last week, her popularity amongst the prisoners is readily accounted for. Miss F. Coe must be credited with having carried out a new idea most successfully in dressing her large doll as "An Acolyte." In his white, lace trimmed surplice, worn over a scarlet cassock, and with his censer swinging in his hand, he proved an undoubted attraction. Another original idea was capitally elaborated by Miss A. Levitt in her doll dressed to represent "A Compendium of Games," but I shall allude to this doll more particularly when I am dealing with the Groups. Nursery heroes and heroines were not quite so prevalent as usual; and Miss M. Solomon's "Jack and Jill" were, therefore, all the more welcome. Jack in corduroys, and his sister in pink, made a pretty and graceful couple as they jointly grasped the handle of their bucket. Strange to say, there was only one "Red Riding Hood" amongst the large dolls, a capital realisation of the character, sent by Mrs. Bowes. Floral dolls, on the other hand, were plentiful. Most noticeable in this latter class were two superbly-dressed dolls, labelled respectively "Pansy, dressed by May," and "Rose, dressed by Violet." The floral idea was worked out with such consummate skill and taste that it was almost possible to take *au sérieux* the intimation conveyed by the exhibitor that the dresses had in each case been "designed by the doll's fairy Godmother." These lovely dolls were, in short, exquisite works of art, and well deserved the places of honour accorded to them at one end of the central stand. Another very pretty floral doll was Miss M. L. Seligman's "Forget-me-Not," whilst Miss B. Swanston sent a charming personification—or, should I say, dollification?—of the Marguerite daisy. Miss E. Tollemache's "A Widow Indeed" in her costume of crape, with a black border even to her dainty pockethandkerchief, and a wreath of *immortelles* in her hand, may be considered to have played the part which the skeleton used to fill at the Egyptian banquets. In the midst of the brightly-clad dolls surrounding her the effect made by this decided note of black colour was almost startling in its intensity. No TRUTH Doll Show has ever been without its Puritan girls. This year there was a very seductive specimen of this popular type dressed by Mrs. M. Peet. I am not quite sure, however, that the pearl trimming was permissible. It made Miss Ruth look all the more winsome, it is true, but I am inclined to think that her iconoclastic papa—rejoicing possibly in the name of Captain Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord Potts, or Major Blow-the-trumpet-in-Jerusalem Brown—would have made short work with such "Babylonish" finery. A second Puritan maiden was most tastefully dressed for the Show by the servants at "Uplands." By way of contrast there was a doll beautifully dressed in blue and pink by Miss S. Baumann, as "A Lady in Vandyke Costume—Time of Charles I." A very stylish "Débutante" was sent by Miss A. Hurst Wright and Miss B. Gladden; whilst Mrs. G. N. Whittingham contributed a fashionable "Bride," in all respects up to the very latest hymeneal standard which those who go to the altar at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, or St. George's, Hanover-square, are supposed to attain. Very seasonable was Mrs. H. Newman's "Winter" doll, in her warm tippet and fur-trimmed hat, and with her dress so cleverly painted by hand with sprays of holly and mistletoe in decorative combinations. I was very pleased, by the way, to notice that the robin-redbreast perched on the basket which Mrs. Newman's doll is carrying was not one of those real robins which it seems are being used wholesale for Christmas decorations this season.

Amongst other "character" dolls to which I noticed fond mothers paying special attention, with a view, no doubt, of getting some practical suggestions for the attiring of their children at the juvenile fancy-dress balls which are now so general, must be mentioned Mrs. F. Stringer's "Merry Zingara," Mrs. Pritchard's "Italian Peasant Girl" in fête-day dress, Miss D. Field's "French Nurse and Baby," the nurse being quite a typical *bonne* in walking-dress, with her jewelled hairpins, immaculate white cap, long ribbons streaming down her back, and all-enveloping cloak. Boy-dolls were unusually scarce this year, and therefore Mrs. Rawson's "Scotch Laddie," in his dark-green kilt and bonnet, with his eagle feather and sporran and all the rest of the Highland accessories complete, doubtless had it all his own way amongst the bevy of delightful girl-dolls by which he was surrounded. The practised skill of the indefatigable Miss M. Mayhew was again seen to advantage in a stylishly-dressed doll, all green velvet and chiffons, whose costume had been copied from one of the smartest fashion-plates of the autumn; and two of the most admired dolls of the period were Mrs. M. Gibbs's "Madame Alamode" and Miss T. Rogan's pink and blue doll with the puffed-out, wing-like sleeves to her jacket. Of the dolls which were dressed like ordinary English children the number was large, and if space permitted much might be said in praise of them. But it is obvious that in an exhibition where dolls are to be seen by the thousand, it is virtually impossible to pay due attention to all that deserve it. Room must be found, however, to welcome the second edition of "Muriel," sent by Mrs. Tomlin's Nurse to this year's Show. "Muriel," it may be remembered, endowed with a quantity of "portable property" sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of Mr. Wemmick himself, was a great favourite at the Albert Hall last Christmas, and this year visitors were delighted to meet her again, grown but little older, apparently, in her seasonable travelling-dress, but with a box of such increased proportions, that it might fairly be called a Saratoga trunk. The curiosity aroused in the breasts of the public by this trunk, with "Muriel" painted in old English characters on its side, and duly labelled "Passage to TRUTH Doll Show," was extraordinary. There was not a girl who was

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able to pass it without a lingering look of envy; and I heard one enthusiastic lady say that she would give anything in reason to see the face of the child, whether in Hospital or Workhouse, whose happy lot it would be to first inspect that closely packed travelling trunk. And, indeed, I think the enthusiastic lady was right, for I happen to have a list of its contents, far too long to quote in full, but including such fascinating items as "Muriel's" dressing gown, her bronze shoes, her evening shoes, her bedroom slippers, her dressing case, her tam, her gloves, her muff, and her watch and chain! Many years ago I remember reading a pretty legend of Nuremberg, the City of Toys. There is a tradition that on the eve of Innocents' Day all the dolls in the place assemble in a meadow just outside the city gates and choose from amongst themselves a Doll Queen for the year. Who shall say that the dolls at the Albert Hall do not go through a similar ceremony? Unfortunately, however, if they do they keep their secret closely; and so there is no means of getting to know how the voting goes. But it would be indeed interesting to find out how the doll suffrages are cast; for then we could see how far their tastes and predilections coincide with our own. I am pretty certain, however, that had any such election taken place at Kensington Gore, Miss G. Molynenx's "Winifred" would not have been very far from the top of the poll. This dainty creature, in her dress of quilted sky blue satin with the plush pink bows, was a dream of loveliness. Another dangerous candidate, had the queen been chosen for her fresh young beauty, would have been Miss L. Bullock's "Una," attired not to ride upon a lion like her classic namesake, but to attend her first ball. And she would have been run close by Miss A. Steains's "Cynthia," a vision of childish innocence and beauty in white silk and swansdown. Then I am tolerably confident, too, that Miss D. Swanston's "Bebé," a flaxen-haired, chubby darling in a gossamer-like frock, tricked out with blue ribbons, would have been well up in the running, and would possibly have tied for a place with Mrs. FitzWilliams's doll in bluish-pink, with the fancy straw hat trimmed with big bunches of roses. Amongst the more matters-of-fact voters "Angelina," dressed by "Jack" in a sea-side costume of the most mannish cut, might possibly have found favour. Clearly, however, such conjectures as these are not very practical, especially when there are so many more large dolls awaiting notice. I find in my notes special reference to those dressed by Miss Beauclerk, Miss Barron, Lady and Miss Barnby, Miss C. G. Compton, Miss A. E. Potts, Mrs. A. W. Rowe, Miss A. Parker, Mrs. E. East, M. M. L., Miss Luck, Miss M. Barling, Miss Daniell, Miss F. Cross, Mrs. Majolier, Mrs. Rawley, Miss H. Wright, Mrs. H. St. Maur, Mrs. Woolcombe, and Miss M. H. White, but all I can do, in passing, is to include them in this one sentence of hearty commendation. And let me congratulate Miss M. Lyall, aged 9, the youngest contributor of a large doll to the Show, on her success. Miss B. Lyall, who is three years older, also dressed one with admirable taste. Unlimited joint-stock enterprises are not regarded favourably in the financial world, but at the Albert Hall, "A Joint-Stock Company, Unlimited," showed what excellent work can be done by such an agency in the world of charity. The doll in a white dress, with an old-gold sash and an embroidered sun bonnet, which was the outcome of the united labours of this anonymous syndicate, was generally admired. A second large doll, dressed in white by Mrs. J. W. Fitzwilliam, should also be mentioned, and one dressed in white and gold by Miss C. Davis. There remain to be noticed two of the very best of the large dolls in the Show, but these will be dealt with in writing of Mrs. H. P. Truefitt's exhibits.

And now I come to the dressed dolls included in the second of the three classes into which the exhibits of this year have been divided—the dolls, that is to say, which were arranged in tableaux or groups. In connection with this class, two names have for several years past attained to special prominence, and it is these two names which will again be found in the position of honour this Christmas. They are those of Mrs. H. P. Truefitt and of the Misses Glave. These ladies have once more distinguished themselves in a very marked manner, having, on the present occasion, beaten their own record in the most indubitable manner. Last year, it will be remembered, the dolls dressed by them occupied the two ends of the central stand. But this year these ends were far too small for the exhibition of their dolls; and, as a consequence, the two sides of the rectangular stand were placed at their disposal. How they filled them I now propose to briefly describe. First of all let me again express my satisfaction that it is not I who have to decide between the merits of these exhibits on either side of the table. Were I called on to do so I can only see one way out of the difficulty in which I should be placed, and that would be to declare a dead heat between these ingenious, these tasteful, these generous, and these indefatigable ladies.

As I said last year in dealing with their handiwork, the dolls of each have their special and distinct qualities. One of the chief characteristics of those of Mrs. H. P. Truefitt is the exquisite taste—a taste suggesting French, perhaps, rather than British influence—with which they have been manipulated and posed. When one looked at them one thought of Watteau, and Le Petit Trianon, and the dantiest *bonbonnières* that Paris can produce. The colours for the costumes were themselves the most delicate that can be imagined, and the combinations were symphonic in their delightful effects. It was, indeed, almost impossible to believe that the dolls one saw arranged so artistically on their yellow stands were the dolls, costing but a few pence, which had been originally sent out from TRUTH office. But so it was. Mrs. Truefitt, in fact, is not prepared to take the dolls sent to her as she finds them. In every case she lengthens the arms, and wires them so that they can be bent in natural and graceful fashion. She takes an infinity of trouble, too, in padding the legs into comely shapeliness, and spares no pains in making the very smallest details of the costumes she selects as perfect as they can be made. Then I should be sorry to say how long her daughter was occupied in making the tiny but always well fitting gloves worn by many of the dolls, or to appraise the intricate and tedious labour involved in the making of the almost endless variety of boots and shoes they wore. The general effect of the dolls, grouped as they were with an excellent eye for the colour scheme of the exhibit as a whole, was most charming; but it was not until the dolls were examined carefully one by one that the full significance of Mrs. Truefitt's labours could be appreciated. Many of them, such as the "Dresden Shepherdess" for example, and the "Skipping-rope Dancer," were not so much dolls as divinities, to whom even the most prosaic of mortals might attempt to pen a sonnet. Perhaps the most delicately and fascinatingly beautiful of all the dolls was "The Princess Elizabeth." At first I should have been inclined positively to assert her claim to the golden apple of Paris, but after seeing the "Pierrette" at the other end of the table, equally seductive in an altogether different way, I think it safer to be more guarded in my statement. But it was not delicacy and refinement alone which Mrs. Truefitt's dolls suggested. There was humour, too, of a subtle kind in some of them. For instance, there was "The Breaker of many Hearts," a "masher" doll (*temp.* Charles I.) of irresistible airs and grace. The swaggering way in which he was posed and the indescribable self-conceit which was expressed in the process of drawing on his gloves was transcendently clever. And the attitude of the doll close to him, labelled "Coquette," for whose special benefit it was clear he was putting forth his power as a lady-killer, was in itself the most entertaining of jokes. There was quite a three-volume novel, too, suggested by the doll-couple labelled "May and December," and destined, if one might hazard a prophecy, to be some day separated by Jeune in other than a calendar sense. Another very humorous group was that described as "The Latest Scandal." In her historical dolls, such as Richard Cœur de Lion and Charlotte Corday, Mrs. Truefitt was not quite so successful; but her "Masters of the Ceremonies," her whimsically christened "Darby and Joan," her "Little Flower Seller" and her "Arcadian Shepherd" were simply perfect. In the centre of the dolls was arranged a tableau similar in design to that which was so highly appreciated last year, and consisting of a graceful go-cart profusely decorated with flowers, and drawn by two fairy-like doll-children; whilst another sat up in front as driver, and a fourth held over the satin sack which is in the cart a banner with the device, "TRUTH Toy Fund—Put your money in our bag!" And last, though evidently not least, let me mention Mrs. Truefitt's two large-sized dolls, which she transformed into a most charming realisation of the well-known "Where-are-you-going-to-my-pretty-maid?" idyll. Never, surely, did a daintier maid go a-milking, or a more handsome and debonair young man stop her *en route* with his inquisitive questioning.

Of the Misses Glave's large dolls, which represented the Queen receiving a débutante, I have already written, but they only formed the central group of their exhibit. On either side of her Majesty there were dolls well-nigh without end, dressed almost invariably in the richest of velvets and brocades, and forming the most interesting combinations. At the organ end of the stand was a most spirited representation of a Fancy Dress Ball, in which about a score of dolls took part in the most varied of costumes. There was Lady Teazle *vis-à-vis* to William Tell; and Sir Peter doing the gallant to a most bewitching Anne Boleyn. Hamlet was engaged in a hot flirtation with "Mrs. Wun Lung," the most charming of Chinese belles; Don José was securing the next valse from the daintiest of Pierrettes; whilst Henry VIII., like the insatiable old flirt that he was, was making eyes simultaneously at Dona Carmen and a waistless lady of the Directoire.

The next group represented a string detachment of the Scots Guards' band engaged in playing a selection from "Haddon Hall" on their violins and 'cellos, and I think that even Bandmaster Dunkerton himself would have been satisfied with the painstaking accuracy with which the uniforms of his musicians had been reproduced. An exceedingly well-managed *tableau* had been formed by the Misses Glave by grouping dolls representing Miss Loie Fuller and three other serpentine dancers; not only were their accordion-pleated skirts reproduced, but, by a very clever arrangement, these seemed to be actually whirling in the air. Another of the more important features in the "Glave" exhibit was a group of dolls taking part in "A Domino Dance." The costumes of the ladies and their partners thus engaged were exceptionally rich and well designed. Much admiration was expressed, too, for the doll in a dashing and daring toilet of cowslip-yellow and black that was labelled "To-day," and there were touches of clever satire in the *modes* of the dolls designated "Up to Date." The last of the Misses Glave's groups to which I can here allude consisted of a very cleverly modelled elephant and its sumptuous trappings, on the back of which, in a glorified sort of howdah, sat an Oriental princess, houri-like enough to have won the heart of Prince Camaralzaman himself. There was the black mahout, too, and several attendant nautch girls, the posing of the whole of the figures being admirably effective and life-like. Taking the dolls of the Misses Glave as a whole, it would be difficult to praise too highly the ingenuity and patience which must have been displayed in dressing and arranging them. Only those who examined them as closely as I did can have any adequate idea of the trouble that must have been taken by these

two ladies, whose names have now become as familiar at our Truth Doll Shows as "household words."

At the end of the table facing the gangway by which the public entered the Show, a considerable space was worthily occupied by Miss R. Benjamin's "Children's Party," a spirited representation of a juvenile dance, evidently to be followed by a distribution of toys from the real Christmas tree that stood in one corner of the room, watched over by the attendant nurses. I say "room" advisedly, for Miss Benjamin had added much to the merit of her group by enclosing it on three sides with wooden walls, which served to keep the group together and to intensify its effect. In the immediate vicinity of this group was Miss M. Mayhew's realisation of an *al fresco* courtship, in which the lovers, cleverly dressed in costumes old-fashioned enough to be romantic, were shown us on an ivy-covered garden-seat. And immediately in front, in a well-deserved position of honour, was a group of floral dolls, exquisitely dressed by Miss Gwendolen Molyneux, to represent "Daisy," "White May," "Violet," "Forget-me-not," "Pink May," "Buttercup," and "Cherry Ripe!" Miss Gregory's group consisted of a Sussex ox-cart, laden with a mixed freight of timber and of hop-bines, and escorted by a number of Sussex labourers and their lasses, the former in their smocks and the latter in pretty rustic print-dresses and sun-bonnets. "A Lapland Encampment"—the work of a frequent contributor to Truth Shows, Miss May Streatfeild—was realistic enough to almost make the spectators shiver as they stopped to look at it. There was the tent pitched on the green ice, with snow-capped hummocks around it; whilst of the warmly-dressed Laplanders themselves, one was drawing a sledge and others were attending to the pot, in which doubtless an eagerly-anticipated stew of reindeer feet and whale's blubber was being cooked. Of the three groups sent by the Misses Edythe and Ruby Benjamin, the most elaborate was a capital rendering of a game of lawn-tennis, in which it could easily be seen that the "Deuce!" which had just been called, had been won by the brilliant way in which a weak return of the young lady in pink had been "smashed" by the gentleman with the moustaches and blue blazer. A second group of a less ambitious character showed us Mr. and Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins as they appear when

> "Every evenin' on the stroke of five,
> They take in their cart their little drive,"

and "knock" the much-impressed residents in the Old Kent-road. The third group sent by these clever young ladies, who already exhibit much aptitude in their work, represented the "Man and Milking-maid" incident, also chosen by Mrs. Truefitt for one of her tableaux. A very original group, contributed by Miss H. D. Green, dealt with the christening of the infant daughter of Lady Patricia Howard by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, assisted by another high Church dignitary. The details of this ecclesiastical scene naturally afforded much scope for picturesque elaboration, and of this Miss Green availed herself very fully, such details as the mitre, crozier, and vestments of the Cardinal, and the dress of the attendant acolytes, being very carefully rendered. In a second effort the same lady attempted a much more dramatic scene, for she essayed to represent the murder of Thomas a'Becket as it was staged at the Lyceum. Becket was seen lying on the ground, with De Bracy's sword point in his breast, whilst Fair Rosamond is just emerging, horror struck, from behind an adjacent pillar. Close to this group was one by Mrs. John Mann, also inspired by a recent revival at the Lyceum, and comprising the figures of Henry VIII., Queen Katharine, and Cardinal Wolseley, dressed in each case with praiseworthy care and elaboration. Another "Garden of Girls" was sent by Miss Sybil Holland, whose dolls, most prettily grouped on a green baize-covered stand, were charming representatives of such familiar flowers as the poppy, the lily of the valley, the lilac, the rose, the forget-me-not, and the cornflower. I have again to thank Miss Teresina Haddaway for a very comical group. This year, as last, this young lady elected to illustrate with evident humorous appreciation and playful exaggeration an incident—apocryphal, no doubt, but none the less amusing on that account—in the life of our octogenarian Prime Minister. What she showed us was this: First of all, there was the G.O.M., still in his collars, though he had evidently been engaged in cutting down a sapling on which he had meanwhile hung his hat and coat. But it was also evident that he had been interrupted in his labours by a deputation typical of the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch nations, who had waited on him to solicit Home Rule. But alas! even whilst they were interviewing him a telegraph-boy has entered and handed the G.O.M. a telegram, on which he reads the sad news, "Home Rule Bill thrown out by Lords by majority of 428." The whole group was quite *sui generis*, and altogether unlike anything else in the Show, and I must repeat that I found it exceedingly amusing. And now, last of all, I come to one of the most ingenious groups in the Exhibition, in which Miss A. Levitt so very cleverly dressed a number of dolls to represent various well-known games. The "Lawn Tennis" doll, for instance, wore a grass-green dress trimmed with a fringe of white balls, and the lines of a tennis court braided on its front; whilst the net was fastened sash-wise across her shoulders. The "Billiard" doll had a green lamp-shade for a hat, and wore a green cloth dress with six visible pockets; whilst the "Backgammon" doll had her skirt "vandyked" like a backgammon board, with a dice-cup on her head and a draughtsmen trimming round her dice-adorned dress. The dolls representing Lotto, Chess, Dominoes, and the Race Game were attired with equal ingenuity; whilst the climax of Miss A. Levitt's skill was shown in the way in which the costume of a large doll, representing a "Compendium of Games," she combined the more salient features of the pastimes named above. This very meagre account of one of the most interesting groups in the Show may fittingly conclude my notes on a class of Exhibits which undoubtedly attracted more attention than any other.

And now I come to what is the most difficult portion of my task; I have to attempt to give some details of the 3,500 small and medium-sized dolls which were displayed on the six pyramids which rose from the arena of the Albert Hall. I have alluded on previous occasions to the fact that the ladies who arrange the dolls at the Truth Show are in very much the same predicament as the "Hanging Committee" at the Royal Academy. That is to say, they are unable to find space for all the deserving dolls "on the line." Some—nay, many—have to be inevitably "skied," and "skied" unmercifully, too, it must be admitted. And the worst of it is, of course, that when once they are placed in position near the apex of a pyramid it is virtually impossible for the most eager spectator to get more than a general impression of their costumes and the ability and taste displayed in dressing them. The Pyramids near Cairo can be climbed without much difficulty with the aid of helpful Arab attendants, but there is no getting to the top of Truth's Doll Pyramids, unless it be by adopting Mark Twain's method of mountaineering, and going up them with a telescope or good field-glass. Thus, whilst it is possible to go seriatim through such dolls as are well placed for observation, there are very many quite as worthy of examination which can only be scanned from a distance. The application of these remarks will be obvious. What I mean to imply is that all I profess to give here is a few rough notes of any dolls which attracted my attention by any special or original features. It by no means follows that the dolls not mentioned here were not worthy of notice. Indeed, I happen to know that with no appreciable exceptions the small dolls were dressed particularly well this year. Nor need I point out that the exhibition of the dolls each Christmas is after all only a very unimportant detail in their history. It is after they are distributed at the Hospitals and Workhouses that their real *raison d'être* commences, and once they are in the arms of their new mistresses it matters not one pin to the latter on what part of the Truth Pyramids they may have happened to be exhibited. But all this, I feel sure, the ladies who have so generously assisted in the doll-dressing year after year fully understand, and I need not enlarge upon the matter further. Truth was fortunate enough this Christmas to again secure the generous services of several ladies who have in successive years undertaken to dress an abnormally large number of dolls. Thus Lady Lange supplied the dresses for no less than 300 which occupied a considerable portion of one of the Pyramids, and made a brave show; whilst Mrs. B. Lindo, who has, I believe, been associated with every Truth Doll Show, dressed 200 with her usual taste and ingenuity. Another very kind supporter of the Truth Shows, Lady Sykes, sent 111 dolls, in costumes of the very latest fashion, amongst which such up-to-date items as gored skirts, frocks of shaded satin, gold bullion trimming, and the very newest style of coloured *corsages* were to be observed. Miss Coutts Fowlie also dressed more than a hundred dolls, whilst the Misses Benjamin sent 84, Mrs. Murray 72, Mrs. M. A. Tarry 72, Miss A. E. Smith 50, the Misses Beynon 50, Miss W. H. Wilton 48, and Mrs. Killingback 48. It has naturally become very difficult to hit upon novelties in the way of costumes for the dolls; and this year, as usual, those dressed in the fashions of to-day were mingled with an endless array of Nurses, Fairies, Sailor Boys, Flower-girls, Men-cooks, Soldiers, Juliets, Rosalinds, Fish-wives, Jockeys, Choir-boys, Nursery Heroes and Heroines, and Babies in long clothes. One of the most admired of the last-named class was Mrs. R. Trengrouse's "Baby Elsie," a beautifully-dressed doll, accompanied by a trunk which contained all the necessary garments for short-coating her. In several cases a number of ladies combined to dress a parcel of dolls between them, as, for example, "The Party at Broadlands, Ascot," and "The Danbury Competition Syndicate," to which Miss C. E. Pierce acted as secretary. The dolls dressed by Miss Thompson, of Leicester, will be especially prized by those little girls who may be lucky enough to get one of them; for each doll had pinned to its frock an envelope containing a directed post-card, and instructions that the latter should be posted as soon as the child into whose hands it had fallen had written on the back of it what she most wished for. Amongst Miss T. B. Davis's dolls were to be noticed one of the few Little Lord Fauntleroys of the Show (two years ago representations of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular little hero were to be found at the Truth Exhibition by the dozen), together with a capital "Morning" and "Night," and a doll representing Miss Letty Lind as Marguerite in "Morocco Bound." Mrs. H. F. Jacob's Nurses and Sailors; Mrs. B. Lee's pretty Pantomime Fairies; Miss M. K. Shuttleworth's Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; Miss E. S. Slater's Fish-wives; Miss Bennett's long-clothes Baby dolls; Mrs. Tomlin's dolls in gauze and spangles; Miss Mahler's Hospital Nurse; Miss MacCombie's Bluecoat Boys and Charity Girls; Mrs. M. Peet's Red Riding Hoods; Miss B. Corey's Marie Antoinette, Mrs. Bramble's Baby dolls, Lady Fairbairn's "Music" doll, Miss E. Edwards's Cook and Pierrette, Miss Beauclerk's Clowns, Mrs. Laskie's Sailor Boys, Mrs. P. Green's row of pretty Quakeresses, Miss E. Mace's charming nursery heroines, the Misses Thompson's very realistic chimney-sweep, Miss Jackson's "Winter," and Mrs. Croxford's dashing young Jack Tars, may be mentioned with special commendation. I was glad to notice a new development of municipal charity in the shape of a long row of dolls dressed by "The Mayoress of Beverley." It would, indeed, be a good thing for

the TRUTH Shows if in future years the Mayoresses of England generally were to enter into the friendly rivalry involved in this annual labour of love. Amidst the general blaze of bright colour Mrs. F. Stichel's group of thirty dolls all dressed in simple white dresses and sun bonnets seemed quite grateful to the eye, just as the white robed look of Bishops does on a gala day in the House of Lords. Miss E. Edward's dolls representing most of the nationalities of Europe would have made a capital group. Her Pole, Spaniard, Turk, German, and Alsatian were especially good. It was rather singular that only one "Daisy Bell" was to be found in the Show. This doll was prettily dressed by the Misses Marsland, who, by providing this heroine of the music halls with six bridesmaids, seemed to suggest that "Daisy" must have insisted on having "a stylish marriage" after all. A very pretty effect was produced by displaying Mrs. R. A. Bennett's charming "Ballet Girls" about half way up one of the Pyramids. In their wealth of tarletan petticoats they seemed to be flying in mid air. Much interest was taken in the tiny but ultra fashionable hats and bonnets with which Mrs. J. de Pass had provided her dolls; and it is to be regretted that the Misses Hope Johnstone's "Pas de Quatre" combination was not exhibited amongst the groups. The example set by "Natal" may be commended. Each of her dolls had a card pinned upon its frock on which was written such messages as, "I am Beryl, and can be undressed"; "I have been ill, and am in my dressing-gown," and so on. The dolls thus introduced go to their new possessors with a kind of personal identity which I am sure enhances the pleasure of their recipients. Other small and medium dolls which I marked for special mention were those dressed by Phyllis and Aubrey Harding's nurse, Mrs. W. Brew, Mrs. Bond, Miss La Roche, Lady Keyes, Mrs. Jardine, the Misses Lawson, Miss Staniforth, Mrs. E. Watson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Boyes, Miss Knowles, Mrs. James Russell, Miss Johnson, Lady Kemball, Miss Baker, Mrs. Gilbey, Mrs. W. J. Clarke, Mrs. C. R. Durant, Mrs. E. R. Osborne, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Arlosh, Miss M. Dalby, Miss M. Paternoster, Mrs. H. H. Tankard, and Mrs. Usman.

The Home-made Toy Department of the Show was not, perhaps, quite so well filled as usual, though there were many very interesting exhibits on view. A prominent place, of course, was given to Mr. C. Rawson's strong and capitally-made model of a hansom, bearing the appropriate number "1894" on its plate. No detail had been omitted: the rubber tyres, the perforated mat, the lamp, the matchbox, the small oblong looking-glass of the well-appointed "Forder" or "S. & T.," were all there, while the cab was sufficiently large to serve admirably for taking the largest doll in the show to her destination. Very pretty indeed was Miss Birkenruth's model of a Japanese Tea House, with its paper lanterns hung out on projecting bamboos; its cushions, its screens, its tiny Oriental china tea-sets; its mural decorations of fans and masks; its bead jalousies, and its outside blinds of split cane. Most of the material used was undoubtedly Japanese—a fact which, of course, added considerably to the interest of this charming reproduction in miniature of one of the most popular institutions in the Great Britain of the Pacific. Then there was the Gipsy Caravan sent by Miss Gironci Dixon, a frequent contributor to the Home-made Toy department on previous occasions. The van, covered outside with tiny baskets, clothes-horses, brushes, and the other things which gipsies usually sell, and neatly fitted up within, was surrounded by a group of realistic Bohemians, one engaged busily in fortune-telling, whilst another was attending to the preparation of a doubtless savoury stew. The largest model toy of all was Miss M. Streatfeild's spirited and effective representation of one of those games of chess played with living chessmen, which are now so popular at bazaars and summer fêtes. On a board some three or four feet square this ingenious young lady had placed thirty-two dolls of various sizes, half of them dressed in white and half in red. The rows of little Pawns were especially pretty, and the Knights clad in silver-foil armour, the Bishops in their mitres, and the Castles, with doll faces peeping out from barred windows in their sides, made a most diverting show. The trouble involved in preparing this capital model must have been enormous. And yet this same exhibitor found time to exhibit a second model, which represented in most correct detail a railway-station bearing the name of "TRUTH Junction." Miss Higginson's "Old Mother Hubbard," a first-rate model doll made of rag, aroused additional interest from the fact that its clothes had been made entirely by Elementary School Girls under the age of thirteen, who had voluntarily stayed in on their Saturday afternoon holidays for this purpose. It was impossible not to be struck by the ball-game made by Mrs. H. Newman, in which the mouth into which the ball has to be thrown belonged to a very fierce-looking tiger, which had been painted with wonderful realistic effect by the lady in question. From a cleverly modelled and painted rag cat the ticket had, unfortunately, become detached, so that I am unable to mention the name of the skilful modeller. Amongst the smaller Home-made Toys were two quaint worsted dolls and an ingeniously-constructed *suite* of doll's furniture, sent by Miss Field Brook; another assortment of doll's furniture was most skilfully made of worsted and pins by Miss Beatrice Lange, and a most complete set of dishes for a dolls' dinner-party, of I don't know how many courses, was modelled and painted with great neatness by Miss Olivia Graham. Mr. O. W. Unna had the happy thought to ingeniously transform a number of cigar-boxes into combined desks and workboxes, each of which he had stocked with note-paper, envelopes, pens, pencils, needles, thimble, &c. Amongst the Home-made Toys, also, were the two cots which Mrs. Burnet-Geake had fitted up so completely and with such exquisite taste. Many an envious glance was cast at these [illegible] Legal Eyes, and happy indeed will be the lot of the little Hospital patient to whom Wood they have been sent.

Amongst the Presentation Toys the very large assortment sent from Germany by Duke Alfred of Saxe Coburg naturally attracted a large amount of attention. They were arranged, to the number of several hundreds, at the base of the Toy trophy which partly masked the organ, and included dolls of all shapes and sizes, model yachts and mechanical toys, musical toys and [illegible]thing of all kinds in profusion. The fact that two full sized violins in cases were to be found amongst them would seem to show that the Duke had himself a hand in their selection. Several of the most striking of the dolls were dressed as Red Indians, and there was, of course, one of the orthodox German Father Christmases, with a flying Angel to preside over all. Some of the dolls sent from Coburg arrived undressed, and these Mr. W. L. Cole, of Kensington, kindly undertook to get attired in time for the Show. Several of the largest of them were beautifully dressed by Madame Anna Williams, the well known vocalist, one being labelled "Signorina Amanina, her first and only appearance at the Albert Hall." Mrs. Hill, of Leamington, also dressed some of the Coburg dolls. Notable amongst the other Presentation Toys were the expensive mechanical and musical toys sent by "Georgette," and a large doll and her trousseau packed in a leather trunk, the gift of Miss Potter, Pau. A very novel toy, called "The Mountain Railway," was contributed by Mrs. Leila M. Ward, who has, I understand, patented the ingenious method by which the cars are worked. Master Pierre and Miss Jeanne Van der Neat sent a capital lot of toys selected from their own stores, including several unusually large and strong Dolls' Bedsteads and a Grocer's Shop. Presentation dolls were received from all parts of the world, some of the most interesting being those sent by Lady Oppenheimer from Frankfort; from St. Petersburg, in Russian national costume, by Mrs. Lily White; from Bombay, by Miss Ida Prager; and a fascinatingly quaint Chinese Bride and Bridegroom, from Mrs. R. Little, of Hong Kong. There was a capital Red Riding Hood sent by the proprietor of Bree's Royal Hotel, Jersey; and Mrs. A. Goldschmidt's doll, dressed in golfing costume, was especially interesting to the fair visitors to the Albert Hall, seeing that the said costume was modelled on that which has been designed for lady golfers by the Patent Shapely Skirt Association. Two capital character dolls, dressed by Mrs. P. Brown, representing "Sally in our Alley," and her 'prentice lover; the dolls sent by "Winnie and Annie"; and one from Miss Cockran, should also be mentioned. Mrs. W. L. Pogson had not only provided each of the seventeen dolls bought and dressed by her with a sack of sweets, but each sack contained a new silver sixpence, as seventeen lucky London children have doubtless by this time discovered. A model of the new Baker-street Station, made entirely of matches by Master Keinganum, must have involved the exercise of an abnormal amount of care and patience on his part. The little boys who sent all the way from Odessa no less than ninety-five sheets of postage-stamps of all kinds deserve special thanks for their happy thought and the way they carried it out. Messrs. Richardson, Glanville, & Co., of 114, Fenchurch-street, were kind enough to send a model of the Exhibition Buildings at Kimberley, which, as they suggest, can be readily turned into a capital doll's house. Of Scrap Books I am glad to say a goodly number was received from Miss Bella Sidney Woolf (an especially nice one), Mrs. Agelasto, the Misses MacNaughten, Mrs. Herskine, Miss T. English, J. M. T. "Yoko," "Stephanie and Oscar," and many other kind contributors.

And here, at any rate for the present, my discursive notes on the Toy Show must cease. This number of TRUTH, owing to the not unnatural wish of the printers to enjoy a prolonged and undisturbed Christmas holiday, has to go to press abnormally early, and it has been found impossible to deal with all the details of the Show which press for attention. That there are many omissions in this article, long as it is, is certain, and that mistakes have been made in it is not at all improbable; so let me say how pleased I shall be to supply the former and to correct the latter if those concerned will be good enough to call my attention to them. It has been found impracticable to print the List of Prize Winners in this issue, but the names of the succesful competitors will be published as soon as possible.

One very pleasant duty remains, and that is to thank most heartily every one who assisted in making this Fourteenth Annual Show so successful. The weather, unfortunately, did not prove very propitious, and the attendance was in consequence to some extent affected; but those who came to see the Show—and there were many thousands who did so—seemed to thoroughly enjoy the brilliant and animated scene. It is only due to the authorities at the Royal Albert Hall to again acknowledge the liberal way in which that building was placed by them at the disposal of TRUTH for a whole week without charge. Most cordially, too, have the permanent officials at the Hall assisted in every possible way. The Organ Recitals which Mr. H. C. Tonking gave on each day of the Show were thoroughly enjoyed, and he, too, must be specially thanked for the great service he thus rendered. And then there are the hundreds of kind friends who, by dressing dolls, by making toys, and by presenting money, really provided the Show. To them I will only say what has, in effect, been said in each successive year, that it is not in the grateful acknowledgment made by TRUTH that they will find their chief reward, but rather in the assurance, which all of them may confidently feel,

FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, and CAPES are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

that they have, by their gifts, caused delight this Christmas to many thousands of poor girls and boys in London whose pleasures are few, but whose capacity for enjoyment is unlimited.

Below will be found what is, I think, a complete list of the names of all those who assisted in dressing the dolls for the Truth Show, together with the number of dolls of various sizes —Large, Medium, and Small—which they dressed. In some few cases, I may add, the dolls sent out from this office were not returned in time for the Show, and have not, in fact, been received up to the present time.

The Misses Agelasbo, 24 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Arlosh, 42 s., 9 m., 1 l.; the Misses Antill, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. Ashton-Allen, 6 m.; Mrs. Ashworth, 1 l.; Mrs. B. Adair, 12 s.; Mr. W. J. Farmer Atkinson, 48 s.; Miss C. L. Ashford, 12 s.; the Misses Benjamin (3), 72 s., 12 m., 2 l.; Mrs. Boyes, 24 s., 4 m., 1 l.; Miss J. C. Beadon, 1 l.; Miss Benoliel, 24 s., 4 m.; Miss S. Baumann, 1 l.; Miss Barron, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss L. M. Bullock, 1 l.; Miss Beauclerk, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Lady Barnby, 1 l.; Miss M. Barnby, 1 l.; Miss Budd, 6 s. 1 m.; the Misses Beynon, 60 s.; Miss R. Behrend, 1 l.; Mrs. P. Bookless, 12 s., 1 m.; Mrs. R. A. Bennett, 24 m.; Miss L. E. Brown, 12 s, 2 m.; Miss M. Bramble, 12 s., 12 m.; Mrs. Barrett, 12 s., 12 m.; Mrs. E. Brew, 12 s.; Mrs. Ball, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss E. A. Banner, 12 s.; Miss Bennett, 6 s.; Mrs. Bond, 30 s.; Miss M. Chatteris, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss F. Coe, 12 s., 2 m. 1 l.; Miss Cartwright, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss C. G. Compton, 1 l.; Miss Croxford, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss F. Cross, 1 l.; Miss E. Corey, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. W. J. Clarke, 6s., 12 m.; Mrs. A. J. Cantain, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss E. Cary, 6 s.; Miss M. Dalby, 24 s., 4 m.; Miss Davis, 24 s., 4 m.; Miss Davies, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Daniell, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss C. Davis, 1 l.; Mrs. K. Duddell, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. C. Dawkins, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Davis, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. C. Davies, 4 s.; Mrs. C. R. Durant, 12 s.; Mrs. Delaforce, 24 s., 12 m.; Mrs. Douglas, 12 s.; Mrs. E. East, 1 l.; Mrs. Eastwood, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Elliott, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss E. Edwards, 24 s., 4 m.; Mrs. B. Enoch, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Field, 1 l.; Mrs. G. W. Fitzwilliam, 1 l.; Miss Coutts-Fowlie, 95 s., 15 m.; the Misses France, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss D. Field, 24 s., 1 l.; the Misses Ford, 12 s., 2 m.; Lady Fairbairn, 8 m.; Miss M. Fry, 6 s.; Miss D. Fuller, 6 s.; Mrs. Foot, 6 s.; Mrs. Fussell, 25 s.; Mrs. Frisby, 12 s.; Mrs. S. Gore, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss M. Goodall, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss M. S. Gibbs, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; the Misses Glave, 36 s., 6 m., 2 l.; Miss H. B. Green, 3 s., 6 m.; Mrs. Godfrey, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Gregory, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Greaves, 6s., 1 m.; Miss Glover, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. J. P. Grant, 12 s.; Miss R. C. Garratt, 6 m.; Mrs. Grange, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. A. Gore, 12 s.; Mrs. P. Green, 12 s.; Miss H. Grant, 4 s.; Miss E. M. Gilbey, 24 s.; Mrs. Haywood (Nini), 1 l.; Mrs. Hutton, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss T. Haddaway, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Henderson, 6 m.; Miss M. de Haviland, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. E. Hutton, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss P. Harding, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. B. F. Halford, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Hampson, 13 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss E. Hull, 4 s.; Miss J. Honieve, 6 s., 4 m.; Miss Hoole, 6 s.; Mrs. H. C. Page-Henderson, 3 s.; Mrs. T. E. Hurt, 2 s.; Miss V. Henderson, 6 s.; Mrs. B. Harte, 6 s.; Mrs. A. H. Heath, 8 s.; Miss S. Holland, 9 s.; Mrs. C. J. Hill, 3 s.; Miss Johnson, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Jackson, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss H. Jacob, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Jardine, 24 s.; Mrs. Jarman, 6 s.; Miss C. Glenton Kerr, 1 m., 1 l.; Lady Kemball, 6s., 1 m.; Mrs. Killingback, 48 s., 8 m.; Mrs. Knowles, 12 m.; Lady Keyes, 1 s., 4 m.; Miss King, 25 s.; Miss M. M. Lamprell, 1 l.; Lady Lange, 250 s., 50 m.; Miss Luck, 1 l.; Miss L. Lawson, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss A. Levitt, 6s., 1 m., 1 l.; the Misses Lyall, 2 l.; Mrs. Laskie, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. B. Lindo, 176 s., 24 s.; Miss G. K. Lockwood, 12 s.; Miss B. Lee, 6 s.; Mrs. Majolier, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Mrs. McClintock, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Mrs. E. Manser, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Murray, 60 s., 12 m., 1 l.; Mrs. Molyneux, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Mrs. F. Morris, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss Moorson, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss K. Melksham, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Martin-Edmonds, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss C. C. Mayhew, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss M. Mayhew, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss M. Morrison, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Mann, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. R. Martin, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss Morgan, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss E. Meyer, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Mansfield, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. H. C. Mayhew, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. McCombie, 20 s.; Miss B. Marler, 6 s.; Mrs. H. Newman, 1 l.; Mrs. Newstead, 6 s., 6 m.; Mrs. C. Oliver, 3 s.; Miss E. H. Osborne, 25 s.; Mrs. M. Peet, 24 s., 1 l.; Miss L. Pollard, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss A. E. Potts, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss A. Parker, 1 l.; Miss M. E. Pierce, 18 s., 3 m.; Mrs. F. Pritchard, 1 l; Miss Player, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Plant, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Pearson, 4 s.; Miss E. Potter, 3 m.; Mrs. J. de Pass, 24 s.; Mrs. Pierse, 12 s.; Miss M. Paternoster, 24 s.; Mrs. Quick, 24 s.; Mrs. A. W. Rowe, 1 l.; Mrs. Rawley, 18 s., 1 l.; Mrs. A. Robinson, 24 s., 4 m.; Mrs. Rawson, 24 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss J. Rogan, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Miss M. Renny, 4 m.; Mrs. Wynter Roberts, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. H. Miles Radcliffe, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss S. R. Ravenscroft, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. C. A. Raymonde, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. M. Hill Rennie, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Radcliffe, 6 m.; Miss May Streatfeild, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss M. L. Seligman, 1 l.; Miss M. Solomon, 2 l.; Miss C. J. Satchell, 12 s., 1 m.; Miss A. B. Steains, 1 l.; Miss B. Swanston, 1 l.; Miss D. Swanston, 1 l.; Mrs. Schloesser, 12 s., 2m.; Mrs. H. St. Maur, 12 s., 2 m., 1 l.; Mrs. F. M. Spinger, 1 l.; Mrs. E. F. Sichel, 30 s., 6 m.; Miss M. Stokes, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. M. Stoney, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Sayer, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss E. S. Slater, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss A. J. Simmons, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss G. Stamforth, 6 s., 6 m.; Miss N. Kay Shuttleworth, 2 m.; Miss A. E. Smith, 50 s.; Lady Sykes, 111 s., 24 m.; Mrs. Strauss, 12 s., 1 m.; Mrs. B. A. Smith, 6 s.; Mrs. A. Shaw, 24 s.; Miss Saunders, 12 s.; Mrs. Scott, 25 s.; Mrs. M. A. Tarry, 60 s., 12 m.; Mrs. H. P. Truefitt, 36 s., 12 m., 2 l.; Miss E. Tollemache, 1 l.; the Misses Turton, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. F. Tomlin, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Miss E. Thompson, 12s., 2 m.; Mrs. Tabernacle, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. H. H. Tankard, 30 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Treugrouse, 12 s., 2 m.; Mrs. Tonkin, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss Thorne, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. Tate, 6 s., 1 m.; Mrs. E. Trollope, 6 s.; Mrs. F. H. Thompson, 6 s.; Mrs. Trollope, 6 s.; Mrs. Usman, 24 m.; "Uplands" Servants, 1 l.; Miss H. Van Praagh, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss W. H. Wilton, 48 s.; Mrs. B. Woolcombe, 1 l.; Miss Hunt-Wright, 6 s., 1 m., 1 l.; Mrs. M. Whittingham, 1 l.; Miss M. White, 1 l.; the Misses E. J. and E. Wood, 12 s., 2 m.; Miss R. Weedon, 6 s.; Mrs. E. Ward, 6 s. 1 m.; Mrs. H. Walford, 3 m.; Miss J. Walker, 6 s., 1 m.; Miss A. Walker, 12 s.; Mrs. K. Welch, 12 s.; Mrs. Younger, 12 s., 2 m.

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QUEER STORY.

A SHOOTING FATALITY.

"GOOD business!" exclaimed Reggie Anstruther, delightedly, as he read a letter, just received, at breakfast one morning.

"What's good business?" inquired his mother, from the other end of the table.

"Why, this letter from Aunt Rashleigh. She asks me to run down there for a week before I go up to Oxford, as my uncle thinks I might like to have a go at the pheasants."

"And you would, I suppose?"

"You bet. The Rashleigh shooting is some of the best in the county; and, except for one poor day after the partridges, I have not had a chance of letting off my gun since this time last year. Go? I should think I shall!"

"Of course, I'm only too glad that you should get a little shooting, Reggie. But do mind and be very careful how you behave while you are at Rashleigh. Your uncle is so very particular, not to say crotchety, and a very little thing might offend him mortally; which, as your start in life depends greatly on his assistance, would be a terrible catastrophe."

"All right, mother. I'll be no end careful, I promise you. I know uncle Rashleigh is a cranky old gentleman; but he's a good sort at the bottom, all the same. My aunt, poor thing, is a nonentity, and don't matter one way or the other. But Nora—she's a regular champion, quite one of the best."

"Ah, that is just the point on which I want to warn you," said his mother, gravely. "Don't you get thinking too much about your cousin, Reggie. Your uncle and aunt expect great things for Nora, and certainly with her beauty, money, and position she ought to marry well. And there is nothing, I am sure, would anger them with you so much as anything in the shape of love-making between you two."

Reggie laughed, not quite comfortably, and his colour became a little heightened.

"Never fear, mother," he answered. "You don't suppose that Nora would regard otherwise than as a cousin my very penniless and ineligible self. Not she. She's a good sort and a brick, as girls go; but she's wide-awake is Miss Nora. You bet she knows well enough how many beans make five."

His mother smiled and looked fondly across the table at her handsome son. But she said no more on the subject, having the *savoir faire* to desist from what some one calls "the damnable vice of iteration," after letting drop the seed which she wished to sow. How few people there are—least of all women—who have this much sense.

A few days later Reggie started off on his visit to his uncle's, in high and jubilant spirits at the prospect of his week's enjoyment, having faithfully promised his mother to be on his very best behaviour during his stay there. It cannot be said that, even in spite of this promise, the good lady was quite at her ease about him, for though he would not intentionally break his word, yet he was too careless and impulsive to be implicitly relied upon. However, there was no good done by worrying over it, so, like a wise woman, she dismissed the subject from her mind until something should happen to make her recall it.

On reaching Rashleigh, a fine old place in South-east Berks, Reggie Anstruther found a house-party assembled there, mostly men, who had come for the shooting. But there was one of them, Reggie discovered in the course of his first evening, who had been drawn thither by another and a more potent attraction. He had never met this individual before, though he knew him well enough by name and by a reputation which was not quite immaculate. And it made our young friend nearly mad with jealous indignation to see the leering *roué*, prematurely aged at forty, with his abominable character clearly engraven on his face, taking Nora Rashleigh into dinner, and appropriating her, so to speak, to himself; and, what was worse, her father and mother openly aiding and abetting him in his designs, and affording him every kind of facility.

"It's a shame," thought Reggie to himself, as he looked across the table at his pretty cousin's far from happy face. "What if that blackguard is a smart man and has £30,000 a year! No pure-minded girl ought to be allowed in the same house with him. It's an awful shame of aunt and uncle; and I'd like to kick them both!"

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner the same sort of thing continued, Nora's admirer taking his seat beside her and practically monopolising her until the ladies retired to bed. The gentlemen then made a move to the billiard-room, and Reggie ran upstairs to change his coat and fetch some cigars. It so happened that the door of one of the bedrooms which he had to pass stood ajar, and the sound of voices from within was plainly audible.

"Really, Nora," he heard his aunt's voice say, in an angry tone, "the way you behaved to poor Sir Algernon Arnall this evening was quite disgraceful. You simply tried to look glum and sulky all the time he was speaking to you."

"So I was—and miserable into the bargain," sobbed Nora.

"I can't think what has come over you," continued her mother. "One of the most eligible men in England—a splendid match for any girl! And you turn up your nose at him."

"He's a horrid, fast, wicked man, Mamma; I'm sure he is. And I hate the very sight of him."

"Hush! hush! Norah. What a dreadfully unchristian thing to say," her mother reproved her. "Sir Algernon has sown his wild oats, perhaps, like other young men. But that will make him all the steadier when he marries and settles down."

"And it's not only that," protested the girl, paying no heed to her mother's words, "he has a temper like a fiend; I know he has. I heard him swearing at his poor valet yesterday, when he didn't know I was near. He used the most dreadful language, and looked—well I can't tell you how he looked. . . . . If I'd been the valet I'd have knocked him down on the spot. I wish he had."

"Silence at once, Nora! I never heard a girl say such dreadful things. I may as well tell you that your father has set his heart on this match, and he will not allow your silly girlish fancies to thwart him. Sir Algernon has to leave Rashleigh after the big shoot on Friday, and——"

"I wish somebody would shoot him!" broke in Nora, passionately, "I do, indeed."

Reggie did not stop to hear the angry tirade to which his poor cousin was subjected in punishment of her murderous wish (indeed he was rather ashamed of waiting to hear so much), but glided lightly on over the soft carpet, filled with righteous indignation. What a shameful thing to try and force Nora like that! He could not have believed that his aunt and uncle were capable of such conduct.

Down in the billiard room that evening, he watched Sir Algernon pretty closely, and the more he watched him the less he liked him. It did not require any very keen perception to notice in the baronet's face the signs of that violent temper of which Nora had spoken. His thin, cruel lips and scowling brow spoke pretty plainly. And when at pool the luck went against him and somebody fluked him down, he took little trouble to control his temper. It was a good thing for him—Reggie thought—that he was a rich baronet and a great parti, else old Rashleigh, himself a very choleric individual, would scarcely have borne his guest's ill-humour and bearishness with so good a grace.

The greater part of that night our young friend lay awake, tossing restlessly from side to side as he thought of his cousin, and wishing, with all his heart, that he was able to help her. Towards morning he subsided into a sort of uneasy dose; and while in that state, somewhere between dreaming and waking, a satisfactory idea seemed to drift into his semi-somnolent brain; for he chuckled to himself in a rather pleased manner, and muttered something which sounded like "worth trying, by Jove!" Then he fell quite fast asleep, and did not rouse again until one of the footmen brought in his hot water at eight o'clock.

During the process of dressing, and afterwards at breakfast, he was preoccupied and thoughtful, and every now and then a smile would break over his face, as though he were amused by some inward reflection. By-and-by, when the meal was over, he made his escape into the back part of the house, to renew his acquaintance with the old housekeeper, with whom he was a great favourite; and from her room he strolled out into the stable-yard, and there hobbed and nobbed awhile with the head coachman, also an old friend of his.

"Shall you turn out with the beaters to-morrow, Jenkins?" he asked him.

"That I shall, Master Reggie. You've never known me miss the first big shoot of the coverts, have you? And it's a hextra fine year for pheasants this is. Master's calculating on making the biggest bag that's ever been made on the Rashleigh estate."

"Well, there are some good shots among the party. I'm told that Sir Algernon is a regular crack."

"So he is; never see a better. For the credit of the estate, Barrells is goin' to put him in the best places all through the day; though it goes agin the grain with Barrells, it do, indeed."

"Why's that?" asked Reginald.

"Why's that?" repeated the coachman. "'Cos Sir Hawlgenon treats all us servants no better than nigger-slaves, and is just about as stingy as they make 'em. That's why. Just you harsk Sir Hawlgenon's man what he thinks of him—that's all."

"No man was ever a hero to his own valet," laughed Reggie. "But I say, I hope I shall shoot decently to-morrow; Uncle got's so awfully riled if you let off many birds, doesn't he?"

"Don't know nothing that irritates him much more. I remember, two years ago, there was a parson out with us as missed four birds out of five, at least. And Barrells—he takes things pretty easily, you know—he says to Master, by way of joke, like, 'Never mind, Master, there'll be all the more birds left for next time.' My eye, didn't the Squire pitch into him just; his language was worth hearing. And he said as how if Barrells hadn't been head-keeper on the estate for twenty-five years, he'd have give him a week's wages and shunted him on the spot. After that, says Barrells to me, confidentially, 'No more jokes on that subject for me, thank'ee; no, no, Jenkins.'"

Reggie laughed, and handed the coachman a cigar, which, when the latter had lighted, he became still more conversational, and they remained talking together for more than half an hour.

Directly after luncheon the young man disappeared, and did not turn up again at Rashleigh until just in time for dinner at eight o'clock. He looked flushed and excited, and in reply to a laughing inquiry from his aunt as to where he had hidden himself all the afternoon, he stated that he had been for a long country ramble and had missed his way. The air and the exercise had evidently freshened him up, for he was very talkative and in excellent spirits. Moreover, he took care to please both his aunt and uncle by being particularly civil to Sir Algernon.

The next day dawned, as perfect a day for covert shooting as late October could afford; fine, dull, mild, with the gentlest of winds and the greyest of skies.

"No excuse for not shooting well to-day," said old Rashleigh, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Reggie, my boy, that sun which was always in your eyes last year won't trouble you to-day, nor will that wind which would carry your shot wide."

"I'm rather sorry for it," laughed Reggie. "But I expect Barrells will send me into covert with the beaters, so what I do miss will be mostly rabbits."

By half-past ten the eight guns were ready to start, and by eleven they were duly posted round the first covert, which was within a short walk of the house. Reginald, as he had anticipated, was in covert with the beaters, while Sir Algernon, as Jenkins had prophesied, was put right forward where the largest number of birds would break. Nothing particular happened in the shooting of this first covert, except that Reginald heard his uncle call out to Mr. Barrells, in a voice of some annoyance—

"Who the dickens have you posted forward at Beechen Corner, Barrells?"

"Sir Hawlgenon Hawnall, sir."

"Sir Algernon Arnell, eh? Then what the devil's come over him, I wonder. More than three dozen birds have got away at that one corner."

"So I see, sir. And I can't make it out. Sir Hawlgenon's generally dead on."

When they had finished the covert, and the sportsmen gathered to see the birds laid out at the top end, Sir Algernon was noticed to look as sulky and black as thunder, while the face of Squire Rashleigh wore a far from good-humoured expression.

"Hem!" he growled. "Forty less than we reckoned on for that one covert—eh, Barrells?"

"Yes, sir. I calculated on a hundred; and there's only sixty-one. And them nearly all hens."

"If we don't do better than this," said the Squire, in an audible soliloquy, "our bag will be a disgrace. Well, hang it Barrells, let's get on to Lime Tree Bottom—sharp!"

Lime Tree Bottom was the largest and best-stocked covert on the estate; and on the sportsmen's success here the day's bag very largely depended. Sir Algernon, who had his valet with him to load for him, again went forward, and the Squire himself was posted next to share with him that angle of the covert; while Reggie, who looked a trifle nervous, was again in with the beaters.

As they drew near the top end of the covert the birds broke forward thick and fast, and bang—bang—bang—went the guns as fast as they could be loaded. But, again, at Sir Algernon's corner dozens and dozens of birds escaped; and Mr. Barrell's language became really dreadful.

"Master will be mad; stark, raving mad!" he said to Jenkins, who was next him.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Jenkins. "Nigh on a hundred have got away, right over Sir Hawlgenon's 'ead. Can't make it out. Must be horff his chump this morning. I must harsk Tummas 'ow many B. and S.'s he drank last night."

At the top end of the covert there was a space clear of trees and underwood, but grown all over with thick bracken. And it was here that Sir Algernon stood. As the beaters drew up to this point, there was a scrimmage and a rapid movement in the bracken, and some one sang out, "Hare forward!"

"Bang, bang," went both Reginald's barrels, simultaneously with Sir Algernon's, and the hare dropped with a thud.

"Mine," shouted the baronet.

"Yes; Sir Hawlgenon's 'are," bawled the latter's valet, at the top of his voice.

"Good thing 'e's 'it something at last," muttered Mr. Barrells.

Jenkins touched Reginald's sleeve and whispered hastily in his ear, "Don't claim it, sir. Mind, it is Sir Hawlgenon's!"

Before he had time to feel mystified by this extraordinary communication—which Jenkins had evidently some good reason for making—one of the beaters who who had run to pick up the hare, was heard to utter a loud cry of dismay.

"What the devil's the matter with you, you lubber?" demanded Sir Algernon.

"Why, it ain't a 'are wot you've potted," answered the fellow, holding up by the hind legs a small brown spaniel; "it's poor Dash!"

"What?" Mr. Barrells almost shrieked. "Do you mean to say he's shot the best dawg in our kennels?"

For answer, the beater held up the dead spaniel's carcase higher still. At that minute, the Squire, who had heard something of this, came rushing up with a truly awful look on his face.

"Who did that?" he asked, in a tone of suppressed fury, pointing to the spaniel's body.

"Sir Hawlgenon, sir," chimed three or four voices, not sorry to inform against the detested Baronet, who stood there looking sulky and savage, rather than at all apologetic.

Squire Rashleigh, already nearly wild with Sir Algernon for having missed so many pheasants and ruined the bag, could control himself no longer; and his temper, when it did break loose, was as ungovernable and reckless as that of a madman.

"Devil take you, Arnall, you demned clumsy idiot!" he roared (for he scarcely knew what he was saying). "You go and miss two hundred pheasants, all of them perfectly babyish shots, and then you wind up by shooting the best dog in my kennels! You'd better go home, sir, and take your infernal gun with you, for never a cartridge shall you let off in my coverts again."

The Baronet turned white with passion, and clenched his fist as if he would strike the Squire. But he checked himself thus far, and contented himself with merely turning on his heel, and retorting in a loud voice:—

"You're right. I shall leave for London by the next train, and damme if I ever come near this infernal hole again."

There was an evil, vicious look on his face as he said this, which showed that he would never forgive the Squire's insulting words.

* * * * *

That evening, after dinner, Reginald took the opportunity of a short *tête-à-tête* with his cousin in a corner of the drawing-room, while some lady guest was discoursing brilliant music on the piano, to say:—

"I expect you're not much grieved by Sir Algernon's abrupt departure, are you, Norrie?"

"Not I," answered the girl, smiling radiantly; "I am absolutely rejoiced about it. How luckily it happened, too, his enraging papa like that! It couldn't have happened better if it had been planned."

"It was planned," said Reginald, dramatically.

"What do you mean, Reggie?" ejaculated the girl in great wonder.

"Simply this. Your poor cousin is not quite such a fool as he looks; and he laid a deliberate scheme to drive away that cad of a Baronet from the house. Shall I tell you how?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, her bright eyes dilating with excitement. "Go on. Let me hear."

"I know how riled uncle Rashleigh always gets when his guests shoot badly; so with the aid of old Jenkins and Sir Algernon's man (who doesn't love his master) I procured a specimen cartridge from the Baronet's store, took it up to the London makers and got them to load with dust shot 200 cases marked No. 5 (that's the size generally used for pheasants). These I brought back with me, and by the valet's help, substituted them for the proper ones at the top of Sir Algernon's box. The valet is a sharp fellow, and he took out a few loaded with the proper shot, to lull suspicion, in case it were aroused. But nearly every time the Baronet let off his gun, he was discharging dust shot, which, at thirty yards, has about as much effect on a cock pheasant as so much snuff. He did get mad when he found he couldn't hit 'em—didn't he just!"

And Reggie chuckled merrily.

"How splendid," gasped Nora, her eyes sparkling and her face flushing, "and how clever of you. But—but if his shot wouldn't kill the pheasants, how did it kill Dash?"

"Ah! Norrie. That little episode was the *chef-d'œuvre* of old Jenkins. He mistook Dash and sang out 'Hare forward!' then saw his error too late to stop me shooting. But as Sir Algernon fired at the same time, and from nearer, and claimed the hare (as he supposed it) for his gun, Jenkins twigged how well it suited our little game, and tipped me a wink to let Sir Algy keep the credit, which I promptly did,"

"What is this interesting discussion you are having with your cousin, Reginald?" his aunt's voice broke in at this point from the other side of the room. "You both seem quite excited."

"So we are," interposed Nora, simply. "Reggie has actually been trying to persuade me that there's more music in 'Daisy,' and those other horrid music-hall tunes, than in that beautiful thing of Schubert's which Mrs. Desart has just played. I can't think how he can have such taste—can you?"

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ART NOTES.

THE Egyptian Hall is avowedly "the Home of Mystery," and it is possibly for this reason that the New English Art Club continues to hold its exhibitions there. For certainly none of Mr. Maskelyne's illusions is more incomprehensible than the reason of the continued existence of the Club in question. Its *raison d'être* when it first started was not difficult to understand. A number of young and enthusiastic artists wished to make a determined and visible protest against the conservatism and conventionality of the Royal Academy; and for a while they carried out their purpose with a pluck and an audacity which were decidedly interesting to the looker-on. True, their exhibitions were treated as a joke by a rather large proportion of those who visited them, but the joke, at any rate, was an original and entertaining one, and it served as a grateful relief to the wearisome banality of Burlington House. But, alas! the exhibition of the New English Art Club is no longer even a good joke. Those who go to it to laugh find themselves not a little bored. It has committed the unpardonable sin, and is now positively dull.

Under these circumstances one ought, perhaps, to be exceptionally grateful to Mr. Walter Sickert, who, "faithful amongst the faithless," still holds high the mahl-stick of rebellion. He, at all events, refuses to bow the knee to Baal, and, with what seems to be the courage of despair, exhibits his "Hotel Royal, Dieppe." No one can miss this extraordinary production. For one thing, it is, with that lingering sense of humour which the Hanging Committee of the N.E.A.C. appears still to possess, hung in the place of honour. But, were it hoisted up to the ceiling or displayed upon the floor, it would with equal certainty secure attention. For myself, I do not mind confessing that I got a chair and sat down in front of it in amused amazement. Some impertinences become fascinating by reason of their audacity. So it is with Mr. Walter Sickert's "Hotel Royal, Dieppe." It attracts by its very impudence. I really hardly know how to describe the picture. There is a good deal of an exceedingly unpleasant pink sky in it; there is a lot of flat white buildings, and a vast expanse of what I suppose is meant for a lawn, but which looks much more like an unintelligently-painted olive-green drugget. And over this drugget a number of marionnette-like women in enormous crinolines are walking! It is but mild censure to allude to this impossible picture as "an eccentricity and a divagation," and if I write any more about it I may be tempted to use much harsher terms. But I feel impelled to remind Mr. Walter Sickert, who is by no means without talent, that the best of causes can be ruined by injudicious advocacy, and that if he really wishes to suggest that his Dieppe picture is typical of what "New" English art ought to be, he is doing his best, or worst, to make every one but a few irresponsible faddists contented with the old.

The absence of pictures by Degas and Monet, and the fact that neither Mr. Furse nor Mr. Sargent exhibits anything, undoubtedly detracts from the interest of this Exhibition. Mr. Steer sends one picture only, and that a portrait, which by no means comes up to the standard he attained a couple of seasons ago. But Mr. Steer is, of course, reserving himself for the Goupil Galleries. Those who are interested in the weird and decadent, yet strikingly clever, art of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley should not miss the portrait of this perverse artist, which has been sent by Mr. Will Rothenstein. There are also two gruesome drawings by Félicien Rops (Nos. 7a and 7b) which may be recommended to those who find a pleasurable sensation in flesh creepiness. In his enigmatic watercolour (No. 33) Mr. H. B. Brabazon presumes somewhat on the strength of his recently acquired reputation. His drawing may be, as he says, "An Impression on the Alps," but it would have been equally convincing, it seems to me, had he called it an impression of a disintegrated rainbow or of a syllabub. Another impenetrable mystery in connection with the exhibition is the reason which could have led the Committee of Selection to accept and hang the portrait numbered 85. Why, I really believe that it would have been denied hospitality even in Suffolk-street.

LETTERS ON BOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Turn a pig into a garden and he'll find nothing but dung, and M. Paul Gaulot, rooting among the papers of the chivalrous Swede, De Fersen, has made discoveries characteristically French. Even French ingenuity, however, fails to convince you that the friendship recorded in "A Friend of the Queen" (1), between Marie Antoinette and Count de Fersen is of the kind which the decadent Parisian drama delights to honour. Do you remember how Peter, in "A Tale of a Tub," found at last the word "Shoulder-knots" in his father's will? As the whole word was not to be found in it, he searched for its separate syllables, and (failing to discover even these) for its separate letters, all of which except the "k" he traced out; but he argued as "k" and "c" are interchangeable in Latin inscriptions, it was enough for his purpose that "c" was discoverable. Q.E.D. Similarly M. Gaulot spells out an illicit intrigue between the Queen and the Swedish Count by piecing together a line of a song here with a word in a letter there, and by filling up blanks in the correspondence with unwarrantable French inferences. If M. Gaulot could only see it he is nearly as grotesquely ridiculous and prurient as the M. Pétion, of whose outrageous delusion that the saintly Madame Elizabeth made coarse love to him he makes such fun. Indeed, it is characteristic of M. Gaulot that he should give you in full this thoroughly French Malvolio's disgusting account of the advances made to him by the King's sister; but I admit that the humour of this inconceivable coxcomb's illusion helps to redeem its grossness. Malvolio, Bobadil, and Parolles, if rolled all together into one, would have been modest by the side of this M. Pétion. Was there ever anything in fiction more deliciously funny and French than this idiot's misgiving lest Madame Elizabeth meant to seduce him in order to ruin him? "May not Madame Elizabeth have consented to sacrifice her own honour in order to make me lose mine?" Surely you might say of this gentleman what M. Royard-Collard somewhere says of some one, "He is not *an* ass, he is *the* ass." Though, however, you are irritated by M. Gaulot's occasional pruriency, you cannot help being interested in his book. Since Don Quixote, surely there never was such suicidal chivalry as Count de Fersen's. He tilted his whole life through at windmills, and the insane encounters ended, as they could only end, in the destruction of both himself and his idol. Can you doubt, for instance, that the mad manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick to revolutionary France, of which Count de Fersen was the author, brought about all the horrors it was meant to avert, and sealed the Queen's terrible fate? The Count, who never recovered the shock of the Queen's death, must have

> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart
> Which winged the shaft that quivered in her heart.

I wonder was the sagacious Fouché thinking of this Royalist boomerang, which recoiled so fatally upon the

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(1) "A Friend of the Queen." (Marie Antoinette—Count de Fersen.) From the French of Paul Gaulot. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. With two Portraits. Two vols. (London: William Heinemann.)
(2) "Maxime Du Camp's Literary Recollections." Two vols. (London: Remington & Co.)
(3) "Memoirs by Charles Godfrey Leland." (Hans Breitmann.) Two vols. (London: William Heinemann.)
(4) "An Ancient Ancestor." A Tale of Three Weeks. By Charles E. Hall. Three vols. (London; Skeffington & Son.)

throwers of it, when, as I find in "Maxime Du Camp's Literary Recollections" (2), he made the following true prediction?—

When Louis XVIII. returned to France after the Cent-Jours, the Duc d'Otrante presented him with an essay which contains these words: "It is possible to imagine in the future a conspiracy which would be irresistible, and which could neither be foreseen nor averted: I mean a conspiracy formed by a Ministry or a Party at Court which should favour or advise, through gross ignorance or blind devotion to the cause of Royalty, a counter revolution. Any such plan would again inevitably overturn the throne, and perhaps destroy even the last hopes of our dynasty."

Indeed, all such institutions have a fortunate tendency to fall at last, overbalanced by their own dead weight. Fortunately, I say, since, as M. Du Camp remarks, apropos of the *coup d'état* of December 2—of which he gives a singularly-interesting description—

Despotism is not the outcome of the will of one man, but is the product of the servile spirit of the community. Did not Tacitus say of the consuls, knights, and senators after the death of Augustus, "Et ruerunt ad servitium?"

"I sometimes imagine," says Heine, "that the devil, the nobility, and the Jesuits exist only so long as they are believed in. As for the devil, this is certainly the case, for only believers have seen him. With respect to the nobility, we shall some day find that the Upper Ten will cease to be the Upper Ten whenever it pleases all worthy citizens to cease to kotow to them. But the Jesuits?" Thus every people in the long run gets such government as it deserves to get—no better and no worse—and to this both M. Maxime Du Camp's exceedingly interesting "Recollections" and Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland's delightful "Memoirs" (3) testify incidentally. In "Hans Breitmann's" pages you get a vivid picture of the earlier French Revolution of 1848—"quorum pars magna fuit!"—but the most startling, perhaps, of his many striking pictures is that of the slave-captain, "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat":—

He was a real old-fashioned slaver, who is fully a hundred times worse than an average pirate, because he *was* the latter whenever he wished to rob, and in his business was the cause of far more suffering and death. He was very fond of reading poetry, his favourite being Wordsworth. This formed quite a tie between us. He was always rather mild, quiet, and old-fashioned—in fact muffish.

But here was one of the stories this meek little muff told his fellow-Wordsworthian:—

Compared to the awful massacres and cruelties inflicted by the blacks on one another, the white slave-trade seemed to be philanthropic and humane. He had seen at the grand custom in Dahomey 2,500 men killed, and a pool made of their blood into which the king's wives threw themselves naked and wallowed. One day fifteen were to be tortured to death for witchcraft. I bought them all for an old dress-coat. I didn't want them, for my cargo of slaves was made up—it was only to save the poor devils' lives. If a slaver could not get a full cargo, and met with a weaker vessel which was full, it was at once attacked and plundered. Sometimes there would be a desperate resistance with the aid of the slaves. I have seen the scuppers run with blood, said the captain.

This gentleman, suggests Mr. Leland, probably if he escaped hanging, settled down in some English coast village where he read Wordsworth, attended church regularly, and was regarded as a gentle old duffer by the younger members of society. In truth, human nature, which the novelist represents as homogeneous, is often, so to say, built in water-tight compartments, with no intercommunication between them. Who, after reading Mr. Leland's description of this gentle slave-captain, will doubt the incident of the pirate-ship in Mr. Charles E. Hall's stirring novel, "An Ancient Ancestor" (4). It is a most promising first novel, but I have time to do no more than commend it to you.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Wyndham, ever yours very sincerely,

DESMOND O'BRIEN.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.

DEAREST AMY,—Are you glad that Christmas is over? I am at least willing to confess that I am delighted that the shortest day is past. Oh, these cold, dark mornings! Are they not dreary and depressing? We have to breakfast at eight, the Pater liking a good half-hour by the fire after the meal to read his paper. I do not know anything more gloomy in its way than dressing by gaslight in the early morning. It is lovely, however, to come into the warm, cosy dining-room, bestow a kiss upon father's dear old white head, and then elicit fragrant odours from the coffee-pot and ply the dear man with something nice to support him until luncheon hour. One of the advantages of having a man on the premises is that it makes women attend to the food supply, which would otherwise be sadly neglected.

London has been full of roses lately, and they were sold at a price so low that even the poorest might secure one or two of these beautiful companions for a day or two. They do not last long, unfortunately, whatever care may be bestowed upon them, but the perfume is perfectly delicious. Harry says that he bought some in the City four for a penny; another friend says that they were sold at twopence a bunch in the West-end; but whenever we have tried to get them so cheap they have eluded us. However, we secured a vase full the other day, and have adored them ever since. Mary has had some lovely roses and carnations sent from Nice, and it was quite difficult when we were calling on her the other day not to steal a few of them. I longed to, but I knew that if I asked her for one she would have bestowed ever so many upon me, and I should then have felt a thief, indeed.

I have seen some lovely ball dresses lately. One was in pale sea-green satin trimmed with pink roses, pink chiffon, and old Alençon point, a perfect dream of a dress. Another was in brocade with a pink ground and sewn over with small flowers in palest tint of mauve, turquoise blue, ruby red, and topaz yellow, with foliage in grey green and soft brown. This lovely brocade was cut up the seams and slashed with pink satin. The bodice was a mixture of brocade, pink satin, sable, and old lace, with a couple of fine old paste buckles at the waist. You can fancy what a delightful possession such a gown must be.

I cannot bear the neck boas that are made of the whole skin of some poor little furry animal. Can you? I see in the drapers' shop-windows now that these can be had at something three-farthings each. But apart from that, the suggestion that they carry of a slain victim is opposed to any pleasant association. I must say I do like the little round fur boas which fasten under the chin with a bow of ribbon, but we have recently seen some of such exaggerated size, that they were simply burlesques. A very small girl who sits near us in church wears a boa, the circumference of which increases as it approaches the back of her head. I am sure it is not exaggeration to say that at that point it must have measured three-quarters of a yard. Viewed above it, her head, hat and all, resembles the head of a bonnet-pin, so far as size is concerned. The boa puts her whole little person out of drawing. I am told that ostrich-feather boas and ostrich-feather fans are going out of fashion, but I accept this statement with a copious helping of salt, for I see the feather-fans in all the glove shop-windows, and I see the feather-boas on every third woman I meet. On our At-home day, our doorstep is strewn with isolated feathers, so that evidence collected by ourselves goes strongly to prove that the ostrich, by reason of its feathers, goes into society as much as ever.

Do you know the horrid smell of heated sealskin? Mingled with the odour of toasted muffins and Russian tea it pervades every house one enters between the hours of four and seven. I think there should be an edict

Messrs. Harborow, Hosiers, Glovers, and Shirtmakers by appointment to the Royal Family, have opened new premises, 6 and 7, New Bond-street, in connection with their old-established business, 15, Cockspur-street.

Hunting Season, 1893-4.—Busvine's new designs and materials for this year include several special novelties in Riding Habits, Coats for Walking and Driving, Walking Jackets, Gowns, &c. Can be seen at 4, Brook-street, or will be sent by return of post.—John Busvine, by special appointments to the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Germany, the Empress of Austria, &c., &c.

compelling callers to leave their coats, if made of or trimmed with fur, in the outer hall, or, as Ouida would say, in the antechamber. Sealskin is bad enough, but kauk is worse, and musquash is simply unbearable. I cannot find an adjective strong enough to suit bear and wolf, and when Charlie next comes I shall apply to him for a graphic expression. Directly I secure it I will send it on to you. Is there anything more refreshing when annoyed than to find a violent adjective on the spot, which precisely suits one's needs? Father tells the story of having been in an omnibus one day, and hearing the conductor try to explain to a French passenger that he ought to pay a penny more. The man either could not, or would not, understand, and walked off, owing the conductor the penny. The latter thrust his head into the omnibus and said, "Will any lady or gentleman give me the French for d—— fool?" No one obliged him, and when the pater told us the story, we none of us could remember what is the equivalent expression of opinion in the Gallic tongue. A Frenchman, when he is in a rage, seems quite contented if he calls his opponent *bandit*, but that word in English is simply harmless.

I must tell you something funny that happened to ourselves at the South Kensington Railway Station last week. I had a long fur boa, and as Maud had none, and it was very bleak and cold outside, I persuaded her to twist the end of mine round her neck. As we were running up the platform to catch our train, we were suddenly stopped, and I could not think why, until I saw in front of Maud and myself a wretched woman whom our fur had caught across the back of her head and simply bonneted. Maud had taken one side of her and I the other, forgetting our bond of fur. We apologised, and she was extremely good-natured, and forgave us on the spot; but I really wonder that she did, for we were in perfect fits of laughter—and so, indeed, was she.

Maud and I happened to see some very pretty dresses prepared for a trousseau at Mrs. Batley's, of St. George's-road, Eccleston-square. I am sure you will be interested in a description of them. A lovely evening dress was in pale blue brocade with a panel of pale pink silk embroidered in pink flowers and pale green leaves. Rosettes of blue ribbon were arranged round the waist and at the side of the panel. The bodice was draped with brocade which tied in a bow under a kind of berthe of jewelled lace. Another evening dress was in yellow satin, the whole bodice being covered with pearls and draped with soft French silk blond lace. Straps of pearl embroidery caught it over the shoulders, ending in tassels of pearls. The skirt was draped with festoons of lace caught with ornaments of pearl.

The petticoat to be worn with the bridal gown was made of white moiré, with pinked-out flounces of silk and one or two of Valenciennes lace. A novel and very handsome afternoon dress was in green cloth of a rather dark serpent tone, the skirt made without a seam, but varied by perpendicular lines of openwork, in the style of Madeira embroidery, through which showed a shot blue and green silk underskirt. Graduated squares of the openwork showed the shot silk again below the waist. The effect was excellent.

We saw some lovely hats and bonnets at Miss Westropp-Dawson's, at 43, New Bond-street. A large picture hat was in biscuit felt, bordered with sequins and trimmed with black ostrich tips. It curved up at the left side, and was most deliciously becoming. Another was in cream-coloured cloth, with a beaver-coloured velvet crown, and a large bow of the same as trimming, with feather to match, and beaver balls, steel tipped. A Devonshire hat in black velvet was made with a transparent lace crown, and trimmed with many feathers. A Gainsborough was in black satin, with high, conical crown and lob feathers, edged with jet. Of the toques, one was in purple velvet, with a black crown embroidered in steel; another in tan velvet, trimmed with shaded ribbon shot with green, and bunches of violets; while a third was in green velvet, the brim cut up in sections, and gold and bronze roses forming the floral additions. Very sweet was an old rose velvet bonnet, with jet over the crown and a trimming of openwork jet leaves, sequins, and roses.

Zouaves are a specialty of this establishment. They are in velvet and jet of any colour. We liked a tea jacket of grey crépon with purple velvet zouave, collar, and belt, the sleeves being finished at the top with three frills. A lovely black velvet cape was trimmed with jet and feathers.

This reminds me to tell you that one of my Christmas boxes was an Elderdon cape from Boyd's, of Belfast, in thick, soft, fleecy cloth, one of the most comfortable wraps you can imagine. It has a high collar, which can be strapped up under the chin or worn turned down at will, a hood which covers the hair or hangs at the back which ever may suit the exigencies of the moment—straps which hold it on without buttoning the fronts, and large and liberal "patch" pockets inside which answer all the purposes of a muff, besides holding one's handkerchief, purse, and other trifles.

I am sending for a paper containing a description of the TRUTH Toy Show at the Albert Hall. That dull and dim arena never looks so bright and cheery as when filled with the thousands of toys that mean so much happiness to poor and suffering little ones at Christmastide.

The annual sale of artistic and useful work done by the members of the Children's Salon was held at St. Martin's Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon. The object of the efforts of the graduates and associates is to endow a Children's Cot in North-West London Hospital. They have already endowed in perpetuity a cot in the Victoria Hospital for Children, in memory of the late Duke of Clarence, the deed of which has been accepted by the Princess of Wales. Among the work on sale were two little petticoats crocheted by Princess Victoria of Wales, one in pink and white, the other in biscuit colour and brown. The needlework on the little frocks at this stall was very fine and beautiful, and the prices were remarkably moderate. Think of a little white silk frock, smocked, for 6s. 6d. Sweets done up in bags of brocade lined with satin seemed to find a ready sale. In the large tea-room, set with round tables, the youthful associates and members served the cheerful beverages, with bread and butter and cake, in cook's caps, white aprons, and long white cuffs, a very becoming costume.

Clare sends me the following from Dublin:—

DEAREST MADGE,—Don't you think that Christmas Day is the most difficult day in the world to get through? How much we are helped through the long hours by the thought of the coming feast, the Christmas dinner, with its family party and conventional menu, far be it from me to say. The day and the dinner are over now. They are gone, "so is my enmity." I am not a pessimist. Heaven forbid that I should ever join that gloomy horde who walk in darkness of their own creating, and, if they cannot destroy the eternal spring of hope within their breasts, at least disuse it. Life has shadows and illusions, but surely there is no greater illusion than to think that it is all shadow and illusion. May not, however, the most cheerful of optimists grumble at the association of over-eating with Christmas? The tradition is not dying out either. Does not each season add to the long-established list of comestibles and luscious inventions in bon-bons and cakes? The Christmas afternoon tea-cake is second to none—not even to the wedding-cake—in deadliness. Comparatively new, it is, as Fred says, "decidedly up to weight," and holds its own in the most undeniable manner with the oldest institutions on the Christmas bill of fare.

Well, the feast is a thing of the past, not to be gone through again for the whole long year! Notwithstanding all the greetings given and received, I wonder if anyone—children excepted, of course—has spent a Merry Christmas? Did you ever know a person who experienced one? Who had been really and truly merry at that particular season? Is not such a one very hard to come into actual contact with, like the people who see ghosts? Everyone knows "lots of people," so they say if you ask them, "who, of course, are merry and happy, and all that kind of thing," but somehow or other, taking each lot separately and singly, the merry

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and happy one is never actually hit upon. How interesting and unique a true autobiography would be of "How I spent a Merry Christmas." Even in the overcrowded market of books such a novelty could not fail to attract attention; though possibly the author might have to publish it at his or her own expense; a fashionable publisher could, just now, hardly commit himself—at his own risk—to any such cheerful title.

Lord Houghton dutifully patronised Irish industries, and no doubt gave many Irish Christmas presents. Don't you think that the recipients of our home-made lace and crochet have every reason to be happy? Every one knows how beautiful Irish lace can be; the crochet is even a greater wonder to me, in the way of being a thing of artistic beauty. A few dinners have been given at the Viceregal Lodge, the guests being principally military. The soldiers are, you must know, under orders from their commanding authorities to accept all proffered Viceregal hospitality—a case in which the duty of obedience wears no very stern aspect, I should say.—Yours ever,

CLARE.

I expect you are tired by now of ordinary roast turkey. Try, then, this recipe for turkey stuffed with sweetbread ragout:—

Order a young, but not a small, turkey, ready dressed for roasting. Put a lump of butter into a stewpan, and set it over a charcoal or very clear fire. Lay in the bird for ten minutes, turning it often. Have ready a sweetbread ragout, take up the turkey, split it down the back, and fill it with the ragoût. Close the bird, sew it up, then lard the breast with alternate rows of bacon and ham cut in narrow strips. Lay at the bottom of a deep stewpan thin slices of fat ham and veal, with a portion of beef kidney cut into dice-shaped pieces, and an ounce of butter. Place the turkey upon this, strew over it a handful of sweet herbs and parsley mixed. Cover the pan closely, and set it over a steady fire for about an hour. When ready, take up the bird, and pour into the stewpan one pint of good stock, stir well and strain off the liquor. Remove every particle of fat and pour the gravy into a clean saucepan. Add a glass of sherry and the juice of a lemon. Let all simmer until thick, then put in the bird to re-heat for a few minutes. Take it up and lay it on a hot dish which has been screened with ham essence. Pour over it the remainder of the glaze, garnish with small moulds of sausage meat. Oil or grease as many moulds as you require. Press the sausage meat into each and bake in a quick oven for a few minutes. Turn out carefully.

And this is the way to make the sweetbread ragout:—

Wash a calf's sweetbread well; blanch it in boiling water, then set it in cold, take it out and wipe it dry. Put the sweetbread into a stewpan with grated bacon, a cluster of sweet herbs, a dozen mushrooms and an ounce of truffles cut into slices. Season with pepper and the grated rind of a lemon. Set the pan over a clear fire for ten minutes, add a gill of good stock, a glass of white wine, and let it stew slowly for an hour. When ready skim off all fat and thicken the gravy with a coulis. See that it is a good flavour.

Ever, dear, your loving cousin, MADGE.

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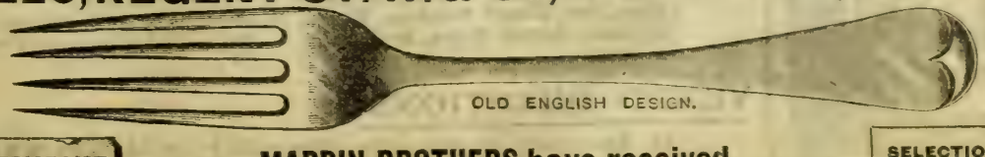

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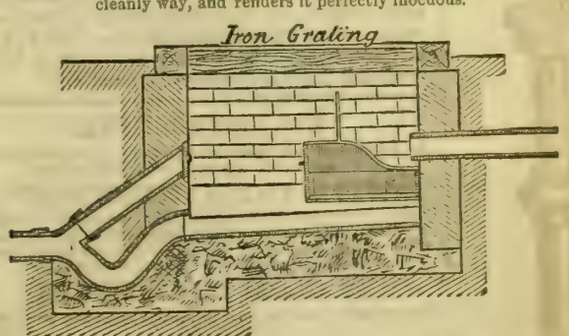
THE FRIEND IN NEED.—TO GENTLEMEN.—The Managers of a Refuge in Whitechapel, which shelters 160 homeless men nightly, earnestly APPEAL for GIFTS of CAST-OFF CLOTHING.—Address, SECRETARY, 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W.

NO CESSPOOLS. NO SEWER GAS. NO DISINFECTANTS REQUIRED.

NORRIS' PATENT SEWAGE STRAINER AND FRESH-AIR INLET CHAMBER.

Effectually supersedes the use of the dangerous Cesspool and entirely prevents the accumulation of Sewer Gas, and disposes of the soil in a quick and cleanly way, and renders it perfectly inocuous.



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BUILDERS & SANITARY SPECIALISTS,
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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

AXMINSTER PILE CARPETS,
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3/9 to 4/6

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LINOLEUM,
1/- to 4/- per square yard.

DECCAN RUGS,
8/9 each.

CATALOGUES FREE.

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THE HOMACOUSTIC.

WHAT IS THE HOMACOUSTIC?

THE HOMACOUSTIC is a contrivance connected with Speaking Tubes, which entirely supersedes for indoor purposes not only the Telephone, but all other existing arrangements for indoor inter-communication.

THE HOMACOUSTIC
Is Automatic, not Mechanical. Once fixed always in Working Order. Its first cost is its last cost.

WITH THE HOMACOUSTIC
There is no blowing into pipes. The automatic whistle is always in position. One speaks and listens at the same time. The tube is closed when not in actual use. Ordinary speaking tubes can be utilised.

ONE (No. 4) HOMACOUSTIC
Places the speaker in communication with any Number of Rooms.

THE HOMACOUSTIC
Is of special value and inestimable convenience not only in business establishments, but in all Private Houses.

The Homacoustic Saves Time, Temper, and Trouble.

For Detailed Particulars, Copies of Testimonials, &c., write to the MANAGER,

Homacoustic Speaking Tube Co.,

22, QUEEN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Where every description of Homacoustic Instrument is on view.

The Burglar Bewildered.

HOW?

THROUGH THE

HOMACOUSTIC

WHAT IS THE HOMACOUSTIC?

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HOW WAS THE BURGLAR BEWILDERED?

The owner of the house fortunately had a Homacoustic commutator fixed in his bedroom. This commutator placed him in direct communication, not only with his butler's rooms, but with seven other rooms in the house.

Directly he heard the Burglars he explained the state of affairs through the Homacoustic to his butler, and to the occupants of the other rooms; arranged what should be done, and they were thus all enabled to pounce on the Burglars together, and catch them red-handed, without their being even aware that their presence was so much as suspected. There was no ringing of electric bells, no creeping about the house to warn the inmates, NO PERSONAL DANGER.

The Homacoustic is far more dreaded by Burglars than any existing arrangement of "Protection from Burglary," for whereas when an electric bell rings, though it may probably arouse the inmates, it also acts as a warning to the Burglars themselves to be off.

NO HOUSE IS REALLY SAFE
— WITHOUT THE —

HOMACOUSTIC

Independent of its protective advantages, the Homacoustic is invaluable in all private houses for everyday use, and in all properly arranged business premises it is an absolute necessity.

The Homacoustic is automatic, not mechanical. Once fixed, always in working order. Its first cost is its last cost.

With the Homacoustic there is no blowing into pipes. The automatic whistle is always in position. One speaks and listens at the same time. The tube is closed when not in actual use. Ordinary speaking tubes can be utilised

The HOMACOUSTIC SAVES TIME, TEMPER, & TROUBLE.

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CELEBRATED

Wadding in packets. Knee Caps. Ankle Belts. Pine Wool. Extract for Bath. Extract of all the Products. Chemical Ventilators. Lambs' Wool Pants. Knitting Yarn. Sold by all leading Druggists and Hosiers. Wholesale Depot for Fabrics only: WELCH, MARGETSON & Co., 15, Cheapside, London.

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EXHAUSTION OF BRAIN AND MUSCLE; INSOMNIA.

These are some of the signs of NEURASTHENIA, or NERVE COMPLAINTS. The Modern Treatment is to RESTORE and BUILD UP the Shattered Nervous System by a daily use of

COCA-TONIC-CHAMPAGNE

(LAURENT-PERRIER).

"I consider it most beneficial to the health of all such "hard workers as myself. It is a most delightful drink, "which leaves no injurious effects; and of its nerve-restoring "powers as a tonic, I cannot speak too highly."

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SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
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THE IDEAL TONIC FOR INFLUENZA.

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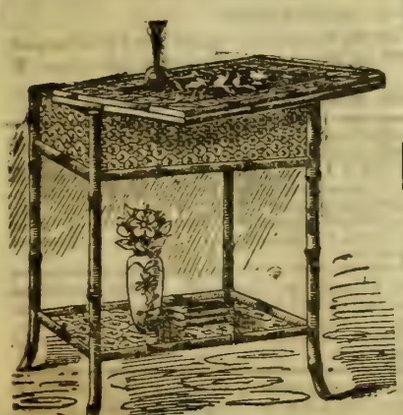

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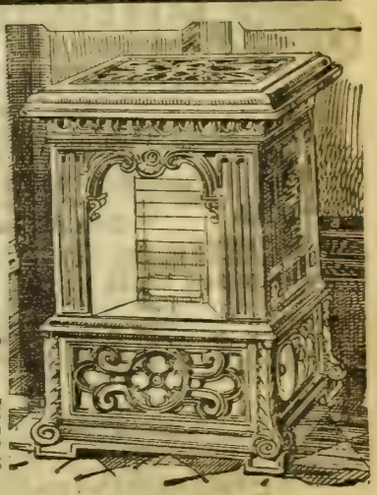

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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the WORLD.

PREVENTS THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Is Partly Composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World.

2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from Falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no Unpleasant Odour.

IS NOT A DYE.

Should be in every House where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

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Two-person size, complete, as sketch, with Silver Plated Kettle Regd. Spring Screw Cap, £2. 17s. 6d., or all fittings Silver Plated, £4. 10s.

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LITERARY MACHINE

For holding lamp, meals, &c. in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa. Deliciously luxurious. A most useful gift. PRICES from £1.1s.

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Adjustable Couches and Beds, £3. Exercising Chairs £5. 5s. Reclining Boards £1.1s. Commodes £1. Leg Rests 10s. 6d. Easy Chairs £2. 10s. Commode Chairs £2. 10s.

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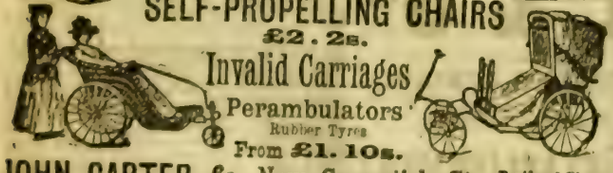

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DATURA TATULA.

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White, Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums to Old Age.

Oriental Tooth Paste.

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWSBURY & BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists.

60 YEARS IN USE.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF HEALTH.

WHAT TO DRINK?

PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER.

As a remedial agent in cases of sluggish liver, plethoric state of the system, chronic affections of the organs of respiration and circulation, gastric derangement, and biliousness.

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EMPLOYMENT WILL BE FOUND where a living can be earned until the settler is able to farm on his own account.

ASSISTANCE WILL BE GIVEN in the choice of a farm for either special or general farming, also for cotton planting or orange growing.

The Directors and Secretary have a large experience in the requirements of settlers, both at home and abroad; the AGENTS ABROAD are men in good position, and are PERSONALLY KNOWN to the Secretary and some of the Directors.

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VICTOR M. HOLLINSWORTH, Secretary.

11, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

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MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue circulars to persons other than their own principals.

Brokers or Agents who advertise are not in any way connected with the Stock Exchange, or under the control of the Committee.

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ADVANCES MADE in TOWN or COUNTRY at a FEW HOURS' NOTICE, Without Public Enquiries, for Short or Long Periods,

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A Gentleman sent direct from the Bank to carry out all advances.

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Prospectus gratis, or post free on application. *Personal visit preferred.*

Interest allowed on deposits, 4½, 5, and 6 per cent.

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General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.
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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
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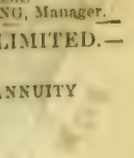
63, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C.
FOUNDED 1710.
THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.
SUM INSURED IN 1892,
£391,800,000.



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INSURES AGAINST
RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, PERSONAL ACCIDENTS,
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.
Capital £1,000,000. Established 1849.
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FULL PARTICULARS of SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for DEALING sent post free on application.

COVER SYSTEM.—The loss is limited, the profits are unlimited, and there is such an independence in acting that the principle must and does recommend itself to business men—indeed, it is the only method on which they deal—for speculative accounts.

£5 COMMANDS £500 STOCK.
£10 COMMANDS £1,000 STOCK.
£50 COMMANDS £5,000 STOCK.
£500 COMMANDS £50,000 STOCK, and so on in proportion.

NO OTHER LIABILITY WHATEVER.

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TESTIMONIALS.

INFLUENZA.—**LADY BAKER** writes from Blandford, January 19, 1892, when ordering another Smoke Ball:—"I and the children have hitherto escaped **Influenza**, though in the thick of it, owing entirely, I believe, to the good effects of the Carbolic Smoke Ball. I am recommending it to every one."

INFLUENZA.—**Colonel COX** writes from Limmer's Hotel, W., 29th October, 1892:—"I have used your Carbolic Smoke Ball for over a year and cannot speak too highly of it. I believe the steady and regular use of it affords immunity from **Influenza**."

COLDS.—**LADY LYONS** writes from Kilbrough, Swansea, 25th October, 1892:—"She wishes another Carbolic Smoke Ball sent her, as she found the one she got from them in the summer most useful for warding off **Colds**."

CATARRH.—**Rev. Dr. LUNN, M.D.,** writes from 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Carbolic Smoke Ball. It has been used in my household with the best results in cases of bad **Catarrh**."

ASTHMA.—**Captain C. N. ROBINSON** writes from Aldemay Park, Bromley, Kent, 1st January, 1893:—"I may say that I have found the greatest relief from **Asthma** of a most troublesome nature by the use of your Carbolic Smoke Ball."

Price 10s. Post Free. Can be refilled when empty for 5s.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., LIMITED,

27, PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Vinolia (SOOTHING)

(EMOLLIENT) Cream

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FACE SPOTS
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FOR CHAPS, CHILBLAINS, ITCHING, FACE SPOTS, &c.

The "LANCET" reports:—"*An emollient cream for the skin in eczema, rash, eruptions, &c.*" **1/1½ and 1/9.**

"VINOLIA" POWDER (For Redness, Roughness), **1s. & 1s. 9d. "VINOLIA" SOAP, 4d., 6d., 8d., 10d. & 2s. 6d.**

OUR PUZZLES.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 772. SUGGESTIONS FOR TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

MERLE (real name and address will be given next week) £1 1 0

C. (" " " ") £1 1 0

'TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 774.—SUGGESTED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR EUROPEAN AND OTHER POTENTATES.

TILLY SLOWBOY (real name and address will be given next week)... ... ... £2 2 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"TRUTH" HOME MADE TOY AND DOLL SHOW.

In another part of this number of TRUTH will be found a detailed description of the very successful Show which was held at the Albert Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 19th and 20th inst. It is hoped that the List of Prizes awarded to the competitors will be published next week.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 779.

The usual Prize of Two Guineas is offered this week for

THE BEST ANSWER TO THE CONUNDRUM, "WHY IS THE COMING NEW YEAR'S DAY LIKE THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL?"

I may say that I have myself no preconceived idea of what the answer to this conundrum is. I shall, in fact, possess a perfectly open mind on the matter until I receive the replies which may be sent in by those who take part in this competition. These replies must reach me by the morning of Monday, January 8, at the latest.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 775.

As a further selection of the "Bouts Rimés" is to be published, the Prize will not be awarded until next week.

CONDENSED RULES.

All answers to the current Puzzle must be sent in on or before the morning of the Monday week following the date of that Puzzle's publication to the PUZZLE EDITOR, TRUTH Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, London, S.W. The answers must be signed by a *nom de plume* of not more than twelve letters, and must not be sent on post-cards, nor by telegraph, nor by hand: whilst in the case of new competitors the real name and address must be forwarded with the first reply sent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** In consequence of going to Press exceptionally early this week, it has been found necessary to hold over a number of answers to correspondents.

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 776.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

SUGGESTED RESOLUTIONS TO BE TAKEN FOR THE NEW YEAR BY—1. MR. GLADSTONE; 2. LORD SALISBURY; 3. LORD ROSEBERY; 4. MR. A. J. BALFOUR; 5. MR. CECIL RHODES; 6. LORD R. CHURCHILL; 7. MR. H. IRVING; 8. SIR F. LEIGHTON; 9. PRINCE BISMARCK; 10. THE GERMAN KAISER; 11. THE TSAR; 12. MR. JOHN BURNS.

1. To pass the Home Rule Bill, and retire. 2. To refrain from epigrams. 3. Not to be Chairman of the "Board of Conciliation." 4. To get married. 5. To keep within Cape Colony. 6. Not to go exploring any more. 7. Not to go to America again. 8. Not to paint any more wax dolls. 9. To preserve a dignified silence. 10. To stay at home. 11. To find out things for himself. 12. To make friends of the other "labour leaders."—Leaf Rule.

1. To take more care of himself than ever. 2. To lecture on chemistry at the Royal Institute. 3. To go further, and fare no worse. 4. Not to fidget. 5. To stay where he is. 6. To try to be original. 7. To try not to be original. 8. To write a book on "British Art and Latter-Day Artists." 9. To write an autobiography, or prepare copious notes for a posthumous biography. 10. To beware of cant. 11. To have the parable of the Good Samaritan abolished from the Gospel of the Orthodox Church. 12. Never to be persuaded to become a Member of Parliament. —Med. Stud.

1. To leave Home Rule for home. 2. To continue being a pattern to his peers. 3. To read "The Miner's Right." 4. To make fresh Conservative "links." 5. To punish the Impi-ous. 6. To escape the influenza. 7. To play the man. 8. To continue canvass-ing. 9. To live forgetting, by the world forgot. 10. To seek peace, not eschew it. 11. To strengthen his armaments. 12. To be the people's "light" and leader.—Malignant.

1. To abandon the "suaviter in modo" for the "fortiter in re." 2. To personally inspect his London rookeries and reduce his avoirdupois. 3. To give a "striking" realisation to "The Miner's Dream." 4. Not to play second violin to Chamberlain on any account, and to stick to the "tee caddie." 5. To cultivate the Truth, and to polish up the Companies' accoutrements without the aid of black-king brushes. 6. To form a fifth party and recover his lost prestige. 7. To maintain his interest in the silver question, and to relieve Uncle Sam of his dollar-us troubles. 8. To revise the rules of the R.A., and to bid the deserving "go hang." 9. To play Brer Rabbit for the future. 10. To get more like his dad every day. 11. To give the people political representation, and not to have a surfeit of Turkey. 12. To have another try for the Albert Palace if any one will Passmore ha'pence along.—Shellback.

1. To continue keeping his own counsel and giving others Councils. 2. To learn that politics, like charity, begin at home. 3. To try hard to make arbitration strike a final blow at strikes. 4. To wait, and wait, and wait till Home Rule shall end the strife. 5. "To shun sack and live cleanly." 6. To remember that it isn't the hen that cackles the loudest that lays the largest egg. 7. To remain in his own tent, and follow Booth no more. 8. To try to brighten up his figures a bit. 9. To shun the Court, and court the soothing pipe. 10. To think twice before he speaks once. 11. To see what can be done to improve his constitution. 12. To remember that for every payee there must be a payer. —Stanchion.

1. To benefit the poor unemployed. 2. To make Gladstone a Peer. 3. To be Prime Minister. 4. To "buck up." 5. To become a "chartered accountant." 6. To enter the den of lions (Imperial and Colonial Institute)? 7. To tutor his successor. 8. To photograph the Queen. 9. To meet Gladstone somewhere shortly! 10. To congratulate the "Empire" (!). 11. To live. 12. To keep alight.—Hopeless.

1. Give up post-card correspondence. 2. Avoid going on the stump. 3. Open a new chapter on conciliation. 4. Stick to golf. 5. Realise his shares in the Charter Company. 6. Bide his time. 7. Continue to elevate the character of the English stage. 8. Return to his earlier style. 9. To remember that speech was given to hide one's thoughts. 10. Take the advice of his mother. 11. Live and let live. 12. Stick to betterment,—Ross.

1. To drop his Home Rule fad, and conciliate Dissenters by a Bill for Disestablishment. 2. To undertake the Herculean labour of reforming the House of Lords, beginning by abolishing voting by proxy. 3. To avoid compromising alliances, and keep us out of the coming European war. 4. Not to hit a falling foe too hard. 5. To claim to be elected, by acclamation, perpetual President of the Society for the Protection of the Aborigines. 6. Resolves, in the words of Lear: "I will do such things—What they are yet I know not; but they shall be The terrors of the earth." 7. To prevent playing to the gallery by building a theatre, with one price to all seats. 8. To try and develop a good *impasto*, and paint his nude figures white, not yellow. 9. To repent his "blood and iron" policy, which caused three wars, and has made Europe an armed camp. 10. To restore, or neutralise, Alsace-Lorraine, and thus produce general disarmament and lasting peace. 11. To govern constitutionally, end Nihilism, and enjoy life. 12. To study the precept, "Speech is silvern: silence is golden."—J. McGrigor Allan.

1. To "Never say die." 2. To observe strict economy. 3. To keep the key of the coal cellar. 4 To always say "Not for Joe." 5. To make friends of Lobby and Labby. 6. To erect a dam against bad language. 7. To keep on "playing high." 8. To make better figures than ever; and keep a-head. 9. To smoke Fred's cut: cool and sweet. 10. To try not to be the wisest fool in Europe. 11. To annihilate Nihilism by liberty. 12. To resolve to be still the "People's Dear."—Sigma.

1. To mind not high things, but to condescend to men of low estate (Rom., xii., 16). 2. To be patient in tribulation (Rom., xii., 12). 3. To put not his trust in Princes (Ps., cxlvi., 3). 4. To avoid profane and vain babblings and oppositions (I. Tim., vi., 20). 5. To provide things honest in the sight of all men (Rom., xii., 17). 6. To let his moderation be known to all men (Phil., iv., 5). 7. Be of good courage and play the man for our people (II. Sam., x., 12). 8. To return to days of his youth (Job, xxxiii., 25). 9. To remove not the ancient landmarks (Prov., xxii., 28). 10. To rest yet for a little season (Rev., vi., 17). 11. With good advice to make war (Prov., xx., 18). 12. Not to raise false report (Ex., xxiii., 1). —Sofalie.

1. To rest on his laurels. 2. To set his house in order. 3. Not to have his head turned by Tory blandishments. 4. To join the Commons Preservation Society. 5. To wind up under the Companies Act. 6. To try a new tack as the wind seems to have left his sails. 7. To enlarge the sphere of the stage as a teacher by lowering the school fees. 8. To brush himself up and the "*easely* chief" take "Excelsior" for his motto. 9. To follow the example of Cincinnatus. 10. To abandon the study of perpetual motion and try to square the circle. 11. To take out an accident policy. 12. Not to give occasion for a too literal interpretation of his "striking attitude."—Opera.

1. To stick to Horace and eschew politics. 2. To take care of his chest out of England. 3. To carry on his striking policy. 4. To keep out of Ireland. 5. To learn the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." 6. To cultivate orchids instead of duchesses. 7. To be faithful to the immortal bard. 8. To paint Greek beauties and forswear in future Scriptural subjects. 9. To reflect on his latter end. 10. To meditate on "A little learning is a dangerous thing." 11. To banish dirt from Russia, the Jews will go with it. 12. To retire into his native obscurity.—Ivy Leaves.

1. To carry out the Newcastle programme. 2. To keep his eye on Devonshire. 3. To take *Punch's* advice with regard to marriage. 4. To drop the bimetallism craze. 5. To keep well posted up in TRUTH. 6. To stick to North Kensington. 7. To stay at home. 8. To send something good to the '94 Academy. 9. To be at peace with all the world. 10. To avoid egotism. 11. To establish a Parliament. 12. To make no rash promises.—Daft Scot.

1. (To Sir W. H.) "Yes, friend, I've resolved that I will, Early this year be on the Parish, Bill." 2. To beat friend G—— will be my hobby, So on this "beat" you'll always find a Bobby. 3. Masters and miners I'll pat upon the back, Then coals will not always be slack. 4. To "drive" out the Government I will try, By "putting" my finger in every pie. 5. Old Lobengula I must make understand, It's right to see roads in his land. 6. On different subjects I'll try to be handy, But the monkey one, not for Randy. 7. I'll robe my legs remarks to stem, So do not lie if you cannot see 'em. 8. No longer for their "bobs" shall people stare, On photos of whom they neither know or care. 9. From my views I'll not allow one to entice, Whose grandfather ran to me for advice. 10. If Queen Victoria I visit in '94, I'll be more active than I was of yore. 11. France said, "If you want a nap o'lean on me," And you may bet I will after '93. 12. I speak my mind wherever I be, If you don't believe it, you'd "batter" see.—The Ghost.

1. Add to my score of deeds already done, by husbanding the strength of number one. 2. No stone unturn next year at every hour to lift the Tories once more into power. 3. Though young I am, and hearty too—no wrinkles, no grey hairs—I'll undertake no worries more than Foreign Sec.'s affairs. 4. By linking strength, from golf's good link, with Unionistic brains, I am resolved to dish the Whigs and scatter their remains. 5. Resolved I am yet to be Afric's ruler, when once I've caught and conquered Lobengula. 6. Should e'er again the chance to me of leadership revive, I'll not yield aught of power or place to any man alive. 7. Whatever be the Queen's intent of honours I m deserving, preserve I will my *nom-de-théâtre, id est* "Henry Irving." 8. When first of merry May arrives, and R. A.'s come to dine, the poorest artists wanting bread shall feed with me and mine. 9. On New Year's Day, ere Fool's Day* next, I'll ask my Imperator to pray for birthday blessings from our great and wise Creator. 10. Though a bellicose belligerent the world has writ me down, my motto shall be "peace anon for Fatherland and crown." 11. Withdraw I will my heel from Poles (a diplomatic failure) could I but briefly crown assign, with sceptre *inter alia*. 12. Hard as we've fought for long to form a perfect labour bureau, much harder still I'll fight next year and more so in *futuro*.—Edgcome.

* My birthday.

1. To hew down no more of the British Empire's ancestral trees. 2. To count the cost of biting sarcasms before they are uttered. 3. To guard carefully and not overtax a life of greatest value. 4. To possess his soul in patience, knowing that "all things come to him who waits." 5. To love his neighbour as himself. 6. To know his own mind, and fritter away no more opportunities. 7. If possible, to live for ever, and go on following his own example. 8. To hasten on the time when the best shall be first, and the worst last. 9. Never to forget that "*noblesse oblige*." 10. Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. 11. To deserve success if he cannot command it. 12. To cultivate long sight, and to take broad views.—Neptune.

1. To keep his head cool and feet warm. 2. To put a stout heart to a steep hill, and to be at the top first. 3. Not to mock a cobbler because of his black thumbs. 4. To avoid himself what he thinks wrong in a neighbour. 5. To thrive by honesty or remain poor. 6. To learn something by his own failures. 7. To keep on in the same way. 8. Never to forget that beauty is a good letter of introduction. 9. To look on the bright side of everything. 10. To keep on good terms with his wife, his people, and his own conscience, if he has one. 11. To do well by doing good to those of his own brotherhood. 12. That truth shall be his guide.—Independent.

1. To resolve that he will bury the hatchet, and, sparing that good old tree the Union, will cut his sticks from political life. 2. To resolve that he will open the New Year with afternoon smoking teas, the calumet of peace being the principal narcotic. 3. To resolve that he will go in for arbitration. 4. To resolve to renounce golf and take to cricket, as he is assured that he is A 1 at bowling over his adversaries. 5. To resolve that he will retire from Matabeleland, and seek pastures greener. 6. To resolve to forsake the African lion, and go in for drawing the British Lion from his Radical den. 7. To resolve that he will give up America in favour of the United Kingdom for his after-season tour. 8. To resolve to renounce the study of the nude, and cultivate Art decorations. 9. To resolve to retire with peace and honour. 10. To resolve on his next visit to England to abjure speeches and refrain from cheek. 11. To resolve to abolish the knout, and to temper his justice with mercy. 12. To resolve to turn over a new leaf, and appear at St. Stephen's in a clean collar at least once a week.—Bel Demonio.

1. To pass Home Rule. 2. To return to power. 3. To maintain peace with honour. 4. To return to his old post in Ireland. 5. To finish up with his blacks. 6. To make a speech worthy to be handed down to posterity. 7. To bring out a greater success than ever. 8. To have the most brilliant Academy on record. 9. To die in harness. 10. To upset Europe, or build a smarter yacht. 11. To upset the standing arrangements in the Mediterranean. 12. To multiply strikes.—Blossom.

1. I resolve to leave the small fry of the Opposition to be answered by some one less important than myself. 2. By way of reform, I will alter the word "circus" to "merry-go-round." 3. I will not allow the coal-owners and miners to fall out over my Board of Conciliation. 4. From the New Year I will be the real Leader of the Opposition. 5. For the future I will not make in-Rhodes (roads), tracks, nor trekkes into other people's countries. 6. I will endeavour to become a serious politician, and not a mountebank. 7. I resolve to ventilate the stalls of the Lyceum a little more. 8. I shall endeavour for the future to prevent the Royal Academy becoming a mere portrait gallery. 9. I am determined from to-day to leave politics alone. 10. I resolve to forget there is a letter I in the alphabet, and think less of myself and more of others. 11. I shall try to learn the maxim, "Live and Let Live." 12. I shall endeavour to cut all connection between the Keir Hardie crew and myself.—Calcutta.

1. To go ahead—trust the people, and not to forget that fifty years ago he was younger. 2. To not tell more Salisbury's than he can help. 3. To always keep well with the Court, and well to the front. 4. To keep his eye on Randy, and not to trust J. Chamberlain. 5. To never forget, blacks, too, are brothers. 6. To keep his eye on Balfour, and only back certainties. 7. To never fail to blow his own trumpet. 8. To only try to paint masterpieces. 9. To try to forget, and not worry. 10. To count always 100 before he speaks. 11. To never trust his officials, but to do what's right and be merciful, and never mind the rest. 12. To not forget, but always bear in mind that the idlers (whatever their political professions) must always be opposed to the workers.—Jack Cade.

1. To retire. 2. To take his place. 3. To help his nephew. 4. To rat. 5. Smash TRUTH and Labby. 6. To take a back seat. 7. To open his theatre to the poor for a week or two before a general election at the request of Primrose League. 8. None necessary that he knows of. 9. To smoke it out. 10. To keep the people in their proper place. 11. Ditto. 12. To retire from Parliament and go to America.—A Tory.

1. As head of a Liberal Government, to allow no wars to be waged against native races, in the interest of Companies. 2. Set his House (of Peers) in order. 3. Act as pacificator abroad, as at home in the Coal Strike. 4. To leave in the hands of his underlings all unjustifiable obstruction he cannot check. 5. To settle by single combat any difference between a savage chief and himself, the weapons chosen by his opponent. 6. To try to regain his former position among the Tories, by exhibiting in his speeches more statesmanship, and less vituperative energy. 7. To act chiefly in cardinal rôles. 8. To limit his exhibition at the Royal Academy to one picture. 9. To be content with his high rank and with what he has done. 10. Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. 11. To try and learn if the accounts in foreign papers are true respecting the state of the prisons in Russia and Siberia, and try to crush out Nihilism by righteousness and justice. 12. Not to be spoiled by popularity, but continue an honest helper of the workman.—Esperanza.

1. To discover a birthplace in Ireland. Query—Blarney. 2. To give up the Bantering and try the Banting system. 3. To go on strike if the "boss" interferes with him, and get himself appointed arbitrator. 4. To appropriate a pair of Uncle Roberts' shoes for present practice and future use. 5. To translate the golden rule into Matabele and enforce it by example. 6. To write a moral essay on the text, "Be clothed with humility." 7. To save his reputation by proving that he never was an "Irvingite." 8. To study the art of draping. 9. To have in readiness another snub for the Kaiser. 10. To elaborate another impromptu attempt to conciliate the ex-Chancellor. 11. To compare the trade lists of firms whose speciality is the construction of "river dredgers." 12. To organise a strike amongst the "inferior" planets for shorter hours, revolution twice a day at least, and total abolition of the invidious terms "inferior" and "superior."—Tilly Slowboy.

Gladstone should resolve to pass his great Bill,
Lord Salisbury resolve to swallow the pill,
Rosebery resolve to be cautious next year
And Balfour resolve to wed a sweet dear.
Rhodes should resolve not to court a great fall,
Churchill resolve not to heed Ulster's call,
H. Irving resolve to retire for aye,
And Leighton do likewise on New Year's Day.
Prince Bismarck resolve to give no more fun,
William resolve not to speak of a gun,
The mighty Czar should resolve to be good,
And Burns resolve for the poor to gain food.
Geranium.

1. Never to speak from a railway-carriage window again. 2. To mend the House of Lords before again amending the resolutions of the Commons. 3. To strike as often as he can when the iron (coal) is hot. 4. To ignore lads in the House and stick to laddies on the Links. 5. To try and define the difference between a chartered libertine and a chartered company. 6. To use the same good judgment in the great game of politics as he exercises in that of racing. 7. To stick to the play in England and not forsake it for the pay in America. 8. To think a little less of the capital realised by the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and a little more of the capital A in Art. 9. To ponder over a certain quotation, which, in his case, should read as follows:—"If I had served my Prince as I have served an Emperor he would not have ignored me in my old age." 10. To study my people more than myself. 11. To try and solve the Latin motto "Ex nihilo nihil fit," and improve the same if possible. 12. To stick to his last in the House of Commons, especially when the burning question of Labour *v.* Capital comes to the front.—East Anglia.

"TRUTH" PUZZLE, No. 775.—ASSORTED SPECIMENS.—GOOD AND OTHERWISE.

BOUTS-RIMES ON THE WORDS — MAXIM, TON, TAX HIM, RUN, STRIKING, SPOOK, VIKING, CROOK.

*** Having some space to spare, a further selection of Bouts-Rimés is inserted.—THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

Life on the ocean wave was aye my maxim,
A saucy craft of half a hundred ton.
No rent, no rates; the sailor, who shall tax him!
Begone dull care; set sail, and off we run!
I mused, and lo!—the midnight clocks were striking—
Rose from the waves a sad-eyed seaman's spook;
"Vain hope," he sighed, "no Argonaut nor Viking
But sailed with care—each lot must have its crook!"
Eva Charlotte.

"Forewarned is forearmed." Spencer, act on this maxim,
And add to our naval strength many a ton.
For that John Bull lets you—nay, asks you to tax him;
Let naval supplies, then, go up with a run!
If England should fail when the time comes for striking
A blow, safety, prestige, would melt like a spook;
Then awake from your lethargy, sons of the Viking!
Get ships, men, and money by hook or by crook.
Nodding Violet.

"ULTIMA RATIO REGUM."

Our ultimate reason with Blacks, is the Maxim;
An argument weighty, though scarcely a ton,
We'll spare Lobengula, enslave him, and tax him,
From our Christian embrace the poor savage has run.
Like Rob Roy's, our system is taking and striking,
Open "doors into soul-land" fine field for a spook—
In plunder and slaughter, true sons of the Viking;
Wolves parading as shepherds, with bay'net for crook! (*)
J. McGrigor Allan.

(*) "The English nation, like its language, is a strange mixture of a variety of others. When I behold an Englishman fond of the tricks and chicanery of law, I say there is a Norman, who came over with William the Conqueror. Another, affable and polite, has the manners of a Plantagenet; a third, outrageous and brutal, is a Dane."—Voltaire.

Captain Lendy went out with a Maxim,
Matabeles were slain by the ton;
'Twas because they want more than to tax him
That poor Lobengula has run.
Now Rhodes and his robbers are striking,
They want Lo Ben's land, not his "spook;"
And though they've no right, à la Viking,
They'll grab it, by hook or by crook.
Weg.

Some niggers I'd shot with a Maxim,
When their chiefs brought me tusks, quite a ton.
But the King was afraid I would tax him,
So they bolted like bulls on the run.
I followed them shooting and striking,
Till they thought me a "Borderland" spook,
Then I collared the "oof" like a Viking,
Which I'd squeezed out by hook or by crook.
Chaucer Junior.

CECIL RHODES.

The guns he used were Maxim,
And weighed full many a ton;
The Impi's strength did tax him,
But at last he made them run.
Yet see, they fall still striking,
Till at last there's ne'er a spook—
Bold as a brave old Viking,
They fight by hook and by crook.
Era.

With Winchester, Hotchkiss, and Maxim,
Protecting their lead by the ton;
With fire which sorely doth tax him,
We force Lobengula to run;
The wild Matabele down striking,
Unscared by the swart victim's spook,
We gather our spoil like the Viking,
We'll have it, by hook or by crook.
Lifting Jack.

1893.

Yes, we've got a new gun called the Maxim,
But our coals cost two pounds for the ton;
And you'd think a man's use was to tax him,
That our men might make savages run.
The last hour of the year is nigh striking,
And I wish I were only a Spook,
Or had lived in the times of the Viking,
Or th' Arcadian days of the crook.
Quartus.

In olden days, it was the warrior's maxim,
To wear an armour weighing half a ton,
And wield a spear whose length did no doubt tax him,
He fain did fight because he could not run.
But in these days of bullets far off striking,
A soldier should be light as any spook;
The heavy arms of Roman, Goth, or Viking,
Are not more useful than a shepherd's crook.
Old Dutch.

"All's well that ends well," we hold a happy maxim,
And now coal is down to a fair price the ton;
But what will the ratepayer say when you tax him
To make England's Navy all others outrun?
Our Cabinet Council, when midnight is striking,
Should question that up-to-date oracle "spook,"
If England's great Navy should, like the old Viking,
Reign supreme o'er the seas by hook or by crook.
Bel Demonio.

"Peace and scuttle," says TRUTH, "is a very sound maxim;
Why purchase your safety at so much a ton?
The worst use to put a man to is to tax him;
'Tis silly to fight when you're able to run!'
'Tis miners, not soldiers, I love to see striking,
For honour's a bubble and glory a spook.
Britannia, ashamed of descent from the Viking,
Should lay down her trident and shoulder a crook!"
Ku-Klux-Klan.

We're giving his "Impi" a taste of the "Maxim"—
They're feeling hot iron at so much a "ton;"
The result of this being that soon we shall "tax him,"
Provided he gives us a fairly good "run."
But after we've had quite a surfeit of "striking,"
We'll find we've to do with the Company's "spook;"
And e'en whilst we feast in the "halls of the Viking"
They'll wrest all we've conquered by hook or by "crook."
Malignant.

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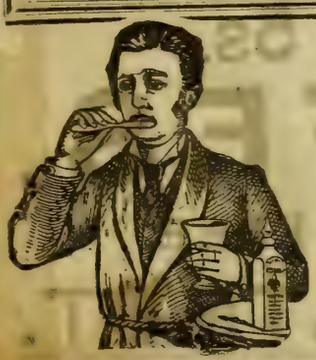

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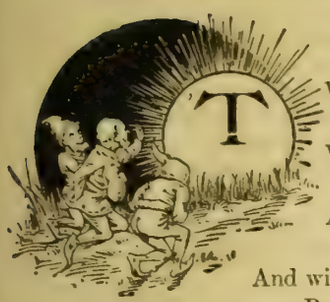
A Spookish Epidemic.



'TWAS last October, t'wards its end,
When days to fog and darkness tend,
And spirits droop, and coals ascend,
And winter, which we all forfend,
Begins to clank its fetters;
That TRUTH, upon her daily round,
Amongst her correspondence found
Some very curious letters
From Statesmen worthy of the name,
From sages of extensive fame,
From public characters they came,
From men of light and leading,
All hinting at some influence new—
Though giving but the slightest clue
From whence it came, or how it grew—
And for a private interview
Politely interceding.

Of course, TRUTH could not well refuse
To grant these wished-for interviews;
She could not otherwise than choose
To suffer the invasion;
And so each morning Carteret-street
Was crowded with the land's *élite*,
All eager counsel to entreat
Befitting the occasion.

Day after day the high and great,
Nobles, Professors, Men of State,
Doctors of worth, Divines of weight,
Savants renowned and up to date,
Too many far to numerate,
At intervals kept calling.
All, as it presently turned out,
Possessed by one identic doubt,
And all intent to talk about
Experiences appalling.

For, in succession, each turned pale,
And told to TRUTH the self-same tale
Of awe and consternation.
A tale of flapping, ghostly wings,
Of spectral raps, and phantom rings,
In short, of everything that springs
FROM SPOOKISH VISITATION!

TRUTH made to each the same reply,
"Leave me," said she, "and I will try
To find the wherefore and the why
Of these odd things you testify;
Leave me, and in the meantime I
Will make investigation;
And if you'll call to-morrow week,
Then of the things of which you speak
I'll give an explanation!"

THE morrow week came quickly round, and at the hour expected
A company unparalleled in TRUTH'S large room collected.
The best-known notables in town, the leaders of society,
Chiefs of the State, the bar, the stage, all shared the same anxiety,
And filled the chairs, row after row, and eagerly awaited
The statement which, as here set down, TRUTH then communicated.

"Since you consulted me," said she, "I've done my very best
To probe the secret of the things which you to me confess'd.
The samples of the air that fills the houses you reside in,
Sent to bacteriologists that scientists confide in,
Has been, according to my wish, expressly ana*lysed* by them.
And this is what in consequence I since have been advised by them.

Professor Henn, of Potsdam, writes:—'Treated with gelatine
Each sample of the air you sent turned to a bluey-green;
A certain proof—I'll spare you all the scientific terms—
That it was teeming with some sort of protozoic germs.
These propagated in beef-tea became a bright vermilion,
Proving typhoid bacteria swarmed—well, simply by the billion.
Two guinea-pigs, into whose veins I several germs injected,
Came out in spots as soon as I my purpose had effected.
Whilst still a stronger proof of my conclusions, you'll allow,
I, after inhalation, am in bed with typhoid *now*.
Examined in the microscope, the germs appear to be
In shape most singularly like a very big, big D.'

A second savant," TRUTH went on, "declares the air I sent
To be devoid of *any* germs to quite a rare extent;
Whilst Doctor Virchow finds in those six tubefuls sent to him
A cochineal bacillus with a rudimentary limb.
'A great discovery,' he adds, 'for here we have at length
The germ of tonsilitis of a quite uncommon strength.'

But," TRUTH continued, "I have still another note to read,
Showing that doctors on this point are strangely disagreed.
'The air you send,' writes Doctor Koch—eager, 'twould seem, to thrill us—
'Contains in quantities immense the deadly "Spook-bacillus."'
Each sample has been subjected by me to action chemic,
And each has germs enough to cause a Spooky epidemic.
From the small drawing I enclose, made from close observation,
You'll see the germs in shape are like—notes of interrogation.'

And now," said TRUTH, "prepare yourselves for an unpleasant shock:
I'm bound to say at once I quite agree with Doctor Koch;
For, though I've hidden this so far, I have myself gone through
The very same experiences that have occurred to you;
And, having all the evidence available threshed out,
My inf'rence is that all of us are 'Spooked' without a doubt!"

"Spooked!" from the awe-struck visitors like a weird echo burst,
"Spooked!" and they heaved a heavy sigh, as men who know the worst.
"Yes," TRUTH went on, with waving hand, "Spooked! every one of you!"
And from the Cat upon the hearth there came a gleeful mew.
Then from TRUTH'S visitors arose a cry both loud and deep
(Save from two well-known noblemen who both seemed fast asleep).
All tried to talk together, and, with faces ghostly white,
Like men by sudden terror seized, for aid turned left and right;
Old foes forthwith forgot the stress of former fight and tussle,
For Saunderson McCarthy clutched, and Halsbury cuddled Russell;
Lowther laid hold of Harcourt's arm, and, as the air grew darker,
The Primate in a tight embrace enfolded Doctor Parker;
Whilst Joseph, in a fit of fear he tried in vain to check,
Stretched out his wildly trembling arm and circled Gladstone's neck.
For all recalled the gruesome times through which they'd passed of late,
And shivered at the thought of what ere long might be their fate.
And presently from out the gloom, which yet appeared to spread,
A changed, though still remembered, voice in quavering accents said:—

For night after night I've been wakened from sleep,
By roars round my bed most alarmingly deep;
And I've seen fiery eyes, and I've felt fiery breath,
Till I've almost been frightened, I own it, to death.
To interpret the vision I tried all in vain,
But TRUTH'S explanation has made it quite plain—
It points to a Nemesis—yes, it's my lot
To be spooked by the lions I *said* I had shot!

Another and a sterner voice, suggesting martial glory,
Then, in a tone of grim complaint, thus told its owner's story:—

My Spook was alarming enough, you'll infer,
For it spoke with the accents of Bobs Bahadur,
And it crooned in my ear, till I shuddered aghast,
"Your innings is over, your long day is past!
Advertise as you may, no more *kudos* you'll earn;
For *now* you will find it's a better man's turn!"

Next, from the corner near the fire, in tones of sore dismay,
A voice, no longer self-assured, was faintly heard to say:—

Every time that my head on my pillow I place,
At the foot of my bed there appears a stern face;
And a voice cries, "Friend Joseph! thou'rt painfully smart,
But thou'rt also a renegade, that's what thou art!
The cause of the people thou should'st have helped on,
But thou hast perverted the counsels of John;
So beware! for the higher thou'rt fated to rise,
The lower thou'lt sink in all honest men's eyes!"

"Lilla is as stout as ever, but in her new habit from BUSVINE she looks a lovely figure. I cannot think how it is done. It is pure skill on the part of the builder of that most delightful of garments."—*Truth*. "The great Busvine has a knack of moulding you to your habit, instead of your habit to you, which has gone far to make his name and fame. . . The habit represented the last *chef d'œuvre* of Busvinecian art."—*The World*.

"Two ladies wore the livery of Diana—'*divine* figures,' quoth a critic of the scene. 'Well, yes; *divine* and *Busvine*' was the ready reply."—*The Field*. "It is not to draw attention to one particular maker that we allude to BUSVINE'S safety skirts, but only on the same principle that we would wish to throw a life-buoy to a drowning sailor."—*The Queen*.

A Marquis who had slept so far, and snored with all his might,
Just then woke up, looked wildly round, and said, with sudden fright :—

I am haunted by day and I'm haunted by night
By a wholly malign and most mischievous sprite.
For example, amongst other impudent things,
"Come, uncle, make room for your nephew!" it sings.
It scribbles strange messages, too, on my slate,
In which I am warned of my imminent fate,
And am told that in Ireland I'm soon to be resident,
And of its Republic the very first President!

And then a little man explained, in accents most distress'd,
How a gorilla fierce had danced on his recumbent chest;
And yet a smaller jackanapes, with trembling lips declared
How badly at the hands of his vindictive Spook he'd fared.
"As a mere rude and naughty boy," he groaned, "that spirit ranks me,
And, putting me across its knee, with all its might it spanks me!"

Thus all TRUTH's visitors went on their stories to unfold,
Till each some tale of Spookery most singular had told.
And as they spoke in turn of those strange things which had occurr'd,
The Cat blinked steadily at TRUTH, and very softly purr'd.

Meanwhile, the room had grown more dim, and from the fire there came
A ghostly light, which waxed and waned as soared or sank the flame.
A Spookish thrill was in the air, deep silence reigned around,
Save for the purring of the Cat there was no mundane sound;
When TRUTH said solemnly, "You'll guess what 'tis that I design—
You've told me *your* mysterious tales; well, now, I'll tell you *mine!*"

DETAINED one evening at the Law Courts late,
Whilst settling there a new impostor's fate—
One of the many rogues of London town
Who have by me, in turn, been hunted down,—
I issued from the Central Hall to find
The outer world to Fog's embrace consigned.
A murky mistiness the prospect gloomed,
Like ghoulish eyes the blotted gas-jets loomed;
Uncanny forms from out the fog emerged,
As ghostly drivers spectral horses urged.
Like Will-o'-the-Wisps the elvish link-boys sped,
Each hearse-like 'bus seemed freighted with the dead;
Through the thick air came from the wraith-like train,
Shrill shrieks suggesting cries of souls in pain;
Whilst high above, like stars of baleful hue,
Electric lights burnt choleraic blue.

'Sooth, 'twas a gruesome night, the foggy cloud
Clung round one like a clammy funeral shroud;
One's blood ran cold, one well nigh gasped for breath,
And, shudd'ring, mused on "Drelincourt on Death."
The muffled church bells seemed to toll out doom,
The clay-cold air the street made like a tomb.
One thought of vampires and unhallowed things,
Which from the grave the hour of midnight brings;
Of gibbering goblins, and white-sheeted ghosts,
Of Spooks unsepulchred in wandering hosts;
Of misty phantoms, forced on earth to stay,
Of tireless ghosts that walk the world alway;
Of wraiths and banshees with their scream so dread,
And all the grim attendants of the dead!

And whilst thus musing, blundering through the Strand,
From the thick fog that closed on either hand
All suddenly a spectral shape appeared,
So very grizzly, and so strangely weird,
That when its bony fingers beckoned me,
I felt a nervous weakness at the knee;
But, none the less, although with trembling feet,
Followed its ghostly lead down Norfolk-street.
And even as I went, half-numbed with fear,
An eerie voice sang softly in my ear :—

Come! where the Spook abideth,
Come! where the spirits tap;
Come! where the phantom glideth,
Come! where the tables rap;
Come! where the medium floateth,
Come where the palm is read;
Come to that door
On the second floor—
Come to the rooms of Stead!

And so, no doubt by psychic force impelled,
Down Norfolk-street my unwilling way I held,
Till, gleaming ever in the dubious light,
My guiding spectre pointed to the right;
And by the clammy fog-wave chilled and sopped,
Before the door of Mowbray House I stopped.
But not for long, for on my guide intent,
Up the stone steps I willy-nilly went.

I had scarce got inside,
When in wonder I cried
At the very odd sight which around me I spied;
For, in numberless hosts,
Most diversified ghosts
Were gliding about 'mongst the pillars and posts.
Some with squalling and squealing
Rose up to the ceiling,
Some were walking about, some in corners were kneeling,
Some in shrouds, ghastly pale,
Some in full suits of mail,
And some (fie! oh, fie!) in a thin gauzy veil.
There were sibylline Fatmas,
Thibetan Mahatmas,
Faith-healers, Clairvoyants, Telepathists, too,
With an augur (from Bristol)
Who looked in a crystal,
And had all the future revealed to her view.
There were mediums by dozens,
And Scotch country-cousins,
Possessing (they said) an acute second sight;
With electro-biologists,
Clever psychologists,
And hypnotists eager their skill to recite.
Whilst away in the dark, by a post half concealed,
A glance the ambiguous Baldwin revealed,
With a look in his face which, though sinister,
Seemed much to attract a disciple close by,
Who appeared, from the cut of his coat and his tie,
To be some description of minister.

"Now what," I exclaimed, much amazed at the scene,
"What, what does this sight, so remarkable, mean?

BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL, overlooking Royal Palace and Parks, and the BURLINGTON HOTEL, Cork-street, close to Bond-st., Piccadilly. Each Hotel is in the heart of the West-end, and contains 150 rooms. Tariff exceedingly moderate. Fine public rooms. Table d'hôte. Electric light and new sanitation. GEORGE COOKE, Manager.

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Why are all of you here?" And their answer they gave
With an energy marked in the following stave:—

You ask us why we gather here?
What means our present attitude?
And our response is very clear—
We're here to show our gratitude!
We were in very grievous case,
The busy world gave us no place,
And we were dying out apace,
On all sides burked and bann'd, O!
When to our aid came Mr. Stead,
The bold, the sanguine, widely-read,
The credulous, Quixotic Ed-
Itor of "Borderland," O!

He took us up with all his might,
He helped us *con amore*,
He means before he's done his fight
To bring us back our glory.
So we've a debt to him to pay,
And that is why it is to-day
We've found to Mowbray House our way
From out the foggy Strand, O!
We've come to kneel to Mr. Stead,
The fertile, fecund, talen-ted,
Utopian, high-flown, flighty Ed-
Itor of "Borderland," O!

He's found a gold-mine, that is clear,
Though science tries to burke it;
And most of us whom you see here
Intend to help him work it.
So do not wonder at our glee,
For, after years of penury,
We hail the chance of £. s. d.,
We see the Promised Land, O!
And shortly hope to there be led
By our new Joshua, Mr. Stead,
The versatile and knowing Ed-
Itor of "Borderland."

As they sang I had time to examine them all,
And one notable fact seemed for comment to call.
It was this—though the costumes they wore varied much,
There in all was one striking, identical touch;
Every one of the gang gathered there at their leader's—
The mediums, the palmists, faith-healers, thought-readers—
All, in short, who propose to instruct and reform us,
Were provided with pockets in size quite enormous!

They would p'rhaps have sung more,
But just then from the floor,
In a manner surprising I felt myself soar
Up, up, like a bird
(Do not deem it absurd
Or my story with falsehood be branding),
Up, up, from the hall,
'Till I passed through a wall
To the right, on the second-floor landing.

My heart went thump, thump,
In my throat came a lump,
As down on a sofa I felt myself plump;
But I stifled my cries,
And concealed my surprise;
For, to steady my nerves so unstable,
There, opposite me,
I distinctly could see
Mr. Stead writing hard at a table!

Writing hard, do I say?
Well, these words don't convey
But a half of the fact I'm reciting,
For this strangest of men
In *each hand* held a pen,
And with *both* was most rapidly writing.

So fix'd was his gaze, as he sat in his chair,
So oddly distraught, so abstracted his air,
So sealed to the ceiling his rapturous stare,
That until I coughed loudly to say I was there,
He was not, it would seem, of my presence aware,
My cough, though, his notice securing,
He said "How d'ye do?" put a pen in each ear,
And adding, "I wonder how long you've been here?"
Vouchsafed me a smile re-assuring.

"Did you knock more than once?"

"I did not knock at all;
But in some occult way floated in through that wall,
Having soared, willy-nilly, right up from the hall—
The sensation, believe me, was frightful,
For I seemed to be urged on my hazardous course,
By some undefined impulse of psychical force."

"Delightful!" cried Stead, "most delightful!
This is excellent news thus to find my friend Truth
Displaying a personal knowledge of 'Throughth.'
Most readable copy I'm sure it will make,
Say precisely what happened, and notes I will take."

"Wait a bit," I replied, "I'm a journalist too,
To my own publication my first thoughts are due;
Any 'copy' that's good,
Be it well understood,
I am not very likely to pass on to you."

"Be it so," was the answer, "but, oh! do not fail
To widely make public your marvellous tale."

"I mean to," I said,
"But you see, Mr. Stead,
At this sort of thing I'm a tyro—no better;
So instruct me, I pray,
In the right psychic way,
And make me henceforward your much-obliged debtor."

"That I will," he rejoined, "and the first thing to do
Is to find an intelligent Spookess for you—
A soul disembodied to take you in tow,
Explaining the matters you're yearning to know,
Subduing those doubts that you find so unruly—ah!
What you require is, in short, friend, a Julia!

"A Julia?"

"Yes; and acquit me of blame
If I burst into song at the sound of that name;
For, as to the wonders I work, I aver
That all my proficiency's owing to her.

Who is the prime undoubted source
Of my peculiar odic force?
Who speeds me on my mystic course?
My Julia!

Who stoops my fingers to incite
When automatic'lly I write?
Who guides my pen when I indite?
My Julia!

Who from her 'heavenly' mansion slips
To send me useful mundane tips;
And but occasion-ally trips?
My Julia!

Who chatters by the hour to me,
In terms affectionately free,
Of Spirit-land and Spookery?
My Julia!

Who holds me in a sweet regard
That by disputes is never marred,
And gives me 'copy' by the yard?
My Julia!"

Messrs. Redfern beg to announce that the models of Gowns, Coats, Mantles, &c., designed and prepared for winter wear, are now ready, and display the combined ideas of the latest London and Paris Houses.—27, New Bond-street, W.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen—16, Coventry-st, W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

"Stay a minute," I cried, "ere more verses you sing,
And just tell me this—do you think it's the thing,
This Spooky attachment, which on your own showing
Already to lengths somewhat marked has been growing?
It's by no means my wish your new friendship to ban,
But remember, dear Stead, you're a family man,
A householder, too, and, I fancy, a deacon,
And, perforce, from your very position, a beacon;
So tell me this—that question I put for your good—
Are you sure that your course won't be misunderstood!"

Stead was very indignant. "Entirely," said he,
"You the motives misjudge that now animate me."

"Not at all," I replied; "but remember, I pray,
That some of your sceptical enemies *may*.
The world may be tempted to think something wrong
If this Spookish attachment you further prolong."

"I will risk it," cried Stead, "of my innocence sure,
I am ready the gibes of the world to endure."

"Very well, then," said I,
"But the minutes slip by,
So suppose you some more information supply.
When I entered this room, through the wall as you know,
You'd a pen in each hand."

"You are right, that was so.
For anxious, of course, not to keep spirits waiting,
I was writing the messages *two* were dictating."

"Two Spooks?" I exclaimed. "Fie! oh, fie! selfish man!"

"Yes," groaned Mr. Stead, "there is now Mary Ann;
A most forward minx,
Who all etiquette sinks,
And pushes herself, well, as much as she can.
My Julia, as 'twas, made my hand fairly ache,
But I put up with her for my 'Borderland's' sake.
But I don't think I *can*
Also stand Mary Ann.
No, the strain is too great; and besides, I may mention,
Already it's led to no little dissension;
For Julia is jealous, and, first in the field,
Is determined that she to no rival will yield.
So between them," said he,
"You can easily see
I am worried to death. By the way—happy thought!—
If you're anxious, indeed, to be properly taught
In what you define as the right psychic way,
Mary Ann will just do:
I'll transfer her to you—
I can spare her with pleasure. Come, what do you say?"

I shook my head firmly: "No, no!" I exclaimed,
"Mary Ann will *not* do for the purpose I named.
Just think what might happen in case you transferred her—
Spite, jealousy, anger, and possibly murder.
Mary Ann is *your* Spook, as most clearly she's shown,
And I want to develop a Spook of my own.
Do explain, then, the mode,
Point me out the right road,
Throw some light, I entreat, on the Spiritland code;
So that I, too, may try
Time and space to defy,
And a Julia secure as a mystic ally."

"By all means," said Stead, "if you'll give your attention,
The principal points of procedure I'll mention:—

The very first essential,
If you wish to be potential
In Spookland and to gain a Spook's esteem,
Is to cease with pride to swell up,
And to carefully develop
A modesty transcendent and supreme.

You must practice self negation,
Never countenance sensation,
Nor chances of publicity embrace;
But with proper baleful feeling,
Your identity concealing,
Must try yourself to utterly efface.

You must sit on your ambition,
Never hear about your mission,
Nor put a meek heroic pictures fall,
Nor with loud ejaculation
About moral reformation,
Assure your fellow men you have a call.

If your spirit's meek and lowly
You must not proclaim it solely
To heighten the success you have obtained;
Nor in egotistic manner
Flaunt your talent like a banner—
That tendency must always be restrained.

Pharisaic vaunts of virtue
Will not aid you, nay, they'll hurt you;
And, in short, I can't do better than repeat
That the way to Spookish favour
Is your daily life to flavour
With a modesty and diffidence complete.

Or, in other words, provided
You'd infallibly be guided
When you launch your bark upon the Spooky Sea,
There is only one thing needful—
To my history be heedful,
And, as closely as you're able, copy *me!*"

"Thanks! thanks!" I exclaimed, "for your excellent tip—
With such an example I surely can't trip,
Unless—and of this there's some danger, indeed—
I find I'm unable to follow your lead;
For by very few mortals, I fear, can be gained
Those heights transcendental to which you've attained."

Mr. Stead bowed his head.
"I'm delighted," he said,
"That you have by prejudice not been misled.
It is pleasant to find
One, at least, who's not blind
To the principles I in my life have entwin'd;
One, at least, who will own
That I always have shown
A zest for supreme self-effacement alone.
All the same, though," said he, "as the matter now stands,
I wish you would take Mary Ann off my hands.
One Spook is enough; and with Julia, you know,
I find that a second one's sadly *de trop*.

Take, oh! take my Mary Ann,
Don't, oh! don't refuse her lightly;
You will find her, for a Spook,
Quite exceptionally sprightly.
Wayward?—Yes; sometimes she snaps,
If you seem at all to slight her.
Forward?—Well, a little p'rhaps—
But *such* a telepathic writer!
Come, dismiss your other plan,
Take, oh! take my Mary Ann!

She is not so strict as Julia,
Nay, she has in several cases
Given me, the day before,
Tips (quite straight) for coming races;
She, in short—and this is what
Makes me press so my petition—
Most undoubtedly has got
A somewhat sportive disposition.
Therefore barke your other plan,
Take, oh! take my Mary Ann!"

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Spooks, you see, are moved by motives
Just like those which here impel us;
And, to tell the simple truth,
Julia's just a little jealous.
Two is company, you know,
Whether on this earth or off it;
So, as Mary Ann must go,
Why not make my loss your profit?
Come, dismiss your other plan,
Take, oh! take my Mary Ann!"

"You seem very anxious indeed," answered I,
"That the skill of your Spook Mary Ann I should try;
But from all that you've said and have hinted of her,
It is Julia, I think, as my Spook I'd prefer."

Then the features of Stead grew portentously stern,
And a fire as of wrath in his eyes seemed to burn;
And his nostrils they quivered, his bosom it heaved,
And with almost a snort he his feelings relieved,
As he cried, whilst he brought down his fist with a blow,
"What, give up my Julia? Oh, never! Oh, no!"
And whilst I sat silent his face seemed to change,
In his eyes came a look of far-offedness strange,
And an exquisite smile all his features suffused
As low to himself in a murmur he mused:—

Again that face I seem to see,
Again that well-known look;
And by the pricking of my thumbs
Full well I know 'tis she who comes—
My own, my guiding Spook!
Spookylujah!
'Tis my Julia!
My own special Spook!

In the mists that o'er me float
I a face can see,
'Tis a face I know full well,
Though 'tis crown'd with asphodel,
Oh, my Spook! 'tis thee!
Spook "peculiah,"
Faithful Julia!
Thee, and only thee!

"Backward," Stead added, "old Time takes its flight,
Methinks I'm a boy again just for to-night;
Jacket and knickers once more I am wearing,
And, my school book in hand, I am taking an airing.
Sharp-cut on my brain is the well-recalled scene:
Look! yonder's a lassie, not more than thirteen.
Still swiftly the tide of old memories sets,
To that meekest, demurest, that coyest of pets;
And that bad, mocking boy, somewhat smaller than I,
Whom I laid in the dust—him I also descry.
And e'en as I gaze on that little girl's face,
The features of Julia I'm able to trace.
No insult to her was I able to brook:
Her knight-errant was I, and she now is my Spook!
But what am I saying?—what's this that I do?
I'm a staid married man—very true, very true!
But yet after all I need feel no alarm,
To dote on a spirit *can't* be any harm.
No, no, as I told you so sternly just now,
The slightest reflection I will not allow;
To the world I the charms of my Spook will proclaim,
All England shall echo with her honoured name;
I'll tell to the universe all that I feel,
I will not my Spookish attachment conceal.
It is innocent quite, I can safely disclose it,
Nor take it to heart though all Wimbledon knows it!

"Quite so," I replied, "there is nothing Byronic
About a connection so purely platonic,
But you've made it quite clear that I'm pleading in vain,
When the transfer of Julia I try to obtain."

"Can you wonder," asked Stead, "that I treasure her so?
For more like myself she seems daily to grow.
Whate'er she dictates is quite certain to please,
For she frames all her thoughts in the purest Steadese.
Her style is my own, and her sentiments, too;
We hold on all points an identical view.
She likes what I like—hence she dotes upon me,
And if I have a prejudice so, too, has she.
Whereas Mary Ann is my opposite quite—
A froward, provoking, and harassing sprite,
Who loves to recall days I wish to forget,
And the troubles I had at the *Pall Mall Gazette*.
In short, I her messages dread with alarm strong,
For she frequently makes me write 'Thompson' and 'Armstrong!'"

"Ah," said I, "I believe that I too can throw light
On the doings of your very mischievous sprite.
She's been rounding on you, my dear Stead, I'm afraid
In a way that must damage your Spooky crusade."

"Then you've met with her, eh?"

"Not as yet, face to face,
But with something in which I her action can trace.
You know that man 'Baldwin'?"

(Stead turned very white.)

"And the Parson who tested his strange second sight?
You have heard of him also?"

"Yes, yes! What of him?"
Cried Stead, in a voice most suggestively grim.

"Simply this," I replied. "I have heard of them, too,
And the more that I learn of their odd interview,
The more I'm convinced 'twas arranged by the plan
Of your skittish and mischievous Spook, Mary Ann!
The fiasco and scandal are due to *her* jinks."

"To be sure!" exclaimed Stead, "it is just like the minx!
It is part of her plot to compel me to take her,
And a kind of a duplicate Julia to make her."

Just then, though, there came from the walls a loud tapping,
And two easy-chairs commenced noisily rapping,
Whilst (I tell you no fable)
The large office table
Began to ascend with a weird kind of flapping.
And a footstool, agog,
Leaping first, as a frog,
Went bounding along at Stead's heels like a dog.
Then the gas-jets turned blue,
And a pallor undue
Imparted to Stead such a "Burne-Jonesy" hue,
And the rattling of bones
As they clanked over stones,
And a constant succession of blood-curdling moans
So preyed on my nerves, that I bounced from my seat,
And exclaimed, "I must go," as I got on my feet.

"Nay, be seated," said Stead,
"There is nothing to dread;
This is merely a little reception of mine.
To all kinds of ghosts
From all parts of our coasts,
I'm 'At Home' ev'ry Tuesday—six-thirty till nine.

I have also arranged that to-night I'll receive
Those people who in my new 'daily' believe,
And who're only too glad to be able to chance
The twelve months' subscription I ask in advance;

"Euxesis," a delightful shave without Soap; a tube of Euxesis and razor being the only necessaries. It softens the stiffest beard, and leaves the skin cool, smooth, and free from irritation. The genuine bears signature A. S. Lloyd in black, and Aimée Lloyd in red ink. Sold by chemists and Stores. Manufactory, 3, Spur st., Leicester sq.

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Do stay, then, awhile, for I'd like you to see
What thousands there are believe dollars in me."

But his plea was in vain,
I refused to remain.
"Very well, then," said he, "since I can't you detain,
And since naught I can say
Can make you give way,
Or consent to take over my Spook Mary Ann,
I the point will not press,
But will wish you success
In evolving a Spook of your own—if you can."

Then he bade me "good bye";
"Good-night," answered I,
And, without further talk, my departure I took,
Resolved not to rest
Till I also possessed,
That up-to-date adjunct, a dictating Spook.

In descending the stairs
I had one or two scares,
As some very odd Spooks hurried by me in pairs!
But I managed to crawl,
Keeping close to the wall,
Till I'd made my way down once again to the hall;
And then, when the mediums and others began
To hustle me, p'rhaps on some pre-arranged plan,
I had merely to shout the word "Maskelyne!" twice,
To make them creep scowling away in a trice!

Out again in the street
Still a fog most complete
Filled one's nostrils and mouth with a savour bituminous,
But I saw from the road
That above Stead's abode
There hovered a halo—suggestively luminous.

TRUTH at this juncture paused awhile, intending to resume,
But looking up observed a great excitement in the room;
Chaplin was running sharply off impelled by some strange force,
Lowther and Sir Charles Russell, too, were bent on the same course;
Whilst Randolph, Joseph, Jesse, and at least a dozen more,
With curious unanimity were hedging t'wards the door.

"Stay, stay," cried TRUTH, "my narrative by no means yet is finished,
And what I've still to tell you'll find of int'rest undiminished.
Come, Mr. Chaplin, can't you wait? Are you compelled to go?"

The Squire of Blankney halted dead, and muttered, "Oh, dear, no!
In fact, I—that is—don't you know—was thinking"——

"Well, Sir, what?"

"Why, that as Stead, you say, no use for 'Mary Ann' has got;
He might the offer made to you repeat, perhaps, to me,
And just pass on that Sportive Spook, if she should still be free!"

"Yes," said Lord Randolph, "what you said of Mary Ann just now
Implied that she's a useful Spook, and I, let me avow,
If I must have a Spook—and 'tis the fashion now, I find—
Most certainly would one prefer that's sportively inclined."

"I gather, then," TRUTH made reply, "from what has been confessed,
That many here are with the *chic* of Mary Ann impressed,
And that these, therefore, wish at once to Mowbray House to go
To see if she is still on hand—now, tell me, is it so?

Cried many voices: "Yes, it is!"

Said TRUTH, "Then, in that case,
You'd better start away at once upon your Wild Spook chase."
"One moment," Doctor Parker said, "no favour should be shown.
For Mary Ann I also have an inkling strong, I own;
I think she might by discipline be very useful made,
And at the City Temple could in many ways lend aid;
My proposition, therefore, is that none of us shall stir
Until TRUTH gives the word—that is, we'll leave the start to her."

"Agreed! Agreed!" a chorus came, and so, without delay,
As soon as all were ready, TRUTH cried, "One! Two! Three! Away!"
Who shall describe the fierce stampede that instantly ensued?
Who shall relate the eagerness of that wild multitude?
Out into Carteret-street they rushed, at quite a breakneck pace;
By the Aquarium kept up a well-contested race.
The public, as the runners passed, much wondered what their prank meant,
And with amazement saw them turn, all panting, down the Embankment.
On, on they pressed, with Chaplin, Joe, and Randolph in the van,
En route for Mowbray House and Stead, and, p'rhaps for Mary Ann!
And, just as they were lost to view, up Norfolk-street proceeding,
'Twas noticed, marvellous to state, that Chaplin still was leading.

* * * * *

TRUTH, of her audience deprived, of course did not conclude
The story that she had to tell in virtual solitude.
Still, the strange scenes through which she'd pass'd with enterprise so bold
Deserve narration, and her tale shall, therefore, now be told.

"Truth" Tries to Raise a Spook.

LIKE strokes of doom, with solemn boom, Big Ben had struck eleven;
Above—a cloak of murky clouds shut out the light of Heaven;
Below—save for the measured tread of p'liceman on his beat—
There was from end to end no sign of life in Carteret-street;
Till came the sound of wheels, and then of carriage-lamps the loom,
As at TRUTH Office-door there stopped a natty single brough'm.
The footman bounded from the box, the door was opened wide,
And TRUTH's ethereal form thereon emerged from the inside;
Her lamp, as ever, in one hand, her other held a key,
With which she gained admission to her home all noiselessly,
Then putting up the chain with care, and bolting fast the door,
She held her lamp aloft and gained her room on the first-floor.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—10,000 at moderate prices, at PARKINS & GOTTO'S, Oxford-st. Novelties in silver, best electro, & new leathers, card-cases, purses, pocket-books, cigar-cases, games, toys, children's books, bibles, prayer-books, church services, &c. Catalogue free.

"And now," thought she, as down she sat, "the fateful hour is nigh
When I my first experiment in Spookery must try.
Is all prepared? Now, let me see, there has been much to think of.
And one omission may dash down the cup I yearn to drink of.
Imprimis—most important this—I've had a first-class dinner:
A quite essential point, I'm told, for every young beginner.
Next, I in ghastly literature myself for days have steeped:
Poe, Le Fanu, and Mrs. Crowe, each upon each I've heaped;
Materialistic principles, I've left them in the lurch,
I've joined, too, the Society for Psychical Research;
And need I say, in order to evoke a Spook more readily,
I've conned each page of 'Borderland' most steadfastly and steadily.
So far so good; the only thing that I have still to do
Is to prepare this room, and then attempt my daring coup."

With that of windows and of doors she took most careful stock,
Saw that each curtain close was drawn, each key turned in its lock;
The fire still glimmering in the grate, with screen shut out from sight,
And turned the gas out—leaving but one burner just alight.
Even her lamp she left untrimmed, and, thoroughly to mask it,
Placed over it, upon her right, a large waste-paper basket.
Then, wheeling up her easiest chair close to her writing-table—
(The sheets of paper there spread out to see she just was able)—
She took her seat, and, having seized a fountain-pen, began
In whispers hoarse to thus invoke the spirits' ghostly clan:—

Spooks! wherever you may be,
Spooks! whatever your degree,
Spooks! in pity look on me,
See me waiting here.
Come! ye Julianic band,
Come! and use my willing hand,
Come! at once, you understand—
Oh! appear! appear!

By the shrouds that wrap the dead,
By the corpse-light round them shed—
In the name of William Stead
Tell me you are near.
Come! and make this table rap,
Make these chair-legs tip and tap,
Give my cheek a phantom slap—
Oh! appear! appear!

Let your spirit hands be seen
Waving over yonder screen.
Come! and smack the tambourine
In my listening ear.
Come! and banish all my doubt,
Come! and blow this gas-jet out
And bang the furniture about—
Oh! appear! appear!

Big Ben boomed twelve—the spectral hour; the hour when graveyards gape;
When wraiths are seen, when vampires fly, and ghosts take human shape;
When apparitions gleam and glide, when grisly wehr-wolves prowl;
And when, above the ban-dog's yelp, is heard the banshee's howl.

What wonder, then, that as the stroke of midnight reached her ear,
Truth, though in her experiment resolved to persevere,
Felt just a little creepiness, and, fearful what was there,
Was not at all inclined to cast a glance behind her chair.
Moreover, as she watched the spot whereon her mirror lay,
She noticed that a spectral light above it seemed to play.
And, even as she longer looked, the phosphorescence grew
'Till all around her spread a mist of pale, unearthly blue.

Then a long-sustained groan
Turned her heart to a stone,
Whilst her pulse waxed most wildly unstable,
For out of the cloud
Came of phantoms a crowd,
All circling in turn round the table.
At each one she clutches,
But nothing she touches,
Save the air, which is chill as an icicle;
Whilst the ghosts, with much squealing,
Float up to the ceiling,
Where each disappears on a bicycle.
With a whirr and a spin
Yet another creeps in,
And circles the table on *all*-fours,
And it's easy to trace
It has Chamberlain's face,
Though its legs are undoubtedly Balfour's.
Then this Spook splits to four,
Who stand out on the floor,
And Gladstone and Balfour advancing,
A most lively quadrille,
Marked by wonderful skill,
With Joseph and Harcourt are dancing.
Then they melt through the wall,
With a whoop and a call,
And return with a comical caper,
As down with a thump
On the table they dump
A parcel wrapped up in brown paper.
Some one shouts "Dynamite!"
But the Speaker cries "Right!"
In the "Journals" the fact duly noting;
And ere Truth can think,
In a sea of blue ink
The *Victoria* before her is floating;
And there on her deck,
In a suit of loud check,
And his eyes to his telescope glueing,
The Kaiser, 'midst cheers,
All the Unionist Peers
Who "sat on" Home Rule is reviewing.
"Re-form!" he exclaims,
And the ship is in flames;
But instantly out of the embers
A new House is there,
With the Queen in the chair,
And the Peers changed to Radical members,
Who vote with a will
An improved Home Rule Bill;
And before the poor Tories can rally
They are borne from their feet
By the crowd of *élite*,
Who are rushing to Vine's Royal *ballet*.
And the neighbourhood yells,
For the Institute bells
Are brazenly chiming out, "Daisy!"
And before they are stopped,
A fat Rajah has dropped,
And half Cromwell-road has gone crazy.
Then the Institute fades,
And some sensitive shades
Cry "Fie!" and put up an umbrella;
For the Marquis of Lorne
In a kilt, somewhat torn,
Is dancing a wild tarantella!
But Truth chuckles gaily,
And then the Old Bailey
Is opened, 'twould seem, for the season;

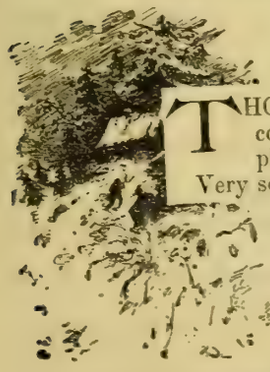
Lennox's Whisky.—Special, 48s.; Choice, 42s.; Highland, Malt, and Scotch, 36s. per dozen each. Dumfries, N.B., and 41, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

A ROYALTY RAREE SHOW.

For Rhodes and H. Loch,
Standing both in the dock,
Are tried by Lo Ben for high treason.
TRUTH appears in full fig
In a robe and a wig,
Sums up in some sentences "stilty."
When the jury exclaim,
"It's a very old game!"
And bring in the mine owners "Guilty!"
Says TRUTH, "I concur,"
And before she can stir
Mrs. Grundy cries out "I am *un*done!"
For a *cortège* approaches
In gilded State coaches,
And Zola is Lord Mayor of London!
There's a humming and drumming
And lively tum tumming
And the strain on TRUTH'S nerves grows yet tauter;
And her brain seems to spin
As the ceiling falls in
And she screams for fresh air and for water!
Bang, rattle, and smash –
"Oh! What is that crash?
Why, why the superlative quiver?"
There's no time to ask more,
For prone on the floor
TRUTH awakes with a shudder and shiver.

She is stained with the ink
She's been trying to drink;
She is greasily damp
With the oil of her lamp;
Her arm is asleep,
Her flesh is a-creep;
In her neck she's a crick,
In her shoulder a rick;
In her ankle a pain,
The result of a sprain;
And it can't be denied
She's a stitch in her side;
And, in short, what she feels
From her head to her heels,
Her stiffness and soreness,
And sort of all-o'erness,
Suggest the sad plight
Of those who all night
Push through crowded "At-Homes" and hot crush-rooms;
"What is it?" says she,
"And oh! where can I be?"
Then her thoughts she collects,
And the truth she suspects.
"Yes," she cries with much force,
"It was nightmare, of course;
It's as clear as the day
Why I've dreamt in this way——
Oh! why did I eat all those mushrooms?"

"Truth" Raises a Spook.



THOUGH at first she was discouraged by the failure of her plan,
Very soon fresh preparations for a *séance* TRUTH began.
But, meanwhile, she'd learned a lesson, and there's little need to tell
That before her second vigil she did *not* dine late and well.
For success she was so eager that in no way would she risk it,
So she merely took black coffee and an Abernethy biscuit;
And her lamp and inkstand putting where they could not come to grief,
Sat her down to test still further Mr. Stead's most strange belief.
Every thought of worldly matters to eliminate she tried,
Doubt, misgiving, and suspicion put completely on one side.
And upon her Spookish venture most desirous to embark—
Eager, earnest, and expectant, watched and waited in the dark.

Ticked the clock and sped the moments, minute after minute past,
'Till the oddest of sensations she began to feel at last.
It was not that she was drowsy, it was not that she was dazed,
Yet a strange hypnotic feeling came upon her as she gazed;
And upon the sheets of paper on her writing-table spread
A mysterious phosphorescence most undoubtedly was shed.
Still she sat there without motion, and a blue and flickering flame
Played above those sheets of paper, and they crackled as it came;
But she only sat and wondered till her cheek was lightly smitten,
And a voice like liquid music said, "Oh, read what we have written!"
With the same a light shone brightly all around and overhead,
And this is what before her on her writing-pad TRUTH read:—

To Truth.

Take courage, have no kind of fear!
In Spookland thou'rt well known;
Thy deeds most worthy ones we deem
For years and years in Spook esteem
Thy reputation's grown;
'Tis not in vain, then, thou appealest,
Of course, we've put thee on our free-list!
Yes, TRUTH, *nem. con.*,
We've placed thee on
Our most exclusive free-list!

A score of "Julias" gladly wait
To carry out thy plans;
If thou the word wilt only say,
Thou canst command without delay
A thousand "Mary Anns;"
We gladly listen when thou kneelest,
Henceforth thou'rt on our Spookland free-list!
Yes, TRUTH, *nem. con.*,
We've placed thee on
Our highly-privileged free-list!

And when in future thou may'st wish
For us your Spooks to be,
These are the simple rules by which
Thou may'st at any season switch
A spirit on to thee;
For we have heard when thou appealest,
And we have put thee on our free-list!
And this is all
For which we call
From thee upon our free-list!

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The Simple Rules.

First of all, then, to begin,
Do *not* think of Maskelyne.

Lift your chair from off the ground,
And turn it twice completely round.

Over your left shoulder throw,
Of black ink six drops or so.

Let no thought of yours recur
To Huxley or Ray Lankester.

When you feel the influence coming,
With your heels keep up a drumming;

And when your elbow gives a jerk,
Square your arms and set to work.

Much delighted at receiving this high mark of Spookish favour,
Truth resolved at once to act on the encouragement it gave her.
So without delay proceeded, her excitement growing warm,
All those little points of detail, just suggested, to perform.
Nor was she for long kept waiting, for the pin-and-needle feeling
Was so rapidly developed that it almost set her squealing,
Whilst the jerking of her elbow was so purposelessly rough,
That with rising indignation she exclaimed, "Come! that's enough!"
For her pen, instead of writing, made successive vicious dots,
Digging sharply in the paper, and producing endless blots.
Scratching here and skating thither, faster far than she could think,
But resulting—well, in nothing but a wicked waste of ink.
Meanwhile the pins-and-needles up her arms grew more acute,
And the jerking of both elbows, still more wildly absolute,
Till unable to endure it, she bounced sharply from her chair,
And exclaimed, "This is outrageous, and I will not stand it there!
Spooks you may be, but decorum there should surely be in Hades.
Spooks you may be, but no matter, do be gentlemen!—and ladies!
I may be myself a tyro, but each one of you's a dunce,
If you think that twenty spirits can employ my hands at once.

Spooks! who would my fingers use,
Don't your privilege abuse.
Don't for pity's sake forget
There's a thing called etiquette;
If you answer to my call,
Come in turn or not at all;
Form in line and make a queue,
Or I'll have naught to do with you.

This expression of opinion, with much emphasis declaimed,
Of their boorish impoliteness made the spirits so ashamed,
That in less than half a minute Truth perceived a great improvement,
For her arms, as though by magic, ceased their rough and jerky movement;
The sharp prickings came no longer, as she took her seat again,
And of all these Spooks impatient none now tried to use her pen.

Pleased to find that her remonstrance had not been without effect,
She resolved by further caution her position to protect;
So the Spooks again addressing, rather sternly, she began
For the future 'twill be better to proceed upon a plan.
Understand, then, please, quite clearly that I never can allow
You to rush at me at random as so many did just now.
I will take you in succession, if you've anything to say,
And to those I wish to talk with, intimations will convey.

A Spook writes about Royalty.

"First," said Truth, "I'd like a message from that Spook, whoe'er it be,
That's best qualified to speak about our Royal Family."
And she was not long kept waiting, for at once she felt a jerk,
And her pen with just one splutter set impulsively to work.
"In Spookland," so the message ran, "existence to us brings
Repeated chances to observe most closely Queens and Kings.
They positively swarm up here, and as they keep no more
The Royal attributes they had upon an earthly shore,
With every kind of potentate in daily life we mix,
And with a freedom quite unknown upon *your* side the Styx
Brought, then, with crowds of Sovereigns diurnally in touch—
I'm bound to say that, as a lot, they don't impress us much.
Divested of their crowns and robes in which they used to figure,
They rouse more pity than respect, and sometimes cause a snigger.
Your English Kings, especially the ones of later date,
Adapt themselves but poorly to an immaterial state.
I often meet the Georges of your present reigning line,
And, in candour, I must tell you that as Spooks they do not shine."

"Never mind about the Georges," murmured Truth; "they've had their day;
But what have you about the Queen still ruling us to say?"

"Nothing but good," the Spook wrote on, "she, as from Spookland seen,
Appears to us to be a wise and most sagacious Queen.
A Queen who is the mother of the land o'er which she's reigning—
One of the strongest arguments for Monarchy remaining."

"And what about the Prince of Wales?" Truth mentally inquired,
"What are the sentiments that *he* in Spookland has inspired?"

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Christmas Presents.—10,000 at moderate prices, at Parkins & Gotto's, Oxford-st., W. Novelties in silver, best electro, and new leathers, portrait frames, albums, writing-cases, dressing-cases, bags, blotters, ink-stands, desks, opera-glasses, purses, &c. List free.

"The Prince," the pen went on to write, "too oft in days
gone bye
Has caused the loyalest of Spooks a not infrequent sigh.
We've seen him, quite regardless of his name and rank and
fame,
Too prone to make enjoyment his first thought, and end,
and aim.
We've seen him — "

TRUTH laid down the pen. "What's past *is*
past," said she,
"It's not a bit of good to write of bygone things for me.
This raking up of gossip old I can't and won't allow.
If you must write about the Prince, describe what he is
now.
For instance, I should like to know how you up there
compute
The value of his latest scheme, the Imperial Institute.
Come, will some Spook oblige me?"

Then she felt a different thrill,
And her hand, now freshly guided, wrote:—"Oh, TRUTH,
I can and will.
I, for reasons I am anxious not to publicly make known,
Have observed with special interest how that edifice has
grown.
I remember the old gardens which have now become its
site,
And I watched their abolition with unspeakable delight,
For (again I hide my reasons) to the heart I oft was torn
When I saw those sacred Gardens made a glorified
Cremorne;
And I moaned the zeal mistaken which had laboured to
install
Such a haunt of giddy pleasure, oh! so near the Albert
Hall.
And I saw with satisfaction that, though many tried so
hard
The *al fresco* entertainments still to cherish and to guard,
Yet that others, far discreeter, very sternly set their face
'Gainst the permanent retention of so frivolous a place;
And I'll not attempt to tell you what my feelings were
that day
When I found the wiser section were allowed to have their
way.
And still livelier my joy was when—those horrid gardens
bann'd—
I received the blithesome tidings that the Imp. Inst. had
been planned.

'It is better late than never,' I exclaimed, 'for now at
last
There is to be atonement for the follies of the past.
On the spot where coloured fountains splashed o'er
revellers their spray
Soon the pundits of the Empire will assemble day by day;
Where the strains of Strauss's music made the classes
pirouette
There the scientific show-case shall in evidence be set;
Where Society assembled in an after-dinner mood,
Shall be seen Colonial fossils and (in tins) Colonial food;
And upon the very terrace where the laddies wooed their
lasses
Mrs. Grundy soon will listen to Professors in blue
glasses.'

"Such were my anticipations, as I gazed upon the scene;
Fancy, then, my disappointment, how uncomfortably
keen,
When I saw the Imp. Inst. open, and the truth upon me
came
That it would be Scientific and Imperial but in name.
You have doubtless been to see it, tell me, then, do
people go
To examine the collections?"

TRUTH responded with a "No!"

"Do they go to solve the problems of the Empire day by
day?
Do they go to study blue books?"

"No, indeed," cried TRUTH, "not they!"

"Does the Newfoundlander hie there the New Zealander
to meet?
Does the Demerara planter go Sir Baden Powell to greet?
Do the Matabele go there to acquire our modern modes?
Does Lo Ben the situation there discuss with Cecil
Rhodes?
Are his Envoys warmly welcomed by Lord Ripon in the
hall?
Do they settle there the questions that for settlement
may call?
Do Ulstermen go down there with the men of Cork to
smoke?
Are Kanakas ever brought there Freedom's spirit to
invoke?
Do our Indian Officials with the hill-men there debate?
Do Lord Cromer and the Mahdi there engage in *tête-à-tête*?
Do the Cannucks seek the Cornstalks to talk over
'Federation'?
Do the Council Chambers echo with new schemes of
legislation?
Tell me, will they *ever* echo?"

"P'rhaps they will and p'rhaps they won't,
But at present," TRUTH responded, "most decidedly they
don't!"

"You are right," the Spook indited, with a very vicious
stroke;
"All the edifying features of the building are a joke.
The Museum is deserted though the dining-room is full;
No one gazes at the samples of jute-fibre and of wool;
There's no crowd to note the *flora* (dried and pressed) of
Pondoland,
For the Papuan statistics there's, so far, been no
demand;
And those somewhat *risqué* figures which depict the
Punjaub races
Have been only seen at present by the men who dust the
cases.
And who can say the building has improved the chance of
peace?
Or, in Africa for instance, has caused massacres to cease?
Who can say it has cemented—save, alas, with blood it
be—
The possessions of your Empire that are found across the
sea?
Who, in brief, can fail to notice, if he use his common-
sense,
That this latest costly hobby is a Palace of Pretence?

"Now I'm very, very anxious moderation to evince,
And I do not wish too harshly for all this to blame the
Prince.
But I think that in all fairness he at least should take
some share
In the censure the promoters of this failure have to bear.
He two managers appointed, Sir F. Abel and S. Vine,
But I fear 'tis to the latter that his sympathies incline;
For it seems to me past question that whilst Abel tries in
vain,
Any special recognition for *his* efforts to obtain;
Sir S. Vine, who is a showman of a very pushing sort,
Can the Institute's prime purpose in a way most marked
distort.
I, in short, though such an effort by a Spirit may seem
queer,
Have embodied in some stanzas how the facts to me
appear.

JOHANNIS, King of Natural Table Waters, promotes appetite, assists digestion, prolongs life. The Lancet says, "Johannis Water is of exceptional purity and excellence." Springs, Zollhaus, Germany. London Offices, 25, Regent-street, S.W.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.—This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour, on account of its wonderful properties of aiding digestion and preventing dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the kingdom.—Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

Vine and Abel at the entrance of their shows I seem
to see,
Whilst the Prince, high up between them, beats his drum
and cries with glee :—

Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub!
Come, join my new Club!
The mixture inside may be funny,
But it's easy to choose
Only what will amuse,
As soon as you've paid down your money.

Abel's stuffy museum,
And dull Athenæum,
They need not annoy you new comers.
They are here for a blind,
And they are not designed
To at all interfere with Sir Somers.

Sir F. Abel. This way! This way! Imperialists! *This* way
let me direct you all!
My exhibition you will find most highly intellectual.

Sir S. Vine. Walk up! walk up! *This* side! *this* side! to
show your ardent loyalty;
This side for music, coloured lamps, *al fresco* fun, and royalty!

Sir F. Abel. This way for object lessons in your Empire's wide
immensity!

Sir S. Vine. This way! *This* way! if you'd indulge a
frolicsome propensity.

Sir F. Abel. This way! for specimens of all the Empire's chief
commodities!

Sir S. Vine. This way to see the latest fads of all the social
oddities!

Sir F. Abel. This way for diagrams and charts and up-to-date
blue-bookery!

Sir S. Vine. This way for suppers *à la carte*, with most
recherché cookery.

"What ensues," the Spook said sadly, "you can readily
surmise,
Sir F. Abel is thrown over and without the least disguise,
'Tis in vain on his collections that he places his reliance,
For the Fellows won't be bothered with his lectures or his
science;
They prefer about the Gardens, cheered by melody, to
wander,
And deserted by the public, poor Sir F. has time to
ponder
On the history of Cordite, and to think that on the
whole
He'd explosives rather trade in than an Institute control.

"Can you wonder, then, that sadly I regard the Prince's
fad?
For although a rare and splendid opportunity he had,
He quite lost it when he weakly let his underlings create
This most vulgar imitation of a Vauxhall up to date;
Instead of wisely founding what, past question or
dispute,
Would in the highest sense be an Imperial Institute!"

"Spook," said Truth, "with your forebodings and your
censures I agree,
I fear that our new Institute's a failure bound to be.
And that it is too certain it will be its fate to fall
To a sort of Royal Circus and Imperial Music hall.
Thus indeed I cannot wonder you should sorely count the
cost
Of so rare an opportunity deliberately lost."

For Chaps, Roughness of Skin, &c., use "Glycerine and Honey Jelly." Sold by Chemists in Metallic Tubes, 6d. and 1s.; or post free 6 or 12 stamps, from the Sole Manufacturers, Osborne, Bauer, & Cheeseman, Sole Proprietors of "The Incomparable Smelling Salts," as supplied to the Queen.—19, Golden-square, Regent-street, London.

The Royal Marriage from a Spookland Point of View.

"In the next place, I wish some Spook-comments to get"
(Thought Truth) "on that striking event
Which enlivened last season, and sent England mad
To so wide and so great an extent.
Need I say what I mean? No, of course you will guess
'Tis *the* Wedding I have in my eye;
And some competent Spook, I have not the least doubt,
With my wish will be pleased to comply.
My views on the subject, already well known,
There is now no occasion to state;
But I think it may serve a most excellent end
If the views of Spook-land we collate."

Scarce a minute had passed when a thrill down her arm
Told Truth that her thoughts had been read,
And this is the answer that flowed from her pen
To the writing-pad under it spread :—

"Our notion is that, as a rule" (the message thus began),
"All Royal weddings are arranged upon a foolish plan.
We think the Royal personage has but a sorry fate,
He must not even be allowed to choose himself a mate.
The Duke, and Earl, and Commoner may marry whom
they please,
But Royal Princes, they are hedged about with strict
decrees,
The eligible brides for them are few and far between,
Nor dare they farther go afield lest statesmen intervene.
Nor must they single men remain, *that* refuge, too's,
denied them,
Reasons of State demand that they should have their
wives beside them;
And so, compelled to marry, yet restricted in their
choice,
In that which life may make or mar they've virtually no
voice.

"What's the result? Look Europe through, and many a
Royal line
You'll light on in most woful state of weakness and
decline.
In-and-in breeding tells its tale in many a shocking
way—
In atrophy, in feebleness, in premature decay;
Nature to those who break her laws sure retribution deals,
There's scarce a Royal cupboard but some skeleton
conceals.

"Amongst your aristocracy this truth has long been known,
And many noble houses to the winds caste-laws have
thrown;
Lords have sought brides upon the stage, Ladies have
stooped to trade,
The bluest blooded dukes and earls *mésalliances* have
made.
May Fair's gone to the Mansion House; Belgravia's
linked with Bow,
Blue blood has mixed with soap, and coal, and beer, and
calico;
And with most excellent results to lineages of length,
New blood transfused into their veins has brought new
vital strength.

Two Truefitts in Bond st. H. P. Truefitt, 13 & 14, Old Bond-st.
Two Truefitts in Bond-st. H. P. Truefitt, 13 & 14, Old Bond-st.

The fluid that so feebly flowed now courses on apace,
New grafts upon an ancient stock have saved full many a race;
Whereas in those old families, exclusive in their caste,
That live in high-bred solitude and mumble o'er the past,
We see the splendid gifts which brought their ancestry such fame,
Die feebly out in scions who inherit but a name.

Thus, a very famous war man was Fitz-Roderick the Norman,
And a very great Statesman, too;
He had courage to act,
He had brains, he had tact,
And grit to carry things through.
He was stalwart and renowned for his agility;
In God and in himself he put his trust;
He was loyal but no trace had of servility,
Strong-willed, but, in his fashion, strictly just.
And he founded a family strong and great
That in many capacities served the State.

In the records of past ages, you will light on frequent pages,
Which tell of its deeds of worth;
And strong in its pride,
It was never allied
Save with those of noble birth.
But who is there that can't its fatal folly see,
In trying thus distinction to secure?
For thanks to this most suicidal policy
It's unreplenished blood's grown thin and poor.
Aye, sad is the state one must avow,
Of the head of that high-bred family now.

He's a weedy little fellow, with a nose like Punchinello,
And a sloping Aztec chin;
He's a neck too long,
He has nerves all wrong,
And a fixed and vacuous grin.
He's anæmic, and averse to all society,
He has scarcely brains enough to feel regrets;
And his stunted little taste soon finds satiety
In pints of sparkling hock and cigarettes.
Just look at this puny aristocrat
And the moral is obvious.—*Verb. sap. sat!*

"The moral, I repeat, is clear—let Nature have her way;
Do not the progress of true love with harsh restrictions stay.
Do not coerce your Royalties? Are they not human, too?
Have they not all propensities and impulses like you?
Have they not hearts that palpitate, and souls that feel desire?
And yet you turn the throne into a sort of funeral pyre,
On which, too often, all for which youth in its zest has yearned
Is, to the sound of marriage-bells, unnaturally burned."

"Too true! too true! O Spook," cried TRUTH, "yet very much, I fear,
The happy change of which you write is anything but near;
Dynastic reasons, State affairs, will still, methinks, prevail;
Cupid, bound tightly with red tape, is destined still to fail.
Princes may, as you say, have hearts, exactly like us others,
But cunning Statecraft won't admit that they are men and brothers.
However, I am glad to think our future King has found—
Or, stay! has been allowed to find—a bride on English ground;
It's something, surely, in these days, when Germans are so rife,
She even should approximate unto an English wife."

"Precisely" (so the Spook wrote on), "I quite agree with you,
And of the wedding, we up here, should take a sanguine view;
Should think 'twas destined happiness from Fortune to exact,
But for one sad and sinister and inauspicious fact.
I mean the evil influence, strong in malefic might,
'Gainst which Prince George and Princess May incessantly must fight.
Had they but coursing in their blood a strong plebeian strain,
Then they might hope successfully the struggle to maintain;
But nurtured, as they both have been, to look on Royal birth
As something wisdom far above, and far transcending worth;
Breathing a tainted atmosphere of legalised misuse,
Where loyalty's a pretext made for flattery profuse;
How can these two young people hope to ever hold their own
Against the creeping, crawling set that grovel round the throne?
How can they rise superior to the fawning, toadying crew
Who in such numbers help to swell the Royal retinue?
Think of what happened when they wed; think of those shameful days
When all the land was maddened with the wedding-present craze.
Think of the rampant snobbery, the woful lack of taste,
The shameless sending round of hats, the wicked, wanton waste.
Oh, 'twas a cruel thing to see! When two young people pair,
We like to think of all that's pure and innocent and fair.
The music of the marriage bells that gaily floats around
Assuredly should be disturbed by no discordant sound;
Good wishes, sweet as summer flowers, the bridal path should strew;
No sordid clouds should dim the star of Hope that shines in view;
Near Hymen's Temple there should be no room for Mammon's shrine;
No yellow king-cups should debase the orange wreath we twine;
And Cupid, left in sorry case, can only sulk and pout
When Psyche's path is pestered by a pushing goldsmith's tout."

TRUTH read so far, and then she said, "But come, you must admit
For what occurred it's hardly fair the Royal pair to twit;
'Twas their misfortune, not their fault, you surely will confess;
They were the victims of a craze which they could not repress."

"Ah," wrote the Spook, "in Spiritland, all human hearts we read;
The Royal couple cannot be from blame entirely freed.
Victims, no doubt, they were, but still they might have helped to stay
The flood of snobbery by which they both were swept away;
Or, rather, their advisers should have told them how to act,
And how to dam the stream which soon became a cataract;
But, as it was, the rising tide with no resistance met,
And how it surged throughout the land you never will forget.

As soon as 'twas known that the wedding was fixed,
The toadies were all in a fluster,
The lickspittles, too,
And the toad-eating crew,
Were shamelessly eager to muster.
The self-seeking snobs who had axes to grind,

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—10,000 at moderate prices, at PARKINS & GOTTO's Oxford-st, London, W. Illustrated Catalogue post free.

Woollen and Silk Underwear of fine texture, will not shrink. Price Lists sent.—SAMPSON & Co., 268, 270, Oxford-street.

Forthwith to their task fairly buckled;
The flunkies came out
With a rapturous shout,
And loudly the parasites chuckled.
'We must all,' they said, 'be in it,
Let us set to work this minute,
And arrange our truly loyal labours.
There is seldom such a chance,
Our own interests to advance,'
So off they went at once to dun their neighbours.

The Aldermen met with the Mayor in the chair,
And out of the rates bought a present;
And the 'Dear Countess' wrote
Such a nice little note,
Soliciting pence from the peasant.
The Parsons went round to collect from their flocks,
The Play-actors had their own Fund, too;
Even Poverty's tribe
Was adjured to subscribe,
For the Paupers, God help them! were dunned, too.

Tommy Atkins, poor fellow, was dunned for his pay
(And we know how perforce *he* must weigh pence)—
Ragged urchins at school,
By an irony cool,
Were cruelly dunned for their ha'pence;
And our Sailors were dunned in her Majesty's ships
To purchase gold salvers and ladles;
And the rumour has spread
That one lady high-bred
Dunned even the babes in their cradles!

But what, pray, of that? Just recall the result—
The pence cadged in workhouse and hovel
Gave a chance to some snob
At St. James's to bob,
Or even at Windsor to grovel.
Whilst the money coerced from the children at school
P'rhaps enabled some sycophant supple
To bend 'neath the weight
Of a huge piece of plate,
At the knees of the newly-wed couple.

That thousands of folks have been bled, it is true,
Is that, though, a cause for reproaches?
It's a pity? Well—yes,
But, you see, the Princess
Has all the more bracelets and brooches.
In short, it would seem from Court Etiquette's rules—
And loyalty's said to inspire them—
That by those who have naught
Lavish gifts should be bought
For those who can never require them.

For this is the way pushing nobodies get
Their names into pars. in the papers;
This is how parvenus,
'Cutely taking their cues,
Appeal to the groundlings and gapers;
And till such endeavours arouse the disgust
Of a hitherto complaisant Royalty,
Shameless deeds without end
Still themselves will commend
To unscrupulous traders on loyalty.

If they get but half a chance
Their own interests to advance,
They will stoop to any sorts of fulsome labours;
Aye, they'll push, and press, and battle,
And the money-box will rattle,
And without the least compunction dun their neighbours."

MAJOR HOWE & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 409, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Said TRUTH, "From your description I can tell you were well placed
To observe the snobbish orgie which Society disgraced.
'Twas indeed a sorry spectacle, as many now admit,
And I'm sure the Royal couple were themselves much pained at it.
In their hearts they must have hated all the cringing deputations
Which almost crawled before them with their sordid presentations;
They must have scorned and loathed the way in which, in their joint names,
Persistent cadgers recklessly promoted their own aims;
So I've not the heart to blame them for the weakness they displayed;
I'm reluctant to reprove them for the great mistake they made;
But I think it is my duty very strongly to repeat
My old warning that, in future, they should both be more discreet.
They must act upon the impulses their own young hearts inspire;
They must not let bad advisers drag their instincts through the mire;
They must shun with lively horror any tendency to greed;
They must strive till from the shackles of Court etiquette they're freed;
And they then, with hopeful ardour, may the distant days await
When, beloved by all the nation, they are called to rule the State.

And now," said TRUTH, "pray write me the prevailing Spookland view
About our other Royalties, and what they say and do."

"Duke Alfred," was the answer, "now has come into his own,
And sits as reigning sovereign, as you know, upon a throne.
This fact, I may inform you, has delighted us up here,
For a reason which, I fancy, will at once to you appear.
German Princes by the dozen, as you know, TRUTH, to your pain,
Out of England have been able lots of plunder to obtain;
But there's never been an instance, or at least I can't affirm any,
In which an English Prince before got anything from Germany!"

"'Tis a fact well worth recording," TRUTH exclaimed.

"We've also noted"
(Wrote the Spook) "your Duke of Connaught has been recently promoted."

"Nay, on that," TRUTH interrupted, "it's not needful you should dwell.
If you blame his new appointment, why, *we* blame it here as well;
Whilst, provided you approve it, why, all Spookland, though combined,
'Bout a job so very flagrant could not make us change our mind."

"Next, we come," the Spook continued, "to Prince Christian and to Lorne,
And to all the other Princes who your island home adorn.
There is Battenberg, for instance."

"But," said TRUTH, "in any case
I am sure these minor princes are not worth a line of space:
Let us leave them in oblivion, with their perquisites and pay,
For I think of Spooky writing I have had enough to-day."

Ulsters, Overcoats, and Capes are kept ready for immediate use at Ulster House, Conduit-street, W.

El Toro Spooko.

WHEN "Borderland," Part II., came out, TRUTH there,
On crystal gazing,
Perused an article so full of incident amazing,
That she, to give the Spooks a rest, and wishful for a change,
Resolved on an experiment in this procedure strange.
So, taking from the mantelpiece the water bottle there,
She placed it on the table, and then drawing up her chair,
Sat down and stared intently on the bottle's side convex,
In accordance with the rules that had been printed by "Miss X."

For full five minutes nothing came responsive to her gaze,
Except about the bottle's side a sort of filmy haze;
But, then, just when she felt inclined to think she'd failed,
She in the bottle's depths beheld a picture dimly veiled,
Which presently developed in a most surprising way
Into what appeared a desp'rate and most sanguinary fray.
Atoms shaped like gruesome monsters, by ten thousands fiercely fought,
Rushing here and charging thither with the quickness shown by thought.
Germs, with heads like fabled dragons; awful sea-snakes bit and worried;
Slimy lizards squirmed and squatted; flying beetles wildly scurried;
And whilst hideous rival kraken planned another new campaign,
Bloated toad-like creatures battened on the myriads of the slain.

"What, oh! what can be the meaning of this very loathsome sight?"
TRUTH exclaimed, not altogether free from nausea and fright.
"Is it typical, I wonder, of our Parliamentary strife,
Or a kind of allegory of the incidents of life?
Does it symbolise the struggle for existence in the Strand?
Or our massacre of natives in far Matabeleland?"

Then she gazed again in silence, till she heard a spirit call—
"TRUTH, the picture that you look at 's no significance at all,
All that ferment and that flurry, all that rout and all that slaughter,
Only means that in your bottle you've unfiltered London water!"

Much relieved, TRUTH moved the bottle, which her thoughts had thus misled,
And now gazed into a syphon filled with *Eau de Seltz* instead;
And her trouble was rewarded, for she'd hardly gazed a minute,
When she saw, though indistinctly, something like a picture in it.
Cloudy at first, it clearer grew, until from out the gloom,
There came the vivid image of a House of Commons room.
The furniture was massive oak, upholstered in dark green,
And stretched upon a sofa a familiar form was seen.
A long and somewhat limpish form with neatly-spatted toes,
A figure lackadaisical, with *pince-nez* on its nose;
In short, a very neatly dressed and stylish apparition—
The much-enduring leader of the Tory Opposition!
And even as TRUTH gazed on him, his voice fell on her ear,
And these ingenuous lines he sang in accents strangely clear:—

The post that I hold I am frequently told—
And, in fact, it's a popular rumour—
Is one of delight, which, from morning to night,
I'm expected to fill with good humour.
I must sit in my place with a smile on my face,
Prepared to the foe to give battle;
And, in spite of defeats, still with quips and conceits
Must be ready to merrily prattle.
To be hipped with the blues, or my temper to lose,
Would be deemed an unseemly transgression,
And it wouldn't, you know, be at all *comme il faut*
To employ an improper expression.
Pity, then, poor A. J. B.,
Flouted, vexed, and harassed,
Think of what
Has been his lot,
Hampered and embarrassed.
Fated not to have his way,
Bound to second-fiddle play!
Miserere-rere me!
Poor down-trodden A. J. B.!

In vain have I tried any point to decide,
Or attempted to pose as a leader;
If I dared to begin, I'd at once to cave in
To Joseph, that brazen seceder;
My plan of campaign's failed again and again,
Though fashioned exceedingly smartly;
For how could I hope with our foemen to cope,
If baulked by the antics of Bartley?
The youngest M.P.s have contemned my decrees,
And openly sought to deride me,
Whilst, of all things the worst in this Session accurst,
That absurd Tommy Bowles has defied me.
Pity, then, poor A. J. B.,
Flouted, vexed, and harassed,
Think of what
Has been his lot,
Hampered and embarrassed.
Doomed to never have his way,
Forced to second-fiddle play!
Miserere-rere me,
Poor down-trodden A. J. B.!

To sit as I did, to be openly chid
By such Mohocks as Lowther and Carson;
To be often pooh-poohed, in their method so rude,
Would the temper have tried of a parson.
To be never quite sure what I'd next to endure
At the hands of some Brummagem traitor,
To find at my back, after each fresh attack,
Yet a new self-created dictator;
By my foes to be drubbed, by my friends to be snubbed,
To be thrown by my own party over—
Oh! it cannot be said the existence I've led
Has been one passed entirely in clover.
Pity, then, poor A. J. B.,
Flouted, vexed, and harassed,
Think of what
Has been his lot,
Hampered and embarrassed.
Doomed to never have his way,
Forced to second fiddle play!
Miserere-rere me,
Poor down-trodden A. J. B.!

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This picture slowly faded out, but soon it was replaced,
And in the seltzer syphon's depths the House of Lords TRUTH traced.
There was the Gilded Chamber, there the Peers of all degrees,
Bustling and buzzing on the floor like very busy bees.
Or, rather, like unnatural drones, who viciously essayed
To spoil the honey and the wax the Commons bees had made.
And even as TRUTH gazed and gazed, in chorus loud and shrill,
She heard them cry, "Now who will lead us 'gainst this Home Rule Bill?"

At first there was confusion,
For, whilst some Peers held back,
And others, loudly shouting,
Declared for an attack,
A group of rival nobles
Of very high degree
Were fighting out the question,
"Who shall the leader be?"

The Marquis urged with ardour
The magic of his name;
The Duke, in sullen manner,
Pressed his "undoubted claim";
Whilst several Earls contended,
Though few to them paid heed,
That in an Irish battle
'Twas theirs by right to lead.

But the Tory Peers grew restive,
Though their muttering was low,
As they looked across the matting
At their sternly waiting foe;
And the Bishops, too, were eager,
As too frequently they are,
When abuses they can strengthen,
Or reforms they can debar.

Then out spoke Howard de Walden,
That Baron good and great,
"My name, much mentioned months ago,
Has not been heard of late.
The record of my doings
The papers used to fill;
Come, fellow Peers, *I'll* lead you
Against the Home Rule Bill!

"You know what reputation
I've earned in my past life,
You know how sternly thorough
My way was with my wife.
'Coercion in excelsis!'
My motto well might be.
Come, who will stand on either hand,
And smash this Bill with me?"

At first some Peers drew backward,
As by disgust impelled,
And several High Church Bishops
Their reverend noses held;
Whilst good and grave Lord Selborne,
Distressingly amazed,
His hands and eyes together
In holy horror raised.

"What rubbish!" cried de Walden,
"Whatever are you at?
This is no time, believe me,
For squeamishness like that.
Whate'er you've read about me,
I am, I pray you note,
Like you, a legislator,
Who, like you, has got a vote!

"This is no time, I tell you,
To characters o'erhaul,
Shoulder to shoulder we must stand,
Bishops, black sheep, and all!
No Puritanic nonsense
Will serve our cause to-night.
Unless you stow your scruples
Might will not conquer right!"

Awhile the Bishops wavered,
Awhile Lord Selborne's eyes
Continued to be lifted
In horror towards the skies;
Awhile Argyll, with groaning,
On de Walden turned his back,
Awhile Lord Grimthorpe's frown was
Indubitably black.

But even whilst they wavered,
"Division!" was the cry,
And all the Home Rule champions
Stepped forth to do or die;
"How, now?" exclaimed de Walden,
"If victors we're to be,
Who will abide at my right side
And smash this Bill with me?"

Then loudly spake a Bishop—
One of a well-known See—
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
And smash this Bill with thee!
I cannot say I relish
The things of you I've heard,
But at so grave a crisis
Scruples would be absurd.

"Your record may be shady,
But, after all, who cares?
We *must* unite to rivet tight
The fetters Ireland wears;
To crush the cause of Freedom,
To bar the reign of Right,
We must not care a tittle
With whom it is we fight.

"Besides, Lord Howard de Walden,
Whatever his career,
By birth's a legislator,
By birth's an English Peer,
And if in legislating
No active part he take,
He can, at least, help shatter
The laws that others make.

"Moreover, pray remember,
That if we him forswear,
We should to him be meting
A punishment unfair;
For granted he's unworthy
To fight with us to-day,
How about S and D and T
And C and B and A?

"No, no, on this occasion,
We can't, my lords, despise
The blackest sheep, provided
They'll fight as our allies.
So this is my last counsel—
Coercion to promote,
Let's sink all hesitation,
And simply go and vote!"

Lord Selborne nodded gravely;
"Agreed!" he sighed, "Agreed!
Go on! right reverend father,
I'll follow where you lead."

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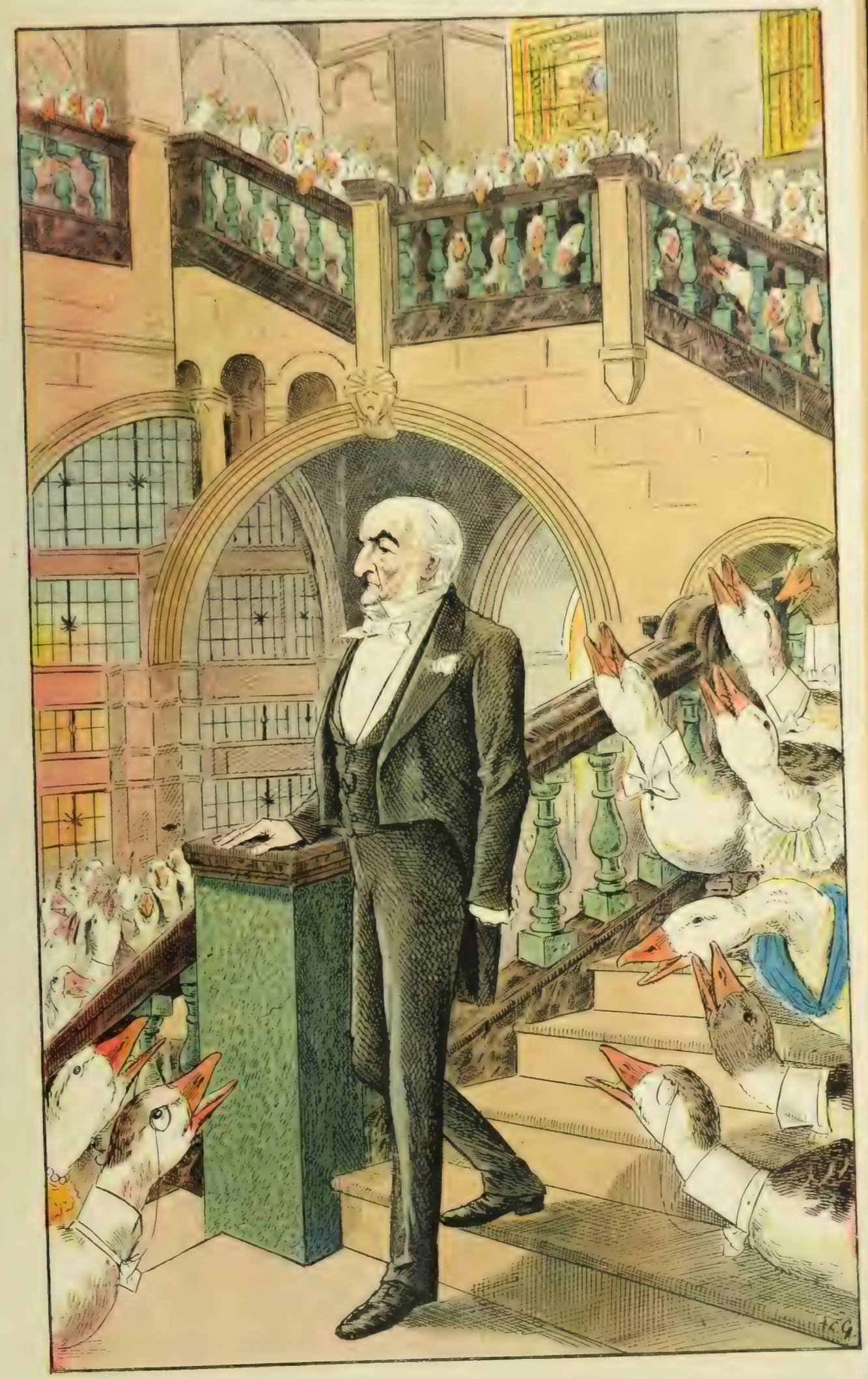
CHAMBERLAIN'S DIVE



SALISBURY'S STUFFED GEESE.

And so with rush impulsive,
As of a turning tide,
The waverers all hastened
To Howard de Walden's side.

And when the host was marshalled,
A curious sight was seen,
The chivalrous de Walden
Two prelates stood between;
The Primate and a Sportsman
Together took their stand,
And Crœsus had a bankrupt
Upon his dexter hand.

Bible and Beer united,
Oxford with Earlswood walked;
And Judges, in grim silence,
By light-weight jockeys stalked;
The Church, the World, the Devil
Joined with a right good will
To crush the hopes of Ireland,
And burke the Home Rule Bill.

Then this picture also faded, melting slowly from the sight,
And instead of it TRUTH witnessed quite another sort of fight.
'Twas a contest in a Bull-ring, by spectators hemmed around,
Where shouts and cheers and *vivas* she could clearly hear resound.
Whilst within the great arena, head low down, prepared to toss,
Pawing fiercely at the sawdust, was our country's Grand Old "Bos."
Then the *banderillos* entered and commenced their little parts,
Running round and round and aiming at the G.O.B. their darts;
Tried to tease him and provoke him, tried to tempt him to retort,
Taking care to scatter wildly every time he gave a snort.
Then the *picadors* came bravely, till the "Bos" lashed out his tail,
When 'twas comical to witness how they trembled and turned pale.
Still they ambled round the bull-ring in a scrambling sort of way,
Watching eagerly and waiting for some chances of foul play;
Waving mantles, marked "Amendments," making lunges with their spears,
And indulging in a volley of unseemly gibes and jeers.
But the "Grand Old 'Bos,'" though angered, in the centre still remained,
And to notice his tormentors but occasionally deigned;
Till, mistaking his forbearance, they came closer and began
To molest him and to bait him on a systematic plan;
Others also flocked to help them till the ring was nearly full
Of the nondescript assailants of the "Grand Old British Bull."
Then with a sudden bellow that loudly echoed round,
The G. O. B. leapt forward with one impetuous bound;

And away they all rushed in a terrible scare
As the Prime Matadore was pitched up in the air,
And Joseph, consid'rably out of repair,
Went down with a bang 'gainst the boarding;
Don Goschen and Lowther rode wildly away,
And Bolton collapsed in a fit of dismay,
Whilst Argyll fell into complete disarray
As he tumbled pell-mell o'er the hoarding.

Chaplin goaded his steed with some desperate thwacks,
And Russell and Saunderson quickly "made tracks,"
Whilst Devonshire's face was the colour of flax
As he fled from the "Bos" helter-skelter.
Jesse ran to help Joe, with a dry little cough,
And Randolph, who used at the lions to scoff,
Just glanced at the Bull, and exclaimed "I am off!"
As he spurred on his steed to find shelter.

In short, 'twas a wild *sauve qui peut* which took place
As the Bull, with the light of success in his face,
Turned hither and thither to scatter and chase
Every one from the hitherto full ring;
And loud were the cheers and the *vivas* that came
From the crowd as they rose to applaud and acclaim,
And to sound the oft-proved and invincible fame
Of EL TORO—the Bos of the Bull-Ring!

Again the vision faded out, and, gazing as before,
Inside the seltzer syphon TRUTH a picture saw once more.
There, in most vivid colours of red and white and blue,
From a firmly-planted flagstaff a British Ensign flew;
And round it, shouting loudly in an ecstasy entrancing,
Taff and Sandy, John and Pat, all hand-in-hand were dancing,
Extolling in a chorus blithe, of no uncertain sound,
The virtues of the system that they called "Home Rule all Round!"

"What's good for Pat is good for me,
Yes, good for me!" cried Sandy.
"And 'Gallant little Wales,'" cried Taff,
"Will find it very handy."
Cried John, "Then it is only fair,
If this for which you call so
Is such a very splendid thing,
That I should try it, also!"

Omnes.—So we won't take four bites at one cherry;
Such a policy wouldn't be sound;
But clearly and plainly,
And sagely and sanely,
We'll go for—
HOME RULE ALL ROUND!

Said Sandy: "In my native land
We keep ourselves in order
With laws that differ much from those
Upon John's side the Border.
And Taff and Pat and John all own
They cannot comprehend them;
Then why not let me have the power
Myself to make or mend them?"

Omnes.—So we won't take four bites at one cherry;
Such a policy wouldn't be sound;
But clearly and plainly,
And sagely and sanely,
We'll go for—
HOME RULE ALL ROUND!

Said John: "With business not my own
Too long have I been worried;
Too long by Sandy I've been bored,
By Pat and Taffy flurried.
By all means let them stay at home
And make the laws they mention,
For I to my own business then
Can give my whole attention."

Omnes.—So we won't take four bites at one cherry,
Such a policy wouldn't be sound;
But clearly and plainly,
And sagely and sanely,
We'll go for—
HOME RULE ALL ROUND!

TRUTH, as to this she listened, could not herself refrain
From joining in so sensible and excellent a strain:

"Of course that is the course to take,
It is a grand idea;
For all four countries it would prove
A welcome panacea!
Yes, John and Sandy, Taff and Pat,
Their wrongs, at length, all righted,
Would then four brothers be, indeed,
Inseparably united!
So don't take four bites at one cherry,
Such a policy wouldn't be sound;
But clearly and plainly
And sagely and sanely,
Just vote for—
HOME RULE ALL ROUND!"

And as Truth her stanza finished, all the brothers gave a shout,
After which, this picture also from the syphon faded out;
And no further signs perceiving of another in its stead,
Truth drank the seltzer-water, and soon after went to bed.

The Speaker, the Spooker, and the Spook.

"IT is my duty," wrote the Spook who next inspired Truth's hand,
"To watch the People's Chamber of your highly-favoured land;
For when I was on earth I was myself for years M.P.,
And thus am fitted specially for what devolves on me.
What, then, has struck me most of all during the present session
Is that the manners of the House show further retrogression.
I know the Irishmen are blamed, but this is most unfair,
The Tories of the blame should get by far the larger share.
They give themselves the haughtiest airs, they're shamelessly abrupt;
Statesmen of credit and renown they rudely interrupt;
Sounds inarticular, they think, can arguments confute;
To their opponents one and all vile notions they impute.
They aggravate the other side in twenty spiteful ways,
And when the latter turn on them their hands in horror raise.
For instance, on the night the House in fisticuffs engaged,
It was the Tories' fault alone that conflict ever raged.
I, in my spirit form, of course, with special case could scan it,
And this I'm ready to declare—Hayes-Fisher 'twas began it;
Then Carson took his cue at once, and in the roughest fashion
Forthwith a gang of Tory bloods struck out, half-blind with passion;
In fact, they hit wherever there were any heads to crack—
So can you wonder that at last the other side hit back?
Then, when they found they'd raised a storm they could not well withstand,
Why quite another policy inspired that Tory band.
Like tell-tale sneaks who when at school they have provoked disaster,
Run off like whining little curs, and meanly 'tell the master,'
So did these Tories, when they found their side was much the weaker,
Rush off with horror well assumed and promptly tell the Speaker.

The 'gentlemen' of England,
So Joseph says, with pride,
Are found, without exception,
Upon the Tory side.
But if these are the gentlemen,
These men of kicks and cuffs,
P'raps somebody will tells us
Where we shall find the roughs?

If these are England's gentlemen,
So loyal and so liege,
Who in this way interpret
The words '*Noblesse Oblige!*'
If these be the proud Bayards
To which our foe refers,
Then in the name of reason
Where are the sneaks and curs?

"No doubt, though, 'tis the Orangemen who are the House's curse—
It is their rabid bigotry which makes the Tories worse.
They see that their ascendancy is threatened by Home Rule,
And so go vapouring about, unable to keep cool—
Declaiming, boasting, threatening, to quite a comic pitch,
And always ready, so they say, to die in their last ditch.

We are sick of these Orangemen's bluster,
Their fuss and their fanfaronade,
Their intention at midnight to muster
Their mythical loyal brigade;
We are sick of their ranting and canting,
With which they the groundlings bewitch,
But we're sickest of all
Of the rubbish they bawl
Concerning their ultimate ditch!
Their oft-quoted ultimate ditch,
Their illusory ultimate ditch,
Their absurdly fantastic,
And wholly bombastic,
Insuff'rable ultimate ditch!

We are sick of the truculent manners
With which they their loyalty vaunt;
We are sick of the waving stage banners
That they at their gatherings flaunt;
We are sick of the fifing and drumming
For which they possess such an itch,
But we're sickest of all
Of their meaningless bawl
Concerning their ultimate ditch!
Their wearisome ultimate ditch,
Their odious ultimate ditch—
In which, by the bye,
They do *not* mean to die—
Their rhetorical ultimate ditch!

"When the Irish Church was threatened just as noisy was their cry;
'We will die,' they vowed, 'to save it!' but, of course, they didn't die.
When the time came round for action they turned tail and ran away;
And thus it is they're living to repeat their threats to-day.

"But the Tories, quite unable in the House to stand alone,
Even Orangemen are willing as allies of theirs to own;
In the depths of Opposition, in destruction's very jaw,
They, to save themselves from drowning, snatch at any passing straw.

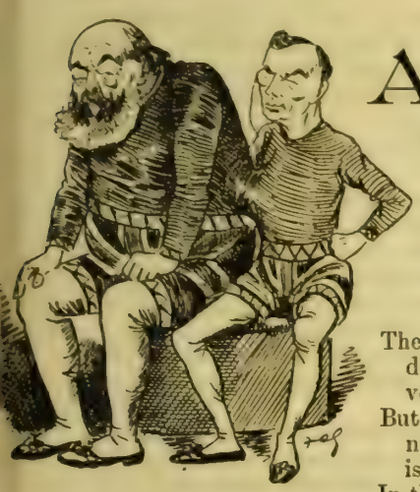
"Not long since they snatched at Rosebery. 'Oh!' said they, '*he* undertands—
He's a watch-dog for the Marquis, he's a puppet in his hands,
And will do his Tory bidding in the manner he requires,
For, though Gladstone does the piping, it is Salisbury pulls the wires.'
But how great their disappointment, for Lord Rosebery quickly showed
That it was not to the Jingoes that obedience he owed.
And though somewhat disappointing to the Radicals at first,
Very soon from his Court fetters he, with well-timed effort, burst.
Yes, he's proved that he has courage, and a strong will of his own,
And the Tories now describe him in a strangely altered tone.

Two Truefitts in Bond-st. H. P. Truefitt, 13 & 14, Old Bond-st.
Two Truefitts in Bond-st. H. P. Truefitt, 13 & 14, Old Bond-st.

Obstruction was another straw the Tories tried to clutch,
But despite their desperate struggles—well, it did not help them much.
For they very soon discovered, quite defeated and depress'd,
That the Closure, their own weapon, a keen double edge possessed;
And that they themselves had sharpened, not too wisely but too well,
The Guillotine that on them with such fatal sharpness fell."

"Yes," said TRUTH, "those crafty plotters came to grief the most complete,
But indeed you need not trouble their experience to repeat;
For the country shrewdly noted how they played their factious part,
And the country in due season for their deeds will make them smart."
So the Spook at once dismissing TRUTH indulged a passing fancy
By studying for an hour or two a work on Chiromancy.

The Hyde and Jekyll Spook.



ACCORDING to the theory which Mr. Stead professes,
Each one of us whilst here on earth two different selves possesses.
One is the good, the real self — for worthy ends asserted—
The other is a second self, distorted and perverted:
But surely this is nothing new, this view which is implied
In the tale of Dr. Jekyll and his wondrous double, Hyde.
That we contain a double self a short reflection shows;
It did not need a Stead to tell what everybody knows.
For instance, look at Stead himself and say could there be found
A better proof that what he says has a foundation sound?
His real self is clear enough, if we his record scan,
It is an honest, kindly, bold, sincere, quixotic man.
But then there's his perverted self—and that suggests, alack!
The makings of an empiric, the methods of a quack!
And so, take any well-known types, and we in them shall find
The real and perverted selves thus strikingly combined.

For instance, say that the real self,
  Is a Radical People's Leader,
Eager to do his country good,
  With a soul untouched by guile;
The distorted self it is clear enough
  Is a Brummagem seceder,
Who has often played the people false
  For the sake of a ducal smile.

Say, again, that the real self
  Is a General shirking pageant,
And fond of honest, thorough work,
  And a soldier staunch and bluff;
The distorted self is a General
  Plus advertising agent,
Whose every act's for effect designed,
  Whose life has been one long puff.

Take a Statesman, too, for this real self,
  A man of both light and leading,
Who guides the helm of this ship of State,
  And the land's esteem can claim;
At once you have the distorted self
  Displayed to a point exceeding,
In a talkative whipper snapper
  Whom it's easy enough to name!

For the real self a Lord Chancellor take,
  A just and impartial Keeper,
Who scorns to act as a partisan,
  And is high in the land's esteem;
And then, as a most distorted self—
  Could the contrast well be deeper?—
Just take the egregious, you know who—
  That Jobber of Jobs supreme!

The real self is a Poet true,
  One of Nature's rarest masters,
Who scorns to stoop to a hireling's pay,
  Or to slobber in Courtly phrase;
The distorted self for yourself pray find
  'Midst that mob of poetasters
Ready to climb Parnassus' slopes
  By circuitous back-stair ways!

For the real self take a Journalist,
  A man of approved discretion;
Who neither is reckless in what he writes,
  Nor in dirt his fingers delves;
The distorted self may be found at once
  In that type of unfair aggression,
That heedless spreader of libels foul,
  The—fix on the name yourselves!

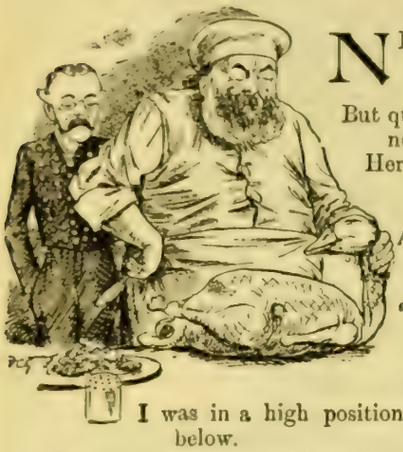
For the real self take a Modest Man,
  Possessed by no craze eternal
To see his doings proclaimed in print
  With a prominence undue;
The distorted self will occur at once—
  It's a most uncertain Colonel!
Consumed by a never-ceasing rage
  To pose in the public's view.

But why examples multiply when with an effort small
The public striking instances can for themselves recall?
In such a task they will not need TRUTH'S prompting or her guiding,
They'll find the process easier far than "Missing Words" providing.
Here is a case or two in which the answers *must* come pat:
The Real Self's a Learned Judge—what's the D.S. of that?
The Real Self's a Dramatist, a man of master mind:
Who can't—of the Distorted Self—a score of samples find?
Again, take for the Real Self a True Philanthropist:
Who's the Distorted Type of that? The owner can't be missed.
The Real Self's an Actor, free from rant and "gas" and bounce:
Come, surely his Distorted Self it's easy to announce.
Once more, who's the Distorted Self of a thorough-bred Patrician?
And who suggests the other Self of a wise and good Physician?
But why continue? We have said sufficient to suggest
A Christmas pastime which can't fail to prove of interest.
Go to, then, gentle readers, and yourselves supply the heckling,
Which is all you need for playing this new game of "Hyde and Jekylling."

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—1,000,000 Christmas Cards, collected from all the best publishers. Greeting Cards printed to order in the most fashionable style, patterns free.—PARKINS & GOTTO, Oxford-st., W.

Poultry during winter should have SPRATT'S PATENT POULTRY MEAL as a warm food in the morning and grain at night. Accept only in sealed bags or 3d. and 6d. sample packets. Samples of food and Pamphlet on Poultry Rearing post free one stamp.—SPRATT'S PATENT, LIMITED, Bermondsey, London, S E.

The Geese and the G.O.M.



NEXT night when Truth drew up her chair she
had not long to wait,
But quickly felt a Spook was near, all eager to dictate:
Her hand began to twitch at once, and on the paper white,
As soon as she had grasped her pen, the Spook began to write:—

"Who I am I will not tell you; this, at least, though, you should know:
I was in a high position when I lived with you below.
I was very nearly worshipped by the Tories of my day—
This will give a force emphatic to the things I mean to say.
Yes; I finished as a Tory, for, reviewing my position,
I found the Tory party gave more scope to my ambition;
And so, of course, it happened that in verbal fence and fight
Often I 'gainst William Gladstone had to strive with all my might.
When I had the chance, I smote him; when he could, he wounded me;
Stronger rivals, stouter foemen, than we were there could not be.
I am gone, but William Gladstone lingers still upon the stage—
Still a paladin of talent, still the wonder of his age;
Still the servant of his country, fighting still, well in the van;
Still to all intent and purpose 'England's Great and Grand Old Man!'

"Yet when he attends a function—goes as Premier, bear in mind—
Goes to do a graceful duty, leaving politics behind,
Goes, a national occasion with importance to invest—
Goes to represent his colleagues, to be the Prince's guest—
He—oh, shame it is to tell it—as he on the scene appears,
Is received with spiteful hisses and with oft-repeated jeers;
Yes, by crowds of brainless boobies, past all possible dispute,
He was hooted on the staircase of the Prince's Institute.

"At the moment when they hissed him, we were floating o'er the scene,
I, and Wellington, and Derby—'tis the old Lord D., I mean,—
And I wish you had been present to have seen the look of shame
And of wrathful indignation that upon our faces came.

"For a space, the Duke was speechless, then he muttered, with a frown:
'Oh! the blackguards! If I'd *my* way, I should like to shoot them down.
I myself was an old Tory when I lived on earth, but then,
I am glad to say that Tories in *my* days were gentlemen.'

"Then Lord Derby, almost choking with the feelings he repressed,
Cried, 'The man these geese are hissing is the Prince of Wales's guest!'

'Nay, to call them geese,' I murmured, is a simile absurd,
It's a most unworthy insult on a very blameless bird.'

"'Bah!' the Earl of D. continued, 'how can one find similes
Harsh enough to suit the cases of such vicious snobs as these?
All in vain 'mongst tropes and figures one for fit expressions delves,
For these sibilant rapscalions are like nothing but themselves.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'these hissing Jingoes, these be-knighted, purse-proud boors,
Are the lamentable product of a later date than yours.

They are low-bred men who have made their pile
In soap, or shellac, or candles;
Or have had good luck in 'striking ile'
In current financial scandals.
And on the strength of their dirty gold
(I recall no fact that's sadder),
They have forced themselves with effront'ry bold,
Up the rungs of the social ladder.

Coarse, narrow-minded, and bigots intense;
Spiteful, cold-blooded, black-hearted, and dense;
Of impulses good quick dismissers;
Thick-skinned, unfeeling, as brazen as brass,
Naught can the truculent vileness surpass
Of these rowdy South Kensington hissers!

They have no good points, they are wholly vile,
And the City their Paradise is;
There's naught they touch they don't defile,
They have no redeeming vices.
And it shows what gold can do to-day,
When, spite of the moralists' mutter,
It enables such men to buy their way
From out their congenial gutter.

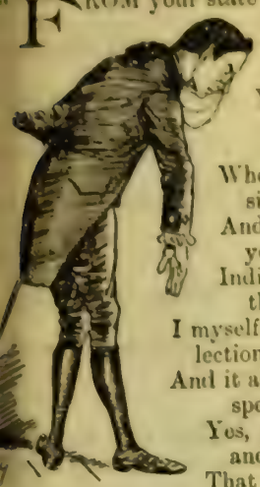
Harsh, evil-minded, of meanness intense,
Vicious, malevolent, brutal, and dense;
Of impulses good quick dismissers;
Obstinate, ignorant, brazen as brass,
Types the most base of a pitiful class,
Are these rowdy South Kensington hissers!

"'You have used some roughish language,' said the Duke, 'but not too rough,
For no verbal castigation can be half severe enough
For a herd of braying asses, whom I will not Tories call,
Since I'm sure that such base wretches have no politics at all.
When the Prince first heard them hissing, I observed he blushed for shame,
And was naturally anxious such behaviour to disclaim;
And I think it is a pity that the Tory party, too,
Did not show they shared entirely in the Prince of Wales's view.
'Twould have been more to their credit if such blackguards they'd disowned,
For by this repudiation they would partly have atoned
For an act which brands the Party that approved it with disgrace,
Such as even time 's not likely quite completely to efface.'
And with that we, much disgusted at this infamous display,
Spread our wings again for Spookland without any more delay."

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Folkestone. — West Cliff Hotel (180 Apartments). Extensive structural alterations and decorative repairs have been carried out and 30 new Bed-rooms added since October, 1891. New system of drainage constructed, and all new sanitary appliances in Bath-rooms and w.c.'s. For tariff please address the Proprietor.

From Democracy to Dives.



"FROM your state of mind, dear Madam," wrote the Spook TRUTH summoned next,
"'Tis not difficult to gather that
of late you have been vext.
You've been thinking of a statesman—so he deems himself, at least—
Whose reputation has of late considerably decreased,
And it's not at all surprising that your recent train of thought
Indignation, hot and thorough, in the wake of it has brought.
I myself remember Joseph, with no recollection dim,
And it always makes my blood boil (so to speak) to think of him.
Yes, for years on earth I knew him, and I readily confess
That the longer that I knew him, why, I trusted him the less.
Our two lots fell much together, I could study him at leisure,
And with very little trouble I soon took his proper measure.
I foresaw what was to happen; I his lack of ballast noted;
I observed, whate'er his tactics, his own ends 'twas he promoted;
And in my own mind determined that, p'rhaps sooner or p'rhaps later,
But assuredly at some time, to his friends he'd play the traitor.

"You have seen the way some people, who more notice would engage,
Will wear jewels (made at Brummagem) whilst strutting on life's stage;
In themselves not worth attention, they put on most massive rings,
Gorgeous brooches, flashing pendants, and a wealth of such-like things,
So it was with Master Joseph, he was shrewd enough to see
He must cause some new sensation if notorious he would be;
So with Radical adornments he himself tricked gaily out,
And, like daw in peacock-feathers, went conceitedly about.
It's no wonder he got noticed, for the ornaments he wore
Were more striking and more dazzling than the world had seen before;
And the masses when they saw them stared with gaping admiration,
And received the man who wore them with approving acclamation.

"This, alas! was Joe's undoing, for supremely self-deceived,
He put down to his own talents the success he had achieved.
'Twas his own intrinsic value which was recognised, he thought,
'Twas his unaided genius which the public taste had caught;
And, misled by this assumption, it need cause us no surprise,
That this shoddy politician in the world resolved to rise.

Some folks are never satisfied,
For if they have a horse to ride,
They're sure to want a coach beside—
And so did Master Joseph.

As soon as they, their hopes to crown,
Have climbed their way up to renown,
They like to kick the ladder down—
And so did Master Joseph.

For praise and flattery they yearn,
And if position they can earn
By turning on old friends, they turn!—
And so did Master Joseph.

"Yes, he saw that 'mongst his comrades there were greater men than he,
Men whose better or whose equal he could never hope to be;
Whilst amongst the Tory Party it was easy to divine
That his chance would be much brighter by comparison to shine.
He moreover liked the notion—and what parvenu would not?—
Of the social recognition that thereby would be his lot
To be asked by Dukes to dinner, by a Duchess to be patted—
He could not resist the prospect—or, in other words, he ratted!

"Now the Tories, not unwilling to obtain a new recruit,
So unscrupulously clever, so insidiously acute,
Said, 'It's true' ('twas thus they put it) 'Joe's a very rank outsider,
But in days like these the platform of our party should be wider.
We've been just a bit too squeamish, and have suffered for our pains,
We have got the rank and breeding, but, by Jove! we must have brains.
The exacting claims of party for heroic measures call;
Come, then, let us swallow Joseph, Democratic views, and all.'

"So they gulped, and gulped—'twas useless—Joseph still stuck in their throat,
For although with ostentation he had turned for them his coat,
He persisted still in wearing, though so clearly out of place,
The old Radical adornments which his person used to grace.
Still he wore his 'Free-School' bangle and his 'Disendowment' chain,
And allowed his 'Ransom' breast-pin in his necktie to remain.
And the Tories spoke out plainly, 'Come, old fellow, don't-cher-know!
These odd ornaments you're wearing make you look an awful show?
Such strange democratic gew-gaws for a Tory will not do,
And, as *you* are now a Tory, why they will not do for you.'
Then as Joseph still was silent, to persuade him to reply,
With the following inducements they proceeded him to ply.

Think of what we'll do for you,
When you're 'One of us;'
Life will yield you pleasures new
When you're 'One of us;'
Your reward will then be rich,
Duchesses will you bewitch,
Dukes their arms in yours will hitch
When you're 'One of us!'

You to nod to Lords will dare
When you're 'One of us;'
You will lunch in Grosvenor-square
When you're 'One of us.'
Countesses your hand will squeeze,
You will go to swagger teas—
Dine—well, almost where you please,
When you're 'One of us.'

No reflections shall be cast
When you're 'One of us.'
We will quite forget your past
When you're 'One of us!'

OUR DOGS are kept in health by NALDIRE'S PRIZE MEDAL DOG SOAP. All irritating insects destroyed, skin cleansed, doggy smell removed, and the animal soothed & refreshed. "Harmless to Dogs, but Fatal to Fleas."—FRANK BUCKLAND. Of Chemists & Stores.

Howsoever high you pile
Your quaint oddities of style,
Still we promise not to smile
When you're 'One of us!'

You shall get 'State Concert' cards
When you're 'One of us!'
You shall meet men in the Guards
When you're 'One of us!'
Nay, as you in favour grow,
You to Marlborough House shall go,
You the Prince of Wales shall know
When you're 'One of us!'

"Such a prospect was resistless; in the face of what was tendered
Joseph could hold out no longer, but immediately surrendered.
'No,' he cried, 'you've overwhelmed me; I will now throw up the sponge.
On the brink no more I'll shiver; I will make the final plunge.'

"So, upon the day appointed, when the dive was to be made,
Very general was the interest which on all sides was displayed.
Quite a mighty concourse gathered, for front places to compete,
So that they might see how Joseph managed his great diving feat.
Tories came, of course, in numbers, half expecting he would fail,
Though most ready, if he didn't, his success to loudly hail;
Unionists were also present his tremendous dive to view,
Knowing well that if *he* did it *they* would have to do it, too;
And of Radicals a sprinkling, who could not forget the past,
Came to see a former leader crown his perfidy at last.

"But the fateful hour is striking—there is silence everywhere,
Whilst a band—(of Tory members)—loudly plays a Jingo air.
Then the hum becomes excited, for up near the roof is seen
Joseph standing on a platform, pale, though seemingly serene;
Down upon the crowd beneath him he takes one long, lingering look,
And as his old friends he noticed, very palpably he shook.
But the band played out yet louder—'twas a very brazen band—
And, as though to cheer his master, fatuous Jesse waved his hand.

"Then Lord Salisbury, stepping forward, 'Are you ready?' queried he;
And as soon as Joseph nodded, shouted loudly—

'One!
Two!!
THREE!!!'

"Scarcely was the last word uttered, when, without the least delay,
Joseph, screwing in his eyeglass, from his platform plunged away.
Down he went, swift as an arrow, but about half-way, alack!
In the air he turned and twisted, and—fell badly on his back.

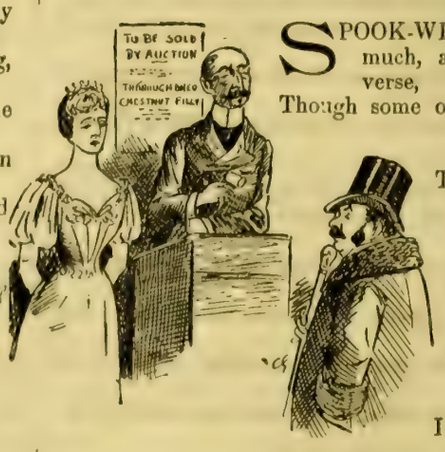
With a shout the eager Tories and the Unionists rushed round,
But poor Joseph, stunned completely, lay unconscious on the ground.
Up a Duchess ran with water, whilst another o'er him bent
With a bottle boldly labelled 'Social Tory Liniment,'
Whilst the ever-faithful Jesse, in a well-nigh desperate case,
With a copy of the *Standard* fanned his senseless master's face.

"When at last his eyes he opened, 'Where am I?' Joe feebly said,
And they told him he had fallen, and then bore him off to bed.

"And upon examination, which was shortly after made,
Though there was no spinal fracture as at first they were afraid;
It was found that, even granted he'd the accident survive,
He would never be the Joseph that he was before his dive.
For the clumsy way he'd fallen, on the concrete Tory floor,
Had quite smashed his reputation (very badly hurt before),
And had damaged so his credit that 'twas easy to foresee
That a limping politician he was bound at best to be.

"So they left him to recover; and the bulletins now tell
That, upon the whole, the patient is not doing very well;
And, in short, imply most clearly that as long as he alive is
He'll repent the plunge he's taken from 'Democracy to Dives!'"

Society as seen through Spook Specs.



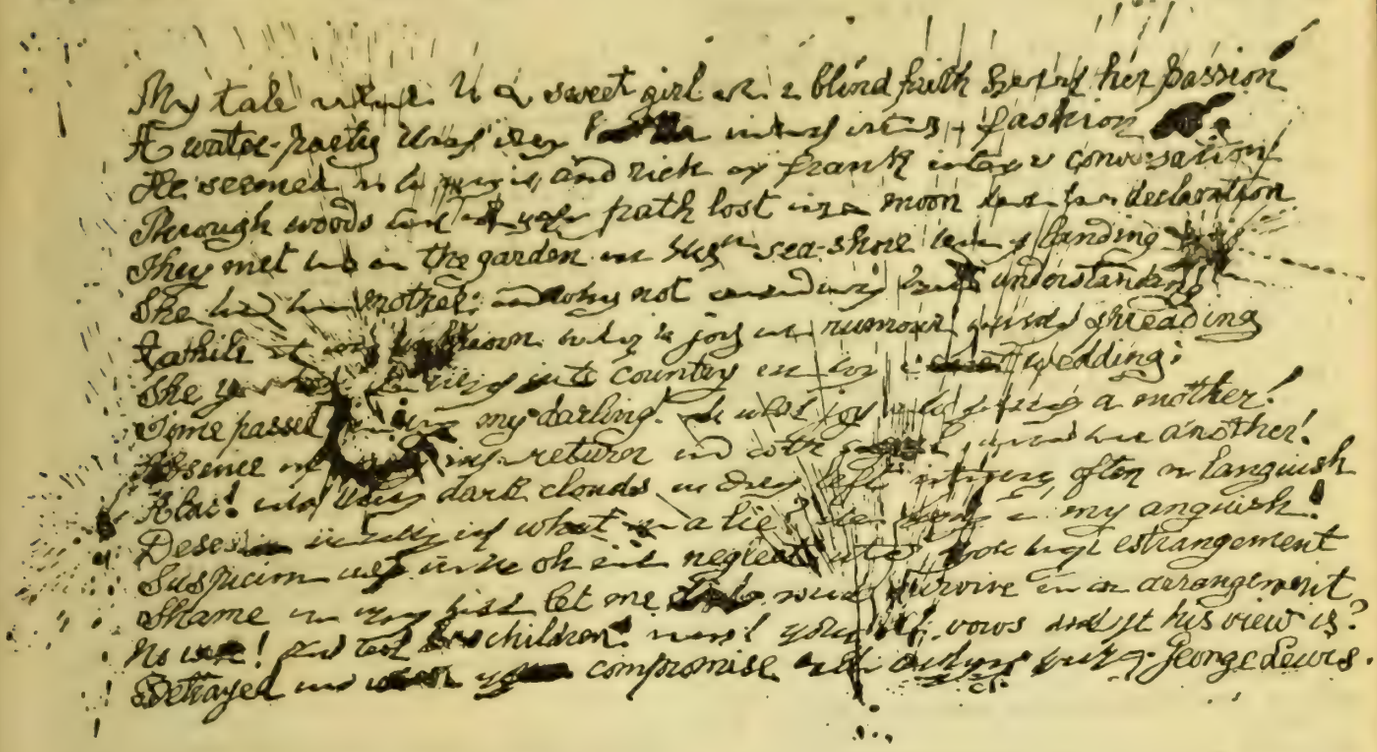
SPOOK-WRITING varies very much, and, like our modern verse,
Though some of it is only bad, a great deal more is worse.
Thus, when the Spooks employ Truth's hand to write for them at night,
It's very hard to read next day the messages they write.
Spirit caligraphy, in fact, is smeary and it's spotty;
Inevitably indistinct, and not unseldom blotty.
Still, as a rule, by taking pains and trying many times,
Truth's managed, as these pages show, to read the Spooky rhymes.
One morning, though, on sitting down as usual to transcribe
The manuscript in which was penned the Spook's last diatribe,

Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, 17, North Audley street, W.

Christmas Cards, Season Cards, &c.—Beautiful photographs of scenery in Palestine, Greece, Italy, Egypt. Specimen and list 1s. 1d.—Darlington & Co., Llangollen.

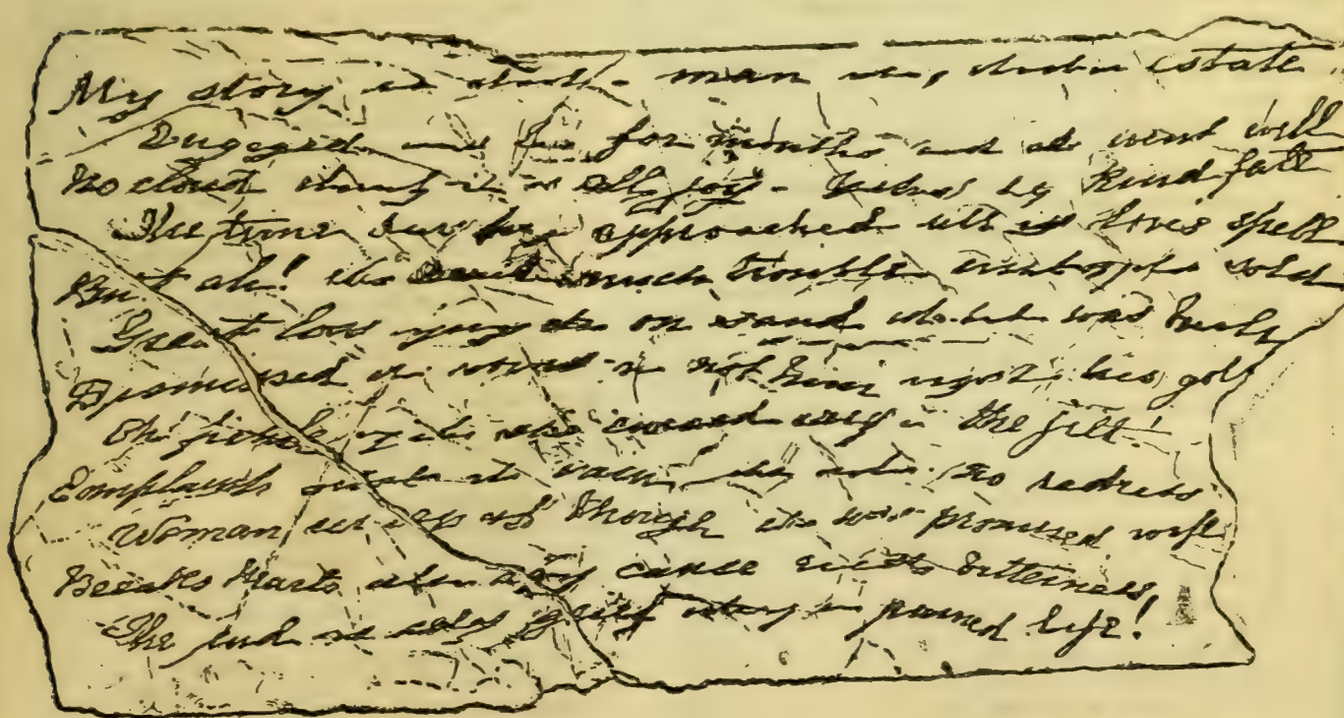
She found it quite impossible, though pains she did not spare,
To at the most decipher more than words just here and there.
Repeated efforts being vain, she finally resolved
To publish in facsimile this message so involved;

The more so, seeing that in spite of its Sloperian look,
It was dictated by a high and most important Spook.
Here is the message, then, which TRUTH has vainly tried to read,
Her readers, if they've time to spare, may better p'rhaps, succeed.



And, also in facsimile, here is one more Spook letter,
Which TRUTH was able to make out but very little better,
And which, in fact, she'd thrown away, thinking it not much good
To publish what she scarce could hope would be well understood.

On second thoughts, though, here it is, snatched from the paper basket,
So that, if meaning it possess, TRUTH'S readers may unmask it.
Meanwhile, they'll understand why 'tis so crumpled and so worn,
And why some parts of it have got unfortunately torn.



After the riddles here set down, another Spook dictated
A lively message which upon Society dilated.
"Up here," it said, "we closely watch, though in your world no more,
Most things that hap from day to day upon your island shore;

And what our rapt attention claims perhaps the most of all
Is that agglomeration which Society you call.
During the Season lately past, as you need scarce be told,
La Belle Americaine has lost the place she used to hold,

And we have with amusement seen, as London we survey,
That even 'Silver Queens' with you at last have had their day.
Just as upon your Stock Exchange most Yankee stocks and shares
Have been exceedingly depressed, rejoicing much the 'Bears,'
So in your social Capel Court—there is no doubt of that—
'Americans' of every kind have ruled intensely flat.
Upon fresh imports, so to speak, you've placed a strict embargo,
There has been no demand at all for 'parcels' from 'She-car-go.'
'Nevada Beauties' dull have been, 'Virginians' have been flagging,
And even 'New York Heiresses' have symptoms shown of sagging.
You're weary of the 'Yankee Gell' so piquantly improper,
And, therefore, need not tolerate her 'Mommer' and her 'Popper.'
Thus, where they used to stalk your Dukes and boldly bag your Earls,
The British matron once again her battle-flag unfurls,
Rallies her daughters as of yore, and with her failing breath,
Urges them on with her old cry of—'Marriage, girls! or death!'

"But though the Americans have gone, and with but scant regret,
It can't be said Society's itself again as yet.
Those who *should* lead it still perforce must sulk within their tents,
And by retrenchment try and meet the falling off of rents;
Those who should give the right key-note still o'er their losses croon,
And so your social symphony's played sadly out of tune;
Since, though the executants are 'smart,' and lavish, and bizarre,
Their most egregiously 'false notes' upon the listener jar.
For 'smartness' means expenditure upon a lavish scale,
And so 'tis wealth, and wealth alone, can hope to now prevail.
The consequences are too clear: parade and ostentation
Are now the passports that admit to high consideration;
Reckless extravagance and bounce attention now compel,
Gold is the key that now unlocks the social citadel.
What wonder, then, Society, thus cankered at the core,
Should grow more callous, more hard-grained, more heartless than of yore.
What wonder it should victims crush without a passing thought,
As devoid of pain or pity as the car of Juggernaut?
What wonder we, observing it, this set of rules should frame
For those who're anxious in its ranks a foremost place to claim?

In case you are anxious your way to press
In Society, with a big, big S;
You need no conscience, you want no heart,
But you must, you *must*, you MUST be smart!
Reckless extravagance, loud display,
These are the things you want to-day;
'Side' and impertinence always pay,
For they bring you notoriety,
And so if you try you will soon mount high
In your S-O—So, and your C-I—ci,
And your E-T-Y—
Society!

For Society with a big, big S,
You must first of all have a smart address;
You must give such dinners that those who dine
Will talk of your *chef* and be-puff your wine;
You must just let out in a casual way
What you've had for your table-flowers to pay;
You must choose your guests so that they convey
A notion of *chic* variety.
And thus your place you will justify
In your S-O—so, and your C-I—ci,
And your E-T-Y—
Society!

In Society, with a big, big S,
You must not display any squeamishness;
You must play the game, and must not excuse
A doit of the stakes to those who lose;
You must trample on those, en route, who fall,
You must force the weaker to take the wall,
You must no compunction exhibit at all.
No pity, and no anxiety,
For then your rivals you'll soon outvie
In your S-O—so, and your C-I—ci,
And your E-T-Y—
Society!

For Society with a big, big S,
You must risk your all with eagerness,
Your honour, honesty, home, and wife,
Your health, your wealth, and your very life;
All these on the table you must lay
When you for social distinction play,
And if you lose—why your 'friends' will say—
With a shrug of smart dubiety—
'Poor devil! he never was fit to try
For our S-O—so, and our C-I—ci,
And our E-T-Y—
Society!'

"In such a social state as yours it is not strange to find
That English girls are also now to smartness much inclined;
Modesty, quite old-fashioned grown, has had to abdicate;
Blushes, save artificial ones, are wholly out of date.
Timidity and diffidence are voted idiotic,
Even small-talk must be well-spiced and duly escharotic;
In short, the modern English girl, if she no chance would miss,
Assuredly must modelled be in some such way as this:—

A wonderful sight your eyes to bless
In her artful, made-up loveliness,
Is an English girl of the smartest *cru*,
Unmarried, tight-laced, and twenty-two.
She has no heart, but she plays her part
With a zest that no rebuffs diminish;
She hunts the heir with consummate art,
With skill unmatch'd, from find to finish.
At ball or rout she'll ferret him out,
And when to the smoking-room he doubles,
She'll run him down with a sportive shout
That the heart of her dearest rival troubles.
Go search from Bow to Belgra-vie
Then come you back and own to me,
There's none can hunt a Duke or Earl
Like a smart Society English girl.

She's up in the very latest slang,
She can play the banjo—tang-ting-tang;
She rides, she drives, she can take a cue,
And she smokes cigarettes till all is blue.
At drum or at dance, when she has a chance,
As soon as the zither tinkle-tankles,
She her skirts will twirl as a dancing-girl—
And she takes good care to show her ankles.
There is wonderful art in the manner smart
In which she will indicate a stocking;
And she'll sing a song, just a wee bit strong,
In a style that's delicately shocking.
Go search from Bow to Belgra-vie,
Then come you back and own to me,
There's none can set man's brain awhirl
Like a smart Society English Girl!

WORK FOR THE GIRL FLOGGER.

Her mind is fixed on the main, main chance,
She scoffs the thought of a love romance,
And it's part of her well considered plan
To marry an income and not a man
For a Mayfair house and a moor (with grouse),
And a swagger yacht in the Solent's waters,
She her cards will play in an artful way
Like the canniest one of Eve's fair daughters;
While, the bait increase with a villa at Nice,
And a Highland river or loch, with salmon,
And she'll sell herself for the sake of pelf,
Like one who worships no god but Mammon!
Go search from Bow to Belgravie,
Then come you back and own to me,
There's no worse mate for Prince or churl
Than a smart Society English girl!

"Now," wrote the Spook, "it may amuse and edify as well,
If of the season's chief events a few I try to tell.
My list must needs a short one be, not because subjects fail,
But lest my message I prolong into an endless tale.
Your hand, as 'tis, must weary be,"

Sighed TRUTH, "It is; quite true!"

"So this, I promise you, shall be a very short review:—

A Lord, who believed in the virtue of force,
Made a very hard try to obtain a divorce;
There was perjury—that was a matter of course—
So we paid small attention to that.
The man and the maid who will anything swear,
As in most divorce cases, were very much 'there,'
And though they were champion liars, *this* pair—
We paid small attention to that;
Such a thing, we Spooks know,
Often happens below—
So we paid small attention to that.

A Duchess's husband his fortune deplores,
For her Grace all at once, to pay off her old scores,
Takes the law in her hands and—he's kicked outdoors—
But we paid small attention to that.
For Youth, as we know, will insist on its fling,
Whilst Age to its rights is accustomed to cling;
And what has ensued—well, it's just the old thing—
So we paid small attention to that;
Such a thing, we Spooks know,
Often happens below—
So we paid small attention to that!

A Duchess committed to Holloway Jail
Had her 'cell' fitted up on a sumptuous scale,
On the fat of the land, too, they let her regale;
But we paid small attention to that.
For of course she was favoured to such a high pitch,
Since Justice, though blind, can tell t'other from which,
There are always two laws for the poor and the rich—
So we paid small attention to that;
Such a thing, we Spooks know,
Often happens below—
So we paid small attention to that!

In Ireland a very sad sight has been seen,
For 'ladies' and 'gentlemen' eager have been
To boycott the Lord who is Vice for the Queen—
But we paid small attention to that.
For the loyalty Orangemen seek to un-dam,
And down British throats try so often to cram,
Is a hollow pretence, and a palpable sham,
So we paid no attention to that;
Such a thing, we Spooks know,
Is a part of the show—
So we paid no attention to that!

A Tory, and 'gentleman' also, forsooth!
Revived 'gainst his rival, regardless of truth,
A foul, lying story concerning his youth
And we paid some attention to *that*.
For even when Tories, elections amid,
For victory make a most strenuous bid,
They don't stoop as low as that slanderer did—
So we paid some attention to *that*.
Such a thing, we Spooks know,
Rarely happens below
So we paid some attention to *that*.

A woman who bore t'wards her husband a grudge
Brought her case for Sir Francis—poor fellow!—to judge,
And when in due course 'twas dismissed, as all fudge—
Why, we paid no attention to that.
But when we observed that, with no show of right,
This woman four others could legally spite,
And force them, at very great outlay, to fight—
Why, we *did* pay attention to *that*;
Such proceedings below
Work much undeserved woe—
So p'rhaps *you* 'll pay attention to that.

When dear Mrs. Grundy, incensed at the sale
Of some *very* French novels, emitted a wail
And had the poor publisher sent off to jail,
Why, we paid small attention to that;
For to hot fits of morals you're frequently prone,
And, too often assuming a Mawwormish tone,
You will one day condemn what the next you condone,
So we paid small attention to that;
Such a thing, we Spooks know,
Often happens below,
So we paid small attention to that!

But when to your City M. Zola you bade,
And for him such great admiration displayed;
And by your Lord Mayor he so welcome was made,
Why we paid some attention to that;
For to make of an author so honoured a guest,
After putting his publisher under arrest,
Is such gross inconsistency, even at best,
That we paid some attention to that;
For even below,
'Twas a 'record,' you know,
So we paid some attention to that.

When an actress——"

But at this moment TRUTH'S right hand incontinently struck,
The pen she held with vicious dig into the paper stuck,
In vain the Spook sent down her arm the mystic influence still,
In vain imparted to her hand the telepathic thrill:
"It's not a bit of use," cried TRUTH, "I won't be made a drudge;
Try as you will, my pen to-night another inch shan't budge.
We've done enough, so never mind about the actress now,
I'm very much too tired to write another line, I vow.
No doubt, of scandals you have still a very fine selection,
But they must for the present wait, if you have no objection."
So saying, she the *séance* closed, it being understood
She would resume "Society" as quickly as she could;
Thus Social Sinners who've escaped need not be frolicsome,
For they are only respited—their time will shortly come!

TOYS! TOYS!! TOYS!!!—PARKINS & GOTTO, 60, Oxford-street, W. for best toys. Every novelty. Indoor Games all kinds. Catalogue free.

MAJOR HOWE & CO.'S fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st, City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

A Word for Tommy and Jack.

A CHERUB (so the poet says), when times may seem most black,
Is always sitting up aloft and looking after "Jack."
And "Tommy," though no cherub, p'rhaps, after *his* interest looks,
May now as guardian angel claim the cheeriest of Spooks.

This Spook, in fact, by TRUTH switched on, so freely spoke its mind,
And was to critical remark so merrily inclined;
That all which it was pleased to state, or guardedly to hint,
Is, both for Tommy's sake and Jack's, here reproduced in print.

"Tommy and Jack," the Spook began, "are both old friends of mine,
And, if I can, to help them both is what I now design,
Jack, of the two, 's the better off; but even Jack must find
Too many details of his life but little to his mind.
When, recently, a ship went down, you know the one I mean,
Jack died without a murmur for his country and his Queen;
But surely it was hard for such a sacrifice to call,
When there was not the slightest need for Jack to die at all.
The foundering of that ship, indeed, upon my mind so preyed
That *à propos* to that event a ballad I have made,
Tending to show (or so I hope) in way not unconcise
That discipline may be maintained at far too great a price.

The Admiral sails in his flagship taut,
In his flagship taut sails he;
And he stands alone in the conning-tower
In a sort of reveree-er-ee—
In a sort of reveree.
And he telegraphs down to the engine-room,
'Go ahead at full speed!' says he,
For the rocks that lie in the flagship's course
He utterly fails to see—to see—
He utterly fails to see.
And the look on his face is very grim,
And his lips he seems to strain,
For his motto, you know,
Blow high, blow low,
Is, Discipline we must maintain.
Yo-ho!
Strict discipline we must maintain.

Says the gallant Tar to the Bosun bold,
'Well, as far as I can see,
There is rocks right ahead in front of our bows,
And there's likewise rocks on our lee—our lee—
There is likewise rocks on our lee.
And the way as we steers at the present time,
By the bearing of yonder light,
Why, if this yeer wessel ain't soon aground,
Why, avast! and blow me tight!—me tight!—
Why, avast! and blow me tight!'

And the Bosun said, 'You are right, my boy,
But your words they gives me pain,
For you ought to know,
Though you say "Yo-ho!"
That discipline we must maintain,
My boy,
That discipline we must maintain!'

But the Bosun, he ups to the Midshipmite,
And he touches his cap, does he—
'Your honour,' he says, 'we are bound to ground,
There is breakers all round you see—you see,
There is breakers all round, you see.
If the engines were turned a-starn right off,
We could manage for to just scrape clear;
But if we goes on, it's to Davy Jones
As we're all on us bound, I fear—I fear—
As we're all on us bound, I fear!'
And the Middy, he said, 'You are right, old man,
But such words I hear with pain;
For a Bosun should know
That, however things go,
Still discipline we must maintain,
Yo-ho!
Strict discipline we must maintain.'

But the Middy he runs to the ship's First-Luff,
And 'Your pardon, Sir, I beg,' says he,
'But if something's not done we shall come to grief
In a minute most awfullee—ful-lee,
In a minute most awfullee!
As no doubt you've observed there's a rock ahead
Rather bigger than Trafalgar-square,
And I fail to see why the Admiral
Should be ramming such a rock—so there!—so there!
Should be ramming such a rock—so there!'
Said the smart First-Luff, 'You are right, my lad,
But your words I remark with pain,
For a Middy should know
That though down we go
Strict discipline we must maintain,
Yo-ho!
Strict discipline we must maintain.'

But the smart First-Luff to the Skipper he hies,
And it's 'Captain, if you please,' says he,
'In less than half a minute we are bound to sink
To the bottom of the deep blue sea—blue sea—
To the bottom of the deep blue sea.
Don't you think it would be well?—there is just one chance—
If the proper thing at once you do—
Don't you think it would be well to signal "Hard-a-port?"
And to save this ship and crew—and crew—
And to save this ship and crew?'
And the Captain he said, 'You are right, First-Luff,
But I never felt so sorely pained.
For you ought to know,
Ship and crew must go,
So long as strict discipline's maintained,
Yo, ho!
So long as strict discipline's maintained.'

So the Skipper he looks at the Admiral,
But it's never a word says he;
And he tightens his belt as the ship goes ahead,
And on to the rocks bangs she—bangs she—
And on to the rocks bangs she.
And, as she sinks, as of course she does,
To the bottom of the deep blue sea,
With the gurgles in his throat that Captain cries,
'Tell my Lords from me,' says he—says he,
'Tell my Lords from me,' says he—
'That, though the loss of my ship and crew
To report I am deeply pained,
Yet I'm pleased to state
That, at any rate,
Strict discipline has been maintained,
Yo-ho!
Strict discipline has been maintained!'

The Oldest Glass and China Shop in London (Est. 1760).
Alfred B. Pearce, 39, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

"For my part," so the Spook went on, "my faith I do not pin
To such a very purposeless display of discipline;
By all means let a skipper try to discipline promote,
But surely his first duty is to keep his ship afloat,
For 'tis but very little good the costliest ships to build,
And man them with the bravest tars and officers most skilled,
If in the hour of peril they are helplessly to sink,
Because no officers dare tell an admiral what they think!"

"Strict discipline, in fact," cried TRUTH, "should not be a pretence
For sitting on intelligence and stifling common sense.
Surely it's too ridiculous that we should lose our ships
Because the claims of discipline keep closed a Captain's lips.
If Admirals say two and two are five, or even more,
Their Captains ought to boldly state that two and two are four.
Yes, discipline is well enough applied in moderation,
But carried to excess it ends in wide-spread devastation.

"In both our Services of it a fetish now is made;
Injustice and incompetence bespeak its useful aid.
It's used to crush the men who dare of crying ills complain,
It's used to help the martinet his savage rule maintain;
Instead of judgment it is used, it takes the place of tact,
It serves abuses to defend, and evils to protract;
And as too frequently of late we've but too clearly seen,
It sits upon the safety-valve, and blows up the machine."

"And Tommy," wrote the Spook, "has still more reason to resent
The way in which 'strict discipline' ignores his discontent;
For Tommy corresponds with you, and letters by the score
Tell you each week the grievances 'bout which he is so sore.
They may be petty, some of them, but, be they large or small,
There is no valid reason why they should exist at all.
Tommy wants justice—wants to feel that, whether wrong or right,
He's safe from brutal prejudice and arbitrary spite;
He wants his case, whate'er it be, dispassionately judged,
He wants, in short, that treatment fair which now he is begrudged.
'Tis true that they have sung of him of late at Music-halls,
'Tis true his praises titillate smart people in the stalls;
But all this Jingo gush and rant, which Mr. Kipling started,
Won't help poor Tommy on a bit, or make him more light-hearted,
Unless the Press and Parliament his case will take in hand,
And get for him that justice he's good reason to demand.

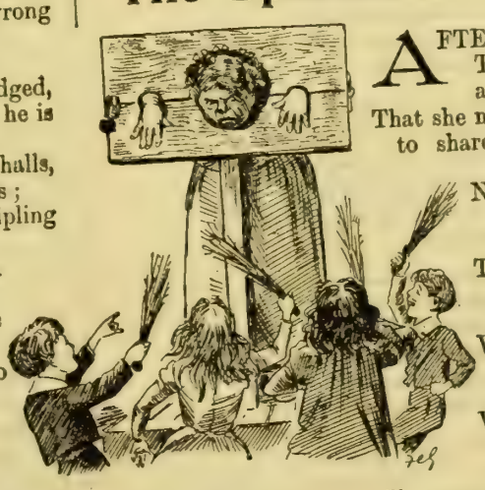
Oh, you write about his humour and his jokes,
And you make of him a hero for your plays,
And to mention him a round of cheers evokes,
For Tommy has of late become a craze.
And you tell him he's a paladin in fight,
And as happy as a sandboy and as gay
As he goes and does his duty,
All for England, Home, and Beauty,
And the noble sum of thirteen pence a day!
Yes, you say, 'Oh, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un heart and hand,
You're a credit to your calling, and to all your native land;
May your luck be never failing, may your Poll be ever true,
God bless you, Tommy Atkins!
Here's your country's love to you!'

But Tommy he has sense enough to know
That all this silly claptrap is no use,
Whilst he's bullied and is hustled to and fro,
And exposed to every species of abuse.
Yes, he knows that whilst the last new tenor sings
Of how dear he is to country and to Queen
That his meagre pay is dwindling,
Thanks to mean official swindling;
And that daily he is done at his canteen.
And he sings, 'If you love Tommy in the way that you make out,
You would do him better service if you ceased to gush and shout;
And endeavoured to make brighter that existence which you say,
With such very little reason, is so rollicking and gay!'

Never mind about that high falutin rant,
Of which poor Tommy's heard too much of late,
Just stow that hyperbolic Kipling cant,
And try to bring his comforts up to date.
Cease to worry him with drills that are no use,
And grant him this small boon without delay;
Stop those 'stoppages' which fret him,
And in future, oh! do let him
Get intact his paltry thirteen pence a day.
For if you love Tommy Atkins, in the way that you make out,
You will do him better service if you cease to rave and shout;
And, instead of that, endeavour to make better day by day
That existence which at present is by no means bright and gay.

"Bravo!" was TRUTH'S rejoinder, "you my sentiments express
With a marvellous exactness; and I fully acquiesce
In your very telling stanzas, which I'll publish without fail,
In the hope the cause of Tommy may right speedily prevail;
For Pall Mall officials, even, may with favour tend to con them,
When they know a Spookish critic has his eyes now fixed upon them."

The Spookiest of Spooks.



AFTER a week's experiments TRUTH grew so much adepter,
That she might well have claimed to share with Mr. Stead his sceptre;
Nay, she so quickly progress made after her first disaster,
That she in Spooking soon bid fair to quite surpass her master.
With all his aptitude he'd but one "Julia" at most,
Whilst TRUTH of twenty "Julias" with reason good could boast.

And, what is better still, to mar her well considered plan
She was not bothered, like poor Stead, with any Mary Ann!
In brief, devoted Spooks they were that hovered near in bands,
At shortest notice quite prepared to freely use her hands;
And ever emulous, when she for Spookish aid appealed,
By telepathic writing information full to yield.

Thus, when, prepared for duty, she each night took up her place,
Almost before her thoughts got fixed, her pen began to trace.

JOHANNIS, King of Natural Table Waters, promotes appetite, assists digestion, prolongs life. The Lancet says, "Johannis Water is of exceptional purity and excellence." Springs, Zollhaus, Germany. London Offices, 25, Regent-street, S.W.

Dressing Gowns, Dressing Jackets, At-home Dinner Jacket Gentlemen's Outfitters.—SAMPSON & Co., 268, 270, Oxford-stree

So 'twas the evening of the day when she from Hounslow brought
The story of the deeds of shame its Woman-Flogger wrought;
Of course, her thoughts were full of what that day she'd heard and seen;
Of course, her heart was throbbing yet with anger hot and keen;
And ere she'd even time enough her wishes to suggest,
She felt the hand that grasped her pen, upon the paper press'd.

"In Spookland," so the Spirit wrote, "for reasons evident,
We can't inflict what you on earth call *corporal* punishment;
Our form's impalpability the flogger *must* defeat,
No part of us is tangible enough for one to beat;
But none the less we share with you the indignation fierce
With which you have denounced that worst of hell-cats, Mrs. Peirce.
For, whether flogging's bad or good, there's one thing all must see,
It can't be good administered by such a fiend as she;
It must be bad when it involves the handcuffs and the gag,
Of such a drunken, vile, obscene, and hell-begotten hag.
What can we deem those parents, then, but, past expression, base,
Who their young daughters in the hands of Woman-Floggers place?
What words the moral turpitude can fittingly describe,
Of those who Mrs. Peirce employ, or any of her tribe?

"In sooth it's very hard to think such parents realise,
What the employment of these brutes too certainly implies;
And possibly it may do good if I the sketch repeat,
Of that foul beldam lately tracked by Truth to her retreat.

At Hounslow, girt by shrub and tree,
The Flogger's villa stands;
The Flogger short and thick is she,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of her cruel arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Her hair is scant and grey with vice,
Her mouth is wide and hard,
Her face is red, and coarse, and bad,
And deeply seem'd and scarr'd,
And her eyes with vile suggestive leers
Her customers regard.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
She has plied her brutal trade;
She has hurried round with tawse and cane
To torture and degrade;
And, like the bestial ghoul she is,
On her victims' flesh she's preyed.

Canting, handcuffing, torturing,
Onward through life she's gone;
To some new deed of lust or blood,
Awaking every dawn.
Flogging, defiling, pandering,
Till night its veil has drawn.

This is the woman—save the mark!
Who Hounslow still infects;
This is the harridan who still
Fresh villanies projects;
This the she-devil whom the Law
So carefully protects!

s strange such creatures should exist; that woman's form should clothe
wretch unworthy woman's name—a hag we scorn and loathe.

What purpose can such harpies serve? What end fulfil?
Yet stay!
There is *one* task which Mrs. Peirce could suitably essay—
There is one form on which she could with justice vent her spite,
One culprit whom we'd see her flog with boisterous delight.
Let Argentina from its shores that swindling Jabez pack,
And Mrs. Peirce might fitly seam and score that rascal's back.

For scoundrels of most varied sorts,
The merest ignoramus
Knows well, from what the Press reports,
That Argentina's famous;
But of the more disgraceful knaves
That flourish on that shore, O!
By far the worst
And most accurst
Is Jabez S. Bal-four-O!
Where rascals are in vogue, ha! ha!
He is the vilest rogue, ha! ha!
That sanctimonious,
Most felonious
Jabez S. Bal-four-O!

Most villains, howsoe'er with shame
Their daily lives are teeming,
May with a show of reason claim
Some points which are redeeming.
But, utterly unscrupulous,
A blackguard to the core, O——
A scurvy thief,
Without relief,
Is Jabez S. Bal-four-O!
A hypocrite is he, ha! ha!
Of infamous degree, ha! ha!
That oily canting
Now levanting,
Jabez S. Bal-four-O!

The wonder is that any land,
Though it in vice may welter,
To such a wretch should hold a hand,
Or care to give him shelter.
And Argentina cannot hope
Her credit to restore, O!
Till with a shout,
She bundles out
This Jabez S. Bal-four-O!
Till with a kick and cuff, ha! ha!
She takes him by the scruff, ha! ha!
This most pernicious,
Wholly vicious
Jabez S. Bal-four-O!"

"Yes," shouted Truth, unable now her feelings to restrain,
"What is there that I would not give to get him here again?
Then Mrs. Peirce might fitly be employed, as you suggest,
To flog with all her fiendish might this fat and unctuous pest.
Gladly, indeed, I'd see the whip by her strong arm impelled,
Gladly, indeed, I'd watch the lash wind round him till he yelled.
Nay, 'gainst this foul and canting rogue my anger is so strong
That I would gladly drown his howls with this new Flogging Song—

Slish! Slash!
Bring down the lash!
To let it cut deeply forbear not.
Swish! Swash!
Swing round the lash!
Swifter and swifter, and spare not!

The Remington Standard Typewriter is used and endorsed the best by all large users of writing machines.—For particulars, ress, Wyckoff, Seamans, & Benedict, 100, Gracechurch-et, London, E.C.

Paté de Fois Gras, Russian Caviare, Boars' Heads, Truffled Turkeys, Raised Pies, Galantines, &c. &c. Send for detailed list of Luxuries for the present season to Morel's, 210, Piccadilly, W.

Swing it once for each of the prayers he uttered,
And once for each of the hearts he wrung,
And once for each of the oaths he muttered,
And once for each of the hymns he's sung.

Slish! Slash!
Bring down the lash!
To let it cut deeply forbear not!
Swish! Swash!
Swing round the lash!
Swifter and swifter, and spare not!

Swing it once for each of the hearths he plundered,
And once for each of the lies he told,
And once for each husband and wife he sundered,
And once for each victim his frauds cajoled.

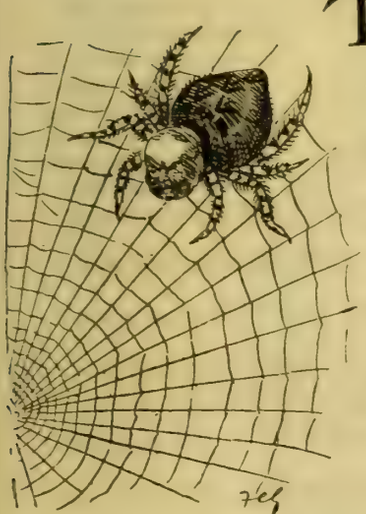
Slish! Slash!
Bring down the lash!
Be deaf to his moaning and squealing!
Swish! Swash!
Swing round the lash!
'Tis a monster with whom you are dealing!

"And now," said TRUTH, when she had done, "I want one favour more.
Spook! With this message please to fly to Argentina's shore,
And having found that Jabez out, wait till he is alone,
And then read every word to him in your most Spooky tone!"

"TRUTH," came a Spook-voice in reply, "before the sun next rises
Jabez, I promise you, shall have the Spookiest of surprises!"

With this assurance TRUTH retired, and, though she has not heard,
She's every reason to suppose that Spook has kept its word.

Some Swindlers Spooked.



THE next night the Spook handwriting was exceptionally clear,
And the language used was crisp, too, and uncommonly severe.
"Persevere," so ran the message, "in your efforts to convict
Those impostors and those swindlers who your wicked world afflict.
Persevere in your endeavours, for it is a worthy task,
Quacks and charlatans and humbugs to discover and unmask.

"You already have done wonders, but you must not stay your hand,
Rogues and rascals and pretenders still infest your hapless land.
There is ——"
[Here the Spook dictated names in number so profuse,
That the list is far too lengthy for us new to reproduce.]
"Do not rest, then, on your laurels, there are other foes in sight."
(It was thus the Spook continued.) "Still be ready for the fight,
And if e'er your ardour lessens or your hopes are overcast,
Gain new courage by recalling your successes in the past.

There was 'Monte Carlo' Wells
With his vaunted patent sells,
Just think how you for years and years attack'd him;
How his projects you disclosed,
How his swindling you exposed,
And how in vain, time after time, you track'd him!
But your triumph came at length,
For the Law put out its strength,
And joined you in the conflict that you waged;
And since Mr. Wells's shock
In the Ancient Bailey's dock,
He has found himself quite otherwise engaged;
Most in-noc-u-ous-ly otherwise engaged,
Most in-dus-tri-ous-ly otherwise engaged.
And what makes our pleasure stronger
For some eight or nine years longer,
He is likely to be otherwise engaged!

You have been, too, the assailer
Of the pestilent black-mailer,
And the trafficker in make-believe degrees;
Your crusade's been most affective
'Gainst the fraudulent detective,
And you've brought the bogus agent to his knees;
Aye, the Morgans and the Binets
Will no more collect their guineas;
For, thanks to you, they're now securely caged,
And obedient to the orders
Of our convict-prison warders.
They at present are quite otherwise engaged—
Most in-noc-u-ous-ly otherwise engaged,
Most in-dus-tri-ous-ly otherwise engaged
Picking oakum, or ascending
Up a stairway never ending,
Or in *some* such manner otherwise engaged!

De Cobain, so long levanting,
Has at last to cease his canting,
Or to keep it for the prison chaplain's ear;
For this wolf, who wore sheep's clothing,
'Midst all decent people's loathing,
Has been now transferred to quite another sphere.
There he cannot mix his libel
With quotations from the Bible,
Till his bitter Orange rancour is assuaged;
Since this shameless text-distorter,
This sham Methodist exhorter,
For the present is quite otherwise engaged—
Most in-noc-u-ous-ly otherwise engaged,
Most in-dus-tri-ous-ly otherwise engaged—
Stones continually breaking,
Or door-mats daily making,
Or in some such manner otherwise engaged.

Hobbs and Wright for heartless swindling a just penalty are paying,
And that Jabez soon may join them with much heartiness are praying;
But that rogue of rogues, still lurking upon Argentina's strand,
Finds society congenial in that thieves' and robbers' land.

Many another rascal's waiting for the coming *coup de grâce*,
But the Law is most deliberate, and lets many chances pass,
Still, continue your endeavours, for as surely as you do,
Why, the Law, however sluggish, must perform its duty too.
The time wasted may be grievous, most annoying the delay,
But, egged on by your example, it, for shame, must act *some* day;

LENNOX'S WHISKY.—Special, 48s.; Choice, 42s.; Highland, Malt, and Scotch, 36s. per dozen cash.—Dumfries, N.B., and 41, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Two Truefitts in Bond-st. H. P. TRUEFITT, 13 & 14, OLD Bond-st.
Two Truefitts in Bond-st. H. P. TRUEFITT, 13 & 14, OLD Bond-st.

Let all those, then, be most careful who your efforts still defy,
For the Public Prosecutor will awaken by-and-bye!

Let Mr. John James Jones beware—or, though he's so adroit,
He'll rue the day that Charity he ventured to exploit.
He must be extremely careful and, when challenged to explain,
Must with "pious" subterfuges not prevaricate again,
Nor lie passive 'neath your charges (which you don't and won't withdraw)
Because his Christianity won't let him go to law.
For unless he's very wary soon he'll tenant cease to be
Of that luxurious home of his at Sandgate-on-the-Sea.
For you've got him on your List,
And you'll keep him in your eye;
And the Public Prosecutor
May have him by-and-bye.
He may writhe and he may wriggle,
He may shuffle and may lie,
But the Public Prosecutor
May get him by-and-bye!

Let Mr. Ernest Day beware! That pertinacious cheat
Who works his 'ancient portrait' dodge with zeal so indiscreet;
Let Dr. Sturman have a care! and Mr. A. Maclean,
Who hatches swindles new each month with roguery serene!
Let begging-letter writers pause, ere on new schemes they start,
Let Parson Henville also halt—past master of the art;
And Beresford the 'Pastel' knave, let *him* his projects stay,
And that most recreant veteran, the tortuous MacVeigh.
For you have them on your List,
And you'll keep them in your eye,
And the Public Prosecutor
Will have them by-and-bye.
Yes, unless they quickly alter,
I'm prepared to prophesy
That the Public Prosecutor
Will have them by-and-bye.

Those most persistent rogues who work the Spanish Treasure trick,
Will find a less nefarious course by far more politic;
Those firms which purchase Army-cloth at prices so absurd,
Had better not repeat the fraud in which they have concurr'd;
Those Army-Sergeants who've abused their trust in ways so mean,
Must cease to rob poor Atkins when he goes to his canteen;
And Officers more highly placed, who at exposure writhe,
Would find it well to take to heart, what Truth has done at Hythe.
For you have them on your List,
And will keep them in your eye,
And the Public Prosecutor
May awaken by-and-bye.
They may threaten and may bluster,
They may argue and deny,
But the Public Prosecutor
Will be at them by-and-bye!"

"Yes," said Truth, "that high official, as I'm very glad to see,
Is much more wide awake just now than once he seemed to be.
He is not, perhaps, so wakeful as he might be even now,
But most difficult his task is, I will readily allow.
As a Government official, though his powers may be wide,
His hands with red-tape fetters all too frequently are tied;
And often when his actions savour somewhat of delay,
It is not the will that's wanting, all that's lacking is the way.
Still, there can be no objection, should he seem at times to nod,
To the kind administration of a well-meant warning prod."

Wrote the Spook, "Then that prod-giver must be you and you alone,
For no helpful disposition have the other papers shown."

"No," cried Truth in bitter accents, "I am very much afraid
When the papers lend assistance 'tis the swindlers that they aid.
Look at Wells; that he was able for so long to win success
Was indubitably due to the assistance of the Press.
'Twas in no uncertain language at his villainy I hinted,
Yet the dailies but too gladly his advertisements still printed.
That the very greatest caution can't prevent some slips, I know,
But no atom of discretion my contemporaries show,
When they with a callous blindness which one's indignation kindles
Print advertisements which *must* upon the face of them be swindles.
And of all the dailies acting in this very weakly way
Far the worst has been the *Standard*, I'm surprised and pained to say."

"Quite so!" the Spook wrote quickly; "it is time the truth was known—
It is time the chief offender to the public should be shown;
And it's time that other papers came and offered you their aid,
That no longer single-handed you may fight your new crusade."

A Spook Amongst the Bulls and Bears.

"Spooks!" exclaimed Truth, the following day, "I know you're round my chair,
For, though I cannot see you, of your presence I'm aware.
I've a suggestion I would make; to me it seems most strange
That some of you don't seek for work upon the Stock Exchange.
Its members have their telephones, their wires, and tapes and books,
But none of them as yet, I think, have laid on private Spooks.
This seems to me a great mistake, for think what splendid tips
A dealer daily might obtain from your omniscient lips.
If 'Julia' can, as we have been informed by Mr. Stead,
Predict what is to come to pass for several days ahead;
Why, only think what you could do in this prophetic way,
If you would in advance write down the price of 'Brighton A.'
To any firm, however rich—however good and old,
A Spook thus gifted would be worth a salary untold."
"The Stock Exchange," the Spook replied who at Truth's elbow waited,
"Does not deserve the spirit aid which you have advocated.
I doubt if even with our help, whatever that might cost,
It would regain that confidence which it so long has lost.

Major Howe & Co.'s fashionable Boots and Shoes (ready-made or to measure) for Ladies, Girls, and Gentlemen.—16, Coventry-st., W.; 400, Strand, W.C.; 81, Gracechurch-st., City; 13, Queen Victoria-street (Mansion House), London. (Klenrusha, Polish.)

Cremer's Entertainments.—Parkins & Gotto, of Oxford-street, having acquired the goodwill of the business of the late Mr. Cremer, of Regent-street and Bond-street, have re-engaged all the best artists, and are now booking orders for the holidays.

No, no, instead of hiring Spooks, 'twould be a wiser plan,
For it to get back public confidence as quickly as it can.
The public still mistrustful is, is most suspicious still,
And as a needful consequence the business done is *nil*.
It's quite heartrending to look down and see how, like a pall,
Gloom, black and hopeless, settles down on Gorgonzola Hall.
But yesterday, whilst hovering near that interesting spot,
I heard a shrewd Promoter thus bewail the common lot :—

Once we had riches and mansions so grand,
The Jobber and I and the Broker ;
We all drank champagne of the costliest brand –
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker.
The Jobber'd a yacht, with a swell club burgee,
The Broker and I had a place by the sea ;
And we rented a moor at Kingussie, N.B.,
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker—
The Broker, Broker,
Always a joker,
Kept us laughing, choke full of glee ;
We were as jolly as jolly could be,
The Jobber, and, I and the Broker !

Now, what a change ! Stoney-broken are we—
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker ;
Down on our luck most completely, all three,
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker !
Horses put down, and our mansions all let,
We have nothing to do but to pine and to fret,
And to smoke cheap cigars and to get into debt,—
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker !
The Broker, Broker,
Now is no joker,
Always grumbling, growling is he,
We are as dismal, as dismal can be,
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker.

In the old taking style we prospectuses write,
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker ;
But the public—confound them !—now shun us in fright.
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker ;
And if they much longer continue annoyed,
You will see us this winter, by p'licemen convoyed,
Join the daily street march of the poor unemployed,
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker !

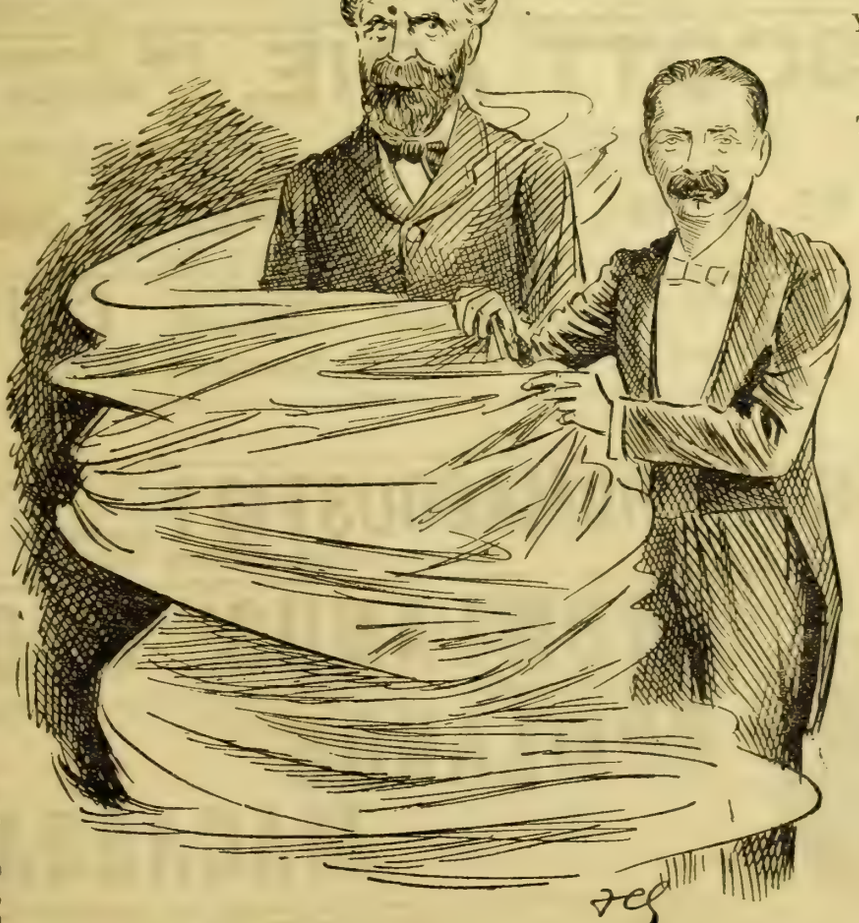
'Pity ! Pity !
Men from the City !
Nothing to do, no £. s. d.'
This is the cry you will hear from us three—
The Jobber, and I, and the Broker !

"Nor is it strange," the Spook went on, "the public should object
To trust again the men by whom their confidence was wreck'd ?
Suspicion still is in the air, each man suspects his brother;
And, victim of some recent smash, dreads to be in another.
Thus, though the Stock Exchange of late has earned no censure new,
For past offences it must still bear retribution due.
The goose that laid it golden eggs was badly terrified,
And it may be much longer yet before its fears subside.
Still, if that goose were wise, which it most certainly is not,
'Twould see that 'tis already time that it the past forgot.
Yes, if it were not *such* a goose, it would, without a doubt,
Peck at the many golden grains that lie just now about.
Not recklessly, but cautiously, 'twould now employ its beak
Till on a well-selected fare it once again grew sleek.

The Last of the Spooks.

HER task completed, TRUTH sent off to the Egyptian Hall,
And Mr. Maskelyne at once responded to her call.
"See what the Spooks have done," she cried, "and done at my command."
(And, with the same, she placed this Christmas Number in his hand.)
"'Tis not at Mowbray House alone Spook-messages are read,
But"—here a boy the door threw back, announcing "Mr. Stead."

"Come in," cried TRUTH—and Mr. S. at once made his advance.



"To think we three should meet," said she ; "this *is* a happy chance.
You, too, Stead, will be glad to learn in what a handsome way
The Spooks have rallied round me since we met the other day."
"And so," he answered, eagerly, "you're a believer now,
And that Spooks do indeed exist, you're ready to avow."

Said TRUTH (and Maskelyne and she exchanged most meaning looks),
"Yes, as a journalist, I *do indeed* believe in Spooks :
They make most splendid 'copy', and I've not the slightest doubt
That when it's published they will sell my Christmas number out.
But now that they have served my turn, to them I'll say 'Adieu !'

And Stead, if you're a prudent man, why you will say so too.
They've also served your turn, I know, but frankly you'd do best
To follow my example now and give the Spooks a rest."

"You dare suggest," cried Stead, but Truth held up a warning hand;
"Come, come," she cried, "your 'daily' soon will all your time demand,
And if you can't the Spooks give up, why then I would propose
That you and Mr. Maskelyne should now this bargain close:
Let him a new illusion plan of Spooky disappearance,
To which you as confederate shall give your warm adherence.

And as a finish to this trick of Spookery most dread,
When the white sheet is drawn, then let the Spook appear in Stead."

In vain Stead tried to still look stern, and very soon all three,
He, Maskelyne, and Truth, laughed out right long and merrily.
And hoping that this laugh may be a thousand times repeated,
When by its countless readers this Truth's Number new is greeted,
Truth wishes all her friends and foes, with feelings most sincere,

A very Ghostly Christmas and the Spookiest New Year.

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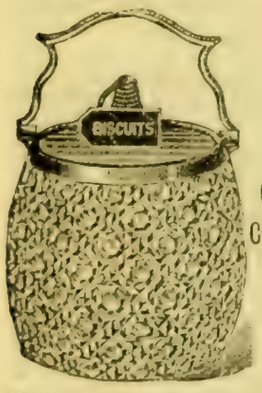

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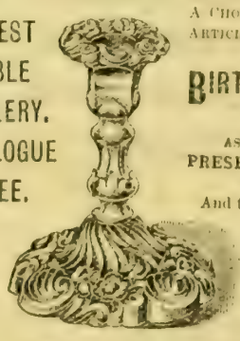
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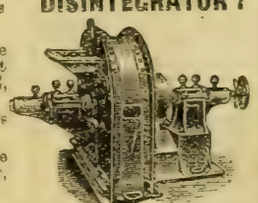

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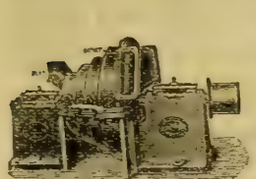

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